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FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today



Friends and Family

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Special thanks go to Narcissa Weatherbee, who contributed many drawings to this issue, including this one and the one on the cover. An artist and teacher, she is a member of Woodbury (N.J.) Meeting.



Among Friends: A Wordless Unity

It's amazing how important a few words can be for us at certain moments in our life. I'm not talking about theoretical, well-researched academic theories. I mean good, time-tested words of advice from a mature, respected friend—in this case, from a fellow parent.

At the particular moment I'm thinking of, I was engaged in struggle. I was in the company of my two preschool-aged sons. We were attempting to negotiate our entrance to Friends Center en route to their day-care center and to my office. I was carrying one-year-old Simeon, who had fallen asleep on the trolley and had messed his pants, and I was leading by the hand a sulky three-year-old Andrew, upset with me because he had left his favorite toy at home and I wouldn't go back to get it. I was wearing a backpack full of lunches, baby bottles, diapers, and toys, and was carrying a briefcase full of FRIENDS JOURNAL manuscripts. My friend from meeting spotted us and said, "Vint, I just want you and Michele to know that it *does* get easier when your youngest has reached the age of three!"

Her words made my day. In fact, they helped to keep me going for the next two years. My knowing that she had survived with grace the early child-rearing years with her boys—in fact,

had done it joyfully while she and her husband had maintained busy professional careers—made her words all the more meaningful.

No one ever suggested that it would be easy, but Michele and I were excited to have children later than most parents do. I remember my own mother's surprise when I told her that her son, at age 50, was about to become a father for the third time. (I think she used the expression "you're no spring chicken anymore.") One of my friends was more direct. "Another baby? You gotta be kidding!" (Spoken just like a man who had never enjoyed changing diapers, sitting up late at night with a teething child, hearing from the plumber how stupid it was to have flushed a plastic cup and some keys down the toilet, or trying to wash crayon drawings off the white walls in the dining room before company arrived for Thanksgiving dinner.)

Since most of us depend on our formal education, we suffer from a real handicap. It seems amazing that there is no solid preparation for parenting built into our school years. The closest thing I remember was educational psychology 201, but that didn't deal with any of the practical matters. We didn't even visit a day-care center to meet some real kids, or divide up into teams

to interview some parents. Such actions might have been more instructive than the readings we were assigned.

But don't get me wrong. There are lots of advantages to taking on the assignment of parenting without being preconditioned. We might be more spontaneous, for instance; there might be more potential for creativity. I can attest too that there are real advantages to having children when you are older. My teen-aged daughter, Evelyn, for instance, says I've mellowed since those days when she and I started out together. She says that I've changed. Everyone knows that age brings wisdom, and you can never have enough of that.

As proof of what I've learned, here are a few of my time-tested guidelines for successful parenting:

- Accept the truth of Murphy's Law that nothing is as easy as it seems; if anything can go wrong, it probably will and at the worst possible moment. It will help to remind you that it's the *system* that's working against you and that there's nothing wrong with *you*.
- Try to learn as many new things each week as your children do, and don't be disappointed if you fall behind.
- If you think you can hide your upsets and hang-ups, forget it. Your kids will learn almost immediately where your buttons are and will gain expertise in knowing when to push them.
- Beware of clocks. If you have to be somewhere with your children at a definite hour, watch out; trouble lies just ahead.
- Ask your children for solutions to difficult problems. Theirs may work better than yours. (When the boys were fighting over a balloon, Simeon suggested we cut it in half—"we can share it!")
- Laugh as much as possible. There is humor when your child returns to the dinner table carrying the toilet seat and says conscientiously, "Look what got broken."
- Learn from them what is important, such as the joy of simple things. (Like when I'm on the trolley and it is pouring rain and all the adults who get on seem wet and cross and miserable, I look at Simeon: he's ecstatic to see the big puddles, points happily at the streams of water on the windows, and

delights in having an umbrella to carry.)

- Be prepared to learn new meanings to old words. (A "transformer" used to be something that made my electric train run; now it's a thing to zap a space monster, or your brother.)
- Become a good planner. It helps you to stay one step ahead of disaster.
- Expect to be made speechless sometimes. (Like when Simeon, at age two, ran back to the restaurant table to remind me I had forgotten my backpack; or when Andrew, at five, asked me, "What's a war?")

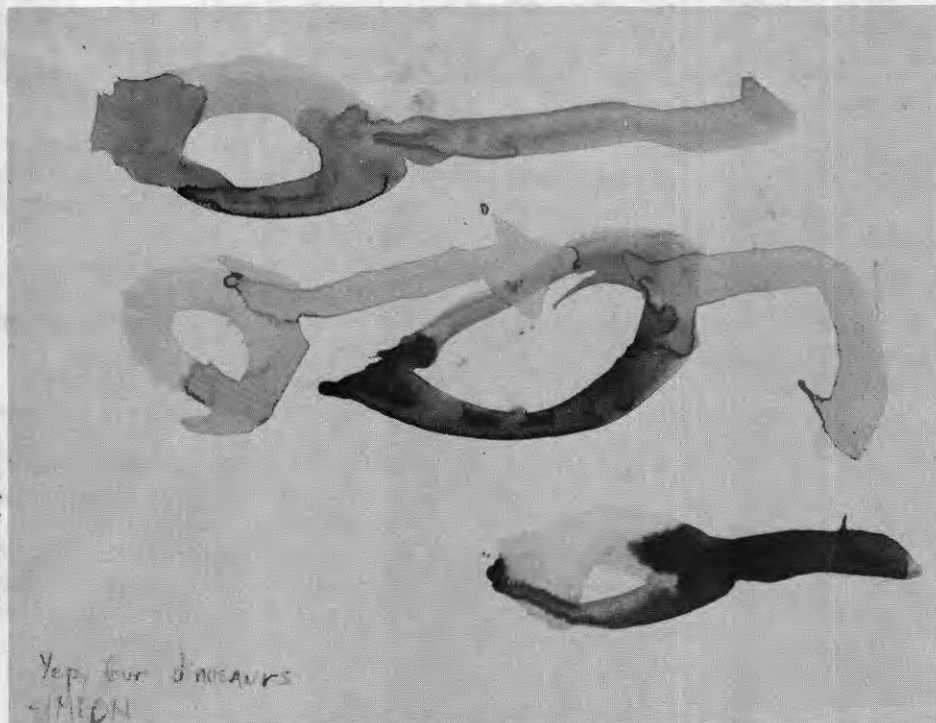
One of the customs at our house each night is for my wife or me—depending on who's the most tired and gets to bed first—to say to the other, "Don't forget to go up and check on the kids before you go to bed." And I never regret those few moments. Anne Hosking wrote recently about such an experience. In *An Exercise of the Spirit: Quakers and Prayer*, she said, "It was George Gorman in *The Amazing Fact of Quaker Worship*, who helped me to see that I do in fact pray. When I go up to kiss my sleeping children, and linger with them, in quietness and love, that is prayer. There is a wordless unity of God, myself, my children, a sense of gratitude and reverence, awareness of my need for strength, shame for my failings, a promise to try again."

This is one of the most important gifts of all.

Vinton Deming



My Hands, by Andrew



Four Dinosaurs, by Simeon

For Carol

by Carolyn Mallison

Our first child, Carol, now in her 30s, was born with a physical handicap. Her left hand and forearm had ceased to develop at a certain stage during my pregnancy, for reasons that were never determined.

My memories of the feelings that constellated around Carol, and the feelings that exist now, are like a kaleidoscope, many shifting colors and shapes appearing as I turn them over and over.

The very first, spontaneous feeling when I held her was that God had inexplicably honored us by entrusting us with this special person to cherish and to provide with a full and unhandicapped life. Not something we would ever have thought ourselves capable of until she was living and breathing in our arms, all vigorous nine pounds of her.

This exhilaration was followed by frustrated anger when we discovered that our baby, unlike all others who were born with her during a heat wave, was kept swaddled in her nursery bassinet, while the others were cool in nothing but diapers. Why? So that parents and visitors peering into the nursery should not be shocked by the sight of a handicapped infant. What fury! We made our unavailing protests to doctor and staff, and my personal protests took the form of throwing Carol's blankets onto the unsterile floor whenever she was brought to me to feed, so that at least the nurse must find clean ones. I longed to be home, free from such insensitivity.

Carolyn Mallison lives in Sackets Harbor, N.Y. She works in a college library and has three daughters who have inspired her pursuit of the ideas around the Goddess within. She has led workshops on this subject for men and women at Powell House and at New York Yearly Meeting. Her article is reprinted from Friendly Woman, fall 1985.



Photos courtesy of Carolyn Mallison

The Mallison family at Christmas, 1958.

But we were shocked by worse insensitivity when we returned to the cooperative community we shared. A frequent visitor took me aside and told me that Carol's handicap was my punishment for being out of harmony with community members. A stranger in the park came up to me as I sat in the sun with Carol and told me that her condition was punishment for sin. I read Agnes Sanford's *Healing Light* in terror, because I knew that I did not have enough faith to pray for Carol to be healed, and therefore I was doubly guilty of her handicap.

On the one hand, Carol developed by leaps and bounds, the least handicapped

creature one could imagine. Yet my Christian faith hung by a thread, frayed by presentations of a God without even so much heart as a human mother who grieves that her child should have to contend with any manner of handicap. This God *willed* such happenings, even used them to punish others for their shortcomings. A pox on such a God! Then suddenly, an "opening": I saw that not once did Jesus tell anyone who came to him for help that their suffering was God's will. He healed every one of them, even some who didn't come to him themselves, and then talked to them about God's will for the wholeness of their lives. So Christ himself convinced



Left: Carol shows off her new tricycle.

me that whatever puzzles revolve around the issue of suffering, behind it all there is a heart whose compassion outdistances all others, which suffers with us and works with us for the overcoming of all suffering, and whose innermost will is for our most joyful perfection in every way.

Anger and bewilderment emerged later with the first doctors, who allowed us to think that the decision to provide Carol with a prosthesis could be left until she was fully grown. How could they have failed to tell us that even if she had accepted a prosthesis then, it would have been too late to prevent irreparable deformations of her bones and muscles as a result of years of imbalance? Even with the prosthesis, some skewing of bones has occurred and gives trouble; without it, things would have been far worse. Why does it so often seem that we have to fight for our healing in spite of the healing professions?

Luckily for Carol, a relative sent us an article about infants being fitted with prostheses, resulting in the total joy of that amazing day when Mr. Orzulak, the big, gentle, skillful technician who made and fitted her prosthesis, finally put it on her, showed her how it worked, held out a pencil to her, and said, "Take this to your Daddy"—and she did, grinning hugely. So did we grin, through tears. What an opening of possibilities!

We have experienced such deep happiness and pride when teachers spoke of the inspiration that Carol's resourcefulness was to them; when Carol, virtually self-taught, won the eighth-grade archery contest; when she quickly learned to ride a bicycle; when she was

invited to take part in a YWCA swim ballet program because she is like a seal or a mermaid in the water. We shared in the laughter around the room at an early clinic session when the doctor asked Carol if she had any special problems with her hook, and she said that, yes, it gave her trouble sometimes when she was climbing trees. And there have been mixed feelings of pride and dismay over her recent fulfillment of an old ambition, owning and driving a motorcycle.

But we have also been frustrated and angered by the results of the well-meaning but wrotheaded advice given Carol by a rehabilitation center nurse, who taught Carol to be so self-conscious about the harness that held her prosthesis that she would no longer wear clothing that exposed it. She was at an awkward age, when children are self-conscious anyway, a rebellious age when other people always know much better than one's parents do. We didn't stand a chance against that nurse. So for years afterward, Carol sweltered in extra clothes in summer and passed up interesting clothing styles that she feared



Above: Carol holds her one-week-old nephew, Nathan.



Left: Carol does some garden work with friends during a Women's Weekend at Powell House.

were too revealing. Only now is that negative influence beginning to lose its grip, so that she is once more becoming relaxed and free, more aware perhaps that nothing she wears, whether it's a harness or a ravishing gown, can hold a candle to the beauty she is. Why could I not convince her of that, long ago?

And with this there is the self-acknowledgment that we *did* open doors for her, offer encouragement and support. I cherish the times when she has told me what a difference it has made to her that we saw things as we did. The realization that came to me the first time I held her was a true promise. And yet, after a recent time of unusual sharing with Carol, I experienced the stunning recognition that in our *very* determination that her handicap should not impose any arbitrary limitations on her life, we didn't give her the space to express to us the frustration and discouragement she sometimes experienced. She hid her pain from us; she seldom let us know about the hurtful rejections she sometimes received from others who could not accept her fully. It was as though we had made her promise to feel whole and free, and she could not bear to tell us when she broke the promise, because perhaps we could not bear to hear it. And in the same way I hid my own pain from her, my doubts, regrets, fears, guilt. What irony. Painful as this recent sharing may have been, it brought healing, and the promise that together we can surely exorcise whatever hidden pain or anger or guilt that may yet remain.

If I could have her whole in every way and without any limitation on her, what a joy that would be. It is a gift I wish that I could give her, and, whatever else I can put aside, it is sometimes difficult to put aside the painfulness of not being able to give her that, of not being able to fulfill that unspoken promise that was made when she was conceived.

