A Query Buffalo

Quakers Under the Northern Lights

My Mother’s Many Gardens

Quaker Thought and Life Today

In answer to the queries, May I say, yes, no, no, yes and the last — no.
A Need For Support

While hurrying to fix breakfast for my children the other morning, I was startled to hear an interview on National Public Radio with some of the staff at the Friends Girls School in Ramallah. The report was very troubling and I was anxious to learn more. In subsequent days we received considerable material about Ramallah, some of which appears in the current issue.

May I call attention first to the letter on page 4 from Anna Kennedy, written while she was on home leave in the States recently. She is now back in Ramallah where she is a teacher at the Girls School. The letter was too long to share in full, and arrived just as we were going to press, but we share important sections with you. Also, on page 25 you will find an article by Jennifer Bing-Canar from the April issue of Quaker Life. Jennifer and her husband teach at the Friends Boys School.

For those who do not know, Ramallah is a city of 40,000 located 10 miles north of Jerusalem in the West Bank. The area has been the scene of considerable violence and unrest in recent months. The two Friends schools have been an important presence there for years. They provide college preparatory education, in Arabic and English, for approximately 900 Palestinian youth (nursery school age through 12th grade). Ramallah Girls School is one of the oldest educational institutions for girls in the Middle East, founded in 1889.

Since early January all schools in the West Bank have been closed by order of the Israeli military, affecting 284,000 students in approximately 1,000 schools. The Friends schools have struggled valiantly to find ways to support their own students—trying, for instance, to open the schools for a few hours a week so students can remain closed. Several Friends (the parent organization for the schools) have been accosted and shot with rubber bullets at close range.

In mid-March a letter arrived at FUM offices in Richmond, Indiana, signed by 53 teachers from the two Friends schools. In a moving statement the teachers call upon Friends more widely to be aware of the situation in the West Bank and to support the schools financially at this time of great economic stress. With the schools closed, many families cannot afford to pay the fees which the schools depend on.

Those who wish to contribute to an emergency fund may send checks to Friends United Meeting, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374 (designated for the Ramallah Emergency Appeal). You may also request a copy of the FUM report, “Caught in Conflict,” which gives more details about the immediate situation.

It is often so difficult to know what we can do to play a constructive role in the Middle East, and this seems like an excellent opportunity to support a valuable program.
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Face to Face

Here it is, less than a week before Easter. The situation in Ramallah, as you can imagine from the news reports, is not good. Schools have been closed by military order for three months, and 300,000 school children stand to lose a year of schooling if the schools are not allowed to open soon. Schools in Ramallah, including the Friends Schools, tried to open March 24. One hundred parents and students showed up at the Girls School, so did the military. The principal was told to clear the campus immediately, so that no one would get hurt.

At the Friends Boys School things did not go as smoothly, partially because there were fewer journalists there. The soldiers came onto the campus, pushed the principal around while demanding that he clear the campus. He was then called in to the military headquarters for six hours, and threatened with six months in prison under military detention (no charges, no trial). The school board is now concerned that the campus might be taken over by the soldiers, so no further attempts to open school are being made.

U.S. citizens, both Arab Americans and "whites," have been detained in prison or beaten up by Israeli soldiers during the past four months. There are affidavits from these people on hand at the U.S. consulate in East Jerusalem. No action is being taken to protect these people; in fact, observers from the U.S. consulate in the troubled areas are far less frequent than those from other embassies.

Write to your senators and to your representatives in government. U.S. tax dollars are supporting the state of Israel to the tune of $8 million per day. Write to the Israeli embassy as well with your concern for the kind of collective punishment that is happening on the West Bank, and not so well publicized: electricity is cut in refugee camps from 5 p.m. to 1 a.m.; there are often raids on homes by soldiers (sounds like a form of terrorism to me); there has been no kerosene or gasoline delivered and sold for over three weeks; phone lines to the outside world have been cut. You can't call me, even if you want to pay to do so.

Keep discussion of the situation going. Listen to what people you don't agree with are saying. This is the one issue that most peace activists I know avoid talking about, because it is so emotionally fraught for all of us. We are expecting the Palestinians and Israelis to take the enormously risky step of negotiating face to face. Taking those risks ourselves in discussing the situation with those we think we will never see eye to eye with, not only gives us a taste of what Palestinians and Israelis are up against, but breaks the hold of hopelessness on our thinking, if we are persistent in remembering our respect for each other and our goals of finding greater clarity and understanding of the issue.

Thank you to each of you—friends of Friends schools, people I made contact with through my talks at Quaker meetings, personal friends. The determination with which the West Bankers are holding out after 20 years of occupation should inspire us all to rise to every call for a better world that life offers us!

Anna Kennedy
Friends Girls School
Ramallah, West Bank

Full of Surprises

A problem which comes up in Friends meeting time after time is when, if, or where small children should attend meeting for worship.

Perhaps they should come in the meeting room 15 minutes at the beginning of meeting for worship? Perhaps they should join us for the last 15 minutes of meeting? Perhaps they should have their own meeting in First-day school?

I have, personally, found the perfect solution. I do not even try to meditate at the beginning of meeting when the children are with us. It is just too fascinating to watch them. They are so beautiful. The miracle of childhood is something we should all observe. One should ask oneself, "What did Jesus mean when he said we should become as little children?" There is plenty of material for meditation at the beginning of meeting for worship if we just look around the room at the children gathered there—with our eyes wide open.

This can be full of surprises, too. Last First-day, one little girl recited, without prompting, the 23rd Psalm.

Virginia Apsey
Red Hook, N.Y.

Facing Tragedy

Wilmer Tjossem's story in the January issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL of two Quaker families in Nebraska Yearly Meeting was written with great sensitivity. I am deeply grateful that he and the families involved were willing to share this experience with Friends in the wider Society, and that FRIENDS JOURNAL would publish it.

High courage and deep compassion, shown by these two families, undergirded by support of their meeting, as they faced agonizing tragedy, truly reveal "what love can do." I feel sure that Friends will ponder this story of triumph of spirit as they read, and will be strengthened as they so do. With humility and love we thank them.

Elizabeth Marsh Jensen
Loveland, Colo.

Expanding Our Thinking

Thank you to Keith Gann for his article, "Swimming in Deep Water" (FJ Feb.), especially these words: "For all of us there are obstacles to our experience of wholeness... . Some are attitudes we adopt as very young children in response to situations in which we have no control... . Some of these attitudes served me well... . and I have a deep love, respect, and loyalty to them. However, as an adult I find they are no longer useful... ."
Viewpoint

Exporting Poisons


At first glance the lead article and the advertisement have nothing in common. However, both have to do with United States export. Interestingly enough, an unnoticed news item at the same time the Iran-Contra arms story first came out reported that the United States had just signed a trade agreement with Japan, allowing the United States to export more alcoholic beverages and tobacco products to that country.

The United States of America is a fascinating study in contrasts, paradoxes, and anomalies. On the one hand, the government had declared an all-out war on drugs. There are even U.S. planes spraying marijuana fields in Guatemala. On the other hand, the government not only allows but promotes the export of the death sticks, called cigarettes. Young people in the United States in my generation vigorously and violently protested the Vietnam war. Today people continue to protest against (though not so many, nor so violently) the nuclear arms buildup, capital punishment, violence in South Africa, the hunting of whales, etc. But who ever hears of marches against the tobacco industry, an industry that kills more Americans each year than died in the whole Vietnam War? Who ever hears of marches on the capital for subsidizing tobacco farmers? Yet tobacco has killed many more people than nuclear energy, even including the Chernobyl accident.

Ironically, as tobacco sales have declined in the United States, tobacco companies have looked for new markets in the so-called Third World of developing nations. And their promotional efforts have paid off. More and more young people in those countries are beginning to smoke.

The World Health Organization has forecast that "smoking diseases will appear in developing countries before communicable diseases and malnutrition have been controlled, and thus the gap between rich and poor countries will widen further."

Sometime this year some members of Congress will propose a bill to ban cigarette advertising. I urge our fellow Christians in the United States to support that legislation with letters to appropriate Senators and Congressmen. And when you write, suggest a ban at least on government involvement in promoting tobacco sales abroad. Of course that will not solve the whole problem. Tobacco is also grown here in Central America. However, we can urge our own government to stay out of the business. To redress trade imbalance is one thing; to promote the export and use of fatal poisons is quite another.

Gene Pickard

Push or Pull

Having grown up in a conservative yearly meeting (New England before 1945) some of whose members were politically liberal and who regularly read and quoted the Bible, I was troubled by George Welch's account (FJ Feb.) of "theological differences" in Iowa Yearly Meeting. He described espousal of "biblical and evangelical concerns" and a "search for the Spirit through acts" as being opposed to one another. Where is the unifying search so characteristic of conservative Friends down through the years? Could there not be for Iowans—as for all of us—a search also for Fox's and Barclay's indwelling Christ or Inner Light? Has the latter flickered out?

Rufus Jones spoke of a "double search." The search of God for man and man for God is what the Bible is all about. Our inward experience of the

continued on page 26
Quakers did not invent queries. Mothers did. Without queries, motherdom would be hampstrung.

In my memory, many of my mother's queries are categorized in clusters: "Did you brush your teeth? Did you clean your room? Did you shine your shoes?" A negative response to any of these necessitated corrective measures.

"Ha!" you might argue (if you're in an argumentative mood). "Those aren't really queries. Those are specific questions asking for specific responses."

"You're right," I answer. "But so are many of the queries read at many Quaker business meetings":

Do you participate regularly in meeting for business?
Do you read the Bible?
Do you practice family prayer?
Do you support the public schools?

These queries, like my mother's, are designed to keep me focused on generally accepted principles. Like my mother's, they also carry the implication of a right or wrong answer and the advisability of altering unsatisfactory behavior.

As with Quaker queries, my mother's were not limited to ones requiring only a right or wrong answer. A favorite of hers was, "What did you accomplish today?" I hated that one. It really put the pressure on. Though there were limitless right answers, there was still a wrong answer. I might come home from a wonderful day of looking at clouds, talking to friends, and playing 25 in-

Barry Morley is a member of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting. Formerly a teacher in Quaker schools, he is presently director of Catoctin Quaker Camp for children. In the off season he directs Inward Bound programs for adults and music for the Victorian Lyric Opera Company. Sometimes he writes short plays and long opera librettos.

nings of softball with no score being kept. But none of that would suffice. There needed to be an identifiable accomplishment, and I couldn't even say that we won the game.

A terrible flaw in this query was its encouragement of deception. I began to collect accomplishments in order to whip one out on demand: a minor award, a solo sung in assembly, a perfect spelling paper, a bad poem accepted for publication in the school literary magazine. Accomplishments like these could be saved up for days, sometimes weeks. Queries encouraging deception should be avoided even by mothers.

Perhaps the best of my mother's queries was, "Is that the kind of person you want to be?" Even though she asked it only when "no" was the appropriate answer, it is a sound query. An answer is not always immediately obvious. Often some consideration must be given. At one time or another I pondered explorers, athletes, lovers, statesmen, entertainers, tycoons, the great teachers, spiritual giants. The quality that sets this query apart is that consideration is more important than answers. It encourages growth from one vision of life to another. If one never received more than that from queries, they would be worthwhile.

The secret of my mother's queries was simplicity. They were short, clear, and pointed. In contrast, my Book of Discipline contains one query which asks nine distinct questions. By the time the end is reached, I've lost track of the beginning. I never had that trouble with my mother's queries.

Caring for Others is a beautifully crafted query from my Book of Discipline:

Do you respect that of God in every person regardless of race, religion, sex, or age? Are you open to growth and change in others, and sensitive to their needs and ideas? Do you recognize the joyful place in God's world for sexuality within mutually caring and responsible relationships? Do you avoid, in dealing with individuals and organizations, using others as instruments to accomplish ends, however worthy?

Applying the simplicity principle to this might yield, "Do you respect that of God in every person?" I would actually prefer this query grounded in another George Fox statement, "Do you walk gently over the earth, answering to that of God in every person?" That's one I treasure, one I use, one I frequently contemplate. I have made it into a personal query, one that is particularly potent for me. It centers me, it grows in me. I focus on it often and long.

I want queries that look beyond expected behavior. I want queries that go deeper than proper responses to Quaker concerns. I yearn for something that touches my core, that holds me to my center, that speaks primarily of inward essence. If I am centered in the power of the Spirit that dwells in me, I reason, outward manifestations will take care of themselves. I think of ancient stories about properly tended vines bearing good fruit. Our lives are filled with calls to action, with causes to be won or lost, with cries for attention to this person's need and that person's plight. My need is not so much to respond to all the clamor, but to function within the Light. For me the powerful queries are ones that cleave me to the Light.

One summer at Catoctin Quaker Camp I received a modest opening. I should close the next staff meeting with a query. I should explain that the query is not to be answered; as with my personal query, an answer might be disruptive of a more important process. The query should simply be looked at through closed eyes. I took a file card...
and copied down the query as given. 
That evening I ended staff meeting by asking permission to read the query. I explained that it should not be answered. "Just hold it about two feet in front of you," I said, indicating the distance with my hand. "Then look at it through closed eyes." I read: "Do you recognize that you are the Light of the world and that your role is to touch the world with that Light?"

The staff sat in silence. After a time I adjourned the meeting by saying thank you. Later I was surprised to see the query included verbatim in the minutes posted from that meeting.

Before the next staff meeting another query was given to me. I copied it down and tucked it into a pocket. Being wary of imposing queries on a captive staff, I elected not to read it unless asked. The staff meeting ended, as it always does, in the words, "Do you have another query for us?"

"As a matter of fact I do," I answered, reaching for the file card. "Remember," I said, "to hold it in front of you. Don't answer it. Just look at it." Then I read: "Are you open to being Way opening for others?"

After that, queries tumbled into existence and onto file cards:

Do you look for the best in people, giving them opportunity to respond accordingly?

Do you recognize the things in your life that center you, and do you turn to them before you need to?

Do you remain alert that young people pattern their lives after you, seeing in you things they might aspire to?

When you feel yourself in error are you as lovingly patient with yourself as you'd like to be with a child?

