Public Sanctuary
In Iowa City

My Inscrutable
Neighbor
And I

The Challenge
of Nonconformity
Among Friends

Starting Anew

As this issue of the JOURNAL goes to the printer, we are experiencing the end of summer and the beginning of a new school year. Our children/grandchildren are settling into new classrooms; new sneakers are beginning to look a bit scuffed; lunchboxes are starting to collect peanut butter in the cracks; and freshly sharpened, new pencils are already showing signs of toothmarks and flattened erasers.

For the rest of us, long absent from such formal academic pursuits, we begin our own “fall semesters” in a variety of ways. The biggest challenge in my life just now is feeling the absence of my son Simeon (4½ years old) from my life at Friends Center. He has proudly “graduated” from his day care program just downstairs from my office, and is now attending prekindergarten at “a big-boy’s school”—the same Friends school where brother Andrew (6½) has started first grade. I miss Sim’s happy chatter on the back of my bike on my way to work each morning, and I occasionally lift my eyes from desk work when I think I hear his voice out on the playground.

Acknowledging this passage, I turn my energies to new projects, the first being completion of the October issue of the JOURNAL. And here it is, a new 40-page format and all.

Long-time readers of the magazine will discover a few surprises. For those of you, for instance, who look first at the letters in the back, don’t feel lost; look on page 4. We recognize our Forum is a favorite department, so we have moved it up front where you can find it more quickly. And for you who like to write longer letters than the editors usually accept, there will be one a month on our Viewpoint page. Hal Cope leads off this month with some timely words about Quaker leadership.

Other new departments are here as well: there’s a Bulletin Board for you to post and read messages; Witness, a chance to share accounts of the many peace and justice efforts of individuals and meetings; and Then and Now, a glimpse of Quaker history.

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For you who feel restless at the thought of too many changes at once (Simeon, for instance, cried when he learned he can no longer take his favorite toys to school with him—the teacher says it causes “too much confusion”), do not worry; you will still find your old favorites—Books, Milestones, Reports, Classifieds, and Meetings (the directory, however, published just in alternate months). We have dressed up the departments with some new type for headlines, and have introduced it all with a more readable and inviting contents page. And, of course, we shall offer the same rich assortment of challenging articles on a wide range of topics and Friendly concerns.

So we wish you the best of the new season and eagerly await your response to this new “course offering.”

And this final note. It is not too late to send student subscriptions to those away at schools and colleges. (See our advertisement on page 21 for full details.) What better way to share the message!
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Cover photo by Don Byerly
Clearly Prophetic

I read the article, “A Clearness,” by Friend Janet Hemphill Minshall in the July 1/15 issue. Her account of her joining “in a holy union under Friends care and oversight” is very interesting. Her repudiation of marriage as it is commonly understood and the role of the state in relation to such a contract is quite prophetic. Her views and values are very clear and principled. Apparently the Atlanta Friends Meeting respected her views and values and accommodated her plans for a ceremony that included elements from the marriage ceremonies of other religions.

I am sure that there is much more to this story. I hope FRIENDS JOURNAL will invite a contribution from someone else in the Atlanta Friends Meeting describing the meeting’s experience responding to Friend Janet’s prophetic views.

Richard R. Whitam
Spencer, W.V.

Regarding the article, “A Clearness”: I believe line 12 in column 3, page 6, is meant to read, “Thus we learned that the words ‘marriage’, ‘husband’, and ‘wife’, are (delete ‘not’) owned by the state, and one may not use them without acquiescing to the state’s definition and terms of agreement.”

This article is a finely written and well-thought-out piece which has great value to many of us who have been “married,” to our great damage. However, ignorance can be remedied, and I thank Janet and Free for the enlightening actions.

M.R. Eucalyptus
Kansas City, Mo.

Speaking of Abuse

I have especially noted the communication in the July 1/15 Forum section from Estelle Y. Ciccone of Somerville, N.J. She very eloquently expressed my sentiments 100 percent, and I salute her.

FRIENDS JOURNAL welcomes contributions from readers. We reserve the right to edit all letters. Submissions to Viewpoint should be limited to 1,000 words. Submissions to Forum should be no longer than 300 words. Although we would like to print all contributions we receive, space is limited, and we urge Friends to be succinct.

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Addressing the Issue

I threw away the letter requesting a contribution to FRIENDS JOURNAL. Why? Well, I was a very new subscriber and felt I would wait. The May issue convinced me to retrieve the letter from the trash. The article about sexual abuse (“Sexual Abuse and Recovery”) and the last page’s request regarding the eleventh commandment (“Thou shalt not commit incest”) were the reasons. I have been working with the Child Assault Prevention program in Ohio. It has made me aware of a very grave problem of sexual abuse and incest, a problem greatly compounded by silence, fear, ignorance, denial. Addressing the issue and confronting it is long overdue. Thank you for your concern.

Tom Houston
Mount Vernon, Ohio

Test Zone is North

The Pacific Nuclear Test Zone is moved to the South Pacific on page 7 of the August issue (“Friends and Hibskusha,” by Lynne Shivers). Bikini, Eniwetok, and the rest of the Marshall Islands are in the North Pacific, although it may sound unnatural and disloyal to the memory of Mario Lanza.

Every crew member of the Pacific Peacemaker practiced placing the Philippines, Micronesia, and Hawaii in the North Pacific until it began to sound almost right. After we sailed to the Marshall Islands and to Palau, the 54-foot ketch spent a year in Australia.

The Pacific Peacemaker was turned over to the Nicaraguan government by Sister Josie Reichlin in August. From blocking the first Trident submarine to serving the villagers on Nicaragua’s east coast, the Peacemaker has been privileged to belong to a class of ships that includes the Golden Rule, the Fri, the Phoenix, La Flor, the Sea Shepherds and the Rainbow Warriors.

Will Werley
Stevenson, Md.

Thorough Praise

August 1/15, 1987, is a GOOD issue. I read it deliberately, from the Table of Contents right on.

Valerie Taylor’s “Testimony . . .”: you mean the veil is rent and we can say right out loud what we are thinking about in meeting? I was roused! And happy that such thoughts were not just my own secrets, especially the item about Quaker grey . . . which of course can’t be found back East or out West.

“The Second Message from Hiroshima and Nagasaki” was exactly right for today’s time alone; I remembered the time of day, but had no one to speak to. I have long wanted to hear discussed the second step of any bombing, the fact you may survive. And disfigurement brought its next wave of inhumanity. And then
still the next step, the fact that life continued, supported by human love.

Ellen Paullin’s “Legacy” brings together what I’ve asked for: Where did the VPMs (Veterans of Peace Mobilizations) go? Are they still mobile? I had just recently read about the “rainy cold Saturday” and was wondering what support Central America was drawing.

Quaker Crostic: I perused, found the answer, and leapt to it. Nice quotation!

“Talking about God”: Now here’s the sort of article I’d like to put in both Evangelical Friend and Quaker Life. (I keep asking for a Rufus Jones II who will edit together all our Quaker publications so I can neat up my reading shelf.) Under Forum, I find John Everhart weighing the Christ experience and standing among unprogrammed Friends? I hope he likes the article, and that he finds it lets him move in and out of Friends.

And then after all the mind exercise on theology, how just right to read Charles Randall’s thought for the seasons . . . . Ah . . . today the season for Waning Sun has started!

Yes, I read the adv. and wished I was young again in order to apply for all the enticing positions!

Thoreau Raymond Coeymans, N.Y.

Language is Finite

I am deeply grateful for Wallace Cayard’s “How I Have Changed in Talking About God” in the August issue of Friends Journal.

As a former Methodist, who converted to the Episcopal Church in my twenties before becoming an agnostic and then joining the Unitarian Church, and a present Friend, I, too, have changed the way I feel about God. I have been struggling for some time, however, to find the right words to talk about God. At least I am released from my feeling of inadequacy through the realization that language is finite and limited and therefore insufficient to define God. The lack of creeds is one of the many qualities about Friends that attracted me in the first place.

My hope is that Wallace Cayard has helped to heal the rift between Christocentric and Universalist Friends through the sharing of his thoughtful words.

Carole Hope Depp Goochland, Va.

continued on page 29

Viewpoint

Concern for Leadership in the Society of Friends

In July 1979 a five-day workshop on leadership was held at Pendle Hill. The opening statement of the report coming out of this workshop states:

... we all know that there are not enough competent, committed Friends willing to assume positions of responsibility as presidents of our colleges, as directors of our service institutions, as heads of our schools, as clerks of meetings and committees. There is a grim complementary fact: the burnout of those willing to take such responsibilities is increasingly swift and destructive.

We cry out for leaders but deny them the chance to lead because in our naivete we demand of them godlike infallibility and virtue, and in our consequent disillusion we hobble them by insisting that we all share in every decision. It is an age of mistrust.

Having had the opportunity during the past 40 years to work in various capacities, with a number of Friends Groups, I feel the need to share my concern about what is happening in many of our organizations.

Boards of trustees (or boards of managers) play a very important role in the operation of any given organization. I have served on boards ranging in size from seven to 60. There is no magic number for size, but my experience has shown that boards can function better if they are not too large. Can one really participate effectively in a board of 60? And does it matter if a member attends or not? One institution I served had a 44-member board with no tenure of office; you could serve indefinitely. When board structure was changed, and participation became vital and effective. The total size was reduced to 24, with eight members appointed for staggered three-year periods with the option to serve two more terms, for a total of nine years. After one year off the board, individuals would be eligible to start another three-year term if asked. In that way a valuable person could always be put back on the board. Depending on the organization, there can be effective boards which are much smaller and still representative of the constituency. However, whatever the size, there should be a definite number of years one can serve. Often boards of colleges have a category called trustee emeritus for people who have served faithfully and are distinguished and valuable members. They are given this status to be able to continue service.

Trustees have three major functions: (1) to employ or hire the chief executive or manager; (2) to set policy of operation; and (3) approve the yearly operational budget. There may be other responsibilities of boards.

In some boards with which I have been involved, I have found a situation developing that is not healthy. This has to do with some board members feeling they should get more involved in the operation, and bypass the director or manager, giving directions to staff in the organization. This kind of action places staff members in an awkward position, caught between the board member’s direction and the director’s or manager’s wishes. Also, some board members with expertise in financial matters get involved in actual preparation of the yearly budget instead of letting the director or finance manager prepare the budgets. In other words, the board member becomes involved in the actual operation. Often it develops that once a board member starts down this road, that unknowingly undermines the operation of the organization.

Let me quote from the pamphlet, Friends as Leaders, from the section “The Care and Nurture of Leaders In Quaker Institutions”:

Contrary to much present practice, Friends must discipline themselves to trust persons in positions of leadership to carry out the responsibilities of that position. We are concerned that there is evident in many Friends institutions today an irresponsible picking away at leaders, undermining and demoralizing those entrusted with authority. In addition, the practice of working through committees can actually impede and deaden leadership if every decision made by responsible persons has to be re-argued in committee.

We recommend that every Friends committee and institution examine carefully its function and personnel; that it define clearly the roles of its clerk or administrative office, its staff, and its committee; and that it establish mechanisms whereby both expectations and performance can be evaluated honestly, discreetly, and regularly.

Furthermore, we recommend that every Friends institution, be it school, college, service institution, or Meeting, give significant priority to the discovery, nurture, and development of the gifts of leadership of all those whom the institution touches.

As we all know, the demands upon Friends for leadership are heavy. Let’s give our chosen and appointed leaders a chance to lead and serve. All of us want good leaders, so let’s support them.

Harold C. Cope
Sandy Spring, Md.
Public Sanctuary In Iowa City

by Michael Kyte
"Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free. The wretched refuse of your teeming shore, send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me. I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

Emma Lazarus, 1849-1887

The re-opening of the Statue of Liberty last year was celebrated with joy and with a reaffirmation of what she has represented to generations of refugees and immigrants. Ironically, at that same time, Jose and Marina Sanchez celebrated their departure from the United States. They and members of their family were moving to Canada, where they had been granted political asylum. For the 18 months prior to their relocation to Canada, Jose and Marina lived in a public sanctuary provided by the Iowa City Sanctuary Project.

For Jose and Marina, the quest for sanctuary began in 1981, when they left El Salvador. Jose had worked in El Salvador with the government agency responsible for health and human services. He was active in the union and became a union officer in 1980. In 1981, two of the union officers and their families were murdered by the Salvadoran military. Soon after, Jose and his family left El Salvador. They spent three years in Mexico, entering the United States in 1984. One morning in Tijuana they put their three young children on a church bus that was traveling to Disneyland for the day. Jose and Marina crossed the border into California that night, narrowly escaping the agents of the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS). They were reunited with their children in Los Angeles a week later. While church groups in Los Angeles were able to give them some assistance, Jose wanted to work so that he could support his family. And he wanted to be able to tell his story, why he had to leave El Salvador and seek a life to the north. In the fall of 1984, he joined a sanctuary caravan that was bound for the Midwest. He and his family arrived in Iowa City in early 1985.