Yet, whenever I look at Carol, I feel that every woman should envy me this daughter. This relationship is worth more than any of the struggles she and I have had for ascendancy over one another, both being stubborn and strong-willed women. Her presence in my life is worth more than any grief or guilt or shame over my inadequacies or anger over other people's short-sightedness or insensitivity. She is worth more than all that; she is magnificent, just as she is. □



The Cat Who Came to Meeting

by Scott Crom

If the Society of Friends admitted cats to membership, then Charles would have qualified as a birthright Friend. His mother was Mamananda, the cat owned by—well, who lived with—

Professor of philosophy at Beloit College and a member of Beloit (Wis.) Meeting, Scott Crom and his family have tropical fish and—yes—cats.

Rosalie Wilson and Dan Wilson, then director of Pendle Hill. To the best of anyone's knowledge, his father was the large black tomcat belonging to Howard Brinton and Anna Brinton, then emeritus directors. He was born in late July or early August of 1966, just before the Wilsons went on sabbatical to Ireland, and my family and I took up residence

in Upmeads as interim dean of studies. Rosalie Wilson had found homes for all but one of the kittens in Mamananda's litter, so we adopted him ourselves, officially naming him Charles Tuna, but often calling him Charlie, Chuck, Chuckles, and sometimes less favorably descriptive terms. As he grew in stature and dignity, however, "Charles" was clearly the most appropriate name.

Charles's first year in Upmeads was not very happy. At first, Mamananda provided for him very well—by her lights, at least—for after he was weaned she brought home nearly a squirrel a day for him. As he entered adolescence, however, she seemed to think it was time for him to leave home and set up on his own. (Do any Quaker parents see themselves here?) Long after he was larger and heavier than she, she would spit at him, cuff him away from the food dishes, and generally make his life miserable. (Quaker parents may believe in independence, but I trust they show it differently.) The result was that in his first years, Charles was almost a caricature of the "fraidy cat," very timid with strange people and with other animals.

When we returned to Wisconsin at the end of the year, Charles had to adjust to one or two other resident cats in our household. He did so with relative ease, for they were also of Pendle Hill ancestry, other descendants of Mamananda in fact, but without her parental attitude. Nevertheless, it took two or three years before he finally developed enough self-confidence to think that perhaps he did have a place in the world.

At first, he did not attend meeting, which was held in our living room, but would hide in the kitchen or basement when people arrived. Gradually, however, he realized that meeting was a very safe environment, with no loud noises or sudden movements, and he began to emerge and feel at home. He was not a roving cat (during meeting), and often spent the hour soaking up the sunshine on a coffee table by the window, or in winter he would sit on the hearth by the fireplace. Sometimes he would spend much of the hour on my lap—which helped keep me even quieter than usual, for fear of disturbing him.

Charles was a very gentle cat. I never saw him hiss at or threaten a person, even when one of the very young children of the meeting would occasionally pet him a bit too hard, or mistake his

tail for a bell-rope. He did, of course, have occasional territorial disputes with other cats in the neighborhood, which often made me think of the old Quaker joke whose punchline is, "Friend, thee is sitting in my pew!" But Charles grew into a large and dignified adult, and against neighboring intruders he seldom had to take any action more serious than a frown and a withering glare. I wonder, did the unwelcome visitors feel as though they had been eldred?

For some of the children in the meeting, Charles was perhaps the main attraction during their youngest years, for during the 15 or 20 minutes that the children were downstairs with us before going up for First-day school, I'm sure they were more interested in him than in the quiet worship. Yet his own quietness and self-contained presence perhaps rubbed off on them, for he could make it clear that whereas gentle affection was appropriate, meeting was not the time or place for roughhousing.

Charles did not often "speak" in meeting. When he did, it was most often as a barely audible purr, sometimes as a result of gentle stroking but equally often from sheer contentment with the peaceful atmosphere and the presence of

Friends. Several persons over the years, particularly first-time visitors, commented that Charles was a major factor in helping them feel more peaceful and at home in an otherwise unfamiliar situation. Occasionally he would have to be slightly more vocal, in case he wanted in or out of a particular door and nobody happened to be noticing him at the time. Then the nearest person would usually attend to his wants, with no significant interruption to the quiet flow of the meeting.

Moreover, for the 15 years or so that we have had meeting in our living room (first as an allowed worship group and then as a regular monthly meeting), Charles probably had the best attendance record of any of us. Even among the long-term human members and attenders, there were times when some of us had to be away. But Charles never traveled after his move from Pendle Hill to Wisconsin. He didn't visit other meetings or attend yearly meeting or Friends General Conference; he wasn't on any boards or committees or working groups; he didn't take part in vigils or demonstrations. He was always *there*, even though on some beautiful mornings he would attend meeting at a slight distance,

perhaps from our front steps or a screened porch off the living room. Anna Brinton used to say, "Friends like to go about doing good, particularly when it involves lots of going about." Yet I am sure that we all know Friends who do not "go about," or who seldom speak in the meeting, but who are cornerstones of the meeting because of their faithful and loving presence.

Most of our meeting children under the age of ten or so have known Charles literally all their lives, and his recent death in his 20th year will leave a gap. Yet they must realize, as we adults must also know, that the health and vitality of a meeting does not depend on the continued and reliable presence of any given individual or family—or cat. In the past year, one of our beloved and faithful families moved away, but the meeting has survived, and certainly the meeting will survive the loss of a "mere" cat. But meeting *does* depend on a presence, of course—not a presence which is located in this or that particular chair, but the presence of that still point wherein the meeting as a whole continues its life and identity, despite the coming and the going of individual components over the years. □

Communication With Children

by Lilly Karska

Iwould like to tell about a positive experience I had with my mother when I felt deeply troubled about myself. I was about 13 years old and I had two girlfriends who both had naturally curly blond hair, blue eyes, and a clear complexion. And here I was with straight brown hair, grey-green eyes, and freckles. I felt so ugly compared to my friends. So I went to my mother and asked her if she thought I was very ugly. My mother looked me over for quite a while, and then she said, "You are not ugly, my child, but you are not a beauty either. But I want to tell you something," and she took me in her arms, "always

be friendly and smile my child, this will make you beautiful." After that communication with my mother I never felt ugly again. When I look back today at that episode I realize again what a wonderfully down-to-earth philosophy my mother had given me.

I have tried to be equally straightforward in dealing with my children, but once in a while I really don't know how to solve the problem. Do you recall when the Good Humor man came daily, riding through the streets, ringing his bells? The children rushed to their mothers for money to buy ice cream. We were daily confronted with that situation. I did not believe in buying ice cream every day, so when one day the famous bell rang and my two-and-a-half-year-old girl, Lillian, wanted some money for ice cream, I told her, not today—tomorrow. We were in our living room, and

all of a sudden my sweet little girl threw herself on the carpet, screaming and hitting her head on the floor. I stood there and looked and wondered what to do. She scared me. As I did not know what to do, I lay down on our davenport, closed my eyes, folded my hands, and wondered what I could do to stop her. Of course I knew that I could stop her if I bought her the ice cream cone, but I also knew that would not have helped her in the long run. I was quiet for some time, watching her through my closed eyes. Suddenly she stopped, but I did not move or open my eyes. Slowly she crawled toward me and watched me lying there. Then she got up and she kissed me. I opened my eyes and welcomed her into my arms. She was as sweet as she could be, and we decided to buy ice cream the next day. That was the only tantrum she had in all her life. □

Lilly Karska, a member of the United Society of Friends Women International, lives at the Friends House Retirement Community in Sandy Spring, Md.

Not the Youngest Anymore



Norrissa Weatherbee

It all started out as a visit, just a simple visit. But it turned into something much more important. My mother is a teacher at a private school in Virginia. Another teacher there, Jill, belongs to a Quaker meeting. Her meeting sponsored a 14-year-old girl from Cambodia. They helped her come to the United States, took care of her, and taught her English. When Sopi arrived in Virginia she was pregnant. In October 1983 she gave birth to a baby girl and named her Alice.

Even though we do not belong to the meeting, we shared our home with Sopi and her baby for ten days last summer. Alice was not quite a year old. Sopi, at times, thought of giving up her baby. Other times, she was determined to raise her. They soon left to live with a Cambodian woman who the Quakers said was willing to help.

One month later, my mom came home with some big news! Alice would be staying with us and maybe even become our foster child. Her mother could no longer take care of her. Everyone in the family was happy to see Alice again. We discussed what taking care of her would

be like, and Mom and Dad explained that we might not have her forever.

Mom picked up the baby the next day after school. When my sisters and I got home, there she was! She looked so cute. She was wearing a little Dallas Cowboys sweat shirt and her long black curly hair was up in a ponytail. Her cheeks looked bigger than ever. She had five teeth.

The first day she was at our house, she was very shy. She would look at me as if she knew who I was, then look away again. We spent most of that afternoon sorting out Alice's clothes. Most of them were either three sizes too big or three sizes too small. We set up the crib in the upstairs hallway and cleared out a dresser for her. Friends gave us baby clothes, and we bought some from garage sales, school fairs, and stores.

As time passed, Alice would smile a bit. She took great interest in our dog, Bruiser. She'd look at him and make growl-y noises. Soon she started to say the beginnings of words like "ca" for cat and "da" for dog.

After a period of time, Mom got involved with a county social worker who was going to check us out to see if we were fit to have a foster child. Alice was growing more and more attached to us and we were growing attached to her too. We all hoped things would work out.

Now she laughs and smiles all the time. On Christmas Day, she really had a ball! As soon as she saw her new rocking horse by the tree, she climbed right up on it. A smile crept across her face from ear to ear. She loves to play with the telephone, so my sister gave her a play phone. She picked it right up and started saying "hi, hi, hi, hi."

Sometimes I wish that she had never stayed with my family for even a single hour, minute, or second. Sometimes she's a real pain (especially to take care of), and it seems like everything my parents do is **FOR THE BABY!!!**

Other times I jump for joy at the thought of having a little sister. I was the little sister before Alice came along, so I've never had the experience of having one myself.

Sopi is now living with a foster family of her own. She needs a mom and dad, too.

I hope Alice will become my real sister. I don't know what I'll do if she is taken away from us. I used to be amazed when families took in foster children. I never dreamed my family would have one. Now, as far as I'm concerned, I *am* her real sister and this is her real home. No one is ever going to take her away from our house if I can help it! □

This article first appeared in the Langley Hill Friend, Second Month 1985. It was written by the daughter of a teacher at a school in which one of the members of the refugee committee of Langley Hill (Va.) Meeting also teaches.

MY PARTNER and I

by Wilfred Reynolds

The last couple of decades have brought a number of changes in the way our society arranges and looks at things. Change is constant, and life's law sort of invites a contemplative mood.

Take the practice of divorced parents acquiring new spouses. Often the upshot is a covey of personages, in various stages of growth, with siblings coming from different directions.

The potential for strife and struggle of this path should be obvious, though I haven't noticed the waiting pitfalls and snares bandied about much in a formal commentarial way. Maybe the outlook is so scary as to send us whimpering to denial as the only reasonable posture and defense.

"I wonder whose kids are to be dumped where and onto whom *this* weekend."

Awesomeness ad infinitum, truly!

But mixed families (and feelings?) are only a form of our current institution of marriage—at best, perhaps an entrée into the larger arena of possible flavorings going into solid relationships.

I can say something about my spouse's and my experience. At least from my own standpoint.

We joined "parents for super-intense family ties" about 11 years ago. We wed then, that is. Phyllis's daughters were six and eight at the time, and my son by an earlier marriage was in his 40s. My chosen partner and I are 21 years apart in age. The girls live with us, but we

think it's important for them to have positive feelings toward their blood father, who is now living abroad.

Recently, during a barely audible confession of mutual dismay, we reminded



each other that 11 is an "ago" of considerable length as humans measure such things. Also, we've shared moments of incredulity that we were willing to actualize the marriage at all, given the seeming unlikelihood of our situations remaining blended in the longer haul.

My spouse works in Chicago as a full-time nurse. It's a financial and spiritual necessity. I see myself as partly retired, doing the writing to which I've been drawn for years. We rent rooms to university students for extra income.

Soon both our young women will be

in college. They're engaging and capable and are learning consideration for others and responsibility. Not without shrill family moments at times, however. But isn't that how it is? And we believe love includes setting limits.

I do find that age is a factor in my case. How could it possibly be otherwise? Age makes a difference in both energy and outlook: energy for the energetic doings of family life; outlook tempered and shaped by more time and experience logged here.

But age is only an aspect and needn't be crucial. We've a choice of how to experience, and look at, calendar time.

My partner and I speak appreciatively of our life together of relative simplicity in terms of social striving and worldly ambitions.

We don't take for granted the benefits of religious affiliation, seeking, and study.

We trade sighs of relief that such additives as alcohol don't figure in our approach to life, and we can talk about issues without going to pieces.

In the course of our little saga of family and home, I've occasionally felt some confusion as to my place or role in it. My three women are closely knit and seem perfectly capable of finding their own way in the world. Especially have I sometimes wondered what I mean to our young women. I've never done much disciplining, and they tend to consult their mom about things. And, after all, I'm not their real father. I do try to avoid being a dour and demanding stepdad.

Again, it's my partner whose straight talk brings support and reassurance. She points out that I *am* the girls' real dad, since I'm steadfastly there, available, and involved. She says the resultant stability is precious.

She's called me "steady at the helm." I value her favorable assessment.

But now I'd best get on with this business of helm steadiness. I have housework to do and groceries to gather. I like to shop on bicycle whenever possible. The grass needs mowing. I like "hands on" dishwashing the old-fashioned way.