And so, over the years, the packet of file cards grows thicker. Old queries get re-asked even as new ones come into being.

This past summer a counselor said to me, "I still have trouble not answering the query even though I know it works better when I just look at it."

The counselor is right. A query answered can be laid aside. By looking at a query you absorb it. It becomes part of you, much the way a painting on the wall of your living room becomes part of you, much the way a piece of music heard over and over becomes part of you. (You might ask yourself, "Does this painting/music center me? Does it enrich me?" You're encouraged to respond to your answers to these questions.)

The most powerful queries are the ones that come through you for you. For years I had a personal query which I looked at often: "Do you live your life in such a way that you draw all things into harmony with God's universal love?"

No purpose would be served by answering that query, nor have I ever attempted to. But, like the paintings on my walls, it has been looked at and absorbed.

One summer Sunday afternoon a woman pedaled her bicycle into camp (no mean feat given our mountainous dirt roads) to find out what kind of people these Quakers are. She probed me with pointed questions phrased in the language of fundamentalist convictions. I answered, as best I could, in terms I hoped she could hear. As she grappled with my responses, her questions became more searching, as if my answers verged on being acceptable. Finally, in what appeared to be an effort to attain closure, she said, "Just tell me this. What is the purpose of your life?"

Without thought or hesitation I replied, "To draw all things into harmony with God's universal love."

She pondered a moment. "That seems good to me," she said, and pedaled off.

But I was amazed. I never expected that I might give that answer to that question. Clearly the query had taken on power.

Lately I find that that query has receded as another, through its own bidding, comes forward. In its original form it asked, "Do you dwell comfortably in the mystery?" Now it asks me, "Do you dwell joyfully in the mystery?" At this point I'm not even sure what that means. But then, the query implies that I don't need to understand what it means.

Your own imagination is a treasure trove of personal queries which can comfort, lead, and transform you. Don't make one up. Rather, take some time to find one. Find as many as you like. Allow them access to you. Fish for them during quiet times when they can pop into consciousness. A hot bath or shower is a good place to catch one. Hold it about two feet in front of you and look at it through closed eyes. Be careful not to answer it. Just look at it. Look at it frequently. If a time comes for it to go, don't cling to it like some prized possession. Let it slip back where it came from. Then look for another.

In essence your personal query is a form of prayer. While you wait for one you might look through closed eyes at this:

Do you keep yourself open to the promise, power, and possibilities of your own inner life?
I squat in my garden weeding. The sun is hot on my neck, but there is a salt breeze from the bay. In the tall pine, a crossbill is singing, celebrating the blue sky. It rained last night, and rich earth smells rise as I scratch at the soil. For a long time I am completely, mindlessly absorbed in the happiness of the moment. Then I think of my mother, wishing she might have lived to see my garden, and reflecting on how life comes full circle.

I remember my mother, squatting in her vegetable garden, when I was a little girl. We lived in New York City, and the garden was part of a little country place up the Hudson we rented for weekends and four months of summer. I was an only child, and though my parents often invited one of my friends to visit for a week or so, there were long, lonely periods when I couldn't find much to do. I hung around the households of my neighbors, or built fairylands of moss and sand down at the stream, or waited impatiently for my mother to get through with her garden so she could take me swimming down at the muddy river across the fields. When I would come to find out if it were time, Mother would show me how the first little beans were beginning to form, or the eggplant was in flower. I couldn't have cared less. I liked the food that came from the garden, but I regarded the work of it as boring. The only thing I enjoyed was picking berries. In late June, my mother would send me with a small tin pail to the wild strawberry patch we had found, and if I picked enough, we would churn strawberry ice cream for supper. Perhaps because of the immediate promise of reward, squatting in the strawberry patch seemed sweet.

We moved eventually to Florida, where the soil was sandy, and the flowers and fruits tropical. For a number of years we lived in apartments, and my mother had no garden for eight months of the year. However, every summer we went to a rural area in southern Ontario, my mother's home, and here my uncle and grandfather grew large plots of vegetables and flowers, as well as keeping a cow, a horse, and some chickens. The men did most of the gardening while the women—my aunt and

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my mother—canned and preserved the produce, or made the butter and cottage cheese. I found canning unbearably dull, and was therefore willing to gather the eggs and learn to milk. I even consented to hoe the corn and tomatoes in the heat of the day, discovering it was a quick way to work on my suntan.

Though she had only a small part in creating it, my mother loved this Canadian garden. In the first cool of the evening she would water and pick off the dead blossoms from the pansies, and admire the colors of the gladiola. Often, she came and asked me to see a particularly brilliant display of color. I don't remember being very responsive, perhaps because in the evenings I was generally waiting to see if some young man from a neighboring farm would come and take me out on a date.

After I left home for college, my parents bought a house in Florida, and my mother had a full-time backyard garden for the first time since she was married. She quickly learned to enrich the southern soil so that she could grow roses as well as all the southern plants, and she began a bed of amaryllis which expanded and grew more beautiful each year. When I came to visit she would show me a blossom on the passion vine, or bring me a sprig of jasmine to smell. Later, when I brought my husband and children, there would be special grapefruit saved for the grandchildren to pick. And when the uproar created by a family of five in the otherwise peaceful house became too much, my mother would retire to her garden, and weed and loosen the soil around her lilies.

The children grew older, and she and my father grew frail. The neighbors worried. One day, bending over in the garden to weed, she somehow fell and broke her leg. It was time now for them to leave the house and garden and move back North, closer to us. After a year or so I found them an apartment in a retirement community, with a patio and a garden just big enough for my mother to enjoy. Although she was now over 80, her garden soon won her the admiration of all her neighbors. She liked to show it to me when I visited, but she also took me on tour to see the other patio gardens she especially liked, and walk across the grounds to point out the young fruit trees just beginning to bear.

My father died, and my mother grew too frail to live in the little apartment. We moved her yet again, to a boarding home close to us where she could have her own sunny room. Her last garden blossomed on her window ledges, African violets and cyclamens and succulents. We visited, and her grandchildren came as frequently as they could. Still, there were long boring stretches to her day. Having the little living plants made her feel less alone, she confided. Sometimes she would show us proudly a new bud which had just developed. When she died, just before her 96th birthday, the plants were still healthy and the soil moist.

Now, as I dig my garden in Maine, my granddaughter cannot understand why I will not leave it and come swimming with her. But the circle is now complete, and as I garden, I experience the joy my mother tried so hard to share with me throughout the years. It brings her very near.

Time Travelers

I remember, as a child, cradling my small hands in my father's, wrapping the strong fingers around mine and uncurling them again, measuring the distance in length and years. I watched his hands wear over the years, becoming grooved by cares, like a canyon wall is sculpted by rains and the invisible grinding of winds. Finally, at the end, his hands were polished to a transparent sheen and the veins showed through like striations in worked agate.

Ten years ago, I watched my son's entire infant hand grip my thumb with space to spare, and in wonder I examined the thinness of the blue lines that coursed through the tiny fingers.

Dorothy DiRienzi is a member of the Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia (Pa.), where she is on the First-day School Committee and publishes the meeting newsletter. She is a trustee for Friends Select School, is raising two children, and is manager of the copyediting department of a book publisher.

We recently returned from a journey west. As the children slept or played or argued while the long roads rumbled by, I breathed the dry winds that scoured the uplifted sediments of the ages, where dinosaurs and dead pioneers alike had left their traces. The tedium of travel made the return home delicious. Shortly afterward, on the occasion of an aunt's birthday, my son remarked how quickly time went by—about how soon that endless trip had ended, how birthdays rapidly succeeded, and how, though he was only 10, he could really feel that 20 and 30 and beyond would not be long in passing. He remembered his grandfather, and clenching his hands, he told me he was afraid.

I was caught between amazement and amusement. But as I picked over my sparse collection of replies, I heard an answer echo through, like a call across a canyon: The number of the years doesn't matter. There is always time enough.
THE TULIP

Within the bulb the tulip sleeps
Through the long dark of winter's night,
In frozen stillness keeps
Its watch until the light

Beckons the heavy torpid earth
To greet the slowly-strengthening sun,
To turn from death to birth,
The arcane cycle run.

And now the tulip's secret breathes
Softly within its soggy bed.
It knows what shape to make its leaves,
It knows its soul is red.

And soon the pale green spears appear,
Sent by the life within.
Their message now is clear:
Let joyful growth begin.

And now appears the tenderest bud
As smooth and perfect as a shell,
And still from springtime mud
The cry comes: All is well!

Until one sunrise, when the dew
Lies silver on each blade of grass,
The tulip's soul at last breaks through
And hails the sun in scarlet dress,
Miraculously true,
Age-old yet morning new.

—Winifred Rawlins

Winifred Rawlins is a member of Providence (Pa.) Meeting, and a volunteer with the American Friends Service Committee.

LITANY FOR AGING GARDENERS

Lord, for the seeds I had, but never planted;
for the seedlings started, and ignored;
for thriving young plants, never thinned or weeded;
for ripe produce, left too long, or harvested but never used;
for abundant crops, not shared,
Lord, forgive these my sins of omission.

Lord, for the seeds that flourished,
for the plants that thrived,
for the fruit that came to full term,
for the delight of color, smell, taste, and texture,
for the beauty of rich humus and friable soil,
for the sweat and strain and complaining muscles,
for the joy of feeding myself and others,
for these, O Lord, accept my thanks.

Lord, as winter settles in and the sun sets with darker meaning,
forget what I might have done to nurture others and did not;
yet even as my shelves are heavy with your gift of food while the cold comes on,
my thanks, Lord, for the wealth of love unearned, undeserved yet poured upon me,
my only shelter against the starving cold;
for these, O Lord, my thanks.

Lord, for water, the life blood of this world,
for soil ground down from wounded mountains
for sun and light by which life springs,
for these without which I would be nothing,
for these, O Lord, accept my thanks.

And Lord, for Son and Light, through whom I see your glory and feel your presence,
O Lord, accept my thanks.

—Tom Brown

Tom Brown is clerk of Westtown (Pa.) Meeting and of the Advisory Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.
ROBIN

Every creature is a word of God and is a book about God.          Meister Eckhart

April sun washed our bath's window
One morning last spring when a robin
Beat its wings and beak in a cracked show
Against the pane. I watched four
More awe-struck dawns 'till bloody
Scratches smeared the pane, scars
Of whirring bogus battle.

Blood stayed on the glass 'till fall
Rains washed it clean. But now
These three spring mornings
Has recurred the same struggle.
This year the same bird?

Why would an early bird who sun-lights our
Lawn with a liquid lilt beat itself
'Till its own blood turns it back?
A neighbor claims the male
Sees its own reflection and attacks
The invader of its turf.

The force that drives the brown bird
Through the pane fuses
Bloody acts, compels absurd
Flights, futile flights. Why?
A vast silence answers.
Moved by an age-old awe
I savor the question.
I do not want to know why
God nurtures in creatures an urge
To their own ruin. Mystery
Exists to be embraced.

—Judith Brown

A writer and teacher, Judith Brown is a member of University (Wash.) Meeting in Seattle.
Douglas Steere enjoys telling of his first meeting for worship in 1937 with a small group of Finns, some of whom would later together form what has become Finland Monthly Meeting. As the story goes, Douglas had forgotten to mention how meeting is broken, and, after shaking hands with his neighbors once or twice to no effect, he finally walked out of the room. Finding that the others simply continued the meeting, Douglas later went back in: “And that's when the meeting really started!”

The roots of Quaker meetings in diverse places are, naturally, various, and each of the Nordic countries has its own story. (Scandinavians themselves tend to refer to the “Nordic” countries, a term which more clearly includes not only Finland but Iceland. I use them interchangeably in this article.) Quakers in Finland, of which I form more than three percent (we are 30), are but the newest and smallest of the Nordic meetings, having become a monthly meeting under the care of Sweden Yearly Meeting in 1945. If long history and wealth of activity characterize “weighty meetings,” our feet barely touch the ground.

Norwegian Friends, with some 130 members today, have the most striking history. Norwegian and Danish prisoners of war on British ships in 1814 found that their deep religious experiences corresponded closely to those of Friends and brought Quakerism home with them. In a completely separate development some years later, a farmer named Knud Botnen formed a group in the remote Røldal valley of West Norway. Without knowing of Friends’ existence, they met for worship in Quaker fashion and developed along similar lines, finally being gathered into the fold in 1853 through the vision and searching of the U.S. Quaker, Lindley Murray Hoag. However, the whole Røldal group later emigrated to the United States and settled in Iowa. (Interested readers should consult Wilmer L. Tjossem’s Quaker Sleepers: From the Fjords to the Prairies, published by Friends United Press, 1984.)

Now numbering fewer than 40, Friends established a yearly meeting with help from British, U.S., and Norwegian Friends in 1875. Sweden Yearly Meeting, with some 100 members (not counting those in Finland Monthly Meeting), grew out of a worship group established in the 1920s and was recognized as a religious society in 1937. So strong was the influence of the high-powered intellectual and literary women who formed the core of the group, some people may have thought it was a women's organization. (Douglas Steere reports one Swede's disbelief that he, a man, could be a Quaker.) Perhaps the most influential of these women was Emilia Fogelklou, a prolific author and the first woman in Sweden to be granted a theological degree. English-speaking readers may learn more about her through the biography and selected translations by Howard Lutz entitled Reality and Radiance (Friends United Press, 1985).

Having taken regular part in Friends activities in Sweden and Finland during the past ten years, in fact joining the Society in Finland, I am still pondering the reasons for the relative smallness of our meetings. It may indeed sometimes appear that Quakerism is too English (or American) to catch on elsewhere in Europe. Shy Finns don't seem very likely to deliver messages in meeting, for instance. Addressing the question of whether Quakerism is an English phenomenon or speaks to more basic spiritual needs, Hans Eirik Aarek of Norway Yearly Meeting states his belief that “Quakerism is universal” and cites examples of how Scandinavians themselves prepared the ground for the...
spread of Quakerism to the north (in his chapter on the "Scandinavian Contribution to Quakerism" in Quakerism—A Way of Life, published by the Norwegian Quaker Press, 1982).

