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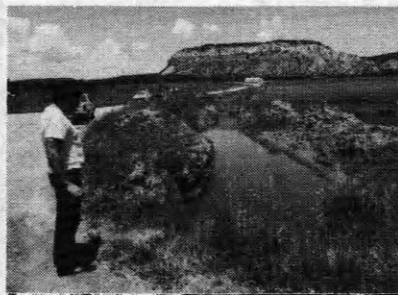
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December 15, 1986

FRIENDS JOURNAL

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FRIENDS JOURNAL

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The tapestry pictured on the front cover is by Edward Byrne-Jones.

Among Friends: Season's Greetings

Five years ago the JOURNAL staff began the annual tradition of gathering together for our group photograph to appear in the December 15 issue. Though many of the faces in the picture have changed since 1981 (as well as the location of our office), many of our feelings remain the same. We enjoy working together and we continue to welcome the day-to-day challenge of producing an attractive and lively publication.

The picture we have of our readers, though, is a very different one. Many of you are in "sharp focus," of course; we recognize you as friends, colleagues, and associates of many years. Others we may know only through correspondence or from an occasional visit to our office.



Sadly, there are many whom we know only as a name and address on our monthly print-out. May we find opportunities in the coming year to become better acquainted.

Some years ago Carol R. Murphy, in her Pendle Hill pamphlet *O Inward Traveller*, wrote: "I was once told that my presence in a group was 'supportive,' though all I did was sit there; if I had tried of my own will to be a support to the person in question, I would have helped but little. Sometimes just *being* is the best kind of doing."

So as the holidays approach and another year draws to an end, we extend our thanks to each of our readers for your support during the past year—for your *being* there. We hope that the holidays will be happy and healthy ones for you. And may the coming year bring us all closer to the goal of "peace on earth, good will to all."

Vinton Deming

Back row (left to right): Gene Miyakawa, Dan Hamlett-Leisen, Eve Homan, Jim Neveil, Vinton Deming. Second row: Allison Snow, Joy Martin, Renee Crauder, Carolyn Terrell, Jeanne Beisel. Front (diagonally from left): Gina Dorcelly, Mildred Williams, Barbara Benton. Not shown in photo: Mary Erkes and Anamaria Rodriguez.

We sang carols after meeting. This time there wasn't a Christmas tree or nativity play, so perhaps departed Friends in the burial ground didn't revolve as quickly as they may have done in other years.

As meeting for worship was drawing to a close we heard little feet on the flagged path outside and high voices chattering and laughing, then silence. When we opened the door to go to the kitchen we were faced with the excited play group sitting on the long bench in the passage like a row of little birds on a bough.

When the last cup was wiped after tea and mince pies, we went back into the meeting room. Bruce, a morris and clog dancer who conducts the event, always stresses that carols were for dancing and leads the singing accordingly. When we got to "We Three Kings" we had to "remember what it was like the last time you rode a camel," and get a rhythm going to fit. That took a bit of imagination.

We listened to a group of Friends singing, a small group of instrumentalists playing, and Stewart, a folk singer who always has some unusual folk carols which he sings unaccompanied. He was accompanied by elephantine thumpings from different parts of the room as some of the youngsters reminded us again that carols were for dancing.

Some people have a face very much of their own time, while others could belong to any age. This timeless, still quality was in the face of the man sitting in George Fox's chair on carol Sunday. His tiny son was in a push-chair beside him, and from time to time he picked the baby up and danced him on his knee. It was easy to imagine Fox's large hat on the man's head and to think of George Fox (who gave the meetinghouse to Swarthmoor Friends almost 300 years ago) watching the gathering.

What would he have made of it? Would he have enjoyed it too? After all, we were celebrating the birth of "one, even Christ Jesus, who can speak to thy condition." □

Carols at Swarthmoor Meeting House

by Pat Jones



Pat Jones's article appeared in the January 10, 1986, issue of the Friend.

The Ministry of Naming



Dan Hamlett-Leisen

by Stephen Finn

It was a sunny, cool day in late summer and I was six years old. My parents were away for a week's vacation and I was visiting at my grandmother's farm in Upstate New York. I spent the morning outside playing with Lucky, Grandma's collie: running around the big apple tree, picking flowers, looking for toads in the tall grass near the barn, and feeling immensely happy. At noon, the bell rang for dinner and I went inside where my sister, my grandmother, and I joined hands around the old oak table and bowed our heads—our ritual of grace, performed many times before. This particular day, however, something unexpected happened. As I closed my eyes a wave of feeling washed over me. I was touched by some presence—moved in some inexplicable way by my joyous morning, the warmth of the kitchen, the dog beside my feet, and the absence of

my parents. To my utter surprise, I began to cry. Not little sniffles, but big heart-wrenching sobs. I tried to stop. I felt very embarrassed. But Grandma did not seem ruffled in the least. She looked at me with kind and knowing eyes and asked, "Do you need to pray?" I managed to nod yes. She took my hand and led my sister and me into the cool living room where we knelt at the couch. I do not remember the words, but I know that Grandma prayed for the safe travel of my parents, gave thanks for the fine weather, and spoke of the joy she felt in our visit. I remember exactly, however, the peace and wonder that crept over me as I knelt there, that Grandma could know my inner self so deeply and how safe that made me feel. After a while we went back to the table, where dinner waited, and without further comment began to eat.

In *Beyond Majority Rule*, Michael Sheeran comments on a major division he observed in the Society of Friends—between those members and attenders who have experienced the Spirit moving in meetings for worship (and in other parts of their lives), and those who have not. I too have noticed this distinction, and began wondering about how such a difference comes about. Are some people naturally attuned to spiritual happenings and others not? Are there persons who are "spirit blind," as others are "tone deaf"? And what, if anything, can be done to help others to open to experiences of the Spirit?

These are complex questions and I do not claim to have all the answers. However, I feel I have grasped one piece of understanding about the issue. And because of my insight, in recent years I have embarked on a personal mission that I call a "ministry of naming." My idea is this: I believe that many people frequently have access to spiritual experiences, but do not recognize them or become aware that they are occurring. When we have no labels for such events, we tend to fear them, to forget them rapidly, or even to discount them. In such a way, many people may gradually become "numb" to the spiritual level of experience and have difficulty knowing it even when they want to. We can assist ourselves and other people by labeling or naming spiritual events whenever we discern them.

An early example of spiritual naming for me occurred at my grandmother's on that summer day. Ever since, whenever I get the unmistakable feeling I had at dinner that day, I know I am in the presence of the Spirit and I listen closely for a call to some special action. Thanks to my grandmother, I now have a label for such

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try ing

experiences. I also realize that my grandmother did more than give me a word for what was occurring. In her response, she both implicitly labeled my feeling and showed me what to do about it.

I feel especially fortunate for the wisdom of my grandmother when I think of all the ways she might have handled my tears at the dinner table. "What are you crying about?" "There's nothing the matter with you!" "Stop it! Your dinner's getting cold." Any of these might be the first response from most of us. And while it would certainly be understandable if my grandmother had responded in such a way, I'm sure I would have felt ashamed of what I was feeling, and less likely to open to such experiences in the future. How many people who now feel numb to the Spirit have had such a response in the past?

My grandmother also seemed to recognize that I was bewildered and confused by what was happening to me. Her calm manner showed me there was nothing to fear. She seemed to suggest that this was a wonderful and natural experience. There was an unspoken hint that such things had happened to her in the past and that she fully expected them to happen to me in the future. Finally, I see now how she demonstrated the order of priorities in her world. Although she had spent the whole morning cooking, she showed no hesitation about leaving the meal. I was most important, along with the spiritual event that was happening to me.

To me, the ministry of naming seems particularly crucial to practice with children because they are seeking labels for many different experiences and will use those labels in developing a way of looking at the world and themselves. If we have an impact early, as my grandmother did with me, we give children an invaluable gift to keep for their entire life. I also suspect that many children are more open to the spiritual side of life than are

most adults. It seems easier for children to experience wonder, joy, sadness, and beauty. Children stand ready to experience and label the presence of the Spirit, if only we can join them in their view of the world.

The ministry of naming can be equally important with adults. Recently a new attendee in our meeting spoke with me about an "odd sensation" he had felt that day during meeting for worship, where his heart beat fast and he felt very uncomfortable sitting still. After a few questions, I shared with him my belief that he had been experiencing a prompting to speak in meeting. I told him that I have similar sensations when I feel led to speak. The wonder on his face as I said this was tremendously moving to me, and afterwards I thought of Annie Sullivan's account of the reaction of Helen Keller to learning her first sign, the one for "water." The real reward for my efforts came three or four weeks later, however. During meeting for worship my new friend gave a very moving message, and afterwards came up with a wink to tell me. "This time I knew what to do!"

As I have become more aware of the ministry of naming, I have grown sensitive to the tremendous impact that spiritual words carry for many people. Several years ago I interviewed a terribly depressed man who was considering suicide and had been brought to a hospital emergency room by his roommate. The young man explained: "I know there is something vital and alive inside of me, but I can't hook up with it. It calls to me, but I don't know how to find it. I feel completely dead without it, so I figure I might as well really die. What else can I do?" As I listened to his pain I suddenly felt an understanding of what he was experiencing. In my gentlest voice I said, "You know, that's your soul that you're trying to hook up to." The young man blanched and protested loudly that he was an atheist. But he immediately seemed more comfortable with me, and eventually agreed to undergo some psychological treatment. I cannot be sure, but I believe my use of the word *soul* touched him in a way no other term might have.

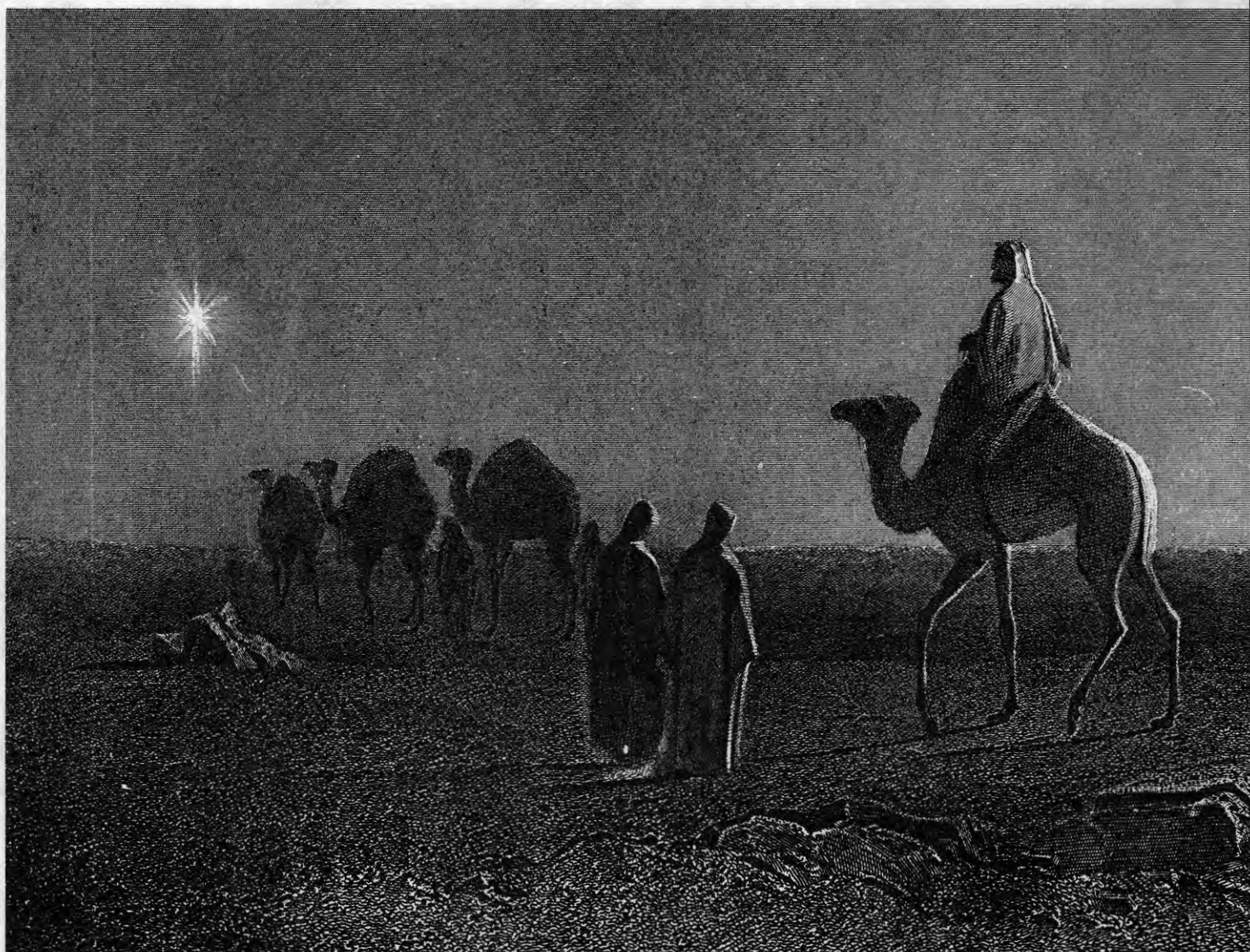
Of course, helping others to name spiritual events and experiences requires that we ourselves develop an ability to perceive them. I believe that this is part of the spiritual gift of discernment. One of my favorite definitions of discernment is

"the ability to see that which is holy in life." As we become attuned to the holy, and help others to see it too, surely we are doing God's work in this world. I believe Friends can make a unique contribution in this type of ministry because of our history of searching for the inner Light in all people and all things. Our tradition is one of trying to develop discernment.

Another conclusion of Michael Sheeran's in *Beyond Majority Rule* is that Friends face a difficult task in educating new members about spiritual matters because our society is very secular and becoming more and more so. This brings to mind another personal lesson in discernment. Some years ago, while I was living in Germany, I planned a trip to the Netherlands and sought advice from friends on how to travel and what to see. Several people were very negative about the Netherlands, and warned me that the landscape was "quite boring"—no mountains or spectacular sights. They advised that I go to one of the cities as quickly as possible. Another friend protested, however. She had visited the Netherlands many times and insisted that beauty was definitely to be found there. One simply had to "move a little slower, and look a little more closely" to see it. This friend suggested I ride my bike through the countryside rather than drive or take the train, and advised me to pay special attention to the wildflowers.

My wise friend's advice proved to be extremely valuable, not only because of the wonderful trip I had and all the flowers I collected, but because her words have come back to me again and again in other contexts. Now, when I start to feel discouraged or lose hope about some relationship or project, I remind myself to "move a little more slowly and look more closely." Usually I have no difficulty seeing some progress I was overlooking. Our world moves so rapidly these days, and most of us have such busy lives—is it any wonder if we have difficulty spotting that which is sacred and beautiful in life?

