THE HOMELESS
A Life Lived With Grace
Special Section on Books
Making the Most of It

I got home from work one evening in late October and settled myself on my front porch steps for a few relaxing minutes. The late afternoon sun still had some warmth, and I rejoiced in the abundant display of fall flowers on our block. Neighborhood children were playing a noisy game of street hockey. My own two boys—their discarded bikes blocking the sidewalk—busied themselves making mudpies near the front curb, eying the hockey game enviously, and dreaming of being old enough to play in the street.

The moment was too special to miss. I reached inside the front door, picked up the morning mail, and settled again on the step to read. The results of the day's mail delivery, at first glance, were discouraging—nothing but "junk mail": some coupons from a local supermarket, an announcement that my wife was an "instant winner" of a free gift (redeemable after a two-hour drive to view a resort property); several appeals addressed to people who moved from our house years ago; and seven (yes, seven) full-color holiday catalogues.

My first response was outrage. It isn't fair... they have no right to invade my privacy like this... I didn't ask for any of these catalogues... what's the world coming to! (I also felt some sympathy for the poor postal worker who had to deliver all this clutter.)

I took some deep breaths, had a moment of Quaker silence, and in a more positive mood began to leaf through the glossy catalogues. My mood began to elevate. In one entitled Herrington, The Enthusiasts' Catalog I could order an "Instant-On Radar Detector" for my car for $329 (just right for those nights when one has to make it to two committee meetings in different parts of town).

Williams-Sonoma, A Catalog for Cooks, offered an electric Glacee Belgique for $275. (Can you imagine what a hit this would be at a potluck supper: unlimited soft ice cream in flavors of one's choice!). And a real bargain (only $12.50) in a booklet called Solutions, "products that make life easier"—an item called a Doze Alarm Beeper, which "rests lightly behind either ear and sounds an alarm if your head nods forward past a pre-set point..." (a great help on First-day mornings at meeting... need I say more?).

As often happens, my reading was interrupted. Mike Ayres bounced a hockey puck off the back windshield of our car and I dashed over to assess the damage; and the mudpie chefs then needed baths before dinner. In the rush of events I left the mail on the porch.

Later, after the boys were in bed, I went out to collect their bikes and discovered that the holiday catalogues were gone. So much for the opportunity to complete my Christmas shopping in October. Maybe I'll get another chance next year.

And now, on the subject of important mail: please accept an apology from our printer for the late delivery of the October issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL. Future issues (this one too, we trust) should arrive shortly before or close to the first of the month of our cover date.

Vinton Deming
Features

6  Friends and the Homeless
   Marjorie Hope and James Young
   In what special ways might Friends address the problem?

10  No Room at the Inn
    Jennie Allen
    Friends in Westchester County become involved with
day-to-day needs.

12  On the Street: Seeking Solutions
    Clifton Gamble
    How has public policy contributed to a growing problem
    of homelessness?

16  Praying
    Dorothy T. Samuel
    How can we tell when God is listening to us?

17  A Life Lived With Grace
    Caroline Cherry
    A glimpse of a 19th-Century Friend, Ann Price Gibson

19  Some Enriching Readings on the
    Life of Jesus
    Leonard S. Kenworthy
    A bibliographic essay discussing 16 useful references
    for Friends

23  Stanley Ellin, Mysterious Friend
    Chuck Fager
    Reflections on a time spent with the Quaker
    mystery writer

26  Children's Books Give Us Hope
    Amy Weber
    Brief reviews of books that bring us laughter and lift
    our hearts

Cover photo by Daniel Leisen

Departments

2  Among Friends
4  Forum
5  Viewpoint
29  Book Reviews
34  News of Friends
34  Bulletin Board
36  Milestones
38  Calendar
38  Classified

November 1987
Volume 33, No. 14
Back to the Light

Both Larry Miller's article "Spiritual Aspects of Depression" and the two accompanying articles on suicide (FJ 9/1) were very interesting, and I commend you for publishing on these rather unpopular subjects in such a forthright manner. I have struggled with depression most of my adult life. About two years ago I experienced a "major depressive episode" - words that don't begin to communicate the unspeakable agony it is. The next year was utter misery, during which the wish to simply die and be done with it all became stronger and stronger.

During that year neither traditional psychotherapy ("talking") nor medication did much good, the latter because we had not yet discovered an effective tricyclic. Where I did get help was from the loving support of my wife, strong encouragement and reassurance from my psychiatrist, and of a few days I broke out of the depression worked, and in the space of several weeks I was able to see clearly the misery and grief that had dogged me since childhood, and I began to accept my illness as a constant beacon is vital to me. Perhaps the release of thousands of helium-filled balloons is the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill (NAMI, 1901 N. Fort Myer Dr., Suite 500, Arlington, VA 22209, [703] 524-7600), and its state and local chapters.

I learned these past two years that it is possible, by the grace of God, to go through great darkness, and emerge back into the Light. And having the Light of the meeting as a constant beacon is vital.

Dimitri Mihalas Urbana, Ill.

On Praising Silence

I appreciated the article: "Let the Silence Speak for Itself" in the September 1/15 issue. Sometimes at our meeting a sustained, spiritual silence is broken by a first-time attender, or a long-time weighty (?) Friend getting up and praising the silence! Silence should be praised silently.

However, to the early Friends the silence was an extraordinarily complex thing. At New York Yearly Meeting this year I picked up a book on the subject, by Richard Bauman, entitled: Let Your Words Be Few: Symbolism of Speaking and Silence Among Seventeenth-Century Quakers (Cambridge University Press, 1983). Prof. Bauman studied the subject from the point of view of the ethnography of speaking, symbolic anthropology, and the historical sociology of religion. Obviously there is more to silence than meets the eye . . . . , er, I mean the ear.

Joseph Levenson
New York, N.Y.

Jonah's Dilemma

On April 22, the adult study group of Atlanta (Ga.) Friends Meeting met to share perceptions of the message each received from reading the book of Jonah. The Bible says that God asked Jonah to go to Nineveh, the capital of Assyria - Israel's deadly enemy - and "speak out against it." Jonah tried to avoid delivering God's message because he was convinced God would not really destroy the city. His efforts to avoid God's command were to no avail, and after he gets "swallowed by a large fish for three days and three nights" he reluctantly goes to Nineveh and tells the inhabitants of God's intent to destroy that very large city in 40 days. The people believed what he told them and after they truly changed their evil ways, God did not punish them after all.

The discussion finally focused on Jonah's dilemma of whether or not to follow the leading of the Spirit. Each of us has had occasion to determine whether or not to follow God's command to speak out when it would be unpopular to do so. Several members of the study group shared their experiences of avoiding a strongly felt leading of the Spirit. The dilemma of how to discern a true leading of the Spirit from that of one's own ego led to the suggestion that Friends use a clearness committee to help them decide. A clearness committee can be arranged by Ministry and Council or any other committee which the individual feels can best address the particular concern.

Perhaps Jonah's "large fish" was his way of allowing the clearness process to work. A clearness committee gives one the time to focus, in a more spiritual atmosphere than we normally have available, on what is happening in our "wrestling matches with God." Friends meetings have a similar way of swallowing us up and empowering us to discover what it is the Spirit wants us to do. "Let Thy will - not mine - be done" was how Jesus put it.

Free Polazzo Atlanta, Ga.

Hold the Balloons

I would like to ask Friends to use their gentle influence on their communities to affect our relationship with marine wildlife. Increasingly it is becoming popular to celebrate public events by the release of thousands of helium-filled balloons. Unfortunately, these balloons,
Passing By

Walking along a narrow road in the Black Forest region of West Germany recently I suddenly came upon a memorial stone topped by a cross on which hung the figure of Christ crucified. In a nearby field cows were peacefully grazing, and but for the music of the bells hanging from their necks, they might have gone unobserved. Overhead, two fighter jets roared into the distance. Nearby, heavy lorries sped along the motorway.

Carved on the stone beneath the cross were the words: "Ich bin der Weg, die Wahrheit und das Leben." (I am the way, the truth and the life.) The memorial had been placed there in 1949 in memory of a German soldier killed in the East during World War II. The final caption read: "Ruhe sanft in fremder Erde." (Rest in peace in foreign soil.)

Who was that war victim? Who had remembered him so feelingly—his mother, his wife, or his girlfriend? It makes no difference.

For me, the passerby, here was a moving reminder—quite unexpected and, therefore, all the more striking—that the way of the Lord is along the path of peace and no other, whatever the circumstances.

Alex Bryan
The Friend

Viewpoint

An Unusually Happy Group

My present life situation is one that gives occasion for some careful thinking: I live among several hundred people who are all waiting to die.

Oh, certainly not any time soon. Several of us have now been in this situation for 15 years and are not expecting anything to happen in the near future. We do not live in a hospital or (except to a very limited extent) a nursing home; we live in one of the modern life-care communities. When I say that we are all waiting to die, the first thing I mean is that for almost all of us, we know that the move we made to come here was our last. People go, of course. Our ages range from 65 to 101, and some of us are no longer in the most robust health. We accept that death will happen to some among us, though a few times lately it has happened suddenly to members of the group who we strongly felt were not yet ready to go.

What has caused me to embark upon this train of thought is the observed fact that we are an unusually happy group of people. This is not my observation alone; I have heard speculation upon it among many fellow members of the community. There are many such communities nowadays, and we may not be correct in our notion that ours is a particularly happy one, but there is evidence to suggest that happiness in such groups of older people is not anything which causes surprise. I have found myself wondering why and wishing that one of my psychiatrist or psychologist friends, former colleagues, would come here, take a good look, and tell us.

Some answers spring immediately to mind. We have managed to get ourselves into a life situation which is remarkably free of many of the commoner sources of stress. For as long as we live, we are sure of four walls and a roof, as many as three good meals a day, and whatever we require in medical care. We are confident that this will continue even if something catastrophic happens to the incomes we had when we came in (our reserve fund for emergencies of this kind is pushing a million dollars). Nothing in this life is certain but the odds on this seem good. Free of some major worries, we can plan travel and cultural stimulation to an extent that comes as a good deal of a surprise.

Another source of contentment is the continuation of good relationships with our grown children and their children. None of us wonders whether an uncomfortable degree of dependency will develop or how the bills will be paid. Anxieties of this kind too often spoil the pleasure older people are able to take in their children’s lives and expectations.

Our health too is in most cases better than average for our age group, because of our ability to get immediate care for anything that goes wrong and perhaps head off what could develop into serious trouble. In fact some early adjustments became necessary in the financial arrangements because we lived longer than the actuaries had expected from their data about the population at large. (As a friend of mine once whispered while a rise in rates was being explained, "Maybe some of us should volunteer?")

Yes, people die, and real pain is caused especially when the death wasn’t expected so soon. But one thing that has become very apparent to me in recent weeks is the healing effect of living in a community of this kind. One of a loving couple dies and everybody shares the grief; but the momentum of daily living sweeps on as before, and while we know that the bereaved survivor is truly suffering, he or she seems to feel borne up and carried along and lose that dreadful look of unbearable strain. Not that we feel less—but we have so much to help us bear it.

It occurs to me to wonder whether this is a phenomenon common in some degree to any type of community in which people are brought closely together in circumstances of some danger. We know that it happened in war time to those in the front line. Does it happen in prisons? In hospices? In small nations living under threat from big, aggressive neighbors? Here the example of Israel comes to mind. This is something I would dearly like to see given a thorough professional examination. People skilled in human interaction—come spend some time with us and find out!

Quakers are prominent among the church groups which sponsor communities of this kind, though we certainly do not have the field to ourselves. What is the role of religious belief here? We aren’t all Quakers, of course, in fact some are unchurched. But has Quakerism contributed something special here? Again, I’d like to see a study put in hand. Who will undertake it?

Norma Jacob
Kendal at Longwood/
Kennett Square, Pa.

For a sense of place, a touching story, an experience left behind, read on...
With their long tradition of seeking to bind the wounds of individuals in pain and at the same time work at the roots of social injustice, Quakers have something special to offer the homeless.

Our own concern was spawned by a unique project by Friends. Back in the 1960s—some 20 years before what is sometimes called “the decade of the homeless”—the 15th Street Meeting in New York City established Toward Community. Volunteers patrolled the streets at night looking for figures huddled on sidewalks, in doorways, on park benches, in the recesses of darkened buildings. The teams came with sandwiches, coffee, blankets, and, most importantly, a wish to listen. They saw these “cast-asides” as fellow human beings who needed not just physical sustenance, but the communication that comes from the exchange of a few words, or simply from touch.

