VIETNAM REVISITED
Among Friends

Supplied for Survival

Behind me on a bookshelf sits a cardboard box with a rag-tag assortment of items, each labeled in red felt-tip pen, our editor Vinton Deming’s color of choice. Above the collection one tag pokes out at me: “Editor’s Survival Kit.”

Two weeks ago as I write this, Friend Vint packed up for the longest vacation he’s had in at least ten years—from mid-June to early September. His first event as a liberated editor was to take his son Andrew to a Phillies game. The rest of the summer will be filled with lots more parenting, outings, and a trip to Japan to attend the Friends World Committee for Consultation Triennial. So who could blame him for the glee popping out all over that last day when he pulled a red sweatband onto his brow, delivered the editor’s survival kit to me, cinched up his backpack, and headed for his bicycle?

After he left, I combed through that cardboard box again. One envelope says, “For days when things get too quiet!” and contains an old harmonica. The next one reads, “If things get too noisy, wear this as if you really mean it!” Inside is a round plastic button that says, “I choose peace.” Another envelope contains a supply of Band-aids and a packet of Alka Seltzer. An old tin thermometer bears the label, “For deadline days,” and next to the 120-degree mark he has penned, “Finished.” Finally, there’s the envelope that says, “Just in case someone doesn’t think you’re the boss...” Inside he’s left a plastic nametag with his business card tucked in it, his name scratched out, and mine scribbled above in red ink.

Oh, yes, and there’s an aspirin bottle with only two pills left in it, some Ritz crackers in a plastic sandwich bag, and an apple—no explanation on these last three items, but perhaps they could be lumped under the category. “General Sustenance.”

I’ll probably look back and chuckle at this survival kit many times this summer. But the things Vint left that are truly sustaining to me and to the rest of us here at the JOURNAL are far less tangible—like footsteps across the sand, they get us where we’re going, but leave no trace after the tide comes in. Yet they are as tenacious as the wharf, whang of the hammer when a carpenter builds his family’s home—a thousand acts of persistence, energy, and careful aim. They are the days we all spend working together side-by-side in good fresh air as we rejoice over little triumphs.

That’s our survival kit.

Sustenance and survival are daily concerns, and the patterns we build over time are the housing of our lives; each decision, like each nail in the structure, determines the sturdiness of the house.

So for right now, Vint, I’m going to eat this apple, and thank you for your sustenance. Somehow, I suspect that knowing I was nervous about writing my first column, you couldn’t resist giving me a few props.

Melissa Kay Elliott
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Cover photo courtesy of Kit Pfeiffer
Peace Has No Gender

The world is not being destroyed by men. It is being ruined by those forces and values called male—such as physical strength to overpower others, and money and arms and the will to hold power over others, political force, supremacy, violence. Sadly, both men and women value those characteristics. We have bought into a system that praises those who swagger rather than those who glide.

Those values attributed to women, such as nonviolence, cooperation, miracles, humility, suffering, compassion, and resurrection, are not honored by many of either sex, for they suggest weakness.

But peace has no gender, or should not. Love has no gender, and must not. So let's take the gender out of words and see them starkly for what they are: life-giving or life-taking, world-enriching or world-destroying.

Then we have a chance. Dana Raphael
Westport, Conn.

More Queries

I found Barry Morley's article on queries (FJ May) both moving and helpful. For years I've sought new words and new poetry to describe afresh Quaker experience. Barry's advice on how to consider a query is perfect, and I think it belongs in our Faith and Practice: "Hold it about two feet in front of you and look at it through closed eyes. Be careful not to answer it."

I have found for myself that some queries seem to work better when they begin with, "What does it mean . . . ?" I would re-offer two of his in this format as well as one that has been alive and life-changing for me for many years.

"What does it mean to respect that of God in every person?"
"What does it mean to answer that of God in others?"
"What does it mean to live as though the city of God has already come?"

I yearn for the day when the queries in our disciplines deal less with housekeeping and judging conduct and more with inspiration.

Geoffrey Kaiser
Sumneytown, Pa.

Just a line or two to tell you how much I enjoyed the humorous cover of the May issue of the Journal and the featured article by the Query Buff. They speak clearly to my condition, since last spring at South Central Yearly Meeting we decided to undertake the formidable job of writing our own Faith and Practice. After 26 years of relying on the wisdom of Philadelphia, we are to find out what may spring from the spiritual soil of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Oklahoma.