I would like to agree with his optimism. There are any number of good reasons why Scandinavians should make especially good Friends. Society at large here is quite "Quakerly" with its democratic structures, enlightened social and educational policies, mass transit, etc. Scandinavians are great nature-lovers, cautious in their speech, international in their thinking. Those shy, reticent Finns tend not to make small-talk, but when they do speak, the words may come from the heart (recitation of poetry is still common, for example). And what is the famous sauna, if not Quaker meeting at a higher temperature? Sauna is often the occasion on which Finns confide their innermost thoughts.

When considering the state and possible growth of Scandinavian Friends groups, a number of practical and theological matters must be taken into account. Well-designed as Quakerism is, it does enter Scandinavia as an import, closely linked to Anglo-Saxon culture. Many of the most valuable journals and spiritual writings are clothed in 17th and 18th century English, which proves slow-going even for native speakers. More contact with other Friends is exactly what isolated Friends need, yet contact with the wider Quaker world almost necessarily takes place in English. If U.S. Friends have problems attracting ordinary people, the situation here is even more acute. No one has suggested giving prospective members English proficiency tests, but those whose English is mediocre or negligible are at some disadvantage and may weed themselves out. (Actually, Scandinavian Friends are often fiercely independent and concerned about this problem. Some may even neglect Quaker history and tradition simply for fear of looking to London or Philadelphia for their light.)

To some extent, Scandinavian Friends have gone their own way. They tend to be more homey and less austere in furnishing their meeting places. Perhaps due to the limited amount of daylight in winter months, a lighted candle usually burns during meeting on a table placed in the center of the group. Few groups need more than a single circle of chairs, which may be why shaking hands is not the custom at the close of meeting. Instead, all hold hands and rise as a group, standing in a circle for a few moments, after which the candle is extinguished. Clerking is often handled by two or three co-clerks or a clerk's committee, another departure from usual Quaker practice.

On the other hand, none of the Scandinavian groups has produced its own

Faith and Practice, despite what seems to be a real need for a work which would bring together the best of the wider Quaker tradition with the unique experience and practice of Nordic Friends. Of course, a great deal of what it means to be a Friend is learned through exposure. Take as an illustration Friends meeting for business: the natural rhythm of it all, good clerking, the sense of the meeting. Experience is the best teacher in such things, yet we here lack written material and have few Friends with more than a superficial knowledge of Quaker tradition and practice.

Small numbers, recent beginnings, linguistic and cultural distances to be overcome—all of these things are undoubtedly overshadowed by what is a major complication throughout Scandinavia, namely the dominance of state-supported Lutheranism and, at the same time, far-reaching secularization. Some 90 percent of the population belongs to the state church, though less than 5 percent regularly attends services.

Most in the United States readily accept religious pluralism; the very existence of the expression 'church-shopping' implies a variety of more or less acceptable religious garb. In a region where one church has enjoyed state support for several hundred years, members of other religious groups feel somewhat as I did that first day of junior high school when I was the only one in the class with white socks. There wasn't anything wrong with my apparel, but that did not save me from a certain embarrassment.

Quakers almost always seem to be a "peculiar people," but all non-Lutherans share the same fate in Scandinavia, always a bit on the defensive, always having to explain our views, not on our own, but Lutheran premises. Lutheran thinking also permeates Scandinavian religious thought to such an extent that even many Quakers tend to "think like Lutherans," a dilemma reinforced by the relative lack of Quaker tradition and literature in Nordic tongues. The question here is not so much whether Friends are universalist or Christocentric as whether Friends can establish an identity and come into their own as a group. The fact that many of our members also belong to the Lutheran church makes this more difficult, and it is in a context such as ours that I, personally, find dual membership a real problem.

Furthermore, the weak spiritual state
of the Lutheran church and its conservative tendencies in many areas have given religion, or at least Christianity, a bad name in the view of a sizable segment of the population. Many tend to equate Christianity with Lutheranism, throwing out both when dissatisfied with the latter. (Ironically, however, few renounce their formal membership in the state church.) Sundays are more often spent enjoying the outdoors, picking berries or mushrooms, skiing in the woods. Secularization has proceeded to a point at which regular church attendance or religious fervor is sometimes seen as a sign of possible mental difficulties. Quakers may sound fairly interesting as religious groups go, but then, life seems quite satisfactory without such involvements.

In the face of these various obstacles, Nordic Friends appear to be doing fairly well. Friends here, as elsewhere, are a hardy breed, and none of the Nordic groups seems in danger of extinction. All three yearly meetings have put a great deal of effort into service work, alternative schools, and the maintenance of Quaker centers in Copenhagen, Oslo, Stavanger, and Stockholm (along with a retreat center at Svartbaakken in Sweden). Few U.S. meetings of comparable size are as engaged in such wide-ranging activities. In cooperation with other Quaker bodies, Friends have supported human rights and development work in Algeria, Laos, Vietnam, Ramallah (West Bank of Jordan), Hlekweni (Zimbabwe), Kenya, and Israel. A number of Friends work full-time in the development field, and I myself live and work with Friends and others in a recycling community supporting Third World projects.

Refugees continue to be a key concern in all three yearly meetings. Apart from efforts to aid those who have immigrated or found asylum here, Scan­

dinavia has its own underground railroad or sanctuary movement, which gives practical assistance and legal support to hundreds of Assyrian Christians fleeing persecution in the Middle East. This is only the most recent effort. Friends were very active in aiding those in trouble during the Nazi years, and the Finns who later formed a worship group began as a committee working with refugees from eastern Karelia, the area of Finland annexed by the Soviet Union at the end of World War II.

Over the past decade, Swedish Friends have hosted East-West meetings attended by representatives from peace groups in various countries. Peace work of all kinds is undertaken, often in cooperation with other churches or peace organizations. (To my knowledge, only one Scandinavian Friend is a war-tax resister, but then, the very different political climate must be taken into account.) Finally, a 19th century Norwegian Friend played a decisive role in the founding of the Scandinavian temperance movement, and Norwegian Friends of today have actively sought to improve traffic safety.

The Hanna school in Denmark, Lind­
grov school for the developmentally disabled in Norway, the international boarding school at Viggbyholm in Sweden, the Finnish “folk college” called Viittakivi International Center: of the four schools founded or co-founded by Friends, only Viggbyholm has closed its doors. The remaining three are now more or less in other hands, but none of them was designed to be a Friends school. Viittakivi (the “Pendle Hill” of Finland) grew out of the AFSC-sponsored workcamps in the late 1940s and continues to attract adult students, including Friends, from all over the world. A variety of short courses are offered, in addition to the seven-month winter course.

Thus, Scandinavian Friends are heav­
ily engaged in outward activities, service work and the like, but we are still strug­
gling to find our way as a religious socie­
ty. We need to do something about that bus-station waiting-room atmosphere which sometimes plagues our meetings; we need more after-meeting forums, retreats, workcamps, children’s pro­grams, potlucks (that wonderful sacra­
ment). I am reminded of the fairly widespread phenomenon of Quaker children who reach adulthood with a profound respect for Quaker values but little interest in or understanding of the religious convictions which undergird those values. We need constantly to work on the life of the meeting, to nur­
ture each other in the spirit. We need to bridge the gaps—between ourselves and God, the widely scattered members of our meetings, and our yearly meetings.

One important link has been the Nor­
dic summer gathering, a sort of mini Friends General Conference hosted in turn by each of the four countries. Another has been the enterprise embarked upon a decade ago by those bold Norwegians, the Norwegian Quaker Press. Attempting to spread the Quaker message largely through works by Scan­
dinavian Friends, NQP has produced books and a regular pamphlet series. Two quarterly periodicals also appear, each of which was at one time a joint Scandinavian venture: Kvekeren based in Norway and Kvarker Tidskrift in Sweden.

A couple of years ago, a few Finnish Friends met to consider ways to strengthen our meeting. The established pattern of a half-dozen monthly meeting sessions in addition to an annual silent retreat left much to be desired, especially for the needs of younger Friends. Some of our members are Swedish-speaking, others speak only Finnish (Finland is of­

cially bilingual). And how were we, for instance, to meet the needs of our dear Friend Katri Ylivaara, who, with her seven-year-old son Ess, is a full-time reindeer-keeper in Lapland some 100 miles north of the Arctic Circle?

What we have done is to hold five residential gatherings each year, all of which include a monthly meeting: a weekend for fun, a silent retreat, a course on Quakerism for seasoned Friends and new attenders, a two-week summer workcamp (with a weekend gathering in the middle) at our Emmaus community, and a theme weekend. We also started our own Finnish Friends Newsletter, which appears between the gatherings in both Swedish and Finnish, reporting on the last gathering, and looking forward to the next. Serious articles as well as personal notes and news from the wider Quaker world are included.

Feedback has been marvelous. Our membership rose by 15 percent this year (that is to say, we have four new members!). And what about our Friends Katri and Ess? In October 1987 we held a three-day retreat with them near their home, a most joyous reunion for us all.
Douglas V. Steere received the Decoration of Knight First Class of the White Rose of Finland from the president of the Republic of Finland in October 1987. The award, which recognized Douglas's services on behalf of Finland following World War II, was presented in a ceremony at Friends Center in Philadelphia.

In December 1940, Douglas Steere visited Helsinki, Finland, and the destruction he saw there as a result of the first sweep of World War II remained in his mind throughout the course of the war. When Finland was forced to enter the war on Germany's side to protect itself against the Soviet Union, Douglas realized there was nothing to be done until that conflict concluded. By the time Finland signed an armistice with the Soviet Union, the Finns had lost one of every six of its men in arms, and 82 percent of its buildings in the northern area had been destroyed. Its people's needs for food, clothing, housing, and medical care were severe.

Signing of the armistice opened the door for Douglas to approach the Finnish government to investigate needs and work toward establishing a relief and rebuilding program by the American Friends Service Committee. He then began working with the Finnish Christian Settlement Movement, which had 33 settlements in tension spots and directed its efforts at helping the laboring people of the country.

In August he wrote home from Sweden to his wife, Dorothy, "I have only to wait for their [AFSC's] word. I feel a great easiness of spirit about the result. I have done everything that I know how to do to open the way for this deeply needed service that may contribute to the Finnish spiritual and social life more than can ever be estimated—now I believe they [AFSC] will be guided correctly if God means for us to do this work." A little more than a month later he received word that the AFSC approved the program.

The work camps distributed food and clothing, helped rebuild Finnish homes, and helped resettle Finns living in a portion of the country annexed by the Soviet Union at the end of the war. The AFSC and British Friends Service received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1947 for the work, and later the projects were used as models in creation of the Peace Corps.

In the award ceremony, a statement was read from the Consul General's Office in New York. It said, "It has now been noted that Dr. Steere has never received proper recognition for his work, and the recommendation was made that he should be granted a decoration."

For his part, Douglas said he was startled at the Finnish government's decision to honor him. "I just think it's awfully decent of them," said the 86-year-old scholar and humanitarian. "I'm an old man, and this took place a long time ago."
Repentance

by John M. Swomley

On a rainy night in Moscow last May, a group of 11 Americans entered a small dingy room in an old movie house to see Repentance, a Soviet film about dictatorship. It had already played throughout the Soviet Union in major theaters during the past two years, and was one of the important signs of glasnost, the new “openness” sponsored by Mikhail Gorbachev.

The scenario of the film was built around a dictator, who had characteristics of Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, and Beria (for years the chief of Soviet secret police). The dictator, with a fictional name, Varlam, was the mayor of a Georgian city. Those who resisted Varlam went to prison or labor camps or were tortured and executed. In the film a young artist who is very popular in the city symbolizes the resistance to dictatorship. The artist and his wife try to save an old church which Varlam had converted to secular purposes.

Varlam visits their home, and, with a show of charm, apparently seeks their support. However, not long after his departure, the church is destroyed, the artist is arrested, and his wife forcefully separated from their daughter. In one of the scenes, the artist, who is tortured, meets his death, against the background of a cross, by hanging. Their daughter survives the death of the couple, and as an adult becomes a baker, whose cakes are shaped in the form of churches.

After the death of Varlam, the artist’s daughter repeatedly digs up the dictator’s body from his grave, and each night leaves it on the ground near the Varlam family home. She is arrested, tried, and tells her story. During the trial, Varlam’s teen-age grandson becomes convinced that she is telling the truth, and that Varlam had brutalized a whole generation. He confronts and accuses his father, living in luxury in the Varlam mansion. When his father, Varlam’s son, defends the dictator, the boy locks himself in his room and kills himself.

His death drives his father in anguish to the dark cellar of the Varlam mansion, where many of the artist’s paintings had been stored by Varlam. There he struggles with his conscience, sees himself in a mirror from which Varlam also appears, laughing at him. Then he sees two hands holding a fish, whose flesh is being eaten by an unseen figure. Only the skeleton of the fish remains, symbolic of what Soviet secular society had done to Christian values.

The film ends with the dictator’s son hurling his father’s body, which in death looked like Stalin, over a cliff in an act of repudiation and repentance.

Repentance is a strong case against the power of dictatorship. In one scene, reminiscent of the disappearance of political prisoners into logging camps, women and children hunt in a huge...
lumber yard for names of their husbands and fathers. Prisoners carved their names on the end of a log as a sign that they were still alive.

There were no English subtitles, but the scenario and the symbolism unmistakably fitted the title, Repentance. It left a deep impression that Soviet society had come under radical criticism.

Although Gorbachev and the Communist Party leadership had no role in the production of Repentance, they did facilitate its being seen by the Soviet people. That in itself is remarkable, but no more remarkable than the other changes which are taking place in Soviet society. Those changes are described in three words: glasnost, or openness; perestroika, which is restructuring of economic, political and cultural life; and democratization.

In our group of 11 Americans, all members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation who went to the USSR to study the changes taking place, there were at least six who had been to the Soviet Union before and were able to compare the new programs with the old. We saw evidence of elections taking place in factories, with workers choosing candidates for management positions. The candidates advanced different positions or platforms. The same nominating and election process has also begun at certain lower levels of government.