The patrol had no shelter, and it soon became evident that the municipal men’s shelter and many hotels could be more dangerous than the streets. Conscientious objector Ned Towle spent some time with the homeless in the men’s shelter and city-subsidized Bowery “hotels” (essentially flophouses) and was interviewed by the New York World-Telegram about the violent and sordid conditions.

The story served to arouse some public indignation, but the condition of the shelters did not improve. Members of Toward Community talked with the city commissioner of shelter services, who agreed that the situation was deplorable. The city took no significant action, however.

Joni Ross, who headed the project, began focusing her energies on the homeless or potentially homeless mentally ill. When we first met them, we did not know they were patients. Joni simply introduced them as friends. They gathered four times a week for informal activities followed by a potluck supper. Anyone could come, and anyone could bring along other friends. Only gradually did we learn that they were men and women who had once lived in state hospitals and now dwelt on the streets or in dreary single-room occupancy hotels (SROs) and that many had been referred to Toward Community by social workers who hoped the project could somehow accomplish what the larger society had not.

Eventually the patrols were laid down. As Joni puts it, “Most of the volunteers wore out.” Yet some Toward Community members—notably Joni and Ned—continued to press for action on the part of the city and to establish agencies, and one volunteer, John Tusa, became head of the Bowery Residents’ Committee. At the same time, they persisted in reaching out to individuals. Volunteers and staff members maintained a drop-in center on 14th Street and ran a counseling office and potluck suppers in the meetinghouse. They met new friends for “raps” on park benches, called on those who were hospitalized, and after undergoing advocacy training, helped them through the maze of welfare bureaucracies.

Today the focus of the project has changed. Four nights a week the meeting holds overnight hospitality in the meetinghouse; during the day guests often go to the Moravian Coffee Pot. The pioneering aspects of the project live on. The listening, personal concern, advocacy, and monitoring of public shelters are very much a part of the meeting’s outreach. All these ideas, as well as the patrols and drop-in center (two activities now dropped from the program), have spread to other groups working with the homeless.

In the 1980s the principal causes of homelessness are lack of affordable housing, inadequate social benefits, unemployment, and the dearth of community-based services for the mentally ill. Those caught in its web span the human spectrum from throwaway youth to sick elderly persons. Increasing numbers are single women and families.

A search of history suggests Quakers have a certain empathy with victims of homelessness. Quakers have known what it means to be stigmatized as “different.” Displaced from their homes—not by gentrification, but by religious intolerance—they have journeyed in hopes of finding some space where they might dwell in dignity. When Quakers opened their own homes to slaves escaping from the South, they were establishing a bond of community.

Today many homeless people are living in prisons. In some locales, centuries-old vagrancy laws have not been repealed; in others, there is simply no other place to house roofless single men. There are also homeless people incarcerated because they engaged in petty crime. Too unskilled to find jobs and ineligible for welfare benefits, there seemed no way out but to live by their wits. Through the years Quakers have understood that prisons do little to deter violence, but instead tend to breed it.
They have recognized that when they view their fellow human beings as endowed with “that of God,” even society’s outcasts can begin to view themselves differently.

In another sense, many mass shelters are little more than prisons. At least one city-sponsored shelter—in Greenpoint, Brooklyn—is surrounded by barbed wire, and residents must get special permission to attend meetings of the National Union of the Homeless. Successors to Elizabeth Fry would surely see such places as examples of our society’s violence.

Quakers’ historic involvement with the emancipation of women has influenced creation of refuges for homeless battered women today. Friends know that these women need not only a physical refuge, but the opportunity to vent their feelings and to join other women in growing through community. They need more, of course: legal aid, welfare entitlements, child care, job training—the vital supports requisite to starting a new life, supports that should come from the wider community.

In the 1790s, English Friends Esther and Abraham Tuke founded York Retreat, the first institution for the humane treatment of the mentally ill. Their act of faith that there is that of God in everyone influenced the attitude toward mental disease throughout the world. Friends Hospital, established in Philadelphia during the following century and modeled on the York Retreat, is only one enterprise testifying to U.S. Quakers’ active concern for men and women beset by maladies of the mind. As everyone knows, today they make up a large sector—perhaps 30 or 40 percent—of our citizens who have no place to call their own. As much as their counterparts two centuries ago, they need to be treated as human beings who have the same need for roots that the rest of us do. True, some of our national leaders seem to believe that people on the street live there out of choice. But given the paucity of community-based services and the sordid conditions of so many shelters, perhaps the question to ask is: what choices have they had? And then, what can be done to create a mental health system that is oriented to preventing the tragic waste we see on the streets?

In other words, the current emphasis on emergency assistance should be questioned. When individuals respond to the situation, they usually think of supporting...
shelters and soup lines, either through funds or by volunteering their own time. When local, state, or federal governments respond, it is usually with short-term, grossly inadequate appropriations to organizations working on the front line. All these measures are absolutely essential. Desperate people cannot wait. Yet at a certain point such measures can become counterproductive: they can so fill us with the glow of having done the right thing that they blind us to the reality that little has been done to prevent homelessness.

What kinds of measures are called for? Space permits us to outline only a few.

- **Housing:** As the National Coalition for the Homeless points out, a three-tiered approach is needed: emergency shelter, transitional accommodations offering services to help homeless people get back on their feet, and permanent housing. Of these three, obviously, the last represents a preventive approach. Every year some 500,000 units are lost through abandonment, inflation, arson, and demolition. Yet in the United States less than one household in 16 is living in housing directly assisted by the federal government. This is the lowest proportion in so-called civilized countries. Moreover, during the Reagan years, funds for public housing have been cut more than 60 percent. Clearly, only the federal government has the power and financial resources to create more affordable housing for its citizens.

On the local level, however, there is much that can be accomplished by concerned citizens. One reason European countries have a lower incidence of homelessness is that they have more controls on the use of housing and land. It is far more difficult, for example, for a landlord to evict a family simply because he wants to convert the building into luxury housing. In the United States, too, there is a growing movement to pass legislation to control eviction procedures, rent levels, conversion, demolition, and speculation that keeps land and dwellings unused while awaiting a rise in value. At the same time, many church and other voluntary groups are sponsoring nonprofit housing in low-income neighborhoods. The Friends Committee on National Legislation, among others, has presented some excellent proposals on the subject.

- **Employment:** We need to recognize the reality behind Washington’s rhetoric that the employment situation has vastly improved. Official unemployment statistics do not include the discouraged jobless (estimated at more than a million)—people who have found prospects so dim that they have given up looking for work. Moreover, the government counts as “employed” those who work for one or more hours for profit during a survey period, even if they wish to work much longer. In the past five years there has been a tremendous growth in the number of people forced to take part-time positions, often with low pay and no provision for medical insurance, sick time, or other benefits that have become essential to dignified existence. The minimum wage has not been adjusted for inflation since 1981, and earnings from a full-time, year-round minimum-wage job are $4,000 below the poverty line for a family of four. Today there are families with both parents working who live in shelters because the minimum wage is so low and rents are so high. Such sobering facts—and many others—suggest that what is needed is a full employment policy. To be comprehensive, preventive, and relevant to the complex situation today, the concept should embrace not only jobs for those able to work, but jobs with decent pay and working conditions; training opportunities, education for the employed and underemployed; child care programs; health care and other benefits; and jobs that protect the environment. The Hayes-Hawkins “Economic Bill of Rights” represents the many-pronged approach that is needed.

- **Mental Health:** A comprehensive system would be based on the right to treatment and care. It would be based on continuity of care: a range of graded treatment services (prehospital, inpatient, aftercare, rehabilitation) and housing alternatives (from prehospitalization to quarterway house, halfway house, hotel wards, group living, foster care, and individual home living). The focus could be the network of Community Mental Health Centers (CMHCs), which planners of CMHC legislation once envisioned as covering the nation. Today, out of 2,000 centers originally planned, less than 900 are in existence, and little or nothing has been done for the severely mentally ill patients who make up the hard core of the homeless. A mental health system oriented to prevention would work not only with these individuals but also those ordinary people who suffer from a variety of neurotic disorders. It would include programs of outreach and education that are better funded and more effective than the halfhearted programs that seem to be the rule today. It would also form an integral part of a universal health care system.

- **Welfare:** It is easy to forget that “welfare” means “well-being.” A humane, comprehensive social welfare system should be concerned with the well-being of all citizens. The lower incidence of homelessness in Western European countries, even those with high rates of unemployment, is largely due to the existence of more extensive, better coordinated safety nets. To cite only one example: in Austria, low-income families in danger of sliding into homelessness because the breadwinners have lost their jobs can get help through the social assistance (welfare) office, which will pay the rent for a certain number of months. This procedure helps preserve the family’s dignity, and in terms of the total cost to society it is more economical than our more shortsighted approach.

In comparison with the United States, both Western and Eastern European countries spend a far greater proportion of the social budget on “universal” benefits. “Universal” here does not mean everyone receives each benefit; it simply means everyone within a designated population group (children, the aged, the unemployed, college students, etc.) may receive a benefit without regard to income. Although there are often gaps in actual services, this means that more Europeans enjoy sickness allowances, maternity/paternity benefits, child care, family allowances, family planning services, low tuition for higher education, and adequate unemployment insurance. As for health care, the United States is the only major industrial country with no plan
for universal provision; 59 other nations, including some poor ones, have made it a cornerstone of social policy. In the United States we still operate on the 19th century philosophy that the poor must be segregated from the rest of us. They must submit to means tests in order to be eligible for many services. As a result, the services they receive are often separate and of inferior quality.

If we demonstrate the will, we can replace our social welfare system with one that meets the basic needs not of the poor alone, but of all citizens. At the same time, homelessness would begin to recede from our national scene.

People who have sunk into that most humiliating of human conditions, the level where they have no space to call their own, need all these concrete means of support. People our society tends to treat as invisible need to be recognized. In our travels around the country, picking up homeless job-seekers in need of a ride and talking to others in shelters and parks, we encountered surprise that anyone would take an interest in them. Almost never did they ask for a hand-out. But as we parted, almost always they would say, a bit wistfully, “Thanks for talking with us.”

Friends are constantly beset with appeals to their sense of social justice. They cannot do everything. Still, most of us can find time and energy for one extra small step. On the other hand, we can bear in mind that homelessness is only a symptom of problems that confront the whole society. Friends who are working for low-income housing, or seeking more comprehensive and equitable mental health services, or pushing for a full employment policy, or pressing members of Congress to pass legislation that would at least assure national minimum standards for public assistance, or lobbying for a universal national health care system, are also working to prevent homelessness.

One could cite dozens of other such actions on the local, state, and national levels. Friends need not be engaged in a project with the homeless to be of service to them.

What we need is to rekindle that larger vision, the vision of a society based on fair shares, on a true sense of community. In that society every human being could have some place to call “home.”
Imagine sleeping in a different place, in your street clothes, every night. Imagine carrying everything you own in one or two small tote bags. Imagine not being able to own more than that because you have nowhere to put anything away. That's how the homeless in Westchester County, N.Y., live. Laundry being a problem, they discard things and take replacements from the clothing collections made available to them. On Wednesdays at 10:00 in the evening, they are bused to the White Plains YMCA, where they are allowed 30 minutes in the shower room.

"If every church and synagogue in the United States would average adopting 10 poor families beneath the poverty level, . . . we could eliminate all government welfare in this country, federal, state and local." Such was President Reagan's suggestion in January 1982.

Ronald Reagan further reasoned that "because [programs] would be manned by volunteers, the cost would be infinitely less and the actual help greater because it would come from the heart."

As we all know, the Reagan Administration has annually whittled away at federal social programs, and most of all at the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD), which in 1987 received a third of what it received in 1980. By various means which fit the Reagan philosophy, the nation's stock of subsidized housing available to the poor is being depleted (middle- and upper-class housing is subsidized by means of income tax deductions for interest payments on mortgages and real estate taxes). During the same period, the dollars given to the Pentagon have multiplied 2.5-fold, while the hungry and homeless population in the United States steadily grows. (Congress has, however, appropriated $443 million in emergency aid for the homeless in fiscal year 1987 and $616 million for 1988. These provisions were signed by President Reagan in July 1987.)

The plight of the homeless under Mr. Reagan's policies has indeed, as he hoped, elicited a response among caring communities, including Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting. However, no meeting or other religious unit I've heard of has adopted 10 families. Houses of worship have been opened to provide overnight shelter, and soup kitchens and food distribution depots have been established, but these emergency measures are not the same as affordable housing and decent jobs.

In Westchester County in 1986, soup kitchens and food depots distributed almost 1,030,000 meals, up from 650,000 in 1985, according to the local Coalition for the Homeless. Groups of 19 men sleep in houses of worship at different locations each night. The limit is 19 because if 20 or more are taken in there are government regulations to be complied with. The guests are male because women are taken care of by the county: women with children in motels, single women at the Westchester County airport.