Friends, let us walk instead of run through life, and "look a little more closely" for the presence of the Spirit that we know is all around us. Let us name those holy experiences that we see, for ourselves and for others. And let us hope that our ministry of spiritual naming will enrich our lives and those that surround us. □



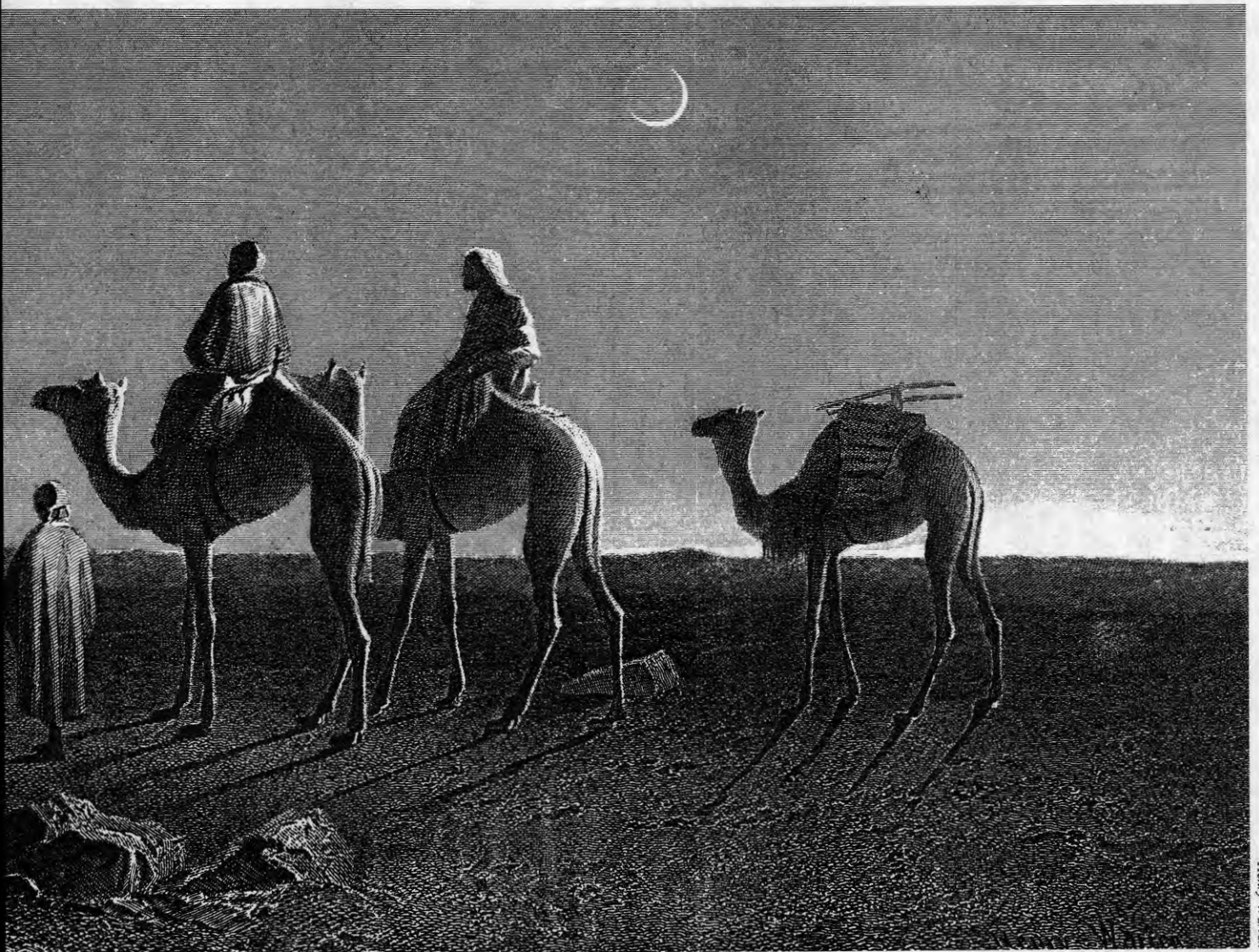
THE MAGI

A CHRISTMAS STORY

by Alfred K. LaMotte

Balthazar pulled his stiff leg across the gilded saddle and slid from his kneeling camel, his attendant pressing the powerful neck low to the moon-washed desert sand. Melchior and Gaspar, more nimbly than their elder, dismounted from their camels too. As the attendant led the camels toward the palm grove for water, the three priests spread their caftans on the cool sand and reclined for an hour's rest. For several minutes they were silent, as people often are in the midst of a journey. And perhaps, though their common purpose had already erased the uneasiness felt not three days ago when they

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were strangers, there was yet some of that aloofness native to individuals of rank which kept them from committing their trust too deeply.

Balthazar was a Persian mathematician who had studied at the temple of Pythagoras in Italy. Having traveled throughout the civilized world, even as far as Tibet, he was known as the greatest magus of his generation. Leaving hundreds of disciples at his academy in Baghdad, he had departed with a retinue of only ten porters to travel in a desolate wilderness on what he insisted was his "last pilgrimage." Balthazar was chiefly famous for his mathematical descriptions of angels, especially his "Algebra of Hierarchies," which proved that the movements of the planets and stars were caused by operations of pure intelligence with "a will toward beauty." Dealing as

it did with astrological science, this study had familiarized him with the writings of Gaspar, who was now his fellow pilgrim.

An intense prodigy among the Hindu Brahmins, Gaspar had studied in a Himalayan monastery with the greatest of the disciples of Shankara before secluding himself in a forest hermitage for 12 years to write his astrological proof of the Vedanta philosophy. Using the new science of "calculus," Gaspar argued that the patterns of the constellations recurred in the galaxies, and then again in galaxies of galaxies, ad infinitum, ultimately converging to form the physiology of a single cosmic human body.

The third member of the party was the Egyptian alchemist, Melchior, who had written a commentary on Gaspar's thesis. Melchior suggested that the goal

of the process of "cosmic convergence" would be the birth of an infinite "star-atomized man," an event which would mark the attainment of "selfhood" for the entire universe. Seven years later, when Melchior's thesis finally reached India, Gaspar rebutted with the hypothesis that, in fact, this event was to occur within the present generation.

"I wondered if my scroll would reach your western lands in time to warn you," Gaspar muttered with quiet intensity, breaking the silence that seemed to flow like a living energy from the flashing stars above.

As if relieved at the opportunity to release what was furiously smoldering within them, the three men fell into a soft but heated discussion. "I was reaching the same conclusion as you, Gaspar," said the Egyptian. "Your

treatise is the finest addition to philosophy in a hundred years, truly! But, if I may say so, your argument failed to include one crucial step. Certainly, the galactic harmonies must resolve into the mathematical form of a human body. But this cosmic man will still not be a *person*, fully aware, unless he experiences the limitations of matter on one of the lower worlds of time and space. Consider this, Gaspar; the principle is even stated by your own philosopher, Patanjali, in his 'Yoga Sutras': consciousness is fully awakened only through the contrast of a limitless intelligence with a finite body. There must be an Incarnation!"

"But this conclusion is thoroughly implicit in my equations! Not to sound proud, no, no," Gaspar thumped his palm against the sand, "but I have *proved* it!"

"In Egypt we say that we have proved it too," Melchior persisted. "Your theory seems to be part of the very atmosphere these days. The elders at Alexandria are all whispering about it. I hear the same from Athens and Corinth. 'This is the time. This is the hour.' Of course the common people don't know anything is happening—except these Jews, who are expecting some sort of divine king out of the whole affair, to lead their civil war I suspect. But in the temples, in the academies, all agree. This is the hour. Isn't that right, Balthazar?"

The quiet Persian smiled. "Even in Rome there are such thoughts."

They all chuckled. "Rome!" laughed the Indian. "If they know it in the city of meat and wine, then it must be in the air!"

"That's right!" Melchior continued seriously, "Thoughts like this do not arise in the brain, but are picked by the brain out of the prevailing elements in the atmosphere. Now, because more mercury is in the ether than sulphur, due to the lessening influence of Mars . . ."

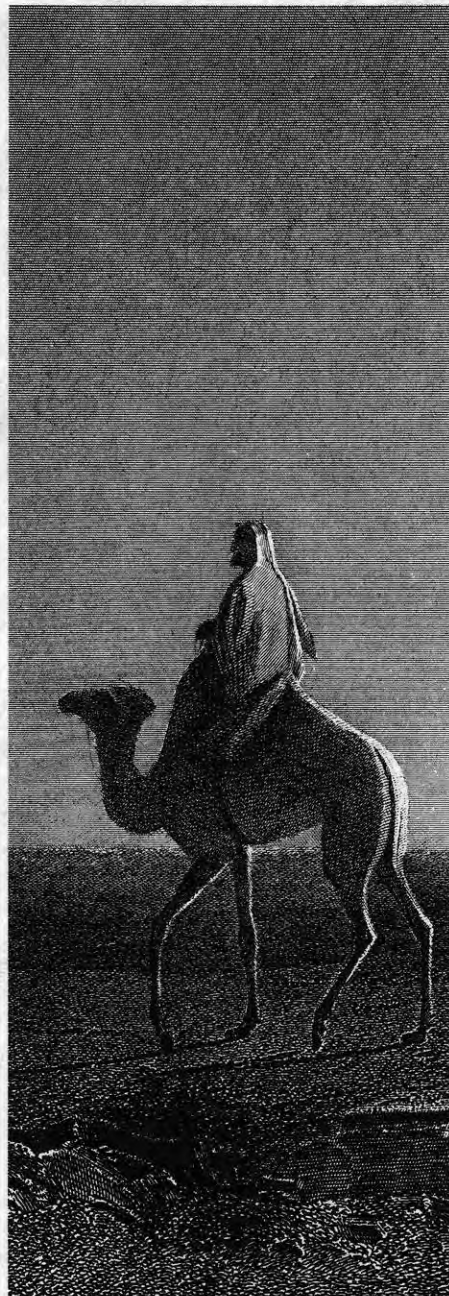
"My good friend," Balthazar interrupted as graciously as possible, "look up at these stars. It is more than mercury, more than a chemical change that is coming to this world. Surely, you remember why we are all here . . ."

They looked up into the blackness where the pulsating stars were clustered like candelabra over a banquet table, appearing unnaturally close and intimate. A shudder of warmth passed through the three men, a sense of strange famil-

ilarity, not only with one another but with the place, the night, the vast sands. Time and worry vanished. They felt that this moment had been awaiting them and would continue always. They were absorbed in an intensely serious joy. "An angel has come upon us," Balthazar whispered.

"The atoms of the air," muttered the Egyptian. "Salts, crystals, do you see?"

Some pressure in the atmosphere for a radius of about five meters around them was creating a mellifluous, warm cloud in the desert chill. Within this circle, the very substance of space seemed to thicken and flow in violet waves.



Crystal sparks danced around their heads, which throbbed with a subliminal ringing that was not entirely pleasant. Melchior was shivering with excitement because he thought they had discovered some fantastic new chemical in the desert breeze, while Gaspar kept glancing nervously toward the moon, fearing an unforeseen eclipse.

"What are you looking at, Balthazar?" said the Egyptian. "Are you speaking with it?"

As if the atoms of the air were glass, the silence chimed. There were tremblings in the moonlight which precipitated into viscous strands, using every ambiguity of flickering stars and every flutter of strained attention to seduce the senses to a vision of celestial lineaments: two eyes, floating jewels of moonlight; a brow of liquid silver overflowing into pale cheeks; the nose, the lips, now the entirely human face of pulsing violet, bounded by luminous streams of hair that fell into the folds of a purple robe, revealing the figure of a warrior with diamond gaze, over six feet tall, arms outstretched, mysteriously feminine, smiling softly like a woman in love.

From the dream-like suspension of his intellect, in which all internal monologue had ceased, Melchior was startled by the sting of sand in a gust of wind. It was not at all clear to him just how long he had been gazing into the face of the apparition, which had now evaporated into a normal, though somehow more intimate, resonance of pure starlight. "Balthazar," he whispered, "did it speak with you?" There was no answer.

Gaspar, meanwhile, was mumbling about some conjunction of Venus and Jupiter, "Or was it Neptune? I think it was Neptune . . .," until his logic trickled off into silence. The other two stood and, wrapping their caftans against the breeze, hastened toward the palms and their waiting camels. Again Melchior asked, "What did it say? I know that it spoke with you."

Balthazar sighed with a hint of weariness, "You see, my friend, my reputation exceeds me. I am not yet pure enough; I am not attuned to their sound."

"Did it say anything you could hear?"

"It is not a hearing as we know it, Melchior. It is a communion of our nerves with . . . with very tiny waves of light."

Gaspar, with tears in his eyes, caught up to them, and touched their sleeves. "Forgive me. I have never . . . It was so new. Was it real?"

Balthazar laughed, "My brilliant young astrologer, it was a messenger of God."

"But certain conjunctions could cause . . ."

"Yes, Gaspar, certain conjunctions are necessary to cause the proper conditions, even the chemistry of the air through which it manifests its body. But it was an angel."

Gaspar was quiet for many hours. The three priests continued their journey across the desert, Balthazar pointing the way. He explained to Melchior that, although he could not hear the angel, he could feel its *will*, which was leading them to the place of the birth. "The angel infused into my mind the image of a valley, the feeling that we must leave the plateau and enter a valley somewhere. Is there a valley near?"

"Yes," replied the Egyptian, who had studied many maps. "A few furlongs to the southwest this desert falls off into a little valley."

"Then we shall go southwest," said Balthazar.

"If I remember from my maps, it is toward the village of Bethlehem."

"Then we shall go to Bethlehem," said Balthazar.

The three journeyed on in silence, the camels rolling gracefully across the dunes like boats on a moonlit sea. Eventually Melchior spoke. "I suppose that your disciples thought you were mad to come down here. What did you tell them?"

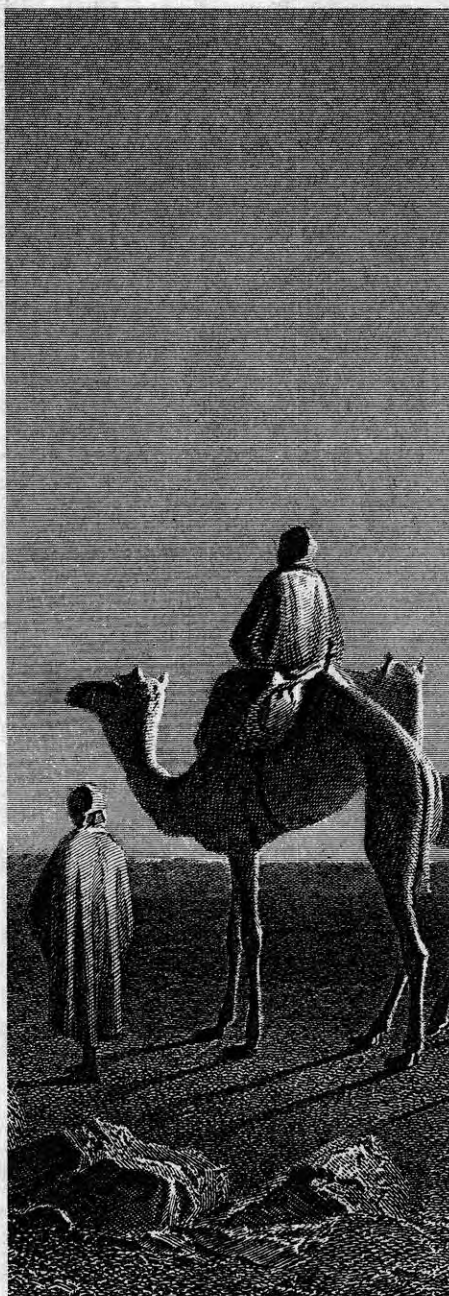
"I told them it was a family matter," said the Persian.