Restructuring includes such things as the institution of cost accounting for each farm, factory, or other unit of production. Wage increases are to be dependent on the unit’s production and efficiency. Independent state commissions are beginning to check the quality of items produced, and some items are discarded as of inferior quality. We visited a tractor factory and saw women in management positions as well as on the assembly line. One of them told us: “Before perestroika, all decisions about purchasing here and overseas were made by a central state purchasing commission. Now we determine where and what to buy and to whom we sell.”

We had some interesting discussions of morality with leading Soviet magazine editors. One said: “Government policy is shaped by the national interest. We say that is not enough. We must have moral criteria to help shape the national interest. Under Stalin there was no moral vision or conditioning. We don’t want that to happen again.” Another editor said of the new political and economic restructuring: “Re-structuring must take place within each person.” He indicated that “repentance was a sign of spiritual renaissance,” and that it did not start with Gorbachev, because dissatisfaction was already present in public opinion. “The right time was not created by Gorbachev, but he was the right man.”

One of the most interesting signs of change in the USSR is the absence of pictures of Gorbachev in public places. Unlike previous leaders in the Soviet Union, or leaders in other Communist countries such as Castro in Cuba, there appears to be no graphic evidence of a cult of personality. Although there is no organized national political opposition to his policies, there is bureaucratic and other opposition. Some of that opposition is quite open.

It is possible both for Soviet citizens and foreign visitors to be enthusiastic about the changes that are taking place, and at the same time to be aware that only the first steps have been taken. Again and again we met people who favored glasnost and a greater openness to ideas from other countries, and yet were fearful of its moral implications. A staff member of the Institute for American and Canadian Studies said, “When our people become more open we are faced with the worst of American subculture on video tapes. American pornography and vulgar rock music are flooding the Soviet Union.” He also referred to “the introduction of the worst of the American and Western consumption culture as having a negative side effect on the integrity of the Soviet people.”

On the other hand, there are values in American society which would significantly improve Soviet life. One is religious liberty. In the USSR all church property is owned by the state, and religious leaders are careful to avoid unapproved political comment. We noted that a representative of the local or regional government was present when we met with Muslim leaders in a mosque in Baku, and with Orthodox priests and laity in Volgograd and Moscow, though none were apparent in actual church services.

We were told that these were not spies, eavesdropping on our conversations, but government personnel whom the religious groups had to consult in any request for government assistance or improvement of the property. Nevertheless, it was obvious that they were guards of the Soviet version of separation of church and state. They did not hesitate to speak if we asked a religious leader what they deemed was a political question.

Recently I read a manuscript warning U.S. travelers who visit the Soviet Union that they will be shown only selected schools, factories, churches, etc., and that they will be told only what the government wants them to know. We should assume that in any country, national pride would result in showing foreigners the best or the most typical. Nevertheless, all foreigners touring the Soviet Union are free to go on their own by foot, bus, or subway to examine places of public interest, or visit stores, individuals, or families.

Our group went one evening, without any Soviet representative, to visit a group of organized Soviet dissenters who monitor the number of political prisoners, those wanting to emigrate, and those whose rights have been violated. Here we heard criticism of the Soviet government for not following the U.N. Declaration on Human Rights, as well as an acknowledgment that some political prisoners had now been freed and that modest, though inadequate, improvement of human rights was taking place.

The stereotype of guided tours, of Cold War suspicion, of Russian mentality that will never change, must give way to new realities. The time has come not only to be wary of propaganda within the Soviet Union but of propaganda against the Soviet Union. The Cold War or enemy mentality must yield to mutual steps to improve both societies. When the Soviet Union takes steps, however halting or gradual, to improve communications, human rights, or economic benefits, it should be a signal for encouragement. Repentance anywhere for inhuman treatment or for the accumulation of government power at the expense of the people should be a sign of our common need, rather than an occasion for self-righteousness. In fact, repentance always begins with our own, rather than an adversary’s, sin.

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Six Healing Sayings

by John Calvi

I had begun to wonder whether what I was doing was at all useful. We had been working for more than an hour.

The stillness in the massage room had become thick. The soft-music tape had run out and the candle had burned low.

She lay on her side. I placed one hand over her heart and the other at her mid-back. "Take a breath," I said quietly. Soon all we had worked for was achieved.

Her chest and belly heaved twice. Her face tightened, and the sound of old pain broke the air. She wept with her whole body, soaking the sheets and exhausting herself. She purged an old hurt which could not become history until it had been released.

John Calvi, a member of Putney (Vt.) Meeting and a Released Friend working in the AIDS epidemic, will conduct a workshop at Friends General Conference in July on "Healing from Lifewounds."
The quiet following the storm was both clean and full—not unlike a meeting for worship at its best. She accepted a glass of cold water and a box of tissues. Gazing out the window at the Vermont greenery, she asked, “What do I have to learn to stay this clear?”

A good question. Laying down the weapons around the heart is one thing. Getting them to stay down is another piece of work.

Those around us who are trying to heal from various “life wounds”—assault, life threatening illness, addiction—have encountered powerful forces rare in day-to-day living. This experience freezes ways of thinking and feeling at such basic levels that unspoken assumptions can be radically changed.

All of life can suddenly feel like a dark alley. Suddenly previous ideas about credible love, the balance of good and evil, and one’s own safety are thrown horribly into doubt.

How we feel about being in the world is clearly reflected in our emotional “repertoire.” As fear replaces joie de vivre, our emotional repertoire loses what I call its “roundness” and develops flat sides where some emotional expressions have been lost altogether. In working with trauma survivors, I ask them to look and see how “round” their emotional life seems to be.

One way to check for roundness is to use the “six healing sayings” I’ve been presenting to clients since 1982. It’s an easy way to tell which feelings have been let out and which are still “shut-ins.”

These six sayings comprise all the really important messages one person gives another. Ask clients to ask themselves: “Which of these six messages are the easiest to say? The most frequently uttered? Which are the most difficult to say? Are there some which are never uttered? Does the pattern remain constant regardless of who you’re with—family, coworkers, friends?”

The six sayings are the following:

1. “I love you.”
2. “Thank you.”
3. “I’m sorry.”
4. “I need help.”
5. “That’s not good enough.”
6. “No! Stop! Bug off!”

Each of these is essential because they express feelings we cannot live without. The absence of any one of them denotes a numbness or starvation which deserves urgent attention.

“I love you”—in its most genuine form—is probably the most expansive of the six. It expresses joy, trust, power, and vulnerability all at once. The multiple realities expressed in this phrase contribute to the many forms of expression it takes. Someone who can’t say “I love you”—or chooses not to—is, in a sense, standing at the edge of the river of life and suffering from thirst. This particular handicap can be the most painful to observe in oneself or in others, because the feeling is so essential.

“Thank you” is a statement of receiving and appreciation, and thus an acknowledgment of our interdependence. It is also a benchmark for those seeking a more spiritual life. Gratitude increases as fullness of “living in the light” increases. When “thank you” is missing, isolation reigns. This is particularly true in our culture, where ingratitude is perceived as arrogance and spreads ill feeling, whether at the kitchen table or in the boardroom. “Thank you” can be a very difficult phrase to say for people who have a chronic feeling that no matter what they receive, it isn’t enough to make up for injustices suffered (such as sexual assault).

“I’m sorry” is our greatest expression of humility. It holds the overwhelming power of acknowledging and beginning to rectify injustices; it is our simplest and most exquisite example of nonviolent conflict resolution. Humility is powerful. It is often hard to understand that having power and being humble are not contradictory in nature.

“I need help” means asking that emotional needs be met. Oddly enough, reluctance to say this is often based not on a distaste for admitting need, but—and this is particularly true for those who have been abused as children—on a fear that help is simply not available. A philosophy of scarcity has set in; there’s an unspoken assumption that one is unworthy of receiving help or that there is simply not enough help to go around.

“That’s not good enough” is a statement of power and need. It expresses self-worth and self-value; in its best sense, it brings everyone involved to attention. Saying “that’s not good enough” is an ongoing work for people who are learning to fend off their own victimization. That’s why it is so frequently heard in the AIDS epidemic. Having one’s life threatened by not only disease but moral and legal condemnation as well has broken many lives.

But it has also created some fierce warriors who cry, “That’s not good enough!” and refuse to accept the terrible rumor that they are not entitled to society’s compassion.

“No! Stop! Bug off!” is even more colorfully expressed in my workshops. The point is to make space, particularly recognized boundaries, and to express anger. Many people have been hurt by anger and equate it with violence. Quakers to some extent perpetuate the concept that anger can’t be expressed without violence. Yet honest anger and abuse are quite distinct. Shrieking “How dare you!” is not the same thing as striking a blow.

It is important to separate the two and to release the power of anger. Fury and indignation have saved many lives. People do not die from anger. But it may be that they die from stifling it. Inability to express anger has been documented as a contributing factor to cancer, heart attack, and depression. It can be a difficult thing to say because—like “I love you”—it is tremendously powerful. Unlike “I love you,” it is not given enough cultural space to have its own natural rhythm and enter the waves of all feelings.

Want to start using one or more of these phrases more often? I suggest two things: being playful, and paying close attention. Choose the three most important people in your life and recall a moment when you conveyed each of these sayings to them.

Or try this approach: Put your name in the middle of a blank page in your journal. Put the names of people important to you around the edge of the page. Recall your messages to each and mark them in one color. With another color, note their messages to you. With a third color write down the messages you would like to give or receive.

If you get a chance, work on this exercise with someone else who is also eager to expand. Have a dinner where you try to use all six sayings with one another: “Mom, please pass the peas and bug off.” “Certainly, dear, and that’s not good enough.”

It sounds silly, but the stretch that one has to make to use these six sayings is one of the most elemental moves possible to counter the tendency to contract that comes after a traumatic experience. The reach to say what is felt has to be an expansive gesture. It opposes the natural tendency of the wounded to shut down. It is a determined reach for clarity.
REUNION

by Wilfred Reynolds

I don't know why I thought my old friend might be indestructible.

He and I date back some 50 years when we were in high school together. We still laugh heartily about memories of shared experiences of youth.

One of the things we did was to develop a rapport centering on movies of that era. We both invested heavily in watching double features in many a darkened movie house.

In those days the actors and actresses were under contract to the studios, like a stable of race horses. You had familiar faces playing the same stereotypical roles again and again. Banker, chorus girl, cabbie, crook, matron, doctor, newspaper editor, and so on.

Gangster and prison movies were in vogue then. This meant James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson were among our all-time favorites. My friend would gesture and walk just like Cagney, also mimicking his "yooouuu dirty rat!" and way of speaking.

One night, fresh from watching Edward G. Robinson as "Little Caesar," we pretended to be on the verge of robbing a local theater ticket office. The woman in the booth could see us as we stealthily approached with collars turned up, hats brims pulled down, and hands thrust deep into overcoat pockets.

The upshot was that she thought we were the real thing, I guess we figured our youthfulness and suppressed laughter would reveal the prankishness of the project. She called the police, who hauled us into the station for a grilling.

A tough desk sergeant, just like in the movies, really put the fear into us, and we never pulled that caper again.

In time our lives became less connected due to the usual variations and dislocations. But we've both stayed "clean" of the kinds of mischief portrayed in those movie scripts. My friend became a corporate expert while my work was somewhat less spectacular.

On occasions over the decades we've talked on the phone. Usually, it's the non-introductory variety in which one of us begins by quoting some piece of dialogue from an old flick we've both carried in our heads all these years. Then we go into gales of laughter as if we'd been in constant touch all along.

Sometimes we laugh so hard it has that wheezing sound.

Every few years we utilize the venerated institution of having lunch together. It was in connection with this lunch that I made the discovery referred to at the outset.

I met my old friend at the restaurant parking lot. I could see as he got out of his car that he'd been dealt a physical blow of lasting consequences. But his lively spirit came through as always.

My first reaction was to avoid acknowledging aloud what I saw, since I wanted to be sensitive to his known religious belief. However, a few seconds later I couldn't resist a startled "What's happened?" to which he quickly, but barely audibly, replied that his arthritis had been kicking up again.

I experienced and accepted his answer as a perfectly legitimate diversionary tactic under the circumstances.

As we lunched, I was again made aware of the warmth of our association and rapidity with which its familiar aura returns once we're in sight of each other. We're able to cover a wide range of material without difficulty while that old humor goes right on adding a delightful seasoning to whatever it is my friend and I are when together.

We did enlarge upon the general theme of what was noticed when I first saw him outside the restaurant that day. I think I asked if he experienced his disability as particularly burdensome. While still seeming disinterested in giving it a precise name, he said it had happened about two years ago. He also indicated that a number of painfully severe physical problems had overtaken him but that healings had occurred, enabling him to keep going and be useful.

My friend addressed our topic a little further, and I could feel the authority of personal experience behind his words. "Our bodies do fall by the wayside in time, part by part," he said, "so what is the body after all?"

It was then I had the feeling of our reunion having reached a pivotal point. It felt like my friend was inferring that the human body, rightly understood, is an instrument of spiritual witness we may easily overlook and forego, a witnessing of great risk and courage.

Now I could perceive more clearly a consciousness of spiritual reality, enduring and indomitable regardless of the body parts giving one trouble and eventually wearing out.

We can be the earth reaching toward God, and that's power!

The time came for us to leave the restaurant and get into our automobiles for home. "If we don't notice the large spaces between our communications," I said in parting, "it's been remarkable the way we've kept in contact."

Typically, his reply went to the heart of it.

"Friendship is for a lifetime, so don't worry about it."

Well, my friend is gone now. Only last evening I phoned him to see if he was watching on TV a James Cagney favorite called "Yankee Doodle Dandy," I received the news of his death then. At first it hurt a lot to have somehow missed his obituary.

I did return to the Cagney rerun, in the course of it feeling strongly that my friend's and my reunion was destined to continue indefinitely. The warm glow of it is returning within.

Wilfred Reynolds is former clerk of Illinois Yearly Meeting and is active in his monthly meeting, Evanston (Ill.).
January 25, 1986, is a very significant date for me because that morning, after smoking continually for 35 years, I stopped.

I chose hypnosis as a technique to help me quit, because if it failed, I could blame either the hypnotist or the method rather than myself.