In White Plains, the city next door to Scarsdale, a volunteer organization called Sheltering the Homeless Is Our REsponsibility (SHORE) provides a framework for serving one such group of men. It collects voluntary contributions with which to pay a professional social worker who accompanies the men each night. The county provides transportation from a designated gathering place on the street to a given site each night, and it supplies army cots. The site provider supplies freshly laundered bed linens, dinner, and breakfast.

Scarsdale Meeting Friends contribute both money and food for feeding the hungry. For a couple of years, our high schoolers have made the collection their province. But when we took up in meeting for business the possible use of our meetinghouse as a shelter, things did not go smoothly. The Scarsdale Meeting
nursery school uses our social room, kitchen, and bathroom on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings. Some First-day school parents as well as nursery school parents and staff members were concerned about the possible danger of AIDS and other health risks involved in sheltering derelict men in the meetinghouse. Several meetings for business were devoted to discussion of the proposal. At a specially called meeting, a world-renowned health expert who attends meeting offered assurance that if the space were used Friday nights and professional cleaners came in Saturday mornings and applied hospital-grade disinfectants, there would be nothing to fear.

Although alarm was assuaged, some nursery school parents were still concerned about the introduction of a new plan for use of the meetinghouse, which they felt represented a sudden change in the tacit contract between themselves and the meeting.

Another problem remained: was the meetinghouse suitable? A director of SHORE thought that it was barely large enough, and in the end it turned out that other much larger congregations afforded more space, and ours was not needed.

We minuted that if in the future the need were more acute and Friends felt moved to open the door to the homeless, the meetinghouse would be used as a shelter. We informed parents of this year’s nursery school prospects of the minute so that there would be no question of something being “sprung” on them after the fact.

A number of Friends were upset that there should have been any question about whether to help the homeless, and several said reproachfully, “There was no room at the inn.” Some of the high schoolers who attended the December meeting for business seemed particularly hurt. The discussion was wounding, but in the end some members felt that by following the Quaker process of working through the problems till we reached unity we had experienced growth. Also, some attenders were interested and impressed to learn about the way we did things.

Despite not using the meetinghouse, we are serving the homeless in another way. Some 40 of us have volunteered to help provide hospitality at other houses of worship. Three or four people open up the building, set up as though for a potluck, provide and serve dinner, and clean up afterwards. That stint is from about 6:30 to 11:00 p.m. Someone comes in at 11:00 (the men are usually asleep by then), to be present in case of an emergency, particularly to be able to cover should the professional social worker be called away. (One night he did have to take to the hospital a guest with paranoid tendencies who had become too uncomfortable with his surroundings to tolerate them.) At 5:00 a.m. a new shift of helpers arrives, bringing breakfast and making sack lunches for the men to carry away when they leave at 7:30. The men themselves set up and dismantle the cots.

The men appear to appreciate both the food and the hospitality. Some are taciturn, but some are talkative and tell the story of their lives; we get to know and like them. One man commented on the contrast between our sumptuous menus and the peanut butter sandwich lunches and spaghetti dinners provided to a friend of his who pays $700 for room and board out of a $750 monthly income. Another man drew a beautiful portrait of one of the volunteers and presented it to her; he was a trained artist, but an alcoholic. Some of the men obtain occasional work but cannot find housing they can afford.

Thus we see the gamut of people who face homelessness—those without enough money and those without coping skills. Often in past generations, private groups that provided such services made their clients attend religious services and comply with other rigid rules before allowing them to receive benefits. I have read of some conditions being imposed today by shelter operators, but fortunately have not observed them locally (except, of course, for common-sense rules of good behavior).

The program ended for the summer on May 31. Jim Carnavale, SHORE’s skillful and insightful social worker, says he helped all but two or three of the men locate rooms, and those two or three later found accommodations.
The Homeless

On the Streets Seeking Shelter

by Clifton Gamble

8:00 a.m., Walnut Street in Philadelphia: The night’s chill is slowly being lifted by the morning sun. On the corner lies a succession of cardboard boxes, forming an enclosure that resembles a coffin. The boxes become animated, and the makeshift lid tumbles to the ground. Inside lies a man, shielded by the wine which protects him from the humiliation of being one of America’s ignored. He has graduated from many detoxification programs; he has lent his ear to many caseworkers. He has at times hoped he might lift himself out of his rut, but when he hits the street the feeling of helplessness grows. He confronts himself with the universal questions of self-worth. He asks himself if he is as much of a person as the people who pass him daily. His doubts prevail, backed by the reality that surrounds him, and he takes the few pennies he has and limps into the liquor store for his crutch.

On 33rd and Chestnut, looking up at the sign that reads “Peoples Emergency Shelter,” is a 21-year-old woman and her two children. Bags and suitcases, worn from months of travel, contain all her family’s belongings. Her last few months are blurred. She has seen her closest relatives lose interest in her plight. Initially, they were more than willing to lend a hand to someone in need. However, most of her friends and relatives eventually succumbed to the tensions of overcrowding. Small infringements on the host’s privacy turned into confrontations, and in the end the family found itself on the street again.

The scenarios above are just a few of the many facets of homelessness. Stereotypes of homelessness have created confusion in the minds of the public and officials. The public seems to see only the street people who sleep on grates and solicit funds from passersby. Hence, the historic reaction to homelessness has been to rid the streets of “eyesores.” However, as the ranks of homeless people have grown, the ineffectiveness of placing them in shelters to get them out of sight has become apparent. Homeless people generally fall into three categories: the mentally ill, the chronic substance abusers, and the economically displaced. Each group contains unique causes and problems.

In the case of those mentally ill people who are homeless, the attempt to deal with one problem has caused another. The process of deinstitutionalization began some 25 years ago as an effort to reduce the number of
mentally ill patients who lived isolated existences in institutions. Isolation didn’t cure them, but it did assure them of food, shelter, and mental care. Many patients never became well enough to live on their own, and they stayed in hospitals. As their numbers grew, federal and state governments faced a burgeoning financial difficulty to meet the needs for beds and care.

Legislation in 1963 aimed at addressing that problem and at offering mentally ill people a chance for more stability and self-sufficiency. Mentally ill people became eligible to receive disability aid after their discharge from hospitals, and community mental health centers were supposed to have been built through-
The theories behind these pieces of legislation were truly innovative, but they will be remembered most for their inept application. Few mental health centers materialized. There were supposed to be 2,000 by 1984, but only about 900 were built. Furthermore, the public wasn't willing to take the mentally ill into their neighborhoods. The assumption that communities would allow people who had visible or rumored mental problems to move into their neighborhoods was farfetched.

Yet those policies were followed well into the seventies. It is estimated that the number of psychiatric hospitals decreased by 75 percent from 1955 to the present. In 1955, there were 558,922 patients in mental hospitals; in 1982 there were 125,000. The deinstitutionalized patients, however, were not rehabilitated; they were homeless.

Mentally ill people comprise approximately 29 percent of the homeless population, according to an estimate by the 1986 U.S. Conference of Mayors. Other estimates place the figure far higher. Estimating the numbers of mentally ill homeless and deciding what to do for them run into a common problem: the line between being emotionally disturbed and justifiably commitable is a fine one. Anyone who sleeps out of doors or in the unstable atmosphere of shelters is subject to some paranoia. Those emotional disturbances should be treated, but aren't severe enough to categorize sufferers as mentally ill. A person must be endangering the life of himself or others to be forcibly committed. In addition, due to ignorance on the part of the public, a person who is labeled mentally ill is subject to economic discrimination or dismissal. "Mentally ill" is a label that should be given carefully, if at all.

Forcible commitment is not the answer, according to Dr. Richard Scurles, administrator of the Philadelphia Office of Mental Health and Mental Retardation. He believes treatment is a better remedy. Because mentally ill homeless people are afraid of being locked up, their faith in the system must be reestablished through personal contact with caseworkers, he says. The goal is to get people to come in for treatment regularly and to help resolve their economic situation as well.

The percentage of substance abusers varies widely and overlaps with the other two categories. Some mentally ill and economically impoverished people are substance abusers. In the case of the chronic abuser the addiction must be treated before the homelessness, because until the abuser is able to push the drug aside, he or she cannot be helped. Mark Bencivieno of the Philadelphia Coordinating Office for Drug and Alcohol Abuse states that treating abuse in the chronic abuser is very difficult because abusers often refuse extended help and must be persuaded to help themselves before they can be cured.

The largest proportion of homeless people are poor. These people are commonly referred to as "displaced." The problem is cyclical: an increasing number of people grow up in shelters and never emerge. Children who live on or below the poverty level go to poor schools and receive inadequate educations. When of age, most will choose the immediate satisfaction of minimum wage work instead of the long-term uncertainty and high cost of higher education that could offer upward economic mobility.

Chris Sparowal, former victim of homelessness who now runs a shelter, names lack of stability as the initial cause of homelessness. The people he sees are barely literate and not equipped for the current job market. These peo-
people at one time got by on minimum wage jobs, but for some reason or another find themselves on their own looking for a place to live. In 1987 the possibility of finding a home, be it renting or buying, on little more than minimum wage income is impossible. Chris Sparowa says that the amount of job training these people have is at a minimum, while jobs which require training are at a maximum.

Also alarming is the number of homeless young women with children. The Conference of Mayors estimated that 28 percent of the homeless are families, at least half of which are headed by a single parent. Some professionals believe there is a link between the increase in domestic violence and the increase in homeless women with children. Casper Morris of the People’s Emergency Center in Philadelphia, says the average family that enters the center, which specializes in dealing with displaced women and children, is headed by a woman of 21 who has two children. Typically, this woman has been recently abandoned by friends or is fleeing from a boyfriend or family members who abused her sexually or physically.

Many people are homeless because they cannot find housing they can afford. In almost every city with housing projects for low-income families, there are waiting lists of six months to a year. A swift and economically feasible solution still eludes federal officials. The lack of low-income housing must be placed among top priority domestic problems in the United States today.

The problems of homelessness are complex and require more than politically tainted promises. There will not be an all-encompassing solution. However, some progress is being made. Diane Allen, a Friend and anchorwoman for KYW-TV in Philadelphia, has distinguished herself by her devotion to the subject. She aired an in-depth report on the subject in 1983 that focused on the unfortunate human beings on the street. She stresses the importance of involvement. She explains that giving a homeless person a dollar to alleviate the giver’s guilt is not a solution. Instead, we need to give our time and money to solutions that help solve the underlying problems.
by Dorothy T. Samuel

Me: Dear God, tell me what to do, God—only don't make it too difficult.
Silence
God! God! Can't you hear me?

God: Umm.
Me: Everything's a mess. I don't know what to do. You're supposed to help me!

God: I am helping you.
Me: You are? That's nice. That's very nice. Why don't you let me in on it?

God: You're very much in on it.
Me: Then what should I do?
God: You're doing it.
Me: What is that supposed to mean?

God: You're asking.
Me: Then why aren't you answering?

God: Oh, but I am.
Me: (Crying) Why can't I hear you?

God: You're trying too hard.
Me: I've got to try hard. I don't have much time left ....
Silence
I can't afford to make the wrong decision. I'll have to live with it all my life ....

God: See, you heard something!
Me: But I just knew that—everybody knows that!

God: Ah!
Me: What do you mean "Ah"?

God: Anybody could know that. You'd be surprised how many people don't listen enough to hear it—really hear it.

Me: It's scary.

Silence

You're scary!

God: Ah!

Me: I really want to do what's right—for everybody.

God: Do you?
Me: Well, of course!

Long silence

All right. I get it. It's got to be best for me—and good for everybody else too.

Ah!

Me: Will you stop saying "Ah"!

Silence

But I've got to be good to me, don't I? That's what all the psychologists say—even in church, they say ....

Do you know what's good for you?

Silence

Me: Oh, brother!

God: Oh, sister.

Me: You're supposed to know what's best for me—and everybody else, too!

God: Umm.

Me: I don't like your track record, I'll admit. Jesus didn't do so well ....

Ah!

Me: And the people around— everybody—none of them liked it very much—followers, Jews, Romans ....
Silence
But that's why I'm here asking, isn't it? If it had really been a mess-up, why would all those people ever since keep praying to you to show them what to do?

God: AHH!
Me: I'm going to sleep on this, God. I don't think I'm ready for any more answers yet.

God: Ah!

Me: (Whispering) Thank you.