"Tell me," the Egyptian asked, "when did you reach the conclusion that there was going to be a birth?"

Balthazar measured his thoughts quietly, stroked his majestic gray whiskers, then spoke: "I have not published a treatise on these mysteries. I decided to keep them to myself. My research, like yours, indicated that the cosmos was approaching the moment of self-consciousness, when the spiritual essence from which the worlds arise would reveal itself in creation and gain the status of a *person*. I concluded that this cosmic intelligence could experience its own self only by becoming a creature, a human being, vulnerable and mortal

as any of us. What astonished me was this: my calculations proved that when the universe evolves into the structure of an infinite mathematical symmetry, its proportions would be reflected in each finite image, each microcosm of the whole. You must excuse my technical language. What I mean to say is that when such an event occurs in the All, it will occur in every part. In every human being there will also be a kind of birth—the birth of a new faculty in the soul, something beyond the senses, beyond the mind, beyond reason itself. There will be a splendor shining in our hearts."

"The Light within!" Melchior inter-



jected. "Our masters have hinted at it, though dimly."

"Yes, exactly. Until now the Light was known only by the few, some holy sages in Tibet, perhaps Plato and Master Pythagoras. But now, ah! When the birth occurs, that divine spark will ignite itself in all of us, both teacher and disciple, master and slave alike. These differences will vanish. Oh, the change will not be instantaneous. After his birth, it may take a few thousand years to be felt in *every* soul. But what is that in the great scheme? Yes, we are stepping to the precipice of an immense transformation. We are about to begin the second half of eternity."

"But why here? Why now?" whispered Melchior.

"Why not?" the Persian replied. "If the infinite spirit is to become a person, it must begin in a single person. If it must be somewhere, why not here? If sometime, why not now? I calculated the region where the stellar influences would be focused, and it was this very world, this very land, this very day. We are drawing close to the place, my friend, the place where the Eternal will be born, must be born, as others are born, a child, a human infant in a moment of time."

"As I recall your work on the angels," said Melchior, "you proved that the higher beings always use the bodies of the lower to express their will."

"That is correct."

"Then it follows that, at this moment of cosmic convergence, the most abstract must conjoin with the most concrete, the highest with the lowest."

"Precisely, my friend. As the Greeks say, 'The Alpha and Omega are one.'"

"Then, Balthazar, it is only logical that the lord of all angels, the Christ himself, must descend into the physical body of a man."

"That is it, Melchior. That is it."

"It will knit the universe together into one person. It is the logical conclusion."

"Very logical, my friend."

"And yet . . . and yet . . . there is something very wonderful about it too."

The three wise men swayed with the rhythmic stride of their camels, followed a quarter of a mile behind by their modest caravan. Their theories spent, their bodies tired, they allowed themselves to be guided simply by intuition. They had

done through their science all that was humanly possible. Now these masters, even the youthful Gaspar, were humble enough to know when human genius is transcended by the power of faith. Perhaps for the first time in their lives they tasted the sweetness of an inner silence—a silence of the mind that has plunged beyond its own power to conceptualize. They let their camels lead them.

The eastern horizon was a turquoise brushstroke. Cooling into royal purple, the sky arched westward where bright stars still shimmered in the night. The camels descended over the crest of a valley, where a tiny village nestled in clusters of palm. A meteor sliced out of the blackness and disappeared in the pale dawn. "That was a finger pointing the way!" said Gaspar.

"I feel that this village is the place," added Melchior.

Both men looked to Balthazar for

confirmation. He pulled at his beard and gazed into the valley. "It is certain," he said.

"How are you certain?" asked the Egyptian. Balthazar stared at him. Then he swept his arm over the valley. Their eyes looked but did not comprehend.

A haze enveloped the valley. At first glance, it looked like any lowland mist at dawn. Melchior noticed, however, that each patch of fog, appearing motionless from a distance, was actually vibrant with activity. Incandescent swirls formed quickly vanishing human shapes. Gaspar discovered that, when viewed directly, these aerial creatures were nearly invisible, dissolving, it seemed, into the very consciousness of the observer; but when glanced in peripheral vision, they remained for longer periods and seemed far more luminous. Surprisingly, though many were smiling with a vacuous and not quite human inno-

cence, others were grave, even anxious, with pursed lips and contracted brows, and some were wringing their hands, weeping. The three men had the general impression that they had stumbled into the midst of a great catastrophe in another world, a world ethereally poised within the substance of this one, a world whose inhabitants were desperately awaiting the outcome of some terrible trial.

Yet the village of Bethlehem slept on in this cloud of celestial turmoil, only a few lights flickering where a mother sat up with a feverish child or a watchman dozed at the gate of a Sadducee's home. The camels led their riders to an inn at the far end of the town. They ambled around to the back, where a courtyard opened into a little vineyard, at the opposite end of which was a stable—not a true stable exactly, but a lopsided shed built at the entrance of a cave in the

Christmas Round

Words and music
by Esther Greenleaf Murer
1981

The musical score is for a three-part setting of 'Christmas Round' in 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of three staves each. The lyrics are as follows:

Staff 1: Ev'- ry time a child is
Staff 2: brings re- new- al of prom- ise.
Staff 3: night be dark? A child is
Staff 1: born in- to the world, it
Staff 2: What though the wind be cold and the
Staff 3: born in- to the world.

Esther Greenleaf Murer is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting and clerk of its worship and ministry committee.

vine-tangled rocks. As there were a few goats and an ox huddled nearby, the camels were drawn to the place by the animal scent.

By this time Gaspar was certain that they could not possibly be at the right house. Melchior believed that the camels were merely searching for a watering trough. But Balthazar let his camel lead, and the others followed.

They dismounted. Gaspar whispered, "Are we to meet someone in this garden?" Balthazar pointed to the cave, then unceremoniously stepped over the fence and disappeared within. Melchior, meanwhile, was marveling at the simplicity of the place: a common sheep-pen in a thicket of grape vines. Yet he sensed an ineffable dignity deep in the roots of these things, in the very concreteness of the timber and the nails. He bowed and entered the cave.

The young astrologer from India

stood alone before the stable. A blanket had been hung across the mouth of the cave to keep out the cold. As Gaspar drew the blanket aside he paused to look back across the rooftops of the village toward the desert plateau to the east, which was already gleaming in the first rays of dawn. "Perhaps this filthy blanket is the veil to a great temple," he thought. "When I part this veil some new mystery will flood the world. My knowledge will become old; I will part the old from the new." A shiver passed through his body. "What is to become of wisdom when the heart is freed?"

Inside, Gaspar nearly bumped into an ox. Its breath misted up the silence of cold stone. Trembling in the dark, two sheep glanced at one another restlessly. A donkey brayed, astonished and troubled, it seemed, at the golden light that spilled onto the hay from the watering trough, where someone had built a

little fire. As with trillions of tiny bells, the quietness was ringing.

Gaspar saw his two friends kneeling in the straw among the animals. Melchior, for some reason, was staring fearfully into the watering trough. Balthazar, however, was gazing at the woman, with a great smile across his beard. She huddled in a faded blue gown, her eyes cast down. She appeared to be at ease in the presence of such a renowned philosopher, unshamed by his adulation, her eyes unfocused, bemused. She had a weary yet contented look about her, not so much of wonder as of surrender, as if nothing in the world could ever surprise her again.

Gaspar crept up to warm himself, still unsure of exactly what they were supposed to be doing there. Only then did he notice, in the straw at the bottom of the manger, a tiny face gazing from impossible flames. □



Nativity

"Let there be Light!"
There was light.
There was a light,
And there was *the* Light.

Through the night it traveled
Leading,
Longing,
Singing!
"Peace on earth!
Good will toward all!"

Cutting through the sky it came,
Dispelling the darkness
With fire most brilliant,
But not as brilliant as
The Fire which burned below.
Among the cool, damp straw it sparked
Reflecting in the dark eyes
Of beasts silent and dumb.

—Robert Frederick Lauer

A Retreat Based on Corporate Silence

Bill Stilwell's Legacy

by Patricia Loring

Sadsbury Meetinghouse is set in the rolling countryside of eastern Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Around it Amish and Mennonite farms dip and roll in a seasonally varied patchwork. In the spring and fall a small group of Quaker retreatants comes to spend a weekend in shared silence at the old stone meetinghouse.

Until his retirement and death in 1985, Bill Stilwell and his wife, Caroline Stilwell, had coordinated this retreat for Quakers for 23 years. Properly speaking, it should be called the Caln Quarter Retreat. It began with Bill's sense that his quarterly meeting needed greater opportunity for silence, worship, and prayer away from the atmosphere in which committees and business are usually conducted. He thought it would be conducive to deeper ministry in future meetings for worship and in Friends' spiritual lives to have a prolonged time of quiet together.

The retreat was held for several years at Pendle Hill. It was held twice at Cape May, New Jersey, 11 times at Kirkridge, and once at Reading, Pennsylvania. Mounting expenses caused Bill and Caroline to visit several sites before accepting the invitation to use the newly restored and beautifully renovated old meetinghouse at Sadsbury. In time there came to be a regular contingent of retreatants from Pendle Hill staff, students, and former students, along with Caln Quarterly Meeting Friends and others. Over the years 45 retreats

have been held with more than 400 participants.

Bill and Caroline gradually developed a format and a few rules of thumb which they felt worked best for the Friends who attended the retreat. In 1985 the format was successfully continued with Virginia Schurman of Homewood Meeting of Baltimore coordinating. That year it was transplanted to New England Yearly Meeting as well, where eight Friends conducted a retreat on the Sadsbury model in a barn in Maine. It's a very simple model which can be used whenever Friends take an extended retreat together.

Friends gather on Friday evening in time for dinner, arranging areas of the meetinghouse where they will camp out with sleeping bags for the next two nights. In Sadsbury, the ministers' galleries on the former men's and women's sides of the meeting are popular. One of the Stilwells' rules is that there should not be more than 18 persons—in consideration not only of space but particularly of how many people may easily come together in the Spirit in this way.

One of the characteristics of this retreat is the Quaker understanding of what takes place in silence. Friends meetings at their best are more than simply a collection of individual meditators each seeking his or her own way, wrestling with individual problems. As in meeting for worship, Friends at these retreats come together in holy expectancy that waiting together on God they may be gathered in worship in a way that is different from private devotion or from spending a quiet weekend in the country.

In fact, the retreat is arranged and conducted as a long meeting for worship. After supper is cleared away and

the dishes done, the retreatants gather around a fire in the corner fireplace of the former women's meeting room. Then, the silence and the meeting for worship begin.

On Friday evening, meeting is not broken. Friends stay as long as moved: an hour or two or three, watching the fire die or moving out of doors into the night, into other rooms, or into their sleeping bags. Wherever they are, whatever they are doing, the meeting for worship continues until the rise of the regular Sadsbury meeting for worship on First Day. Taking such a long time for worship, considering all one's activities as part of waiting on God, can be for many a powerful way of feeling the presence of God. It is also a powerful way of becoming more open and attuned to that of God in one's fellow retreatants.

Bill and Caroline found it best not to have the usual get-acquainted activities on Friday night. Friends simply introduce themselves by name and meeting, sometimes by occupation, at supper. The rest of the weekend is spent becoming acquainted in a far more immediate way than is usually possible. In *The Sign of Jonas*, Thomas Merton says, "Silence and solitude teach me to love my brothers for what they are and not for what they say." Stripped of verbiage, ideology, and past experience, Friends come to see one another more directly in the weekend's activities: in meditation, prayer, and worship; working in pairs in the kitchen, preparing the food they have brought to share; writing, drawing, arranging flowers, doing needlework. One's capacity to see is enhanced under such conditions. The most frequent experience is a growing sense of respect, tenderness, closeness, and community. (This growth of community has led to

Patricia Loring is clerk of Princeton (N.J.) Meeting's committee on worship and ministry. She is a member of Hartford (Conn.) Meeting and is transferring her membership to Princeton. Patricia, who first attended the Sadsbury retreat while at Pendle Hill in 1978, is deeply concerned about renewal in the contemplative and corporate dimensions of Quaker life and her own life.

another rule of thumb: while it is sad for someone to leave early if unavoidable, it doesn't work well for people to come late to the retreat. Latecomers invariably experience themselves and are experienced as intruders in the silent growth of the community and in the depth of quiet to which the community has settled.) Food preparation is important not only as a way of coming to know one another and of cooperating in the essentials but also as a chance for each person to act out the servant role in the community that is growing within and among them. Other activities are as varied as the retreatants. People bring clay or paints or a journal. Reading is not encouraged. Over the years Bill and Caroline found the time was more fruitfully used in activities that take things out of the depths rather than continue

to pour more on top of the overload most of us experience.

Many people find that the first necessity is to sleep. Not only the effort of getting away to the retreat but the pressures of "normal" work and life fatigue us and prevent us from knowing the depth of our fatigue. Only when the pressure is off and overstimulation removed can we get in touch with the need for rest. Then we can get on with our prayer and worship together.

In addition to private prayer, the community comes together for worship five times in the course of the weekend: Friday evening; Saturday morning, afternoon, and evening; and Sunday morning, an hour before the members of Sadsbury Meeting arrive. Each time, until Sunday, Friends leave as they are moved, without breaking meeting. As in

any meeting for worship, anyone may speak as led by the Spirit. Messages often reflect a growing inward quiet before God; insight into or resolution of some issue which was carried into the retreat; a growing sense of community and communion in the Spirit with fellow retreatants. Friends also linger after silent meals for perhaps half an hour before those responsible for the meal begin to clear. This can also be a time for vocal ministry.

On Sunday morning Friends pack away their belongings and restore the meetinghouse to its accustomed order. Then they gather in worship for an hour before Sadsbury meeting begins. As Sadsbury Friends arrive, they join in the ongoing meeting for worship. The rise of meeting is always happy. Retreatants who return repeatedly have developed acquaintances with some of the Sadsbury Friends. It's also a time for retreatants to greet and embrace one another formally. A group snapshot is taken, which goes into an album with the signatures of all those present. Then a last silent meal is shared, followed by reflections on the experience.

It is my own reflection that modern Friends can use much more of this length and depth of silence. Assimilated as we have become into the excessively busy, overstimulated, secular world, many of us tend to compress our spiritual practice into a single hour a week. While it is often suggested that we need more frequent times of personal retirement, the Sadsbury Retreat shows the benefit of the depth that can be reached in a more sustained period of retirement shared with other Friends. Such deepening is essential to our individual spiritual lives and to the life we share together as Friends.

