Among Friends

Measuring the Cost

Some readers with a good memory will likely recall our "dot cover" on the front of the magazine several years ago. (For those who have forgotten, it was the November 1, 1982, issue.) At the center of the front cover was a single dot representing all the firepower of World War II (three megatons); in the remainder of the design were about 6,000 other dots, which represented all the firepower existing in the world's nuclear weapons (18,000 megatons). That was in 1982; the figure may be higher now. The graphic was a very powerful one, and we received many requests to duplicate it for peace education purposes.

More recently, in the Winter 1988 issue of Friends Association for Higher Education Newsletter, we spotted a little paragraph. I understand it is condensed from an Ann Landers column this past year (signed "Frank A., South Plainfield, N.J.") I encourage Friends to ponder the words and to seek ways to share them with others. They help to place in a proper perspective, somehow, the enormous expenditure by our nation for the military during the Reagan years. Perhaps we can find opportunities in the coming months to share the words with presidential and congressional candidates:

"I wonder how many people realize what a trillion is. If you were to count a trillion $1 bills, one per second, 24 hours a day, it would take 32 years. With $1 trillion, you could build a $100,000 house for every family in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, and Iowa. Then you could put a $10,000 car in the garage of each one of those houses. There would be enough left to build $10 million libraries and $10 million hospitals for 250 cities in those states. There would be enough left over to build $10 million schools for 500 communities. And there would still be enough left to put in the bank, and from the interest alone, pay 10,000 nurses and teachers, plus give a $5,000 bonus for every family in those states. President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative, the Star-Wars anti-missile scheme, carries a price tag of $3 trillion."

With these challenging words I leave you for a time. I will be on vacation and leave from the JOURNAL from mid-June until September. During my time away, Melissa Elliott will be acting editor. I look forward to greeting you on this page in the November issue—safely returned, I trust, from the Friends World Committee Triennial in Japan.

We have just learned that the JOURNAL received an award of merit May 17 at the 1988 convention of the Associated Church Press in Indianapolis. For our November 1987 articles on the homeless, ACP judges awarded FRIENDS JOURNAL honorable mention in the category of in-depth news coverage of a current issue.
Features

6 Fritz Eichenberg in Retrospect
Herrymon Maurer
Throughout six decades his art has cried out for truth, nonviolence, and simplicity.

11 Universalism: A Natural Development within Quakerism
Ralph Hetherington
Can Quakerism maintain its attraction to a variety of seekers?

13 Recovery from Grief
Elsa Martz
One in four U.S. homes will experience a violent crime. A Friend shares her painful journey.

16 Through Understanding There Is Love
Lilith Quinlan
The journey toward forgiveness demands that we confront our tragedies.

20 The Great Betrayal
William McCord
Recompense to Japanese Americans is long overdue.

22 Building a Peaceable Kingdom in Wartime
Stephen Zunes
Experiments in participatory democracy in Western Sahara deserve Friends’ attention and understanding.

26 Dance Cheerfully over the Earth
Ann and Mark Friend
A ministry of fellowship and good fun

Departments

2 Among Friends
4 Forum
5 Viewpoint
28 Witness
29 Reports
30 News of Friends
31 Bulletin Board
32 Books
34 Milestones
36 Calendar
38 Classifieds

Poetry

10 The Peaceable Kingdom
Keith W. Snyder

19 Prayer
Robert C. Murphy

Fritz Eichenberg’s wood engraving, Ship of Fools, ©1980, appears on the cover. It is used by permission of the artist.
Criticism Denies Cures

I'm not familiar with Kristine Nolfi or her treatment (FJ Jan.), but I do know there are other approaches to the treatment of cancer than that prescribed by the medical profession. Many, such as macrobiotics, are based on diet; others make use of visualization, meditation, and prayer. These approaches are equally if not more effective for some people in their fights against cancer.

Granted, in a time of vulnerability, people tend to grasp at any glimmer of hope that crosses their path, and some of these are false misunderstandings. However, I think it totally unfair and very narrow-minded to believe that the traditional medical approach is the only way to treat cancer and all others are fraudulent.

Georgiana Lees
Wonalancet, N.H.

I come to the defense of FRIENDS JOURNAL and the advertisement about cancer. In his letter (FJ March), Francis W. Helfrick says he has no means of researching the claims made in the advertisement, but then he says, "they have all the earmarks of fraud."

Such an attitude is woefully unscientific and unfair. Kristine Nolfi, who is the subject of the disputed ad, conducted scientific tests on herself after she contracted cancer of the breast. She cured herself by radically changing her diet, and since then she has decisively helped many thousands of others in distress by using the same approach. This does not mean that this approach will be successful in every case.

After many decades in the use of orthodox medical procedures in treating cancer, the record shows a very high degree of failure in the long run. It is high time to give serious attention and trial to the dietetic approach. It has been demonstrated that those who adopt a vegetarian diet with plenty of raw foods, with very few exceptions, remain free of cancer. Of course, the rule of nonsmoking is also essential. Pancreatic enzyme therapy also proved to be effective. A bolstering of the immune system is always in order.

Robert Heckert

I hope that Francis Helfrick and Samuel Burgess (FJ March) will not leave readers with the impression that only conventional medicine has the answer to treatment of cancer. The success of Carl Simonton's (Getting Well Again) use of relaxation, meditation, and visualization to treat cancer; the observations and experience of Herbert Benson at Harvard medical school (Your Maximum Mind); and more recently, Bernard Siegel's views (Love, Medicine and Miracles)—as well as personal experience of Friends and others—have shown that lifestyle, diet, and even prayer and forgiveness are potent prescriptions in the treatment, not only of cancer but many other life-threatening diseases.

Now that the role of mind—belief, prayer, love, forgiveness—are becoming better understood and appreciated, it is to be hoped that Friends will be open to resources outside and above those offered by conventional medicine. More and more physicians and health professionals are less certain nowadays that conventional treatments such as surgery, radiation, chemotherapy, drugs, etc., are the only hope we can offer sufferers. The patient who is confronted with a life-threatening situation should be informed of the range of resources available and allowed to share in the decisions.

Mary Jo Uphoff
Oregon, Wisc.

For some of us it is equally fraudulent to claim that the only approach to cancer treatment is the invasive allopathic method. I would ask you to hear the other side, the case for the forms of nonviolent, holistic therapy, which include homeopathy and nutrition.

A physical breakdown is a signal from our body, the physical vessel of our spiritual being. We can respond to the message with fear and turn over responsibility for our healing process to the orthodox medical system, or we can face the pain of our closest friend, our body, and deal with her lovingly. Surgery, radiotherapy and chemotherapy may well kill the cancer, but they also cripple the body's own ability to fight the malignant growth. All too often the underlying connection to our lifestyle and our spiritual state is not treated.

This issue is particularly important to me because my daughter, who had a malignant tumor removed from her breast, chose to undergo an exhausting and expensive holistic surgery. Appalled by the violent process of surgery and the prospects of further mutilation and poisoning of her system, she carried out an intense search for alternatives until she found a program that provided individualized physical and spiritual/emotional guidance. In her six-week program, which included a juice fast, a cleansing program, massage, exercise, imaging, meditation, and much more, she confronted her disease with every mental, physical, and spiritual power she possessed. In a recent letter she wrote: "This therapy is very intense on all levels. At times I feel like I'm dying and other times I feel like I am being born or giving birth . . . and so it is a process, hard work—painful, invigorating, nauseating, euphoric, tearful, and joyous. I feel that my tumor was a manifestation of an obsession on a badly infected, wounded heart. I am happy to have such a loyal body, willing and able to forgive and heal." Although it is too early to tell whether the cancer is gone for good (just as the success of allopathic treatment takes at least five years to assess), she has experienced a profound healing process which will change her life.

I also am not in a position to judge the merits of the particular book in the advertisement under attack. However, to dismiss it out of hand because it does not subscribe to the procedures of the medical establishment (a huge business with a vested interest in keeping out more natural, nonviolent, and less costly alternatives), hardly seems in keeping with a Quaker outlook. The FRIENDS JOURNAL should listen, as we listen in our meetings, even to those whose path we do not understand or may not be ready to take ourselves.

Hanno Klassen
Northfield, Minn.

I was greatly disturbed by two letters that appeared in the Forum calling for refusal of advertising of alternative cancer treatments. I believe Friends have a tradition of openness to all shades of opinion and to allowing people to evaluate facts as they are presented by conflicting sources. Both the letters printed, one at FRIENDS JOURNAL's request, represented the bias of allopathic medicine, which attacks all therapies or experience not fitting into its limited perspective.

There is a very human tendency to ignore or downplay the massive failures of establishment medicine, which have moved more and more people to turn elsewhere for help. I myself have been the victim of "approved" medical procedures in at least three instances that created problems for me that never existed before, or worsened conditions I had. And I know personally many other people who, after making the rounds from doctor to doctor, only getting sicker and sicker, finally found alternative, naturopathic care that diagnosed and healed their illness.
The point is not that we should refuse all treatment from physicians. The point is that, as we do in other areas of life, we should be able to learn about all the available options from information provided by various sources and intelligent discussion of the issues raised. Certainly some alternative products may be ineffective or puffed with misleading claims—the same, however, is true of much drug peddling by pharmaceutical entrepreneurs. But lacking evidence of deception or falsity, let us, the readers, be the judges. FRIENDS JOURNAL is not necessarily endorsing everything advertised in its pages. Certainly there are some things that are antithetic to Friends’ principles. I don’t suggest running ads for ROTC. But where the questions are as complex as the ones surrounding medical care, let the advertisers present their cases. Friends are bright, thoughtful, and independent enough to decide for themselves how to care for their own bodies.

Jennifer Liberty Goodwin
Hallandale, Fla.

Kristine Nolfi’s ideas regarding diet are based on truth.

More than 20 years ago, a number of doctors gave me up as being beyond their help. When one doctor told me I had about three weeks to live, my thought was, “Oh no, it is not a doctor who will decide when I am to die, it is God. In the meantime, I had better see what I can do for myself.”

That was the turning point in my illness. From that day, I seemed to be guided to everything I needed to help me. I read books regarding diet, I met people who shared useful information on diet. Within a short time I began to feel and see improvements. While my recovery took time and effort, it was worth it. Was it Emerson who said “God exists”? I do not doubt it.

Stefni Dawn
Sun City, Calif.

AIDS Relief Needed

I was pleased to read your article "Seeking a Friendly Response to AIDS" in your February issue. Meeting and talking about issues brought to us by AIDS, however, is only a start. Unfortunately, there are presently more than 12,000 people living with AIDS in New York City alone. Most are acutely ill. Human needs are overwhelming. In this city alone we are faced with an

continued on page 36

Viewpoint

A Testimony on Inner Light

Perhaps the major problem in the testimonies of the Religious Society of Friends is the testimony of the Inner Light as the guide for living, thinking, and doing. We abjure Scriptures, specially educated ministers, church bureaucracies, and hierarchies as final authorities for our lives. Instead of any of those, we espouse the view that each individual should rely on the Inner Light to direct him/her to understand rightly, to speak rightly, and to act rightly in every particular circumstance of life.

The point with, and a fair criticism of, this emphasis on the Inner Light is that it can be perceived as placing absolute value upon each individual’s own thought, beliefs, and impulses. In other words, it can be seen as a purely relativistic value system. However, individuals left to their own devices, responding only to their own impulses, can wreak havoc or create unpleasantness that hurts themselves, others, and the world at large. The opposite value, dogmatism, produces another disaster—the way of believing and living under which everything is subject to prescribed rules, the way that logically leads to demand for Scripture viewed as written directly by the divine hand without involvement of any mediating presence. Trying to live by dogmatic rules makes a nightmare out of one’s life. If we shun the value of individuals living by their own Inner Light, we inevitably move towards dogmatism. If we avoid dogmatism, we open the door for people to believe and do whatever they feel is right for them.

At the core of the resolution to this dilemma is this view: the Inner Light is not based in each individual alone, and, thus, not purely relative. The Inner Light is, instead, the shining within of “the Light.” The Light, like “the Word” of John in the New Testament, is the essential light of all the world, the universe, and human experience.

At the mention of the word human, it may seem that I am headed towards humanism and back toward relativistic individualism. To the contrary, the Light of human experience is not synonymous with all things in human experience. Human experience encompasses both Light and darkness. When we acknowledge that darkness is also intertwined, we are led to this question: How do we tell the difference between our Inner Light and our inner darkness? The answer is akin to living life itself; we must take it one day at a time. However, out of my own experience I can testify that there are some ways to find the guidance of the true Inner Light.

There is, above all, worship in truth and in spirit which is built upon, arises out of, and is an expression of faith that a living Spirit of truth communicates with our inner selves. This mystical form of communication is often referred to as a still inner voice, not one that necessarily speaks with words or sound, but with a deep, nonverbal sense of reality during times of prayer or meditation. For me, it happens most reliably during unprogrammed meetings for worship.

A second way to find guidance of the Light is in the testimonies of faithful friends, especially messages in meetings for worship.

A third way for finding guidance is in study of Scripture, as well as other religious writings.

Fourth, in childhood, I was taught much about Jesus of Nazareth, and a sense of him as a person has played a key role in guiding me into the Light. When we study the scriptural record of Jesus’ life, we gain clarity about the nature of the true Inner Light. I never saw Jesus in the flesh, but I feel that he was the Light incarnate, just as I also feel we are the Light incarnate when we allow ourselves to be.

The Religious Society of Friends does not stand on the ground of either relativistic individualism or church dogmas. Nor do we stand on the ground of either Scripture or fellow believers’ testimonies alone. We stand on the faith that the Light of life shines within each and that Scripture and worshipful testimony can nurture everyone.