Dorothy T. Samuel is a member of St. Cloud (Minn.) Preparative Meeting, which is under the care of Minneapolis Meeting. She is a semi-retired speaker and writer, with broad experience working with Quaker groups.
The loss of loved ones, the waywardness of children, the challenges of single parenthood, the pain of illness, the tensions of career, divisiveness within and among religious groups: in the face of such trials, it is tempting to look nostalgically to an earlier time when life was easier and there were fewer obstacles to simple and faithful living. Recently I read some diaries and letters that put that nostalgic earlier time in clearer perspective. They were written by Ann Price Gibson, the daughter of a Quaker farm couple who lived in the Kingsessing district of Philadelphia County in the 18th century.

Born in 1792, Ann Gibson was an ordinary woman, typical of many others of her day whose names have not come down to us through history. She married twice, was widowed twice, bore three children, and was active in the Society of Friends at every level from preparative to yearly meeting, engaging in a vigorous public ministry. In this she was no different from numerous other Quaker women, many of whom were better known for their activism or rhetorical skill.

But Ann Gibson’s very obscurity has made reading the record of her life valuable for me, for it reveals what life was like for an ordinary person—one like most of us—and how she dealt with it. The pattern that emerges is one of a life filled with as many challenges and strains as any modern person could ever face, but sustained by habits and resources that we might benefit from cultivating.

The challenges of her life were indeed great. Her mother died when she was 13; she was sent away to Westtown School; she made a love match with a neighboring farmer, Thomas Paschall, at age 18, marrying out of meeting. By the time she was 23 she was managing a busy household of ten, including her own two infants, a foster child, a farm apprentice, and four live-in teen-aged servants, as well as assorted farmhands to feed at harvest time. By age 26 she was a widow, attempting to deal with her own grief and loneliness while caring for her children and running the farm on her own. At this time she also felt called to the vocal ministry in meeting, which meant not an occasional message in her home meeting (Darby, Pa.), but attendance several times a week at many area meetings, and visits to everyone from the inmates of the Philadelphia Alison-house to President and Mrs. Polk in the White House. In other words, like many modern people, she was experiencing the stresses of single parenthood and the attempt to combine family and career.

Stress was inescapable. Obviously her children came first—and they were not an easy responsibility, as she raised them without the help of a husband. Like many modern parents, she was distressed by their language (they persisted in saying “you”), their resistance to attending meeting, their bouts of quarrelsomeness and disobedience. She worried about them and the safety of the home every time her “dear Father” sent her “abroad on his service.”

But the call to the ministry was irresistible; she confessed to Letitia Ware, an older minister and mentor, “My testimonies are singular I think from any I have ever heard, but the excellent Father hath told me that he would open his mouth in parables, that he would utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world” (June 23, 1822). That message could not be denied; she had to share it as frequently as possible.

At the age of 41 she married Halliday Jackson, an old friend and recent widower, bearing him a son after a difficult pregnancy only to lose both son and husband shortly thereafter within the same year. These losses were compounded by her own poor health, frightening illnesses in her two remaining children, and the eventual loss of her son, a daughter-in-law, several grandchildren, and many friends. At one point she noted that “it seems to me hardly living enough to bury the dead” (Nov. 30, 1834). In addition, on a larger scale there were the heartbreaks of the 1828 separation within the Society of Friends, her deep and often frustrating engagement in the causes of abolition and Indian rights, and the anguish and anxiety of the Civil War.

When all of these burdens are lumped together, they seem overwhelming. This is certainly not the simple life of nostalgic daydreams. And yet what struck me in reading Ann Gibson’s diaries and letters was not pain or resentment or despair, but acceptance, quiet courage, resilience—even joy. I was moved to search the written record for the source of this strength.

The first answer, not surprisingly, was a deep sense of God’s presence and concern. This faith was not an effortless gift, however, but was sought for and nourished by a rigorous and disciplined program of daily Bible reading; invariable twice-daily periods of prayer, meditation and self-examination which she called her “quiets”; and frequent attendance at meeting, which in turn was carefully prepared for. She often describes the process in her diaries; one such description reads: “Before I leave home to go to Meeting I endeavor to have my mind rightly centered, and I commend all to the Lord ... and after I take my seat I examine myself and see whether the materials are in order for the building, and if they be so, the blessed spirit comes down and as an eagle stirreth up in his nest, so he taketh me..."
on his wings and beareth me, and it seems as if I was soaring aloft among the spirits above all earthly things" (March 31, 1821). Such transcendence was immensely comforting, but was achieved only with conscious preparation.

Her spiritual discipline was matched by physical rigor. She was wary of slothfulness and of indulgence or luxury. For instance, it was her practice to get up between 3:00 and 4:00 a.m., and she berated herself if she returned to bed after that; "by much slothfulness the building decayeth," she remarked (Dec. 28, 1820). In diet as well she was abstemious, not for reasons of vanity or even health but as a spiritual discipline and a resistance to using the products of slavery (in this case, especially, sugar). She was as scrupulous in her self-examination as any modern dieter: "I was not faithful on 7th day. I eat two ginger cakes and on 1st I eat a piece of white cake and yesterday a piece of fresh meat" (May 7, 1822).

Part of this discipline was the daily keeping of a journal. This was of course a frequent Quaker practice, in Ann Gibson's case influenced by the habit of her first husband, a man of Quaker ancestry, who also kept a daily journal. As he wrote at the start of a diary begun in 1811: "This is kept as a memento that I am still alive & have my senses serving to shew the employment of every day and some of the knowledge acquired." There was a larger element of accountability than of self-expression in the keeping of a diary; for Ann Gibson, it had the effect of focusing her attention on the responsible use of resources, including time.

But benefits extended beyond accountability. The diary served also as an aid to meditation, a stimulus to spiritual growth, and a vehicle for relieving grief and anxiety, which she could not fully expose to her children. In addition, since she wrote every day, it was natural to record particularly forceful dreams, many of which she regarded as divine messages to be interpreted and heeded. For instance, on January 17, 1821, she wrote: "How great did my confidence feel this morning . . . it seems as though I had been brought before my Dear Master in the spirit to be examined to see whereupon my faith was founded and . . . I saw clearly that it was founded on the rock." Recording these dreams in her journal made them more vivid, more permanent, and more closely related to her waking life. The dreams were another powerful source of strength, and fed into and blended with her daily "quiets," her private experience in meeting, and her vocal ministry.

At age 81, she was still busy with useful activities. Hers was an ordinary life lived with extraordinary grace.

These spiritual resources were supplemented by a sense of community. Again, this was not achieved without effort; it might require a carriage or horse ride of an hour or so, but she visited or was visited by Friends nearly every day. These visits may sometimes have had a practical purpose—the exchange of news, services, or goods—but there was also a conscious sense of mutual support and encouragement. There was daily face-to-face contact with people who cared for her and toward whom she felt responsibility.

Besides social and religious visits, Ann Gibson was frequently called upon for her medical skills, or for help in quilting, spinning, or other tasks. There was always someone who needed her, someone to care for, someone to think about other than herself. Even the domestic animals were part of this community, requiring care and thriving under attention.

This discipline and purposefulness left room, despite Quaker austerity, for joy and beauty. Though not given to frivolity in the serious business of her journal, Ann records the shimmer of ice on winter trees and the peacefulness of sitting with her young son after a busy day: "Baking in the oven and cleaning east parlor, cellar, and sewing. I feel happy my little son sitting beside me" (May 20, 1814).

Sustained by the rewards of spiritual discipline and community through the difficulties of a long life, Ann—by now Ann Price Gibson Paschall Jackson—wrote shortly before her death at the age of 81: "Not well, but abundantly favored with peace of mind." On the next day: "Jane Price here. We enjoyed sweet communion together. A Sabbath day, a day of rest. Very comfortable indeed." And her final entry on February 9, 1872, two days before her death: "Pretty busy. Sent my carpet strips to George Johnson. Sent the skins to Lucius Price to prepare for use. Samuel brought me some lozenges. Ann Paschall working at my velvet pieces. Hannah Darlington brought a dozen oranges. The spread is finished and I think it as handsome as any one I ever had made. The squares were arranged into a different pattern and bordered with Ann's pink calico and Sarah Sharples' chintz—a very striking contrast."

That last entry seems to sum up important elements of her life. At the age of 81 she was still busy with useful activities and a network of friendly, reciprocal relationships. She enjoyed the Sabbath peace of sweet communion. The spread—useful, beautiful, incorporating contributions from friends and kin—seems a fitting emblem of an ordinary life lived with extraordinary grace. Her life was no easier than ours, but her resources for living it were great.
A Bibliographic Essay

Some Enriching Readings on the Life of Jesus

by Leonard S. Kenworthy

Although many modern liberal Quakers concede the centrality of Jesus in world history and acknowledge his importance in the annals of the Religious Society of Friends, they tend personally and as a group to deemphasize him. Consequently many First-day school courses place Jesus at the periphery of their programs, Quaker publications on him are rare, and references to him in meetings for worship are infrequent.

Such a situation is understandable, as many present-day Friends have been turned off by their early experiences with the figure of Jesus. The intolerance and injustices perpetrated in his name may have alienated them. The current interpretations of "born again" television preachers and others may repel them. Furthermore, Friends are often aware of the divisive nature of discussions about Jesus in some groups.

As a consequence of such experiences, however, many individuals may have been deprived of a rich resource in their lives, becoming spiritual pygmies when they could have become spiritual giants.

This bibliographical essay is an attempt to call attention to 16 references which present graphic and enriching accounts of Jesus that should be generally acceptable to present-day liberal Friends.

Two Recent, Provocative Books on Jesus

The arresting title of a relatively recent book by Albert Nolan of South Africa is Jesus Before Christianity (Orbis Books, Maryknoll, N.Y., 1978. 156 pages), and the contents are almost as arresting as the title.

Attempting to remove the accretions of the centuries and to restore the original human being named Jesus, Nolan pictures him as a man of "extraordinary independence, immense courage, and unparalleled authenticity—a man whose insight defies explanation." He firmly believes that "To deprive this man of his humanity is to deprive him of his greatness." Nolan's picture of Jesus is of a member of the middle class who identified with the poor and oppressed members of the lower class. To Nolan, Jesus was one who spurned the exclusiveness of the Hebrew faith of his day and championed inclusiveness. He was indeed a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, but he was also a man of glad tidings, good cheer and joy. Jesus rejected the fatalism of many Jews and called for a faith which could overcome evil. He was one who spurned the hatred of one's enemies and preached about love as the center of religion, even love of one's enemies. His faith was applicable to the turbulent times in which he lived—and to our turbulent times today.

Andrew B. Hodges's Jesus: An Interview Across Time: A Psychiatrist Looks at His Humanity (Village Publishers, 1986. 307 pages) is filled with even more insights into the humanness of Jesus. It is written as if readers could hear Hodges talking with Jesus, posing the questions so many of us have long wanted to ask. It depicts Jesus as ever so human, though also divine.

We learn about Jesus' love for Joseph and the loss he suffered at Joseph's early death; of his reliance on prayer, his laughter and his camaraderie with the disciples; and his stress on learning to wait for messages from God—one of the great tests of faith.

There is a dramatic portrayal of the confrontation of Jesus and Satan on the Mount of Temptations and vivid vignettes of the disciples.

The motif is an imaginative and daring one, fraught with dangers. But Hodges accomplishes his purpose admirably. The author knows his Bible and his psychiatry, but does not overdo his reliance on that discipline.

Four Publications on Jesus by Quakers

Books and pamphlets by so-called liberal Friends on Jesus are not numerous, but there are a few such interpretations, and they contain much for modern Quakers.

The most recent Quaker writing about Jesus is a pamphlet by John Lampen, a prominent English Friend, Twenty Questions About Jesus (Quaker Home Service, London, 1985. 97 pages). In it Lampen confronts the most commonly asked questions today about Jesus and answers them briefly and cogently, often presenting a variety of views. Those questions range from "Did he exist?" and "How reliable are the stories about him?" to "What did the first Friends believe about him?" and "What do Friends believe about him today?" The booklet is comprehensive, clear, and

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challenging—well worth reading and pondering.

Very different in length, organization, and purpose is the recent volume by Eric Johnson, *An Introduction to Jesus of Nazareth: A Book of Information and a Harmony of the Gospels* (Independent School Press, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, 1981. 512 pages). In the past, Eric Johnson has written about a wide range of topics. Now he has turned his talents to the Bible and the figure of Jesus. Much of this volume is devoted to a harmony of Gospel accounts of Jesus. But it also contains a wealth of related information, ranging from material about the Jewish religion and about Palestine in the time of Jesus to lists of his principal parables and miracles and a brief discussion of the relationships between religion and public education. The author has said, “Perhaps the best result this book can have is to lead you to further thought and study.”