I think the Sadsbury model that Bill and Caroline Stilwell developed could be used to deepen the spiritual lives of larger monthly meetings, of quarterly meetings, and, most particularly, of those charged with the care of the spiritual life of meetings. These Friends have a special responsibility to nurture their own individual and group spiritual lives. Periodic retreats after the manner of Sadsbury can be one means of bringing new life into meetings and of sustaining that Life. We can be grateful for this legacy of Bill Stilwell, who labored faithfully for so many years in this quiet ministry. □



Above: *The Sadsbury Meetinghouse*

Left: *Bill Stilwell in the meetinghouse*



Photos by Charlotte Fardelmann

My daughter flew in from San Francisco. She sat on the edge of her bed and talked for more than an hour about her trip—the things she did, the people she met, the rarely seen relatives who delighted in her presence. She showed photographs and described the circumstances of each. Then, in a serious vein she said, “I always get confused when people start asking me about Quakers. George Fox founded the Quakers, right? The Quakers *are* Protestants, aren’t they? Was Benjamin Franklin a Quaker?”

and here he emphasized each word, “*there is one God.*”

The part of my mind that was assessing the Colts’s prospects tried to recover from shock. Another part of my mind marveled at the powerful statement of faith, the simple words that have held a battered people together through 3,000 years of excruciating stress. A third part of my mind scurried about, turning over mental rocks in search of an answer.

“Well,” I said (Quakers often begin that way), “different Quakers believe different things. Every Quaker I know

swered without enthusiasm.

“More to it than that” began to reveal itself some years later. An earnest, well-dressed young man rose after the close of meeting for worship and introduced himself. He spoke briefly, almost tearfully, of the power he had felt in this, his first Quaker meeting. He became a regular attender, often speaking. His early messages were filled with the joy of discovery of an inner Light and Life, unencumbered by the rituals and dogma demanded in his old church. In time his dress became less formal, an outward symbol, perhaps, of inner liberation. Gradually, informal clothing gave way to starkness of dress. At the same time his messages shifted into exhortations that we let Christ into our lives, that we embrace the Christ, that we be born anew in Christ. The stark dress evolved into a form of plain clothes including a broad-brimmed hat.

By now members of the meeting became concerned, or wondered if they *should* become concerned. After all, similar messages abounded in George Fox’s *Journal*. Besides, didn’t any number of us dress like that for the sesquicentennial of the building of the meetinghouse? But his messages became darker, filled with prophet-like warnings to repent our sinful ways.

One day he rose and shouted at us. We were not Quakers, he railed; we have rejected Christ; we have rejected Christ’s salvation. We were damned. With long strides he strode swiftly to the rear of the meetinghouse and left, slamming the door behind him.

No one stirred. Silence resumed. I expect some minds were racing; I know mine was. Some minutes later, as inner calm began to restore itself, I became aware of a stir, a slight disruption, a scraping of feet and a clearing of throat—classic symptoms, I thought afterwards, of someone in the process of being moved. Roger Farquhar rose. He is a journalist and editor whose commitment to principles filled his work, and whose roots ran deep into the history of the Quaker community here. But I couldn’t recall having ever heard him speak in meeting. He stood for a moment twisting his hands. Then he spoke.

“The byways of history,” he said, “are littered with institutions which have told people what to think.”

He sat down. That was the entire

The Unfettered Inner Search

by Barry Morley

I reflected on times when I was confronted by questions about Quakers. I remembered particularly the day I walked into the Olney Drug Store, assuming that my friend behind the counter would begin the usual discussion of current prospects for the Baltimore Colts—very high-level stuff. Instead he caught me off guard by asking, “What do the Quakers believe? The Jews believe,”

believes something different. Do you want to know what *I* believe?”

He didn’t. “There must be something,” he said. And then, as if to convince me that it was really quite simple, he repeated with the same emphasis, “The Jews believe *there is one God.*”

“Well,” I said, “the Quakers also believe that. And there are two other things. Quakers believe there is that of God in every person and that revelation is a continuing process. Everything else stems from those beliefs.” He asked a few questions and seemed satisfied with my answers, more so than I. A nagging voice (I hate that nagging voice; it keeps insisting that one grow) said, “There’s more to it than that.” “I know,” I an-

Barry Morley taught in Quaker schools for 25 years. He is currently the director of the Catoctin Quaker Camp for Children. In the off-season he directs Inward Bound (a program of weekend conferences and silent renewal days at Catoctin Quaker Camp). He also writes opera librettos and plays, and directs the Victorian Lyric Opera Company. He is a member of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting.

message. Its implications comforted at the same time that they disturbed. Through some serendipity, perhaps, Quakers had apparently reached a place where they give each other freedom from the burdens of one another's convictions while granting opportunity to pick and choose as the spirit leads. I expect that this has not always been true. The history of Friends includes "reading out of meeting." Even today there are among us those whose convictions are so strongly held that they are driven to press them upon others. Nonetheless, the message was comforting. Yet one does marvel at the binding power of "there is one God." It can be clung to. It is a source of strength and endurance. Can I gain strength and endurance from not imposing my convictions on others? In a time of tribulation would I be sustained by a sort of loving, tolerant spiritual anarchy? Seeking clarity I pondered the byways of history for ten years, asking more questions than receiving answers.

Then, quite unexpectedly, an invitation came to lead Richmond (Va.) Meeting's spring retreat. A hundred people gathered with tents and camping accouterments at a place called "the clearing," an open, grassy area in the midst of an oak forest. The spot was donated to Richmond Meeting by Louise Whittington, who lives a mile away in her family's homestead amid Amelia County's rolling farm country. It was in Amelia County that Robert E. Lee, retreating from the Union stranglehold at Petersburg, wasted invaluable time awaiting desperately needed supplies which never arrived. The clearing lies near the Appomattox River, which Lee and his army had already crossed twice and would cross twice more before the surrender at Appomattox Court House 70 miles away.

Our retreat began with a Friday evening session at which I asked questions. Whichever Friends wanted to answer did so. An early question was, "Why are you a Quaker? I'm not asking why you *became* a Quaker. I'm asking why you are a Quaker now." Answers came slowly at first—thoughtful answers, personal answers. Louise Whittington was one of the last to speak. "I am a Quaker," she said, "because of the Quakers' commitment to the unfettered inner search."

Much more happened at that retreat,

but Louise Whittington's simple, eloquent phrase echoed in my mind throughout the weekend and the weeks since. I finally understood what bothered me about the young man in plain clothes who needed to slam the door in his frustration with us. He was not committed to my unfettered inner search. What Roger Farquhar had been led to see was that imposed restrictions limit possibilities. He saw that your commitment to my unfettered inner search is central to my being a Quaker. He saw that my commitment to your unfettered



inner search is central to your being a Quaker.

In meeting for worship my inner search meets your inner search. It is here that we nurture and encourage one another and plant seeds, perhaps, which may or may not take root. When the young man slammed the meetinghouse door he closed it on the unfettered inner search of the people he walked away from. In the process he carried with him his own set of fetters. It would be his way or no way at all.

A woman explained her fetters this way: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Therefore I give, but I discourage people from giving things to me."

The shortcomings of that conception became very clear when I took a group of students to a week-long spiritual conference attended mostly by adults. On the afternoon before we were to come home, someone went through our campsite and stole some rather esoteric books one boy had borrowed for this conference. Frustrated and angry we gathered together and vented our outrage. But one young man calmed us by saying, "I once had a recorder which I really loved. I used to go out in the woods and sit under a tree and play to myself. Then someone stole it. I didn't know what to do, so I just hoped whoever stole it would get as much out of it as I did."

Touched by his story we sat down in a circle, let go of our anger, and held a meeting for worship in which we hoped the thief would get out of those books what was in them. In effect, we gave the books away.

The next morning, while we packed to go home, I checked our finances and realized we would have money left over. I asked each of the students if we might contribute that money toward replacing the books. Everyone consented. When I offered the money, the boy balked.

"I can't take that," he said.

"Certainly you can," I answered.

"We want you to have it."

"I'll have to go meditate on it," he responded.

"No you won't," I said. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and you're preventing us from giving; you're preventing us from being blessed."

He took the money.

Later, at the closing session of the conference, a woman came up to me and said, "Your young people have given so much to this conference that I wanted to do something for them. As I sat looking at the ocean this morning something said to me you needed books."

She pressed money into my hand. I began to say, "I can't take that," but I choked on the words. I swallowed hard, then thanked her. On the way home we marveled how our willingness to respond in ways which ran counter to our usual response patterns enriched us with the blessings of gifts both given and received.

A friend of mine is a young artist, a painter and sculptor. "When I paint," he once said to me, "I like to be out on the edge of my ignorance."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"It's easy to paint what you know," he answered. "When I paint I like to push beyond what I know. It's risky, and I mess up paintings that way, but I grow."

A young woman, a musician, wrote in a recent letter, "My comprehension of music seems to grow minute by minute. Each listening experience shakes loose conceptions that I think I 'have.'"

The more we think we "have" a conception the less likely we are to shake it loose. Strongly held conceptions are comforting. They help convince us we are right. It feels good to be right. But they keep us from taking risks; they keep us from having to push ourselves beyond the edge of our ignorance.

Beware. The real tyrant against our unfettered inner search is likely to be ourselves. And the tools of our tyranny may be values and assumptions we hold dear, ingrained ideas and responses (like being unwilling to take a gift because it is better to give than to receive) that we are unwilling to question or let go. The more sure we are that our convictions are right, the more surely we have bound our personal inward search.

If your unfettered inner search leads you to participate in spiritual healing, so be it. If you are determined *not* to be led to heal, you have placed fetters on your inner search.

If your unfettered inner search leads you to explore Buddhist understandings, so be it. If you are determined that it will never lead you to Buddhist understandings, you have placed fetters on your inner search.

If your unfettered inner search leads you to Jesus, or Christ, or Jesus Christ, so be it. If you are determined that it will never lead you to Jesus, Christ, or Jesus Christ, you have placed fetters on your inner search.

Invite yourself to make a commitment to your own unfettered inner search. Each time of quiet we spend alone, each meeting for worship we attend are listening opportunities which can shake loose conceptions we think we "have." We tend to celebrate knowledge even though the most knowledgeable among us is ignorant. Instead, let us celebrate our ignorance and commit ourselves to each other's search. And let us celebrate this gift we Quakers give each other. □

Going Deep Into the Heart

by Anthony Manousos

I know that my unity with all people cannot be destroyed by national boundaries and government orders," Tolstoy wrote in *My Religion* (1884), a work that sparked a lively exchange between U.S. Quakers and Russia's greatest novelist. This prophetic spirit has surfaced again at a crucial time in Soviet-U.S. relations. In keeping with Tolstoy's vision, and with Quaker practice ("Let us try what love will do . . ."—William Penn), the Quaker US/USSR Committee was formed to foster better communication and "spiritual linkage" between people in the world's two superpowers (as proposed in France H. Conroy's "A Call for Spiritual Linkage," *FJ* 11/1/84).

Kent Larrabee's original leading ("A Quaker Meeting in Moscow?" *FJ* 5/1/83) underwent a long and transformative germination period. "The starting point was our concern for what we pass on to our children," recalls France Conroy, committee member and professor at Burlington College. "We were interested in establishing programs with the Soviets, but felt our basic purpose to be deeper."

The committee began meeting in 1983 with Jay Worrall as clerk. Recalls Janet Riley, the current executive secretary of the US/USSR Committee: "One day Jay and I decided to go to the Information Office at the Soviet Embassy in Washington, D.C., to see what we could come up with. After we'd been waiting for a while, a dynamic young informa-



tion officer named Eugene Zykov came down a long spiral staircase and asked, 'Who are you?' We told him our names and explained we were Quakers. 'Are you really Quakers?' he asked. 'Yes,' I said. 'One hundred percent?' he asked. 'One hundred and fifty,' I replied. When he heard that, he beamed and invited us to return later that week. At our next visit he talked to us about all kinds of ways we could work together, and it was incredible. In fact, we talked for over two hours!"

What emerged from their unprogrammed conversations was the idea for a virtually unprecedented literary undertaking: a collaborative anthology of Soviet and U.S. writings to be published simultaneously in the United States and the Soviet Union. In November 1985 Janet Riley and Jay Worrall met in Moscow with Alexei Pushkov, director of Novosti Press, who agreed to move forward with the project.

It was decided that the book would have as its working title *The Human Experience—Soviet and American Writ-*

Anthony Manousos teaches at La Salle University. He has recently completed a volume of poetry dealing with his experiences living in a Zen Buddhist community. His last article to appear in the JOURNAL is "Listening for the Light" (FJ 3/1).

ings and consist of top-quality poems, stories, and essays without ideological or political bias, all of them about private lives and experiences, such as first love, birth, death, growing old, and problems and joys of parenthood. "When the focus of the book was explained to Alexei Pushkov," recalls Janet Riley, "he said, 'Oh, you mean stories that go deep into the heart.' We were encouraged by his comment, feeling that our vision of spiritual linkage had been understood."

The writings are being collected by a small group of editors in each country who are knowledgeable about Soviet-U.S. relations and have broad literary experience. The U.S. editorial board consists of Lamont Steptoe, a black poet and poetry coordinator at the Painted Bride, one of Philadelphia's foremost arts centers; Christopher Davis, a novelist and professor of creative writing at Bryn Mawr College; Sylvia Greene, English and Russian literature teacher at Glen Ridge High School in New Jersey; Dan Davidson, the head of the Russian literature department at Bryn Mawr College; Anthony Manousos, a freelance writer and professor at La Salle University; France Conroy, professor of philosophy and East Asian studies at Burlington College; Oleg Benyukh, editor of *Soviet Life* and chancellor head of the Soviet Embassy's Office of Information; and Masha Lekic, professor of Russian literature at the University of Maryland. The project's

advisers include novelist and playwright Jan de Hartog and Robert Bender, a senior editor at Simon and Schuster and cofounder of Writers and Publishers Alliance for Disarmament.

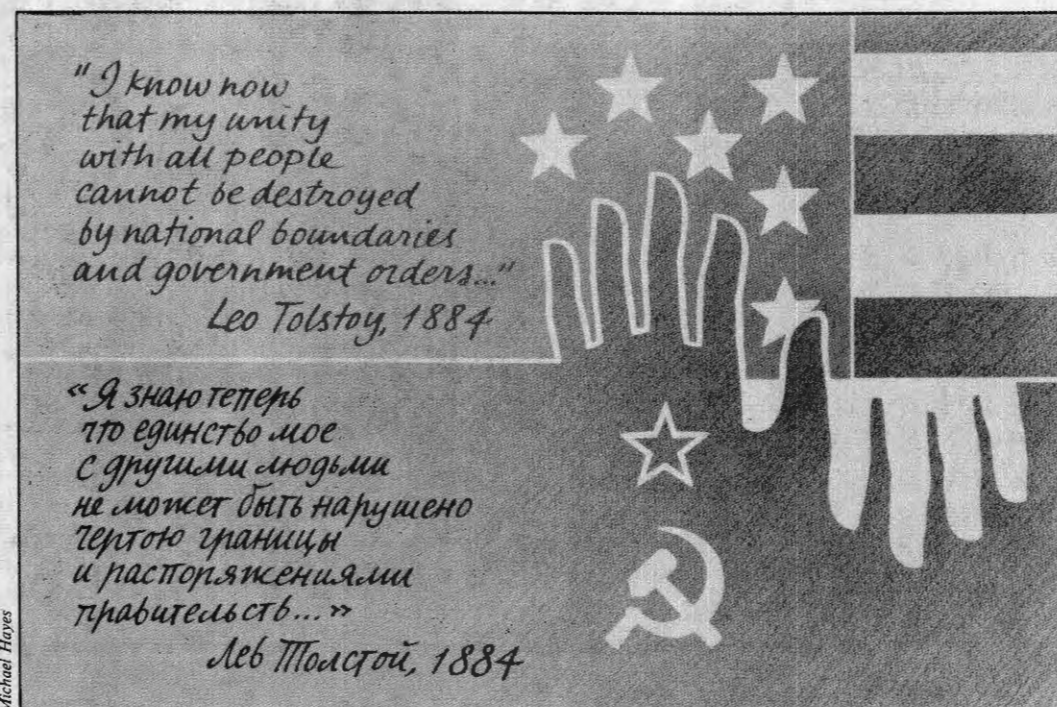
The editorial board has been pleased by the encouraging response from U.S. and Soviet writers. John Updike (who is one of the most popular U.S. writers in the Soviet Union) has submitted unpublished material and offered his support. Interest or willingness to submit material has been expressed by a remarkable number of major writers, including William Stafford, James Baldwin, Galway Kinnell, James McConkey, Jan de Hartog, Peter Taylor, May Sarton, Tillie Olsen, Marge Piercy, Henry Taylor (winner of the 1986 Pulitzer Prize in poetry), Stanley Kunitz, Amy Clampitt, Grace Paley, W. D. Ehrhart, Edward Hoagland, Louise Gluck, Allen Ginsberg, Hayden Carruth, Ursula LeGuin, N. Scott Momaday, James McPherson, Gwendolyn Brooks, Miguel Algarin, Joyce Carol Oates, and John McPhee. The Soviets are equally committed to collecting first-rate work from their major talents.