Pete Rose is in town with his Reds to play our Cubs. I wouldn't miss some of the series on TV for almost anything. But the girls will be wanting to watch Martina play tennis some of the time. A single tube is our limit.

This is the life chosen, gratefully. □

Formerly clerk of Illinois Yearly Meeting, Wilfred Reynolds remains active in his monthly meeting, Evanston (Ill.).

ROOTS OF PEACE IN THE

by Mobi Ho

Thus begins the remarkable account of an 11-year-old Vietnamese girl, Hong, in a Vietnamese short story of the same name (*Hong* by Thich Nhat Hanh, La Boi Press, Paris, France, 1979). We learn as the story progresses the miraculous existence this child has chosen to live. When thrown overboard by pirates who attack the small refugee boat on which her mother, baby brother, and others have escaped Vietnam, Hong does not drown, but due to some sacred moment in time, she is transformed into a fish. After confiscating all they can, the pirates sink the boat and all the others drown. Yet in her grief, Hong discovers a new reason to live. She swims the South China Sea, trying to rescue at least one child from every sinking refugee boat she encounters by carrying it on her back safely to the nearest shore.

One night, which happens also to be the night that commemorates the Buddha's enlightenment, while pushing a young unconscious boy up on shore, she manages to wiggle completely out of the water and discovers she has been transformed back into an 11-year-old girl. Overjoyed, she sings and dances beneath the full moon. She realizes she has

I remember long ago when I was really no more than a baby. My world was only as big as my mother's two arms. Safe in that world, I felt so secure and peaceful. I didn't know that beyond those protective arms lay an entire universe of violence and storms that my mother kept away from my view so that I might enjoy an endless feeling of peace and safety. It's only been recently that I've seen a bit of the world outside.

Mobi Ho, the mother of two children, is an acupuncturist in Boerne, Texas, and also practices with her husband, Hoang, in San Antonio. Mobi Ho's article is reprinted with permission from Mothering magazine, volume 33, published by Mothering Publications, P.O. Box 2208, Albuquerque, NM 87103. All rights reserved.

CEMAKING FAMILY

reached "the other shore" and can now choose to enter a refugee camp and be resettled in a new country. But she chooses to remain instead, swimming the sea as a fish by day, so that she might continue her rescue work. Though she encounters unimaginably cruel and tragic scenes, she discovers a serenity and wisdom from within—as though the protective world created years before by her mother's two arms lives still in her heart, rooting her in peace and compassion, and indeed making it possible for her not to avoid or deny the world of violence and storms but to bring to it a courageous capacity to survive and promote life.

Beyond the story's clear relevance to Vietnamese and to my own family's history (my husband is Chinese-Vietnamese and his family, once boat people, live with us), the story has helped me in my efforts to face and respond to the issue that hovers so ominously over all the families of the earth—the threat of nuclear war. I often find myself returning to Hong's words and to their teaching to all of us who are parents trying to raise children who will both enjoy and foster inner peace and peace for future generations.

I do not know any parent, especially those active in nuclear disarmament efforts, who wishes to expose his or her young children to information that details the grotesque scenarios of a nuclear holocaust. Even for many adults, it is too much to focus on, and we often al-

low ourselves to bury the thought by immersing ourselves in the busyness of our daily lives, at the same time trying to appease guilt feelings about doing little or nothing to help prevent such a holocaust. But isn't such an attitude both unfortunate and unnecessary? I believe there are two ways to immerse oneself in the daily tasks of parenting and making a living. One is to refuse to look at the suffering and darkness in the world (including that in our own hearts) and to use busyness as a curtain of unwillingness to see. Following this way seems to me not to protect our children but to rob them of the real possibilities of learning how to foster peace, both inner and outer. The second way is to recognize and take into one's heart and consciousness the suffering and dangers mounting in the world, and to let that seeing begin to transform the very way we approach and carry out the necessary and so often hidden tasks of family life.

I find myself evolving two principles I consider essential to parenting that is peace conscious. They might be stated as follows:

- Let us not avoid contact with suffering or close our eyes in the face of suffering, especially that which results from war preparations and the possibility of nuclear war. Let us in every way possible awaken ourselves to this terrible possibility.
- Let us continually be aware of the radiance of each moment and the possibility in each moment to foster peace

and compassion by the very way we respond to even the smallest tasks like changing a diaper, assisting a child with a homework assignment, preparing a meal.

A loving attention to details nourishes courage in the heart and begins to provide the necessary continuity that enables one to respond in ways that are more obvious peace work—simplifying one's lifestyle, attending town meetings on the nuclear freeze, organizing inter-faith peace vigils.

If there is often a tendency to deny and block out the realities and responsibilities of the nuclear age, there is an equally false tendency to consider certain actions and ways of responding as somehow superior to others. Thus, the



mother who spends long hours in political organizing or the father who commits civil disobedience and spends time in jail for his beliefs are seen as the only ones "truly committed." What is more essential is not the outer form one's commitment takes but its roots in daily life. The gift of centeredness—that knowledge that love is possible and can heal even the worst fears—is the gift that Hong's mother gave her as an infant and young child by her total love and attention. That gift in turn enabled Hong, even at a very young age, to grow into a compassionate person able to face the real horrors humans are capable of and yet to continue to respond as a whole person in a hopeful way.

One dimension of parenting among those who see parenting as a vocation in itself and as the center from which one's contribution to peace and justice begins to find expression is the dimension of limits. We are daily faced with the reality that we cannot be several places at once, especially when we must answer so many of our children's needs. Yet embracing and respecting these limits is the first step to opening our lives to be used in a much larger way in connection with others around the world. I was deeply touched by the recent words of a French friend, who runs a small organization that tries to assist children who are victims of war or unjust situations, while at the same time working with local religious leaders in the children's countries to challenge social injustice and violence in a spirit of nonviolence. He explained his group's philosophy by saying, "We do not believe in saving all children or 100 children or 10 children. We believe in saving

one child. If one child is not worth being saved, then two are not. The basis of everything is one child." From such a simple devotion to the infinite worth of one child has evolved an effort that now assists more than 2,000 children in Lebanon, Vietnam, and Bangladesh.

Isn't an equally simple devotion to our own children the basis of extending love and life to all children, indeed the roots of all peace work? When we bathe our infant with total attention that says, "You are infinitely precious and unique," we are also saying, "Because you are precious, so are all children. Because I desire to nurture and protect your life, I desire that all children's lives be thus nurtured and protected." In the daily unfolding of that realization, both parent and child begin growing into peacemakers. One finds that the more one gives love to one's own children, the more one's heart and arms ache to extend love and life to others beyond one's own family.

To be a parent and to let oneself truly love is in many ways to let one's heart be broken. We have all experienced the vulnerability love brings. And what one of us has not felt that quiet despair when one's child is ill or injured—that knowledge always lurking just beneath the surface that life and togetherness could unexpectedly be turned to death and separation. Facing the danger of nuclear weapons increases that despair and breaks one's heart all the more. But after all, doesn't a broken heart have more space to fill, more space to take others in, more illusions discarded, and allow us to find a myriad of ways to enlarge and sustain each other in the work for peace?

There are many ways to be involved as families in peace work. For me, one of the greatest gifts of parenting is that at every moment of the day or night there are occasions to act on the possibilities of love from which all peace making must flow. Parenting is, after all, not a philosophical exercise but a constantly incarnated response to life. Noses to wipe, fingernails to cut—even the most ordinary tasks can become kernels of peace to be offered one's child. And who can say that it is not those very tasks done in mindfulness and caring that will give our children eyes and hearts as courageous and compassionate as those of the child Hong and that will help build the way of peace. □



Courtesy of
Mothering magazine

Grand Petting

by Vern Rossman

My grandmother gave me a gift which changed my whole life. Grandmother Jacobs was born in a covered wagon on the trail from Kentucky to Kansas. She embodied the virtues we would like to think all the pioneers had—religious faith, courage, strength, compassion, devotion to family and nation.

She and my grandfather moved into Enid, Oklahoma, a few days after the great run into the Cherokee Strip. On one day, Enid was a bunch of stakes. By the next evening, it was a tent city. While my grandfather established his law practice, grandmother operated the city's first hotel.

Incarcerated in 1983 for his participation in the Griffiss Plowshares Peace Witness (FJ 11/15/85), Vern Rossman was paroled from prison in February. He is a member of Beacon Hill (Mass.) Meeting.

mother's Parties



Narcissa Weatherbee

She was a big woman, in every respect. On one occasion, someone yelled "Fire!" Grandmother piled her possessions into a sheet and lugged it down three flights of steps and across the street. It was a false alarm, but afterward, the story goes, it took four men to carry the bundle back up.

She was also strong in mind and purpose, a natural leader. She was for decades the central pillar of the First Christian Church, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the Democratic party.

One of the big treats of my early life was to spend a couple of weeks each summer in the great rambling Jacobs house with its huge attic full of ancient treasures.

Grandmother was always baking—cherry and apple pies with incredibly tender crisp crusts, cinnamon rolls,

loaves of white and whole wheat bread.

She would let me roll out the crusts and make a tiny pie of my own, baked in its own miniature tin.

When all the baking was safely in the oven, grandmother would take me into the living room and seat herself in her sturdy rocking chair. She would smile, stretch out her arms, and say, "Come here, Vernie boy, let's have a petting party." She took me up into her lap and hugged me tight against her generous bosom while she rocked and hummed her favorite hymns. She would speak softly into my ear, telling me how special I was, how much she loved me, and how proud she was of me. She rocked and rocked and rocked, while a kind of cosmic peace seeped through all my bones and sinews and mind and heart and soul.

Ever since that time I have had no dif-

ficulty believing that there is a personal mind and loving purpose behind the universe. And I have found it quite impossible to believe in any eternal hell of punishment. The One behind this creation is at least as loving as my grandmother; no doubt about it.

Some people look up into the sky and see a great black Void waiting to suck them up into an eternal oblivion. They are tempted to see life, as one writer did, as a sort of temporary disease of a "corpse-drenched" universe.

When I look up into the sky I see the smiling face of my grandmother superimposed against the stars, her arms outstretched. And I hear her say, "Come here, Vernie boy, let's have a petting party!"

I've always suspected that is what the Psalmist had in mind when he wrote, "The eternal God is our home." □

POETRY

Double Circle

yesterday I watched
a double rainbow
drain its colors
into our mountains
only to reappear
on Sunday as
a double circle
of Friends
illuminating
one another

—Marie Flagg



Fern Song

Because I called a halt to forward thrust
and wandered with my sketchpad up this trail,
sank down on matted leaves to watch
the play of sunlight through a hollow log
and let my pen begin to tell the shapes
and rhythms of this clump of ferns,
I know again the thrusting up of spring
and spirit humming as it finds a form.

Deep underground in me there is a reaching
toward these most delicate uncurling fronds
that lift like ladders out of spirals
and in the stillness ring ascending chimes.
Behind them darkly resonate the boulders
and fallen tree trunks soaked with rain.
Years moldering away, rings rotted, hollow.
My growing ground is ready once again.

—Helen Weaver Horn

COM

by Lora G. Koomanoff

Several Friends have expressed dismay and concern that the Quaker Peace Testimony does not seem to extend to family life; that while publicly we implore nations to live together peaceably, we do not achieve the same goal in our own families.

I submit that we need to go one level deeper and examine our *concepts* of conflict—which affect every interpersonal relationship we have in the family, in school, in work, in the wider realm of community, and ultimately, in the world at large. How we behave is conditioned by how we feel, which in turn depends upon our values and our beliefs. We advocate peace—and sincerely desire its presence in the world—but what do we really think and feel (i.e., believe) about conflict within ourselves and consequently, between ourselves and others?

Do we see it as

- a natural consequence when needs collide?
- a normal expression of differences?
- an opportunity to learn more about ourselves and others?
- a focal point at which we may sensitively respond to another's needs and open ourselves to mutual growth?

Or do we see it as

- a disaster which can only lead to more unpleasant, possibly violent occurrences?
- a destructive element which will most certainly hurt and damage all concerned?
- occasion for proving that we are right (and someone else is wrong)?
- a chance to defend ourselves and our position?

Our concepts of conflict determine how we respond to it. If we do not know how we view conflict, looking at our responses to it may help us to understand. When conflict occurs, what is our initial response?

Lora G. Koomanoff is a writer, editor, and a leader of workshops on conflict resolution. She is an attendee at Langley Hill (Va.) Meeting.

FLICT

Do we

- try to avoid it (pretend it's not so, or run away)?
- seek "peace at any price" to have it over and done with as soon as possible?
- respond in anger and self-defense?
- try to communicate our feelings to the other person and at the same time endeavor to understand where he or she is coming from?
- explore within ourselves the possible causes and explanations for its appearance?
- respond differently according to our investment in the relationship?
- seek assiduously for some mutual ground on which we can support each other (or at least, agree to disagree)?

We all have patterns of behavior which have developed over long periods of time and which may or may not serve us well. Many of them were initiated in childhood. Our parents' attitudes toward conflict had much to do with molding ours, just as we, in turn, are contributing to our own children's attitudes. To help us understand what is going on in our households, we need to remember how conflict was viewed in our parents' households.

Did they

- convey the idea that "fighting" is wrong, even though it may be only at the level of verbal disagreement?
- rush to separate combatants, rather than help them to work out a mutually acceptable solution?
- expect one member to always "give in" to another, thus creating smoldering feelings which were certain to ignite at a later time?