In 1981 Roger C. Wilson, a well-known English Friend, delivered the Backhouse Lecture at the Australia Yearly Meeting, and his talk was entitled “What Jesus Means to Me: Jesus the Liberator.” The booklet based on that lecture is a personal account of Wilson’s search for the meaning of Jesus in his life. His search resulted from encounters with a Roman Catholic abbot and a young Quaker radio-astronomer, as well as the tragic deaths of Dag Hammarskjold, Martin Luther King, Jr., and John and Robert Kennedy. Primarily it is a plea that each of us find his or her own answer to the significance of Jesus and “our own pathway to the footstool of God.”

Some idea of his own personal testament is contained in the powerful passage in which he says,

Jesus showed us what it means to live as in the presence of God. The Godless cosmos can be entered, purified, and sanctified by us as we commit ourselves to the guidance of God as love, transforming the temporal into the eternal. . . . This is the Jesus who in rejoining the disciples and rehabilitating them after the shattering episode of the desertion, filters through to us no more of the harsh reality of the cosmos than we can bear, liberating us from the
otherwise paralyzing burden of membership in a human society with God left out.

A few years earlier John R. Yungblut attempted, and for many people succeeded, in reconciling the widely-held beliefs of many Christians about Jesus Christ with their present world view in the post Darwinian and post-Freudian period. His conclusions are contained in a volume called *Rediscovering the Christ* (Seabury Press, New York, 1974. 180 pages).

This book is not always easy to read but it should be provocative and rewarding to study, especially to those who deny many of the long-held beliefs of Christians but are nevertheless drawn to the person of Jesus. In this volume John Yungblut separates the figure of the historic Jesus and the Christ myth and calls for a myth which asserts that “The Christ within Jesus was the same Christ within us, but released to him for a richer, more abundant life.”

### Books on How the Contemporaries of Jesus Might Have Seen Him

Three of the most thought-provoking books on the life and teachings of Jesus have been written from the same approach—as the authors think that various contemporaries might have seen him. One of those volumes is Harry Emerson Fosdick’s *The Man From Nazareth: As His Contemporaries Saw Him* (Harper, New York, 1949. 282 pages. Paperback). The second is Mary C. Morrison’s *Jesus: Sketches for a Portrait* (World, Cleveland, 1968 and 1979. 145 pages). The third is Kahili Gibran’s *The Son of Man: His Words and Deeds as Told and Recorded by Those Who Knew Him* (Knopf, N.Y., 1928. 216 pages).

In *Jesus of Nazareth*, Harry Emerson Fosdick portrays Jesus as seen by the crowds, scribes, and pharisees, the self-complacent, the religious and moral outcasts, women and children, the first disciples, the militant nationalists, and Jews with a world outlook. The figure that emerges is not a meek and mild Jesus, but an exciting, uncompromising, vital, dynamic, and exuberant Jesus. He is a transformer and a transmitter, a teacher, prophet, and savior, a reformer with a passion for the poor and dispossessed who concentrates on “inward transformation, spiritual rebirth, ... and all-inclusive, undiscouragable love.”

Mary Morrison, known to many Friends for her courses about the Gospels at Pendle Hill, sketches Jesus as a human being, a guide, a healer, a teacher, a humorist, an antagonist, a conformist, an incluider, a forgiver, a forerunner, an organizer, a leader, a revealer, and a stranger. Her sketches are drawn with skill and sensitivity, often with a provocative turn of phrase.

In *Jesus: The Son of Man*, Kahil Gibran records descriptions of Jesus made by individuals years after the crucifixion. Many of these descriptions are gems, often couched in poetic prose and magnificent imagery. For instance, Joseph of Arimathea reflects on Jesus’ departure 10 years afterward: “It is long since the cedar tree has fallen but its fragrance endures!”

### Two Novels on the Life of Jesus

Frequently one can gain a better understanding of a person, institution, or country through the medium of fiction. Such is the case with our understanding of Jesus. Two novels which have meant much to me over the years are Sholem Asch’s *The Nazarene* (Putnam, New York, 1939. 698 pages.) and Toyohiko Kagawa’s *Behold the Man* (Harper, New York, 1941. 346 pages). Both of these books can gain much insight into the life and teachings of Jesus.

Because he was born and raised as a Jew, Sholem Asch was able to provide a great deal of authentic background for his novel to help readers understand the setting for the life of Jesus. With rare beauty and deep insight, the author presents the power and overwhelming attraction of Jesus to a member of the inner circle of Roman oppressors.

Toyohiko Kagawa was one of the great Christians of this century who lived and worked with the poor and downtrodden in his native Japan. He had an unusual talent in writing, which he used to spread the Christian gospel far and wide.

His account in *Behold the Man* concentrates on Jesus’ life and teachings as seen by his disciples and the common people with whom he associated. In vivid phraseology and dramatic incidents, Toyohiko Kagawa helps his readers see the strikingly attractive and persuasive figure of Jesus—tall, lean, radiant, virile. He follows Jesus through fields, into homes of friends and admirers, and up hillside to pray.

To Toyohiko Kagawa, Jesus spoke little of sin but much of forgiveness and love. Where John the Baptist saw into the minds of men and women, Jesus saw into their hearts. There is much about beauty, too, in this novel, as when Jesus is reported to have said to his disciples, “Go and study by the side of the road, listen for the wind at nightfall and the sound of children’s steps. Make a holiday in the field with the grass to whisper to you. Take a flower from the mountain and breathe its fragrance.”

Especially human are his sketches of the disciples—of Judas and his yen for money, or Peter and his dislike of crowds and his desire for the dramatic.

### The Lighter Side of the Life of Jesus

For those who have been turned off by the portrayals of Jesus as a meek and mild man, acquainted with sorrow and burdened with grief, there are a few accounts which stress the lightened side of his life and his joy.

My favorite account is a leaflet by A. Barrett Brown called *Man of Joys* (Pennsburry Leaflets, Philadelphia: undated. 8 pages) in which he speaks of the gospel as “good news” and “glad tidings of great joy.” He writes of the Kingdom of God as one of “justice, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit.” The author grants that Jesus was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, but then captures Jesus’ lighter side by remarking about “His sheer joy—joy in life, His delight in nature, and His love of human fellowship.”

Elton Trueblood delved even deeper into this aspect of the life of Jesus in his book *The Humor of Christ* (Harper, New York, 1964. 125 pages). In it he writes of the universality of Christ’s humor, his use of irony, his strategy of laughter, and the many humorous parables he told (citing 30 of them). Among the better known examples of his humor are the incidents where Jesus asserts it is easier for a camel to go through a needle’s eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God; his account of the man who was so deeply concerned about the speck in another person’s eye that he was unconscious of the fact his own eye had a beam in it; or the blind guides who strained out the gnats and swallowed the camel.
Nicaragua Notes presents a view of Nicaragua substantially different from that found in most contemporary accounts. Written by a Quaker volunteer with Witness For Peace during his 8 months there in 1986, it is an intensely personal day-by-day account of living in the war zones.

Foreword by Ernest Callenbach
Paper, 5½ x 8½, 204 pages, 27 photographs, 2 maps, glossary, perfect bound. $9.95 postpaid

Friendsview Press, P.O. Box 1348, Nevada City, CA 95959

Three Other Valuable Accounts of Jesus

Space precludes many more summaries of the host of helpful books and pamphlets about Jesus. Brief references to three must suffice.

Many readers have puzzled about the years of Jesus' life between his appearance at the temple in Jerusalem at the age of 12 and his baptism by John the Baptist. All we know from the Gospel of Luke is that "Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and men."

The most enticing account we have of that unrecorded period is the classic written by John Oxenham, The Hidden Years (MacKay, New York, 1935 edition. 244 pages) based upon what that writer thought might have occurred. That attempt to recreate those many years is told by a lad who lived next door to Jesus and therefore knew him well.

Another volume which is well worth reading is Howard Thurman's Jesus and the Disinherited (Abingdon Press, Nashville, 1969. 112 pages/paperback). Written by a well-known and much-loved black clergyman, it is a powerful, provocative, and penetrating account of the Spirit at work in the lives and hearts of people, which enables them to overcome discrimination. This is a personal testament, written with deep conviction and persuasive power based on the testimony of Jesus that hate is harmful both to the hated and the hater. Thurman's belief is that only through adherence to the teachings of Jesus will people learn to live in peace and justice together.

Then there is the remarkable compendium brought together by Cynthia Pearl Maus called Christ and the Fine Arts (Harper, New York, 1959 edition. 813 pages). It is the most complete collection I have ever seen of poetry, prose, pictures, and stories connected with the life of Jesus. It is invaluable reading and an excellent reference. Several indexes should enable people to find the type of material they want. Meeting libraries can serve many by having this volume available.

Through these and other books and pamphlets like them, the lives of many people should be enriched with more meaningful portrayals of the personality and teachings of Jesus than many people have met in the past.
Stanley Ellin: Mysterious Friend

by Chuck Fager

Outside Brooklyn, New York, Stanley Ellin was known as a writer, the much-honored author of many novels and stories, especially in the suspense-mystery genres. Yet while he earned his living by writing for almost 40 years and was highly respected by his peers, Stanley Ellin was not exactly famous. His novels were translated into more than 20 languages and provided the basis for half a dozen movies; but he never had a bestseller in the United States, and referred to himself somewhat wryly as a “cult writer.”

His work came to my attention, as it has to many Friends, through his 1974 novel, Stronghold. This tale centers on the behavior of a group of Quakers in upstate New York when a family in their midst is taken hostage by a band of murderous thugs. Many of the Quaker characters in the novel seemed very familiar to me, as they have to other Quaker readers. For that matter, their varied reactions to the crisis they face in the story also seemed both recognizable and plausible. This authenticity, it turns out, was neither an accident, nor simply another example of Stanley Ellin’s careful research. Rather, these people and their responses were drawn from life, life in Brooklyn Friends Meeting, of which Stanley and his wife were members. The Ellins were not birthright Friends. To the contrary, they exemplified a major strain of contemporary convinced Quakerism. Even their discovery of the Society was emblematic of the type:

One Sunday toward the end of the 1960s, they attended worship at the venerable Brooklyn, New York, meetinghouse on Schermerhorn Street at the invitation of an American Friends Service Committee staff member. Although a lifelong Brooklynite, Stanley had not known there was a Quaker meeting in the borough, and had never experienced Quaker worship before. His own religious background mixed Catholicism and Judaism, out of which he and Jeanne had done much quiet seeking.

After the meeting, the Ellins took a long walk. At one point during the walk they turned to each other and said, almost simultaneously, “This is it.” “We felt as if we had come home,” Stanley told me later. They began reading everything about Quakerism they could lay their hands on, and by November of 1969 they had applied for membership.

Thereafter Stan Ellin was a stalwart member of Brooklyn Meeting, as Jeanne still is. They served on a slew of committees, and both pleaded overcommitment as a reason for turning down requests to be nominated as clerk.

“I based many of the characters in Stronghold on people in Brooklyn Meeting,” Stanley told me. “But surprisingly enough, no one ever recognized themselves.” This may be because many of these characters seem recognizable to Quaker readers who have never been to Brooklyn; Ellin evoked an ambiance and limned types that are familiar in unprogrammed Quaker culture.

From reading Stronghold I went to what is perhaps the other pole of Ellin’s work, a terrifying thriller called Mirror, Mirror On The Wall. This novel mixed sex, murder, and madness into a brew that left me unsettled for days after finishing it. From this I could see why he was named a Grand Master by the Mystery Writers of America; it was a dark masterpiece indeed.

Stanley’s writing, it turns out, not only could terrify readers, but could on occasion unnerve publishers as well. One of his last novels, The Dark Fantastic, was rejected by his longtime publisher for fear the book would be called racist. Ten other major publishers similarly shied away from the story, and it was ultimately published by The Mysterious Press, a small operation run by a New York detective story bookshop owner. It received favorable reviews and good sales.

There was irony aplenty in this development, both internal and external. Within its pages, The Dark Fantastic does indeed feature as one main character a bigoted and murderous white Brooklyn landlord who, dying of cancer, plans to blow up his apartment building and its black tenants, whom he hates. Yet to think that Ellin made his racist landlord realistic and believable, as he did, out of sympathy for the man’s pathological racism rather than the demands of quality writing boggles the imagination. Furthermore, in counterpoint to this is a sensitive and convincing account of an interracial romance between the detective hero and a woman whose family lives in the targeted building. Nonetheless, it was all too much for 11 of the biggest houses in the publishing business, the wimps.

Externally, the thought of Ellin as a racist is even more ludicrous. When his Brooklyn neighborhood changed in the late 1960s from all-white to nearly all-black, he and Jeanne were among the few whites who did not flee to the suburbs; the only move they made was to another apartment across the street.