This faith makes each participant both a leader and a follower within the circle of the faithful.

Bill Reynolds
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Fritz Eichenberg
In Retrospect
by Herrymon Maurer
The occasion of a retrospective exhibit of Fritz Eichenberg prints at the Associated American Artists in New York last year gives opportunity for Friends to reexamine the impact upon themselves of an artist of deeply prophetic spirit. Throughout six decades, Fritz Eichenberg, now 86, has been crying for truth, nonviolence, and simplicity in an art unique in our times.

A Quaker, he has not addressed his work primarily to a Quaker audience nor to peculiarly Quaker topics, as has often been the case with Quaker ministry in this century. Rather, as a Quaker he has addressed the world with the vigor, the insistence, and the incisiveness of the early publishers of truth. In the classic luminosity of his wood engravings Fritz Eichenberg has overcome the problem of talking to ourselves that has cramped Quakerism for almost three centuries, overcoming it by making use of the engraved line with a vigor comparable to that of early Friends in making use of the spoken and written word.

Ostensibly a wood-engraver and an illustrator, which he supremely is, Fritz Eichenberg is a searcher of the inward human condition and a witness to the Light that revivifies it. He writes:

Art can never be sectarian. It must be universal, a true instrument of peace that brings people together in a deeper awareness of their common joys and sorrows. In our fight against war and violence, the arts should take their rightful place—"an instrument of Thy Peace"—as St. Francis and Edward Hicks expressed it in their different ways.

The inward vigor of his work is directly apparent in the very look of it: witness the six wood engravings which illustrate this article. A close examination is of use, for it reveals underlying qualities which are essential not only to Fritz Eichenberg’s work but also to whatever work is undertaken to respond to truth, inwardly and outwardly. Throughout the course of 65 years, his art has followed truth’s inward dictates and has turned away from the fashions and fads of contemporary art that make most of even the best of it amount to little more than wallpaper.

Simply to maintain such a stance is an achievement. The worldly rewards of artistic endeavor are given to those who originate and perpetuate fashions that appeal to upper-class estheticism, fashions that either sentimentalize creation or else dehumanize and denigrate the very look of it. By contrast, Fritz Eichenberg’s work is intended to speak to the condition of every man and every woman. It is set against the fashions and conventionalities not only of worldly art but also of uncreative living.

The fragmentation and ugliness of modern weapons are undeniably reflected in many works of modern art. We are all responsible. Life and art cannot be separated. Whatever the follies of modern art, we have helped produce them; they are a mirror held before us. Whether we work in the field of human relations, in stone or wood, with pen and paper, we have to try to bring order to chaos, piece the fragments together, become whole again, holy again.

Many recent works of art are describable as accidental productions: they are done in media such as oil painting and clay modeling that allow the working over of surface and structure until a complicated gloss emerges, hiding triviality of structure and sloppiness of surface. By contrast there are the severe and simple media such as fresco painting, direct carving in stone, black and white ink drawing with the pen or brush, and the graphic procedures of lithography on stone and engraving on wood.

These media—which demand forethought, discipline, and patience—are also characterized by purpose: by the intent to speak truth. They reveal an economy of means, a clearness of line and form, and a simplicity and radiance of structure that result from the demanding and almost unyielding nature of each medium. Imagine endlessly gouging out with engraving tools the little emptinesses that bring light and define form in Fritz Eichenberg’s Ninth Hour. In somewhat similar method Robert Barclay composed the classic sentences of his Apologia and George Fox the rough but purposive passages of his Epistles. The net effect is luminosity, that light which is revealed in simplicity and which in black and white reveals more color than does color.

Fritz Eichenberg writes:

The decline of the arts came with the decline of man’s faith in his own creative powers. We hate to admit that we are confused, desperately longing for direction. We seem to deny that man was made in the image of God and that we are meant to be creative too, each in our own way.

Non-objective art . . . tries to ignore the world of realities. It aims to erase any trace of representational form, escapes into a land of spatial shapes. Abstract art may well be a subconscious dodging of moral responsibilities. We play with forms, textures, lines and colors, as if unaware of the state of the world, man’s interdependence, his social and political struggles.

Artists aware of social and political struggles prominently include Honoré Daumier, with his wide-ranging lithographic depictions of the oppressions of bourgeois life, and Francisco de Goya, whose aquatint series, The Disasters of War, is a great and powerful denunciation of violence. In the realm of the pictured word, the influence of both these men on Fritz Eichenberg has been deep. In the realm of the written word, there have been strong two-way influences, each of which began when he was still a student in his native city of Cologne.

The first, springing from the novels of Russia’s Dostoevsky and continuing with the writings of such French

The Babe in the Manger
The Dove and the Hawk
Catholic thinkers as Charles Peguy and George Bernanos and Jacques Maritain, gave him a sense of oneness with tortured humanity, and of the everpresence of the suffering Christ, the realities of which he emphasized in his continuing work with Dorothy Day in the Catholic Worker. The second, starting with Erasmus, the great Reformation humanist, and Lao Tzu, the old philosopher of ancient China, led him, in his own words, “to the Light Within, the Quiet Inner Voice of George Fox, the Quaker, and to the Peaceable Kingdom of Isaiah.”

From such centers his reading and his seeing widened to embrace artists ranging from Albrecht Dürer and Giotto to José Clemente Orozco, and writers ranging from Charlotte and Emily Brontë to Dylan Thomas and Edgar Allen Poe, not to mention the principal Russian writers. What he has seen and read, he has pictured in graphic illustrations for many tens of books, some of which he has written as well as illustrated. What eludes illustration, he has depicted in numerous individual drawings, lithographs, and wood engravings. And what he has pictured he has also taught, heading the graphic arts department at Pratt Institute in New York and the department of art at the University of Rhode Island, and serving in this way to a younger generation—as well as to older generations who admire him—as the great 20th century force in the graphic arts, both in this country and abroad. But he teaches not only artistic communication but purposive worship. He writes:

If the artist’s work is his worship, if he earnestly desires to serve God and through Him, man, the artist will in the end achieve that peace of mind, that mastery of matter which will bring him to the foot of the Cross. He will leave behind him egotism, which causes an artist to rotate around himself in constant self-reflection, deadened to the labors, joys, and sufferings of his fellow men. Greed will have to go. Greed, which is hunger for the power that money can buy, for prestige and fame, perpetuates itself and can never be satiated. Speed will have to go. Speed, which kills the craftsman and his work, which spoils the enjoyment of nature, dims our senses, prevents meditation and the maturing of a growing mind.

In our world of growing tensions, in our civilization of fear and insecurity, it seems that voluntary poverty, as Christ and St. Francis and Gandhi knew it, is the only way to remove entirely from our lives the causes of strife and frictions.

From Fritz Eichenberg has come not the cerebration of life but the celebration of it, evident in his depiction of trees, of animals, and of men and women. He is in awe of creation in all its aspects; he witnesses the eternal purposiveness of it. He is different in style from Edward Hicks, but he looks at the life about him with almost the same eye: so much so that he, like Hicks, recreates the Peaceable Kingdom in version after version. His animals are a delight to the eye; at the same time they are so human as to be deeply prophetic. The humanity of his wise animals in the manger with the Babe seems even more marked than that traditionally ascribed to the wise men.
From this celebration of life comes his prophetic call to the life of truth, to a turning away from violence and oppression and deceit. Against these he cries out with all the vigor of his art. But he does not simply denounce. He lifts up. His witness is a reaching up to the Creator, an act inseparable from love of his creation, one which lifts men and women out of evil. The force and vigor of much of his work carries with it an almost terrifying impact. His homeless are indeed abjectly homeless; his manger is indeed set among the ruins of war; his dove is indeed linked in combat with his hawk; his Peter—our Peter—indeed despairs at the cry of the cock. Underlying this immediacy, however, is a continuing surge of inward vigor, a lasting witness to and delight in the constancy and universality of truth. He penetrates close to the core of inward reality.

Hence the temporal reality of his images. It has often been remarked that his image of Heathcliff in his illustrations for Wuthering Heights is the Heathcliff: once seen, it returns unfailingly to mind whenever the book is read or remembered. His depictions of the Peaceable Kingdom are unfailingly the vision of Isaiah. He participates deeply in whatever he illustrates, whether his own works or others, effecting a collaboration with even the greatest works of the Spirit and illumining them with fresh and piercing insights.

This participation is particularly and profoundly marked in the wood engraving of Christ in Fritz Eichenberg’s illustration for Dostoevsky’s Grand Inquisitor. To see this image is to implant it unforgettably within one’s being as the portrayal of what might be called the person of Christ. (It is the same person who embraces the homeless at the foot of his cross.) The image is unforgettable because it somehow has in it what is beyond portrayal, the very spirit of Christ, in which there are compassion and love for the suffering and oppressed. These exist also for that sworn enemy of the true Christ, the Grand Inquisitor, and, by extension, for those current and casual enemies of Christ, namely ourselves.

For the word of Fritz Eichenberg is a call to see our likeness to the Peter for whom the cock crowed, and for whom—as for all who agonize—the spirit of Christ is present even in despair. It is a call to inward as well as social redemption—either of these being impossible without the other—to the simplicity, nonviolence, and meaningful living that remove the occasions of wars, oppressions, and outward encumbrances. Fritz Eichenberg writes:

We must recapture what we have lost; we must fight for our faith, fight our way back to God. We must become creative again, whole again, and aware of our responsibilities for a new moral order.

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### The Peaceable Kingdom

*(For Fritz Eichenberg)*

Fallow for many seasons since it fell,
The pearwood’s now in flower:
A leopard liquid with feral grace
Lies quiet, nuzzled by a kid,
And Moses-like, a child raises serpent
From the dust; a dove soars down
From Heaven to bless the broken ground
Where smooth-skinned, furred,
Wooly and feathered friends
Gather in a joyous ring of light.

Engraved in wood,
The Word endures, and sows
The seeds of light;
Its printed image shows.
There on the wall of the diningroom
A leaf from the Tree of Life,
Perpetually in bloom.
With graver in your seasoned hand,
You followed Isaiah’s ploughshare,
Carving out the Promised Land.

—Keith W. Snyder

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Keith Snyder, who attends Beacon Hill (Mass.) Meeting, wrote this poem after meeting Fritz Eichenberg at Beacon Hill Friends House, where Keith was assistant director at the time. He is now studying English at the University of Massachusetts.
by Ralph Hetherington

The Christian church used to hold, and parts of it still do, that there is no chance of salvation for anyone who is not a Christian. Moreover, the definition of a Christian carried with it a theological requirement that one must believe in the divinity of Christ, the virgin birth, and the physical resurrection of Christ's body after the entombment. Nowadays the term Christian has a wider connotation. For example, the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary states that the term refers to "those who follow the precepts and example of Jesus." While the Society of Friends is plainly not Christian in the theological sense, it might reasonably be argued that the majority of Quakers are Christian according to the dictionary definition.

Quaker Universalists hold the view that while there is much of essential value in the Christian religion and what it teaches, there is no reason to suppose that it is the only path to enlightenment, nor the only means of achieving the Kingdom of Heaven. Universalists would not, however, maintain that all religions are equivalent, nor that they teach the same doctrines, nor that they are equally suitable for everybody. It seems clear that each religion developed within its own culture and was largely shaped by that culture. But it is significant that there seems to be a mystical basis to all the great religions. It may be politically convenient for the various religious institutions to assert that theirs is the only true religion and to persecute or denigrate the others. But there is, in fact, no doubt that the mystics of every religion speak of the same truths.

There also seems to be no doubt that early Quakers understood this fact very well. Belief in the reality of the Inward Light which is available to all because there is something of God in everyone, leads inevitably to the sort of universalism expounded by early Quakers. Of course they did not use the term "universalism." Instead, they wrote and spoke about what they called "gentile divinity." This referred to the fact that the Inward Light had always been available to men and women everywhere, and that this source of enlightenment existed before the life and ministry of Jesus, and continues to be accessible to those who have never heard of Jesus and his teaching. This doctrine of gentile divinity was powerfully expounded in William Penn's pamphlet "The Christian Quaker," published in 1669, so that this has been part of the Quaker thinking from the earliest days. The fact that Penn and his contemporaries saw the Inward Light as the Light of Christ within, does nothing to detract from the universalism of their views.

The early Quakers were also in no doubt about the primacy of the Inward Light over Scripture. It was this as much as anything else that led to much of their persecution. During the Quietist period that followed, this view about the primacy of the Inward Light over Scripture was maintained. However, at the turn of the next century, in the early 1800s, the influence of Methodism began to be felt, and Quakers such as Henry Tuke started to publish pamphlets and books of a decidedly evangelical character. Philadelphia Meeting revised its Book of Discipline and made it a disowning matter to deny the divinity of Christ, the immediate revelation of the Holy Spirit, or the authenticity of Scripture. These moves by Philadelphia Meeting worried some Friends, because they thought that the primacy of the Inward Light over Scripture was being called into question. Indeed, Elias Hicks in 1827 led a sizable body of Friends into separation over this issue. Meanwhile London Yearly Meeting was becoming gradually more evangelical. London YM Epistle of 1827 contained the following passage:

Vital Christianity consisteth not in words but in power; and however important it is that we have a right apprehension of the doctrine of the gospel, this availlieth not, unless we are regenerated by the power of the Holy Spirit.

But, a mere nine years later, in 1836, London YM Epistle had changed somewhat, for this passage appeared:

... it has ever been and still is, the belief of the Society of Friends, that the Holy Scriptures ... were given by the inspiration of God ... and there can be no appeal from them to any authority whatsoever ... and whatsoever man says or does, which is contrary to the Scriptures, though under profession of the immediate guidance of the Spirit, must be reckoned and accounted mere delusion.