How we learned to view conflict when we were children may still be influencing (and inhibiting) our response to it now. Fortunately, we are capable of learning and of growing, and cycles of thought and action can be broken. We can develop skill in understanding ourselves, in communicating that

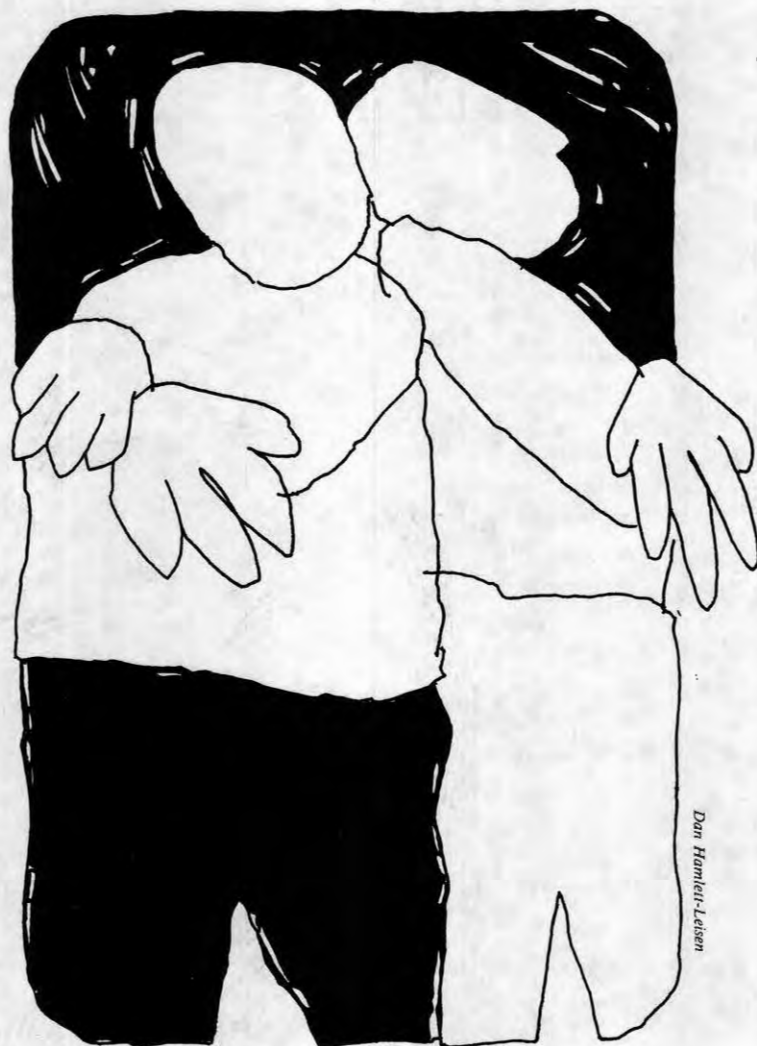
understanding to others, and in creating an awareness of commonality among all with whom we come in contact. Conflict and violence are not synonymous, although one may lead to the other. A deep conviction that conflict is "all right," that it is a normal part of living, can do much to help us to see alternative ways of dealing with it.

By looking within ourselves to find the need that is being defined, we can find the connecting link to the needs in others. We all have basic wants which can be satisfied by recognizing and accommodating them. Each of us needs a feeling of self-worth; to have others affirm that self-worth; to share something of ourselves with others; and to be a part of a supportive community—which is another way of saying we all need to love and to be loved. This is the crux of resolving conflict: to remember in its midst that each of us is lovable and capable of loving; to find that phrase, that gesture, that touch which can transform the confrontation into a shared experience.

Resolving and managing conflict—that is, making it something creative in our lives—depends upon our willingness to risk its success.

We must:

- be willing to start (its resolution) without knowing the result,
- accept change as a possibility in every



Dan Hamlett-Leisen

- situation and in each individual,
- have a positive belief in the ability of each person to find a solution,
 - be willing to leave a conflict once it's over,
 - realize that conflict resolution is a life-long art, demanding constant attention and dedication, and
 - understand that one failure does not preclude future successes.

In short, conflict resolution is a conviction—that we *can* live peaceably within ourselves and with others, that any crisis can be an opportunity for growth, that life is infinitely more interesting when we search for alternative choices in solving problems, rather than reverting to old worn-out patterns, whose purposes are hidden somewhere in our past.

Conflict can be a plus in our lives. I, for one, am not sure I'd want to live without it. □

THE FUTURE BEGINS NOW

For Survivors of Child Sexual Abuse

by Susan Woodman Hoskins



Narcissa Weatherbee

Becky lay in bed, wide awake and trembling after her father left. He'd been tucking her in for as long as she could remember. Her mother worked nights, and even when she was home, left bedtime to her father. He was also the one who helped with homework, played with her friends when they came over, and snuggled in front of the TV with her and her younger sister, Janie. He'd done baths too until last year when she was nine and she told him she felt funny when he washed her private parts. Tonight she had that funny feeling again because he lay on her bed, kissed her on her lips, and touched her under her nightie. It was starting to happen often. She wondered if Janie knew. She was having trouble getting to sleep, so she had trouble concentrating in school. She thought everyone would notice she'd changed, so she avoided her friends. She'd already stopped inviting them over because of the way her father looked at them. She wondered what she'd done to make him do this, and what to do to make him stop. She wondered when he'd do it again. She thought about her father saying this was their special secret and that if she told, he'd have to leave home, they'd be poor, and her mother would be sad. She knew she'd miss the nice cuddling and the tickle fights and wondered who would take care of them at night. She'd tried to tell her teacher once that "my dad touches me a lot," but was just told to go back to work. She also tried to tell her mother, but she said how lucky they were to have a father who cared so much. Now she didn't know what to do . . .

Child sexual abuse (within the family, "incest") has received increasing attention in the media, popular literature, and schools over the past two years. However, Friends still seem to think it only happens "out there." Judy Brutz's research ("Conflict Resolution in Quaker Families," *Journal of Marriage and the Family*, February 1984) revealed that physical and emotional violence occurs in Quaker homes. Several Friends have also begun to share their experiences as child sexual abuse survivors. Becky could be a Quaker, her family long-standing members of your meeting, her parents active on committees with you. Becky and Janie might be in your First-day school or Friends school class. Becky might be your daughter's best friend.

Child sexual abuse is any contact or interaction in which a child is used for the sexual stimulation of an adult (or significantly older person). It is a misuse of power and trust. It is not limited to acts of intercourse and is rarely violent, but may involve trickery, bribery, or force. It often evolves slowly from comfortable, "okay" touching to fondling (as with Becky) to intercourse. It often continues for years, undetected, as the child suffers in silence, full of fear and guilt.

Current estimates are that one girl in three and one boy in seven are sexually abused before the age of 18. Eighty-five percent know the offender (half of whom are family members). Ninety-seven percent of the offenders are male. Most offenders are heterosexual, although they may molest both boys and girls. Many men who abuse children and many mothers of sexually abused children were themselves sexually abused. Thus, a family pattern is often repeated.

Everyone probably has a childhood memory of being touched in a way that felt inappropriate or uncomfortable. The experience of sexual abuse is confusing to a child, especially when no one seems to notice. Children are trapped between their instinctive feeling that this touch is bad and their longing for affection and approval from their elders. Adults are often reluctant to intervene for fear of meddling in family affairs, but unless they do, the child continues to suffer.

Susan Woodman Hoskins, ACSW, is a member of Newtown (Pa.) Meeting and a clinical social worker who has done individual, family, and group therapy with sexual abuse families.

Until recently, it would have been likely that no one would have listened to Becky or seen the clues. According to this scenario of the past, Becky would have felt unique and alone, not knowing that this happened to other children and uncertain as to whom she should turn. Throughout her life, she would have felt burdened with confusion, guilt, helplessness, powerlessness, and depression. She would have difficulty establishing trust and intimacy in adult relationships. She might be abused again or turn to self-destructive behaviors. Becky would have felt she couldn't share her problem with anyone at meeting; this kind of thing wasn't supposed to happen to Quakers, and she would have believed everybody there knew and liked her parents.

Not knowing where to go for help, Becky's father would have continued to live with his guilt or self-deception, as well as the underlying causes of his molesting: a need for power, a lack of impulse control, and (if a pedophile) a sexual attraction to children. He would have gone on to molest Janie and probably others (an average pedophile molests 73 children in his or her lifetime). Becky's father would have been trapped in the hypocrisy of continuing to molest his young daughter(s) while representing himself as a good Quaker.

Becky's mother would have been paralyzed by her own helplessness and fears. She might have been overwhelmed by recollections of her own molestation. She would not have wanted to see the signs, but if she had suspected the abuse, she would have been caught between wanting to help Becky and fearing losing her husband, dissolving her family, having to support the children alone, and being ostracized from the community. She wouldn't have known where to turn, and like Becky, she would have been too embarrassed to ask her meeting for help.

Janie might have been aware of her father's molesting Becky. She may have been molested herself. She might have been jealous of the special attention Becky seemed to get, or worried that Becky seemed sad and distant.

If the incest had been disclosed, Becky's family would have experienced turmoil and crisis. Becky would have been placed in foster care, adding to her sense of blame and ostracism. She would also have felt relief at ending the

secret and the abuse. Her father would have faced prosecution and, if found guilty and imprisoned, he would probably have been abused by other inmates and given no help for his problems. When released, he would have had trouble getting a job, which would have added stress and increased his sense of powerlessness, thus increasing the likelihood of further child molesting. His marriage would probably have ended. Becky's mother would have been faced with blame and ostracism from the community, and Becky and Janie would have been teased, set apart.

In contrast to this bleak picture of the past for an incest family, there are heartening visions for the future. The cycle of abuse can be broken through extensive education and supportive treatment for the whole family. In this vision, Becky will learn (in school, First-day school, or at home) that her body is her personal space, and that she has a right to say no when this space is violated. Often when a child asserts her right not to be touched, the abuse stops. She will learn to trust her inner voice when it says this kind of touch is not okay. She will learn to tell someone and keep telling until she gets help. She will learn that the responsibility lies fully with the offender and that sexual abuse should never be a secret.

Becky's teachers will know the behavioral signals and be alert to Becky's attempts to tell what is happening. They will believe her because they know that children don't lie about sexual abuse. They will stay calm and let her know they will support her when the abuse is reported to Child Protective Services. The investigating team will be friendly and supportive, reinforcing all the things that Becky had learned before. She will not be further traumatized, but praised for telling her story, and her father, not she, will have to leave the home until the family is prepared to work together without further danger to the children. She will get immediate counseling to begin to understand what has happened, build her self-esteem, and start to gain a sense of control over her life.

In this ideal vision, Becky's father will plead guilty, avoiding a traumatic trial, and receive a sentence mandating intensive treatment to address why he molests, his own victimization, and his need for power and self-esteem. Becky's mother's treatment will help her understand what

had happened, address her feelings of responsibility, her own victimization, and help her better protect her children. Janie, too, will get help for her feelings and to understand better what had happened. Family treatment will begin to build a healthy family. Group therapy with others who had similar experiences (in groups like Parents United) will dispel the feelings of secrecy and uniqueness. Offenders can help each other through understanding and confrontation.

The meeting plays an important role in this vision of the future. First-day classes will educate children and adults about prevention and warning signals, breaking down the taboo against talking about such sensitive subjects and creating an atmosphere in which such issues could be raised. Friends will not be reluctant to inquire about a "family matter," and will do so without violating the family's dignity or re-victimizing the child. The meeting will reach out to "that of God" in each family member, supporting them through the treatment and legal process. The family will not feel alone or ostracized. The meeting will also support those helping the family.

The reality of the present is somewhere between these two scenarios. There is a law in every state mandating that anyone who suspects a situation of child sexual abuse must report it to Child Protective Services. The outcome can vary greatly,

**What *can* be done
is to believe
and support the
child, and be
there to support
the whole family
through the
treatment process.**

but most agencies are trying to improve services. Becky will probably remain at home, if she wishes to, but she might be placed in foster care temporarily. Her father will probably get treatment, but he might go to prison. Other family members might get help.

Some people do not report sexual abuse, believing that they are helping by avoiding the possible additional trauma of the reporting process, and that they can handle the problem themselves. However, this perpetuates the secret, makes the child feel she or he is not believed, and the offender continues to molest. A lecture and watchful eye are no substitute for the lengthy, specific therapy necessary. What *can* be done is to believe and support the child, and be there to support the whole family through the treatment process.

There are several ways that the present can become the vision of the future.

1. Listen and watch for the clues children give. Risk asking questions. If the child tells you that he or she has been molested, believe and support the child. Get help.

2. Discover and make readily available a list of resources for sexual abuse families. Who or what is available in the meeting, yearly meeting, community? Are there books in the library? Is there a women's center? Does the yearly meeting have a counseling service? Are the counselors trained in sexual abuse identification and treatment? For example, the Family Relations Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting recently established a subcommittee on child sexual abuse to develop a list of resources and initiate discussion.

3. Talk about prevention at home. Education programs are being developed for schools, churches, and families (see resource list). These discussions should begin early (in preschool) and can fit naturally into everyday interactions, as do other safety lessons. Some parents express concern about how to teach caution without frightening their children. This can be done through discussing examples of good, bad, and confusing touch already in their experience (e.g., hugs, pinches, and tickles). Children can be empowered to say no and tell when they are uncomfortable or confused. They can be supported when they do so, even when it might be Aunt Jane or someone at meeting. This does not mean to stop hugging, but to respect a

Children cannot be victimized as easily if they know what to expect and what to do.

child's boundaries. Children are more frightened by the unknown or ambiguous, by their imaginations, than by facts. They cannot be victimized as easily if they know what to expect and what to do.