Now as a scientifically trained person, I would not have begun such an important life venture without carefully checking into the credentials and abilities of the hypnotist—especially one whose business card designated his organization, perhaps too pretentiously, the "Hypnosis Institute of Life Management." This time I didn't check it out, however, because I was so uncertain of success that I thought I needed, and wanted, a scapegoat. The hypnotist's name was Joe, and I met him at an aerobics/exercise program we both attend. His particular technique required four separate sessions roughly one week apart, each session sequentially geared to my quitting date of January 25.

Firmly convinced that I could never be hypnotized simply because I couldn't concentrate that much, I was pleasantly surprised to find out quite differently. Apparently after nearly 20 years of meditation with the Quakers, I have learned to concentrate more than I had realized. I was easily "put under" and into a deeper level trance than most first-timers ever experience. Joe had me lie on a chaise lounge in a darkened room, and close my eyes. He then began to speak in a quiet but firm voice. He flipped on some unearthly sounding but calming electronic music while he told me to relax different parts of my body.

While under, I slowed my breathing to a point that my chest felt very heavy. The carbon dioxide levels built up in my brain required a very heavy compensatory inhalation followed by a long blowing exhalation. My hearing became extremely acute. I was able to hear, but strangely be unconcerned with conversations in the next room, down the hall, and even between two construction workers talking on the roof of a building across the street. While under, both the hypnotist and I contacted my subconscious mind and gently held back the protective mechanism the conscious mind normally holds during the subconscious. The hypnotist reached and reprogrammed my subconscious mind; I helped him reach it and allowed him to work with it. He said my trust in him allowed him to reach my subconscious, and my motivation to quit smoking permitted him to work and reprogram it.

The hypnotic sessions took only about 12-15 minutes of each visit with an additional 10-15 minutes of discussion both before and after I awoke.

Let me describe what occurred over the course of one month of therapy, while I was not under hypnosis. The four sessions slowly raised my consciousness regarding my smoking pattern. Early on, the hypnotist gave me a behavior modification mantra, which was to be repeated each evening at bedtime. With this, I was made aware that "I am in complete control of all my habits." In addition, various techniques were brought to bear in order to heighten my smoking awareness. Strangely enough, for the month prior to my quitting date, I was encouraged to smoke as much as I wanted. "Don't even try to stop," Joe said, "but when you do smoke you will do so only under certain strict conditions and restrictions."

The conditions were imposed serially at each hypnotic session and included suggestions such as never buying the same brand of cigarettes after finishing a pack of that brand and buying only one pack at a time—never a carton. Tying to find a store open at 8 a.m. on a cold and sleeting Sunday that sold single packs of cigarettes of a brand I've never smoked before certainly heightened my awareness of my habit, if not my blood pressure. Other restrictions were to never smoke less than 15 minutes after a meal, and never in the car; to hold my cigarette only with the opposite hand I was used to, to never smoke while talk-
ing on the telephone, to never smoke with a business client who smoked. These and others were intended to raise my consciousness of how, when, and where I continued to smoke despite my supposed intention or desire to quit.

Why I continued to smoke is another matter. According to what I had read and heard, I thought I had continued to smoke because I was addicted, psychologically habituated, chemically dependent, stupid, weak, or a long list of other reasons. According to my hypnotist, however, it apparently had to do with my subconscious mind and its ability to trigger some kind of a chemical messenger in my body. Although the mechanism is not clear, the trigger ultimately releases a detoxifying agent which breaks down the nicotine and tars that are taken into the lungs and body with smoking.

In my specific case an interesting phenomenon occurs: after 35 years of smoking, my subconscious mind and body expects there to be nicotine and tars each day. This occurs even when I try to stop smoking for a day or so. Apparently my body doesn't know I've stopped, and the “withdrawal syndrome” begins. That is the grouchy mood, jittery nerves, anxiety, short temper, and over-compensating eating. These are some of the ways my mind and body deal with the presence of that substance which it produces to detoxify the nicotine and tars. This occurs even though the nicotine and tars may not be present in my body that day, because I've consciously tried to quit.

But, said the hypnotist, I could avoid all of this “withdrawal” process through hypnosis, and, more particularly, I would be able to shut off the production of my chemical messenger and resultant detoxifying agent through my own subconscious mind, and I would make it occur on the morning of January 25.

Now, as a pharmacologist, I could have easily found lots of holes in this guy's theory. But because I was highly motivated to quit smoking, because I was really afraid of the withdrawal syndrome and especially the possibility that I would gain 20-30 pounds through compensatory eating, I decided, at least temporarily, to suspend disbelief and work through the four-week program. Well, I'm here to tell you that the program works. On the morning of January 25, I awoke without the desire to smoke. There was no desire after breakfast, nor in the car. Not even a day or so later when I became involved in a heated and emotional business discussion, nor when I spoke on the phone, and it has been like that ever since. After 35 years of smoking one-and-a-half to two packs a day, I simply stopped cold on January 25 and have not smoked since.

Yes, I sometimes still consciously think about smoking—especially when someone around me smokes, or when I'm in the supermarket checkout line where I used to buy a carton or two (“Just in case I run out”). But now I no longer have the unconscious habit nor the unrelenting desire to smoke; and I don't think I'll start again. I like the thought of being a nonsmoker for the rest of my life.

I plan to give myself three months and then go see Joe the hypnotist again about something we superficially had begun to explore—weight loss. Since last year, I've been exercising regularly and, without dieting, have taken four inches off my waist and lost about 20 pounds. But for the last few months I've been stuck at about 185 pounds.

Joe said my subconscious mind simply “likes” that weight, and this could be true. I've been 185 more often in the past 30 years than any other weight. In fact, I was that weight when I got married 24 years ago.

The hypnotist said: “Let's you and me simply reprogram your subconscious to be more comfortable at 165 pounds and see what happens.” He said that if this works (and he's certain it will), no matter what I do, diet or not, in time I will begin to cycle somewhere around 165 pounds because my subconscious mind will want me to be there.

Based on the success I've had with quitting smoking, I'm willing to at least seriously consider any suggestion Joe makes.

Update . . . June 5, 1987

Almost a year and a half later, several curious changes have occurred. I have not smoked, not even out of curiosity. As time passed, conscious thinking about smoking rapidly diminished, as did awareness that people around me were smoking, and finally a new awareness took place. Being a nonsmoker has made me see how few people smoke today. Some may chide that perhaps it's the crowd I now run with, or the new clients I see, but the truth of the matter is that none of that has really changed. The simple fact of the matter is, fewer people now smoke.

Weight loss, however, has not been successful. I went back to the hypnotist for another full course, but the results were strikingly different. On the positive side, I gained only about five pounds after I quit smoking, not the 20-30 I had anticipated. But most important is that my trigger weight (that at which I feel so uncomfortable that I will do something about it) has been lowered.

On the negative side, I cannot seem to lose weight without constant nagging attention to rigorous dieting, after about three months of which I “fall off the wagon.” As to why I can't seem to lose the weight, this has been analyzed ad nauseum and in every “psycho-babble” that constitutes pop culture.

The buzzword this century for weight loss programs is behavior modification. For what it's worth, my ten-cent analysis is that I am not yet as sufficiently motivated to lose the weight as I was to stop the smoking. Perhaps one needs to be convinced from within to be sufficiently motivated before one's behavior can be modified.
The Five-Point Peace Plan for Tibet

by Ed Lazar

Tibet is a 2,000-year-old country with a unique culture, language, spiritual tradition, and history, which has been occupied by the People's Republic of China since 1950. The Tibetan people have persistently struggled to regain their independence ever since. But the Tibetans have rarely used violence in their struggle, and therefore have rarely achieved the attention given to areas of the world where violence is the norm, such as the Middle East and Northern Ireland. Recently, within Tibet, there have been unrest and clashes between police and the public with the resulting death of a number of Tibetans and the imprisonment of many more. These events provide a glimmer of much larger problems in Tibet.

On September 21, 1987, the Dalai Lama issued a five-point peace plan for Tibet. It is a dramatic contribution to a potentially peaceful resolution of the growing Tibetan crisis. This peace plan deserves the kind of attention currently being given to peace plans for the Middle East, Afghanistan, and Central America. The plan has five basic components, which can be summarized as follows:

1. Transformation of the whole of Tibet into a zone of peace.
2. Abandonment of China's population transfer policy, which threatens the very existence of the Tibetans as a people.
3. Respect for the Tibetan people's fundamental human rights and democratic freedoms.
4. Restoration and protection of Tibet's natural environment and the abandonment of China's use of Tibet for the production of nuclear weapons and dumping of nuclear waste.
5. Commencement of earnest negotiations on the future status of Tibet and of relations between the Tibetan and Chinese peoples.

The implementation of the first part of the plan would entail the removal of Chinese troops and military installations from Tibet, which would enable India to remove its border troops. The Dalai Lama has stated that the whole area would be "transformed into a zone of 'Ahimsa' (nonviolence), and once again act as a buffer state separating the continent's great powers.'" An international agreement would define and satisfy the border security interests of Tibet, China, and India, thus defusing border

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tensions and contributing to regional harmony.

The second component of the plan refers to the fact that China is currently engaged in a massive program to encourage Chinese to move to Tibet and settle there. Under this policy Tibetans are already a minority in their own country with some 7.5 million Chinese settlers as against 6 million native Tibetans. (In addition there is a Chinese military force estimated at 500,000 soldiers.) This population transfer is an age-old strategy to impose dominance, and needs to be stopped and reversed.

The human rights and democratic freedoms, referred to in point three, are severely curtailed at present. Estimates of current political prisoners range from 3,000 to 4,000. Geshe Lobsang Wangchuk, a monk and Buddhist scholar who was arrested in 1981 for writing about the history of independent Tibet, died on November 4, 1987, in Drapche Prison in Lhasa; he had been adopted by Amnesty International as a prisoner of conscience. There are reported to be some 100,000 Tibetans imprisoned in labor camps.

Environmental issues are touched on in part four of the plan. The Chinese are introducing new agricultural practices into Tibet, and in the process destroying the forests and wildlife there. In addition, the dumping of nuclear waste in Tibet, and the use of Tibet to develop and produce nuclear weapons, is kept away from public scrutiny; this is a major problem and one that needs full exposure. Under the Five-Point Peace Plan these nuclear related developments would cease, and full attention would be given to restoring the ecology of Tibet.

The last point, the commencement of earnest negotiations of the future status of Tibet, is the key point in terms of giving reality to any part of the plan. The proposal states, “We wish to approach this subject in a reasonable and realistic way, in a spirit of frankness and conciliation and with a view to finding a solution that is in the long-term interest of all: the Tibetans, the Chinese, and all other peoples concerned.” Here is an opportunity for the People’s Republic of China, which claims that it is opposed to colonialism, to come to terms with its own major example of colonialism.

The situation in Tibet is desperate. More than one million Tibetans have died since military rule was established by China; two-thirds of Tibetan territory has been added to adjoining Chinese provinces; and more than 6,000 monasteries have been destroyed. The Chinese are attempting to control and render powerless the Buddhist religion, which remains at the heart of the Tibetan culture. The full story of the violation of human rights in Tibet is brilliantly presented by John F. Avedon in his book In Exile from the Land of Snows (Vintage, 1986).

In 1959, 1961, and 1965 the U.N. General Assembly called upon China to end violations of Tibetan human rights. Since then there has been precious little response from the world community. Last fall, as a result of the demonstrations in Tibet, the U.S. House and Senate passed resolutions condemning human rights abuses in Tibet, but the administration, intent on maintaining good relations with China, supported Chinese efforts to end dissent in Tibet.

The Dalai Lama, the spiritual leader of Tibet, fled into exile to India in 1959, along with 100,000 other Tibetans. Since then he has been one of the world’s consistent spokespersons for nonviolence and for the self determination of the Tibetan people. If we believe in nonviolence, as most Friends do, then it’s incumbent on us to support essentially nonviolent struggles and not let the violence-equals-media attention-equals-world attention equation to be the driving force of our peace and justice efforts.

In a statement issued by the Dalai Lama on March 10, Tibetan National Day, he said, “I have always felt that violence breeds violence. It contributes little to the resolution of conflicts. I, therefore, renew my appeal to all freedom-loving people to support our nonviolent struggle for the survival of our national identity, our culture, and our spiritual tradition, and to persuade the Chinese government to abandon its oppressive policies.”

The Dalai Lama and the Tibetans are not seeking to restore outdated political and social institutions. What they are working for, nonviolently, is the opportunity of the Tibetan people to decide their own future and be responsible for it. The Five Point Peace Plan has much to commend it and deserves our support. Supporters of nonviolence should help put the world spotlight on this peace plan and encourage the commencement of negotiations on the future status of Tibet. Let’s address the issue of Tibet before more violence occurs, rather than after.
Is It Safe to Go to Meeting?

by Jennifer Bing-Canar

Is it safe to go to meeting? I asked my ten-year-old neighbor Ramzi who was playing with a soccer ball on the porch. "I think so," he replied with a smile that said, "What a silly question. Is anywhere safe these days?" Sunny days in January when one only has to wear a sweater can be deceptive. One immediately becomes energetic and cheerful—emotions peculiar to Ramallah in the winter. One can almost forget the danger.

It is about a ten-minute walk to the meetinghouse from Swift House where I live with my husband, John, as Friends United Meeting volunteers at the Friends Boys School in Ramallah. Today was a particularly nice day due to the weather and what seemed to be fewer soldiers in the streets. Recently, one sees at least 12 soldiers stationed in the middle of town with more on foot passing the taxi stand for Jerusalem, I saw people waiting for the bus. Then, all of a sudden, I become disoriented. My eyes start to scan the city and frantic voices could be heard from those using the side street to avoid confrontation.

As I turned the corner onto Main Street, ahead I see tear gas masks on TV news, photographers and people running. Which way to go? "Go down that way," someone says. I stand motionless as I wonder where the gas is coming from and for what reasons. Finally I follow the crowd, by now covering my face with a scarf. I start to breathe normally and notice a Palestinian flag hanging above the street. (Palestinian flags are illegal; possession may result in a prison sentence.) I walk toward home still confused about what was going on. "There must have been a few demonstrators or something," I'm told when I inquire. People shrug. "Heek ddinya." (That's life.)