It was in this apartment that I met Stan Ellin in 1981 to interview him for A Friendly Letter. I asked him why a presumably peace-loving Quaker would focus his creative work on evil and crime. His answer was reflective: crime fiction presumes that there is a moral order in human existence, even if it focuses on aberrations from this order. And for that matter, he noted, a number of famous mystery writers have had Quaker connections: Rex Stout and Raymond Chandler to name only two.

While we talked, I couldn’t help but notice that for all Stanley’s success as an author, the Ellins lived very simply. Their apartment was small, furnished...
more with bookcases than anything else. Even his three Edgars, little hand-painted ceramic statuettes of Edgar Allan Poe which are the mystery writer’s equivalent of the Oscar, were huddled obtrusively on the corner of a shelf. He wrote on a venerable portable typewriter; they never owned a car.

Jeanne later told me of filling out estate tax forms which demanded a complete inventory listing of all Stanley’s jewelry; she was, she realized, wearing his entire collection: a Timex watch with a leatherette band. Yet they were not poor; nor was Stanley, Jeanne insisted, an ascetic denying himself the things he wanted. In this, as in other ways, he seems to have been a natural Quaker, simple in tastes and plain by temperament.

He was in many ways a natural Quaker, simple in taste and plain by temperament.

For that matter, while a self-supporting professional writer for almost 40 years, Stanley never became part of what he called “the literary swim.” “Especially the socializing,” he said, “is so tempting it cuts your writing time.” The one exception he made to this rule was for the annual convention of the Mystery Writers Association. For these occasions he and Jeanne took a room in a Manhattan hotel. Why do that, when it was but a subway ride away from home? For fun, no doubt; but Stanley also chuckled at the question, and said it made things easier: too many of his fellow authors were afraid to ride the subway, and thought Brooklyn was a distant, foreign country.

With this outlook, it is no wonder that he was popular with his neighbors, who remembered him as unassuming and helpful. “He didn’t look like a writer,” one acquaintance told a local reporter. And indeed he didn’t: when he walked me to the subway after our interview in 1981, he wore a black knit sailor’s cap, large dark sunglasses, and a seedy plaid raincoat.

Unfortunately, after that one visit I never saw Stanley Ellin again. But I heard from him several times, in response to one or another of my reports in A Friendly Letter. He seemed to like the newsletter, and I took the regard of such an accomplished professional as a high compliment indeed.

Partly because of these letters, partly from reading his books, and partly by reflecting on his example, I looked forward to visiting him again and talking further about many notions: the mystery story as a metaphor for life, or at least religion; some ideas of my own for mystery fiction (I imagine doing a series with a Quaker detective, who knows about crime and criminals because he is a prison visitor... ); and certainly more about his thoughts on Quakerism, seen from his vantage point in Brooklyn.

There was a good article to be written about this last, I suspected. Stanley was mainly a local Friend, working in Brooklyn Meeting and in New York Quarter, but not active much at other organizational levels. Once, however, in 1975, he did attempt to speak to a wider Quaker audience. Paid by an increase in tensions within New York Yearly Meeting between strongly Christian and strongly Universalist Friends, he collected two representative statements of these respective positions. These, together with his own “Open Letter To All Friends,” he had printed up and mailed across New York Yearly Meeting at his own expense. A few sentences from his Open Letter express his own standpoint very well: “Like death and taxes, the theological and philosophical differences among Quakers are always with us... . I believe that in Quakerism we have a coin of rare value but one which, like all coins, has two sides. To be insensitive to this or to close one’s eyes to it will only tarnish that coin. It is only through the tender and sympathetic understanding of each other’s beliefs that we give it its true worth... In that way lies understanding and the loving coming together of us all.”

This plea for careful listening and tolerance sounded eminently reasonable and Friendly to me. But Stanley wrote of it with some regret, indicating that many responses to his letter had been rather harsh; several weighty Friends had even rebuked him, not for his viewpoint as such, but for having pointed up the theological diversity in the first place. Like sex to a Victorian, some felt that these things were simply better left unmentioned. Stanley felt burned by these responses, and made no additional efforts to promote this wider dialogue.

Yes, I figured there was a good article to be written about this incident and the issues it involved, plus Stanley’s more recent reflections on Quaker develop...
ments, drawing on his wide reading in Friends thought and history as well as the many fields he had explored in research for his books.

In this research, Stanley came to feel that “We Quakers get a very dirty end of the stick from many American historians,” he told me. “Many have no real understanding of the religious motivation of early Quakers in the colonies.” He felt the spirit of this pioneer Quakerism was antithetical to the dominant U.S. expansionist and exploitative outlook. One reason he had written Stronghold, he said, was to bring to a wide readership something of this much misunderstood and maligned Quaker approach to living in the world.

I asked him once to write an article about this mistreatment of Quakers by historians, but he begged off, pleading the pressure of his novel-writing. So I looked forward to talking with him further about it at some point. Now, of course, it is too late for that. Stanley suffered a stroke during the summer of 1986 while watching a baseball game on television and died a few days later on July 31. His ashes were interred in the small, ancient Friends Cemetery that is hidden in a corner of Brooklyn’s huge Prospect Park. As he wished, the grave is marked in traditional Friends fashion, by a small flat stone, bearing only his name and dates.

Having missed my chance at a second interview, this brief tribute will have to suffice. And there is one last point in this connection that I want to make: Most of the Friends I admire seem, as Penn said of Fox, to be “no man’s copy.” They are unique individuals, following their personal measure of a common Inner Light. As such, they serve as sources of inspiration rather than as models for imitation. I hope to follow my measure of Light as faithfully as they, but normally do not expect this to mean I would live as they did.

But for me, Stanley Ellin is an exception to this rule. To be sure, like Fox he was certainly no man’s copy; but perhaps because I am also a writer, my admiration for his example is not only general, but quite specific: if I could be as dedicated and productive in my craft as he; as devoted to wife and family; as unafraid in the face of drastic change in my world; as useful a member of my meeting; and as unassumingly plain in my manner of living—that would be something, no, it is something to strive for.
Children’s Books
Give Us Hope
by Amy Weber

In a world full of violence, dishonesty, greed, and despair, the gentle innocence of children’s books and their visual images—the pictures and drawings that often stir us to laughter and lift our hearts—can remind us of the need to see the positive, to maintain hope, to believe the best.

We remember with pleasure some of the Quaker books from the past—Thee, Hannah; Obadiah the Bold; Benjamin West and His Cat Grimalkin; and Elizabeth Gray (Vining)’s Penn. The good news is that some of these have recently been reprinted. But delightful new children’s books are coming out all the time, as librarians and book store managers can tell you—not only books on Quaker values and Quaker concerns, but on difficult situations that Quaker children as well as any others might face.

I have chosen a sampling of two or three that have struck me as outstanding in several categories. School librarians will tell you of lots more. But browse on your own. You will have your own favorites.

Books for the Very Young (K-3)

Nicholas, Where Have You Been?

Nobody Wants a Nuclear War
Story and pictures by Judith Vigna. Albert Whitman and Co., Niles, Ill., 1986. $10.75. The fears of nuclear war are somehow dispelled by the lighthearted mood of the pictures. The secret cave is every child’s delight. The middle pages lapse a little into lecture, but the end becomes fun again. Serious but short. Activists will surely want to read it to their children.

Hiroshima No Pika
Words and pictures by Toshi Maruki. Lothrop, Lee, & Shephard Books, New York, 1980. $12.50. Bright images splash across the pages—the Flash, the fire, Japanese people in blue, bodies by the river, Mii and her mother, strange silhouettes, the city in rubble—to tell the story of August 6, 1945. Again the illustrations make the horror bearable, but unforgettable as well.

For all those who believe that the horror must be known so that “the Flash will never happen again, anywhere.”

Being Born
By Sheila Kitzinger. Photographs by Lennart Nilsson. Grosset and Dunlap, New York, 1986. 64 pages. $14.95. This beautiful book of color photographs and lovely text tell how a baby is first conceived, then grows in its mother’s womb, and finally emerges at birth itself.

Leaving nothing unsaid, both pictures and text present in a tender, beautiful, and intensely personal way what was at one time an “unmentionable” subject. It tells how “when you had been inside your mother’s body for six months, you could hear her voice. . . .” or later “Every time the uterus tightened it squeezed you. It felt like a big hug.”

Undoubtedly this book will fill a long-felt need by many parents, but most will wish to judge for themselves the readiness of their own children.

Adoption Is for Always
By Linda Walvoord Girard. Illustrated by Judith Friedman. Albert Whitman and Co., Niles, Ill., 1986. $10.25. Celia is a little girl whose parents and a teacher help her through the process and pain of learning that she is adopted.

Realization is slow, but inevitably dismay and questions about her birth-
mother and herself creep in. She feels unhappy, insecure. She misbehaves. But her parents and teacher are open and understanding at every new step, and quick to know just what kind of reassurance is needed. "I fell in love with you the day I met you," says Daddy, "when you were four days old."

This book will be sought after by a special audience—parents of adopted children—but can be appreciated by many. Sensitive black-and-white drawings aid in the telling. For ages five through eight.

Dinosaurs Divorce
By Laurene Kresny Brown and Marc Brown, Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston, New York, 1986. $13.95. Wonderful, cartoon-style drawings of funny green dinosaur people are used to illustrate this book of explanations and advice for children of divorce. Unspoken fears, tears, and problem situations are faced and dealt with one at a time in a factual, straightforward way. Divorce is difficult but nothing to be ashamed of. It happens to lots of people. You can cope.

The book does a good job of getting its message across to these special, uncomfortable children. Parents should appreciate the help as well. Includes a glossary of divorce terms—from "lawyer" to "step-sister"—but this might better have come at the end.

The White Feather
By Alan Eitner. Herald Press, Kitchener, Ontario, 1987. 63 pages. $9.95. This is a different and expanded version of the old White Feather story about Quaker settlers and Indians. This one is based on the experiences of a Quaker family in the settlement of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1812. It begins with the children scaring their mother by pretending to be Indians on the warpath. The mother reminds them that their family believes in being friends with the Indians. "Guns don't talk our language," she says. When neighboring settlers move to Fort Harrison for protection, the children's father gives the neighbors his gun, so when the Indians come he can show them there are no guns in his house. Mother feeds the Indians biscuits, and they depart leaving a white feather over the door as a sign that they are friends. It is an old story to many of us, but every generation needs to hear it anew.

For the Upper Grades (4-6)

Winnie Mandela: The Soul of South Africa
By Milton Meltzer. Illustrated by Stephen Marchesi. Viking Children's Books, New York, 1986. 54 pages. $9.95. Not only a book about a woman, but a book about South Africa and a remarkable black woman tied to the struggle against apartheid. It reviews the history of how the Afrikaners came to power and established "apart hate," as it is pronounced. It tells the love story of Winnie and Nelson Mandela, the leader of the black resistance, and how they lived apart more than they lived together because he was almost always in hiding and is now in prison. Winnie also experienced prison, banning, forced removal of her home, and innumerable indignities often suffered by blacks in her country. Yet she has remained a spirited and tireless spokeswoman for her cause. The book is part of the biographical series "Face to Face With Women of Our Time." Other books in the series are about Nobel prizewinner Mother Teresa, Mary McLeod Bethune, Margaret Mead, Martina Navratilova, and other women who have made their marks.

Come a Stranger
By Cynthia Voigt. Atheneum, New York, 1986. 220 pages. $14.95. An unusual narrative about a 13-year-old black girl growing up. From a first idyllic summer at a camp for ballet dancing, through disappointments, family crises, prejudice of teachers and schoolmates, new friendships, and final-
ly graduation from high school, Mina persists and survives. Because the emotions in each situation are so real and the dialogue is so well done, the story is hard to put down. Readers may feel they have made a new friend. Grades five and older.

Water Sky
By Jean Craighead George. Harper & Row, New York, 1987. 208 pages. $11.89. This is a story about Alaska, the intensity of the cold, the life and traditions of the Eskimos, the whales they hunt, and a young boy who goes there to search for his uncle. Eventually he faces a struggle between his desire to help his new Eskimo friends find meat and his own revulsion at the killing of a whale. Beautiful descriptions of the whales and the Eskimos' feelings about them. For grades six and older.

Nonfiction for Older Young People

Poverty in America

Throwing Things Away: From Middens to Resource Recovery
By Lawrence Pringle. Thomas Y. Crowell, New York, 1986. 83 pages. $12.89. Surprisingly, this book is a real charmer about how civilizations have disposed of their trash, and what archaeologists could learn from it. Lawrence Pringle puts garbage barges and hazardous wastes in the perspective of history, treats dumps as purveyors of culture and fears for wildlife. He describes how dumps became landfills and are now endangering our drinking water and our health, and closes with a chapter on the future, "Beyond Landfills." Environmentalists will applaud. For grades six and older.