"Works are appearing in the Soviet Union now that are immensely creative and experimental," says Dan Davidson, who has traveled frequently to the Soviet Union over the past decade and has numerous contacts with Soviet writers. "Not since the early 1960s has there been such a thaw." In Dan Davidson's view, the timing for this project is ex-

tremely auspicious: not only has there been a revival of spiritual and creative life in the Soviet Union, but U.S. interest in Russian culture is also on the upswing.

On November 15, 1986, a meeting of the editorial board took place at Pendle Hill to discuss the project and to screen manuscripts to be sent to Moscow. Commented Oleg Benyukh, editor of *Soviet Life*: "The efforts of the US/USSR Committee are laudable, and I look forward to the birth of our joint baby. Of course no birth is without pains. But any effort along these lines to foster peace and understanding cannot be wasted." □

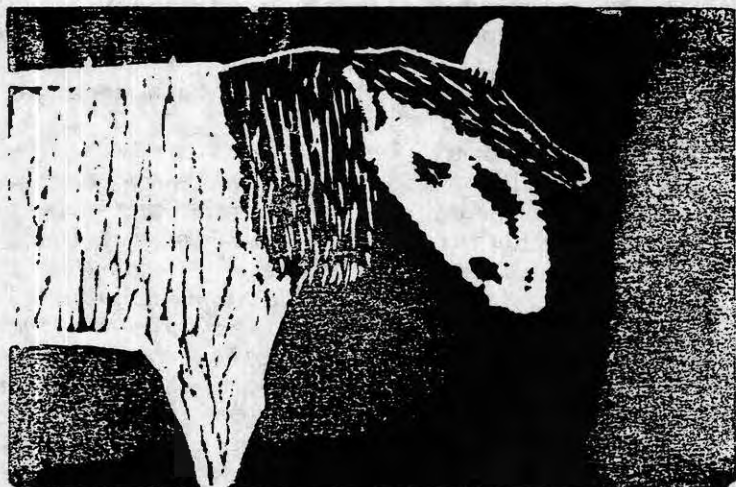
Plans are under way for two representatives of the committee to go to the Soviet Union in January to confer with Soviet writers and editors and sign a contract finalizing the project. Funds are urgently needed to defer traveling expenses and also to remunerate a full-time staff person who has been working as a volunteer since March. Anyone who would like to support this work may help by ordering specially designed US/USSR Committee post cards (25¢ each, five for \$1, or 100 for \$15) or by sending tax-deductible contributions to: Quaker US/USSR Committee, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102; (212) 988-0531. Committee members are available to speak and show slides, and the comments and involvement of others are welcome.



Page 16: Two members of the editorial board, France Conroy (left) and Oleg Benyukh, at the Pendle Hill meeting

Left: A Quaker US/USSR Committee post card

JUNIOR JOURNAL



Tracey Wong, Friends Select School

Christmas Word Find

In this alphabet square are hidden 22 words related to the holiday season. They go up, down, across, or diagonal, and may be forwards or backwards. All are in straight lines. Circle those you find.

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

Word List

ANGELS
NOEL
GIVING
DECEMBER
JESUS
TREE
SANTA CLAUS
WREATH
LOVE
CHRISTMAS EVE
STAR
CARDS
CAROLS
PEACE
WISE MEN
CELEBRATE
SHARING
SNOWFLAKES
DECORATE
STOCKINGS
FAMILY
GIFTS

—Allison Snow

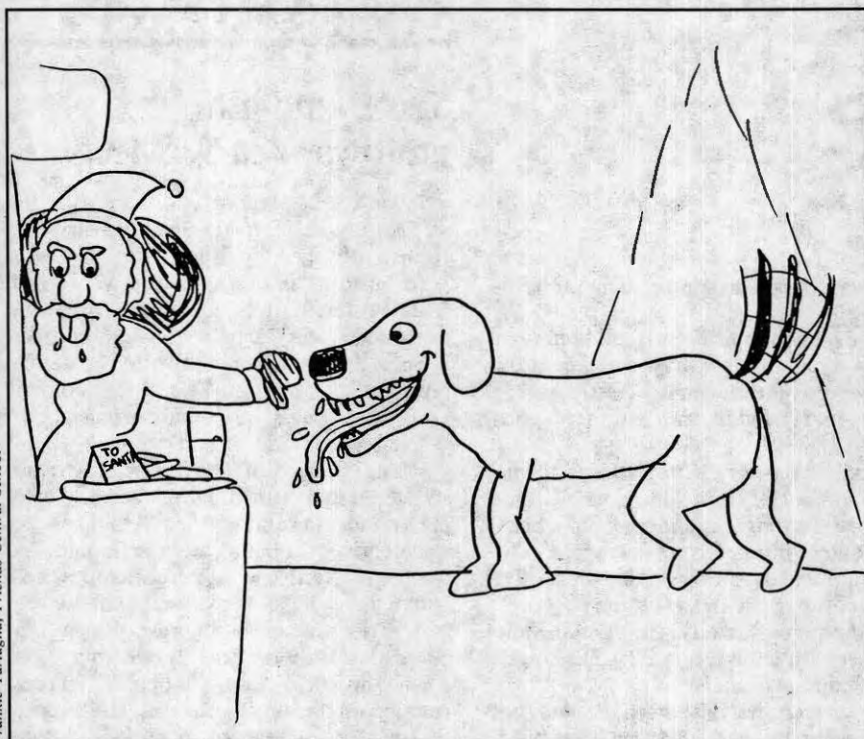
I Am Youth

There's nothing like life
To make someone smile
There's nothing like love
For that miracle mile
Time doesn't matter
Happiness counts
Money is nothing
In great amounts
Caring is something
That some people share
Sadness is what
Shows that feeling are there
I'm just a person that
Nobody knows
Yet my hope for the world
Is what really shows
I am nothing
I am no one
I am not really here
A cherub whose halo
Has yet to appear
I am youth
I am age
I exist yet to be
I am the world
And the world is me

—EFMD, a young Friend at
Friends General Conference



Megan Thomas, Friends Select School



Peace

Peace is many things. It is cooperating. It is love. It is friendship. It can be sitting under a tree and thinking. It is understanding and forgiving. The Quakers believe in peace very strongly. They believe that war solves nothing and that the best way to solve something is to talk it over. A time of peace for them is when they are sitting in the meetinghouse in silence, not quarreling or talking. The Bible speaks of peace also. Peace can be individualized. Peace for one person may be sitting at a table drinking coffee, while for another person taking a warm, leisurely bath. Peace is sharing. It should be shared by all. But peace needs people. Without people, peace would not be

known. When or if humankind is swept off the face of the Earth, it will be different. Earth will not be peaceful. Earth will be empty. Not just empty of people but of peace and feeling. People can be thankful for peace simply by making it. People need peace. What would life be like without it? People need peace for living. If there were no peace, life would not be worth living. All around the world people wish for peace. In countries ravaged by war, in places filled by rioting, and in cities filled with crime, people wish for peace.

Peace is living in harmony.

—Brooke Burkey
West Chester Friends School



Lizbeth Sklaroff,
Friends Central School

Coded Message

Using the code below fill in the blanks to find out the secret message.

— — — — —
a w t t b e f

— — — — —
j o f s v h a w v

— — — — —
i x a x f f t w d q

— — — — —
t b e f d x p

— — — — —
t x w f i x o w m m t !

A-w	H-o	O-b	V-g
B-i	I-s	P-m	W-p
C-j	J-u	Q-k	X-r
D-q	K-l	R-f	Y-t
E-x	L-z	S-v	Z-c
F-y	M-a	T-h	
G-n	N-d	U-e	

—Allison Snow

Answers found on pages 28 and 29.

In Prayer for Peace

by Val Ferguson

On a cold, gray October day a hundred or so leaders of the churches and world faiths met at the invitation of Pope John Paul II in a remarkable day of prayer and reconciliation.

In agreeing to be represented, the Friends World Committee for Consultation Interim Committee had felt the "Day of Prayer for Peace" was perhaps not overly significant. It was decided, however, that Friends should respond warmly to the invitation to be among the communions participating. Thus I found myself in Italy traveling with Methodists and Mennonites, Orthodox and Anglicans, from Rome to Assisi—associated with St. Francis and St. Claire for so many centuries.

The following morning, we and the representatives of some ten other faiths were welcomed by John Paul II, our host, in the Basilica of St. Mary of the Angels. We separated to several prominent sites, each to pray in their own way for several hours. The Christian group went to the Cathedral of S. Rufino. There, after a service of readings, hymns, and periods of extended silence, each of us led intercessions for peace and justice. The international flavor of the event was expressed in the languages of our worship—a reading from Deuteronomy in Swahili, Isaiah in Greek, Micah in Japanese, Zechariah in Hindi, and singing in German, English, Spanish . . .

We fasted throughout the day, in conscious remembrance of those for whom there is no justice, no peace, no food. We made our pilgrimage in silence through Assisi as a symbol of the common path of the human family.

Thousands had come, lining the streets, waving, singing, praying, crushed into every corner of the square where we had come together for the afternoon. Representatives of each religion offered prayers according to their own rites and rituals—Buddhist, Zoroastrian, native American, Jain. Brief silences followed each contribution. There was no suggestion of syncretism, each faith offering from the depths of its own particular experience. The Christians were able, in all humility and without giving offense, to affirm their

Val Ferguson, of London Yearly Meeting, is the general secretary of the Friends World Committee for Consultation. Val's report first appeared in the Friend, November 7, 1986.

belief that "peace bears the name of Jesus Christ."

On the podium, precedence had been carefully observed, until, with the passing of the peace, representatives spontaneously crossed the imaginary divide and embraced each other.

The public part of the day drew to a conclusion with a call from young people for a renewed and stronger commitment to end injustice and bring peace to the world. The crowd signified assent by waving aloft olive branches. Later the delegates ate together. (The Hindu representatives at my table had often met with Quakers, and we exchanged news of mutual friends).

This was a historic day, when the churches and those of other faiths stood together. There was repentance for the way we have treated one another and for our failure to be peacemakers, and affirmation of our common humanity and those things which bind us together. In the words of the pope, "Although prayer is in itself action, this does not excuse us from working for peace. Here we are acting as the heralds of the moral awareness of humanity as such, humanity that wants peace, needs peace."

What personal memories shall I carry from the day?

The sight of Mother Teresa prayerfully and serenely unaware of the insistent photographers' toe-crushing attempts to get a better picture; a Roman Catholic priest wrapping the frozen, bare feet of an elderly traditionalist African—my neighbor whispered that it reminded him of Jesus washing the feet of the disciples; the very few women representatives, five in all, gave pause for thought; Susannah Telewoda, the Liberian vice president of the Lutheran World Federation, shoulder to shoulder with archbishops and the pope, leading us into the final act of prayer, and in doing so, consciously representing the economically deprived world, laity, and women.

A father held his baby above the crowd, pleading through his tears that this day would contribute to a future for his daughter. This longing was reflected in the words of a Jewish woman who said to me, "We asked for this in 1970 and they told us it would take 300 years, but it has only taken 16! Praise God!" □

Reports

Truth and Life at Iowa Yearly Meeting

Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) met at Scattergood Friends School near West Branch, Iowa, August 13-17.

In business sessions, reports were heard from representatives of Quaker organizations and from yearly meeting committees.

Special interest was shown in the annual report of Scattergood Friends School, the yearly meeting's principal project.

Evening collections centered on the theme "Taking Charge of Our Lives," with resource persons from monthly meetings helping attendees examine friendly approaches to parenting, communication in families and meetings, effective living in the mature years, and practice of Quaker values in one's work.

A variety of special interest offerings included a session on Friends and education; a workshop on investing responsibly; a presentation on the use of sanctions; and a report on spiritual discernment from Friends who attended the discernment consultation at Quaker Hill in Richmond, Indiana, last December.

Interest in the magazine *Friendly Woman* brought together an enthusiastic group of 18 persons. Tentative plans were made to offer to assume responsibility for this publication for two years.

The conflict in Central America was an important concern, with Iowa City Meeting reporting on its sanctuary project undertaken in cooperation with a church congregation. Nine members of a Salvadorian extended family who had been living in Iowa City were recently able to immigrate to Canada. Relatives of this family continue to need the meeting's help.

On the concluding day of business sessions, about 20 persons joined a monthly protest vigil at the site of a Ground Emergency Network Tower about 30 miles away.

Young Friends activities during the week were varied, including presentation of an evening program. Junior yearly meeting had a service project of selling "Peaceable Kingdom" prints to support the Iowa Rural Crisis Fund.

Undergirding the business and the other activities of the week were the times spent together seeking truth and refreshment. Yearly meeting closed with worship in Hickory Grove Meetinghouse on the school campus, where Friends have gathered for spiritual renewal since 1867.

Robert Berquist and Christopher Hinshaw

December 15, 1986 FRIENDS JOURNAL

Risk-taking Faith at North Carolina YM

"A Risk-taking Faith" was the theme for the 289th session of North Carolina Yearly Meeting, which met at Guilford College August 7-11. Sarah Wilson, clerk, introduced the theme with a reading from Hebrews: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. 11:1). She also shared thoughts from the poem "Risk," based on a Chinese proverb.

Throughout the week speakers focused our attention on the verse from Hebrews as they related "Risk-taking Faith" to our own faith and our willingness to take risks for the prosperity of God's work.

Billy Britt, superintendent of North Carolina Yearly Meeting, gave the opening message, challenging Friends to a "Risk-taking Faith." He gave a clear vision for bold action in our North Carolina Yearly Meeting: we need a "Risk-taking Faith" in Christian education programs, missions, church extension, pastoral ministry, and in God's vision. He concluded: "During an impossibility . . . always leave room for God to act."