Is it safe? No, it's not safe. But truth is strong and one must continue to seek it in this part of the world, no matter the hardship this may cause for us as witnesses.

A graduate of Kalamazoo College with further graduate studies at Harvard in International Affairs, Jennifer Bing-Canar is a member of Clear Creek (Ind.) Meeting. She and her husband, John, began teaching at Friends Boys School in Ramallah, West Bank, in 1986. Her article appeared in the April 1988 issue of Quaker Life.
Light helps us to see that of God in our brothers and sisters. Perhaps Rufus Jones himself can represent an ideal for us. Although his earliest inspiration came from a meeting that sent forth missionaries, and he often based his sermons on Paul’s letters, he is probably best known for his planning and organizing “a service of love in wartime” in 1916, the American Friends Service Committee. In his youthful years he was buffeted from both sides, but maybe that shows he had it right.

If what George Welch says about Iowa conservatives is true, it seems that they are trying to decide which of the two horses they wish to push a cart from behind, when already there is a good one in front ready to pull forward a load of good scripture and good works. Let us keep the horse before the cart!

Charles Perry
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

One in the Spirit

I rather blinked when reading in Jim Cavener’s report, “Central Alaska: At. . .” (FJ Jan.) that there are “some 70-150 Quakers” in Alaska. I had understood there to be a large number of Evangelical Friends Alliance Quakers there. I was stunned when, on reading the fifth paragraph, I felt that he dismissed this large body of Friends in an offhand manner. I realized that Jim is a Friends General Conference Quaker, as am I; however, I had hoped that we FGC Friends were able to recognize and respect ALL our Friends. Regardless of our differences, we are one in the Spirit.

Dorothy Parshall
Bancroft, Ontario, Canada

On Ministry and Pastors

Regarding Robert Maccini on “Quaker Ministry” (FJ Feb.), I am not quite sure what the point is. Pastoral Friends seem to be in the habit of raising the issue of paid ministry. I have assumed that it is generally understood that all Friends are ministers and that within the Society the concept of “weight” has always been recognized men and women with a special gift of ministry, which is quite different from a paid pastor.

However, I confess I don’t understand how there can be such a thing as a pastoral Friends church or how it is in any way distinguished from a congregation-community church, which many Friends pastoral churches have come into existence.

I expect the split in the Society, started in the 1820s and in full swing after the Civil War, was a good deal more of a social-economic matter than one of doctrine. This is the period in the United States when the industrial revolution took root. With the clipper ship and the China trade, a greatly expanded and relatively prosperous middle class evolved and included many Quakers. The pastoral Friends church offered a convenient opportunity to move away from being a “peculiar people” to becoming more like one’s neighbors. Unprogrammed meetings, instead of making needed internal adjustments, responded with more rigid discipline, which further hastened the division.

In recent years, active translation of faith into practice outside the boundaries of our churches and into the broader community brought a new vitality to unprogrammed meetings, but not without problems. Most meetings are composed almost entirely of a single social class with few or no blue collar or poor attenders. There is a danger that cleanliness committees may become counselors, and ministers of spiritual weight are only gradually again appearing.

Silas B. Weeks
Eliot, Maine

The Evangelical Movement was strong in the 19th century, but Friends for about 200 years before held to one of their earliest beliefs that there should be no “office” of ministers, rather just the recognition of ministers among the worshipers. This was largely unique to Friends. Silent worship created the “Mysticism of Christianity” title. Evangelical Friends’ “doctrine” (if you will) is hardly Quaker; rather it is more Pentecostal. Though relatively new to Quakerism, I see that what happened around 100 years ago was destructive to the Society! I ask, how can members of programmed meetings call themselves “Friends” when the basic beliefs or practices of Quaker truth have been set aside?

Traditional Friends, on the other hand, are not as lively in ministering to the public as they once were. Is it unholy fear or is it laziness? Of course, there are some not gifted in ministering with words, but there are other ways.

I have only one dream for Quakers: that the basic practices of traditional Friends would be combined with the evangelistic ministries and missions of evangelical Friends. Then Friends would be back in business showing humankind the gateway to peace and freedom in God’s world.

Kevin Olive
Knoxville, Tenn.

An Invitation

Central Alaska Friends Conference (Yearly meeting) will be August 12-14, 1988, the week before the Friends World Committee for Consultation Triennial in Japan. It would be a great stopover for North Americans enroute to Tokyo. I know that Friends would be welcome. For more information contact Jim Chedyier, Clerk, CAFC, P.O. Box 81177, Fairbanks, AK 99708.

Jim Cavener
Upland, Calif.

Jesus . . . or Christ

It would be immensely helpful if Friends could decide once and for all what they mean by the word Christ. In my years as a Methodist, Jesus and Christ were synonymous. Only on association with Quakers later in life did someone tell me that Jesus was Jesus but Christ referred to the Christ Spirit. It seems to me that much of our confusion and disagreements arise from the fact that some mean the risen Jesus who sits on the right hand of God and is referred to when ending a prayer with “In Christ’s name we ask it” while others mean the Christ Spirit. Surely John Everhart in his letter (FJ Feb.) doesn’t mean Jesus when he says he has been having experiences of Christ, for he ends by saying he prays for the willingness to learn from “Her. Jesus has been called many things, but to my knowledge never before has he been given hermaphroditic qualities.

For myself, I prefer to think that I have experiences of God, rather than of the Christ. However, I’ll admit we each have our interpretation of the word God so if some wish to call that entity Christ, meaning what we Quakers hope to contact in meeting and seek as guidance for our lives, I can accept that. The letter by Arthur Berk, (FJ Feb.) refers to “Jesus Christ” which obviously means he considers both Jesus and Christ to be one and the same.

Please, Friends, let’s make plain to one another what we mean when we say Christ so that we’ll minimize the confusion.

Evelyn Moorman
Sorrento, B.C., Canada
Peace Churches Study War Taxes

Praying for peace while paying for war is a contradiction that historic peace churches must oppose, representatives of those churches agreed at a consultation in Richmond, Indiana, on Feb. 15-17.

For some people, war tax resistance—refusing to pay the portion of one’s taxes that goes to the military—is a moral imperative. Their consciences will not allow them to help pay for machine guns and nuclear bombs.

The question of how church organizations can help their employees follow their consciences—and how to deal with the risks involved for both employees and employers—were the issues that 36 Mennonites, Brethren, and Quakers struggled with at the meeting. The church leaders, organizational representatives and lawyers affirmed their support for individual military tax resisters and for efforts to seek a legislative solution by working toward passage of the U.S. Peace Tax Fund bill in Congress. They agreed to organize a peace church leadership group to go to Washington, D.C., to support the peace tax bill and to express concerns about tax withholding. They also agreed to help each other by filing friend-of-the-court briefs if tax resisters are prosecuted and by sharing the cost of tax resistance penalties, if necessary.

People from churches that refuse to withhold federal taxes for employees who oppose paying military taxes shared their experiences with people from churches considering adopting such a policy. The General Conference Mennonite Church and two Quaker groups are in the first category. The Mennonite Church is in the second. The meeting, held at Quaker Hill Conference Center, took place in an atmosphere of excitement generated by a gathering of people from different traditions who share a vision. One conference participant said it was frustrating that many members of historic peace churches are unwilling to witness against financial participation in preparing for war, although they are opposed to physical participation in war. Some said it was disappointing that so many people are unwilling to follow their consciences until the government, through the Peace Tax Fund, might allow them to do so legally. One quoted Gandhi: “We have stooped so low that we fancy it our duty to do whatever the law requires.”

When a church or organization decides to honor employees’ requests not to withhold their federal income tax, it assumes serious risks. Theoretically, a person in a responsible position who willfully fails to withhold an employee’s taxes can be punished with a prison sentence and a $250,000 fine. An organization can be fined $500,000. But such penalties have never been imposed on legitimate religious organizations, nor are they likely to be, said two lawyers at the meeting. The usual Internal Revenue Service response to war tax resistance is to take the amount of tax owed, plus a 5 percent penalty and interest, from the employee’s bank account. However, the IRS has not taken this action against General Conference Mennonite Church employees who are not having their taxes withheld. They pay the nonmilitary portion of their taxes themselves and deposit the 53 percent that would have gone to the military in a designated account. The IRS has not touched that account since it was established after church delegates approved the policy in 1983. All church personnel who could be subject to penalties have agreed to accept the risk.

Friends World Committee for Consultation, which has had a nonwithholding policy since 1982, has had tax money seized, plus interest and penalties, from its resisters’ bank accounts. Friends United Meeting adopted a nonwithholding policy last October. Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends is considering such a policy.

A representative of the Church of the Brethren said he would use input from the meeting to work toward developing a denominational policy on tax resistance. Lobbying continues for the Peace Tax Fund bill, and each year a little more progress is made in getting co-sponsors for the bill; but the bill has not yet received a congressional hearing. The bill would allow people opposed to war taxes to put the portion normally given to the military in a separate fund for peaceful purposes. The rest of that person’s tax money also would be designated for nonmilitary use. The consultation was sponsored by the Friends Committee on War Tax Concerns and New Call to Peacemaking, the cooperative peace organization of the historic peace churches. Whether or not military tax resistance is effective, participants agreed that people’s moral imperative to follow their consciences must be respected.

“No conscientious objector ever stopped a conflict,” said William Strong, a Quaker representative [and treasurer of the FRIENDS JOURNAL Board of Directors]. “But they had to explain what they did, and the vision was kept alive, and those ripples, you don’t know where they stop.”

By Paul Schrag


Quaker Evangelism Topic of Gathering

Guatemala ’87, the International Friends Conference on Evangelism, was worth the time, effort, and money because of its gift of oneness in spirit among evangelical Friends. The 250 delegates came from 20 countries and spoke many languages. Participants came to understand that Friends are international in leadership as well as geography: Kenyan Friends now number more than 200,000, with four yearly meetings. The city of Nairobi is the site of the largest Friends Church in the world with more than 2,000 members. Person-to-person and home-centered evangelism in Latin America is drawing ever-increasing numbers of Friends.

Friends’ roots, distinctive messages, the power of Christ’s message as expressed through Friends, and the latest techniques of evangelism were special topics considered. Priorities for evangelical Friends were placed in focus: a deeper practice of prayer and holiness, a stronger effort in establishing new churches and renewing others, a higher
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priority for Christian family life, a fresh impetus for evangelizing the world’s cities, a compassionate caring for impoverished and victimized people, and a new awareness of living under the historical Christian calling of Friends.

Charles Mylander

Spirit Moves Friends To Peaceable Action

Friends traveled from all over the Pacific Northwest to attend the annual Northwest Regional Gathering of Friends sponsored by the Friends World Committee for Consultation, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, 1987, at the Newberg Friends Center in Newberg, Oregon. More than 140 adults came to share their thoughts and experiences on the theme, “The Spiritual Roots of Peace and Justice: What Calls Us to Action?”

In the first meeting for worship, Pablo Stanfield raised the question, “In the 20th century can we still consecrate our lives?” The leading of the Spirit allows our joyful hearts to say YES, roll up our sleeves, and act. As Kara Cole said, “The way of the peacemaker is a long one.”

Throughout the next day the theme brought back memories of early Friends’ awareness of the need for peaceable action in our world. For many, the moment came when the perception of the need became a call—a troubling moment when Friends turned to face a new direction and their lives were permanently changed.

Worship-sharing groups gave everyone a chance to share their own beginnings as concerned Quakers. Interest groups were led by Friends who have given a portion of their lives to international relief and development, international peace and justice, sanctuary, youth services (foster care), the homeless, prison, draft and conscientious objection, and tax resistance.

The leaders, paired from pastoral and nonpastoral meetings, shared their struggles and leadings of the Spirit. In the evening older men Friends recalled their call to peace and justice work and witness as youths during World War II.

Sunday morning everyone joined for worship before traveling home. For some, the dilemma of the call may have deepened; for others, the call was strengthened; for all, the joyful assignment to “seek first the Kingdom” was once more placed at the center of consciousness.

Jane Sterrett and Annis Bleeke

May 1988 FRIENDS JOURNAL
tips markers, watercolor, poster paint, acrylic paint, screen print, block print, or pen and ink. Posters should include one of these messages:

1. Peace begins in the playground. Don't buy war toys.

Words may be printed on the poster by the artist or by an adult. Prizes are $50 for first place, $25 for second place, stuffed toys for third place winners, and shirts with anti-war toy messages. The first prize winner may be printed as a poster for the Stop War Toys Campaign. Other designs may also be used.

Deadline is May 31. Entries should include the contestant's name, age, address, telephone number, and school and should be addressed to Stop War Toys Campaign, Box 188, Hampton, CT 06247.

- Peace and conflict resolution in higher education will be the focus of a conference sponsored by Friends Association for Higher Education, Mennonite Conciliation Service, the Church of the Brethren Peace Office, and the Church of the Brethren Missionary Society. The conference will be held June 14 and 15 at Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana, on June 10-15.

- Training for organizers of nonviolent action will be offered by the War Resisters League on Aug. 12-21 in Massachusetts. Cost is $250, and deadline for registration is June 1. More information is available from the War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012, telephone (212) 228-0450.

- A gathering of graduates of the Earlham School of Religion is planned for June 17-19. The theme is "A Community of Memories." Events will include time for discussion with current and former faculty members, banquets, visits to local meetings served by Earlham graduates, and time for graduates to share memories, as well as hopes and dreams.

- National Day of Prayer is May 5. The nonsectarian event sets aside a day for people in the United States to pray for our country's leaders, for strengthening and renewal of moral values, for healing and reconciliation within our nation, and for giving thanks for our blessings.

- The topic "The Light of Christ and Quaker Universalism" will be the theme of the Quaker Theological Conference in Richmond, Indiana, on June 20-22. Papers will be presented by Mary Mochman, Daniel Seeger, and Arthur Roberts, with prepared responses by selected individuals after each presentation. Registration charge is $20.