Several months before the Sanchez family crossed the border into the United States, two churches in the Iowa City area were considering an appropriate religious and spiritual response to the increasing number of refugees who had left their Central American homelands because of the violence perpetrated by their own governments, and funded, in part, by the United States government. During the fall of 1984, Faith United Church of Christ (UCC) and the Iowa City Friends Meeting independently began to consider options such as the overground railroad and public sanctuary. Both churches became sanctuaries in late 1984, Faith UCC in November 1984 and the Iowa City Friends Meeting the following month.

Both groups are relatively small, and while we each had committed to becoming a sanctuary, there was a feeling that, together, we would be stronger and more effective. Joint committees began to sort out the many tasks that would require attention once an individual or family arrived: where they would live, how much money would be required for their support, whether they could work, how much security would be required, how decisions affecting the group would be made, etc. During the month of January 1985, meetings were held several nights a week, as we struggled to define the possible situations that might emerge and what response would be necessary in each case. One thing was clear. We wanted to work with a family, and we felt that we could support, at most, four people. In early February, as we awaited our family of four, we were suddenly presented with the Sanchez family, an extended family of seven people: Jose and Marina, their three children (Claudia, Karla, and Juan Carlos), Marina’s sister Celina, and Celina’s son Ismael. While things turned out differently than we had expected, the fact that we were planning did help us organize a group of people who were willing to help the Sanchez family in their new life in Iowa City.

The issues of Central America that we had studied for so long in the abstract were now living with us in the seven strangers who had arrived at our door. The incidents that we had read about were now told, in personal detail, by seven people who had lived through them. Even the children had stories. Claudia, who was seven, described the bombings in her neighborhood on the outskirts of San Salvador. She talked about playing in the rubble of buildings that had been destroyed the previous day by her own country’s air force planes. We could see the terror with which she still lived when someone in her neighborhood in Iowa City would explode firecrackers or when a car would backfire. The problems of refugees were no longer INS statistics, Reagan speeches, or newspaper headlines. They were now problems of Celina, as she struggled with English so that she could find babysitting or housecleaning jobs, or as she tried to learn to use the public transit system in Iowa City so that she could get around independently.

Several times a month, representatives from the sanctuary project would speak to groups, mainly churches at first, about the Sanchez family. And each time it was a story of one family’s real struggle, not of problems in the abstract several thousand miles away. I once gave a talk about the sanctuary project to a conservative business women’s group in a rural community near Iowa City. Talking to them about the children—Claudia, Karla, Juan Carlos, and Ismael—made them aware of the complexities of the problems of Central America. For this group of women, previously aware only of the traditional government line, things could no longer be viewed simply in the perspective of the United States fighting an aggressive communist conspiracy. There were now real people involved.

Each day, it seemed that we were faced with new problems to resolve, another possibility for which we hadn’t planned. It soon became apparent that no matter how we tried to describe the project, to draw a boundary around the family and say this is what the sanctuary project is, the Sanchez family would say...
no, this is who we are, this is what we need. Our search for neatness, for a project that could always be managed, was, it seemed, always in vain. This was a constant struggle for a number of us, particularly when the issues presented to us by the Sanchez family were not simple: the need for more money; the welfare of family members still in El Salvador; the possible need for a car, etc. Though we resisted, we eventually adopted the view that the project had to be driven by the needs of the family, not by how we might view reasonable bounds or limits for the project. We learned flexibility and learned humility because we knew that our “best guesses” would change the next day or the next. To gain control of the project, we had to give up control.

The method of reaching the sanctuary decision was different for the two churches involved, and this had a number of important implications for the structure of the sanctuary project and how we made decisions as a group. The Iowa City Friends Meeting worked for consensus in its sanctuary decision, and once consensus was reached, there was (usually) a unity of purpose in proceeding with the project. Faith UCC, on the other hand, made its sanctuary decision on the basis of a congregational vote. While the sanctuary project was undertaken on the basis of a large majority of congregational support (usually upwards of 75 percent voted in favor of sanctuary-related issues), there was always a minority that required the attention and energy of the Faith UCC pastor and church council. It should be pointed out, however, that even with the unanimity within the Friends meeting on the sanctuary issues, there were a number of disagreements, many continuing and irresolvable, during the course of the sanctuary project. The method of decision-making also became an issue as the sanctuary project began to develop a structure. The sanctuary coordinating committee operated on the basis of consensus, nearly in the manner of Quakers, though the rules of operation that were eventually adopted did allow voting as a last resort when consensus was not possible. As it turned out, however, all matters were resolved through consensus. This in part was due to the growing sense of community that had developed between the two churches and the individuals involved in the sanctuary work. The infusion of Quaker ways into this ecumenical project reached its high point when Jose and Marina reaffirmed their wedding vows in a ceremony held at Faith UCC church. While the pastor of Faith UCC presided, there was a period of silent worship after which those present spoke their reaffirmation and recommitment to the Sanchez family and to refugee work.

Another issue with which we struggled at the beginning of the project was based on whether the nature of our work was political or humanitarian. Our involvement in providing assistance to refugees that the State Department had called illegal aliens had political overtones. Speaking against the actions and policies of our government in Central America was political. But, in the end, we decided that our most important mission was to provide a refuge for a family of Salvadorans who needed our help. It was their choice, not ours, to speak, and what to speak about. If they were ready to tell their story, so be it. If they just needed a place to live and feel safe, we would be ready to provide that too. Again, we tried to be sensitive to the needs of the family and not impose our view of what political rally they needed to be involved in, what speech they needed to make, or how things would “play” in the media.

As we soon found out, the Sanchez family consisted of more than the seven members who now lived in Iowa City. Jose and Marina each had parents who still lived in El Salvador. Jose had four brothers and sisters, while Marina had ten brothers and sisters. A number of them had left El Salvador and were now living in many different parts of the world: Australia, Mexico, France, the United States, and Canada. All, it seemed, had problems that needed attention. Jose and Marina now had a house and a marginal but steady income, and they felt a responsibility toward their parents and other family members who were struggling with poverty, threats of war, and displacement. They sent money they could not really spare to their family and they worried that some member of their family would be captured and returned to El...
Salvador. (This, in fact, recently occurred.) What we wondered was the proper role of the Iowa City sanctuary project with respect to these other family members? Should we provide the opportunity for them to come to Iowa City? Should we send money or other assistance to them? These were not easy questions, and each meant more work, each decision meant more money was needed. How much could we really do? Did we have limits, and what were they? We would sometimes answer these questions when we were tired and had lost our faith, and then somehow, when there didn’t seem to be enough time or money, there would be enough. We would have the energy to deal with a new family member, or to have another fund-raising concert, or to make that next speech that might mean more contributions.

The question of secrecy was one with which the group had to wrestle continually. Would the family be “safer” if they were completely underground, or would there be more sense of safety if we were open and public about all our actions? While a number of sanctuary groups decided that some degree of secrecy was required—and it is true that in some situations prudence is needed—we decided early in our work that if what we were doing was right, then we had better work directly in the Light. We had to be certain that providing refuge for this group of Salvadorans was what we needed to do, and we had to be ready to openly, and with pride, proclaim to the world (or at least to Iowa City) what we were doing. So we struggled with, and then put into practice, these simple rules. If we worked in the Light, no one could infiltrate our group. There would be no darkness for them in which to hide. If we looked for Truth in what we were doing, we would never have to lie to anyone—to INS agents, to the press, to anyone new who wanted to join the sanctuary project and provide help. Once we adopted these rules, it freed us from anxieties about having to question each of our actions, and from having to scrutinize any new person who would show up at our meetings.

The issue that most directly concerned us was the legal threat, the possibility that all of us were risking our families, our careers, our homes. Both religious bodies dealt directly with these potential legal risks at the beginning of the sanctuary project. But our fears were rekindled periodically. When the sanctuary workers were arrested in Arizona in January 1985, we questioned our commitment. When INS agents or State Department representatives made statements in the press about how we and other sanctuary workers were misguided, we wondered how soon we would be arrested. This was of particular concern to a number of us who were parents, both single and married parents alike. And when eight of the Arizona sanctuary workers were convicted in April 1986, we were again faced with the possibility that there was a cost to our actions. But we knew that there was also a cost to our inaction. And, most importantly, through the sense of community that had developed in our sanctuary group, among the church workers and the Sanchez family, we developed strength to face whatever consequences might lie ahead.

This story does have a happy ending. In April 1986, the Canadian government granted political asylum to nine members of the Sanchez family. This decision by the Canadian government reaffirms what we have believed all along: the Sanchez family fled their homeland of El Salvador because they had a reasonable fear of persecution, and their safety was in extreme jeopardy. Our own 1980 Refugee Act requires the granting of asylum for cases like theirs.

Shortly after the conviction of the eight sanctuary workers in Arizona, a friend of mine wrote a letter to the local paper in Iowa City. The Statue of Liberty, she pointed out, is hollow, it is really just a facade. The image, it struck me, is becoming truer of our country. We talk proudly about who we are and what we stand for. But when will we put substance into our ideals, and let action follow our beliefs? There are more families like the Sanchezes in the United States, thousands more. All need assistance, many need sanctuary. The stranger is still at our door.
Late one Saturday night the telephone rang. "Hello," I said, anticipating a welcome call from my brother. Instead it was a strange voice that replied: "Hello, are you the pastor at First Friends?" ("Oh no," I groaned to myself, having been besieged by crisis calls from persons who were destitute.) "Yes, I am," I confessed reluctantly.

During the next 10 or 15 minutes the woman on the line poured out her sad story. Two days earlier her family had come to the city seeking employment, and now they were out of money, had no place to sleep, and were hungry.

Immediately, I referred her to a well-memorized list of community resources such as the Salvation Army. Each facility was full, I was told, or would not accommodate families. Every suggestion I made drew a negative reply.

Late Saturday night! What could I do at 11:00 p.m.? I felt angry about this intrusion. Why had she called me?

She had already explained that reason earlier in the conversation. "My grandmother was a Quaker and I thought you might be able to help us." I thought of all the good works Quakers are known for and I began to feel the weight of obligation. Her dilemma became my dilemma. "Could I call you back?" I asked, grasping for time to sort through what I was hearing and feeling.

I wondered what in the world I could do. On the one hand, I felt put upon. I really did not want to be bothered. Yet, I felt very uncomfortable with the thought of dismissing this cry for help. In desperation, I turned to my two daughters, aged 13 and 16. "What can I do?" I asked. They looked puzzled. Was there someone in the meeting I could call? At 11:00 Saturday night, the options seemed limited.

The two great commandments loomed before me as unyielding as the Rock of Gibraltar: "Love God and your neighbor." That had always seemed like good general advice, but now I felt worried by the prospect of specific application. The parable of the Good Samaritan flashed before me and I wanted to intellectualize like the young lawyer, "Who is my neighbor?"

But I knew very well the definition of that term. Jesus made it very clear that the word "neighbor" refers both to any person in need, like the injured man on the road to Jericho, and to any person who responds to that need, as did the Good Samaritan. Nor did Jesus qualify the definition by saying "Help only those who help themselves," or "only those who are gracious and say 'thank you.'" Even the person who, like the man injured on the Jericho road, is stupid enough to bring many of his troubles on himself, somehow qualified as a worthy neighbor.

The internal debate continued. "Why are you trying to pass the buck?" one side of me asked. "You have a big home," And the other side replied, "But it's late and you have other priorities." "Girls," I asked, "shall we invite them to stay with us?"

"How long would they stay?" they asked.

"Two nights," I replied. "By Monday we should have something worked out for them."

"How many are there?" they persisted.

"Well, there are the parents and three teenagers." "Lord, have mercy," I thought. "I already have two teenagers, I don't need three more. No! No! These people are strangers." Then the other side of me asked: "Will you put your hospitality where your mouth is?" My resistance collapsed. My daughters agreed.

Two nights became two weeks as we searched for adequate housing, raised money for rent and food, and secured employment for both spouses, only to learn a few months later that the family had left town and had been evicted for not paying any further rent.

After 14 days, I had new questions about loving one's neighbor, and I wasn't so sure it was a good idea. Had I been naive? I learned firsthand that it is risky, costly, very inconvenient, and may end in disappointment. There are no guarantees.