This second passage was later transferred word-for-word to the Richmond Declaration of 1887.

However, other influences were now coming into play. Darwin's Origin of Species appeared in 1859, and in 1860 seven distinguished Anglicans supported...
There is surely no occasion for Christocentric Friends and Universalist Friends to be at odds, if both accept the primacy of the Inward Light.
Recovery from Grief

A Parent's Journey

by Elsa Martz

It's a vivid scrap of memory. I clearly remember standing in my living room listening to a news commentator and being horrified at a statistic: one in four U.S. homes will be touched by violent crime. Within the year, my family was one of those shaken by violence.

Although death is a certainty in our lives, our systems of formal and religious education fail to provide a forum for examining aspects of death and grief. Losing someone in a sudden, violent death is traumatic, in the fullest sense of the word. On the chance that my words might possibly help someone, I will share my experience.

The telephone call at 4 A.M. on December 4, 1985, told me that my daughter Barbara had been killed in her home by an unknown intruder. This
choice of words by her friend was incredible. He had found her brutally murdered by a rapist in her home in San Francisco. How can a mother allow those facts into her heart? It still brings tears to my eyes.

How did I cope? The pain and horror increased by the hour. I was afraid to ask questions: which was worse, my imagination or the emerging facts? Soon my body went on automatic pilot with a kind of cold numbness which lasted for weeks. I was able to make the necessary telephone calls to family; then I called the San Francisco Friends Meeting.

When we arrived in San Francisco, the resident Friends and clerk were waiting for us. Somehow, I knew instinctively that there were some words somewhere that would help me. During our long talk that morning, various biblical and poetic phrases were offered but none touched my heart. However, later, after a beautiful memorial service, visitors wrote in one of Barbara's books, and the words I was searching for appeared (a Quaker song):

*May the longtime sun shine upon you,*
*All love surround you,*
*And the pure light within you,*
*Guide your way on.*

For me, these words have a healing power. I sing the song to myself, and often the tears flow.

Barbara was a professional photographer. She and I shared a love for the Himalayas, where she had trekked that previous spring with her friend, Sarah. In preparation, Barbara had studied Buddhism and Tibetan culture; she loved the mountains and their people. She was a birthright Friend and an adult member of the Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting. Barbara was a gentle, thoughtful, and considerate young woman, living without harm to anyone and giving her talents in multiple ways. She touched many hearts in her 28 years.

We all must approach the grieving process differently; however, on the theory that this had certainly happened before, and there must be some specific actions that would help, I eventually sought out a professional counselor. As you might have guessed, there are no answers; so I just continued to follow my instincts. I desperately needed to do something. I will share with you some of those things that have helped me during the past two years.

- Through some blessed insight, I came up with the idea to make prayer flags for Barbara to be taken to the Himalayas. Buddhist prayer flags carry prayers to Buddha on the wind, repeating the prayers over and over again, blessing all living things. Some Buddhist prayer flags and some prayer flags of my own design have been hoisted in the mountains Barb loved and in the woods around my home. Some of my flags carry the words of the song. Since Barbara usually ended telephone conversations with "see you later," other flags carry my prayer: "Dear Barb, I love you. See you later. Love, Mom." Knowing that prayer flags are flying for Barb in the mountains she loved gives me a sense of peace.

- In addition to the loving support and shared grieving with my family, I was blessed with incredible support from Barb’s friends—most particularly her two photography business partners. We decided to put together an exhibit of Barb’s photographs. After choosing the photographs she thought she would like, her partners made the prints; the exhibit has been shown in California, Massachusetts, and Maine.

- With help from family and friends, especially my daughter Nancy and son David, I created and published a book of Barbara’s photographs to accompany the exhibit. With some gentle questioning by a friend, I was able to articulate a purpose of the book beyond a memorial and catalog. At the end of the book are these words: “If Barb’s radiant smile warmed you, then smile more. If her photographs touch you, then give freely of your own talents and skills. If you admire her determination, use your own strength as Barb did—give of yourself to those around you. Be a power for good.”

- I keep a journal in the form of letters to Barbara. Someone had suggested that one reason to keep a journal is to be able to look back and see progress in the grieving. She was right; it is helpful. I keep Barb in my thoughts. I have filled a large photo album with pictures of her, and my home has many touches of Barbara’s life.

- I continue to take advantage of any resources that come my way. Some work, some don’t: counseling, books from the library, a hospital-sponsored grief recovery program, compassionate friends, a lecture by Elizabeth Kübler-Ross. The five-week grief recovery program had “homework,” which had real value for me: review the relationship from day one (I went through 25 photo albums); list previous losses and think about how you dealt with them; list your assets and liabilities for grief recovery; write your feelings in a journal; cry with someone; and finally, do something nice for yourself.

- I have asked friends to help me remember missing details. The last time I spent with Barbara was at Nancy’s wedding. By talking about that weekend, I have retrieved many happy images. I use these to blot out the involuntary images of her murder. I know that Barbara would not want me to keep living out that awful scene, and I’m getting much better at turning it off. But it’s work.

- “How many children do you have?” Three—always three, even though one is no longer here. I’ve learned to anticipate this painful question and ward it off by mentioning, in advance, my daughter Nancy and my son David. On the other hand, it is important to me that new friends—who are likely to become close friends—know that I have recently lost a daughter.

- I was very apprehensive as the first anniversary of Barbara’s death approached. How should I get through the day? What should I do? Be alone? Go for a long walk? Barb’s friend, Sarah, had a beautiful solution. Across the country, in our own homes, we lit candles for Barb at 8:30 (EST). It brought us together in sharing our grief and our loss—a powerful experience for many of us. We lit candles this past December 4, and I expect to continue this practice as a celebration of Barbara’s life.

- How has my Quaker religion helped? I don’t know. I do know that I used to sit in meeting and thank God for my blessings. I asked God to “Please be there and give me strength when I need you” almost as if I were building up credit. When the violence struck, I went immediately to the Friends and received the loving support needed to keep going.

- As a firm believer that there is that of God in everyone, how do I deal with the evil in the world? What would I do with Barbara’s killer if he were ever identified and caught? Well, forgiveness is out of the question. That’s all there is to it; I don’t even consider it. I don’t have much faith in the criminal justice system.

July 1988 FRIENDS JOURNAL
but, if he is caught, I would not have him executed. One measure of my initial anger can be seen, however, by my comment to the homicide inspector that the man be publicly castrated and locked up forever. After being told that I should "deal with my anger," I went to a beach and threw rocks and yelled at the killer. One of the worst names I can think to call him is "coward"—a man with a knife attacking an innocent woman, taking the life of my daughter, in her own home. If I ever confront this man, how can I possibly make him understand what he has done?

These are ways in which I have coped with my daughter's violent death. If you are in the same boat, perhaps they will give you other ideas for your own healing. My heart goes out to you.

Since most of us don't know how to help friends who have lost someone, especially through a sudden or violent death, I've also tried to pay attention and keep track of what has (or has not) helped me. The following are the suggestions I've collected.

- After the first year (and now, the second year), it is wonderful when someone offers, at an appropriate time and place, "How are you doing? Do you want to talk about Barbara?" I firmly believe that tears are part of the healing process.
- I very seldom think about the murderer, but it's amazing how many people focus on the unknown killer. "Don't the police have any leads?" "He's still out there?" Probably these questioners don't know what else to talk about, but this emphasis does not help me in any way, and I give the shortest answers possible.
- It helps when there is absolutely no spoken or implied expectation that I "should be over this by now," but rather an understanding that I will be thinking of Barbara and missing her for the rest of my life. She continues to be an important part of my life.
- It helps immeasurably when my friends have made the effort to purge from their vocabulary all slang expressions involving death, killing, murder. "They'll murder us if we're late." "I could have killed her for that." "I'd kill for a cold drink." These meaningless expressions hurt: the words cause an instant jolt to my system.
- Comments by friends which show they still think about Barbara today as a whole person—not just about past incidents or about her murder—touch my heart. "I do think of Barb sometimes when I take photos. I've got a great shot of a bed of water lilies in a Lanesville pit that made me think of Barbara: Lotus—Nepal—Fullness—Continuity of the Spirit—Eternity."
- And last, but most important, I have been especially strengthened by those letters in which the writer expresses a profound belief. "Barbara is now where we are all going—home!" "Barbara had—still has, I hope—that rare matching of gentleness and power that makes the rest of us take note. My own religious feelings have been murky for years, but I believe in a Higher Plane where that matching of gentleness and power is perfected." "... find peace in the memory of your wonderful times with Barbara and her perpetual spiritual presence."
ugh Understanding There Is Love

by Lilith Quinlan

Editor's note: The following article was written in response to Helen Mangelstorff ("A Query . . .", FJ January 1988). It was too long to include in our readers' Forum in April but seems appropriate to share at this time.

Your query, Helen, about fear and spiritual darkness has moved me to respond by sharing an experience with violence and my wrestling with fear, anger, and doubt. As I looked from the words describing your rape to the pictures from Rape Piece, I heard echoes of pain and trauma which I absorbed with deep identification and feeling from my own experience six years ago:

I am poured out like water,
and all my bones are out of joint;
my heart is like wax,
it is melted within my breast;
my strength is dried up like a potsherd,
and my tongue cleaves to my jaws;
thou dost lay me in the dust of death.

Psalm 22:14-15 (RSV)

My experience was not the horror of physical rape. For that I am grateful. However, given the prediction that one in five women in our society will be raped, I live in vigilant awareness, sad and outraged at your suffering and that of all my sisters who are victims.

I have experienced emotional and psychological violence. This form of violence invariably accompanies physical battering. However, when there is no physical injury, as in my situation, the wounds are not visible and the reality is often denied by the perpetrator. So healing is slow. The times when I felt abuse directed at me seemed unbearable additions to the torment of my son Benjamin's suffering from a degenerative genetic disease. Over the last few years, I have come both to more acknowledgement of the violence and to more forgiveness. I have also learned how common this experience is among parents of critically ill children.

Benjamin was a joyous, peaceful soul. And watching his undeserved suffering was excruciating. I felt the range of human emotions and am still awed by the loving support of friends during the nine years of his life. I felt much anger and found what Harriet Goldhor Lerner says in The Dance of Anger to be true: "Anger is a tool for change when it challenges us to become more of an expert on the self and less of an expert on others."

I had to confront not only my anger but my powerlessness. I did come to acceptance of my son's disease; then I had to accept another wrenching experience—the dissolution of my marriage. All of my loving—including working with a therapist on my anger, taking care of myself and my son, pursuing my own interests, trying new communications skills—then emotional divorce, struggling for patience, praying for a miracle—proved futile.

It may have been admirable that I understood the source of the violence, the process of our projecting inner darkness onto others, but it was not helpful. I learned that words—or lack of them—can indeed kill. There was nothing I could do to stop the negative labels which pursued, below my rational armor, my affirmation of that of God within me and within Benjamin. I could not find ways to protect myself from the inroads of violence on my spirit. I left—out of self-respect, love for my son, and with caring for my husband.

I had fallen, broken, into several pieces: and healing has been a picking up of parts of myself again. This moving toward wholeness has required that I do several things: (1) be more kind, patient, and trusting than ever before, of myself and God's creation; (2) feel my rage as a victim and express it in creative, transforming ways; (3) avoid self-pity and exercise compassion by reaching out to others: mothers of profoundly handicapped children, battered women, and refugees from violence in Central America (whose testimonies, despite terror, continue to convert me); (4) lament the lies and powers which are evil in our world and confess my doubt to God and friends; (5) offer my experience to others as a source of sharing and healing; (6) increase my commitment to making evil visible and empowering the voiceless to speak.

You query as a Friend. It was only after Benjamin's death that I joined a Friends meeting, realizing that I had been of the persuasion most of my life. I have found Friends, often courageous in the face of social evil, less candid in facing the inner darknesses. We all know that some Friends use silence as a place to repress anger and hide cowardice as well as for a vehicle and opening for grace. Many of us who work for peace and justice are proud of the leadership of Friends in social justice movements but would rather not acknowledge that minorities—and some women who have experienced violence—do not see our "Lamb's War" as a serious engagement with the shootings, rapes, and murders.
they live with every day. Some of us engage in a “sheep’s war,” perhaps for lack of recognition, for fear of the strength of the foe, both in the world and within ourselves.

When there is no place in our faith communities or in our hearts for painful realities, for doubt, questioning, naming evil and confessing our participation in it, we feel inner fears. Anger is only a secondary expression of the primary emotion of fear—fear that God is not just, that we are powerless, fear of sharing our anguish, of being vulnerable within the human community. When I began working with children and mothers at a battered women’s shelter, I learned that the most frequently recorded perpetrators in domestic violence situations are members of three groups: military, police, and clergy. This, I believe, reflects the tragic pain of people who perceive that their roles and salaries require repression of their human vulnerabilities and emotions. They often feel that the denial of pain simply enables them to continue necessary work. What resentment I harbor is not at these individuals lashing out from hell but at the largely male-dominated systems which bury compassion by training and paying people to speak publicly of love and justice while permitting them to take out their frustrations on their families. The results are the terrifying battlefields and crusades on the “home front” about which thousands of women fear to speak and from which escape can be life-threatening.

I was not contorted into a role of macho or holiness and therefore could be where I was emotionally and spiritually in responding to Benjamin’s situation. I struggled through denial, cried for grace, found acceptance, and am moving toward inner wholeness. Even as a minister’s wife, I knew that the loving friends in my church community did not require me to wear a mask. They knew that I would not accept the mask if they offered it. But then as a lay woman with another profession it was perhaps easier for me to decline. My appreciation for what Friends have to teach has been deepened by this experience. My commitment to human liberation from the dishonesty and bondage of heartless doctrine and procedure has intensified, as has my hope that more men, as well as women, will minister to each other.