- World Youth Against Drugs links pen pals throughout the world. The program was started two years ago and provides an opportunity for young people who share similar attitudes toward drugs to share ideas cross-culturally. For more information, write to World Youth Against Drugs, 100 Edgewood Ave., Suite 1002, Atlanta, GA 30303.

- Study and experience of the original Quaker message that "Jesus Christ has come to teach his people himself" is the purpose of the Young Adult Friends Summer School this year, to be held July 13-17 at Friends University in Wichita, Kansas. Participants will look at early Friends' understanding of Christ, the Bible, worship, ministry, and how their experience was different from their Protestant contemporaries. Participants will consider how those experiences were different from the faith of Friends today. Cost is $90. For more information, contact Doug Garrett, 324 S. Atherton St., State College, PA 16801. Childcare is available, as are a limited number of scholarships.

- According to a Canadian publication, For Conscience Sake, Russia was the first nation to establish legislation exempting pacifists from paying war taxes. "In 1820, thirty British citizens were invited by Czar Alexander I to establish a cotton mill in Tamarin, which is now in Finland. James Finlayson, the manager, submitted a petition to the Czar signed by the employees from Britain, some of whom were members of the Society of Friends. The petition asked for freedom of conscience and religion to practice their own religion, and for exemption from military service, war, church taxes, and the taking of oaths." The Czar agreed to free Quaker manufacturers from taxes and support of the military. (Taken from the newsletter of Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas.)

- Dates for the 1989 Triennial Conference of the United Society of Friends Women International will be June 10-15. It will be held at Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C. The society started in 1881, when Eliza Armstrong Cox and others responded to a concern among Friends women for missionary work. The first conference assembled in 1888 in Indianapolis, Ind. Since then conferences have been held throughout the country, usually every three years. The conferences are planned to provide inspiration, education, fellowship, and business. For more information, contact Peggy A. Hollingsworth, United Society of Friends Women, 717 Ranch Road, Connersville, IN 47331.

- Human understanding of nature and our position in it will be the focus of an international conference of natural and social scientists and other concerned people. Called "Mind and Nature," the conference will take place on May 21-27 in Hanover, Germany. For information, write to DBK Travel Service, 442 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94102, or call toll free (800) 635-6463.
News of Friends

Affordable housing for the elderly, vocational training for the unemployed, and schooling for the handicapped are the goals of the Friendly Centers of India, Inc. Land for the first retirement center is being acquired near Cochin, a rapidly growing seaport city in South India. The site is approximately 10 acres and will provide individual retirement cottages, apartments, and dormitories for people of limited incomes. There will be common dining, recreational, and worship areas. Vocational training will be offered with assistance from a businessman who owns a printing shop at Cochin. Training will be offered in composing, printing, proofreading, and binding. Individuals in the United States are needed to be contacts with meetings and churches. Also, contributions are sought, either on a one-time basis or as a monthly pledge. As resources become available, work will be extended and similar centers started in other parts of India. For more information, write to Friendly Centers of India at P.O. Box 134, Oak Lawn, IL 60454.

Aberdeen, Scotland, will be the 1989 site of London Yearly Meeting’s annual session. That will be the first time since 1948 the yearly meeting has been held north of the border of Great Britain. The session will be held July 29-Aug. 5, 1989.

The new director of Oakwood School is Robert Coombs. He comes to the job from studying as a visiting practitioner at the Harvard University Principals’ Center. He was headmaster at Lake Ridge Academy, where he introduced a peace studies program. He will assume the new position on July 1.

Two Friends who work in the world of publishing were selected as Quakers of the Year by Chuck Fager, editor of A Friendly Letter, to recognize their work, witness and faithfulness. One is Dean Freiday, of Manasquan (N.J.) Meeting, for his work in editing and publishing Barclay’s Apology in Modern English, which first appeared 21 years ago. The other award recipient is Barbara Mayrs for her work as director of Friends United Press in Richmond, Indiana. She is a member of Clear Creek (Ind.) Meeting.

Gender relationships in the Society of Friends is the topic of a study initiated by Friends World Committee for Consultation. The study will be undertaken by an international committee, which has issued a call to Friends to share their beliefs and experiences by sending them to one of these people: Salome de Bartalama, Ricardo Bustamente 1054, La Paz, Bolivia 376976 (taking Spanish contributions); Jadwiga Lopez, 3100 N. Sheridan Road, Chicago, IL 60657 (taking contributions in either Spanish or English); or Heather Moir, P.O. Box 106 Chocorua, NH 03817 (taking English contributions). Contributions may be prose or poetry, stories or scientific studies, taped or typed and may address issues of peace or justice, language or service, prayer or prophecy. All contributions will be retained, and the committee will arrange publication and distribution of the ones deemed most valuable.

Jordans Meetinghouse is 300 years old this year. The historic site is 25 miles from London in Buckinghamshire County, where William Penn courted his first wife, Gulielma. He and many members of his family are buried in the burial ground there. The two-story building has space for worship and caretaker’s quarters. George Fox, James Nayler, William Penn, and the Penningtons prayed in the kitchen at Jordans. Although alterations have been made throughout the years, much of the glass, window furniture, shutters, and front door are assumed to date from 1688. Nearby sits the Mayflower Barn, which legend claims is constructed from beams taken from the Mayflower ship. During World War I, the Friends Ambulance Unit, under the leadership of Philip Noel-Baker, trained in the Mayflower Barn. Events to celebrate the tercentenary are planned to begin in February and continue through October. A schedule of events is available from Rob and Nora Simmons, Flat 2, Cherry Tree Corner, Jordans, near Beaconsfield, Bucks HP9 2TD. (Please include a small contribution for postage.)

The new director of Beacon Hill Friends House is Sirkka Talikka Barbour of Richmond, Indiana. Retiring director of the Boston, Massachusetts, Quaker center is Anne Buttenheim, who is leaving to marry and move to Newfoundland. Friends House is home to Beacon Hill Meeting, as well as to a group of 20 Quakers and non-Quakers living in community based on Quaker practice. It was established 20 years ago.
The Turkey Shoot


New York State Police on September 13, 1971, mowed down 128 people at Attica State Prison. Thus they brutally brought to an end a rebellion among some 1,500 inmates who were protesting against overcrowding and had a long list of other complaints, most of which the government conceded were legitimate. Of those who died in the “turkey shoot,” 29 were inmates and ten were state employees who had been taken hostage.

Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller established the Attica Investigation to prosecute crimes committed at the prison by both rebellious inmates and the angry state police. Malcolm Bell was a member of the investigation staff.

After some time, Malcolm Bell concluded that there was afoot a Machiavellian scheme to appear to be doing a thorough job but actually prosecuting the inmates while not touching the government perpetrators. It was at Governor Rockefeller’s desk that the buck stopped, but attention was deflected from him, especially after he was nominated for the vice presidency. Yet, as is being said now of President Reagan in connection with Iran-Contragate, he was guilty of either complicity or ignorance.

In December 1974, Malcolm Bell resigned in protest. After several months of no response from the state attorney general or the governor he “went public,” and The New York Times reported his story. Almost immediately, a commission was appointed to investigate Malcolm Bell’s specific charges of cover-up. Still, in the end, equal justice was served: inmates were pardoned or their sentences commuted, and thus neither government nor inmate offenders were punished.

Attica “radicalized” Malcolm, as it did others. At that time, his only connection with Quakerism was his attendance at Brooklyn Friends School for the first six grades. A Harvard graduate, he became a Wall Street lawyer and a Nixon conservative who worked in civil litigation in the early ’70s. Comparing himself to “medieval knights who fought over other people’s wealth and created nothing,” he decided to switch to criminal law and got the job as a special Attica prosecutor. He was a deacon in the First Congregational Church in Darien, Conn., teaching a high-school-level Sunday-school class. His students kept going to Wilton (Conn.) Meeting, and finally he went, too. In 1979, he married a Friend under the care of the meeting and joined in 1983. He also switched from the Republican to the Democratic party.

Unfolding like a well-constructed mystery story, and occasionally in earthy vernacular, The Turkey Shoot is a cautionary tale. The author warns that the system protects the system, as it attempted to do in the cases of Iran-Contragate, as well as Attica. His dedication reads “. . . To the Good German. Everyone chooses whether to be one.” He chose not to be one.

Jennie H. Allen

Jennie H. Allen is a member of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting and serves as the secretary of the Friends Journal Board of Managers.

Martha Schofield


Martha Schofield, a Pennsylvania Quaker who established the Schofield Normal and Industrial School in Aiken, South Carolina, was a courageous woman whose life should be more widely known. Her school was the only one for blacks in Aiken for years and was threatened by whites in the early years. It became famous for the thorough education it offered, which stressed vocational skills and character training. In addition to her interest in education for blacks, she exposed for northern newspapers the anti-black violence and fraud of the 1876 and 1880 elections. She was also involved in the women’s suffrage movement, and gave the support of her school to the development of cooperatives and improved agricultural methods among blacks.

With access to an extensive collection of journals and papers only recently released by the family, Katherine Smedley has painted a searching portrait. The emphasis tends to be on the unresolved ambiguit y of her role as unmarried career woman in a society that assumed woman’s highest (and proper) role was as wife and mother. Her relationships with men are sensitively explored. The tension between local racist mores—which, for example, prohibited interracial dining—and Martha’s greater tolerance, is only touched upon. My disappointment is that her interior spiritual life is not given the same careful probing as the feminist issues. Because of this deficiency, and the steep price, probably only larger meeting libraries will consider purchasing it. For those interested in women’s issues and the development of education for blacks in the South, this book is recommended.

The book is volume 24 of a series of studies on women and religion. More meetings might be interested in an earlier volume.
in the same series, *The Influence of Quaker Women on American History: Biographical Studies*, edited by Carol and John Stoneburner. Chapters by Hugh Barbour and Elise Boulding and the introduction are particularly helpful in exploring the spiritual experience that motivated these women to shape the world beyond their doors. While the quality of writing and scholarship of the biographies varies, the women portrayed are all fascinating.

Marty Grundy

Marty Grundy is a member of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting.

**Breakthrough**


How exciting it is to see that scientists from the United States and the USSR are finally able to meet and talk openly and frankly about how to eliminate the threat of nuclear war! Even more heartening is the fact that Gorbachev’s new policy of openness, glasnost, permits Soviet and United States readers to read what scholars have to say about this vital concern.

Mathematicians, physicists, sociologists, psychologists, economists, are all represented here, each contributing insights from his or her specialty. Kenneth Boulding writes on the economic and sociological problems entailed in “Moving from an Unstable to a Stable Peace.” Physicist Theodore Taylor writes about the nuts-and-bolts realities of nuclear proliferation. Psychologists explore how living in a world threatened by nuclear destruction affects the development of children. Others analyze the mechanisms involved in social and individual transformation as they pertain to the peace movement. Political scientists examine the problems involved in building public support for disarmament. The emphasis is on practical solutions rather than dire warnings or lofty statements of principles.

What makes the book particularly interesting is the process by which it was created. Conceived in 1985 after months of negotiations, it was birthed during eight weeks of face-to-face discussions in Moscow and the United States during which manuscripts were chosen by consensus.

In spite of ideological and cultural differences, all of the writers basically agree on the need for “new thinking,” a term coined by Mikhail Gorbachev to describe the new direction in Soviet policy sometimes described as perestroika, or “restructuring.” While “old thinking” sees the world dualistically, in terms of us vs. them, good vs. evil, correct vs. incorrect political philosophy, new thinking takes the pluralistic view that differences are inevitable and for the most part healthy. Old thinking values secrecy, image-making, and propaganda; new thinking requires public disclosure of all facts, no matter how unpleasant.

It is unfortunate that no scholars versed in religion were included in this volume. They might have pointed out that new thinking is based on some of the oldest and most profound of religious insights; “no man is an island” and “the truth will set you free.” They might also have examined the role religion plays in the process of social and individual transformation necessary for a stable and just peace. Nonetheless, it is heartening to see how both Soviet and U.S. scholars from wide-ranging disciplines are incorporating this new/old thinking into a new and saner understanding of the world.

This book was sponsored by two important Soviet and U.S. peace groups: Beyond War, a nonpartisan educational movement consisting of thousands of full-time and part-time volunteers in the United States and abroad; and the Committee of Soviet Scientists for Peace against the Nuclear Threat, a nongovernmental group of professionals who do most of their work in the area of arms control and disarmament.

This is a book that I would recommend dipping into, mulling over, and returning to, rather than reading from cover-to-cover. There is a certain repetitiveness that comes from assembling such a colloquy of writers concerned with similar themes. But the excitement that went into the creation of this book is infectious, and hardly a page goes by without some new fact, insight, or perspective to arrest the reader’s attention. What emerges most clearly from this book is a willingness on the part of U.S. and Soviet scholars to be (as the introduction puts it) “colleagues, genuinely able to agree and disagree, forcefully, but also kindly and with humour.” One hopes that the leaders of our respective countries will let themselves be instructed by these scholars of peace.

**Anthony Manousos**

Anthony Manousos, presently the Wilmer Young International Peace and Reconciliation Scholar at Pendle Hill, is the editorial director of the Quaker U.S./USSR Committee, which is compiling an anthology of Soviet and U.S. fiction and poetry to be published this year. He is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.
In Brief

An Outbreak of Peace
This is a rare piece of adolescent fiction—peace propaganda with a plot. Wisecracks and suspense, threatened friendships, and budding romances are interwoven with a compendium of every peace project ever conceived, from folding paper cranes to sister cities. The kids form a peace club, called the Tigers, then try out their conflict resolution skills to get permission to hold a peace fair. They face irate parents, military recruiters, the school principal who calls them unpatriotic and too political, and they survive. Written with just the right touch of teen-age irreverence, the book manages to give us "an outbreak of hope" that there might actually be a real town somewhere where kids and grownups could get this excited about peace. The dozens of drawings by real kids, the credits and examples at the end, the afterword by two educators for social responsibility tell us that some of it really did happen, and everything that happens helps.