This experience, with some variations, has been duplicated in many of our own lives, if not by crisis appeals, then by the challenge to bridge the gulf between ourselves and those whose works and ways and values are alien to our own. We might identify our own set of inscrutable neighbors, those whose ethics, lifestyle, and general attitude seem to be beyond our capacity to fathom. It may be a political figure whose social or economic perspective seems light-years away from our own and whose political judgments appear to be guided by assumptions or expediencies that leave us aghast and mystified. It may be a teenager who knows rationally the risk of drugs or of drunk driving and yet persists in playing his or her own game of Russian roulette. Or it may be the television evangelist whose awful theology seems harmless enough except as it is intended to disguise his own political or financial ambitions with a cloak of innocence and divine endorsement. In our difficult human relationships, how do we find our way between conditional love and naivete? To be easily deceived as to the history, tendencies, motives, and methods of others seems to me to miss the mark. Surely love is not blind innocence and divine endorsement. In our difficult human relationships, how do we find our way between conditional love and naivete? To be easily deceived as to the history, tendencies, motives, and methods of others seems to me to miss the mark. Surely love is not blind innocence and divine endorsement. In our difficult human relationships, how do we find our way between conditional love and naivete? To be easily deceived as to the history, tendencies, motives, and methods of others seems to me to miss the mark. Surely love is not blind innocence and divine endorsement. In our difficult human relationships, how do we find our way between conditional love and naivete? To be easily deceived as to the history, tendencies, motives, and methods of others seems to me to miss the mark. Surely love is not blind innocence and divine endorsement. In our difficult human relationships, how do we find our way between conditional love and naivete? To be easily deceived as to the history, tendencies, motives, and methods of others seems to me to miss the mark. Surely love is not blind innocence and divine endorsement. In our difficult human relationships, how do we find our way between conditional love and naivete? To be easily deceived as to the history, tendencies, motives, and methods of others seems to me to miss the mark. Surely love is not blind innocence and divine endorsement. In our difficult human relationships, how do we find our way between conditional love and naivete? To be easily deceived as to the history, tendencies, motives, and methods of others seems to me to miss the mark. Surely love is not blind innocence and divine endorsement. In our difficult human relationships, how do we find our way between conditional love and naivete? To be easily deceived as to the history, tendencies, motives, and methods of others seems to me to miss the mark. Surely love is not blind innocence and divine endorsement. In our difficult human relationships, how do we find our way between conditional love and naivete? To be easily deceived as to the history, tendencies, motives, and methods of others seems to me to miss the mark. Surely love is not blind
of wolves” and their strategy for penetrating such a hostile environment was to be “wise as serpents and harmless as doves.” It seems difficult to imagine any person possessing both of these qualities simultaneously, but that is exactly what we are to work toward; what Martin Luther King once termed, “a tough mind and a tender heart.”

In his book Souls on Fire, Elie Wiesel speaks of the life of Baal Shem, the Polish-born Jew and father of modern Hasidism who died in 1760. Wiesel identifies inner integrity as life’s essential ingredient. “Any man who loves God while hating or despising his creation will in the end hate God. A Jew who rejects his origins, his brothers, to make a so-called contribution to mankind,” says Wiesel, “will in the end betray mankind.”

“What is extraordinary about this insight is that most Jews in Baal Shem’s time would have regarded the ritual act of the sign of the cross with contempt because their forebears had suffered at the hands of Christians who, with missionary zeal, crusaded for the blood of ‘Christ Killers.’” What Christians regarded as a symbol of redemption, Jews perceived as a sign of annihilation. Yet Baal Shem warmed a friend that a Christian who did not cross himself when passing by a church was “dangerous and wicked.”

Like electricity passing through steel, this remarkable man had the capacity to enter into the life of another and to discern what was going on within. Being both tough and tender, he had the ability to feel and think what the other was feeling and thinking. He could not only see through the eyes of a Jew but also through the eyes of a Christian, and he could perceive the evil thoughts and motives that lurked within, much as Jesus perceived the hearts of the Pharisees.

This capacity to see into the heart of another is not to be confused with psychic powers or ESP, nor is it magic. It is agape, the loving invasion and occupation of the very mind, soul, and self of the other, enabling the lover to experience the thoughts and feelings of the beloved, even when those thoughts and feelings are pernicious and perverse.

We may argue that such love is impossible, but it isn’t. Teachers more recent than Baal Shem have not only shown that such agape is possible but is creative, healing, and relevant in dealing with the difficult neighbor. Consider the story of Goldie Bristol and her husband, whose daughter was raped and murdered in 1970. For them, loving their inscrutable neighbor meant correspondence with the convicted killer. It meant working through their own anger, hurt, and desire for revenge. It meant traveling from their home in Detroit to a prison in California, speaking before some 70 inmates, and offering forgiveness to the guilty man.

To the Quaker farmer in colonial America who heard a late night disturbance in his cellar, agape meant quietly walking up behind the thief who was catching hams from the pork barrel as the second thief was pitching them up from below. It meant continuing to catch the meat when the first thief fled, and when the second came up from the cellar, the farmer confronting his neighbor with the gentle query: “Is thee hungry?” After receiving an affirmative answer (for the man was without employment), it meant sending some meat home to the hungry family and inviting him to report for work the next morning.

For Delbert Replogle, loving his inscrutable neighbor involved negotiation with an Arab sheik. The sheik wanted a bribe to “protect” a military camp abandoned by the British. The Quaker team, working with the refugees in the Gaza Strip, after the Arab-Israeli war in 1948, needed the equipment and supplies left behind at that camp, and the Egyptian Government assured the Quakers they might have the materials for their work in Gaza. Egypt would even provide free rail transportation. The sheik, while claiming to offer protection for the camp, was really threatening to destroy all the valuable equipment unless he was bribed. Delbert, with his amazing diplomatic ability, enlisted the sheik and his men to help dismantle the camp and load the supplies on the rail cars. For their labor all the men were paid, and their friendship was assured, a decided asset to both the Palestinians and the Quakers.

What can we learn from such masters of the art concerning how we can better understand and relate to other people, particularly those whom, for whatever reason, we find especially alien and inscrutable? Perhaps there is nothing really new that we have not already learned from Jesus. But this does not make the contributions of others superfluous. Lessons of the soul always need to be relearned and reinforced. The more good teachers we have, the more we learn and the more we grow in the wisdom of agape.

I have suggested for one thing that agape demands being at once tough-minded and tender-hearted. We don’t have to be unbelievably gullible to be loving, nor will agape allow us to turn a deaf ear to a cry for help.

I have said too that agape requires that we walk in our neighbor’s moccasins, which involves a radical and total self-identification with the other in what is, in fact, a demonstration of Christ’s incarnation. Even as Christ was an embodiment in the flesh of the Divine Spirit, so he called us his followers, to clothe with the flesh his spirit in all our relationships. Christ is the Lord, the Holy Spirit, the Inner Light, or whatever we choose to call that Divine breath or wind that we have known experientially. It is everlastingly in the world, seeking to reconcile the world to God. It is that Spirit which acts through a faithful human agent whenever, by the power of agape, one soul lovingly invades another.

A third important truth is that agape inescapably requires risk. The Jericho Road is always dangerous for anyone who, like the good Samaritan, reaches out in compassion or concern. If one is concerned with safety first, then it is necessary to travel by a different route than love requires. To embark on the highway of agape is to toss to the wind a predictable and safe journey. Comfort, security, assurance of success and noble virtues in our society must all be
expendable. This does not mean that one has to be naive concerning the evil in the heart of the other, but it does require that one stake one's own life on the conviction that there is an element of good, an element of Christ in the other person, waiting to be reached.

The Quaker vision of the universal ministry reminds us that we are ministers, servants called to carry on the work of the suffering servant. Throughout Christian history there has been a persistent tendency to forget this fact and to assume Christ's suffering somehow enabled his followers to live comfortably and risk free.

Long ago the Jericho Road was known as the Bloody Pass. We wonder both how and why the priest and the Levite passed by the injured man. It could be that they were afraid of being ambushed themselves, or that they were busy with their own agenda, pressured by a timetable that did not allow for such interruptions as a compassionate response might require. Or, it may be that they perceived the wounded man as a fraud, a faker who sought to draw innocent travelers to his side so that they, too, could be robbed. It is quite possible that the first question the priest and Levite asked was: "If I stop to assist this man, what will happen to me?" Safety first!

The amazing thing is that the Good Samaritan reversed that question. "If I do not help this man, what will happen to him?" One of the first and authentic signs of Christian redemption is liberation from self-regard and self-centeredness, which is the central root of all human corruption. The true neighbor is willing to risk the dangers of the Bloody Pass, jeopardizing his position, his prestige, and, if necessary, his life to minister to the need of the other.

When Gertrude Stein lay dying in Paris, some of her friends were gathered around her. She opened her eyes and said, "What is the answer?" They did not reply because they did not know the answer any more than anyone else did. "Well, then," she asked, "What is the question?" Those were her last words.

I certainly do not know many answers but I do know one of the tough questions: "Do you love your neighbor, not just the congenial one, but the difficult one as well?" My own conclusion is that although I find it difficult to love difficult people, it is not impossible. It does involve risk, but when I resolve to take that risk a kind of miracle occurs. It is always a miracle when love bridges across troubled waters. There is no escape from the fact that reaching out to our inscrutable neighbor involves a price to be paid. But love is extravagant and does not count the cost.

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**LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR**

And the Lord said
Love your neighbor
And I said who me
And he said yes you
And I said
I'm really very busy
And besides I have my hands full
Just taking care of my own
And the Lord said
You're stalling

And again the Lord said
Love your neighbor
Not only the good one
But the bad one too
And I said
Are you kidding
I don't want to
And he said
I didn't ask you
If you wanted to
And I said Lord
I don't like him
He's mean
And I can't trust him
And he'll make a fool of me
And other people don't like him either
And the Lord said baloney
And yet a third time
The Lord said to me

Love your neighbor
And I said
Do I have to
And He said
Do you love me
And I said it's risky
And I might get hurt
And I can't take it by myself
And the Lord said
And where do you think I'll be
And the Lord said once more
Love your neighbor
And I said you never give up
Do you
And he said no I never give up
And I said why not
Don't you get tired
And He said yes
I get very weary
And I said then why Lord why
And He said because you're worth it
And your neighbor is too
And I said wow
You care that much
And He said yes
I really care
Love one another
As I have loved you

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*With apologies to author Lois Rensberger (Alive Now, May-June, 1973), I have adapted her poem to this theme and added to it.*
I have often wondered about the value of having meeting for worship with children. Although I spend time in my classroom preparing my fourth graders for meeting, by teaching them to relax and meditate, and by leading them through guided fantasies, I have yet to meet the child who embraces the half hour in the meetinghouse as a time to talk with or listen to God.

After a recent experience of children’s meeting for worship, I decided that perhaps I needed to alter my perception, rather than change or dismiss the experience itself. At the age of six or nine, it may not be the inward journey which is important. Perhaps, at this age, children are experiencing a gathering of open eyes rather than minds. Perhaps I need to open my own eyes wider and join them.

Ross and Joey are sitting on the facing bench. They look around and watch the fourth graders filing into their seats in the meetinghouse. Ross turns to Joey and smiles at him. “Look at Colin’s hat,” he whispers.

“It’s pretty cool,” Joey answers.

Amy’s fifth-grade class is just getting settled. Amy’s teacher sits next to her. If she doesn’t make any noise, Amy is pretty sure she can signal across the meetinghouse to Susie without getting caught. She lifts her arms and bends them at the elbows so they fit around her face like wings. She flaps them and sneaks a quick peek at her teacher. “Good, she’s not looking,” thinks Amy. But Susie is, so Amy flaps her arms some more, smiles a huge smile and waves a tiny wave. The teacher finally notices and nods to Amy. Amy stops smiling and stretches. She yawns as she looks back at her teacher, as though she has been yawning and stretching all along.

Allie is in the first grade. She looks at her pink sneakers swinging at the end of her legs. All the first graders have dangling shoes. Allie looks down the row and watches them swing. Back and forth. Back and forth. After a while, her legs get tired. She slides her feet up onto the seat in front of her, one foot on either side of Rameen. Rameen looks at the pink sneakers and then looks back at Allie. He doesn’t mind the feet beside him. The sneakers are a pretty color and he gazes at the pictures of Garfield the Cat which are painted on their sides. Then he watches the sneakers disappear. Allie’s legs have gotten tired in this position too.

Elizabeth is in third grade. She is singing to her fingers. As the song goes on she bends her fingers down one after another until only one finger is left. She sings the last lines of the song to that solitary finger. Then her fingers curl in her lap, delighted with the song they have heard. Her fingers hum, like bees in a meadow. Her fist is a hive and the bees hum home, singing the song that Elizabeth has taught them.