4. Include preventive education in the First-day school program for both children and adults. Scary subjects are easier to handle when ideas and fears are shared.

5. Teach sexual abuse prevention in Friends schools.

6. Create opportunities for sharing on

difficult issues among meeting members, such as worship-sharing groups. Within this context, create an atmosphere free from value judgments, gossip, and ostracism. Some meetings are already doing this with family secrets like alcoholism, mental illness, and divorce.

7. Examine the way the meeting reaches out to families in need. When is it done? Does the meeting rely on close friends or family to deal with sensitive issues? Are personal questions asked? Is this done in a way that maintains respect for the person or families, without further victimization through gossip or ostracism?

8. Examine your feelings and attitudes; how do you feel about each member of a family in which incest has occurred? When do you start to get uncomfortable? How can you be helpful without being judgmental or rejecting?

9. Support those reaching out. Share the feelings that may arise when trying to be helpers. Take turns.

10. Confront the misconception that Quakers are perfect, that nothing painful or embarrassing ever happens. Share this with the children.

11. Challenge stereotyped roles that expect men to be in charge and powerful. Without the social pressure to perform, they won't have to exert power over children.

12. Help those in therapy with financial assistance, child care, transportation, etc.

13. Monitor day-care centers under the care of the meeting. Support the staff in teaching about, and detecting, sexual abuse. Make sure the children are comfortable with the staff.

14. Talk to sitters in the home. Let them know that you are alert to the signs of sexual abuse and will act upon your suspicions. Let them know that the children don't keep secrets and they have permission to say no if they are confused or if asked to do something they know is wrong.

15. If you suspect abuse—act. Report it. Don't try to decide what happened or what will be most helpful; get professional help. Follow up and make sure the family is getting help. This is the only way to make sure the abuse will stop.

Child sexual abuse does happen to Quaker children. Several things can be done to reduce the incidence and traumatic effects of such abuse. But this can only happen when people take risks, get involved, talk about it. Becky does not need to carry the secret in silence if people listen to, and act upon, her signals. She does not need to fear the consequences of reporting if it is handled sensitively. Her parents do not need to be devastated by disclosure if they, too, have the support of their community. With intervention and the support of their community they can work toward health and wholeness. Resources are now available to provide education and treatment. The future begins now. □

Resources on Child Sexual Abuse

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PREVENTION:

Adams, Caren, and Jennifer Fay. **No More Secrets**. Impact Publishers, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406, 1981.

Freeman, Lory. **It's My Body**. Parenting Press, Inc. 7750 31st St. NE, Seattle, WA 98115, 1982.

Hart-Rossi, Janie. **Protect Your Child From Sexual Abuse** (parents' guide to *It's My Body*). Parenting Press, Inc., 1984.

Sanford, Linda Tschirhart. **The Silent Children: A Parents Guide to the Prevention of Child Sexual Abuse**. McGraw-Hill, New York, 1980. **Come Tell Me Right Away**. Ed-U Press, Inc., Fayetteville, N.Y.

TREATMENT:

Child Abuse Hotline: N.J.: (800) 792-8610, Pa.: (800) 932-0313, Del.: (800) 292-9582 (look for one in your state).

Parents United, P.O. Box 952, San Jose, CA 95108. Local chapters nationwide.

Women Organized Against Rape (WOAR), 1220 Sansom St., Philadelphia, PA 19107. (215) 922-3434.

JUNIOR JOURNAL

Love is peace
peace is Love

White doves keep the peace
in their hearts



They share the love with all
children.
They float the hearts thru the
air passing from children
to children sharing the love
thru the valley.

Peace is Caring
love is Peace

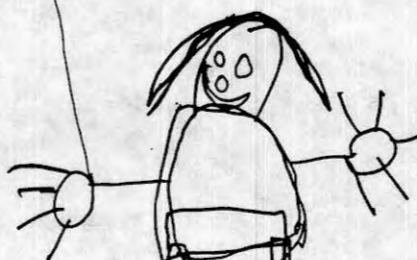
—Poem and Illustration by
Philip Erney, 6,
Moorestown Friends School

Recipe for a Peaceful World

1 tbsp. peace
1 cup falling stars
1 cup happiness
18 cups beautiful bright rainbows
that fill the sky
9 cups bright beautiful clouds

First sprinkle happiness all around the world. Sprinkle peace in another part. Put rainbows in all the skies and pat clouds around them. The falling stars come out at night.

—*Rosanna Forrest, 1st grade,*
Sidwell Friends School



This is me flying a kite. I am not at school. I am at my house in the field. I got the kite for my birthday.

—*Zoë Street, Moses Brown Lower School*

The Meetinghouse

A place where people come
out of the darkness and
into the light,
Where generations join and
become one,
A place where people come
with closed eyes and
open hearts.

—*Rebecca Smith, 6th grade,*
Chestnut Hill Meeting

Words of Advice

Find a four-letter word in the sentence. Rearrange the letters to fill in the blank.

1. Do not live a life of _____.
2. Do not let lies slip through your _____.
3. Lead a good life, and you will get a great _____ from life.
4. Change your ways and do not _____ from the word.
5. Dear children, _____ your Bible.
6. Choose the right path and you will not lose your _____ or your soul.

(Look for the answers on p. 26)

—*Arleen Wixtrom, Republic, Mich.*

Love

Love is when you give someone a flower and make them feel good,

Love is when you give someone a card,

Love is when someone helps you off with your boots,

Love is thinking about someone,
Love is playing and smiling with people,

Love is making things with someone,
Love is inviting someone over to your house for their favorite dessert.

—*Mary Sullivan, 8,*
Media Providence Friends School

Reports

FWCC Finds a World Filled With Neighbors

The Friends World Committee for Consultation's sixth residential annual meeting was held in Greensboro, North Carolina, March 21-23. Representatives from seven nations within the Section of the Americas—Bolivia, Colombia, Costa Rica, Mexico, Jamaica, Canada, and the United States—met to worship together, to become better acquainted, and to conduct business. Enthusiasm for 1986 activities grew as committees reported on 1985 work and representatives approved a 1986 budget, knowing that 1985 closed "in the black" (a first in recent years). Friends also looked toward 1987 with excitement when Gordon Browne, executive secretary of the Section of the Americas, invited everyone to consider ways of celebrating the FWCC's 50th anniversary.

Right Sharing of World Resources reported remarkable growth in 1985. Contributions to that program alone rose by \$10,000. Three Bolivian Friends stimulated interest in their yearly meeting's development work, which is supported in part through FWCC's International Quaker Aid (IQA) program. Through IQA, the FWCC also continues to seek funds to help South African Friends build a meetinghouse in the black township of Soweto. The annual meeting agenda included a report on the status of this special outgrowth of Friends' concern. The FWCC also approved IQA projects in Botswana, Brussels, Costa Rica, Zimbabwe, and the Quaker presence at UNESCO in Paris.

Friends helping Friends is one way to describe the FWCC's work. The joy Friends find in this person-to-person connection was apparent as small clusters of Friends gathered in animated conversations at meals and between sessions in what was a very full schedule. Reports on last summer's 16th FWCC triennial and the World Gathering of Young Friends, a recent meeting of the New Call to Peacemaking and plans for Youthquake to be held in Mexico June 19-24, all described joyful participation in the life of the Spirit.

Friends also raised concerns. During his Saturday evening address, Marshall Massey of Intermountain Yearly Meeting urged Friends to experience environmental issues as religious issues. Friends also explored war tax resistance when the Friends Committee on War Tax Concerns, sponsored by the FWCC, presented a review of its first year of work. Other concerns were sanctuary, resource sharing, Quaker studies, Friends in

Latin America, and traveling in the ministry.

Kenyan Friend Joseph Kisia, currently traveling in the ministry for the FWCC, delivered Friday night's address, "And Who Is My Neighbor?" By the weekend's close, Friends were in no doubt as to who were their North Carolina neighbors. The region's rich Quaker history came alive during Hiram Hilty's evening talk, Damon Hickey's slide presentation, and the Sunday afternoon Quaker history tour of the Greensboro-High Point area. Greensboro Friends prepared and served two suppers for 180 guests and hosted an evening social hour. In worship, Friends shared messages of hope and gratitude in Spanish and English and understood better Joseph Kisia's description of a world filled with neighbors.

Sharli Powers Land

New Call to Peacemaking: Reaching Out

On February 21, 35 church leaders invited by the New Call to Peacemaking gathered for the weekend in Washington, D.C., to explore nonviolent alternatives. In the years since the historic peace churches launched the New Call, many other churches have issued pastoral letters on the moral unacceptability of the balance of terror policies of governments. Emphasizing the call to peacemaking as commitment for all members of all congregations, the churches, as centers of faith and hope, have a common quest for a vision of a warless world. Discussion leaders included Alan Geyer of the Churches' Center for Theology and Public Policy, Barbara Green of the Presbyterian Believers' Call to Peacemaking program, Sister Mary Evelyn Jegen of Pax Christi, and Vincent Harding, visiting professor at Swarthmore College. The participants explored Gandhi and Martin Luther King's experiments in revolutionary nonviolence and the relevance of the Christian message of Shalom. The goal of the conference was not the production of an official statement of common goals but the furthering of discussion, through the sharing of ideas and experience. Quaker participants were Joe Volk of the American Friends Service Committee, Ben Richmond of Friends United Meeting, and Bob Cory of Friends World Committee for Consultation and a member of the New Call steering committee.

Outreach to other churches is one of the goals of the New Call to Peacemaking. The quarterly newsletter, *Call to Peacemaking* is available (write: Box 1245, Elkhart, IN 46515). A summary report on the Washington meeting will be sent on request.

Robert Cory

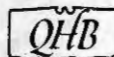
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World of Friends

A World Day of Prayer and Fasting for South Africa has been called by the World Council of Churches for June 16. That date is the tenth anniversary of the Soweto uprising. On Sunday, June 15, special church services will be held throughout the country, also commemorating Soweto. Special liturgies, prayers, and poems, many written by South African Christians, will be used at these services. On Monday, June 16, the heads of churches will meet in Washington, D.C., for a national ecumenical service and public policy briefing on South Africa.

The Third National Conference on Peacemaking and Conflict Resolution will be held June 3-8 in Denver, Colo. The conference begins with a three-day training institute of more than 20 workshops. Jennifer Beer and Eileen Stief of Friends Suburban Project of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will lead one of the workshops, "Mediator's Baggage: What Beliefs and Assumptions About Disputes and Disputants Are Part of Yours?" The conference theme is "Peacemaking and Conflict Resolution as a Social Movement: Power, Justice, and Institution Building." Charles Walker, also of Friends Suburban Project, will facilitate one of the sessions, "Mobilizing Resources for the Big Mountain Native American/U.S. Government Controversy." Anyone involved with conflict intervention as a professional or volunteer is encouraged to attend and participate. For more information, phone (404) 542-2887, or write Margaret S. Herrman, executive director, Carl Vinson Institute of Government, University of Georgia, Athens, GA 30602.

Friends United Meeting and the Friends Girls School in Ramallah (West Bank) are sponsoring an international summer camp in July for 12 young women, aged 16-20, who will join an equal number of Palestinian women in volunteer work on Friends Girls School grounds. They will also visit the Sea of Galilee, the Dead Sea, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth; and learn Palestinian folklore, music, and dance. For more information, write Susan Smith, Friends United Meeting, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374.

The newly organized Asia-West Pacific Section of the Friends World Committee for Consultation has appointed Yoon Gu Lee of Seoul (Korea) Meeting as clerk; the volunteer executive secretary is Richard Meredith of Australia Yearly Meeting.

Two scholarships administered by University (Wash.) Meeting are the Atkinson Scholarship and the University Friends Meeting Educational Trust scholarship. The Atkinson Scholarship is available only to students of the University of Washington and must be obtained by application to the department of student aid at the university. A committee of University Meeting selects the recipients. The Educational Trust scholarship has funds available for any needy person for any legitimate educational pursuit. Applicants for either scholarship need not be members of the Society of Friends. Preference is often given to minority and overseas students, and to students in the fields of public health, social work, and education. For more information, write to the Educational Trust Fund, University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105.

Northern Yearly Meeting's Gathered Friends weekend held February 8-9 at Twin Cities (Minn.) Meeting focused on prejudices against blacks, women, and native Americans. Young Friends visited local museums, while older young Friends watched and discussed the film *El Norte*. The 125 Friends present thought that it was the best Gathered Friends weekend ever.

"Friends and the Farm Crisis" is the theme of the April 1986 *Quaker Life*. Twelve articles by and about Friends who are farmers or close to farmers delve into the agony faced by farm families across the United States and particularly in the Midwest. Sensitively exploring different aspects of losing the farm they have owned and worked for years, the writers give a picture of hope—hope lost and hope found, to some extent, in the caring of friends and Friends, and in the Quaker faith. In addition to the human suffering of individual farm families, the effect of stores closing in the small communities, banks failing, farm machinery unsold, and the ripples these create will soon affect all people in the United States, wherever they live. Another aspect is the loss of a way of life, for Quaker farmers and others, that is part of the heritage of hard work, simple pleasures, good stewardship, and people living in harmony with the land.