Peace Porridge One: Kids as Peacemakers
By Teddy Milne. Pittenbruach Press, Northampton, Mass., 1987. 290 pages. $10.95. The author offers a potpourri of things to do for peace—from first steps, such as how to get your mind clear on issues, to making the peace ribbon or quilting for peace. There is a chapter about television violence and what kids can do about it, on war toys, a collection of quotes about war, lists of books, films, games, songs, summer camps, and odds and ends. A wonderful, upbeat, hopeful "porridge" of ideas every Quaker group could use. As much for adults as for kids, but written in lighthearted kids' terms.

Peace Porridge Two: Russia to Begin With
By Teddy Milne. Pittenbruach Press, Northampton, Mass., 1987. 194 pages. $9.95. This is a wonderful companion volume to Peace Porridge One and is about making peace with the Russians. It starts out by dispelling misconceptions kids or any of us might have about Russia and goes on to offer stories about people who have been to Russia (Samantha Smith, Peace Child performers, Volga Peace Cruisers) and about Russians who have been here (Mississippi Peace Cruisers and Katya the Russian girl who returned Samantha Smith's visit). It describes all kinds of other contacts, such as sister city projects, Swedish peace camps, and places to write to. There is even a section called "Instant Russian," which offers easy words, the alphabet, and instructions on how to use Russian in sentences. And finally, there is another collection of quotes, book lists, films, videos, and trips.
Approaching the Gospels Together


This book encourages us to read the Gospels with fresh attention. Its questions have been carefully honed during many years of rigorous teaching and close observation of student responses. Much of the experience on which the book is based was accumulated at Pendle Hill.

Respect for biblical materials and for the mysterious figure they bear witness to characterizes this book. Mary Morrison shows respect for prophecy: the passionate voice that nourished the fresh roots of spring from his Jewish past, while challenging all that was rigid and corrupt in that tradition. She shows respect for Jesus as a radical of his time who who nourished the fresh roots of spring from his Jewish past, while challenging all that was rigid and corrupt in that tradition. She shows respect for prophecy: the passionate voice that nourished the fresh roots of spring from his Jewish past, while challenging all that was rigid and corrupt in that tradition.

Mary Morrison uses these as her bases of reference when she draws comparisons. There is no difficulty finding verses if the reader has the Sharman text at hand. However if Throckmorton’s edition of Gospel Parallels is used, the author gives the section number, but no verse references.

If a reader were without the Sharpman text it would be laborious task to find in the Throckmorton text the exact verses referred to. The guide will be equally useful with either text when a table of references has been added as a supplement.

J. Bernard Haviland

J. Bernard Haviland is dean of students at Pendle Hill and has taught at Westtown School and West Chester University. He is a member of Media (Pa.) Meeting.

Encounter With Silence


This book contains 16 essays which depict the author’s spiritual journey as a modern Friend and offer deep and helpful meditations on Quaker worship and life. These essays are divided into four groups: “Silence in the Quaker tradition,” “An experience of unprogrammed worship,” “Starting to worship without words,” and “Beyond Quaker Meeting.” Although difficult to summarize, there are common themes which reappear and are intertwined.

In the first three groups of essays, the author relates his spiritual journey to the spirituality of early Friends and that of the wider Christian tradition. He reflects on meeting for worship, meeting for business, and the testimonies. He recalls his experiences during meeting for worship, and reflects on the three stages of meeting: centering, gathering, and exercise, and makes suggestions for each stage, as well as for preparation for meeting. He discusses different types of prayer and makes a helpful distinction between silence and stillness (expectant waiting upon God). He discusses the value of self-examination and confession and the guidance of God in the right-ordering of one’s life. Particularly helpful for all Friends.
are his essays on "The Call to Ministry," which reflects on the vocal ministry and its nurtures, and "Making Decisions," which reflects on meeting for business as a meeting for worship for discerning the will of God.

In the last group of essays called "Beyond the Quaker Meeting," he reflects on the contributions Friends can make to other Christian churches.

This book is helpful for people who wish to deepen their own spiritual life and that of their meetings. His essay, "Starting to Worship with Words," is directed to new attenders. The book is intended for Friends from both unprogrammed and programmed traditions. Traditional Friends who feel that we need to still the human faculties to listen to God may find some difficulties with parts of the book.

Virginia Schurman

Virginia Schurman is a member of Homewood Meeting in Baltimore. She is the convenor of the Silent Weekend Retreats at Sadsbury (Pa.) Meetinghouse, and is a member of the Tract Association, which publishes Friends tracts, books, and calendar.

Eyes on the Prize


For me, reading Eyes on the Prize was not only like taking an exciting trip through recent history, it was taking a trip through recent memories as well. Even though most of the events described happened 20 and 30 years ago, they came alive in my memory. Many of the memories were exciting; others were painful.

Eyes on the Prize is the companion volume to the PBS television series of the same name, which aired earlier this year. The book vibrates with authenticity. Writing it was obviously a labor of love for the author.

In his introduction, Juan Williams notes the earliest beginnings of the movement hundreds of years ago in the first Black slave resistance struggles and protests and the efforts by Quakers and others to assist in the fight against slavery. After the Civil War, this became a struggle against the legacies of slavery and racism: segregation and discrimination.

Following this introduction, the author presents a detailed narrative about the period from 1854, initiated by the Supreme Court ruling against school segregation, through the signing of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Although later civil rights acts provided for fair housing, fair jury selection, and punishment for offenses against a person's civil rights, the 11-year period covered in this book was the time of greatest legal and social activism and the greatest legal victories for the civil rights movement. After this, the limitations of the civil rights approach became increasingly obvious, and the extraordinary unity which had enabled its greatest victories to occur began to splinter.

Beyond the more visible activities of the better-known civil rights leadership, the author recreates the roles and contributions of many lesser known figures. These include many people who were not thought of as leaders at all, but provided the heart, soul, and sinew of what was truly a peoples' movement.

As I read Eyes on the Prize, I relived the memory of that very special time when it seemed our country had finally found its conscience. It seemed then that the high walls of racism would finally come tumbling down
under the rising soul force of an aroused people. That was before the big disappointments, the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X, and the Kennedys, and the swing back from freedom towards more racism and repression.

As a Black American in 1987, I wonder whether I will ever again sense the exuberance that I remember so well from those days. We knew history was changing fast. I remember the slogan “Free by ’63” and the time when an elder in my church came up to me and said “What I wouldn’t give to be a young Negro living today!” In many ways, today’s times seem much worse. But the thing that hurts most is that it seems hope has died. Eyes on the Prize brings back a time when hope was very much alive, a time when the hand of God was seen moving. It is a time we need to remember well, to keep hope alive as we continue the struggle. I hope Friends will read and treasure this book.

James Fletcher

James Fletcher serves on the American Friends Service Committee Corporation and is a member of Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting.

Going Out of Our Minds


Sonia Johnson is talking revolution, a gentle, nonviolent transforming revolution which will free us all—men and women in all parts of the world—from the dead weight of patriarchy. Her analysis is fascinating as she describes the various stages in her own spiritual development, from dutiful Mormon housewife, to radical protester against war and for equal rights, to running for president of the United States in 1984 with the Citizens Party.

She tells us in vivid words about these stages and how her own feelings developed, changed, and were refined. She has given talks across the country, communicating, asking questions, listening and meeting with groups of caring women who share her deep distress about the evils brought by 5,000 years of the patriarchal system. She analyzes these evils and is passionate in her plea that this ancient system must be dissolved before we extinguish life on this earth.

I found her story exciting, energizing, and inspiring, but I had expected to, having read her first book, From Housewife to Heretic, and having met her and heard her talk at the Friends General Conference 1985 Gathering.

Laugh your way through the first new book of Quaker humor in 20 years.

QUAKERS ARE FUNNY!

Quakers Are Funny was collected by Chuck Fager, who has been making Friends laugh every month since 1981 in the “Quaker Chuckles” section of A Friendly Letter.

Quakers Are Funny is hilariously full of friendly jokes, quips, quotes, anecdotes, cartoons, puns and poetry from sources old and new. It offers more friendly smiles, giggles, chuckles and all-out belly laughs than any other book around.

Quakers Are Funny is published by Kimo Press. Publication date is December 1, 1987. Orders received by then will be shipped in time for the holidays.

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Quakers Are Funny, F2
I know some will agree with me. But no doubt others will be infuriated at this uppity woman speaking such inflammatory stuff. And I admit, she does go on and on in some of her chapters, but please bear with her.

She has been involved in all kinds of acceptable and non-acceptable protest, and has come out on the other side, realizing the futility of protest. She calls on women to come out of their internalized oppression into new feelings of worth that can help us all build a new heaven and earth.

Our time is short. Many are yearning for a better life with a little hope. We all know the imminent dangers with which we live. Everyone should read Sonia’s book and learn from it, and read it to the end and find out that she is not condemning men or women or any living things. She is condemning patriarchy as a system that has caught all of us in a vise. She asks for a change in our attitudes.

Her vision is feminism--feminist thinking and feeling. She declares that “...feminism affirms the connectedness of all life... Feminism is a celebration of the spir... openness and respect for feeling and emotion as essential and major parts of intellect.”

Going out of our Minds is a liberating challenge to us all.

Alice Walton

Alice Walton, from Lake Forest (Ill.) Meeting, is a lifelong Quaker, she has worked widely among Friends, and is a devoted feminist.

Missed Opportunities for Peace in the Middle East


Ron Young and his wife, Carol Jensen, lived in the Middle East for three years, serving as international affairs representatives for the American Friends Service Committee. They visited widely, meeting with governmental, political, and sometimes military leaders; with professionals and academicians; with journalists for both national and international media; with representatives of various ethnic groups and factions; and with students, workers, farmers, and ordinary people. The result is a book that attempts to convey the varied viewpoints of the people of the area, rather than the limited coverage typical of our media.

A state of permanent war has characterized the countries of the Middle East since 1948. We respond with sadness and grief to loss of human life, crippling of human potential, and destruction of the environment. Because our government’s role is important in determining what is done or not done in the Middle East, we need to do more than grieve. We need to do more than pour money and military resources into the region or to blame Arabs and Jews. Our task is to see how we can avoid missing any more opportunities for peace in the Middle East.

Ron Young limits his study of U.S. Middle East policy to the recent past, 1981-86. The Lebanese War and its disastrous results are described. Chapters on the Reagan initiative for peace in the area and its failure are followed by a look at new opportunities for peace in 1984-86 and the question, “What’s wrong with U.S. policy?”

Among the many ideas suggested for improvement of U.S. policy, three are key issues. In our own society we will have to deal with underlying prejudice against Jews and overt hostility toward Arabs and the Islamic faith. Secondly, we will have to extricate ourselves from seeing all conflict areas as mere power struggles with the Soviet Union. As a result of this polarized thinking, we fail to take into account the needs of regional and ethnic groups. Lastly, as usual, we must stop ignoring multinational efforts and trying to impose peace by force. Underlying all of this is the need to stir our leaders to make a commitment to securing peace in the Middle East.

I recommend that you read this book and send a copy to your representative and senators. Then talk with them. A copy to your local newspaper editorial page editor, along with a friendly visit, would be a good investment. We can’t afford any more missed opportunities in the Middle East.

Paul Davis

Paul Davis is a retired high school social science teacher, a member of Corvallis (Oreg.) Meeting, and is active in local politics.
We're putting our best books forward

APOCALYPSE OF THE WORD
The Life and Message of George Fox by Douglas Gwyn
241 pages paper $14.95 plus postage  Study Guide $1.50 plus postage
Just released in December, 1986, this book is already in its second printing. John K. Stoner, New Call to Peacemaking, says, "If Gwyn is right about Fox, and Fox was right about Jesus Christ, most of us are wrong about some important things." Study guide available for $1.50.

JAMES NAYLER
The Quaker Indicted by Parliament
By William G. Bittle
248 pages paper $14.95 plus postage
A scholarly appraisal of George Fox's influential contemporary, who was accused in Bristol of mimicking Christ's entry into Jerusalem and was tried at length by Cromwell's Parliament and then cruelly punished. Illustrations.

ENCOUNTER WITH SILENCE
Reflections from the Quaker Tradition
by John Punshon
Foreword by Matthew Fox
156 pages paper $6.95 plus postage
John Punshon's journey in the stillness of unprogrammed Quaker meeting calls us to the power of the Divine encounter. Parker Palmer: "It provides guidance both for the puzzled first-time visitor to a Meeting and the seasoned Friend."

JAMES NAYLER
A Quaker Drama Unfolds
by Mark Minear
165 pages paper $5.95 plus postage
Mark Minear brings fresh light to the personalities and issues which gathered Gurneyite Friends for the Richmond 1887 conference. Excerpts from minutes of the conference highlight the questions of the day and reflect the deep Spirit in which these Friends searched for their identity. This book is full of surprises.