Chad wants to stand up in the meeting. He wants to say “Meeting is a good place to think thoughts to yourself.” He sits on the edge of the bench. Soon Elizabeth’s bees are humming around in his stomach. He begins to feel sick. He moves back into the bench, but the urge to share moves him forward again. He is like a wind-up toy, like Allie’s dangling sneakers. Back and forth he moves. Up a little, then down. He is so intent on the struggle to brace his feet on the floor and push himself up to a standing position, that he has forgotten what he wants to share. He sits back against the bench. “Meeting is a good place.” He can’t remember the rest. He tries to think of something new to say but he is worried that the principal will shake Anu’s hand before he can make up the words in his head.

Susie and Amy are smiling at each other again. John smiles at Joey. Jane

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Jane McVeigh-Schultz teaches fourth graders at Abington Friends School. She attends Abington (Pa.) Meeting and lives in Ardsley, Pennsylvania.
catches Joey's eye and smiles at him. He knows she has seen him smiling at John, and her smile is telling him to settle down, but he smiles back anyway. Almost everyone is looking around now. With their eyes they are spinning thin wires across the meetinghouse. One minute, two at the most, is enough time for sitting with closed eyes and inside thoughts. The children don't know how to gather all the people in with their thoughts, and gathering is their task.

The meetinghouse is bursting with children, with eyes to be caught and held. Where the eyes hold, a thread is spun. God notices the threads and begins to walk across them. Using her parasol for balance she skims across the threads. She feels the room thickening. It becomes a web. The older children are the weavers. They keep sending out threads, catching others. They spin new ones when the strands drop or are snapped in two. They make the web so they can dance in the light they have cast through the room.

One minute, two at the most, is enough time to gather all the people in with their thoughts. The children don't know how much everyone is looking around now. With their eyes they are spinning thin wires across the meetinghouse. One minute, two at the most, is enough time for gathering is their task. The older children are the weavers. They keep sending out threads, catching others. They spin new threads. The children don't know how to gather all the people in with their thoughts, and gathering is their task.

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The Emperor Nail

Like all nails, he went into a deep sleep when pounded into the wood that would be his new home. Upon awakening, the first thing the Nail saw was all the shiny heads of the other nails bowing toward him.

“I must be important,” thought the Nail. He tried to look around, but was held tightly by the pitch in the new wood.

“Hello,” said a small mouth in the center of a bald head encircled by many long, hairy legs. “I’m Marlene and this is my web. It catches flies for my hundreds of spider babies.” One of Marlene’s many legs wrapped sticky gray rope around the Nail’s neck, and then she swung away.

The Nail had to know. “Marlene,” he called excitedly, “Why am I so important?”

Marlene tilted her head first this way, then that, and then she flexed all her knees. “You stick out and anchor my web,” she said, then scurried away.

“That’s it!” thought the Nail. “I’m head and shoulders above the other nails.”

“Marlene! Marlene!” called the Nail, “everyone will want to know.”

“Know what?” Marlene asked as she marched around the corner.

“That I’m so important. Marlene, please take this message.”

Dear Friends:

It is all right for you to look up at me and call me Sir Nail.

Sincerely,

Sir Nail

“Sir Nail,” Marlene repeated as she mended her ropes. “Oh well, it will soon be a rusty nail.”

Sir Nail was sure that something wonderful was going to happen.

Munro Brook is a member of Middlebury (Vt.) Meeting and lives in Jeffersonville, Vermont. He works at the University of Vermont with parents and volunteers who wish to become actively involved in the development and education of their children.

He waited. And he waited ...

No one called him anything; no one even called him. Nothing wonderful happened.

“Maybe I’m not high enough,” he thought. “I need to stand out more. Then something wonderful will happen.”

Sir Nail began to struggle. He squirmed. He wiggled. He twisted and pushed with all his might! Slowly his slim, sharp body moved up. The wood anchor was now around his waist.

“Marlene! Marlene! Come see what I have done,” called the Nail.

Slowly, hand over hand, Marlene climbed her web. She looked at what the nail had done, and blinked three times. She then wrapped her web around a large, strong splinter.

“Marlene, take this message,” ordered Sir Nail.

Dear Subjects:

Because I am so important, you may now call me King Nail.

His Royal Majesty,

King Nail

“So King it will be,” said Marlene as she tested her web and swung away once more.

King Nail waited ...

And waited ...

Absolutely nothing happened.

“I’ll show them,” said the Nail. “I’ll rise so far above them that they will have to call me Emperor Nail.” Emperor Nail struggled and reached, lifted and stretched. As the wind gently rocked the barn, he pushed and pushed and pushed. Up and up and up he came. Until suddenly there was nothing to hold him! He fell to the ground, almost taking Marlene’s web with him.

Late that night storm clouds gathered and strong winds pounded the barn. All nails were needed. All nails were important. The barn struggled, but the storm was too strong. The barn slowly settled into a pile, completely covering the foolish nail.
Reweaving webs of relationship is our main business in life. The process begins with the great separation which is birth. The ensuing bonding/rewriting between parents and newborn child is no simple process because the individuality and conflicting needs of each assert themselves almost at once. All through life we go on bonding across differences, because we need others to make us whole. The tension involved in that bonding is part of the human condition, and we ignore or underestimate it at our peril. Loving isn't easy.

Those who are called to nonconforming witnesses have a particularly complex task in reweaving relationships because there are more differences to bond across. We know that many family webs were ruptured in wartime because families could not support sons who chose conscientious objection or nonregistration. A special witness of nonconformity is the gay-lesbian act of "coming out." This involves publicly affirming the spiritual, social, and biological rightness of forming a primary bond with a person of one's own sex—women loving women (lesbians) and men loving men (gays). It also means witnessing to the wholeness of each human being, man and woman.

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female; for you all are one in Christ Jesus." (Galatians 3:28)

That witness to oneness is something all of us can share with lesbians and gays, at the same time acknowledging that primary bonding with a person of one's own sex is a special case of the sexual bonding of the species. Some heterosexuals unite so strongly with the gay witness for wholeness and against the gender distinctions that warp personhood that they declare themselves "spiritual gays." (For the sake of simplicity I will use the term gay to refer to both lesbians and gays in this article.) That fellowship of concern is important to gays because their nonconformity results in the breaking of many family and community bonds as family and friends reject the nonconforming position. The rejection causes pain and
NONCONFORMITY

anguish only heightened by a public unwillingness to acknowledge even the legitimacy of the pain, let alone the position taken.

It is important for Friends to understand the consequences for those in their midst who make the nonconforming choice of being publicly gay. Because recent decades have been a relatively easy time for Friends—a time of respectability—many have forgotten or never knew the pain of nonconformity. Yet many of us who were rearing children at the close of World War II spent much time thinking about how to rear them to be war-rejecting nonconformists. The post-Hiroshima world looked very bleak indeed. It was not something we wanted our children to be part of. We wanted them to help shape and be citizens of a very different world. In those years I read about the lives of many peace-committed social change activists, hoping to find some clues to what gave them strength for nonconformity. I found certain common elements in the childhood of each: (1) an experience of solitude, separation from society in childhood, whether through illness, isolated living, family difference, or for other reasons; (2) an experience of close attachment to some adult while young, inside or outside the family; and (3) a capacity to daydream, to envision a different and better world, which became the basis for reconnecting with society as-it-could-be. The combination of having experienced both separation and bonding seemed to make the vision of the other possible, and drew the nonconforming activist to the work of reweaving the social web on behalf of the vision. Many Quaker gays and lesbians fit that model of social change activists.

Today the Quaker gay community has a special calling to reweave the social web on behalf of gays' vision. Their nonconforming witness comes out of the pain of their isolation, from the strength of the love they have known, and from the image of a different future social order. Many Friends are not only unaware of the social nature of the gay witness, they are unaware it is a witness at all. The gays' nonconforming position is all too often seen only in terms of human rights. In fact the gay position represents a deepening and enriching of Quaker testimonies on equality, nonviolence, community, and simplicity, and as such deserves our respect, love, and support.

Let us look at the gay contribution to the Quaker testimonies:

• Equality: The gay position goes beyond generally affirming equality in human relations. It deals with the specifics of the subordination of women to men, and to the specifics of all subordination—women to men and men to men. It sees inequality with x-ray eyes, in relation to age, class, ethnic, or cultural differences. Most of us affirm the testimony to equality without doing anything very complicated to maintain it. Gayness, however, sets aside all the conventional signs and symbols associated with traditional gender-based roles—which are also signs and symbols of inequality—and calls for crafting relationships that fully acknowledge the other as equal. Nothing can be taken for granted. It is only when one looks at society through gay eyes that one realizes how much unthinking social subordination goes on in daily life. Yes, much of it is “harmless,” but it is all part of the web of inequality. Early Friends took objection to hat honor and the honorific “you” with the same seriousness that gays take objection to gender and status honoring.

• Community: The gay witness to community permits no gender barriers to assumption of responsibility. On the other hand it gives a new positive definition to age-old customs in every society of women gathering with women and men gathering with men in various settings and for various occasions. The community of women helping women has been a positive nurturant force in society, and so has the community of men helping men (when the latter has not involved warmedaking). At present we move bumpily between same-sex and heterosexual groupings in our social enterprises. Gays can help enrich our understanding of the potentialities and strengths of each type of grouping.

• Simplicity: What many gays bring to the witness of simplicity is not only a rejection of accumulation for its own sake, but a highly developed aesthetic sense for the patterning of our environment. Whether the general public knows it or not, gays have made tremendous contributions to our society in the arts and humanities, and the tradition of doing so goes back a long way. Quaker “plain” turns beautiful.

• Celebration: Another contribution of gayness which enlivens many is the gay gift for celebration, for joyfulness, for the dance of life. A gay dance is a very different affair from most public dances, open and welcoming to all ages in the best tradition of Quaker family dancing—a needed counterweight to the Quaker tendency to gloom. Behind the gay joyfulness, won at great cost, is the deep spiritual experience of accepting one’s own gay identity, of being able to say aloud and in public, with pride and grace, “I am gay.”

• Discipline: Finally, there is the witness of the disciplined life. Discipline is a hard word to understand. By “disciplined life” I mean a careful intentionality, a choosing, a discerning, in one’s own actions. Gays who choose the responsibility of being publicly gay, set aside conventional social role assignments, and thus subject themselves to a constant process of discernment. Life has to be organized and directed toward the living of the new wholeness, to the crafting of the new person.

Reweaving the web at the family level is where broken bonds are most painful. Quaker gays have parents, grandparents, brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, and uncles like everyone else, but they are often (not always) treated as black sheep. When they form couples and marry, they would often like to be married under the care of their local meeting, but find it difficult to communicate that wish. They sometimes have children from former marriages, sometimes adopt children, sometimes take in singles with children—and very often serve in the time-honored role of extra parenting adult. Many of them work with children as teachers and caregivers. Like the celibate Shakers of an earlier era, many gays love children and
take care that there are children in their lives.

What is a family? In the broadest sense it is a complex of households of relatives spread widely over one or more continents, some of which carry out the functions of reproduction. In theory these households keep in touch and care about one another; from time to time they meet for family reunions. Sometimes gays are invited to family reunions, sometimes not. Most households develop an additional "extended family" of friends who are "like one of the family." Such extended families are especially important to gays. Sometimes Friends meetings organize extended family groups as part of the ministry of the meeting community, and gays are often part of these.

The sad truth, however, is that gays usually find themselves outside the family networks they most value, cut off from people they love, by the social obsession that gays are "unnatural," pathological people. The strengths which gays have to offer their families are so many, the rewards for their families of experiencing reconnection so great, one can only hope that increasingly families will reconsider mending ruptured relationships with gay offspring.

Many gays have special gifts and insights regarding family relationships that can strengthen both their families of origin and meeting families. These parallel the testimonies mentioned earlier. First and foremost is the testimony to equality in relationships. Because they accept no gender-based status differentials, gay couples are challenged with crafting an equality of relationships which few heterosexual partnerships achieve. Needless to say, it is based on a continuing openness to each other. At the same time, however, it must be remembered that gay couples live under stress. Gay couples long for stability and long-term relationships, but occasionally experience the same painful marital dissolutions that heterosexual couples go through.

They are denied the buffering effect which extended families provide young couples when troubles arise. The longing to reweave the family web and feel the support of parents and extended biological family is one of the most poignant aspects of being gay. The longing to reweave the web is not only personal; it is social. Gays long to help shape a society in which human beings and families are more gentle with one another.