Some of my strength and resources have come from the wellsprings of healing in silent prayer, the love of my present husband, Hoyt, and other friends. There are also sources dear to me before my convencement. One of the main ones has been the Psalms—desperate calls for help from those sinking in spiritual alienation, cries of despair and lament for the power and glory of evil in this world, frustration at God for not sending a sign of hope, doubts that God is listening at all, impatience with suffering, waiting. And those songs of comfort, assurance, praise. Another help to me has been the life-long knowledge that evil is a constant reality in this world.

The third is the tradition of confession and devotional prayer. The healing which I have experienced through the presence of the Spirit of God in me, in worship, in others has not occurred in a pure atmosphere which I can label as “Quaker” or in a set of habits, definitions or how-to’s. Rather, in the pulling on all the roots of my evil and inexplicable suffering, in identifying with slaves who have found the strength to become free people, in getting free of the bondage of silence to share my journey, and in listening for God’s gentle guidance about how as a survivor I can use my strength to help others find heart in the midst of rage.

You are able to openly describe your experience, to share it with thousands of women. Yet you say that you “have not emerged from the experience a triumphant spiritual being.” I know what you mean. Among the calmer dreams of wading and fishing, there are still huge tidal waves overwhelming, overpowering me. But isn’t “triumphant” just leftover language and expectation from the days when we still looked for rescue and definition of wholeness to “all the king’s horses and all the king’s men” in the male-dominated kingdoms of this world?

Your art exhibit and your query speak of the oppressed who band together to pray for release from blindness and sing of woe and joy. God says to me lately that living a more fully human life, holding evil up so that it is visible, praying and singing through it all are the most vital parts of the fight. I believe that what Christ was sent to show us was that we can find God in our very stumbling and imperfect humanity.

Recently, I did a childish thing: I put a stuffed Humpty Dumpty on my bedroom windowsill to remind me of the days when I was so broken, alienated from my spiritual self. The jovial egg also reminds me of my vulnerability in this world to other evil forces. And he reminds me of my son’s songs, his love of life and his ability to rest in God’s arms through trials I can only imagine.

If I must face a rapist someday, I hope I will be able to see him as a human being, miraculously included in the circle of God’s love. I doubt that I am capable of this, since I draw my circles a good bit smaller. I hope when I die, I will die well, trusting in God’s power to heal and resurrect. I’m not sure that I will, especially when I know that Jesus, before he died, cried out the question of Psalm 22:1, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” When I fail to be as loving as I might, when I lose courage, when I’m trying to pick up the pieces of myself or looking down the road for some human savior to help me back up onto the wall...the burdens lift when I remember that all God requires is that I try to be loving and faithful. For here I am whole.

Benjamin and I found peace for what would be the last year of his brief sojourn on this earth. He was a teacher for me, a Buddha-friend, chuckling and serene and patient in his cage of a body. His loving spirit taught me that, as useful as trying to fit the puzzles of theology together may be, the choices we make toward fullness of life are ultimately questions of trust and faith. When Benjamin died, he could no longer sing any of the nursery rhymes we had sung together—such as Hump ty Dumpty. He was able to speak only one word. It was an adequate beatitude: “Happy.”

I think it is time that we women, out of the strength we have gained from surviving violence, write some new scriptures. Your Rape Piece seems to me an illumination for such verses. Julia Emily Louisa Peebles has written “Psalms” which expressed my hope:

We trust that beyond the absence: there is a presence.
That beyond the pain: there can be healing.
That beyond the brokenness: there can be wholeness.
That beyond the anger: there can be peace.
That beyond the hurting: there may be forgiveness.
That beyond the silence: there may be the word.
That through the word: there may be understanding.
That through understanding: there is love.
PRAYER

Thank You for hard, sweating skiing
the still and glistening high country
yesterday, and for Yes.
And for short, restful sleep
and bountiful hours for work today, and for Yes.

Thank You for Lesson # one hundred thousand and four:
THERE IS TIME FOR EVERYTHING,
which in shorthand is written: Yes.
Thank You for Time itself, the gift
party-wrapped in Yes.

Thank You for Joy
and for depression, hopelessness and despair
into the corners of which You have slyly concealed
a scattering of Yes:
jewels in the mine
waiting, crying, to be found.

Thank You for body as soul
and soul as body,
for winning to us
the oneness of life,
which is Yes.

Which in words as The Word is:

“Yes, you are as you are:
there is no catch, there are no tricks;
as you seem to be, so you are.
And yet have I folded into you
Mystery—that you may never be bored,
for its exploration will last you your life.

“And its exploration, piton and carabiner,
climbs back toward Me, whence
‘trailing clouds of glory [have you] come.’
My smile and My thunder are Yes,
and Yes shall sing to you all the days of your life.”

—Robert C. Murphy © 1983

Robert C. Murphy is a physician, healer, peace activist, and writer in Sheridan, Wyo.
January 7, 1941, my brother, Don McCord, ferried a squadron of B-17s from California to Pearl Harbor at exactly the moment when the Japanese attacked. He survived and flew 25 missions over the Pacific. In 1942, his luck ran out over the Solomon Islands and his plane never returned. My parents received his medals and a scroll from President Truman, who praised him as “a patriot who died that freedom might live, grow, and increase its blessings.”

On December 8, 1941, the FBI knocked on the door of my future father-in-law, George Fujii, and shuffled him off to jail in Seattle, where he and other “undesirable enemy aliens” were confined in cages. (Later, the army shifted them to New Mexico, Montana, and South Dakota.) Separated from his family, he lost his means of livelihood, his dignity, and his freedom for almost five years. Neither he nor any other Japanese-American was ever convicted of espionage or sabotage. (Five Caucasian Americans were, in fact, sentenced as Japanese agents).

In the hysteria of Pearl Harbor, few questioned the unprecedented abrogation of the civil rights of a racial minority. General John De Witt, architect of the evacuation, dismissed the issue of imprisoning citizens by saying, “A Jap’s a Jap... You can’t change him by giving him a piece of paper.” The Los Angeles Times editorialized, “If making 1,000,000 [sic] innocent Japanese uncomfortable would prevent one scheming Japanese from costing the life of an American boy, then let 1,000,000 innocents suffer.”

War-inspired and racial fanaticism were not the sole motives for attacking Japanese-Americans. Some greedy Americans merely wanted to gobble up the businesses, farms, and homes of the victims. A California lobbyist for mass evacuation said, “We’re charged with wanting to get rid of the Japs for selfish reasons. We might as well be honest. We do. It’s a question of whether the white men live on the Pacific Coast or the

William McCord is a member of Rockland (N. Y.) Meeting and author of Paths to Progress and the forthcoming Voyages to Utopia.
brown men. They came ... to work, and stayed to take over."

On February 19, 1942, against the advice of his wife, President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066, authorizing the War Department to exclude any person from "military areas."

Although only a tiny handful of Germans and Italians were touched, the *San Francisco Chronicle* somberly warned: "The rights of any of us to live in our own homes, to move about, or the conditions under which we may do so, are subject to the sole will of the commanding officer."

As a result of this order, the army rounded up the entire Fuji family along with 120,000 other Japanese Americans. Sixty percent were citizens while others, such as my wife’s aged grandparents, had lived in the United States for decades.

My wife, Arline, then eight years old and a *sansei* (third generation U.S. citizen), packed a little bag and was escorted by federal marshalls to a prisonlike camp in Tule Lake, California. She, too, endured four years of imprisonment, surrounded by U.S. tanks, soldiers with bayonets, barred wire, and the scorn of "freedom-loving" U.S. citizens. As the only way of rejoining George Fujii, my wife’s mother renounced her citizenship and that of her children. The army finally allowed the family’s reunion in a scorpion-infested camp in Texas. They traveled there in an enclosed train with the shades drawn.

In 1946, after threatening exile to Japan, the government permitted the family to return penniless but unbroken in spirit to Seattle. Outwardly, the Fujis survived and thrived. Like so many Japanese-Americans of this period, the children poured their energies into education. (Arline now serves as Dean of Social Sciences at the City College of New York; her brother, a Ph.D. in Chemistry, directs research for a major firm; and her sister, with a master’s in linguistics, teaches English in Tokyo.)

Yet the nightmares of that internment—an attempted rape, suicidal episodes, emotional degradation, and racial slurs—live on vividly in my wife’s memories.

During the time when the United States in its "great betrayal" of Japanese Americans, the Society of Friends played an honorable role in attempting to alleviate the ravages of an unconstitutional imprisonment.

Even before the war, the AFSC in California upheld the rights of *nisei* as citizens against the anti-Japanese propaganda of Governor Olson and the ambitious attorney general, Earl Warren.

In February 1942 Quakers in Los Angeles aided Japanese-Americans in their forced "relocation" by establishing hostels, donating beds, and providing food.

By March 1942, at the Puyallup camp near Tacoma, Washington, Friends Thomas Bodine and Floyd Schmoe condemned the new "center" as a mere chicken pen, "four huches to a row, six rooms to a huch," designed to hold 8,000 human beings. The Friends provided the only heating and electricity in the compound.

At Tanforan, a model camp often shown off by army public relations, Quakers supplied stoves to warm small babies, brought in truckloads of books, and occasionally smuggled in forbidden food and medicines.

*Nisei* Friends such as Gordon Hira­bayashi, a conscientious objector interned at Tule Lake and federal prisons, filed suit against the government for its demand that he sign a selective service questionnaire specifically aimed at people of Japanese ancestry (*FJ* Aug. 1-15, 1985). Temporarily he lost and spent another year in a federal prison. As a Quaker, however, he persisted and eventually played a major legal role in securing some reversals of U.S. court decisions after the war.

Quakers served as teachers and counselors in the camps during the war. By 1945, such Friends as California’s Gerda Isenberg and Josephine Duveneck harbored newly returned Japanese Americans in their homes and helped them find houses and jobs in an environment poisoned by discrimination.

The United States government made a few amends for its action. In the 1940s and 1950s, the Supreme Court awarded $37 million in claims to those who had been thrown into concentration camps. This represented ten cents on each pre-World War II dollar for property losses. Actually, adjusting for inflation, the Japanese Americans had lost between $1 billion and $2.6 billion by 1988. The courts *excluded* any claims for loss of life, physical injury, decline in business income, false imprisonment, and psychological damage.

Finally, in 1975, President Gerald Ford rescinded Roosevelt’s executive order, condemned internment as "wrong," and pronounced it as a "set-back to fundamental American principles." Yet the U.S. government has *never* apologized to the former prisoners.

Now, the Society of Friends can once again come to the aid of unjustly treated U.S. citizens. We live in an ambiguous and potentially dangerous period when Japanese Americans are acknowledged (sometimes jealously) as a "model minority," and yet demands for "protectionism" increase, a crazed man kills a Chinese worker in Detroit (mistaking him for a Japanese), and auto workers chop Toyotas into pieces in revenge for "unjust" competition.

The Civil Liberties Act of 1987, co-sponsored by Senators Robert Dole and Pete Wilson, faced rough Congressional and presidential hearings. The act calls for an official apology and symbolic
compensation to survivors among the 120,000 Japanese-Americans who—without charges or trial—suffered imprisonment.

The act passed the Senate in April, but a veto from President Reagan could kill even this modest gesture. Letters to the president from Friends would demonstrate once again that human rights are a priority in this country.

The president’s signing the bill would help fulfill President Truman’s posthumous message to my brother: that freedom will live, and grow, and increase its blessings in our country. 


While President Reagan visited Moscow in early June, where he criticized Soviet leaders for their poor record in human rights, the Civil Liberties Act of 1987 still awaited his signature. —Ed.
Building a Peaceable Kingdom in Wartime

by Stephen Zunes

This past year, I had the privilege of being one of the few U.S. citizens to have ever visited Western Sahara, a country in northwest Africa. As a political scientist concerned about international law and U.S. foreign policy, I had come to the area concerned about U.S. support for the Moroccan armed forces, which invaded the territory more than a decade ago and are keeping much of the territory under a brutal military occupation. Upon arrival at the refugee camps in western Algeria, however, I quickly focused my attention on the political and administrative system of the Western Saharan government, which runs the refugee camps and the liberated zones of the country. What I found was perhaps the most striking example on a national level of a governing structure truly based on human needs and participatory democracy. Indeed, it was in this Muslim land that I experienced a renewed faith that there really is that of God within every person, as I witnessed these people creating a model society under extremely harsh conditions.

Just prior to its scheduled independence in 1975, the territory—then known as Spanish Sahara—was partitioned between Morocco and Mauritania. The subsequent invasion by Moroccan forces, which included widespread attacks on civilians, forced the majority of the population into exile in neighboring Algeria. Nearly 170,000 Saharawis live in a series of refugee camps spread out over an approximately 150,000-square-mile territory southeast of Tindouf, Algeria, where they have been granted virtual autonomy by the Algerian government. Meanwhile, guerillas of the Saharawi People’s Liberation Army have continued their war against U.S.-backed Moroccan occupation forces. In 1976, the Polisario—the national liberation movement—proclaimed the creation of the Saharawi Arab Democratic Republic (SADR), which has maintained most of its offices in the large areas of liberated territory within Western Sahara, even as most of the civilian population lives in its administered refugee camps in exile. More than 70 nations recognize the Western Sahara as an independent state, and the Organization for African Unity, the United Nations General Assembly, and the World Court have called for the recognition of Western Saharan self-determination. (Although Mauritania ceded its claim to the southern third of the territory to the SADR in 1979, Morocco has since extended its claim to this region as well.)