Quaker Life

Forum

Pulling the Trigger

I feel that I must take strong exception to Jane Laessle's letter (*FJ* 1/1-15) urging Friends to serve on local draft boards. I have two reasons for this: Draft boards are an integral part of the war system. They exist to force men into the military, not to keep them out of it. Consequently, any Friend who serves on a draft board is as much in violation of the spirit of the Friends Peace Testimony as is the man who pulls the trigger. Also, Friends serving on draft boards tend to create a façade of legitimacy for an illegitimate system. "If the Quakers serve on draft boards, they must be all right."

George Fox said, "We utterly deny all outward wars and strife and fightings with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretense whatsoever; this is our testimony to the whole world." In this spirit, it is difficult for me to see how any Friends can become entangled in the Selective Service System.

Duane Magill
Los Angeles, Calif.

JOURNAL Appreciated

In eight or nine years of reading *FRIENDS JOURNAL*, I find the February 1, 1986, issue the best ever. I read it with interest and benefit from first page to last.

Every page spoke to my condition, even the poem.

Al Benson
Tehachapi, Calif.

William Penn's State

I do not understand why Paul Johnson (*Forum*, *FJ* 2/1) is so exercised about a supposed skeleton in the Quaker closet. Quaker historians have long known that Pennsylvania was named for Admiral Sir William Penn. The fact that Admiral Penn had a naval career is no blot on his son's pacifism. William could neither choose his father nor dictate to his king.

The story of King Charles II's choice of the name "Penn" has been often repeated. William Penn wrote a letter dated March 5, 1681, to his friend Robert Turner, recounting William's own choice of "New-Wales." When that was rejected, he countered with "Sylvania." The ultimate compromise, which was not to William's liking, he could not change. As he confided to Turner, "nor could 20 guineas to the under secretary vary the name, for I feared lest it should be looked on as a vanity in me, and not as

a respect in the King, as it truly was, to my father, whom he often mentions, with praise." Penn was right to worry about Friends' opinions of him. During his lifetime he received a fair amount of grief from critics who were eager to think the worst of him. It seems that even today his motives are being questioned.

Marty Grundy
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Friends Like "Aging"

Congratulations on your February 15 special issue on aging! We old folks get lots of publicity these days, and I'm glad the *JOURNAL* followed the trend in Quaker fashion!

Eleanor Stabler Clarke
Kennett Square, Pa.

Congratulations to *FRIENDS JOURNAL* for the truly magnificent and timely issue on aging.

Since it will provoke many reactions and comments, I would like to offer two additional statements myself: "Thousands of people have written about death, but to date no dead person has ever written about life." "What matters—God, Love, and Life—cannot be defined; what can be defined, therefore, does not matter."

Peter Fingesten
New York, N.Y.

Thank you again for printing my article about my grandmother's house in the special issue on aging. The photograph you chose was perfect, and the sequence of the two "house articles" very sensitive.

But the main purpose of this letter is to commend the *JOURNAL* staff on a superb issue. Each article is inspiring, and the whole concept of a focus on aging is so needed in this time when we, in our generation, are beginning to have to face the aging processes of our parents, and have seen the aging processes of our grandparents. The issue will certainly "widen the circle" and give support to those who are elderly and those who are caring for elderly people.

The issue was so good that I would strongly urge you to consider running an annual special issue on aging for the next few years, focusing on a different aspect of aging in each subsequent issue. For example, I can envision subsequent issues which, in addition to articles with a positive tone about the opportunities of aging, also share some of the suffering and dilemmas faced by the families of aging parents and by the elderly themselves. Another suggestion for a subsequent focus would be injustices to old people, both by society and by institutions supposed to be serving them, with a list of ways elderly people can fight back against institutionalized neglect

CREMATION

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

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and abuse. The Grey Panther
organization might be very helpful in this
regard. The JOURNAL could also focus on
the wonderful relationship between
children and older people.

Cheri Junk
Durham, N.C.

*The JOURNAL welcomes articles for a
follow-up issue in 1987!—Ed.*

February 15 was a most provocative
and stimulating issue. My father had a
mug inscribed, "Live as if to die
tomorrow. Die as if to live forever!"

Now for an issue someday (again) on
simple living, simplicity in living,
concepts of simplicity in various
economic levels of Quakerism.

Bea Coward
South Glastonbury, Conn.

Just a word of congratulation and
appreciation for an excellent "Special
Issue on Aging." I found all the articles
interesting—some deeply moving, such as
Rose Ketterer's and Grace Yaukey's.

A suggestion for next year might be to
have a section similar to "Older Friends
Respond" for people who work with the
aged. We need to get more Friends
interested in careers in the field. It is
peculiarly adapted for Friends, and there
is so much to do and learn.

Lloyd W. Lewis
executive director
Kendal-Crosslands
Kennett Square, Pa.

Thank you so much for your special
issue on aging. It was upbeat throughout
without minimizing the problems faced
by older citizens. It's an issue to be saved
and referred to many times in the future.
Thanks again!

Suzanne R. Curtis
Greenbelt, Md.

Thank you for printing "Moses
Bailey's Lifetime Wellness Plan." Moses
is an inspiring guy. He has just sent me a
story on the new word processor that he
has. Going on 94 he is now
computerized.

Larry Cargill
West Hartford, Conn.

For guidance in a spiritual, applied-
religion sense, I have long looked to
FRIENDS JOURNAL. And, almost
incidentally, I have picked up down-to-
earth everyday pointers to help me along
life's journey.

But never I think have I seen such a
wonderful melange of practicality,
spirituality, and how-to-do-it, no-
nonsense Quakerism than in the recent
issue on aging.

From the sharing of outlooks and
approaches to the stories of putting
together communities for the elderly, and
the "how it works for me" exchanges of
ideas, I cherish this issue and will share it
with my mid-life-plus associates in and
out of meeting.

Jim Best
Tucson, Ariz.

I have read with interest all the articles
in the special issue on aging. Having
lived for quite a few years according to
the principles in these writings, I am now
at age 93 in excellent health and vigor, so
that I can still do most of the work on
my garden and orchard and still take
walks of up to four miles.

But I am disappointed. None of the
writers paid any real attention to thought
of what happens to us after death. In the
absence of universally held concepts,
there is much variety of thought on this
subject. I can speak only of my own
expectations.

When I leave my body I will still be
me. I will meet family and friends who
have preceded me. We will know each
other and they will help me get
acquainted with my new situation. I have
had definite contact with a family
member who assures me that he has
learned much and has progressed in
understanding. He died over 20 years
ago. I expect to be busy and able to learn
much, though my lack of present
concepts of life after death makes it hard
to know just how I will be led. Having
lived in this present life feeling that my
actions should be based on the inner
Christ spirit as shown and taught by
Jesus, I recognize that this same spirit
exists in many adherents of other than
Christian faith, or even of no faith.

With this as a background, I look
forward to my death as a great
adventure, and I welcome the chance to
go into the unknown with faith and joy.

Arthur J. Vail
Fallbrook, Calif.

Being 88 myself, I found the JOURNAL
issue on aging of special interest and
appreciated the wide variety of articles.
But something seemed missing—no
grandparents. Have they disappeared into
the category of the aged? Has
grandparenting gone out of Quaker
families as it has from many of today's
one- and two-parent families with their
dependence on day care and babysitters?
As society has become more and more
age segregated, I see a significant role for
grandparents (whether by blood links or
by choice) to strengthen or recreate the
intergenerational family and community.
They can also help children feel
connected to their own past and visualize
their own future. They are natural
nurturers.

Ruth Edgerton Hoge
Wayland, Mass.

Books

Bringing Up a Moral Child: A New Approach for Teaching Your Child to Be Kind, Just, and Responsible

By Michael Schulman and Eva Mekler.
Addison-Wesley, Reading, MA 01867, 1985.
362 pages. \$12.95/paperback.

How do we foster moral character in our children? How will they be able to make sound decisions? Can they learn to be sensitive to the needs of others without being taken advantage of? Is it possible to be a person of courage who can judge when rules are acceptable and when they are not? These are a few of the questions raised and dealt with in this book.

The authors believe that morality can indeed be taught. Moreover, it is the responsibility of parents to take that task seriously. How is this done? By laying the groundwork using three basic psychological processes as the foundation stones of moral development: internalization, empathy, and establishment of personal moral standards.

The second part of the book deals with the forces in life that interfere with moral development, such as jealousy, anger, and greed. The authors suggest techniques to help a child deal with responses in a constructive manner: extending the boundary of who is "us"; seeing likenesses in all people; and appreciating differences in others. These attitudinal reflections lead to concrete actions. If we see that we are part of the human family, then how do we see the opposing team, the Communists, the atheist as our enemy?

Part three deals with the common moral issues and dilemmas that children face. How do you help your child maintain moral standards in the "real world"? This section is presented by what a child of each age is likely to be presented with.

Although I found *Bringing Up a Moral Child* slow reading, it excited and stimulated me because it challenges us parents and educators to be active participants in our children's moral development. Looking at our own standards, attitudes, and actions is just as important as verbalizing them. The challenge is to confront dishonesty daily in our lives, to be an example. Without this, we cannot expect to teach our children much about moral education.

Judi Buchman

This Way Daybreak Comes: Women's Values and the Future

By Annie Cheatham and Mary Clare Powell. New Society Publishers, 4722 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143, 1986. 258 pages. \$12.95/paperback.

This Way Daybreak Comes is about women on the cutting edge who serve as models and mentors for all of us who struggle with making our feminist visions real. For two years the authors traveled in a van-home across North America, collecting voices which ask us to take heart in the future: architects design sunny, sensual spaces which redefine "home"; a lesbian group forms a community for retired women; one Chicana nun begins to create a Hispanic theology; a dance troupe combines martial arts, sign language, comedy, and politics into radical theater; environmentalists compost with worms and create nature centers underneath freeways. Everywhere, women are organizing—about everything from empowering their neighborhoods to saving the world. If you are feeling isolated, this book will rejuvenate you!

The people are fascinating, but the book ultimately fails to become more than a catalogue of characters and activities. Like a slide show flashing by too quickly, there is not enough time to catch the meaning of one woman's act before we are on to the next item. Instead of quick synopses, I long to hear the women speak for themselves. Also, the authors bend over backwards to be politically correct, so much so that I found myself looking ahead through the book, hoping to find some rebel whose feminist vision was not a new-age counter-culture one. The book's strong point of view does not grow from the experience of meeting these women; rather the women seem chosen to fit the conclusions.



Helen Redman/New Society Publishers

One notable exception: the text includes 50 photographs of women's creative work. They are powerful, different, and for me the feminist vision which remained after I closed the book.

Jenny Beer

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Books in Brief

Finding Hope Again:

A Guide to Counseling the Depressed. By Roy W. Fairchild. Harper and Row, San Francisco, 1985. 150 pages. \$6.95/paperback. Roy Fairchild has written an understandable book about depression and its manifestations. He counterpoints examples of clinical symptoms with quotations from Scripture which clearly convey the feelings of depressed people. Chapters are included about when to refer to mental health services and how pastoral work can enlarge hope and meaning.

Speaking Out, Fighting Back:

Personal Experiences of Women Who Survived Childhood Sexual Abuse in the Home. By Sister Vera Gallagher with William Dodds. Madrona Publishers, P.O. Box 22667, Seattle, WA 98122, 1985. 223 pages. \$14.95. Based on letters, tapes, and conversations, the victims of sexual abuse tell how they conquered the trauma created by this devastating experience. The book includes a useful bibliography.

Stress and the Healthy Family:

How Healthy Families Control the Ten Most Common Stresses. By Dolores Curran. Winston Press, 430 Oak Grove, Minneapolis, MN 55403, 1985. 234 pages. \$13.95. Dolores Curran, an international lecturer and family specialist who writes a syndicated column, believes that more families fight over how to spend money than over lack of funds and more from overscheduled calendars

than extramarital affairs. She has targeted and explored ten areas which cause the most stress in the family: finances, children's behavior, insufficient couple time, lack of shared responsibility in the family, communicating with children, insufficient "me" time, guilt for not accomplishing more, spousal relationship, insufficient family playtime, and overscheduled family calendars.

Beyond Endurance:

When a Child Dies. By Ronald J. Knapp. Schocken Books, New York, 1986. 271 pages. \$21.95. The loss of a child is for many people an almost unendurable experience, coupled with despair over blighted future hopes. Yet some individuals find strength not only to accept the death but to assist their stricken children in facing it. Ronald Knapp, Ph.D., interviewed 155 families to determine how they coped, or failed to cope, with deaths caused by illness, accident, and murder. He describes the depression which frequently follows such a loss and presents suggestions for dealing with it. A bibliography and names of self-help groups are included.

A Guide to Compassionate Care

of the Aging. By John Gillies. Thomas Nelson, Nashville, Tenn., 1985. 225 pages. \$7.95/paperback. This guide is a resource for families caring for elderly members, or agencies and churches searching for positive ways to help senior citizens. The author addresses the essential needs of older people, from food to self-actualization. Gillies also talks about alternative housing styles, including "congregate" housing in which meals and cleaning

are provided, as well as the security of friendship and companionship. The book gives practical advice on locating agencies and funding distributed by federal agencies and setting up adult day care and educational centers, and more. The goal is a well-integrated, happy old age for all our senior citizens.



Alice Evans/NSP

Watermelons Not War!