How can the family web be reweoven? Caring about one's family does not in itself bring about reconnection, or there would be few gays separated from their families, so a kind of negotiation would seem in order. When differences are strong, mutual respect is the scarcest resource. In the case of gays, parents often do not respect their gayness, and gays themselves begin (sometimes unconsciously) to lose respect for their parents' continuing inability to accept their sons and daughters in new identities. For gays to work on ways to let their families know they respect them may be an important part of the process of winning respect in return.

Negotiation requires discovering common interests. One strong common interest between gays and their families is the hidden love on both sides which longs to find expression. It can be drawn out with patience. Negotiation also requires a willingness to "give" on matters of lesser concern. What can gays "give" on? What can their families "give" on?

The strength for gays to try reweaving the broken web comes from the support of friends. Can Friends meetings be friends to gays, and support them in their efforts to reconnect with their families? That kind of support implies a recognition of the gay identity of the gay single or gay couple in the meeting. It means a willingness to share their other burdens as well, and an appreciation of what they bring to the meeting.

It means gays taking committee and clerking responsibilities in the meeting. For some meetings, marriage of the gay couple under the care of the meeting has been an occasion of great spiritual deepening.

Quaker gays are Quaker. Gays active in any community of faith are likely to enrich that faith in similar ways. Quaker gays witness to the Quaker way of life, and bring special strengths to that witness in their manner of practicing equality, nonviolence, community, celebration, and discipline. The gay identity is itself part of that witness, striving for wholeness and oneness in the spirit of the teachings of Jesus. The witness should be honored.

Never in history has the Society of Friends needed more imagination and wisdom in demonstrating the possibility of living in that life and spirit which takes away the occasion of all wars. Learning new ways of approaching gender identity, and new ways for men and women to live and work separately and together in building the peaceable kingdom, is urgent for us all. The gays and lesbians among us can help us in our learning and in our doing. It is time for them to be freed from the stereotype of embattled victims fighting for the right to be what they are, and instead be accepted as co-workers in reweaving the social web for us all.

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can no longer remember exactly when or how it began, but more than 15 years ago, I found myself—clearly heterosexual—concerned about and allied with gay men and women. It must have been the fact that a member of my family is gay, as well as numerous friends. Whatever the contributing factors were, I found myself in 1971 near the head of the first gay pride march at my college because a friend asked me to march with her. Years later in graduate school, I objected in front of an entire classroom of students to the inclusion of homosexuality in a textbook about "abnormal psychology." My mental snapshots contain many incidents between those two events and since. As a "straight" person who is keenly aware of heterosexual privilege, I have felt it incumbent to speak out when others who have more to lose might keep silent.

Homosexuality is an invisible oppression. People live closeted for years fearful that if others knew of their sexual preference they might lose their job or apartment, might be alienated from family, abandoned by friends, or marginalized by their community. Even though the gay liberation movement has empowered gay people to take pride and live openly, gays and lesbians tell me it is painful to live in a homophobic society with heterosexual privilege so prevalent.

A legal marriage ceremony is the ultimate seal of approval the church and state give to heterosexual union. A man and a woman receive blessings from the church and tax advantages from the state. Their relationship becomes legal and sanctioned. The benefits are numerous although often subtle: a spouse is considered next of kin when someone is hospitalized and, as family, is given access both to the patient and to information. Institutions and services as varied as the YMCA, the IRS, and Amtrak reward married couples for joining together, filing together, or traveling together. Same-sex couples need not apply. While such financial inequities are obvious and tangible, the social stigma that lesbians and gays live under cannot be calculated.

Despite this awareness, I managed to get married a decade ago. As we planned a wedding, I remember thinking there was an internal inconsistency between what I believed and what I was doing. But denial can be powerful. The river of what is "normal" and expected moves swiftly and can sweep along its path even conscientious people with objections. I was married for five years and felt the social, financial, and cultural advantages of married life. I was the beneficiary of heterosexual privilege just as I benefit from white privilege. But there is one important difference between these two expressions of oppression: I chose to legalize the first and by doing so I complied with the notion that the church and state have the right to sanction some partnerships and not others.

When I read a biography of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s life, I finally had a clear and simple image that illuminated my difficulty with the institution of marriage. King launched the Montgomery bus boycott by stating that until all people were welcome on any seat on the bus, no one belonged on the bus.

Ten years after my wedding, five years after a divorce, I find myself making a deep commitment to a new partner and even thinking of marriage. I still feel the tug to please friends and family by saying the three simple words which would bring so much joy and approval: "We're getting married." But I said that once, and in doing it I turned away from some deep feelings about double standards and oppression. Now I find I cannot say it again. I cannot imagine looking into the eyes of any lesbian or gay friend and announcing that my partner and I are getting married, while thinking inside, "This is something you and your partner can never choose to do and receive the same acknowledgment and approval from church, state, community, family, friends."

So my partner and I are planning a gala "ceremony of love and commitment" as an alternative—something between a big party and a public ritual to seal our commitment. We want to have a ceremony that is not sexual-preference-specific, meaning that it can be duplicated for same-sex couples. No legal document, no official of the church blessing the union—because same-sex couples do not "receive such trappings."

Some days when I tell a friend or family member of our plan and the person's face screws up as though I had just said "I drowned my cat in the bathtub," I find I want to call off the whole thing. Some days when I tell a married friend to save the date for our celebration, I see fear and disapproval in the eyes of the listener. Also, people question my commitment to my partner ("or else you would get married") and grill me about possible "intimacy-phobia." This pressure sometimes makes me feel bad about this decision and doubt my motives. But I do believe that I cannot participate in a ceremony that sanctions my union with my partner when I know that two women or men of the same sex who love each other as deeply as we do and intend to spend the rest of their lives together would be excluded from such a ceremony and all the benefits that follow.

Some days I feel stupid about this decision. But I remember that Gandhi said, "Everything you do will seem insignificant, but it is very important that you do it." Our ceremony of love and commitment is, in the great scheme of things, insignificant. Yet, small as it is, it seems like another step toward freedom.
n the clouds I could see the shapes of
continents and tell the islands born of
volcanoes. I could see the unfolding
of petals as the orchids blossomed and
the movement of the beaver's tail under
water. I could see in the whiteness of the
clouds the hooves of swift horses and
the passing of giants.
And I could hear the grain drying in
its husk and the swelling of stones into
mountains. I knew there in the morn­
ing's stillness the shapes of all things
and the slipperiness of colors. I knew the
songs of birds and could follow them in­
to the high branches. And there we
would make the sounds of tigers and
dolphins and wild boars, and be
answered.
I knew the names of all things, and
all things named themselves and knew
me. And I could touch my body and see
the contraction and expansion of cells
and fluids. I could see with my hands
the living in myself and all things. And
my skin did not make me separate, for
the air touched my skin and told my
body of places to go and weathers to
come, told me how to enter into the
body of other things and come out
again.
O, in the morning and in the clouds
I could taste on my tongue the stars, and
they were close. And I could hear the
minerals collecting in streams and feel
the breathing in the bodies of cows. And
I knew all opposites and their reconcilia­
tions.
And as I walked, slowly, past the
large, broad-leaved tree that stood in the
middle of all things, I saw what I had
not seen before. And I picked it up, and
it felt strange. And I took it to him, and
he asked "What is it?" And I spoke new
words, one by one, for I answered, "I
do not know."
And he asked where I found it, and
I told him it was laid before me. And
we were silent. Then he opened his
palm, and I gave it to him. And it was
heavy and round in his hand, and we did
not know its name. And I asked, "What
do we do?" And I watched as his lips
touched the amber skin and his teeth
pierced the tautness. He told me it was
sweet. And then I tasted it, too, and its
white flesh was warm. And when we had
taken all of it, we still did not know its
name.

Shawna V. Carboni, a past contributor to FRIENDS JOURNAL, is a member of Ridgewood (N.J.) Meeting, and she now is living in Boston Massachusetts.

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But, when he looked at me then, his eyes saw me differently, and I felt different and far away from him. And when I looked at him, he was not the same, and I could tell he was traveling a great distance deep away from me though he did not move.

And from my eyes some water began to fall, and I asked him what it was and he said he did not know that either. And then the water fell from his eyes, too. And we gathered flowers and leaves and tied them together as long vines and wrapped them around our shoulders and waists for we knew we would leave this place. We knew we would go away.

And as we walked down the path that stretched out from the large, broad-leaved tree, the birds sang songs we did not recognize. And the sound of our footsteps made us afraid. And the more we walked, the more we did not know and could not remember. And we walked all day, and the sun followed us, but we could not look into its center anymore for our eyes stung. And the water fell in small rivers down our cheeks and breasts.

And then the darkness came, and he lay down and watched the stars and asked, “Where are we going?” And I told him I felt a great emptiness inside me. But when he tried to fill me with himself, it was not the same. And we were trembling, and all things seemed large around us in the darkness. And the noises of the night creatures were shrill, and we felt alone even with each other. And finally he asked, “What is it that finishes when we sleep?” And I felt ashamed. And then we closed our eyes, and for the first time, I dreamed.

And in my dream, all things were once again as they had been. All things were transparent and remembered. And in my dream, he and I entered each other like great wings lifting and falling, like the pulsing of wind, like the great breathing of all things. And in my dream, we were there again in the place we had left, in the place where we knew all things and were not afraid, in the place we call Garden.

And in my dream, in my first of dreams, there was no forgetting and nothing was lost.
Conscience, War Taxes and the Canadian Charter
by Edna Ladner

The time is right for Friends to be outspoken concerning "that life and power that takes away the occasion for all wars." Canadian Friends could most appropriately speak and act now, for whatever they say or do will support and be supported by the lengthy court procedures initiated by a Friend under the new Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Official acceptance in Canada of the right not to pay for war would have effect far beyond Canadian borders, and Friends everywhere are asked to give the Quaker litigant their prayerful support.

Jerilynn Prior, a member of Vancouver (B.C.) Meeting, will be the first person to claim in court that the new Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms provides the right not to pay for war, and she is prepared to follow this claim through the courts to the Supreme Court of Canada. A final decision in her favor would be tremendously uplifting and supportive for like-minded people everywhere, both within and beyond Canadian borders. She believes that people have a conscientious and religious right not to participate in war preparation, and she is bringing her belief within the focus of the new Canadian laws.

Jerilynn's religious outlook was developed from childhood. She was raised in a small Christian missionary home in Alaska where she was brought up on Gandhi and Thoreau with the concept that each individual is important. Her father was a conscientious objector in the United States during World War II and did alternative service. His belief in nonviolence and his rejection of war were important parts of her upbringing.

When an adult, Jerilynn decided to follow a service profession. She enrolled in medical school in Portland, Oregon, in 1965 and graduated in Boston in 1969. Her first war tax resistance was in 1967 with refusal to pay the 10 percent telephone tax which was re-imposed specifically to support the Vietnam war. Throughout the time she had an income in the United States she withheld various kinds of taxes and put the money into recognized charities when there was no peace trust fund.

She became a Quaker in Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting in 1970. Then, while in training in Syracuse, New York, she was an active member of Syracuse Meeting. She went with others of that meeting who were active with the Syracuse Peace Council to Washington, D.C., to witness against the bombing of Cambodia. They put white paint on their faces and wore Chinese hats and lay down in front of the White House gates. They all were arrested and spent a night in jail. One hundred people a day were being arrested, fingerprinted, and photographed.

For one year, 1972-73, Jerilynn worked for Oakwood School as a physician and a teacher.

She went to Canada in 1976 and became a Canadian citizen in 1984. Beginning in 1982 (which was the year the Charter of Rights and Freedoms was enacted) she consistently refused to pay the government that portion of her federal income tax which would otherwise be spent for war purposes. She paid this money into Conscience Canada's Peace Tax Fund.

She became a member of the Physicians for Social Responsibility while she was in Boston. When a chapter was formed in British Columbia she became one of its original members. She is also a member of the Union of Concerned Scientists.

Jerilynn is a single parent with two children; she is a physician and an assistant professor of medicine at the University of British Columbia. She specializes in endocrinology and is engaged in research on the effects of exercise on the reproductive system.

Her decision to withhold the portion of her income tax which would otherwise be spent for war purposes and to deposit it in a Peace Tax Fund was made from a deep-felt conviction that war is wrong. Her appeal in the tax court in 1986 against a ministerial decision that she should be assessed the amount she deducted in 1982 was pursued with the same spiritually-based conviction. And when the tax court ruled against her, her decision to take the case through the federal court system was with the conviction that she could not honestly and peacefully teach peace to her children while paying for war. She feels that to have a strong belief and not to act on it is hypocrisy. She insists that her action is not a political one and maintains she is not trying to change the government or the Income Tax Act. She affirms the government of Canada and is proud to be in that country. She does not wish to change government policy on taxation but merely wants a way in which to pay taxes and at the same time uphold her conscience and religious beliefs. When asked if the government could assure her that none of her tax money would go to military purposes, would she pay the full amount of tax to the government, she replied, "I certainly would."