The political and administrative structure of the Polisario Front and the SADR are based on participatory democracy. Every citizen is a member of a political committee and a functional committee based on 12 to 20 people. These committees operate by consensus, with a representative of each committee advancing to committees on higher levels. In addition, there are three mass organizations which also have direct input in decision-making, namely women, students, and workers. Their highest political body is the Base Congress, which is selected by the entire population. They reject Marxist-Leninism—which is the most common form of organization for such Third World liberation movements—on the grounds that it is authoritarian, based on atheist and materialist values, and that it is foreign to their culture and experience.

The functional committees through which the refugee camps are administered consist of: supplies and provisions, which distributes all food and basic necessities free of charge to the population, based on need; health and sanitation, which keeps tabs on the population's sanitary conditions and nutritional intake, makes referrals to health professionals, and practices preventive medicine and care for outpatients; children, which administers the free and universal day care and other children's programs; production, which operates the worker-controlled manufacturing centers (primarily handicrafts for domestic consumption) and agricultural centers (irrigated vegetable gardens); and judicial, with which I was particularly impressed.
The judicial committees deal with disputes as they may arise, largely domestic or interpersonal in nature. (There is very little crime as we know it, in large part because there is hardly anything to steal.) Rather than institutionalizing adversarial relationships as is done in Western judicial systems, the Saharawis try to mediate disputes, using impressive conflict-resolution skills, to reach some kind of mutual agreement between the parties. If such efforts fail, the committee will send a recommendation to the local *cadi*, an Islamic judge, who will make a ruling. If such arbitration fails, further efforts at reconciliation are attempted and the case moves to a higher level.

Periodically, these committees will discuss questions suggested by the national-level judicial committee dealing with subjects about religious faith, interpersonal behavior, and Islamic law. Remarkably similar in form and content to what Friends would refer to as “queries,” these serve the function of stimulating thought and action among the general population. One recent query put out at the time of our visit, for example, dealt with the roles of men and women during war time.

There is a conscious decision at decentralization in administration. The refugee camps are divided into four *wilayas*, essentially provinces-in-exile, each consisting of between 35,000 and 50,000 persons. These in turn are divided into six to ten *dairas*, or cities. The few permanent buildings are generally reserved for schools, hospitals, and administration, with virtually the entire population living in tents. The *dairas* are separated by anywhere from a few hundred yards to a couple of miles. The *wilayas* are separated by anywhere from ten to 100 miles. There is complete freedom of movement between the camps, and the government provides free transportation with its limited vehicles.

Though Islam is the official religion of the SADR, there are no mechanisms of enforcement. Religion is seen as a private matter between God and the individual.

Most Saharawis consider Islam as practiced in Iran and many Arab states as a distortion brought about by biases of the indigenous cultures or Ottoman rule. The Saharawis are perhaps the world’s most pure Arab society, being direct descendants of Arabians who migrated to the region more than a millennium ago, having never been completely conquered and having rarely intermarried with other peoples. As traditional nomads, they have never known sultan or dictator. As a result, Islam has never been a state religion in the sense that political leaders have been able to use the faith as a means of justifying their power or society’s unjust social institutions. The Islam of the Saharawis is in many ways comparable to Christianity before the conversion of Constantine. Indeed, it was the vision of reclaiming early Christianity from its manifestations in government which led George Fox to launch the Quaker revolution in the 17th century. I found a startling degree of universalism among the Saharawi Muslims, who expressed great interest in my descriptions of Quakerism.
Though virtually the entire population is devoutly religious, I was surprised to see only one small mosque in the entire refugee areas. My hosts explained that they would rather utilize their scarce building materials for schools and hospitals. A mosque is fine if there are not other priorities and the population is settled, they reasoned, but since God is everywhere, why go to the trouble of constructing a fancy building? Instead, there are areas marked off by stones in a crescent shape which are especially reserved for praying.

Smoking is discouraged by the health committees, though many men continue to indulge. Other than caffeine from the strong, sweet green tea that is popular, there was no sign of any recreational drug use, including alcohol.

Though they are a nation at war for their very survival, there was surprisingly little evidence of this in the camps. I only saw two or three guns my entire time period there, a striking contrast to refugee areas I have visited in other countries. War is perceived as a tragic necessity, and at no point did I see it being glorified. In the scores of songs and dances we saw performed, not one appeared to be praising warfare. The simple toys of children were dolls and trucks, not guns or any other kind of weapons. I saw no war games or murals depicting great battles. This is a conscious choice. Several Polisario officials told how they did not want their new society poisoned by values of militarism. They wanted their children to be children for as long as possible.

Even while traveling with the guerrillas in the liberated zones of Western Sahara, I could see little romance about the struggle. Unlike the civilian sector, there was a clear hierarchy of command, perhaps inevitable given the nature of warfare. However, the officers did the same mundane chores as the regular troops. Greetings were done with hugs rather than by salutes. Rejecting the Western tradition of politicians and generals being at a distance from the battlefield, everyone takes a turn fighting the invaders. The first general secretary of the Polisario was killed in battle. The current education minister was blinded in a firefight two years ago. Even the current president has been wounded four times. As a Friend, I can never completely accept armed struggle; yet I could not help but be impressed that they seemed to approach the war in a manner which seems to have minimized the damage on their society and its values.

(Strongly committed to nonviolence as both an ethical principle and a political strategy, I have often spoken for massive nonviolent action as a means of liberation, even in areas where other Friends have resigned themselves to the inevitability of armed struggle, such as South Africa. I had brought an abridged Arabic language edition of Gene Sharp's *Politics of Nonviolent Action* to the Western Sahara with the intention of giving it to some Polisario officials. After hearing repeated stories of the large-scale massacres of nonviolent protesters by Moroccan troops in the occupied territories, however, I decided to...
bring the book back home with me.)

There is a clear commitment to equality. Since most of the able-bodied men are in the armed forces, the large majority of civilian administrators are women. I saw no evidence of sexist behavior in everyday interactions, and women seemed perfectly open and comfortable talking and laughing in mixed groups. Women have always played a major role in Saharawi society, so there is widespread acceptance of women leaders today. Only during the brief Spanish colonial period were women ever treated as second-class citizens, denied their traditional rights for education and work outside the home. Literacy has thus become a major priority for the Polisario: in the past twelve years, female literacy has soared from less than 2 percent to well over 90 percent.

The black minority appeared to be fully integrated, and interracial families were not uncommon. Even high officials lived in simple tents alongside everyone else. No one gets paid: workers, soldiers, or government officials. All the basics of life—food, housing, medicine, clothing, and necessary household items—are supplied free to everyone as they are available.

It is one of the poorest societies I have ever seen, which is not surprising given their conditions as refugees. Yet somehow they are determined to distribute what little they have equally.

Elise Boulding, writing in *Fellowship* magazine several years ago on "Envisioning the Peaceable Kingdom," cited the Saharawis as one of the world's greatest "intentional experiments in creating peaceable gardens." She goes on to describe how

... In the years from 1976 to the present, the Saharawis have gone from being a people that were dying out, with children dying by the hundreds every day, to being a vigorous healthy society. One hundred fifty thousand people have reorganized themselves in their camp setting into a condition of health and social purpose... Drawing on all their indigenous knowledge, they have created in the windy desert the kind of society to their own country. They have done it under incredible conditions of difficulty and suffering, because they have a vision of their own future society as a sharing, peaceable one. Instead of killing each other for the scanty food supplies, they have built up the physical and spiritual health of the whole people.

Perhaps it is Elise Boulding's analysis which underlies why Friends have a special obligation to support the Saharawis. What the Saharawis are accomplishing runs so contrary to what much of the world believes is "human nature"—that of greed, competition, militarism, authoritarianism, inequality—that it is crucial that we not allow this experiment to die. Such experiments have existed before—in Gandhian ashrams, in the utopian Christian communities of 19th century America, in collectives inspired by the Green movement in Europe, and in Quaker-inspired political communities today—but this is the first time to my knowledge such an experiment has existed on a national scale. Given the variety of cultures and historical circumstances in which such experiments have arisen, perhaps we need not rely totally on faith that there is that of God in every person. Perhaps this phenomenon exemplified so clearly by the Saharawis may make it possible for the world to recognize that cooperation, equality, and participatory democracy is really part of our divinely-inspired human nature. It is possible even under the most adverse conditions, and can thus be a model for the entire world.

What Friends Can Do to Support Peace and Justice in the Western Sahara:

- Write members of Congress encouraging them to halt U.S. military aid to Morocco and to withdraw U.S. military advisers as long as Morocco maintains its military occupation of Western Sahara. Also ask that further economic aid be linked to entry negotiations with the Polisario.
- Encourage the Friends Committee on National Legislation to make opposition to the U.S. role in the Western Sahara a legislative priority.
- Contribute to international relief efforts for the Western Sahara. (Algerian economic aid, which has kept the Saharawis from starving, is being cut back substantially due to the decline in oil prices.) North American relief efforts are being coordinated by: The Western Sahara Campaign, 2556 Massachusetts Avenue NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.
- Encourage the American Friends Service Committee to become involved in the Western Sahara issue, both in supplying humanitarian aid through their international division and in addressing the political situation as part of their peace education efforts.
Dance cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in everyone." For the past two years, the Friendly Folk Dancers have danced cheerfully in Friends meetings and churches from Des Moines, Iowa, to Atlantic City, New Jersey. We find ourselves both excited and a bit unnerved by the realization that we are developing new frontiers in both Quaker evangelism and ministry. As Friends Mark and Ann Friend met while folk dancing. They lead a folk dancing group in Milwaukee, Wis., where they and their 1½-year-old son, Chris, are members of Milwaukee Monthly Meeting. They also lead teen retreats and oversee youth programs for Northern Yearly Meeting.

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General Conference Quakers, we wince at the sound of these words. We're almost at the point where these words, given some new light, roll off our tongues comfortably.

Being folk dance enthusiasts, we've organized performances for the FGC gathering's festivals since 1984. When some spectators remarked that we should perform at their meetings, a seed was planted. We chose March of 1986 for our first tour, from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, as far east as Atlantic City, New Jersey, and back. We chose as our theme an invitation to come to the Midwest (where most of us were from) for the Carleton College gathering that summer. We had no idea how our tour would be received, so we mailed 150 fliers to meetings between the two points. We received 30 invitations, many of them coming within days of our mailing.

The first year's tour was not a gathered event. We were a group of individuals working separately, for the most part, and rushing over new ground, both figuratively and literally. We learned about some things to avoid, including the fact that giving 13 performances in eight days while traveling 1,600 miles was a bit too much. We also learned that we absolutely needed daily gathering and centering.

We also had a taste of what the tour could be. We visited a range of meetings, urban and rural, large and small. Some had long histories with old meeting-houses and facing benches. Others were young, renting facilities and arranging folding chairs.

We gathered a rich tapestry of experiences along the way. We learned that Eastern Quakers had covered-dish meals while Midwest Quakers had potlucks, but every meeting, East or Midwest, served cream of mushroom green bean casserole with onion rings on top. We stayed at Quaker Hill Farm and received gifts of huge potatoes at the end of our tour of Quaker Acres Potato Farm. That such names were commonplace might not be terribly surprising unless you come from Northern Yearly Meeting, where birthright Quakers are a rarity. And just to visit the Quaker mecca, Philadelphia, see the Mary Dyer statue outside Friends Center, and walk the hallowed halls of the AFSC material aids program, was the fulfillment of a Quaker pilgrimage.

We headed into the second year's tour with some refinements. We used more planning and selected new and improved purposes for our tour. In 1987 we dedicated our tour to intervisitation, particularly between Quakers of Friends United Meeting, FGC, and conservative varieties, and to providing opportunities for meetings to expose new people to Friends in a fun and easygoing setting. Our tour took us through Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa, enabling us to perform for and visit with all kinds of Friends.

In many outward ways our second tour was like the first. The program consisted of a 30-minute performance of a variety of international folk dances, followed by teaching and leading of
dances for everyone. Somewhere in the course of teaching we presented our Quaker Trivia Game. The game was our lighthearted and instructive way of sharing a little Quaker history with our audience, interesting for Quakers and non-Quakers alike. (For example, what mouthwash is named after an important Quaker scientist?)

What changed for us on the second tour was the internal things, facilitated by some outward disciplines. We divided responsibilities, selected a clerk, and held daily meetings for worship and business. Our worship and closing circles may have started out pro forma, business. But by the end of the week they became nurturing and sustaining bedrock. Although we had as many hassles and individual problems to deal with as the first year, the corporate worship of our second tour was a healing balm, giving us the strength to go out and do what needed to be done. We metamorphosed from a group of people having and sharing fun, into a group engaged in ministry, which included having and sharing fun.

That word, ministry, is a bit uncomfortable to many of us, because of what ministry means to most people in our culture. It's not just the abuses of the term as demonstrated by television evangelism. In part it's because we Quakers believe in the universal ministry. But equally important is our distaste for the noun "minister," a person specially endowed to tend the flock and interpret God's will. Quakers don't like those who loudly proclaim "I've found it," implying that others are lacking something. Quakers believe that all have special gifts and talents to share, so it feels presumptuous to say that we no longer need to seek our ministry because we've already found it. Still, it feels to us that the Friendly Folk Dancers have found their ministry.

Some people may feel uncomfortable calling folk dancing a ministry. We wouldn't apply the word ministry to simply anything that makes people feel good. However much a good meal may "speak to thy condition," it takes special circumstances to turn it into a ministry. Some good meals are communion, some are simply good meals. In the course of our second tour, our folk dance group became a community and our tour became a ministry.

Ann caught the glimmering of a meeting for worship message about two years ago, essentially that we need fellowship in the Religious Society of Friends. We have plenty of committee interactions, worship experiences, and even friendships. Sometimes fellowship squeezes its way into our agenda, but more often, even in the silence, we are so busy pursuing goals that we seldom meet together to simply be a religious community. By providing meeting communities with a ready-made opportunity to gather, free of their usual work and agendas, we opened the way for fellowship. This fellowship heightened the awareness of God's presence in individuals and in the meeting. We had a glimpse of the joy that is part of the Peaceable Kingdom.