Caring for Your Own Dead
By Lisa Carlson. Upper Access Publishers, Hinesburg, Vt, 1987. 344 pages. $19.95/cloth, $14.95/paperback. This is an unusual book—part personal experiences with death, part history of funeral customs, part handbook on organ donations and legal issues, part state-by-state directory of laws and services. The appendix also includes "A Good Neighbor's List for the Time of Death" and a professional grief therapist's afterword on grieving. Even though this may not be the answer to the sometimes exploitative practices of the funeral industry chronicled in the American Way of Death, it is a thought-provoking volume and a very different addition to the many books on death and grieving which have appeared in recent years. Funeral committees may find it informative. Meeting libraries may wish to make it available.

Nica Notes
By Bobb Barns. Friends View Press, Nevada City, Calif., 1987. 188 pages. $9.95/paperback. Bob Barns was a long-term volunteer for Witness for Peace in Nicaragua in 1986. Most of these short pieces tell of his day-to-day experiences with the volunteers and among the peasants in the northern war zone, but there is also a section on his political observations when visiting in the cities, his impressions of U.S. officials. He saw open discussion of the proposed constitution and no evidence of police-state control nor of any interference with religious freedom. People in the United States who are deeply concerned that our administration has unfairly assessed the situation in Nicaragua will find much to confirm their concern.

Catching Up with a Changing World
By Leonard Kenworthy. World Affairs Materials, Kennett Square, Pa., 1987. 113 pages. $6.95/paperback. Leonard Kenworthy, as a culmination of his lifetime work in...
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**Books continued**

The field of world affairs, has written a simple book that cuts the knot of confusing world events into cross sections. Using maps, graphs, and cartoons to back up his statistics, he summarizes in ten quick chapters the situation of population distribution, cultural differences, new power alignments of nations, the crisis of cities, increasing world interdependence, threats to survival of the planet, the gap between rich and poor that calls for a new international economic order, the hope of regional and international organizations, and the possibility of creating a better world of fun and beauty. His book is useful for students, study groups, or individuals as a reference work, a take-off for discussion, or a blueprint for hope.

**Gandhi Today**
By Mark Shepard. Simple Productions, Arcata, Calif., 1987. 146 pages. $20/cloth, $9.95/paperback. Alongside the mainstream of political history there are often stories of simple events that may in the long run change the world. Such events, taking place in India after the death of Mahatma Gandhi in 1948, are chronicled here in a series of narratives about nonviolent projects carried out by his followers and successors. Focusing on individual leaders who carried out Gandhi's timeless ideas of nonviolence and compassion, Shepard tells the story of the poor people of India and their slow steps towards sharing land, living in communal villages, and waging nonviolent protests to save their forests. The author admits that the Gandhians have not yet changed the whole world or even the typical village in India, but he reminds us of how far the ripples of Gandhi's legacy have spread.

**Dear Gandhi: Now What?**
By Jim and Shelley Douglass. Illustrated by Bill Livermore. New Society Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa., and Santa Cruz, Calif., 1988. 105 pages. $26.95/cloth, $6.95/paperback. Following an advice column format, much like Dear Abby, the questions and answers selected for this little volume humorously raise all the doubts, worries, aspirations, and despair peace workers face. For instance, one writer asks; "I have read an article saying we can only resist out of love. I find I can't dump my burden of fear and anger, though I do feel the love power. Can I do peace work?" Gandhi's reply: "Come as you are. Maybe we can work out a peace conversion for your hitchhiking friends." The feature is regularly published in the newsletter of Ground Zero, a peace group in the Pacific Northwest that is waging a nonviolent campaign against the Tri-
dent missiles and submarine. The answers, some more irreverent than others, are sometimes in Gandhi's own words, indicated by an asterisk, and they are always true to Gandhi's spirit of tolerance and nonviolence. Bound to lighten your day.

**Milestones**

**Births**

Charles—Austin Lloyd Charles, on Feb. 28 to Patricia Ellen Hardy Charles and Richard Lewis Charles, Jr. The baby's mother and maternal grandparents are members of Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting.

Dorchester—William Robert Solt Dozier, on March 5 to Martha Ann Solt and Daniel Preston Dozier, III, both members of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.).

Furnas—David Patrick Fumas, on Feb. 22 to Terri and Fred Fumas, both members of Miami (Ohio) Meeting. The baby joins a brother, Michael, and sister, Marjorie.

Holts—Mia Susanna Ingmarsdotter Holts, on Jan. 20 to Ingmar and Annika Ericsson Holts, members of Sweden Yearly Meeting. Mia joins a brother, Tomas.

Neuman—David Eckels Neuman on Dec. 15, 1987, to Arlosa and Paul Neuman in Portland, Ore. His father and paternal grandparents are members of Miami (Ohio) Meeting.

**Marriages**

Pluto-Sawyer—Stephen G. Sawyer and Monica Pinho, on March 19 at Moorstreet (N.J.) Meeting, where Stephen is a member.

Supple-Hallowell—William Stearns Hallowell and Karen April Supple, on March 19 under the care of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting, where William is a member.

**Deaths**

Docher—Peter Dochian, 88 on March 5. Peter was most recently a member of Kennet Internationa

Friends in East Africa

By Harold Smuck. Friends United Press, Richmond, Ind., 1987. 120 pages. $8.95. The fact that there are now 200,000 Quakers in East Africa—more than in all the rest of the world—is interesting enough to attract readers to this account of the last 20 years of their history. Harold Smuck, who worked closely with East African Friends during that time, vividly sketches the variety of people who gather shortly after dawn each Sunday in 600 meetings across Kenya. He describes their struggles to establish their independence from U.S. missionaries, and to survive financial crises, growth, splitting, and reunion. This is a lively story in which U.S. Friends will find familiar echoes as well as inspiration.

Dorothy Samuel writes out of the inner silence which followed the death of her husband William in 1981. Emptied of dreams, desires, goals and illusions of control, she sought no this-world escapes nor made any demands of God. Accepting the pain, going fully into the emptiness, she found God assumed the initiatives of her spiritual growth. Her carefully crafted faith was slowly transformed into deeper, revealed understandings often tied to a long loved phrase or line. Here is no "return to normalcy," but gentle movement into the presence of God.

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FJ2
G. Barbara Laitin, Yarrow—Edward Burr Yarrow, snowy on the East Coast. shut-ins and others she knew to be going through at the time of her death. Her cooking nourished and caring in the meeting. Her last assignment with VISTA was in Utah where she worked with Mexican-Americans. G. Barbara's life was guided by the spirit of love, fellowship and freedom. She enriched meeting communities in Ann Arbor, Michigan, (Mich.), Logan (Utah), and Hamilton and Yonge Street meetings in Newmarket, Ontario, Canada. She is survived by her children, Donald and Tobey; three grandchildren; and a daughter-in-law. Friends are encouraged to contribute to the Canadian Friends Service Committee, 60 Lower Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

Osta—Emilio Osta, 78, on Sept. 28, 1987. Emilio was a long-time member of Pima (Ariz.) Meeting. He founded the Tucson Peace Center in 1959. The following year celebrated the centennial of the birth of Spanish pianist and composer Isaac Albéniz by mastering the composer's known works. Emilio also discovered and orchestrated an unknown piano concerto of Albéniz's. He is survived by his wife, Tufio, and two sisters.

Sinclair—Kay Sinclair, 66, on Jan. 6, 1988, following a courageous struggle with cancer. She was an active and generous member of Claremont (Calif.) Meeting. Kay was born into a Quaker family and attended Westtown School. Her gourmet restaurant, the Argonaut Inn, provided the setting where her many interests converged. She stimulated the lives of many young people by having them live and work at the Inn. There, she also encouraged their artistic talents and spiritual growth. Through her membership on the Fellowship and Visitation Committee, she nurtured the spirit of friendship and caring in the meeting. Her cooking nourished shut-ins and others she knew to be going through difficult times. She will be sorely missed by her host of friends, both inside and outside the meeting.

Whitson—Elizabeth Pennell Whitson, 93, on Feb. 6 in Philadelphia, Pa. Elizabeth was a lifelong Friend and was a member of Media (Pa.) Meeting at the time of her death. She was a graduate of Westtown School. She married the late T. Barclay Whitson in 1922 and lived in Moylan, Pa. One daughter, Margaret A. Whitson, preceded her in death. She is survived by two daughters, Ruth W. Stokes and Anna W. Fisher; six grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Yarrow—Edward Burr Yarrow, 36, on Jan. 3 of a heart attack while playing basketball in the Dominican Republic. Son of Margaret Yarrow and the late C.H. (Mike) Yarrow, Burr graduated from high school in Swarthmore, Pa., and attended Guilford College. He was a skilled leather craftsman and a professional cook—arts which he shared generously. The meetinghouse in Media, Pa., where his memorial meeting was held, was filled with friends and family from many miles away, although the weekend was treacherous and snowy on the East Coast. One friend spoke of him as being “more careful of love than of everything.” He is survived by his mother; two brothers, Michael and Douglas; and his loving companion, Camille Benjamin, and her son Gabriel.

MAY

6-7—Quaker United Nations Women’s Seminar at Quaker House in New York City. Elise Boulding will speak. For more information, contact QUO, 777 UN Plaza, New York, NY 10017.

6-8—The Northeast Region of Friends World Committee for Consultation will gather at Powell House, Old Chatham, N.Y. Leaders will be Michael Simmons and Stephen Thiermann.

8—Friends Historical Association’s annual spring meeting, held jointly with Friends School Union, at Exeter (Pa.) Meeting. Carol Hoffrecker, Richards professor of history at the University of Delaware, will speak on “A Family of Friends: the Ferris Family in Wilmington.” For information, contact Friends Historical Association at Quaker Collection, Haverford College, Haverford, PA 19041.

14—Pennock Family Reunion to celebrate the 250th anniversary of Primitive Hall, which is the Pennock family homestead, at Route 841, West Grove, Pa., homestead. Tailgate picnic begins at noon. Also, speakers and hayrides. For information, contact Lydia W. Bartholomew, Lucky Hill Farm, 145 Lucky Hill Road, West Chester, PA 19382, telephone (215) 692-3075 between 7 and 8 p.m.

19-22—Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting at Christmount Conference Center, Blackmountain, N.C. For information, contact Connie L. Monte, 613 10th Ave., South, Birmingham, AL 35205, telephone (205) 324-5256.

20-22—War Tax Resistance National Action Conference at Montara, Calif. Theme: “I Am Not in This By Myself.” Cost: $40, including lodging, meals, and materials. For information, contact the National War Tax Resistance Coordinating Committee, P.O. Box 85810, Seattle, WA 98145, telephone (206) 522-4377.

22—Open house from 2:30 to 4 p.m. at The McCutchen, Yearly Meeting Friends Home, 21 Rockview Ave., North Plainfield, N.J.

JUNE

2-4—Nebraska Yearly Meeting at University Friends Meeting, Lincoln, Neb. For information, contact Dean Young, 417 S. Millwood, Lincoln, NE 68510, telephone (402) 477-3092.

7-12—Intermountain Yearly Meeting at Ghost Ranch, Abiquiu, N.M. For information, contact Mary Dudley, 2628 Granada, S.W., Albuquerque, NM 87105, telephone (505) 873-0376.


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Conference


Communities

Working or studying in Boston? Join Quaker-sponsored community of 20 interested in peace, spiritual growth, and community living. All races, faiths, etc., welcome. Preliminary inquiries and applications due by 4/9. For more information, write: Boston Quakers, 6 Chestnut St., Boston, MA 02116.

Educational Opportunities

Come live and learn in Community, The Residents Program at St. Benedict Center, Madison, invites people of all ages and backgrounds who seek spiritual growth, social change, or reflective time and space in a supportive, challenging, Quaker-Quaker Institutional "school of the spirit" to spend one, two, or three 10-week terms in community with us, as a couple or single, and full information, write: Parker J. Palmer, Dept. 28, St. Benedict Center, Box 5588, Madison, WI 53705.


Susan Stark's second album, Rainbow People. Released in November. Cost $9 per cassette plus $1.05 postage and handling. Send orders and checks to Susan Stark Music, P.O. Box 336, Ridgefield, N.C. 20690-0666.

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Senior Citizen will share home with someone who can help with the housework. Call (909) 737-2887.


Looking for accommodations In/ near Philadelphia during enrollment at University Pa. September 9 through June 9. In exchange for rental or caretaking. Female nonsmoker, no pets, classical music lover. (914) 462-7980 evenings and weekends.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange—Nationwide link with all classical music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Palmyra, N.Y. 14522.

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Positions Vacant

"I want to serve others." Year-long assignments in Quaker outreach (inner city, peace, refugees, hunger, social services). Inquire: Quaker Volunteer Witness, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374. (317) 965-7679.

American Friends Service Committee seeks Associate Executive Secretary for Finance, based in Philadelphia, responsible to board and executive secretary for overall planning of funds for AFSC; administer Finance Department and administrative expenses; strong interpersonal skills, judgment. Also, opening for Regional Executive Secretary of Pacific Northwest Area, based in Seattle, WA, financial management, budgeting; demonstrated experience providing staff support, supervision; strong communication skills. In New York City, opening for Associate Representative, Quaker United Nations Office, to promote and communicate Quaker perspectives, values regarding matters before the UN; maintain contacts in UN community; arrange and coordinate multiple staff and delegations and others; assist in development of program ideas. Requires substantive working knowledge of international affairs, the UN system, experience. Management of the following areas: disarmament/security, international economics/development, human rights; ability to analyze, interpret international political developments, strong communication skills. All positions require compatibility with principles, philosophy of Friends and AFSC; commitment to nonviolent social change. Contact: Karen Creamer, AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. AFSC is an Affirmative Action/EOEmployer.

Military Counselor/Peace Educator to live at Quaker House of Fayetteville, North Carolina. Person familiar with the Quakers and the local community. Position involves counseling, meeting attendance, and occasional public speaking engagements. Contact: Quaker House, Office of Quaker House, 1111 Quaker House Lane, Fayetteville, NC 28303.


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Job opening for Development Director for Friends Community School, under the care of Adsit Friends. Meeting is ready to welcome to its staff, a teacher experienced in teaching kindergarten, first grade and transition classes. We are looking for someone who is creative and dedicated to helping students grow. The growth of a new school is a gift. Please contact Friends Community School, 2003 Metzerot Rd., Adelphi, MD 20783.

Schools

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