Jerilynn has specifically asked that these legal proceedings not be referred to as "her test case," for her action is being upheld by many others and is taken on behalf of all. She does, however, need the spiritual and prayerful thoughts of all Friends and the many other people who are supporting her.

A great deal of media attention was aroused when the decision by the tax court judge was made public. No doubt an even greater media coverage will be given to the next court decision. Such publicity gives to those who disagree an opportunity to voice their opinions, to hear responses, and to give the subject more thought. When it increases public awareness of the urgent need for nonviolent solutions to disagreements, that is, in itself, an accomplishment. We hope that the final Supreme Court decision will be affirmative and will set the stage for other equally sincere efforts in Canada, and perhaps elsewhere, toward a more peaceful world.
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Then and Now

A Troubling Message
by Althea Postlethwaite

I married into a family in which members were active in various Friends concerns and were all Swarthmore graduates. As a new part of this group, I teetered between appreciating the strength and confidence in my own Protestant upbringing and seeking to know more about George Fox, John Woolman, and my husband's Faith and Practice.

But soon after our marriage, I was given "an opening." My new mother-in-law was coming to Cleveland to visit my parents, and my husband and I were to drive over for the long weekend. All his life my father had been a seeker for a more liberal church than the Southern Baptist of his boyhood, where his father was a beloved minister. So he had attended Friends meetings frequently. That Sunday, he suggested my husband, my husband's mother, and I go with him. I was eager to go, hoping it would be a worshipful hour, but I was apprehensive, too. In the 1920s, the Cleveland Meeting met in Eldred Hall on the Case Western Reserve University campus. Attenders included many faculty members. Edith Bacon, whose husband headed the graduate school of architecture, was clerk.

As we settled into silence, a Friend in a broad-brimmed hat rose, faced the group, and spoke for the entire hour. He had a leading to come from his southern Ohio meeting to minister to Friends on this college campus. He questioned the teaching of evolution because the Bible states clearly that God created all life. I had never seen a hat worn in meeting, nor heard a Friend speak at such length before. I looked at Mumsie and she seemed to be listening intently, as were most of the attenders.

At the sharing time after worship, the visiting Friend was warmly welcomed, and there seemed to be grateful acceptance of his message.

On the way home, Father explained that occasionally "Wilburite Friends" did minister to those in the Cleveland Meeting, a few becoming familiar to those in this "Hicksite" group. I didn't feel this was sufficient. I assured Mumsie that always when I had attended with Father, the words had been challenging, inspirational, frequently a blessing to me in the week following. She considered my words and then asked, "Was thee troubled by the Friend's message?" I agreed I was. After another moment, she searched further: "Did thee think thine own thoughts were better?" I was uncertain where this questioning was going. I considered what she must have learned at Swarthmore in the 1880s and thought of conversations in her home with older Friends. Confident that her views were more like mine than those voiced by the eloquent Wilburite, I finally admitted, "Yes," because I did firmly believe in evolution.

Her answer has blessed me ever since: "Then why didn't thee think thine own thoughts?" Why indeed!
News of Friends

The featured speaker at the annual meeting of the American Friends Service Committee on November 7 in Philadelphia will be Vincent Harding, acclaimed historian, author, and civil rights activist. Asia A. Bennett, executive secretary of the AFSC, will give a second address. They will speak at 2:45 p.m. The gathering will be held at Arch Street Meeting House, 4th and Arch streets, and will begin at 9:30 a.m. The theme “Justice, Peace, and the U.S. Constitution” will be explored in panel discussions and interest groups. Asia Bennett has said this emphasis will “give particular attention to groups of people who were excluded from provisions of the Constitution. . . . Specifically we mean blacks, native peoples, and women.”

Vincent Harding is professor of religion and social transformation at the Iliff School of Theology, University of Denver. He worked full-time in the black freedom movement in the south in the early 1960s. He is the author of The Other American Revolution and There is a River.

New international secretary for Peace Brigades International is Mary Link, a member of New York Yearly Meeting. The organization was formed in Canada in 1981 to help peace brigades in crisis situations and to provide peacemaking and peacekeeping in a discipline of nonviolence. Currently its work focuses on Central America. There is a Peace Brigades team in Guatemala that has included nearly 200 team members from four continents since 1983. Peace Brigades has provided a nonviolent escort service for people threatened by death squads, a border team in Honduras and Nicaragua in 1983, and a recent team of workers in El Salvador.

Mary Link played a major role in setting up the annual Peace Institutes of New York Yearly Meeting. She has conducted training workshops in conflict resolution in the United States and abroad. She recently served as coordinator of the World Without Weapons Project. She has traveled worldwide on behalf of peace projects.

Peace Brigades International has an office in Philadelphia and a Central America office in Toronto, Canada. It has regional representatives in Southeast Asia, Costa Rica, Australia, and Geneva.

A statement about inclusive language was approved recently by the Earlham School of Religion. It reads, in part: “Unity is broken when language is used which negates or excludes or interferes in an individual's experience of the wholeness of God and community. Two examples are the exclusive use of male language for God or humankind, and the use of black/white imagery to describe evil/good distinctions.”

The destruction of six Friends churches in Bolivia and 17 in Peru resulted from recent floods of Lake Titicaca. Thousands of families lost their homes. The lake is receding in some places and rising in others, but it is expected to remain high overall for years. Some churches have been rebuilt on higher ground, and many Friends are resettling. Francisco Mamani, clerk of INELA Bolivia, reported these facts at the annual meeting of Friends World Committee for Consultation in March.

A revolving loan fund of $200,000 for Quaker farmers in distress during the present farm crisis has been made available by a monthly meeting of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting on a one-year trial basis. A committee of Nebraska Yearly Meeting will administer the fund, which will offer low-interest production loans to Quaker farmers in Iowa Yearly Meeting (affiliated with Friends United Meeting), Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative), Mid-America Yearly Meeting, and Nebraska Yearly Meeting. Friends wishing to add to the loan fund or to participate in the program may contact Weston Webb, 5 Kuesters Lake, Grand Island, NE 68846.

An intern this past summer at National Mobilization for Survival in New York City was Andy Doan, a member of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting and a teacher at Friends Select School in Philadelphia. Andy prepared an information packet on domestic issues such as racism and voting rights, hunger and homelessness, the farm crisis, gay/lesbian rights, and AIDS.

Mobilization for Survival is part of a
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Coalition calling for abolition of nuclear weapons by the year 2000. It is a national network linking 160 local affiliates and groups, organizing and coordinating national events and offering information and ideas to local groups. It also deals with the social issues of racism, sexism, poverty, hunger, and homelessness at home and abroad. It is helping organize nationwide protests at nuclear weapons production sites on October 24-26, the anniversary of the Cuban missile crisis.

Australian Quaker Jo Vallentine won by 507 votes a senate seat in her home state on July 11. She is an independent senator who ran on a platform of nuclear disarmament, environmental, and social justice issues. There are 906,000 voters in her state.

Food to relieve drought victims in the Jascatan area of Guatemala has been distributed by Chorti Friends Church and the Spanish Friends Church. The next corn planting is scheduled in June, and Guatemalan Friends are providing the seeds.

Distinguished Quaker Visitor this October at Guilford College in North Carolina will be Gordon Browne, executive secretary of Friends World Committee, Section of the Americas. Gordon will speak about his international work with Quakers. FWCC is celebrating its 50th anniversary this year.

"Breaking with a Bitter Past: Toward a New U.S. Relationship With Central America" was issued this fall by the American Friends Service Committee, which has operated programs in Central America for the past 30 years. AFSC's board of directors called for support of the peace plan signed by five Central American presidents, a redefinition of U.S. policy to move away from the Monroe Doctrine, an end to partisan use of humanitarian aid, protection for refugees fleeing violence in Central America, and long-term assistance for support of self-determination. The statement also provides a historic overview of the Central American situation and emphasizes that the region's problems primarily stem from unjust economic and social structures. The AFSC began its involvement in Central America with a peace mission to Nicaragua in 1927. It now conducts humanitarian aid, rural health worker training, information gathering, and other work in the area.
• The Central America committee of Orange Grove Friends Meeting has published a cookbook, *A Feast of Friendship*, as a fundraiser to aid refugees and other victims of war in Central America. The cookbook has a binding which allows it to open flat. It contains more than 125 meatless recipes ranging from the simplest to the most elaborate. A donation of $5 or more is suggested ($6 postpaid). To order, contact Sali Damon-Ruth, 1826 Glen Ave., Pasadena, CA 91103; telephone (818) 798-5637. Make checks payable to Orange Grove Friends Meeting, and earmark them "Cookbook."

• Elizabeth Maxfield-Miller, author of "A Quaker Crostic" (FJ 8/1-15), plans to prepare more puzzles for *Journal* readers. Do Friends have suggestions of interesting Quaker works from which appropriate quotations might be selected? Send ideas to her at 159 Elsinore St., Apt. 4, Concord, MA 01742.

• Twin Cities (Minn.) Meeting has affirmed a celebration of committed relationships for same-sex couples. Accompanying the minute is a packet of related material, including Pacific Yearly Meeting's *Faith and Practice* section on sexual preference; an article by Chuck Fager published in *The Other Side*, "Under the Care of the Meeting"; and "Civil Rights for Gays and Lesbians" from the September 1986 issue of *Preparations*. Also part of the packet are two articles from the *Journal*, Herb Lape's "Our 300-Year-Old Testimony on Sexual Expression" (FJ 2/1/86) and Kate Buckley's "Sex and Truth: A New Revelation" (FJ 8/1-15/86).

• The Friends Peace Center (Centro de los Amigos para la Paz) in San José, Costa Rica (CAP), is offering Update Letters to Friends and others who wish to be kept informed of the rapidly developing situation in Central America. CAP collaborates with Costa Rican peace groups or individuals in nonviolent strategies for achieving peace and social justice. Part of the International Quaker Aid program, CAP is administered by Friends World Committee for Consultation. The center continues to need financial help and moral support. Update Letters can be obtained from FWCC, 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, for a tax deduction, or directly from Centro de los Amigos para la Paz, P.O. Box 1507, 1,000 San José, Costa Rica.

• On United Nations Day (October 24, 1987), individuals, groups, and organizations around the world will simultaneously join in seven minutes of silence to share the spirit of peace on earth. This observance, now in its fourth year, is called Seven Minutes of World Peace. This year it will be held from 1:00 to 1:07 p.m. Eastern Daylight Time.

• Leonard Kenworthy, author of numerous books and pamphlets about Quakerism, is assembling material about Friends in public education in the United States. He says: "It is a curious fact that although most of the Quakers in recent years who have been involved in education have worked or now work in public schools, there is almost nothing in print about them. Almost everything in print is about Quakers in Friends schools and colleges." He would like to hear from Quakers who have held influential positions in public schools at local, state, or national levels. He would also like to receive statements of the number of Friends in monthly, quarterly, or yearly meetings who are engaged in some aspect of public education. His address is 132 Kendal at Longwood, Kennett Square, PA 19348.

• There will be a peace studies conference on November 12-15 at the Park East Hotel in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Speakers will be Elise Boulding, Chad Alger, Betty Reardon, Walter Isard, and Patricia Mischke. The conference will focus on the shape and direction of peace studies. Organizers hope it will help peace educators and workers nurture and expand their network while working toward broad-based acceptance among educational institutions. The conference is sponsored by the Consortium for Peace Research and Development, Wisconsin Educators for Social Responsibility, and the Wisconsin Institute for the Study of War, Peace, and Global Cooperation. For information, contact Ian Harris at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Milwaukee, WI 53201, telephone (414) 963-5597.

• Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers have called for a boycott of table grapes until agribusiness stops using five lethal pesticides in grape production. The pesticides are Methyl Bromide, Parathion, Phosdrin, Dinosel, and Captan, substances which can cause reactions that include severe, irreversible damage to the central nervous system, loss of vision or blindness, birth defects, and death, as well as more minor symptoms, such as dizziness and nausea. Workers charge that they are expected to work in the fields immediately after these chemicals have been sprayed on the grape vines, often while the vines are still wet with the chemicals. Workers also claim that residue from these chemicals remains on the grapes when they are sold to consumers.

**CREMATION**

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

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Educators Address Vision and Practice

More than 90 people attended the eighth annual conference of the Friends Association for Higher Education, held June 26-30 at Whittier College in California.

Gilbert White, former president of Haverford College and geographer from the University of Colorado, gave the keynote address on the theme, "Quaker Education: Vision and Practice." He noted four key factors in educational institutions: a preoccupation with getting a job; greater value placed on research and its technological applications than on teaching and service; doubt about an individual's ability to promote a better world; and, at the same time, increasing awareness of global interconnectedness.