An additional component of our ministry is to provide a new form of outreach for Friends. We feel that a large percentage of FGC Quakers have wanted to introduce friends and acquaintances to their spiritual community, but a visit to the Peace and Social Concerns Committee, meeting for worship, or meeting for business seemed a little too extreme a transition. We provide an alternative which is less pushy and more accessible to meetings which wish to open their doors to visitors without proselytizing. We have a focus which provides a nonbusiness but distinctively Quaker atmosphere. This form of evangelism welcomes visitors without attempting to trick, trap, or convert them.

In many ways we are still in the dreaming stage, exploring our possibilities. In March of 1988 our tour took us to the New England region, in 1989 we intend to tour the Pacific Northwest, and, if all goes as planned, 1990 will introduce England to the Friendly Folk Dancers. We are also trying to grow and change to reach more people. This year we were shy by just a couple of men from having two tour groups, a goal which we hope to reach in 1989. The FGC gathering, where we recruit, organize, and practice, is fertile ground for making Friends from all areas of the country, so our members are sure to cover more of the map each year.

We find ourselves in a vital growing stage. We are in need of spiritually attuned and visionary dancers. We are looking for financial support which will enable us to enlarge the geographic range and frequency of our tours. And, finally, we hope to hear from those of you who share our enthusiasm and wish to have the Friendly Folk Dancers visit your meeting.
Something We Can Do

By Eleanor Brooks Webb

Since March of 1967, my husband and I have refused to pay the federal tax on our phone bill. This is an unheroic and inconsistent witness to our conviction that participation in war is wrong and that paying for war preparations and for others' participation is likewise wrong. The singular virtue of this small witness is that it is something we can do.

In 1967, our country was involved in the atrocity of the war in Vietnam. The draft was the place where young men were confronted by the war. The payment of federal taxes was the place where other thinking people could not evade their own complicity. We had long been convinced by such reasoning as Milton Mayer's: "If you want peace, why pay for war?"

But nonpayment of taxes was difficult. My husband was the breadwinner, and his salary was subject to withholding; the Internal Revenue Service usually owed us money at the end of the income-tax year. Nonpayment of tax was also illegal, and we're very law-abiding people; we try to stay within the speed limit, and we calculate our income taxes scrupulously.

When I first heard of phone tax resistance, I thought it was a foolish idea. The pennies of the phone tax were so trivial against the amount of the income tax! But discussion in Congress about the re-imposition of the phone tax made it explicit that the reason for this "nuisance" tax was the cost of war—the war in Vietnam—and the tax was all tidily calculated for us on each phone bill. The penalties for so trivial a flouting of the Internal Revenue Service would not likely be undurable. This was something we could do.

We agreed that we wanted to be as above-board as possible about our action, to make it absolutely clear that we were not trying to get away with something but rather intentionally resisting an immoral demand. The IRS made some effort to collect the unpaid tax. We received notices of unpaid tax, and replied that we didn't intend to pay it. We received notices of intent to collect, and several times liens were issued against my husband's salary (for sums along the order of $4,73). We would get notices from the payroll supervisor that such a lien had been issued and they had no alternative but to pay it; and we would write back saying we were very sorry they had been bothered with the matter, but we had no intention of paying the tax voluntarily, and we gave the reasons—it was another opportunity to say what our convictions were. A number of times we received notices of tax due that we couldn't reconcile with our carefully kept records, and we would write IRS to that effect and ask for an explanation of the assessment. This often stopped them cold. At least once when we were due an income tax refund, a few dollars were deducted from it for "other unpaid taxes," or something like that, which we assumed was derived from the unpaid phone tax. In the last few years we have heard nothing from IRS except an occasional, apparently random "notice of tax due," which we wearily ignore.

The biggest hassle in all this is those letters. When we began this witness, my husband was still active in his profession and very busy; I promised to do the letter-writing—although we both signed them. I do not write the same letter every month, and sometimes I enclose a propaganda leaflet of some sort. It is a chore to think up a letter every month. We have felt that if we were going to confront the law even in this tiny way we ought to keep a complete record, and we have probably eight inches of file folders filled with telephone bills and carbon copies of letters.

We began this witness in response to the horrors of the Vietnam War. I have wondered sometimes when it will be time to stop. Once I thought that when the defense budget went down, I would feel we could stop this witness. That day hasn't come. For that matter, in some ways I feel as though the Vietnam War isn't over. Our country has never looked at what we did and said "We were wrong," and we've never made the reparations we had agreed to.

My husband and I aren't consistent in our witness. We haven't made the effort to get our MCI service arranged so that we have control of paying the tax (instead of American Express, through which we are billed). I can't handle any more letters!

But if this is all we have energy and grace to do, then I'm glad we've followed the leading this far.
World Council Addresses Racism

It's refreshing for Friends to be in any religious gathering dominated by those not white and English speaking. Not by minorities—no, these brown, yellow, red, and black folk are a global majority and no small portion of the host city, Los Angeles, where the World Council of Churches recently held its International Consultation on Racism and Racial Justice. The speakers and liturgists were from all over the world.

In keeping with World Council of Churches' testimony, there were a few exclusionary and rigid doctrinal statements from which many Friends would wish to distance themselves. Those were limited mainly to worship experiences, which attempted to be inclusive in form, but were still heavily and absolutely Christocentric.

In an era where many people live an existence limited by the barbed-wire of bigotry, these were a few of the most painful observations:
- There is a lower percentage of U.S. blacks in higher education now than ten years ago.
- White teenagers are being trained for a race war in paramilitary camps in many regions of the country.
- A baby born in 1988 in Havana, Cuba, is more likely to live to the age of one year, than is a baby born this year in Washington, D.C.
- "English as an official language" campaigns, which exclude people from participation in community and from access to social services, are increasingly effective.
- Violence is increasing against racial and ethnic groups, most rapidly against Asians.
- Native American treaties are broken or altered while bumper stickers urge "Shoot an Indian—Save a deer," or "Spear an Indian—Save a fish."
- Klan and Posse Comitatus use rural white economic problems to foster hate groups.
- Atrocities against Central American native peoples continue under our government's encouragement and support.
- Herbicides and pesticides are continuing to be used, endangering farmworkers of many origins, but mainly Latinos.
- Self-determination of Hawaiian peoples continues to be suppressed by economic and pseudo-legal means.

It was stressed that combating racism should not just be an exercise of words and paper, but an expression of energy and action—more than just "preaching to the committed."

At the conference, the religious structure of our land and our traditions were much indicted, and the closing statement says that in the face of global racism "the response of the churches has been a deafening silence."

Jim Cavener

Historic Quaker-Mennonite Ties Renewed

On the 15th of February, 1888, at Germantown, Pennsylvania, a group of Quakers and Mennonites eloquently declared their opposition to slavery, which was then commonly practiced in the North American colonies. The declaration drew a parallel between religious persecution and racial oppression. "In Europe, there are many oppressed for conscience sake: and here there are those oppressed who are of a black color." At the time of this historic letter, and through the 18th and 19th centuries, Quakers and Mennonites still met together for worship at regular intervals.

Three hundred years later, a group of about 25 Quakers and Mennonites met at Laurelville Mennonite Church in Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, on March 25-27 for a retreat devoted to "Quaker-Mennonite Spirituality." Scholars, historians, and lay persons met for silent worship, discussion and reflection with the aim of re-establishing, in a tentative and modest fashion, some of the historic ties that have connected the two groups in North America.

John L. Ruth, filmmaker and Mennonite historian, led the group with a wide-ranging talk about the early history of the Mennonites and Quakers in North America. He recalled that William Penn and George Fox traveled to Worms in 1677 to talk to the Elector there and to meet with local Quakers and their Mennonite neighbors. Penn noted "a lovely, sweet and quiet sense of God among them" at the meeting near Worms.

John pointed out that William Ames, a contemporary Quaker missionary, converted Mennonites to Quakers—in fact, Quaker missions on the continent converted only Mennonites. When Mennonites of that time became Quakers, John said, they received a gift of language—they became more vocal than they had been before. Mennonites often found the Quakers perturbational; the Quakers protested, where the Mennonites had merely wished to, but had submitted instead. John emphasized the eloquence of Quakers, especially in their journals; their facility at expressing spiritual experience in vivid language.

Sandra Cronk, a Quaker teacher from Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pennsylvania, spoke about the inner landscape of Quaker worship. In contrast to John, she emphasized the idea of lives rooted in silent, expectant listening. "Silence is the most eloquent speaker in the fullness of the Word," Sandra said. She discussed three elements of spiritual experience: listening, Gospel order, and prophetic witness to God's new order. "The three can't be cut apart," she said. "To try to do so is like hopping on one foot."

Both speakers emphasized the historical dimensions of their faith traditions. Sandra drew parallels between the transformation in England and the United States as a result of the Quaker challenge to organized religion.

In George Fox's quest for truth, he encountered individuals who could not see beyond superficial things, such as the man who recommended that Fox merely take tobacco as a cure for his spiritual longings, or another who became enraged when Fox accidentally stepped on his flowerbed. Fox himself shattered the old religion through the finding of an Inward Voice and through the "gathering into a new order.""Among the dimensions of the culture of listening that sprung out of 18th century Quaker life, Sandra emphasized "remembering that God is," centering, the dry times, and the experience of God's presence. By acknowledging the reality of barrenness and darkness in the discipline of listening, she brought sober realism to the discussion.

Members of a panel on Saturday evening shared stories of their personal pilgrimages of the spirit. The Quakers present were notably all Friends who had found their way to the Quaker tradition from other denominations, not birthright Friends.

The spirit of the retreat was one of receptive, respectful exchange and mutual regard. If there was perhaps too much care to avoid exploration of historic and current differences between the two groups, there was nonetheless a sense that differences did not exceed commonalities in importance. The emphasis of the retreat was on spirituality, a term much debated during the weekend, rather than on the social or political convic­tions and actions of either group. The retreat nicely blended elements of Quaker and Mennonite worship, through a cappella singing, a Sunday morning sermon by Norma Johnson of Newton, Kansas, and periods of silent worship.

Similarly, the retreat enabled Friends and Anabaptists to listen to each other anew, and to translate each other's faith into words and deeds through mutual witness once again, resuming a dialogue that perhaps had never ceased, but had perhaps become almost inaudible for a while.

J.D. Stahl
A change in the marriage laws of the state of California now makes it possible for Quaker couples to celebrate their weddings in the manner of Friends, thanks to efforts by the legislative action group, Friends Committee on Legislation of California. For almost 20 years, Quakers had to fit their method of marriage into an obscure section of the state's marriage laws for denominations with a “peculiar mode of entering the marriage relationship.” The result was discriminatory treatment, higher costs, and difficulty in finding the records years later. Previous laws provided for marriages performed by an official, such as a minister, rabbi, or justice of the peace. For Quakers and others who used a different form, the couple could make a written declaration of their marriage, signed by three witnesses. For Quakers often this meant altering the wording on the form, and including signatures by more than three witnesses and occasionally county clerks refused to accept the tampering. In any case, the form had to be notarized, at a cost of $5 to $10. Then it was recorded like a grant of real property in the property registry—a place few people would think to look years later when proof of marriage might be needed for social security records, genealogy searches, or inheritance matters. The new form is similar to the standard marriage form, except that it requires the signatures of one or more people who witnessed the ceremony, rather than the signature of the person who performed the ceremony. The new certificate will be recorded in the marriage registry, and there will be no extra costs involved.

Well-digging is taking place under the guidance of Central American Friends Molly and Miguel Figuerola in a community of displaced people, Canton del Niño, San Miguel, El Salvador. At last word (and word travels slowly through these channels) the well was nearly 100 feet deep, nearly down to volcanic rock which will have to be blasted through with dynamite. The dynamiting will be done by military engineers. The rest of the digging will be done by hand. The walls of the well are reinforced with cement and bricks. Up to the point before the volcanic rock was reached, the work had cost 5,000 colones, or about $1,000. The project is financed by Right Sharing of World Resources, a program sponsored by the Friends World Committee for Consultation.

Spiritual concern for the earth and our responsibility toward it was expressed in a minute by those who attended a gathering on unity with nature at Ben Lomond Quaker Center in California in February. The minute reads: “Our concern for the earth is a spiritual one. We feel the need to examine our faith and practice in the context of this concern. We invite and celebrate the light that each meeting has to shed on this.” Queries suggested for dealing with this concern are: Peace, unity, equality, harmony, simplicity, mutual care, stewardship...what do these mean in the context of a spiritual concern for the earth? Do we consider the Light within all life spirit when we reflect on these basics?

The new director at Friends Center in Whittier, Calif., will be Don Ashley, who fills the position previously occupied by Glenn McNiel. Don is a graduate of Fuller Theology Seminary and Azusa Pacific. He will work two days per week at Friends Center and will continue fulltime as pastor of Glendora Friends Church.

What do Walt Disney, Hank Aaron, Nancy Reagan, and Quaker farmer John McC. Gibson have in common? They have each received a Silver Buffalo award from the Boy Scouts of America for service to youth. John Gibson is 67 and lives in Drumore, Pa. A member of the national executive board of Boy Scouts of America since 1980, he has served on numerous local, regional, national, and international committees in scouting. He also volunteers for local health and historical agencies. He was a career officer with the U.S. Navy. Altogether, 469 people have received the Silver Buffalo award since it was first presented in 1926. Recipients include nearly all U.S. presidents, Charles Lindbergh, Booth Tarkington, Norman Rockwell, Bob Hope, Neil Armstrong, Ralph Bunch, and Irving Berlin.