John P. Williams, Jr., pastor of First Friends in Canton, Ohio, was our evening and Sunday morning worship session speak-

er. He used Hebrews 11 and Samuel 4 for speaking about our theme. The congregation felt togetherness as we sang "O God Speak to Me," led by John Williams, who reminded us that without faith we cannot please God. There are rewards for those who have faith in God and take risks to fulfill that faith.

Four North Carolina Yearly Meeting ministers led morning worship services: Wayne Allman, Beverly Jessup, Allen Bullard, and Reece Wall. They used sketches of "Risk-taking Faith" from the lives of Abraham, Joshua, Moses, and Sarah.

A rewarding and informative experience were the opportunity groups sponsored by yearly meeting committees and led by outstanding leaders including Carol Williams, Tom Klaus, Virginia Esch, M. C. Teague, Ann Costello, Mary Ann and Dick Martens, Heather Moir, William Edgerton, and Harry Mosher.

Junior Friends, guided by our Christian Education Committee, were actively involved in worship, learning Scripture, and sharing. Young Friends met for fellowship and spiritual growth under the leadership of Tom Klaus, Christian Education director of Iowa Yearly Meeting. Young Friends from various meetings shared their spiritual talents, witnessing through musical performances.

The plenary sessions were of special interest as committees and commissions reported. It was inspiring to hear of the yearly meeting

participating and taking the lead in the Friends United Meeting (FUM) Capital Funds campaign, the FUM film, Guilford College's plans for its sesquicentennial year, the FUM triennial sessions, and the expansion of the Guilford College library and the Quaker Records room.

A certificate of appreciation was presented to each of our retiring ministers by Clifford and Etta Florence W. Winslow: Cecil E. Haworth, Victor Murchison, Rendel L. Cosand and Jack Caughron. Recorded as ministers by John Robinson were six Friends: Randy M. Clendenin, David Randall Teague, Nelson Douglas Puffenbarger, Kelly Toth, Randal Alan Quate, and Michael C. Young, Sr.

Several visiting Friends shared insights and experiences with us. We were grateful for their visits, sharing, and guidance.

We returned to our home meetings to share and busy ourselves carrying out "Risk-taking Faith." May we be reminded of Billy Britt's remark: "Always leave room for God to act."

Sue Pugh

Correction: The report "FAHE Sponsors Human Betterment Research" (FJ 11/1) was not written by Ron Rembert but taken from a news release written by Lewis Hoskins.



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World of Friends

The American Friends Service Committee Corporation at its October 31 meeting had a long and sensitive discussion of the issue of governance of the AFSC in general and the role of regional clerks who are not members of the Society of Friends in particular. The business session was preceded by small worship-sharing groups which focused on the concerns surrounding this matter. The discussion strongly reaffirmed the centrality of the AFSC's Quaker character and probed the extent to which this quality requires an all-Friends board of directors.

Agreeing with the clerk that it was not essential to come to a final resolution of this question this year, the AFSC Corporation agreed to allow the consideration of this matter to season for another year. In the meantime, to bring the AFSC's current bylaws into harmony with established practice, the corporation approved a one-year modification of the bylaws which recognized all regional clerks as full participants in all board meetings.

Haverford College has awarded Edwin Bronner an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters. Edwin Bronner earned a master's degree at Haverford in 1947, then a doctorate at the University of Pennsylvania. He has taught history, including such courses as Quaker history and principles, at Haverford since 1962. He recently retired as head librarian but continues to be curator of the Quaker Collection. In bestowing the honorary degree, Haverford College also praised the service he has given to the American Friends Service Committee and the Friends World Committee for Consultation.

The National Coalition on Television Violence's study of violence on television has found that the Christian Broadcasting Network (CBN) shows 12 of the 15 most popular and most violent shows now being broadcast. CBN, claiming to be the "family entertainer," also claims that it limits programming to "shows that strengthen the family"; however, in 34 out of 43 possible hours per week it broadcasts programs that teach violence as the best way to solve interpersonal problems. The three most harmful types of violence—gratuitous violence, western violence, and righteous violence—are all represented on CBN. The largest Christian network in the world, CBN has been urged to eliminate these violent programs, but its position is that the dramatic action programs help fund CBN ministries and thus "bring more people to Christ."

To honor the 350th anniversary of Anne Hutchinson's and Mary Dyer's banishment from the Massachusetts Bay Colony for their Quaker beliefs, the American Friends Service Committee has sent a proposal for a commemorative stamp to the U.S. Postal Service, which is currently deciding what stamps to issue in 1988. Letters of support are needed for a Dyer-Hutchinson stamp and may be sent to Albert V. Casey, Postmaster General, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, DC 20260.

Four imprisoned members of the Soviet Trust Group have been unexpectedly released and issued visas to leave the USSR. Three of the four, Vladimir Brodsky, and Yuri and Olga Medvedkov, were founding members of the Group to Establish Trust Between the USSR and the USA (see "Friends Support Moscow Trust Group," *FJ* 10/1). Vladimir Brodsky's release was unusual in that it was not tied to a prisoner exchange with the West. Trust Group watchers credit his release partly to the involvement and influence of the International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War. Another Trust Group founding member, Aleksandr Shatravka, was released in June. The Trust Group has operated independently of the official Soviet Peace Committee since its beginnings in 1982.



John Runnings takes a whack at the Berlin Wall.

Photo from the Berlin Bild

Carrying a ladder to the Berlin Wall, bearded, white-haired John Runnings proceeded to steady it on the West side of the wall, hefted a hammer, and climb to the top. Astride the wall, he swung the hammer again and again onto the concrete pipe top, splintering off heavy pieces. Down below in the East, two men who had stopped their truck to watch moved toward a telephone. Down below in the West, a child asked his

father, "What's the grandpa doing up there on the wall?" The father answered, "He's taking a walk. Can't you see that?" An East Berlin police car drove up to the wall. The men called to John, "Throw us your hammer." John let the hammer slide through his hands and said, "If you bring a ladder I'll come down to you. I have a wonderful view up here. I'm going to Checkpoint Charlie. Why don't you come up on the wall and accompany me?" After strolling on top of the Berlin Wall, John came down on the East side, where he was "arrested" by the border police ("They fixed me scrambled eggs"), and then taken back to the West.

John Runnings is a carpenter and a member of University (Wash.) Meeting. His witness was to show Berliners that a political action such as his might bring about change, while military actions and reactions will continue to divide East and West.

Fasting for up to 47 days to awaken the consciousness of the U.S. public to the Reagan administration's war-making policies in Nicaragua, four U.S. war veterans broke their fast on October 17. They had received much public news coverage and almost 10,000 letters, and they had met with members of Congress and talked with hundreds of supporters during their daily vigils on the steps of the Capitol. The four men, Charlie Liteky, George Mizo, S. Brian Willson, and Duncan Murphy, will continue to speak, hold vigils, fast, demonstrate, and withhold war taxes.

These prisoners seek correspondence: Andrew Davis (#EJ-120573, M-410/1) would like letters from persons interested in music, dancing, sports, and God; Darryl N. Miles's (M-49/1) hobbies are weight-lifting, chess, jogging, reading, horseback riding, swimming, and music. Letters can be sent to these men at P.O. Box 2854, Georgia State Prison, Reidsville, GA 30499.

A formal apology to Canada's native people was tendered by the United Church of Canada in August. The 370 commissioners told native elders of their sorrow for failing to "recognize, learn from, and share in native spirituality, and for the resulting destruction of dignity, culture, and spirituality." The apology was not for the Christian gospel but for the "imposition of European language, dress, and values on a proud people as a condition of their hearing the gospel of Jesus Christ." Native spokespersons expressed joy at the church's apology.

Not included in its new United Methodist hymnal because of their militaristic images are "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "Battle Hymn of the Republic." However, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross" was left in because of arguments that the hymn's war-like images are balanced by a call for personal piety.

Forum

An Oasis of the Spirit

Thank you for publishing Elizabeth Claggett's sensitive and insightful article "Visiting With Friends in Central America" (*FJ* 10/1). To me, her account seemed like the one oasis of the Spirit in that issue. Her openness to the spiritual life of evangelical Friends amid the political divisions of Central America warmed my heart. She showed a real interest in the way these Friends, in a situation so different from our own, express the Spirit of Jesus Christ in their lives. After reading her insights I felt a better understanding and a greater respect

for Friends whom I had written off as right-wing fundamentalist supporters of Rios Montt and his kind. Elizabeth Claggett's experiences modeled to me that those Friends are truly my sisters and brothers in Christ with whom I can join hands with all the warmth and the commitment that only the Holy Spirit can generate.

Pieter Byhouwer
Dana, Ind.

Journal Is Only Contact

I would like to take this opportunity to compliment you and your staff for an excellent journal. I can personally attest to the value of your work, as I have spent days and weeks out in remote parts of Wyoming, far from meeting or Friends, and found the *JOURNAL* my only contact with Quaker life and thought. It

is hard to convey how much this has meant at times. I can only pass on my heartfelt thanks and hope it brightens your efforts today.

Hugh Roe Davidson
Laramie, Wyo.

Good Stewardship

The problem of Christian stewardship of time, money, and material possessions deserves a lot of thought and prayer. What we actually *do* with our time and money is determined by the values we live by. Sometimes what we say may be determined by the values we wish we lived by.

One major decision that everyone has to make is the choice of a vocation. It should be a Christian objective to leave this earth slightly better for our having lived. The problem is to determine how

Overcoming Our "Isms"

I recently went with a friend to a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous. Before each person spoke she or he said, "My name is _____. I'm an alcoholic." AA knows that recovery requires acknowledging one's illness; denying one's illness makes recovery impossible.

What follows isn't about drinking, but about a more widespread disease. Before I say more, I want to introduce myself: My name is Ed. I'm a racist.

No, I'm not flaunting my bigotry or being cleverly rhetorical, or tormenting myself with feelings of guilt. I'm acknowledging that I've been deeply conditioned by a society permeated with racism and that recovering from such conditioning, and fending off its influence, is the task of a lifetime.

Just as it is hard to admit alcoholism, so too is it hard to admit racism—thanks to our stereotyped notion of what racism is. Conveniently, this stereotype involves behavior we would never engage in. We "know" we're not racist because we've never burned a cross on someone's lawn; we may even wince when someone says "nigger."

But if our concept of racism is limited to such obvious examples, we do not grasp racism's breadth and subtlety. Nor do we perceive the social and economic forces which foster the de facto segregation that crosscuts every facet of our society. (I was in college before I had my first conversation with a black person.)

Underlying segregation is a kind of tunnel vision. It's infinitely more destructive than the malice of the Ku Klux Klan. Tunnel vision is a cultural

egotism which assumes—often unconsciously—that only white history or suffering or interests or discovery are worthy of notice. Most of us who grew up in white neighborhoods and went to white schools where we studied the white version of life had our openness to people of color "whited out" at an early age.

The tunnel vision that denies or demeans other kinds of people did not originate with racism. It began, historically and personally, before we were exposed to ethnic diversity. As children, while being molded for roles defined by gender, we acquired the tunnel vision of a culture based on male supremacy. Sexist behavior provides the ongoing rehearsal that hones our racist performance. Sexism is the parent or prototype of racism. It grinds the lens which makes our racist outlook second nature.

When we were young we had no control over our indoctrination and so weren't to blame for our tunnel vision. But now that we're grown, we are responsible for the kinds of ignorance and callousness we choose to honor. Many of us eagerly—or obliviously—joined the big club that validates our kind of life and makes the lives of the "disempowered," by definition, abnormal or worse. Their gifts and their rights, their needs and their pain are systematically negated, rendered invisible.

Tunnel vision helps explain why so many rally behind a foreign policy which implicitly defines "terrorism" as political violence aimed at whites. In recent decades whites have not been the target of the bombs we and our



allies drop, so we don't call those atrocities terrorism. Similarly, we don't call members of Congress terrorists when they vote tens of millions for military regimes and mercenaries. In the moral calculus of white America the tens of thousands of slain Nicaraguans and Salvadorians simply don't exist.

If we want to overcome our "isms," we can resist selective ignorance and inadvertent callousness. We can burst the bubble of our self-contrived segregation. We can strive to witness—through work, study, or travel—to the human condition of the huge majority of our species that isn't white, that isn't affluent, that doesn't terrorize the globe with nuclear weapons.

Ed Kinane
Syracuse, N.Y.



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best to utilize the particular abilities God has given us.

Many times a major factor in the choice of a vocation is salary potential. It has long been my opinion that workers should determine for themselves what constitutes an adequate salary for them, beyond which they should not aspire for more. No one can determine for another what that figure should be, and it will change as conditions change.

We not only have to determine for ourselves what is good stewardship of our time and money, but collectively we must do it for the organizations we are active in. Certainly the work of New York Yearly Meeting falls in this category. The annual gathering at Silver Bay represents a lot of time and money invested by the participants, yet I sometimes wonder if it is well invested. This is especially true at business sessions when people speak and do not add any new insights to the problem, but simply rephrase it to suit their own vocabulary. In our choice of committees and people to work on them, we should remember that the work that is eventually accomplished as the result of those committees must be worth the cost in time and money in getting those people together.

I am sorry not to have answers to these concerns. They are very individualized problems. However, I do think that we should give serious thought to the way we utilize both our time and our money to make it produce the greatest good for the greatest number. After all, in the final analysis we will be held accountable for both.

Bob Simkin
Poplar Ridge, N.Y.

The Ribbon in Russia

Have you wondered what happened to the 2,000 peace panels that formed the Peace Ribbon which 25,000 people draped around the Pentagon a couple of years ago? It is my understanding that many choice panels ended up in the Peace Museum in Chicago, while many more were returned to the states and communities from whence they came.

I was able to take along with me on my recent trip to the Soviet Union as representative of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting under the auspices of "U.S.-USSR Bridges for Peace" three very lovely ones made by school children in Pennsylvania. We presented one to our host in Moscow; a particularly pretty one to the head of the local peace communities in Stavropol; and the last of the three panels went to the all Soviet Peace Committee in Moscow.

Coincidentally, when we were in Leningrad visiting the Hermitage, we ran into a group of Americans in a vigilant circle holding more peace panels while chanting peace songs.

Erika Muhlenberg
Swarthmore, Pa.

Friendly Words

You and the Military: Should You Enlist? is a 20-page pamphlet aimed at helping young people to understand the seriousness of enlistment and what life in the armed forces entails. One to 4 copies are \$1 each; 5 to 49 copies are \$.90 each; and 50 or more copies are \$.80 each, from Quaker House, 223 Hillside Ave., Fayetteville, NC 28301.

In **Springfield Meeting: The First 300 Years, 1686-1986**, R. W. Tucker explains the successes and failures of that meeting over the past 300 years. Beginning before William Penn's arrival in Pennsylvania, the author chronicles the changes the meeting has undergone—and changes that are taking place now. The 60-page pamphlet may be ordered for \$3.75 (including postage) from Springfield Monthly Meeting, 1001 Old Sproul Rd., Springfield, PA 19064.

Deep River Friends: A Valiant People, the fifth book in the series of histories of older meetings published by the North Carolina Friends Historical Society and North Carolina Yearly Meeting, records the history of one of the oldest meetings in the Piedmont. Cecil E. Haworth, a pastor in the area since 1937, covers subjects such as the meeting's beginnings in 1753, disownments, pastors, the meeting school, how the meeting weathered four wars, and prominent meeting families. *Deep River Friends* (paperback, 147 pages) is available for \$7.50 plus \$1 postage from the North Carolina Friends Historical Society, P.O. Box 8502, Greensboro, NC 27419-0502.