A Support Book for Parenting in the Nuclear Age. By Kate Cloud, Ellie Deegan, Alice Evans, Hayat Imam, and Barbara Signer. New Society Publishers, 4722 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143, 1984. 162 pages. \$9.95/paperback. The five authors are mothers living in the Boston area who have been meeting as a group since the accident at Three Mile Island in Pennsylvania in 1979 which terrified and catalyzed them into "doing something" to make the world a safer place for their children. After talking with their children (eight of them) about what it is like to grow up in this world, they wrote this handbook to be used as a resource for parents, teachers, and others who work with children to stimulate discussion, act out fears, and grope toward a world fit to live in. There are chapters to help parents deal honestly with their own fears, making it possible to deal honestly with the fears of their children. The section on alternatives includes ideas on changing our lifestyles, such as our technology—changing our energy sources. The chapter "Taking Action for the World We Want" talks about effecting change—through the antinuclear movement, peace education, and other actions.

The Nursing Home Dilemma:

How to Make One of Love's Toughest Decisions. By Doug Manning. Harper and Row, San Francisco, 1985. 101 pages. \$12.95. Exploring an often agonizing decision, yet one which an increasing number of people are facing, Doug Manning attempts to guide us in making realistic choices for those we love. By analyzing the actual needs of the elderly, the author hopes to eliminate some of the guilt and anxiety often associated with the decision to place a parent or relative in a nursing home. He also provides guidelines to be used in preparing the elderly person for this transition.

Poets and Reviewers

Jennifer Beer's newest book on mediation is *Peacemaking in Your Neighborhood*. Judy Buchman lives in Grand Rapids, Mich. Marie Flagg teaches writing skills at Community College of Vermont. The poem "Double Circle" is from a work in progress tentatively titled, "Poems in the Quaker Spirit." A member of Athens (Ohio) Meeting, Helen Weaver Horn and her family live on a cattle farm. She coordinates a six-county Peace and Justice Network in southeastern Ohio.

Puzzle Answers

From Junior Journal, page 20:

1. evil
2. lips
3. deal
4. sway
5. read
6. sole

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Philadelphia, PA 19102
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Selected Resources on the Family

Books

- Barnes, Kenneth C. **Discipline in the Quaker Home.** Friends Home Service Committee, London, 1973.
- Boulding, Elise. **Children's Rights and the Wheel of Life.** Transaction Books, New Brunswick, N.J., 1979.
- Calderone, Mary S., and Eric W. Johnson. **The Family Book About Sexuality.** Harper and Row, New York, 1981. **Questions and Answers About Love and Sex,** Avon, New York, 1980.
- Dorn, Lois, with Penni Eldredge-Martin. **Peace in the Family, A Workbook of Ideas and Actions.** Pantheon, New York, 1983.
- Hendricks, Gay. **The Family Centering Book: Awareness Activities the Whole Family Can Do Together.** Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1979.
- Mace, David. **Approaches to Family Wellness.** Sage, Beverly Hills, 1983. **Close Companions: The Marriage Enrichment Handbook,** Continuum, New York, 1982. With Vera Mace. **Men, Women, and God: Families Today and Tomorrow.** John Knox, Atlanta, 1976.
- Miller, Sherod. **Alive and Aware: How to Improve Your Relationships Through Better Communication.** ICP, Minneapolis, 1975.
- Paul, Jordan, and Margaret Paul. **Do I Have to Give Up Me to Be Loved by You?** Comp Care, Minneapolis, 1983.

Pamphlets

- Al-Anon Family Groups. P.O. Box 862, Midtown Station, NY 10018-0862.
- Boulding, Elise. **Children and Solitude.** Pendle Hill pamphlet (No. 125), 1962. **The Family as a Way Into the Future.** Pendle Hill pamphlet (No. 222), 1978. **Friends Testimonies in the Home.** Friends General Conference, 1953.
- Calderone, Mary S. **Human Sexuality and the Quaker Conscience.** Friends General Conference, 1973.
- Castillo, Fortunato. **Aggression and Hostility in Quaker Families.** Friends General Conference, 1974.
- Henke, Kenneth. **All God's Children.** Reprint from December 1978 *Quaker Life*, Friends General Conference.
- Loukes, Harold. **Readiness for Religion.** Pendle Hill pamphlet (No. 126), 1963.
- Mace, David. **Marriage as Vocation.** Friends General Conference, 1969.
- New England Yearly Meeting. **Living With Oneself and Others.** 1978.
- Phillips, Emily. **Thoughts From a Quaker Home.** Friends General Conference, 1968.
- Taylor, Phyllis. **A Quaker Look at Living With Death and Dying.** Family Relations Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1984.

- Watson, Elizabeth. **Clearness for Marriage.** 1984, and **Sexuality: A Part of Wholeness.** 1983. Family Relations Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

Audiovisual

- **Child Sexual Abuse: What Your Children Should Know.** Five audiovisual programs provide children and adults with techniques for identifying and avoiding child abuse. Available in 16-mm film, 3/4-inch U-matic, 1/2-inch Beta, or 1/2-inch VHS videocassette formats. Audio-Visual Center, Indiana University, Bloomington, IN 47405.



Narcissa Weatherbee

PACE PACE PACE

March 14, 1986

To people committed to the cause of peace:

Tomorrow: World-wide full meaningful employment will precede a lasting peace.

Today: Unemployment is a cause of discord between individuals, groups and nations. The unemployed and their children need more than our love. We see disturbed children, disturbed adults. We see people with hate in their heart. We see activists turning violent. And we see rational people, with the potential to do what is desirable and right, setting a value of zero on themselves—they do not care.

Yesterday: Article 21 of the Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen of the French Constitution of 1793 states:

"Public relief is a sacred obligation. Society owes subsistence to unfortunate citizens, either by procuring work for them or by providing means of existence for those unable to work."

Love and Strength,

Grant McLaughlin, Retiree, Hoboken, N.J.

P.S. We construe the statement, "Merchants, bureaucrats, bankers and industrialists maintain solvency through a profitable, political, and economic action" as being true.

We construe the statement, "Self-critical and right governing citizens make the world better through a moral, political, and economic action" as being true.

Every self-critical and right governing citizen (capitalistic or socialistic, democrat and/or oligarch) tries to bring about full meaningful employment.

We can bring about full meaningful employment by emulating steadfast and brave American men and women, the prohibitionists (1846-1919) who, using moral drive and political sagacity, achieved a good and proper politico-economic objective.

G.McL.



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Headmaster

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SUMMER OPPORTUNITIES AT PENDLE HILL

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- | | |
|------------|---|
| June 14-19 | QUAKER EDUCATION AND THE INWARD TEACHER
Leaders: Paul and Margaret Lacey |
| July 6-12 | SOVIET MYTHS AND REALITIES
Leaders: Barbara Hazard and Francis Macy |
| July 13-19 | CENTRAL AMERICA CONFERENCE
Coordinator: Peter Crysdale |
| July 20-25 | EMPOWERING THE FAMILY AS COMMUNITY
Leaders: Denise Sherman and Pendle Hill staff |



PENDLE HILL
WALLINGFORD, PA 19086
(215) 566-4507

Milestones

Adoption

Crauder—*Douglas Collins Crauder*, born March 29. His parents, Anne Douglas Collins and Bruce Charles Crauder, are members of Salt Lake (Utah) Meeting. His maternal grandparents are Douglas and Hazel Swearingen Collins of Camilla, Ga.; his paternal grandparents, Robert and Renee Crauder, are members of Radnor (Pa.) Meeting; and his paternal great-grandmother, Alice Calm, is a member of Trenton (N.J.) Meeting.

Births

Chasse—*Sarah Ann Schuder Chasse* on January 2 to Bill Chasse and Emily Schuder Chasse. Emily is a member of Ames (Iowa) Meeting; both attend Hartford (Conn.) Meeting.

Pozo—*Mary Ellen Pozo* on January 22 to Mary Kay and Mateo Pozo, of Kissimmee Worship Group in Florida. Her maternal grandparents are Mary Ann and William Shaffer of Orlando, Fla.; her paternal grandparents are in Peru.

Marriage

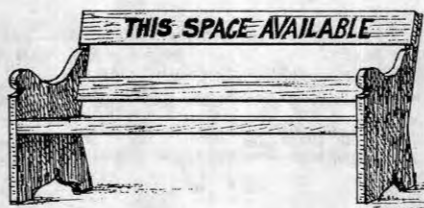
English-Valentine—*Lonnie Valentine* and *Jodie English* on March 16 at Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa., under the care of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting, where both are members.

Deaths

Haviland—On March 19, *Frances Miller Haviland*, 75, in Colorado. She was a long-time member of Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting, where she was active in Friends education and marriage counseling. Frances and her late husband, Harris Haviland, a former headmaster of Friends Select School, retired to North Carolina in 1970. Frances was an artist who worked in ceramics, oils, watercolor, and various sculpture media. In her later years, when muscular dystrophy interrupted her art, she turned to poetry and published a volume of haiku. She is survived by a son, Peter Haviland; a daughter, Lydia Winkler; seven grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Willoughby—*Katharine H. Willoughby*, 90, on January 10 in her sleep after contracting pneumonia. She and her late husband, Alfred Slocum Willoughby, were members of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting. Katharine was secretary and library assistant at the Krauth Memorial Library of the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia. Before that, she was secretary and library assistant at the Philadelphia Athenaeum. She is survived by a son, Alan T. Willoughby; five grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Friends are encouraged to send their birth, adoption, marriage, celebration of commitment, death, and sufferings announcements to the JOURNAL for inclusion in Milestones. There is no charge. Milestones announcements should be brief, be no more than a year old, and include Quaker activities and affiliations. If the notice is handwritten, please make sure it is legible.



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Copy deadline: 35 days before publication.

Accommodations

Devon, England: Totnes Meeting offers B & B in Friends' homes or self-catering hostel-type accommodation in meetinghouse. Small historic town near sea and Dartmoor. Contact Jill Hopkins, Oaklands, Rew 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) 794-8811. Programs available.

Washington D.C. Accommodations for sojourners/seminar groups. Capitol Hill location. Reservations advisable. William Penn House, 515 E. Capitol St. SE, Washington, DC 20003. Telephone: (202) 543-5560.

Bed and Breakfast in Jamaica. Idyllic rural setting ten miles from Montego Bay. Children welcome. Episcopal rector and Quaker wife. Full details from: Patricia Ottey, St. Mary's Rectory, P.O. Box 2, Montpelier, St. James, Jamaica. Telephone: (809) 952-4299.

Washington, D.C. Bed and breakfast in Friendly home. Convenient location. Children welcome. Reservations. Monthly residence also available. (202) 265-4144 eves. and weekends.

London? Stay at the Penn Club, Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JH. Friendly atmosphere. Central for Friends House, West End, concerts, theater, British Museum, university, and excursions. Telephone 01-636-4718.

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.

New York City, Penington Friends House, 215 E. 15th St., New York, NY 10003. Friendly lodging at reasonable rates. Single and double occupancy, includes delicious breakfast and evening meal. A country inn in the heart of Manhattan. Call ahead for reservations: (212) 673-1730.

Elkmont Guest House and Cottages. Home-cooked meals. Country living. Garden produce. Irene Harvey, RD #1, Box 168, Forksville, PA 18616. Phone: (717) 924-3655.

Books and Publications

LASER peace newsletter for kids stresses hope, action. \$12/year. Sample \$1.50 or stamped envelope for information. 15 Walnut, Northampton, MA 01060.

Books—Quaker spiritual classics, history, biography, and current Quaker experience published by Friends United Press, 101-A Quaker Hill Dr., Richmond, IN 47374. Write for free catalogue.

Communities

Working or studying in Boston this summer or next academic year? Live near Boston Common in Quaker-sponsored community. \$350/month room and board. Send for application by April 1 for summer residency; June 1 for fall. Beacon Hill Friends House, 6 Chestnut St., Boston, MA 02108. (617) 227-9118.

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

For Sale

Angora hats, mittens, scarves. Quaker family harvests rabbit wool harmlessly. Natural colors, homespun, hand-knit. Van Tine Angora Products, Penobscot, ME 04476.

Cape Breton Island farmhouse, barn and 25 acres. Located in Mabou Mines, Nova Scotia. Walk to quiet beaches. \$40,000. S. Brehm, P.O. Box 164, New Providence, PA 17560. (717) 786-4589.

Bamboo flutes, kalimbas, drums, tapes. 2 stamps: Box 273 Mountainview, HI 96771.

Housing Available

Rental. Five bedrooms, three baths, large living room, dining room, modern kitchen, in Philadelphia Main Line suburban home. Related family members only. All transportation. Available about July 1. \$1,200/month. (215) 527-2196.

Housing Wanted

Former Pendle Hill student, age 60, seeks similar woman to find and share house, Philadelphia area. Have own furniture. (215) 644-2941.

Opportunities

Quaker Woods: ten families/persons, mostly Friends, own 130 acres in northeastern West Virginia; woods, stream, pond, recreational or residential use. We seek an additional member. \$8,000. Write Quaker Woods, c/o Diana Nichols, 11515 Buttonwood Court, Reston, VA 22091. Tel. (703) 476-6645.

Six months in Austrian home? Caring for two children earns maintenance. Write FRIENDS JOURNAL Box 790 for details.

New Foundation Fellowship Seminar June 28 to 30, 1986, at Camp Neekaunis, Ontario, Canada, on "Quakerism: A Faith to Live By Today." Details from Fritz Hertzberg, 966 Finch Ave., Pickering, Ontario, Canada L1V 1J5.