July 1988 Friends Journal
Sharing, skiing, sight-seeing, and fun will be on the agenda at YouthQuake '88, to be held in Denver, Colo., from Dec. 27 to Jan. 1. Sponsored by 12 Friends organizations from throughout North America, the conference features a mixture of outdoor activity, speakers on religion, and time for participants to spend together and alone. Cost is $295 to $370 for lodging, breakfasts and dinners, one day of skiing or sight-seeing, airport transfers, and conference fees. For registration information, contact Sheila Bach, registrar—YouthQuake '88, 12915 Poppyseed Court, Germantown, MD 20874. Registration increases in cost after July 25 and again after Sept. 1.

Exploring visions and approaches for implementing justice and peace will be the focus of the Fellowship of Reconciliation's 1988 National Conference in Atlanta, Georgia, on Aug. 17-21. "Sound the Trumpet of Justice" is the theme. Speakers will include Coretta Scott King, Joseph Lowery, Maurice McCrackin, Baldeamar Velasquez, and Anne Braden. Workshops, interfaith services, children's and youth programs, music, and fellowship will be offered. The gathering is organized in cooperation with the Martin Luther King Center for Nonviolent Social Change and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. For information, contact Fran Levin, FOR, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960, or call (914) 358-4601.

"Envisioning the Future of Quakerism" is the theme of the 1988 summer gathering of Young Adult Friends of North America on July 24-31 at Scattergood School in West Branch, Iowa. The theme will be explored in workshops, support groups, Bible study, discussions, and worship-sharing. There will also be time for music making and playing together. The group is composed of Friends from throughout North America and a variety of Quaker backgrounds. Most participants are between the ages of 18 and 35, but there are no age limits. There is a week-long gathering each summer, and weekend gatherings in the fall and spring. Cost for the week at Scattergood will be $95, or $75 for those who camp, with an additional $15 late fee for those registering after July 1. For information, contact Ron Powell or Irving Treadway, Box 327, Lynn, IN 47355, or call (317) 824-1275.

Do you have a story, a personal experience to relate about Euell Gibbons? Such stories are needed to help celebrate his involvement in founding the North Bend State Park Nature Wonder Weekend. The 20th anniversary of the Wonder Weekend will be held Sept. 16, 17, and 18 at Cairo, W.V. Euell Gibbons was guest of honor at the weekend for the last eight years of his life. Organizers request that testimonials about him be 100-150 words in length and refer to ways in which Euell touched people's lives. Organizers are also interested in hearing observations about how Euell's Quaker beliefs influenced his life. Statements should be addressed to Edelene Wood, 3404 Hemlock Ave., Parkersburg, WV 26104.

Workshop proposals for the 1989 Gathering of Friends General Conference are due by August 20. Next year's theme will be "Currents of Faith, Wings of Vision." For proposal forms and additional information, contact Workshop Committee for the 1989 Gathering, Friends General Conference, 1520-B Race St., Phila., PA 19102.

A new coordinator is needed for Casa de los Amigos's Central American Refugee Program for emergency aid in Mexico City. Donald Campbell, who has coordinated the program for more than five years, turned 80 in mid-March and has decided he would like to lay down his supervisory role in the refugee program and devote his time to the meeting's library (Biblioteca Jorge Fox). The refugee program provides emergency money, clothes, blankets, subway and bus passes, eyeglasses, and referral services for those needing help. The person who coordinates the program needs to have adequate command of Spanish, with some experience with refugees and a concern for peace in Central America. Anyone interested should contact Ellen Gonzalez, Director of the Association, Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, 06030, Mexico, D.F. Mexico.
Quakers in Conflict


This study of the 1827 separation within U.S. Quakerdom is a very readable narrative of the efforts of Hicksite reformers to uphold the ancient testimonies of the Society of Friends and carry on a reform begun before the Revolutionary War. It traces the roots of division to differing responses to changes in the world beyond Quakerism. While not definitive—it doesn't lay to rest interpretations or puzzling questions raised by other historians—it offers a great deal of new information on the reformers' attempts to block the evangelicals from imposing their control of the levers of power in Philadelphia quarterly and yearly meetings, their brand of orthodox Christianity. Even more than arguments about the doctrinal understanding of Christ and the Bible, however, Larry Ingle shows that the conflict concerned power and authority: who was to wield it and to what ends. In a time of great social and economic change, it was a struggle about who was to define what Quakerism was to be.

In some ways this is a disturbing book. It is painful to read about our spiritual ancestors destroying the magnificent faith they inherited. The evangelicals destroyed it by discarding the distinctive Quaker understanding of the place of the Bible and the role of the Inward Christ. The reformers destroyed it by opening the door to the concept that individuals are free to fashion their own personal faith and practice, thus discarding corporate responsibility and the understanding that the Light leads into unity. Both groups destroyed it by willful disregard of the essential truth that Quaker process only works when Friends gather in tender humility, willing to sacrifice their personal opinion, certainty, and self-righteousness in the common search for divine guidance.

Courage to Grow


This New Zealand Quaker, "a wanderer from the Anglican fold," describes in a series of essays her introduction to a Quaker meeting for worship and her life as a Friend for more than 40 years. Her spiritual growth progresses from facing the dark side of life and learning to turn negatives into positives to the interpretation of dreams and accidents, thoughts on old age and grieving, and the necessity for courage. Above all, her essays are an appreciation of Quaker "stillness."

Talking Across the World

Edited by Robert Croskey. University Press of New England, Hanover and London, 1987. 382 pages. $27.95. This is the love story of a British conscientious objector, Olaf Stapleton, who joined a Quaker ambulance unit in World War II, and his cousin, Agnes Miller, the daughter of an Australian who

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

Our Quaker Ancestors

By Ellen Thomas Berry and David Allen Berry. Genealogical Publishing Co., Inc., 1001 North Calvert Street, Baltimore, MD, 21202, 1987. 136 pages. $17.50, plus 2. postage and handling. Not interested in genealogy? Don't let that stop you! As part of its genealogical how-to, this book is a mine of information about Quakerism seldom found in such a condensed and convenient form, offering such things as a glossary of Quaker terms, important dates in the Quaker movement (Did you know that five yearly meetings predated Philadelphia Yearly Meeting?), and background and history of the Religious Society of Friends. If, however, you are interested in Quaker genealogy, this book is not just of interest, it is a must for any but the most experienced. Types of records, sources, how to read the record, bibliography—it's all here, succinctly and clearly organized.
supported national conscription, as told in their letters from 1913 to 1919. Separated by the war for five years, they write of historical events and personal thoughts that reveal a world at war and its effect on society and a love for each other that survived it all.

Suicide: The Forever Decision
By Paul G. Quinnett. The Continuum Publishing Company, New York, 1987. 151 pages. $16.95. This is a startling book! Written by a psychologist, it is in simple, basic English, free of professional jargon, and it is addressed, chapter by chapter, directly to the person considering suicide. This is a help-yourself book, not a handbook for advisors or consultants. It does not preach at the troubled reader; rather it gives, step by step, practical, common sense ways the reader can turn life around. The primary problem, of course, is how do you get someone considering suicide to sit down and read it? You probably don't. So, if you are in a position where this problem does, or might, arise, become completely familiar with the book so you can offer suggestions to the would-be suicide victim.

Writings on Civil Disobedience and Nonviolence
By Leo Tolstoy. New Society Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa., and Santa Cruz, Calif., 1987. 426 pages. $12.95/paperback. Quakers, aware that the great Russian novelist Leo Tolstoy was an ardent pacifist, will welcome this book of 24 of his short essays, detailing again and again his belief that making war is murder, that it is every Christian's obligation to refuse to fight and to kill, that the payment of taxes for military purposes is immoral, and that religious wars are an absurdity. Although the examples used are from the turn of the century, the impassioned prose resonates today.

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Milestones

Births
Caldwell—Piers Hartsough Caldwell, on April 11 in Woodland, Calif., to Barrett Scott Caldwell and Shanta Hartsough Caldwell. His father is a member of Sacramento (Calif.) Meeting, his mother a member of Madison (Wis.) Meeting.

Homan-Smith—Melaura Homan-Smith on March 13 to Eve Homan and Selden W. Smith. Her father, a member of State College (Pa.) Meeting, attends Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting. Her mother was on the FRIENDS JOURNAL staff from 1983 to 1986. Her paternal grandmother, Mae Smith, is a member of State College (Pa.) Meeting.

Marsden—Margaret Nunn Marsden, on April 19 to William Marsden, Jr., and Ellen Jones Marsden, of London Grove (Pa.) Meeting. The maternal grandparents, G. Pownall and Margaret Brosius Jones, are members of New Garden (Pa.) Meeting. Great-grandparents are Gordon P. Jones of New Garden Meeting, and Mahlon G. and Dorothy Nunn Brosius of London Grove Meeting.

McIntosh—Annick Michelle McIntosh on April 2 to Susan and Rod McIntosh, attendera of Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting.

Marriages
Brown-Wilhelmi—Lyle Wilhelmi and Madeleine Cadbury Brown, on May 23, 1987, in Richland, Wash., under the care of Miami (Fla.) Meeting. The bride and her father, Arthur Ellis Brown, are members of Miami Meeting.

Deaths
Brosius—May Whittaker Brosius, 88, on Feb. 11 in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. A lifelong member of Wilmington (Del.) Meeting, she was buried in the Friends Burying Ground in Honeville, Pa., where her late husband, Malcolm A. Brosius, is buried with seven generations of his family. She is survived by her daughter, Ruth B. Hancock; and one granddaughter.

Czarnecki—Marguerite Czarnecki, on Feb. 16. Marguerite was of Swiss origin but spent most of her adult life in Paris, where she and her husband, Stephan, were pillars of France Yearly Meeting. During World War II, Marguerite was active in relief endeavors. After the war, she was in charge of Secours Quaker, the service that cared for Spanish refugees in the south of France, and for German prisoners of war, and French citizens who had been jailed either because they didn’t collaborate with the Germans, or later because they did. Later, Marguerite took over the administration of the School Affiliation Service of the American Friends Service Committee and ran it for many years. Marguerite is remembered by U.S. and French Friends for her ability to keep people on track, often with words that wouldn’t have been accepted from anyone else, for her encouragement of people to enter lives of service, and for her example of how a single person can entertain and make guests feel good about themselves and their ability to be of use to the world.

Hussey—Anna Rushmore Hussey, 88, on April 19 in Ithaca, N.Y. Born into a Quaker family, Anna
graduated from Westtown School and Mount Holyoke College. She was a member of Friends Meeting in North Berwick, Maine, later became a member of Gonic (N.H.) Meeting, and still later attended Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting while she lived nearby. She did volunteer work with the Red Cross in France and the United States. She is survived by a granddaughter, a grandson, and three great-grandchildren.

McNeil—Elsie Collins McNeil, 82, on Feb. 21. She was a member of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting and is survived by her husband Gelston McNeil. A successful teacher before she met Gelston, marriage plunged her into a lifelong whirl of Quaker service. The couple worked together as directors of Davis House in Washington, D.C., as organizers of a self-help luncheon club for the elderly in London, England, and at the World Friendship Center in Hiroshima. She also worked in a clothing relief project for Vietnam and Korea war victims, and on other Quaker projects that touched the lives of many in Japan, India, and Great Britain. At other times she was a member of Mohawk Valley (N.Y.) Meeting and Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.). Since 1965, she and Gelston had made their home at Friends House in Sandy Spring, Md.

Parry—James E. Parry, 88, on Feb. 13. He grew up in Wrightstown (Pa.) Meeting. When poor eyesight forced a change of careers, he moved to a dairy farm in Biglerville, Pa., and became involved in Menallen Meeting. His wife, Susan, mother of their three children, died in 1950. He married Virginia Wright in 1954. She survives him, as do a son, J. Thomas, and daughters Suzanne P. Lamber and Doris P. Davenport.

Polk—Perla S. Polk, 87, Oct. 28, 1987, at Hahnemann University Hospital in Philadelphia. She was a long-time member of Mickleton (N.J.) Meeting. She served many years as treasurer and overseer of Mickleton Meeting, and as a board member of Woodstown Friends Home and of Mallick Hill Friends School. She was also an active member of the Mickleton Garden Club. She is survived by a son, Alan, Jr.; a daughter, Shirley Gittelman; seven grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Sinclair—Katherine (Kay) Scotti Sinclair, 66, in Clarendon, Calif. Born in California, she grew up in a Quaker family and attended Westtown School. Known as a superb cook, she used that talent to help others; at her Argonaut Inn restaurant she encouraged the growth of young people who lived and worked there; friends going through difficult times were nourished by her, both spiritually and literally; she guided Clarendon Meeting’s monthly Sunday brunch. She is survived by two daughters, Diane Burrows and Deborah Reidel, and three sons, Carl, Howard, and Steven.

Williams—Ardith Emmons Williams, 84, on May 4, in Greensboro, N.C. A birthright Friend, she was educated at Scatergood and Olney Friends schools. She graduated from William Penn College in 1931 and received a master’s degree in nursery school education from Mills College in 1933. She taught at Haverford Friends School, was on the staff of Iowa State Teachers College, and for five years she worked on the Swarthmore College Peace Collection. In 1974, she and John Williams were married in the farmhouse which had been her home for 70 years. In 1977, they moved to Greensboro, N.C., and became members of Greensboro Friends Meeting. She is survived by her husband; three sons, Howard, Robert, and Arthur; two daughters, Margaret Stevens and Virginia Lennemann; her sister, Mary Smith; her brother, Alton Emmons; 12 grandchildren; and 13 great-grandchildren.