Conscientious Objection to Military Service in Europe supplies detailed information about conscription and conscientious objection country by country, and represents part of a long-term effort to improve conditions for C.O.s in Europe. This report is available for \$1.60 from the Quaker Council for European Affairs, 50 Square Ambiorix, B-1040 Brussels, Belgium.

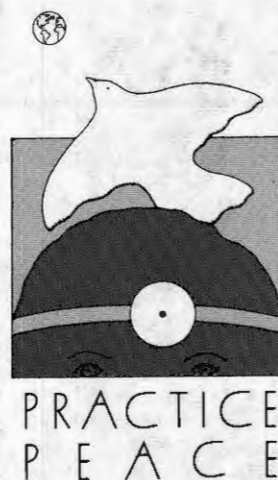
The Friends Committee on War Tax Concerns has just published a series of brief War Tax Concerns pamphlets, each with its own use, focus, and subtitle. **Resources for Study** lists publications, funds, and organizations. John Lamoreau and Ralph Beebe, authors of **What Does the Bible Say?**, find texts teaching divine sanction of government and obedience to the state, but argue for "the teaching of the living Christ." **War Tax Concerns: We Friends Here Assembled...**, edited by Linda Coffin, comprises many interesting minutes of tax concern and activism

by a wide range of monthly and yearly meetings. Edwin Bronner's **War Tax Concerns: A Quaker History** summarizes what Friends have said and done, from the 17th century to the present, about the financing of wars. Each of these pamphlets is available for \$1.50 from the FCWTC, P.O. Box 6441, Washington, DC 20009, or Friends World Committee for Consultation, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Quaker History, the bulletin of the Friends Historical Association, presents critical material on Friends' history and thought, book reviews, and brief notes on current articles and publications, research in progress, and organizational news. *Quaker History* is published twice a year. Single copies are available for \$5 from Elizabeth Potts Brown, Quaker Collection, Haverford College, Haverford, PA 19041.

The **Quaker Universalist Reader** is a collection of lectures and essays focusing on topics such as sources for Universalist belief in Quaker thought, readings for Universalists about revelation and inner Light, and the central thoughts and meeting places of the world's great religions. The tenor is more healing than divisive. This 99-page paperback book may be ordered for \$7.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling from Quaker Universalist Friends, Box 201, RD 1, Landenberg, PA 19350.

Mary Hughes: A Friend to All in Need is a 28-page pamphlet written by Hugh Pyper about an Englishwoman born with every material and social advantage whose life and considerable energy were devoted to helping the poor in the East End of London. Mary Hughes became a Friend in 1918. She was described in *Christian Faith and Practice* as "a shabby and sometimes verminous woman," but as one Friend declared, "Her lice were her glory!" "Bloody Conchie...!": **A Conscientious Objector Looks Back to World War Two** is author Alex Bryan's moving account of deciding to become a C.O., going to prison for his beliefs, and finally doing alternative service. He also tells of discovering Quakerism and his acceptance into membership in 1942. In **Healing the Wounds: Quaker Relief Work During World War Two and Its Aftermath**, Alex Bryan continues his story, relating his experiences with a Friends Relief Service team in defeated Germany. These pamphlets are available for \$3 including postage from the Young People's Committee of Quaker Home Service, Friends House, Euston Rd., London NW1 2BJ, England.



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Books

Africa in Crisis: The Causes, the Cures of Environmental Bankruptcy

By Lloyd Timberlake. New Society Publishers, 4722 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143, 1986. 232 pages. \$9.95/paperback.

Africa in Crisis is an unpretentious publication. It touches on the heart of development problems facing Africa. The author notes poignantly that droughts and famines in Africa neither are sudden natural disasters nor are they caused simply by a lack of rainfall. The central question is that of land management and use. The misuse of land, irrigation problems, and armed conflicts have progressively worsened Africa's capacity to withstand droughts.

Africa is dying primarily because of ill-planned and ill-advised development policies over the last 20 years. For example, during the 1960s industrialization was emphasized by expatriate policy advisers to the neglect of agriculture. During the 1970s large-scale agriculture projects were emphasized to the neglect of the peasant farmer. While agriculture continues to be recognized as central to development, fewer resources have been committed to this sector. The peasant farmer has been neglected throughout.

The author defines the problem of African development as that of environmental bankruptcy, i.e., the neglect of peasant farmers, of small-scale irrigation, the erosion of farmers' political power, and the breakdown between people and the environmental support systems. Environmental bankruptcy, then, is the engine to Africa's crisis.

The author demonstrates how cash crops have been emphasized over food crops. The result has been a progressive decline in the ability of Africans to feed themselves. Also, land utilization techniques of peasant farmers have been neglected through inadequate extension service. Irrigation policies have focused on large-scale export-oriented projects, neglecting the small-scale irrigation needed by the peasant farmers.

The problems of overgrazing, overcultivation, and inadequate agro-forestry practices also explain the causes of environmental bankruptcy. The author examines how apartheid in South Africa is an institutionalized form of environmental bankruptcy. The overpopulated, overgrazed, and over-

cultivated land in the homelands poses another crisis. Land mass is gradually eroding in quality, and this erosion has negative implications for overall development after apartheid is dismantled in South Africa.

The author also explains how armed conflicts in Africa and refugees from these conflicts add to the environmental degradation.

Lloyd Timberlake concludes that hope lies in the ability of groups of small farmers getting organized. He cites several examples of such organized activity as ORAP (Organization of Rural Associations for Progress) in Zimbabwe or *Se Servir de la Saison Sèche en Savanne et au Sahel* of the Mossi Plateau of Burkina Faso.

Mohulatsi Mokeyane



Portrait of Margaret Morris from *Mothers of Feminism*

Mothers of Feminism: The Story of Quaker Women in America

By Margaret Hope Bacon. Harper and Row, San Francisco, 1986. 273 pages. \$16.95.

Mothers of Feminism is a first-rate introduction to the ways in which individual Quaker women exploited the concept of gender equality. Margaret Hope Bacon recounts the fascinating history of the idea first set forth by George Fox and then summed up succinctly by William Penn in *Some Fruits of Solitude* that "sexes make no Difference; since in Souls there is none."

Following their leadings from God, for more than three centuries individual women Friends have tested this ideal, pushing it in directions not dreamed of by members of their Society or society at large. The first activist women were missionaries who went to Europe, Turkey, and North America seeking converts. They challenged the prevailing view in Britain and its colonies that women should be silent in the churches.

In the 19th century, Quaker women emboldened by experience in conducting women's meetings for business and the doc-

trine of spiritual equality started organizations and dared to speak in public against slavery and for women's rights. After the Civil War, Quaker women and those close to Friends, such as Jane Addams (whose father was a Friend), Florence Kelley, Grace Abbott, and Emily Greene Balch, focused on the social ills that accompanied industrialization. With the outbreak of World War I, they visited heads of belligerent and neutral states to start continuous negotiations, and founded the pioneering women's peace organization, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Alice Paul and her National Woman's Party picketed the White House illegally, burned President Wilson in effigy, accepted jail term after jail term, and fasted in prison to force passage of woman's suffrage. After women won the right to vote, Alice Paul wrote the Equal Rights Amendment and began pushing for its approval.

Mothers of Feminism should be read with relish and care. Margaret Bacon's writing is polished and informed by a thorough and judicious survey of available secondary literature. Primary sources include meeting minutes, many journals and diaries, and questionnaires of present-day women Friends.

Yet it is important to note that this is not an in-depth study of the status of Quaker women within the Society. Margaret Bacon touches only briefly on such issues as how the authority and responsibilities of women changed over the centuries, the effect of separate women's meetings on their authority, and the influence women had on such major events as the 1750s reform, the Hicksite separation, and reunification. In what ways did the status of women vary from one branch to another? How have Quaker women helped to determine the nature and methods of the modern peace movement?

Some readers will want to explore these and similar questions in the historical records. Others will find within the book itself plenty to reflect upon and discuss. Lucretia Mott said, "In the true marriage relationship, the independence of the husband and wife is equal, their dependence mutual, and their obligations reciprocal." Extend this to include gender relationships among Friends and among women and men more generally and we have a standard that, though enunciated over a century ago, remains a goal to be reached.

The message of *Mothers of Feminism* is that the women who accepted the challenge of equality and took seriously their obligations to improve society have had to fight a two-pronged battle. Not only have women Friends sought to bring an end to such calamities as slavery, war, racial discrimination, and the arms race, but they have had to defend their right to speak out as well.

Jean R. Soderlund

Books in Brief

Once Upon a Christmas Time: Stories for a Family Christmas

By John R. Aurelio. Illustrated by Arthur Cislo. Paulist Press, Mahwah, N.J., 1986. 160 pages. \$8.95/paperback. Parents of First-day school teachers may wish to pick and choose among these five new Christmas stories. They range from a new look at the nativity story from the point of view of a donkey to a story about a Christmas gift that comes full circle to a boy in Brooklyn who works in a pawn shop. All contain a message about the meaning of gifts. There are no young girl characters.

The Piano Man's Christmas

By Ira Williams, Jr. Abingdon Press, Nashville, Tenn., 1986. 76 pages. \$4.95/paperback. These five short stories explore the true meaning of Christmas by examining five different cultures and how they all share the same power of Jesus' love. Ira Williams, Jr., has based these short stories on personal experiences.

The Words of Jesus on Peace

Edited by Larry Langdon. Larry Langdon Publications, 34735 Perkins Creek Rd., Cottage Grove, OR 97424, 1985. 68 pages. \$3.95 (plus \$1 shipping)/paperback. Larry Langdon, a Quaker, has compiled all of Jesus' words on peace and selected words of Jesus on ideas related to peace—forgiveness, tolerance, and faith.

Through the Year With Thomas Merton: Daily Meditations From His Writings

Edited and selected by Thomas P. McDonnell. Image Books, Garden City, N.Y., 1985. 226 pages. \$7.95/paperback. Thomas Merton loved solitude; it is out of his deeply spiritual solitude that these reflections from his many writings have been selected. He also had a deep love of the natural world around him; many of the daily entries reflect an awareness of the created world which Friends will find inspiring.

Twilights of Anthony Wayne Drive

By Hernán Castellano-Girón. Operation D.O.M.E. Press, Detroit, MI 48207, 1984. 57 pages. \$6/paperback. Written by exiled Chilean poet Hernán Castellano-Girón, these poems published in Spanish with the English translation following reflect his life in America, particularly in Detroit. His poetry presents a vision of his rage and hope for his fellow Chileans, yet also shows how he has turned his suffering into joy.

Plowshares: A Contemporary Fable of Peace and War

By Sonia Ralston. Paulist Press, Mahwah, N.J., 1986. 61 pages. \$4.95/paperback. The author, a member of Birmingham (Pa.) Meeting, sets her fable in a simpler, pastoral time, and the progression of her tale empowers the reader to act for peace here and now. The book is beautifully illustrated with 19th-century woodcuts and pictures.

Responding to the Cry of the Poor: Nicaragua and the U.S.A.

By Richard Shaull and Nancy Johns. Distributed by the Peace Education Division of the American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, 1984. 68 pages. \$3.50 for from one to four copies/paperback. Five months of reflection and travel in Nicaragua by the authors has shaped this slim volume into two major parts: a section on the Sandinista revolution and its close relationship with the Christian church, and a section on what this means for North American Christians. Included are several pages of suggestions for action.

Crazy Time: Surviving Divorce

By Abigail Trafford. Bantam, New York, 1984. 217 pages. \$4.50/paperback. Those contemplating the end of their marriages feel strong and unpredictable emotions. Abigail Trafford's book is a guide to those feelings, and to the emotional tasks which divorcing persons must accomplish. The author emphasizes middle-class professional families. Her analysis of why marriages break down is appealing but oversimplified. *Crazy Time* is a good supplement to counseling.

The Boy Child Is Dying: A South African Experience

By Judy Boppell Peace. Foreword by Alan Paton. Harper and Row, San Francisco, 1986. 88 pages. \$9.95. Peace advocate Judy Boppell Peace tells a story of pain, endurance, and growth in a series of anecdotes of her experiences while living and

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Headmaster

working in South Africa. *The Boy Child Is Dying* reveals the strength, faith, and endurance of the people who suffer chronic discrimination under apartheid.

Crisis in the Philippines: The Making of a Revolution

By E. San Juan, Bergin and Garvey, South Hadley, MA 01075, 1986. 264 pages. \$14.95/paperback. For all of us who have watched the unfolding of the revolution in the Philippines with wonder, this leads the way to a fuller understanding, with accounts of workers' struggles throughout the history of the Philippines, and analyses of world events as they have related to developments in the Philippines and U.S. involvement. Here is the shaping of the present-day Philippines as seen and told to us by a leading intellectual and activist in the liberation movement.

Walk Cheerfully Over the Earth: The Story of My Quaker Family, 1680-1980

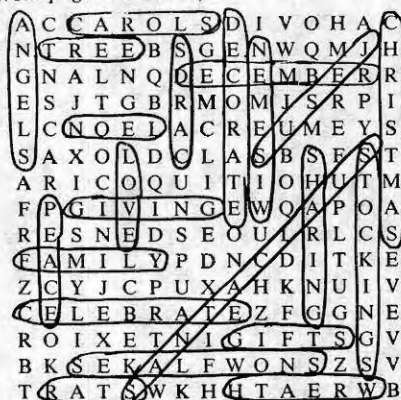
By James O. Bond. Gateway Press, Baltimore, 1985. 336 pages. \$20. Although this is a story of one man's Quaker ancestors who migrated to and across America, the story is told with an intelligence that gives it wider interest. The writer incorporates extensive quotes from historical writings that give perspective to the personal stories, and in turn, the personal stories flesh out some of our Quaker history—the strength of the Peace Testimony, antislavery convictions, disownments and reinstatements, recording of ministers, and good relations with the Indians.

Poets and Reviewers

A member of Virginia Beach (Va.) Meeting, **Robert Frederick Lauer** directs and is an actor in the Tidewater Dinner Theater in Norfolk, Va. **Mohulatsi Mokeyane** has a Ph.D. in African development, policy analysis, and management. He is coordinator of the Africa Program for the American Friends Service Committee. Author of *Quakers and Slavery: A Divided Spirit*, **Jean R. Soderlund** is curator of the Swarthmore College Peace Collection.

Puzzle Answers

(from pages 18 and 19)



Coded Message

May your Christmas be merry and your New Year be happy!

Milestones

Births

Brookes—Gordon Christopher Brookes on October 2 to Suzanne Brashear Brookes and Christopher J. Brookes of Pennington, N.J. Suzanne is a member of Norristown (Pa.) Meeting as are the maternal grandparents, David and Barbara Cooke Brashear. Gordon's maternal great-grandparents were the late Robert and Elsie Cooke of Newtown (Pa.) Meeting.

Maurer—Eliot Heyerdahl Maurer on October 28 to Johan Maurer and Judith Van Wyck Maurer of Richmond, Ind. Johan is a member of Ottawa (Canada) Meeting. Judy is a member of First Friends (Ind.) Meeting.