Friendly Woman, a journal for exchange of ideas, feelings, and experiences by and among Quaker women, is seeking 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 Women, c/o Quaker House, 1384 Fairview Rd. NE, Atlanta, GA 30306, attention: Margaret Horsley. (404) 875-3495.

Ribble College—In the Footsteps of Fox. "George Fox: His Life and Work in the Northwest of England." A week-long study course at Whalley Abbey (by Pendle), in Lancashire. September 1986. For full details write to Dr. P. Dixon, Ribble College, 31 Cheltenham Rd., Blackburn, Lancashire, BB2 6HR England.

Personal

Single Booklovers gets cultured, single, widowed, or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Run by Friends. Established 1970. Write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

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

Concerned Singles Newsletter links compatible peace-oriented singles, all areas. Free sample: \$1. Box 7737-F, Berkeley, CA 94707.

Positions Vacant

New England Yearly Meeting invites applications from Friends 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 logistics/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, 901 Pleasant St., Worcester, MA 01602; telephone (617) 754-6760; application deadline June 1, 1986. New England Yearly Meeting is an equal opportunity employer.

The Meeting School, a small, Quaker secondary boarding school, is interviewing married couples interested in teaching and living in a creative, alternative community. Students live in faculty homes. The school emphasizes simplicity, cooperative living, peace education, academic challenge, and spiritual quest. Positions available Aug. 1, 1986. The Meeting School, Rindge, NH 03461. (603) 899-3366.

Caring individuals needed for a community-type psychiatric treatment and rehabilitation facility. Involves leading small groups in various work tasks and activities. Room, board, Master Medical insurance and salary. Contact Gould Farm, Monterey, MA 01245. (413) 528-1804.

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Position Open: Admissions counselor; full-time beginning July 1, 1986. Send letter of application and resume to Robert deVeer, Dean of Admissions, Earlham College, Richmond, IN 47374. Earlham is an Affirmative Action, Equal Opportunity Employer and especially encourages applications from minorities, women, and Quakers.

Earlham COLLEGE

Energetic 78-year-old woman committed to alternative health care seeks companion to assist with daily activities and driving. Non-smoking. In exchange for private accommodations plus stipend. Valdosta, Georgia—four hours from Atlanta. Please send letter and reference to Tippy Cook, Box 3371, Valdosta, GA 31601, and Sarah Fisher, 1164 N. Pleasant St., Amherst, MA 01002.

William Penn House is accepting applications for positions as office assistant and hospitality intern. Positions are for 12 months beginning in August or September 1986. William Penn House is a Quaker seminar and hospitality center. For more information contact John Salzberg, William Penn House, 515 E. Capitol St. SE, Washington, DC 20003.

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

Administrator—part time, for United Friends School, Quakertown. Education background and dedication necessary. EOE. Send letter and resume by May 22 to Personnel Committee, P.O. Box 407, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

Beacon Hill Friends House: live-in assistant director for student residence and Quaker center, starting Sept. 1, 1986. General administration; overseeing maintenance of historic development of and organizational support for Quaker programs. For more information, contact Anne Buttenheim, Director, 6 Chestnut St., Boston, MA 02108. (617) 227-9118. Application deadline: June 15, 1986.

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. 31. 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. Position available 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) 794-8811.



FRIENDS ACADEMY

A Quaker-affiliated, co-educational country day school including over 690 students in grades pre-kindergarten through 12. A strong selected student body, made diverse by our cosmopolitan community and a generous scholarship program, is nurtured by a full- and part-time faculty of 75. Friends Academy, which is over 100 years old, seeks to provide demanding, somewhat traditional but lively, college preparatory, academic, athletic, and activities program within a friendly, supportive atmosphere. Each year we usually seek one or more top-rate beginner or experienced and versatile teachers who are strong in the classroom and competent and willing to coach boys' and girls' team sports. We seek teachers who can command the respect and affection of young people and colleagues. Write to Frederic B. Withington, Headmaster, Friends Academy, Locust Valley, NY 11560.

Olney Friends School, Inc. has openings for a maintenance person, a cook, and dormitory house parents for the 1986-87 school year. Join the staff on our rural, peaceful campus for a rewarding and growing way of life. Contact Olney Friends School, Barnesville, OH 43713, or call (614) 425-3655.

Position Wanted

Mature, studious woman needs work with/for birds, certain animals—wild, captive, domesticated—in exchange for lodging (board?) plus some salary, negotiable. Nonsmoker. Environmental gardener. Have cat. Love, respect animals; animal rights advocate. Desire legislative research, writing, interviewing, occasional speaking, and/or hands-on care, rehabilitation (protective, nurturing work only, please). Knowledgeable; experienced, some with endangered species. I need your help because such kindly work is scarce, especially paying enough to live on. Location, duration, starting date flexible. RSVP: Brock, P.O. Box 322, Kensington, MD 20895.

Schools

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

Do you know a strong student looking for college-preparatory studies, but with something more? What about a rural Quaker high school where community, nonviolence, physical work, and service to others are stressed as essential elements in the pursuit of knowledge?

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

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Writing not your "thing"? Let me edit your thesis or dissertation. Experienced with social science, literary formats, and content. Word processing, letter-quality printer. Professional service with personal attention. Gretta Stone, MSS, 210 West Court St., Doylestown, PA 18901. (215) 345-6339.

Counseling-psychotherapy for individuals, couples, and families in the privacy of the home. Visiting Home Therapists Association. (215) 543-7525.

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

Need Typesetting? FRIENDS JOURNAL's typesetting service can give your newsletters, brochures, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc. a clear, clean, professional format that is easily read. We provide fast, friendly typesetting service at reasonable rates. Call Joy Martin at (215) 241-7116.

Vacation Opportunities

South Newfane/Marlboro, Vermont. 200-year-old farmhouse and barn surrounded by hayfields and stream. Four bedrooms—fully equipped. Music festival, Putney Friends Meeting, swimming, horseback riding, canoeing, sailing, tennis, and all summer enjoyments nearby. Minimum rental—two weeks, \$225 per week. Malcolm Smith, 65 Castle Heights Ave., Tarrytown, NY 10591.

Santa Cruz, California: Pleasant house two blocks from beach. Quiet area. Four large bedrooms. Yard. Short drive to mountains or Monterey. \$375/week. (415) 398-8188.

Now you can vacation at college: Learn to sail in Penobscot Bay; build and play your own mandolin—in Appalachia; study ocean basins, waves, and tides near Assateague; brush-up on your Russian in the Catskills; go backstage at the Berkshire, etc. It's all in a new vacation planner: *Vacation at College Directory, Eastern Edition*. Also included are campus accommodations, recreational facilities, meal service, and costs. Order for \$5.95 from Darrow Publishing, P.O. Box 10186, Olympia, WA 98502.

Downeast Maine: Small cabin on shore, near wildlife preserve. Fully equipped. Sleeps two adults, three small children. Simple, secluded, beautiful setting. \$160 a week plus utilities. Two week rentals. June–September (215) 649-7037. 223 Buck La., Haverford, PA 19041.

New Hampshire: Farmhouse, two bedrooms plus, furnished, quiet location; hiking, swimming, canoeing; near North Conway shops and restaurants. \$150/week. Donald Smith, 115 William St., East Williston, NY 11596. (516) 742-3699.

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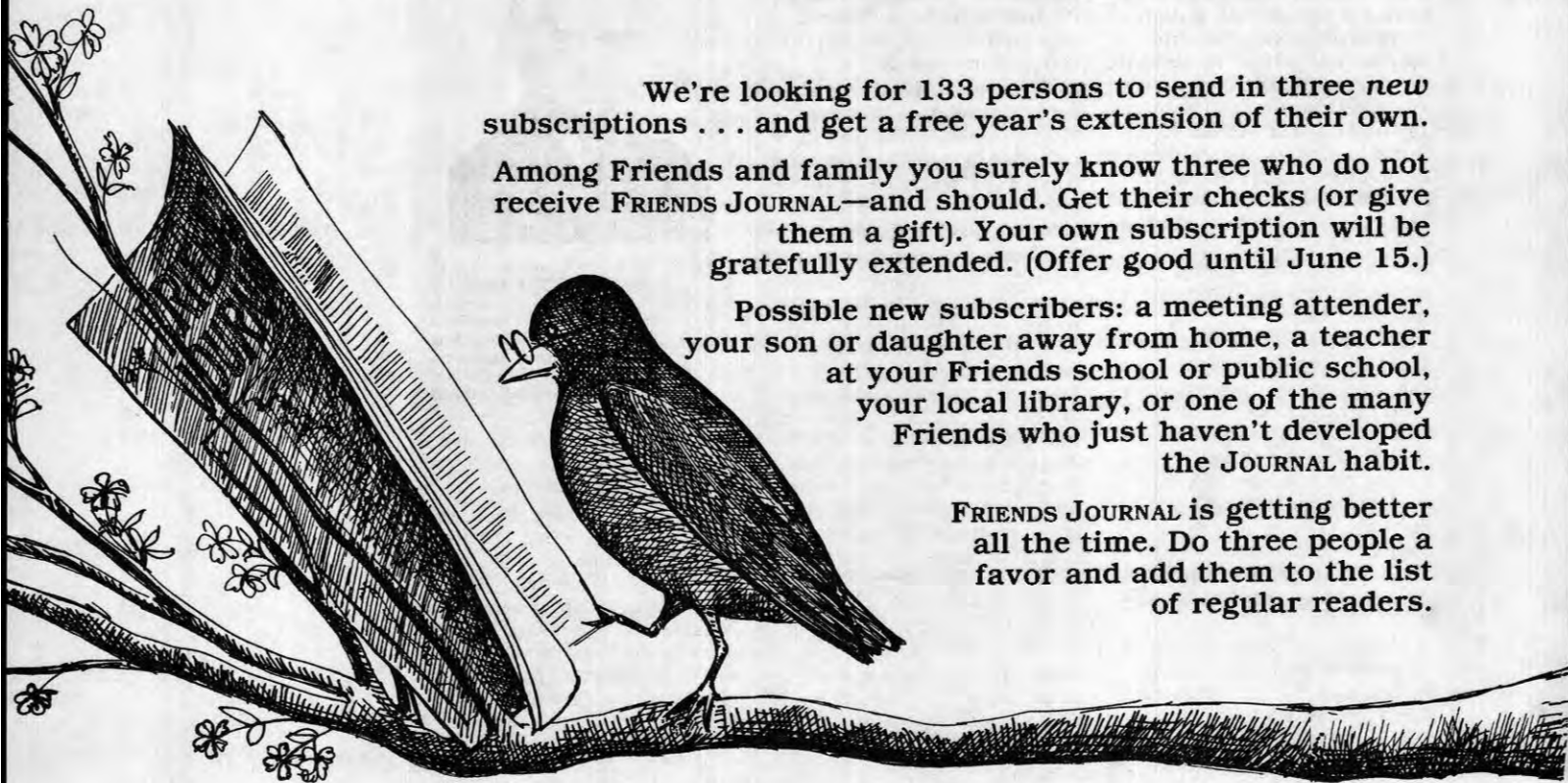
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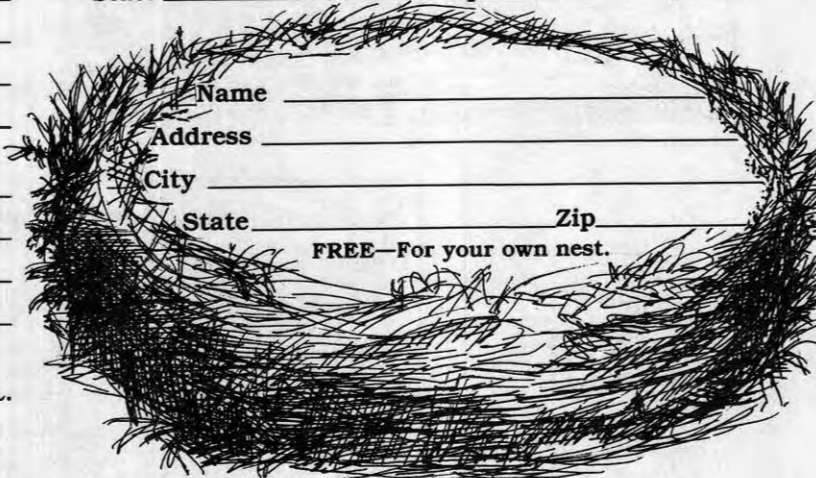
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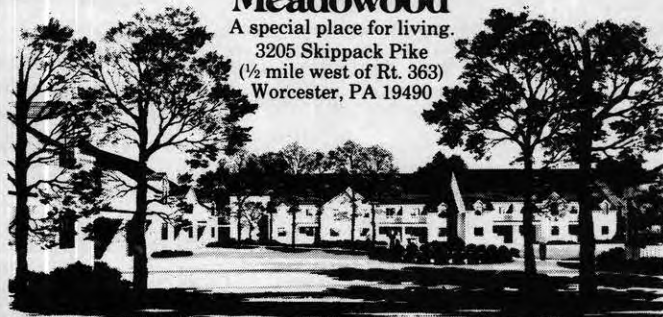
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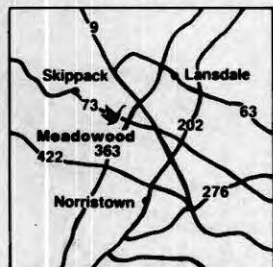
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