A notice of the death of Gertrude Barbara Laitin appeared in our May 1988 issue. Donald Laitin, a son, has asked that this additional information be shared: “Her Quaker roots go back to her meeting affiliation in Europe.”

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- Place of birth
- Parents’ meeting affiliation
- Grandparents’ names and meeting affiliation

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- Name of the couple
- Date of marriage
- Place of marriage
- Couple’s meeting affiliation
- Names of their parents
- Parents’ meeting affiliation

**For Deaths we need:**
- Name of the deceased
- Name before marriage
- Date of death
- Place of death
- Meeting affiliation
- Place of residence
- Name of spouse
- Names of survivors
- Activities through which Friends might have known the deceased

**AND SPEAKING OF SAINTS . . .**

Author, researcher would like to hear from interested persons on the subject of saints and saintliness. This low-key, long-term, completely confidential research project seeks your input on the following:

- What, to you, is a saint? (How do you define this term/notation?)
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- Do you know of anyone, however distant in knowledge, who seems to you, to behave in saintly ways? (Please say who, describe why, etc.)
- Did you, do you currently, aspire to sainthood? What happened?
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**Friends Journal** July 1988
Isn't It Nice to Have a Choice?

Almost hopeless need for housing, nursing and medical care, and food. Education is needed. Counseling is needed. Prophylaxis is needed. Condoms may cause some Friends discomfort, but I believe that when Friends realize that availability and knowledge of condoms is a life and death issue, they will understand and get over their uncertainty.

Personally I think there should be Quakers handing out condoms on the street corners of our cities, because that would be lifesaving work, and lifesaving work is part of our identity as individuals and a religious community. Friends should be thinking about AIDS relief on the scale of Friends relief services in Europe between and after the wars. It is time for us to wake up to the catastrophe that surrounds us. This is difficult when we are faced with human needs which are so acute. It is difficult to find just what we can do, but we must find a leading. We must ask and rely on the service committee and we must ask and rely on ourselves. We must do what we have always done and call ourselves to the Light.

John Bohne
New York, N.Y.

Back in Print

The generosity of readers of the Journal in 1959 enabled Earle and Barbara Reynolds to finance their appeal of a conviction for defying a U.S. Navy regulation prohibiting freedom of the seas in the Pacific during the Bikini testing of the atomic bomb. They had sailed their world-encircling yacht Phoenix into the forbidden area; Earle was in prison in Hawaii; their three children were too young to help, and they were unable to afford to appeal their case. But with heartwarming response from letters in Friends Journal, they met the expenses and won. Then Earle wrote a fascinating account of the story in The Forbidden Voyage, which was soon out of print. Recently it has been reprinted by Greenwood Press, Inc., c/o Praeger Publishers, The Academic Building, Saw Mill Road, West Haven, CT 06516-4117. When a voice from the facing bench at Newtown (Pa.) Meeting two weeks ago commented on the need for distracting children from war toys, it was helpful to note that Earle Reynolds’s book is now available again, offering everything parents might desire for their children today.

Richard Post
Newtown, Pa.

Forum

continued from page 5

Calendar

JULY
June 29-July 3—Ireland Yearly Meeting at Newtown School, Waterford, Republic of Ireland. For information, contact Ireland Yearly Meeting Office, Swanbrook House, Morehampton Road, Dublin 4, Ireland, or call 68-3684.
2-5—Friends General Conference at Appalachian State University in Boone, N.C. Theme will be “Nurturing the Tree of Life: Cultivating Justice, Healing, and Peace.” Pastel discussions on the gathering’s theme and family violence. Elise Boulding will speak on “Walking Cheerfully, Answering Joyfully.” For information, contact the FGC office at 1520-B Race Street, Phila., PA 19102, or call (215) 241-7282. Registration deadline was June 10. Late registration, which may be denied if there is no room, costs an additional $25.
13-17—North Carolina Yearly Meeting (Conservative) at Chowan College, Murfreesboro, N.C. For information, contact Ray Treadway, 710 East Lake Drive, Greensboro, NC 27401, or call (919) 274-9608.
19-23—Wilmington Yearly Meeting at Hiwassee College, Madisonville, Tenn. For more information, contact Robert Beck, Box 1194, Wilmington College, Wilmington, OH 45117, or call (513) 382-2491.
22-26—Friends Church Southwest Yearly Meeting at Rose Drive Friends Church, Yorba Linda, Calif. For information, contact Lind Coop, 6521 Washington Ave., Whittier, CA 90601, or call (213) 947-2883.
23-29—Northwest Yearly Meeting at George Fox College, Newberg, Ore. For more information, contact Howard Harmon, P.O. Box 190, Newberg, OR 97132, or call (503) 538-9419.
24-30—New York Yearly Meeting at Silver Bay Association, Silver Bay, N.Y. For more information, contact Joseph Vlaskamp, 15 Rutherford Place, N.Y., NY 10003, or call (212) 673-5750.
24-31—Young Friends of North America Gathering at Scatteredgood School, West Branch, Iowa. Workshops and worship to build a vision for the future of Quakerism. Cost: $75-$95, plus $15 late fee for registering after July 1. For information, contact Ron Powell or Irving Treadway, Box 327, Lynn, IN 47355, or call (317) 874-1277.
27-31—North Pacific Yearly Meeting at Linfield College, McMinnville, Ore. For more information, contact Anne St. Germaine, 20648 Novelty Hill Road, Redmond, WA 98053.
AUGUST
1-6—Pacific Yearly Meeting at La Verne University, La Verne, Calif. For information, contact Stratton Jaquette, 258 Cherry Ave., Los Altos, CA 94022-2270, or call (415) 941-9562.
2-6—Iowa Yearly Meeting at William Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa. For information, contact Del Copping, Box 703, Oskaloosa, IA 52577, or call (515) 673-9717.
3-6—Illinois Yearly Meeting at IYM Meetinghouse, McNab, Ill. For information, contact Paul Buckley, R.R. #1, Dewey Ave., Mattoon, IL 61938, or call (312) 748-2734.
3-6—North Carolina Yearly Meeting at Guilford College, Greensboro, N.C. For information, contact Billy M. Britt, 903 New Garden Road, Greensboro, NC 27410, or call (919) 292-6957.
3-7—Mid-America Yearly Meeting at Friends University, Wichita, Kans. For information, contact Maurice A. Roberts, 2018 Maple, Wichita, KS 67213, or call (316) 267-0319.
6-11—Evangelical Friends Church, Eastern Region, at Malone College, Canton, Ohio. For information, contact Robert Hess, 1201 30th St., NW, Canton, Oh 44709, or call (216) 493-1660.
6-11—Indiana Yearly Meeting at Earlham College, Richmond, Ind. For information, contact David R. Brock, 1403 Briar Road, Muncie, IN 47304, or call (317) 284-6900.
9-14—Baltimore Yearly Meeting at Shenandoah College and Conservatory of Music, Winchester, Va. For information, contact Jim Cheydeur, 17100 Quaker Lane, Sandy Spring, MD 20860, or call (301) 774-7663.
10-14—Ohio (Conservative) Yearly Meeting at Scattergood School, West Branch, Ind. For information, contact John Griffith, 5745 Charlotte St., Kansas City, MO 64110, or call (816) 444-2543.
10-14—Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting at Earlham College, Richmond, Ind. For information, contact Barbaree Hill, 6921 Stonington Road, Cincin­nati, OH 45230, or call (513) 232-5348.
10-14—Western Yearly Meeting at Western Yearly Meetinghouse, Plainfield, Ind. For information, contact Robert E. Garris, P.O. Box 70, Plainfield, IN 46168, or call (317) 839-2789.
12-14—Central Alaska Friends Conference at Friends Retreat Center, Wasilla, Alaska. For information, contact Jim Cheydeur, P.O. Box 81771 College, AK 99908, or call (907) 479-5257.
13-18—New England Yearly Meeting at Hamp­shire College, Amherst, Mass. For information, contact R. Candida Palmer, 901 Pleasant St., Worcester, MA 01602, or call (617) 745-6760.
14-21—Canadian Yearly Meeting at Canadian Union College, Alberta, Canada. For information, contact Frank Miles, 60 Lowther Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5R 1C7, Canada, or call (416) 922-2632.
17-24—Ohio (Conservative) Yearly Meeting at Stillwater Meetinghouse, Barnesville, Ohio. For information, call Richard A. Hall, Olney Friends School, Barnesville, OH 43713, or call (614) 425-2877.
19-27—Friends World Committee for Consultation 17th Triennial Meeting at International Christian University, Tokyo, Japan. For information, contact World Office, FWCC, 30 Gordon St., London WC1H OAX, England, or call (1) 388-0497.

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July 1988 FRIENDS JOURNAL
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Intern at Quaker seminar center on Capitol Hill. Live in office options. Variety of duties to include housekeeping, cooking, office work, seminar planning. One-year commitment beginning September. Inquiries, resumes to Director, William Penn House, 980 Capitol St. Washington, D.C. 20003.

Wanted: A Friendly Metalurgist who can help me turn a stainless steel arrow into a garden hoe. Call Grant Silphra, (415) 462-4270.


Carolina Friends School seeks applicants for principal to assume leadership, summer 1989. Day school, Durham/Chapel Hill, 400 students ages 3 through 18. Expected: firm grounding in Quaker tenets, teaching, administration, fundraising. Applications close September 15. Write: Search Committee, CFS, Rte. 1, Box 183, Durham, NC 27705.


"I want to serve others." Year-long assignments in Quaker outreach (inner city, peace, refuge, hunger, social services). Inquire: Quaker Volunteer Witness, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374, (317) 962-2753.


Friends Member needed to serve as Meeting Resident Friend in rent-free housing and small salary in pleasant surroundings two blocks from University of Denver. A detailed job description will be sent on request. Position is available approximately June 1st. Application may be sent to John Ray, 2520 S.Irving Place, Denver, CO 80202.

Resident Director(s) needed to run forest retreat center with Quaker-Buddhist roots. Temperate is small, rustic retreat center on the 2,000-acre, 88-acre western Mass., 30 minutes away from Amherst-Northampton area. Former healing spa with mineral springs. Year-round position with full-time responsibility in summer season, part-time in colder months. Stay is free in winter to earn additional income. Comfortable wood-heated cabin, no electricity or phone, summer bus service, winter vacation. Write: Temenos Search Committee, c/o Kaufl-Conolly, 72 Dryad Green, Northampton, MA 01060.

Dedicated couple needed to parent group home. Some foster care experience necessary. Medical benefits, beautiful climate. Write: New Family Village, P.O. Box 658, Lima, Ohio 44441, or phone (805) 688-1180.

Positions Wanted

Sylvia Crooke, English Quaker, having launched her family seeks a year's sojourn in the U.S.A. working with people. She is fluent in several languages, including Spanish. Her hobbies are modest, subsistence agriculture, the joy of working among Friends. Write: Charney Manor, Charney Bassett, Wantage, OX12 0EJ, England.

Schools


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Friends Insurance Group

The Friends Insurance Group was founded in 1975 to provide a medium through which qualified Friends organizations can obtain individualized insurance coverage with the security and purchasing advantages of the Group. One hundred two meetings, churches, schools, colleges, boarding homes, and other organizations from coast-to-coast are members. Write or call Richmond, VA 23226. Friends Insurance Group, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, for information. Telephone (215) 241-7202.

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Socially Responsible Investing

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Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pinewod Dr., Greensboro, NC 27419, (319) 299-2500.

Family Relations Committee's Counseling Service (PYM) provides confidential professional counseling to individuals, couples in most geographic areas of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. All counselors are Quakers. All Friends, regular attenders, and employees of Friends organizations are eligible. Sliding fees. Further information or brochure—contact Arlene Kelly, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, (215) 985-0140.

Summer Rentals


Eaton, New Hampshire Farmhouse. Two bedrooms, furnished, utilities, quiet setting, swimming, hiking, and canoeing. $75 per week. Donald Smith, 115 William Street, East Williston, VT 05446, (802) 742-3699.

Vacations and Retreats


Mountain Retreat, modern cabin bordering Pa. state forest, good hiking, $250/week. Call (717) 742-4110 for brochure and dates.

Finn's Inn, Lake Chautauqua (western New York state), is available for group retreats and meetings. Lodging $10/person/night (food extra), maximum 20 guests. Write: Finn's Inn, Orchard Ave., Deltaville, NY 14726; call (716) 834-3697 or 753-3444.

Beaver Conference Farm: Ecumenical peace and justice retreat center located on an old dairy farm 35 miles north of Mt. Desert. Conference offered year-round. Also available for personal retreats and groups with their own programs. Contact Beaver Conference Farm, Undertall Avenue, Route 118, Yorktown Heights, NY 10598. (914) 962-3033.

Maine island vacation rental: Mostly off-season openings. $500/week negotiable. 8 bedrooms, 3 baths, fully equipped on 14-acre peninsula. Vinalhaven, Phone (215) 843-4034.

Wanted

A house to rent for Christmas 1988. Must be in northeast, sleep 8, less than $500/week. Woods, hills, lake desirable. Call (215) 848-5719.

Nineteenth century Quaker clothing—especially men's coats and hats. For display purposes, occasionally to be worn on special days. Information about the original owners would be appreciated. Virginia S. McQuail, Downingtown Friends Meeting, 745 Pack Road, Downingtown, PA 19335, (215) 269-3432.

Graduate school alternative loan—Accepted by Payd counseling psychological program and have ethical problems signing Selective Service verification, required for all government student loans (Solomon Amendment). Seeking $500 for first year; repayment to begin year six; floating interest OK; have collateral. Transcripts/resume/draft history available. Must arrange before fall term. Please respond soon, leads welcome. Contact: Robert Spottomoss, 3215 37th Ave. S. Minneapolis, MN 55406. (612) 726-6220.
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