Smith—Gregory Byron Smith on October 8 in Dayton, Ohio, to Cheryl and Gregory Smith. His father and his paternal grandparents, Reed and Marjorie Smith, are members of Dayton (Ohio) Meeting.

Tybinko—Anna Catherine Tybinko on September 20 in Philadelphia, Pa., to Helen Mangelsdorf and Roman Tybinko. The baby's mother is a member of Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting. Her maternal grandparents, Paul and Mary Mangelsdorf, are members of Sandwich (Maine) Meeting and sojourners at Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting.

Marriages

Dawson-Jones—Stephen Jones and Nancy Dawson on July 25. Nancy is a member and Steve an attender at Boulder (Colo.) Meeting.

Hartsough-Caldwell—Barrett Scott Caldwell and Shanta Wilson Hartsough on September 1 at Madison (Wis.) Meetinghouse under the care of Madison Meeting. Shanta is a member of Madison Meeting, where both her parents attend. The couple is currently living in Woodland, Calif., where they attend the University of California at Davis.

Deaths

Benson—Lewis Benson, 80, on August 23 in Moorestown, N.J. Born a Friend, Lewis Benson was for some years involved in a non-Christian group. Then he studied the writings of the first Friends and spent the rest of his life in a passionate commitment to make known to Friends the way George Fox and the early Quakers preached and lived, urging Friends to return today to those beliefs and practices. Lewis Benson and his wife, Sarah R. Potts, were at Pendle Hill as staff, 1937-38. They then lived in Evanston, Ill., where Lewis was recorded a minister of Western Yearly Meeting. Over the years Lewis gave many lectures at Pendle Hill; he was a fellow at Woodbrooke, England, 1954-55. His pamphlet, *Catholic Quakerism*, came out of a series of lectures he gave there. Lewis was a frequent contributor to *Quaker Religious Thought*. He was a recorded minister of New York Yearly Meeting. During his last dozen years he traveled widely throughout the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Ireland, and Japan presenting the gospel that George Fox preached, which Lewis believed could unite all Friends. He is survived by his wife, Sarah; and a son, John.

Farmer—Ray Farmer, 76, died September 6 in Sun City, Ariz. He was born in Longmont, Colo., and grew up in Missoula, Mont. Ray was a high school teacher in Montana, Washington, and New Jersey schools; and on the faculties of Goddard College in Vermont and Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey. The last 21 years before retirement he was dean of students at New Mexico Highlands University in Las Vegas, N. Mex. After retirement, Ray and his wife, Charlotte, did several volunteer visitation projects for the American Friends Service Committee and the Friends World Committee for Consultation. This included spending some time in the Pasadena, Calif., and the Philadelphia, Pa., offices. Another project included visiting Friends churches and Friends meetings across the South, Southwest, and the West Coast from Los Angeles to Canada. They also served as resident Friends for one year at the Friends Center in Auckland, New Zealand. The Farmers started Friends meetings in Las Vegas and Las Cruces, N. Mex., and the Sun City, Ariz., worship group. Ray Farmer is survived by his wife, Charlotte; two daughters, Lang Secrest and Jan Stevens; and four grandchildren.

Zeitlin—Ebba Frunck Zeitlin, 78, on September 30 of Alzheimer's disease at the Hughes Convalescent Home in West Hartford, Conn. Until her illness she had lived in Flushing, N.Y., and was a most valued, beloved, dedicated, and active member of Flushing Meeting for many years. She also was very active in many New York Yearly Meeting committees, especially with work for peace, race relations, the needs of native Americans, and education. Until her retirement she had been a high school teacher. She is survived by two daughters; one son; five grandchildren; and one great-grandson.

Sufferings

Swennerfelt—Barr Swennerfelt, clerk of Burlington (Vt.) Meeting, is serving a 90-day sentence in the Chittenden Community Correctional Center for a civil disobedience action last Good Friday. Barr and another person climbed the fence of the General Electric plant in Burlington, planted crosses bearing the names of Central American victims, and knelt to pray. Barr had been arrested several times before for trespassing on G.E. property during demonstrations. New England Yearly Meeting adopted a minute of support for Barr, and its fund for sufferings has been paying her rent while she is in jail. Four Friends visit and worship with Barr weekly, and as a minimum security inmate she is allowed a three-hour pass on Sundays to go to meeting for worship.

We will not grieve, but rather gain
strength from that which doth
remain:

Of faith that looks through death to
see the glory of eternity,
Of secret energies that thrive
and keep the inner flame alive,
Of visitations from above
that speak of mercy and of love.
The youthful raptures were not given
to lift us up to very heaven,
But only gently to portend
what might be given in the end.

—Lewis Benson, August 1986

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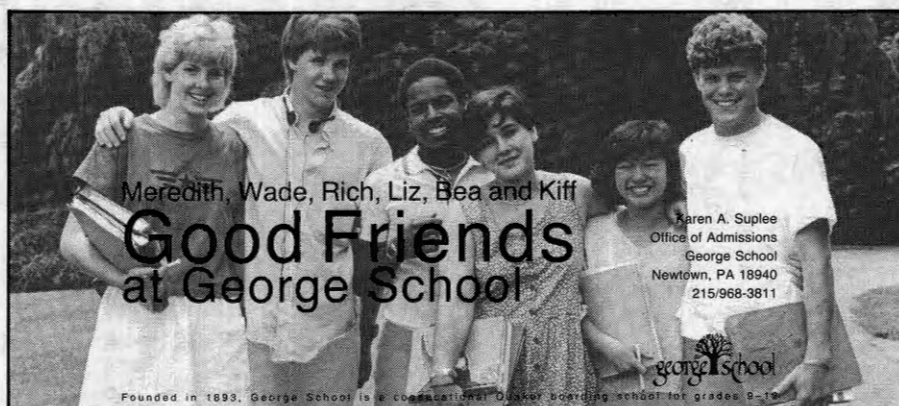
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Books and Publications

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For Christmas: law (including international law) primer. Betty Stone's *In Praise of Law*. "Delightful!" 348 pp. index. \$7.95 ppd. Waterway, R2, Supply, NC 28462.

The Objector, journal of draft and military counseling, \$15/year. CCCQ-West, P.O. Box 42249, San Francisco, CA 94142.

Faith and Practice of the Friends of Truth (A Christian Community). \$1 from Friends of Truth, 1509 Bruce Rd., Oreland, PA 19075.

Choose Love by Teddy Milne. One Quaker's vision of how to ensure global survival and a brighter future. 203 pp. \$10.95 plus \$1.25 handling. Pittenbrauch Press, P.O. Box 553, Northampton, MA 01060.

Approximately 500 Quaker titles (mostly out of print) for sale now. Many rare and scarce titles. Catalog of this library available from the Book Bin, 351 N.W. Jackson St., Corvallis, OR 97330.

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Communities

At a crossroads on the Journey? The new residential program at St. Benedict Center, Madison, invites people of all ages and backgrounds who seek spiritual growth, social change, or reflective time and space in a supportive, challenging "school of the spirit" to spend one, two, or three 10-week terms in community with us. For a catalog and full information, write: Parker J. Palmer, Dept. 803, St. Benedict Center, Box 5588, Madison, WI 53705.

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.

Woodbrooke—England. An adult residential Quaker Study Center with a lively international community set in the heart of England. A place for learning and spiritual refreshment. Your study program can be based on over 60 courses in a complex of colleges and on our excellent Quaker library. Inclusive cost £1,020 a term. Contact June Ellis, Woodbrooke, 1046 Bristol Rd., Birmingham B29 6LJ, U.K. (0114421) 472-5171.

For Sale

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

Traditional knitters love our quality 100-percent wool yarn from American flocks, including our own. Also wool batting, knitting accessories. New catalogue, \$1; or with yarn samples, \$2. Refundable. Yarn Shop on the Farm, RD 2, Box 291-F, Stevens, PA 17578.

All seasons comfort in passive solar house in desert highlands. Low-cost maintenance. Solar-heated water and greenhouse. High-quality materials and workmanship. Welcoming Quaker community with land trust asks get-acquainted stay. \$55,000, low interest. Pictures and description on request. Campuzano, Friends SW Center, McNeal, AZ 85617.

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: Box 7737-F, Berkeley, CA 94707.

Feel like a misfit because of your views on spirituality, peace, etc.? Join new worldwide pen club. Write: CAAC, Box 188, Monticello, GA 31064.

Positions Vacant

Head counselor, 28 plus, for small, co-ed private camp, summer '87. Camping leadership experience, and good administrative skills. Songerleader. Write Sunapee Arts Camp, Box 177, Georges Mills, NH 03751.

Director, Peace Studies Program, University of Missouri-Columbia, August 1987. Teaching, research, administration, and outreach education with regard to peace concerns on and off campus. Ph.D. preferred. Renewable, three-year contract. Letter, resume, and three letters of recommendation to Marvin Rogers, Department of Political Science, University of Missouri, Columbia, MO 65211. Equal opportunity employer. Review of applications will begin on January 15, 1987.

Research Interns. Three positions available assisting FCNL's lobbyists with legislative work. These are eleven-month paid assignments, usually filled by recent college graduates, beginning September 1, 1987. Duties include research, writing, monitoring issues, attending hearings and coalition meetings, and maintaining clipping and issue files. Applications close March 15, 1987. For information, write or call the Friends Committee on National Legislation, 245 Second Street SE, Washington, DC 20002. Phone (202) 547-6000.

Two new positions opening within Friends General Conference. 1) Data Processor, full time, at the Friends General Conference office in Friends Center, Philadelphia. Experience necessary in systems planning and management, computer programming, data entry, and training of personnel in computer use; familiarity with the Religious Society of Friends also helpful. Equipment on-site includes IBM-PC XT, with dBase III, and dedicated NBI word processor. Job description and salary available upon request. Applications should be submitted by January 9, 1987, to Marty Walton, FGC, 1520-B Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. 2) Field Secretary, 2/5 time, in Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting & Association and Piedmont Friends Fellowship areas, called the Mid-South Region. This position entails traveling in the region to meet with Friends in monthly meetings and worship groups for the exchange of resources and the strengthening of the Religious Society of Friends. Applicants should have a broad understanding and appreciation of the varieties of Quaker experience and skills in listening and communication, facilitating retreats and workshops, and Quaker process. Job description and salary available upon request. Send resume and letter describing your vision of ministry among Friends to Marty Walton, FGC, 1520-B Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. Applications accepted until January 9, 1987.

Our rapid growth means we always need your skills in our self-help housing ministry. Basic needs provided for volunteers. Three month U.S./three-year international commitment. Contact Habitat for Humanity, Dept. V4, Habitat & Church, Americus, GA 31709. (912) 924-6935.

Friends United Meeting is looking for a Meeting Ministries Associate Secretary to start July 1, 1987. Qualifications: The Associate Secretary must be a committed, growing Christian; should have a bachelor's degree (graduate or seminary degree preferred); must have demonstrated creativity in religious programming; must have experience and demonstrated skill in curriculum development and teacher training; must be committed to working as a team member and willing to formulate ideas and programs to be implemented by others; should have at least four years experience working with Friends congregations; must have some significant administrative experience in religious activities; five years ministerial experience is desirable; must be aware of healthy congregational dynamics and have first-hand experience in creating them; and should have knowledge of Friends and what their testimonies are in the world; must have proven administrative ability. Applications available from Friends United Meeting, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374; phone (317) 962-7573. Application deadline January 15, 1987. Please forward this ad to people you think may be interested.

Art History and Humanities or Studio Art. Tenure track. Responsibility for history offerings of art department (some team teaching with music and drama) plus one-third time in humanities or other areas, possibly studio art. Secondary non-European competence welcomed. Sharing of departmental management expected. Women, members of racial minorities, and those sympathetic to Quaker values encouraged. Ph.D. in art history desirable, other background possible. Begins September 1987. Apply with c.v. and three letters of reference to Leonard Holvik, Box 145, Earlham College, Richmond, IN 47374. Liberal arts college, AA/EOE. Application review begins December 15.

Staff needed for '87 N.E.Y.M. Friends camp located South China, Maine, seeks counselors in pottery, music, crafts, lifesaving. Also cook, nurse or L.P.N., E.M.T. Write Susan Morris, Director, P.O. Box 84, East Vassalboro, ME 04935, or call (207) 923-3975.

National peace organization seeks administrator. Job includes overseeing budget, direct mail, and other fundraising. Salary is \$15,000 plus benefits. Send resume and references to Sabrina Sigal Falls, CCCO/An Agency for Military and Draft Counseling, 2208 South St., Philadelphia, PA 19146.

Wardens are required for Friends House, Melbourne, Australia. The position would be suitable for a married couple, one of whom had other employment. There is no remuneration but free accommodation, heating, and lighting. The work offers opportunities for concerned Friends. The term is for 1-2 years by arrangement. For further information write to Lorraine Flack, 171 Lawrence Rd., Mount Waverly, 3149, Victoria, Australia.

Schools

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

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. Coed, boarding, grades 9-12 and post grad. college prep. Founded in 1957. Rindge, NH 03461. (603) 899-3366.

Services Offered

Frustrated by paper clutter? Office and household records organized for your special needs. Filing systems designed, work spaces planned, organizing solutions for moving or retirement. Horwitz Information Services, (215) 544-8376.

Our professional, confidential service will expedite moving, unclutter attics, appraise and liquidate estates. References upon request. Our 17th year—greater Philadelphia area. Evenings, (215) 765-8288.

From manuscripts to finished books: Celo Press, publisher of Quaker books, also produces books for individuals. If you have a manuscript that you want edited, designed, typeset, printed, and/or bound in a professional and economic way, write to Celo Press, Attn: D. Donovan, 1901 Hannah Branch Rd., Burnsville, NC 28714.

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

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

Family Relations Committee's Counseling Service (PYM) provides confidential professional counseling to individuals, couples in most geographic areas of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. All counselors are Quakers. All Friends, regular attendees, and employees of Friends organizations are eligible. Sliding fees. Further information or brochure—contact Arlene Kelly, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 988-0140.

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.

Summer Camps

Looking for a challenging Quaker-and-music summer program for ages 10-18? FRIENDS MUSIC CAMP, July 12-August 9 at Barnesville, Ohio. Write FMC, P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (513) 767-1311.

Vacation Opportunities

Sweden this summer. All ages. International group. Study language, Scandinavian democracy. \$900/four weeks. Tuition, room, meals, trips. William Hendrikson, 33266 Roadern, Mancos, CO 81328.

If you would like help arranging vacation home exchanges with British families, please contact ASAP, James Bradshaw (FJ), 15, Benyon Gardens, Cufford, IP28 6EA, England. Phone: (from USA) 01144-284-84-315.

Warm Snowbird Nest. Two-bedroom farmhouse in Quaker community near Mexico area rich in birds, hiking trails, sunshine. Including gas and electric \$175 monthly, wood heating extra. Snowbird Friends S.W. Center, McNeal, AZ 85617.

Wanted

Financial help to build a meetinghouse in the Quaker historic area Annapolis/Anne Arundel County, Maryland, birthplace of Baltimore Yearly Meeting. Interest-free loans, gifts, low interest loans. Contact Schuyler Elsbree, Annapolis Friends Meeting, P.O. Box 3142, Annapolis, MD 21403. (301) 647-3591, evenings.

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