(Available at Friends Book Store, 156 N. 15th Street, Philadelphia PA 19102)

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"Keep up the good work—I (we actually) always look forward to seeing what controversy you'll be looking at this month. Congratulations for not tiptoeing around them."
—Peggy Dyson-Cobb
Strasburg, Virginia

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News of Friends

A medal for excellence went to Laura Jackson, a member of Newtown (Pa.) Monthly Meeting, for her video “After Our War, How Will Love Speak?” Veterans for Peace, Inc., gave the award for Laura’s video for “the exemplary manner in which it serves to educate the general public on the human costs of war.” The video explores Lady Borton’s experiences in working with Vietnamese boat people and the experiences of seven others whose work exposed them to the Vietnam war (FJ 3/15/87).

For a good deal on your education dollar, Earlham College has a lot to offer, according to its magazine. Earlham has one of the highest percentages of students graduating with doctoral degrees in the United States (second only to Harvey Mudd College in California), reflecting “an unofficial tenet that the best students will become scholars,” the September magazine article said. College costs have risen an average of 9 percent a year nationwide since 1980, and Earlham is among those that have done the best to keep quality up and prices down, according to those polled for the article. Respondents included education associations, high school guidance counselors, and professors of higher education. The article also cited as Earlham’s strong points an emphasis on teaching over publishing by its faculty members, its internationalist approach derived from its Quaker heritage, and strengths in Japanese studies and natural sciences.

The new editor of Quaker Life magazine is J. Stanley Banker. Originally a member of Upland Meeting of Indiana Yearly Meeting, he has served as pastor of three other meetings. He is a graduate of Taylor University and received a master of divinity degree in 1976 from Earlham School of Religion.

Bulletin Board

- A catalogue listing films and reading materials for the International Year of Shelter for the Homeless is available from Martha Martinek, UNCHS, United Nations Room DC2-0946, New York, NY 10017.
- Volunteers are needed to send their experiences with religious and mental influences on quiet moments to Juha Eskelinen, Lakeissuente 10B14 70420, Kuopio 42, Finland. Juha would like to receive Friends’ perceptions on these matters: 1) quiet moments and dreams, 2) quiet moments and relaxed laughter, 3) Bible points that come to mind during quiet moments, 4) quiet moments and building friendships, 5) quiet moments giving force to science and art, 6) quiet moments’ helping to make better decisions and, 7) quiet moments’ influence on conquering fears.
- Applications are being accepted for the T. Wistar Brown Fellowship at Haverford College. It is a post-doctoral fellowship for doing research in the Quaker Collection of the college’s library. It is usually awarded to a mature scholar and carries a stipend of $10,000, which may be used during the course of one or two semesters. The recipient is provided work space in the Quaker collection, with assistance from staff members in learning to find and use materials. Fellows usually work on one major project, although some have worked on several shorter ones. Five books, several Pendle Hill pamphlets, and a number of journal articles have been published by T. Wistar Brown Fellows. Applicants must fill out an application form and submit transcripts and letters of recommendation to the provost’s office by December 31, 1987. The fellow will be selected by February 1, 1988. For information, write to Curator of the Quaker Collection, Haverford College, Haverford, PA 19041-1392.
- Quakers who are working with political refugees at U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service detention centers throughout the country are asked to get in touch with New England Yearly Meeting’s Committee on Refugees and Immigration, at P.O. Box 645, Woods Hole, MA 02543. Members of the committee would like to form a network of Friends with similar concerns. The committee works with detainees at the INS detention center in Boston’s North End. About 14 Quakers from local meetings visit the detainees weekly, attend their judicial hearings, and act as their advocates.
- The Peace Garden Project, Inc., is planning a garden in Washington, D.C., to help offset the domination of war memorials. The space is meant to provide an area for contemplation and a feeling of unity with humanity and nature. The U.S. Senate passed a bill in June authorizing the park, which is to be designed and built with donated money. Ideas and contributions may be mailed to Elizabeth Ratcliff, Peace Garden Project, Box 5282, Elmwood Station, Berkeley, CA 94705.
He has written often for Quaker Life during the past 10 years, including a column entitled "The Good Word."

Publishing contracts in the Soviet Union and the United States were recently signed for a joint literary venture by the Quaker U.S./USSR Committee. The pending publication will be a collection of prose and poetry by U.S. and Soviet writers to be published in early 1989. The U.S. publisher will be Knopf, and the Soviet publisher will be Hydroshestbenaya Literaturya, a major publishing house in the USSR. A joint editorial board meeting will be held in Moscow sometime this winter to decide the book's content. Decisions are made by consensus, which editorial director Tony Manousos describes as "an interesting experiment in applying Quaker process."

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION (Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

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11. We certify that the statements made by us are correct and complete.

VINTON DEMING, Editor-Manager

Friends Journal November 1987
Milestones

Births

Gomez—Chelsey Marie Gomez on January 7 to Alfredo Jose and Lisa Michele Gomez in Miami, Florida. Her mother and grandfather, Donald Callahan, are members of Miami (Fla.) Meeting.

Kettenring—Frank Walter Kettenring on July 28 to Esther Schiedel and Charles Kettenring. His mother, father and sisters, Emma and Lucie attend Memphis (Tenn.) Meeting. His mother is a member of Lincoln (Neb.) Meeting.

Nordin—Anthony Libert Nordin on July 28 to Jana Cox Nordin and Wayne Libert Nordin. The parents are members of Grand Rapids (Mich.) Meeting; Anthony’s sister, Laura Grace, is an associate member.

Pancoe—Stefan Craig Sines Pancoe on July 29 to Deborah Sines Pancoe and Craig A. Pancoe. His parents and his sister, Adrienne and Alycia, are members of Plymouth (Pa.) Meeting; his grandmother, Dorothy C. Sines, is a member of Horsham (Pa.) Meeting.

Rector—Emily Charlotte Rector on June 1 to Wayne and Gretchen Rector. Emily is a birthright member of Moorestown (N.J.) Meeting.

Swhiart—Jessica Arlene Swihiart on Dec. 17, 1986, to Thomas and Susan Keil Swihiart in Tallahassee, Florida. Her mother is a member of Miami (Fla.) Meeting.

Van Meter—Lucas Paine Van Meter on November 13, 1986, to Laurence and Margaret Van De Water Van Meter in West Lebanon, N.H. His father is a member of Moorestown (N.J.) Meeting.

Marriages

Connell-Smith—Kenneth Smith and Ann Connell on August 9 under the care of South Berkshire (Mass.) Meeting. Both Ann and Kenneth attend the meeting.

Dickey—Nelson Finney File and Lisa Marie Dickey on August 9 under the care of Byberry (Pa.) Meeting. Nelson, his parents, John T. and Helen J. File, his sister Donna, and his grandmother, Edna T. Finney, are members of Byberry Meeting.

Seaman-Hartford—David Newton Hartford and Meredith Pierce Seaman on August 8 under the care of Manhasset (N.Y.) Meeting. Meredith, her father, Albertson H. Seaman, and her grandmother, Eda Hicks Seaman, are members of Manhasset Meeting.

Sekhon-Cronk—Alain Richard Cronk and Jotinder Sekhon on August 15 under the care of Wightstown (Pa.) Meeting. Alain is a resident of Winston-Salem, N.C., Jotinder of Waterloo, Ont. The groom and his parents, Joy and Elwood Cronk, are members of Wightstown Meeting. The bride’s parents, Harbans and Harsharan Sekhon, live in Chandigarh, India.

Deaths

Booher—Katherine Marian Booher. 80, on Nov. 20, 1986. She was born in Chicora, Pa., daughter of an Evangelical Lutheran minister. Her intelligence, generosity, and intellectual curiosity made for those qualities that define great teachers, and this was her chosen profession before retiring to Miami from Ohio. She was a member of Miami (Fla.) Meeting, where she is remembered for her willingness to be of service, and for her strength of character, serenity, compassion, and her love, which encompassed and encouraged everyone in the young meeting. She is survived by her husband of 53 years, Walter Booher; two sons, Dean and Don; and four grandchildren.

Clark—Eleanor Munro Clark, 69, on August 12 in Rockport, Maine. On graduation from Antioch College in 1941, she married her classmate, Bronson P. Clark. Trained in preschool education, she was a teacher and administrator in many areas, codirector of one of the first Head Start programs, and teacher in Freedom Schools in the early Civil Rights movement. In 1961 the American Friends Service Committee appointed Eleanor and her husband to work in the United Nations refugee programs, first in Morocco, then in Algeria. Other AFSC service followed in Vietnam and Cambodia, leading to an invitation to visit the People’s Republic of China in 1971, well before such travel was open to tourists. Clark visited officials in the Middle East on behalf of AFSC to assess possibilities for resumption of the peace process, and Eleanor visited the AFSC day care program in the Gaza strip. Along the way, Eleanor served on the boards of Pendle Hill and Morris Arboretum, both near Philadelphia, and has been active with Maine Coast Artists Gallery, Mid-Coast Forum on Foreign Affairs, Vinalhaven Garden Club, Mid-Coast Audubon Society, Rockport Garden Club, and Merry Spring Park, all in Maine. She is survived by her husband, Bronson; four daughters, Mallory Waldman, Jennifer Kahn, Laura Grace, and Craig A. Petefish; three sons, Alan, Stuart, and Timothy McCulloch; and one grandchild, Richard McCulloch.

Copithorne—Josephine H.B. Copithorne, 85, on June 26 in Honey Brook, Pa. She was a member of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting. Born in Canada, she graduated from the University of Toronto and once served as executive secretary to a Canadian Parliament member. She and her late husband, Arthur, were codirectors of the AFSC German relocation center at Scattergood, Iowa, from 1941-1943. Later Josephine managed the Friends Book Store in Philadelphia, then joined the staff of the Friends Free Library of Germantown, Pa. After retirement, she was a volunteer at the Pennsylvania Museum and the Friends Library in Pa., library for nine years. She is survived by two daughters, Mary Susan Robinson and Elizabeth Garvey, and two grandchildren.

Hartsock—Edna Deatherage Hartsock, 91, on August 9 in Waynesville, Ohio. She was an active member of Miami (Fla.) Meeting for many years. She was the widow of Ross Hartlock. She is survived by two sons, Milton and Owen; two daughters, Jean Palmer and Jane McCulloch; and four grandchildren, Brian and Deborah Palmer, and Stuart and Timothy McCulloch; and one great-grandchild, Leanne Hartsock.

Macon—Hershal Macon, 86, in Atlanta, Ga. He was a member of Holly Friends (N.C.) Meeting in his youth and attended Providence (N.C.) Meeting as an adult until he helped found West Knoxville (Tenn.) Meeting. For many years he served as treasurer or as clerk. He was on the original editorial board of Southern Appalachian Friend and a founder of Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting Association. He held degrees from Guilford College and Haverford College and a...
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The Soviet American and five grandchildren. She taught at Auburn University before going to work in New York. She was raised in Lakeville, Conn., Newtown, Pa., and Lake Dunmore, Vt., attended William Penn House, 515 E. 6th St., New York, NY and went to work for the City of Philadelphia. She was a prison volunteer in Mexico City. For information, contact Robert Winter, Registrar, 1128 Meadow Blvd. Meets at 9:30 a.m. Phone: (212) 205-0250.

**Accommodations**

One bedroom apartment for rent in downtown Indianapolis (unprogrammed) Friends Meetinghouse. Requires compatibility with Friends’ principles, philosophy, practices. $300 monthly (inc. utilities). Contact: North Meadow Circle of Friends, 1710 N. Telbott, Indianapolis, IN 46202, (317) 926-7657.

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**Golden Rule**


Wanted—George Fox and the Valiant Sixty by Elisira Vinton Foulds. Ottawa Friends Meeting Library, 914 Avenue, Ottawa, Canada K1S 2L1.

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**Communities**


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Virginia Beach Friends Meeting seeks Quaker couple who feel called to be parents four to five children. Free home, live-in. Other volunteer help available. Farmer willing to work, mother willing to stay home with children. Applications to: Lew and Helene Jeanne 804-481-1300 or Louise Wilson 804-425-1000.

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Wanted: a Director, Oakwood School, to begin July 1, 1988. We are seeking an individual who has shown creative leadership in education, consistent with Friends' principles. Oakwood School is a 170-student coeducational secondary boarding school for day school students. We are a Quaker, Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends. Please send resumes and applications to: Joan Oltran, Clerk, Search Committee, Box 12144, Richmond, VA 23281. (804) 649-0797. Ask for Christine.

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