Gilbert White stressed the distinction between judgments in which results can be checked, confirmed, and duplicated, and judgments based on personal values to some extent. He encouraged educators to help students know the difference, to probe their own values in their research, and to act on those values.

A particular concern is that students have adequate opportunities to act on their principles. The American Friends Service Committee once met this need. Can academic institutions and Friends meetings help meet it now?

Conference participants reported on several projects of interest to the broader Quaker community. Stephen Collett of the Quaker United Nations Office has helped draft a set of queries for Quaker colleges, with specific queries addressed to the board of trustees, president and administrators, faculty, Quaker oversight body, and students. Nelson Bingham of Earlham College has completed a survey of freshmen at several Quaker and non-Quaker colleges, to see if there are distinguishing characteristics (on average, yes, there are some!). Copies of the draft set of queries and the survey are available from the FAHE office at the address listed below.

A directory of programs in international education at Friends colleges has been completed by George Potts of Friends University and is available from him at Friends University, 2100 W. University, Wichita, KS 67213.

The Peace and Quaker Studies Task Force, organized this year by Lon Fendell of George Fox College, will offer a fall speaking tour to campuses by Felicity McCartney of Northern Ireland, to share her experiences with Quaker peacemaking. (Contact Lon Fendell, George Fox College, Newberg, OR 97132, immediately if your campus is interested in hosting her.) The task force continues to offer funding for peace studies program consultations for Quaker colleges and secondary schools, and is planning to offer a weekend workshop for teachers about conflict resolution and peacemaking for children.

Last year's talk by Kenneth Boulding inspired creation of the Quaker Studies on Human BETTERment network, a group of Quaker scholars and others interested in research and writing about improvement in the human situation. This network, under the clerkship of Irwin Abrams, is thriving as participants share results of their research and thinking.

The Whittier conference was enriched by a Sunday evening musical program presented by members of First Friends Church in Whittier and the music department of Whittier College. Daily worship alternated between programmed and unprogrammed formats. Relaxation and fellowship were important parts of the conference, and many participants enjoyed field trips through the greater Los Angeles area.

After two years of dedicated service, Harold and Ann Cope have stepped down from leadership responsibilities for FAHE. Linda Eliason of William Penn College is the new Executive Committee clerk in this year of transition.

Next year's conference will take place as part of the International Congress on Quaker Education at Guilford College April 7-10. A return to the customary June conference time is expected in 1989, when FAHE plans to meet at Swarthmore College. For information about FAHE, write to the office: FAHE, P.O. Box 18741, Greensboro, NC 27419.

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Shirley Dodson

Norway Friends Strengthen Ties

About 50 members and attenders gathered at Sagavoll Folk High School, Gvarv, southwest of Oslo for Norway Yearly Meeting on June 26-28. This was the 169th official yearly meeting of the Society of Friends in Norway. The theme of this year’s gathering was “How to Strengthen Quakerism Spiritually and Practically.” The topic was appropriate in a yearly meeting with 132 members scattered from Stavanger in the south to Tronso above the Arctic Circle. The yearly meeting is organized in three monthly meetings in Oslo, Kristiansand, and Stavanger and worship groups in As, Bergen, Trondheim, and Tonsberg.

Lilian Aarek, of Stavanger Meeting, gave a talk about the theme, using passages from Thomas Kelly’s writings and from the advices and queries. Participants were reminded that the strength of the meeting is dependent upon individual members’ efforts to contact and cultivate their spiritual centers by study, prayer, meditation, and worship. With strength from the Ground within, individuals can practice care and support for one another while reaching out to the world around them in public and personal concerns. Quakerism is a valuable treasure which should be more widely spread and known. We are looking for a renewal of the joy and enthusiasm that fired the Valiant Sixty, and we ask: What is our religious longing? What do we really believe? What does it mean to be a Quaker? How can we put our Quakerism into practice creatively in meeting for worship, meeting for business, and in everyday life?

Two concerns particularly occupied the meeting. During the past year an increasing number of refugees have come to Norway seeking asylum. The government is now considering propositions for new laws for refugees. The meeting sent letters to the minister of justice and to the government with comments and recommendations. Monthly meetings were encouraged to work locally to help these newcomers to the country. We will ask Friends World Committee for Consultation to take up the refugee problem worldwide for consideration.

A growing feeling of guilt conscious among members led to drafting a letter to members of the government and various peace groups about the peace tax issue. The meeting asked that ways be found to direct tax money from those who wish to humanitarian, ecological, or promoting peace instead of to the defense budget.

Yearly meeting may be the only chance Norwegian Friends and friends have to meet one another. Therefore, special efforts are made for social activities. The children present were driven to a nearby pleasure park for a day of fun. Young Friends spent evenings together. Everyone enjoyed delicious, leisurely meals. Saturday evening was devoted to lighter entertainment, including a slide show about Cleng Peerson, who led the first group of Norwegian immigrants, including many Quakers, to the United States in 1825.

Yearly meeting closed Sunday after a rich and inspiring meeting for worship and presentation of the epistle.

Faith Ann Johansson

November 1987 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Naming the Presence

In his letter (FJ 8/1-15/87), John Everhart says he seeks clarity whether to remain with unprogrammed Friends who have not had the "experience of Christ." It occurs to me these same unprogrammed Friends, while perhaps not sharing the same experience as John, nevertheless do experience the presence of God in their own way. They seem to accept John in the meeting even though he has an image or concept of God different than theirs. Cannot he, in turn, accept them in accordance with Jesus' teaching of love? If not, perhaps he would be more comfortable in a more Christ-centered Friends meeting or church. The Religious Society of Friends has room for wide theological diversity, which adds to its richness.

Peter Rabenold
St. Leonard, Md.

The letter from John Everhart says that "those of us who have experienced Christ often feel we are in a vacuum among humanist Friends." I have noticed that Christian or Christ centered Friends like to make this same distinction: if Friends do not profess to accept Christ, they must be humanist, overlooking the long experience of Friends with the Light.

Except for those occasional Friends who like to meditate with others but believe wisdom is all we have, I believe all who have decided they are Friends seek and live by God's spirit. The sense of being covered by God's spirit in meeting for worship is what we seek.

Jesus himself preached seeking and living by God's spirit. Many of us, not accepting the scriptures as literally true, do not look to a risen Christ, sustaining as this concept has been to the Christian church. Early Friends felt no need to challenge this term, but nevertheless (to the confusion of later theologians) used it interchangeably with "Seed," "Light," etc. We look, as they did, and indeed as Jesus did, directly to God's spirit.

Humanism? This Spirit may indeed be part of the "collective unconscious" of the human race ("There is a principle which is pure, placed in the human mind..."—Woolman), but it is nevertheless the actual presence of the Creator, however explained, not a human invention.

William B. Kreibe/
N. Easton, Mass.
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Books

Ammunition for Peacemakers


Phillips P. Moulton's book is as valuable for students of peacemaking as for those who would debate against military defense.

The first three chapters deal with ground familiar to experienced peacemakers: "Deterrence Does Not Work—Strength Brings War," "Reducing the Soviet Threat," and "Foreign Policy and Arms Control—A New Approach."

The last two chapters contain the most exciting material and deserve to be discussed among Friends.

In the chapter "Can Modern War Be Moral," Phillips Moulton deals skillfully with the sanctity of life, stewardship, the destruction of civilization, the inversion of moral distinctions, and psychological and "defense of freedom" arguments. But those arguments have not yet pierced the armor of the pro-arms people. In the chapter "An Alternative to Military Defense," he describes civilian-based defense chiefly as propounded by Gene Sharp, who has done a great deal of research into the success of nonviolent response to invaders. It is good news to read that the Swedish, Norwegian, and Dutch governments have been studying the feasibility of nonviolent methods of resisting an aggressor and that such methods are official policy of the Green Party of West Germany.

"The direction we take," Phillips Moulton states, "will depend on the power of the people which produced civil rights legislation, the Atmospheric Test Ban treaty, the ABM treaty, the cancellation by Nixon of plans to atom-bomb Hanoi, and the end of the Vietnam war." He concludes, "Our urgent need now is to... set our course toward the abandonment of the nuclear arms race in favor of nonviolent national defense...[and thus to] greatly increase our national security and enhance the quality of life throughout the world."

The little volume is complete with excellent and useful notes and annotated bibliography.

Jennie H. Allen

Jennie H. Allen is a member of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting and a member of Friends Journal Board of Directors. She is retired from the publishing division of the United Nations.

October 1987 FRIENDS JOURNAL
BIRTHS

Quartermaine-Bragg—Anna Valeria Hope Quartermaine-Bragg, on June 17 to Katherine Bragg and Marta Quartermaine in Pucon, Chile. Her mother was a member of La Jolla (Calif.) Meeting.

MARRIAGES

Bohne-McCann—William McCann and John Bohne on May 30 under the care of Morningside (N.Y.) Meeting; John is a member of the meeting, and Bill is an attender.

Borg-Stevens—David Reynold Stevens and Elizabeth Karin Borg on July 19 in Stillwater, Minn. David is an attender of Cannon Valley (Minn.) Meeting; his parents are members of St. Croix Valley (Minn.) Meeting.

Brickman-Gant—Christopher Gant and Sarah Brickman on March 12 in under the care of Beacon Hill (Mass.) Meeting. Sarah is a member of the meeting, and Christopher is an attender.

McCoy-Sanderson—Bill Sanderson and Carolyn McCoy on June 27 under the care of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting where both are members.

DEATHS

Hobson—Arthur Kerr Hobson, 76, on February 3 in Tucson, Ariz. He was a charter member of Montclair (N.J.) Meeting and maintained that membership wherever he lived until his retirement in 1978, when he joined Pima (Ariz.) Meeting. After graduation from Springfield College, he went to work for the YMCA in Toronto, where he met and married Arline Booth. He then went into Quaker mission service among the Osage Indians, taught at the Dalton School in New York City and the Japanese War Relocation Center, and then went into education of the Navajo and later into the Indian Health Service. Multiple sclerosis plagued him for much of his adult life, finally forcing an early retirement and move to Arizona. He is survived by his wife, Arline; his daughter, Gracia Hobson Piatt; sons Arty, Jr., and William; and nine grandchildren.

Jones—Edith Harriet Jones, 107, on March 12 in Minneapolis, Minn., where she was a meeting member. After high school, Edith attended teacher training school and ran a kindergarten for five years. In 1913 she entered the University of Minnesota, graduating Phi Beta Kappa in 1918 with B.A. and B.S. degrees. From then until she retired in 1944 she taught high school English. After retirement she returned to college for a degree in library science, then worked in Macalester College library for 17 more years. Thirty years ago her meeting recorded her gift for ministry, and at the age of 73 she set about visiting Friends meetings, conferences, schools, and missions around the world. In her 90s she served as representative to a Friends United Meeting Triennial. She is survived by a niece, Esther Barrow.

Morrison—Margaret Nordhoff Morrison, 82 on July 19 in West Hartford, Conn. a member of Hartford (Conn.) Meeting. A dedicated activist, she was a tireless leader and doer in support of women’s rights and world peace. Margaret was a

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leader of World Federalists, a 50-year member of the League of Women Voters, and a member of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, American Civil Liberties Union, and Amnesty International, among others. Her memberships were never nominal; where she joined, she worked. Within Friends, she was a worker in her monthly and yearly meetings, as well as on American Friends Services Committee and the Friends Committee on National Legislation. She is survived by two sons, Franklin P. Morrison and Walter N. Morrison; a daughter, Sify W. Morrison; five grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Perera—Ruth B. Perera, 81, on June 28, a descendant of William Brinton, who came to Pennsylvania in 1684. After attending Westtown School and Temple University, she became girls' athletic director at Westtown. A founder and former president of Nichibeif Jiffinkai, the Japanese-American women's association, she assisted with the Hiroshima project. She was a member of Friends World Committee for Consultation, chairperson of Quaker House (N.Y.) Committee, and first chairperson of Powell House, and a founder of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting. For more than 40 years she was active in the Girls Scouts at all levels. She is survived by her husband, Charles; sons John B. and Donald A.; daughters Sylvia B., Ellen P. Scott, and Carol P. Weingeist; 11 grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Ricart—Domingo Ricart, 85, on April 21 in Boulder, Colo., a member of Boulder (Col.) Meeting. Educated in Spain and France, Domingo’s life was uprooted by the Spanish Civil War. In Barcelona he helped the International English Quaker Relief mission evacuate nearly 150,000 orphaned or abandoned refugee children. He escaped to France with the last groups in 1939, minutes before the arrival of Franco’s army. He continued the work in France until forced by the Germans to flee to England. Domingo taught in England until coming to the United States in 1947 to teach at the University of Kansas until 1970 when he retired as professor emeritus. In retirement in Boulder, he continued to assist Spanish-speaking refugees and was an active member of Friends World Committee for Consultation’s Committee on Latin America. Domingo’s scholarly work was much concerned with the early Spanish mystics and their influence on the literature of the Spanish American nations. He is survived by his daughter, Ricki Frost; two grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Rustin—Bayard Rustin, 77, on August 24, a member of 15th Street (N.Y.) Meeting, at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City, after surgery for a ruptured appendix. A gifted leader and penetrative social critic, his courage and convictions carried him throughout his life to defend human rights at all levels. He was raised by his grandparents in a family of 12, where they often did not have bread or milk, but frequently had such things as lobster Newburg—leftovers from parties his grandfather catered. His grandfather was the son of a slave in Maryland, and his grandmother was a Delaware Indian who had been reared as a Quaker. It was this heritage which shaped Bayard’s vision of the world as a place where all should exist as equals. His commitment to work for a more just society began at an early age. Growing up in West Chester, Pennsylvania, he and other black youngsters insisted on taking part in school dances with white students; and later staying in the same hotels and eating at the same restaurants as white athletes. As a young man he was tall, strong, and athletic, with a beautiful singing voice that earned him a music scholarship to Wilberforce University.

He later transferred to Cheyney State Teachers College, and then worked his way through the City College of New York by singing in nightclubs, sometimes with folk singer Josh White and Leadbelly. Bayard joined the first Freedom Ride against segregation on interstate buses in 1947, for which he was arrested and served 30 days in a North Carolina chain gang. In 1955 he helped Martin Luther King, Jr., organize the Montgomery bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama, and he maintained a close friendship and working relationship with King until his death in 1968. One of Bayard’s greatest contributions to the civil rights movement during this time was his organization of the famous March on Washington in 1963 at which King delivered his “I Have a Dream” speech. Five years later he organized the very moving march of mourning after the civil rights leader was slain. Bayard seemed to be drawn throughout his life to those who were oppressed; his concern reached beyond his own color. In 1942 he aided Japanese-Americans interned during World War II; in 1975 he organized a black group in support of Israel; in 1984 he was arrested while demonstrating in support of clerical and technical employees of Yale University; and in 1986 he visited Thai refugee camps. At the time of his death he was president of the A. Phillip Randolph Educational Fund, a center for planning and activism. Throughout his life he insisted on using the nonviolent approach, serving 28 months in Lewisburg Federal Prison for refusing to serve in the military during World War II. His feelings against violence and separation were criticized by more radical blacks in the 1960s and 1970s, but he held to his beliefs, telling students at Westtown last year, “If you don’t have compassion for everyone, then you end up having compassion for none.” He is survived by three sisters and an aunt.

Shipley—Walter Penn Shipley, Jr., 89, on June 23 in Chestnut Hill, Pa. After attending Germantown Friends School, he entered Haverford College where he was all-American in soccer, captain of soccer and tennis teams, member of the Triangle Society and the Founders Club. Walter left college after three years to work in his family’s shoe business, and later worked in banking. From 1943 until retirement in 1963 he was business manager of Germantown Friends School. Walter served on the boards of several service organizations and was a member of the corporation of Haverford College. He is survived by his wife, Mary Strawbridge Shipley; a son, Paul; two daughters, Marianne Rhoads and Edith Moore; eleven grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

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Calendar

OCTOBER
3—Single Friends in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting area meet for potluck at 5 p.m. at Haverford (Pa.) Meeting. For information, call Amy Traganza at (609) 235-0013. All welcome.
24-25—Quaker Universalist Fellowship Fall Gathering at Chester Meeting, 25th and Chestnut streets, Chester, Pa. For full program and registration forms, write to QUF, Box 201, RD I, Landenberg, PA 19350.
30-November 1—FWCC Annual Northwest Regional Gathering, Friends Center, Newberg Friends Church, Newberg, Ore. "Spiritual Roots of Peace and Justice: What Calls Us to Action?" For more information, write FWCC Western Regional Office, P.O. Box 923, Oregon City, OR 97045 or call Winnie Grover (503) 655-3779.


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Military Counselor/Pace Education to live at Quaker House of Fayetteville, North Carolina. Person familiar with Quakerism. Two-year commitment, lodging, car, health insurance, and $8,400/year. Send resume and inquiries to: John Cardarelli, 1014 Lakewood Ave., Durham NC 27707. (919) 489-4561.

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American Friends Service Committee seeks fundraisers for openings in Pasadena, Calif., and Philadelphia, Pa., to assist with general fundraising activities to raise funds for AFSC programs. Position in Philadelphia will carry specific responsibility for work in the Southeastern region. Requirements include compatibility with principles and philosophy of Friends and AFSC; commitment to nonviolent social change; strong communication and administrative skills; ability to travel. Contact: K. Crowley, AFSC, 1501 Cherry St. Philadelphia, PA 19102. AFSC is an Affirmative Action/EEO Employer.

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Live-in Director, Beacon Hill Friends House, to start on or about February 25, 1989. BFH is a Quaker-sponsored community of 20 people interested in spiritual growth, the discipline of a life of simplicity, and peer study and council. It is also a center for public programs and home of a Friends Meeting. Director’s duties include administration, program and acting as a “Friend of Presence” among residents. Applications received by December 5 will receive preference. For an application packet, write or call Anne Buttenheim, 6 Chestnut St., Boston, MA 02108. (617) 227-9118.

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October 1987 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Arizona
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CHICAGO—Cochise Friends Meeting at Friends Southwest Center, 794 W. Goodwin. Worship 11 a.m. Phone: (408) 642-9729.
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California
ARCATA—10 a.m. 1920 Zedeker. 622-5615.
BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting, Worship 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St. at Walnut. 843-9725.
BERKELEY—Strawberry Creek, 160 Sacramento. P.O. Box 5065. Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m.
FRESNO—Rev. Luis Bledsoe Sr., 1350 Palm Ave., 93726. Phone: (559) 227-3654.
FRESNO—Unprogrammed meeting. 727 W. Harrison Ave., Claremont. Phone: 909-625-1761.
FRESNO—Unprogrammed meeting. 714 E. California, 93725. Phone: 559-273-9372.

Connecticut
HARTFORD—Meeting and First-day school 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. 14 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 323-1939.
MIDDLETOWN—Worship 10 a.m. Russell House (Westhill Unitarian), corner High and Washington Sts. Phone: 349-3614.
NEW HAVEN—Meeting and First-day school, Sundays, 9:45 a.m. At Connecticut Hall on the Old Campus of Yale University. Phone: 777-4628.
NEW LONDON—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. Meeting House, Oswagatchie Rd., off the Niantic River Rd., Waterford, Conn. 636-7245 or 899-1924.
STAMFORD-GREECE—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. 572 Roxbury Rd. (corner of Westover). Stamford. Phone: 203-326-2834 or 369-0123.
STORRS—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Corner North.Eagleville and Hunting Lodge Rds. Phone: 429-4459.
WILTON—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 317 New Canaan Rd., Rte. 106. Phone: 203-755-6669.
WOODBURY—Litchfield Hills Meeting (formerly Water town), Woodbury Community House, Room Mt. at Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Phone: 263-3627.

Delaware
CAMDEN—Worship 11 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. S. of Dover, 122 Camden-Wyo Ave. Phone: 302-884-2750.
CENTRE—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. 1 mile east of Centreville on the Centre Meeting Rd. at Adams Dam Rd.
HOEKSSIN—First-day school 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m. N.W. from Hockessin-Yorklyn Rd. at first crossroad.
NEWARK—Worship, Sunday, 10 a.m. Phoenix Community, 20 Orchard Rd. (302) 369-7035.
ODESSA—Worship, first Sundays, 11 a.m.
WILMINGTON—Worship 9:15 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m. Alapocas, Friends School.
WILMINGTON—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 4th & West Sts. Phone: 352-4491, 352-7783.

District of Columbia
WASHINGTON—Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave. NW (north of Dupont Circle Metro, near Conn. Ave.). 483-3310. Unprogrammed meetings for worship are held on First Day at:
FLORIDA AVE. MEETINGHOUSE—Worship at 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. 7 p.m. on Wed. Discussion at 10 a.m. on First Days. First-day school 11 a.m.
QUAKER HOUSE—1211 Decatur, adjacent meetinghouse. Worship 10 a.m. with special concern for gay men and lesbians.
WILLIAM PENN HOUSE—515 E. Capitol St. Worship at 11 a.m.
SIDWELL FRIENDS SCHOOL—Worship the third First Day, Sept. through June, at 11 a.m. 425 W. Sts, NW, in the Arts Center.

Florida
CLEARWATER—Worship 10 a.m. St. Paul’s School, Oct.-May (hours June–Sept.) Clerk: D. A. Ware, 311 S. Betty Lane 16, Clearwater, 33756. (813) 447-6529.
DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday 10 a.m. in homes. Please call 255-2897 or 677-0457 for information.
FT. LAUDERDALE—Meeting for Worship, First Day, 10 a.m. Phone: 344-8260 in Ft. Lauderdale or 982-2717 in Miami.
FT. MYERS—Weekly worship group. 1 p.m. (813) 481-5094 or 574-2811.
GAINESVILLE—Meeting and First-day school 11 a.m. 1921 N.W. 2nd Ave. 462-3201.
JACKSONVILLE—Sunday 10 a.m. (404) 987-9878.
KEY WEST—Worship 10 a.m. For location call Shannon Salmon, 445-0908.
LAKE WORTH—Palm Beach Meeting, 823 North A St. 10:30 a.m. Phone: 585-0060 or 588-2008.
MELBOURNE—10:30 a.m. on campus. Phone: 305 676-5077 or 777-1221. Summer camp.
MIAMI-CORAL GABLES—Meeting 10 a.m. 1165 Sunset Dr., 651-7314. Clerk: Patricia Coons, 666-1803. AFSC Peace Center, 666-5241.
ORLANDO—Meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. 316 E. Martin St., Orlando. 32803. (305) 425-5125.

Georgia
ATLANTA—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 1384 Fairview Rd. NE, 30306. Clerk: Bert Skelley, Quaker House, phone: 373-7898.
Augusta—Worship 10:30 a.m., 340 Telfair St. (404) 798-0338 or (404) 798-0338.
GWINNETT COUNTY—Meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. in homes. Call (404) 979-3808. Visitors welcome.
ST. SIMONS—Weekly meeting for worship in homes 11 a.m. Call (912) 696-6464 or 1250.
STATEBROOK—Worship 11 a.m. with child care, (912) 764-8039 or 764-8010. Visitors welcome.

Hawaii
BIG ISLAND—Worship in homes, 10 a.m. 456-7232 or 862-8222.
HONOLULU—Sundays, 9:45 a.m. hymn singing, 10 a.m. worship and First-day school. 2450 Oahu Ave. Overnight inquires welcomed.
MAUI—Friends Group. Please call Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Daniels, 572-8007, 150 Kawelo Rd., Haiku, HI 96710, or John Dart, 879-2190, 107-D Kamala Place, Kula, HI 96730.

Idaho
BOISE—Meeting in members’ homes. Contact Ann Dussel, 345-2049 or Curtis Pullin, 342-6897.
MOSCOW—Moscow-Pullman Meeting, Campus Christian Center, 1405 Wimbley St. Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Sunday. Childcare. (509) 334-4343.
SANDPOINT—Unprogrammed worship group. 1 p.m. Sundays, Pine and East. Lois Wythe, 263-8036. Call for summer schedule.

Illinois
BLOOMINGTON-NORMAN—Unprogrammed. Call (309) 454-1282 for time and location.
CARBONDALE—Southern Illinois Friends Meeting. Unprogrammed worship, Sundays, 11 a.m. Phone: 618 457-6542.
CHICAGO—AFSC, Thursday, 12:15 p.m. 425-2833.
CHICAGO—Meeting follows on 4th Sunday, 2 p.m. (US 90 7:12 miles). 445-2990.
CHICAGO—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 10749 S. Artesian. Worship 11 a.m. Church 11 a.m. 445-8049 or 233-2715.
CHICAGO—Northside (unprogrammed). Worship 10:30 a.m. For location call (312) 761-9800.

Friends Journal, October 1987
North Carolina

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Ohio

Indiana

Northwestern Illinois

Indiana

Pennsylvania

Florida

Georgia

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Florida

Kentucky

Kentucky

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Louisiana

Maryland

Maryland

Maryland

Maryland

Maryland

Maryland

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