We plan to start with the Queries and Advices and proceed from there. Many thanks to you and friend Barry Morley for the fortuitous shedding of light on the beginning of our work!

Yvonne Boeger
Houston, Tex.

Quaker Equality

Recently a local church invited me to speak about Quakers to the evening youth and adult classes. I began with my usual preamble that Quakers more than most religious bodies cannot be understood fully without some understanding of the circumstances in which they arose. In the era before the English Civil War, I said, there was an intense public debate about the form of worship, the form of government, and the forms of social distinction. Then, under the Puritan dictatorship, there was widespread disillusionment with what had been achieved by force. George Fox and others brought to this discontent sufficient surviving embers of the earlier idealism to ignite a movement to do away with many of the forms over which society had been divided. Out of this came the testimonies of pacifism, equality of the sexes, equality of the races, and equality of the classes.

At the end of the hour the pastor told about his first experience with Friends, when several years earlier he had been in seminary. He and his wife had wanted to take their infant children to worship in a church of their denomination, but had been told to leave them in the nursery. Therefore, they went to a Friends meeting, where they kept the children in a bassinet next to them during worship.

It was an example of the equality of age.

William Urban
Monmouth, Ill.

Repentance and Evil

Several of your readers expressed their concerns in the January issue about the Quaker tenet, "That of God in everyone."

I think if one would consider the term "repentance," it will lead to some clarity. Implicit in repentance is the transformation of a person's character, not their arm, leg, chest or other body parts. These aren't evil and indeed cannot function without impetus from the character.

Obviously the embryo of "that of God" must exist within everyone regardless of their character; otherwise repentance is meaningless, and the person would be hopelessly locked into his or her character, thereby meritng our dislike because the person would be "beyond redemption." We all know this to be untrue, because we've all done things we've repented of, and thank God that God gave us a portion of "that of God in each of us."

I am a Muslim and I enjoy your spiritually stimulating articles because I feel the honest search for the truth in your Society of Friends. May Allah (God) continue to bless you.

Jafar K. Sadig
Camp Hill, Pa.

Disruptive Attenders

Our Friends meeting in recent years has been troubled by disruptive attenders, some of whom are mentally ill. We have formed a small group to study and work with these people, learning how to relate to them, how to be supportive of them.

We are becoming informed of community support systems and hope to learn how to be advocates for them.

The mentally ill are people who are often lonely and depressed and are seeking help among our midst. As with other Friends meetings, we are peculiarly open, welcoming, and service-oriented folks, and they must be attracted to us. We feel the need to know what is and is uniquely Quaker about us.

Geoffrey Kaiser
Sumneytown, Pa.
not helpful, and we need to be careful not to feel manipulated and abused by their behavior. The meeting as a whole needs to be more informed about how to help and deal with the concern. Our group hopes to gather this information.

Margaret Blood
Anne Remley
Miyoko I. Bassett
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Alive With Differences

Just a note to commend you on the substance of FRIENDS JOURNAL. It is alive with the richness of our differences, respecting all. You are dealing with some very tender issues in a remarkable way. Your coverage of MDS, and Friends' responses to it is deeply moving, and I think the article by Herb Walters, "The Listening Project" (FJ June) points a way for us to understand, to bridge differences, and to open hearts and minds to peace and one another!

Gene Knudsen-Hoffman
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Why Listen?

Herb Walters' article on "The Contra Listening Project" (FJ June) appeared shortly after my return from Guatemala and Nicaragua as part of a Witness for Peace delegation. It is still painful for me to recall this firsthand experience of the death and destruction with which the contras have punished the impoverished Nicaraguan people at the behest of the U.S. Government. Why should we consider talking to people who have shown such cruelty and brutality against innocent campesinos?

The answer is simple, and I agree with it: Because they are children of God, of infinite value to God as they should be to us, regardless of the heinousness of their actions.

In Nicaragua, we were greatly moved by the spirit of forgiveness with which so many of those who had lost relatives were nonetheless willing to forgive the contras and welcome them back to their communities.

Thank you, Herb Walters. Yes, we should talk to the contras; and we should pray that all of us—we and they—may move toward the Light and work to bring the Kingdom closer.

Roland L. Warren
Andover, N.Y.

Viewpoint

The Borderline of Choice

Most of us don't think of ourselves as members of the Border Patrol. We don't stand at the electric fence along the Rio Grande, dressed in brown uniforms, armed with guns and nightsticks. We don't spend our days and nights driving the border in search of frightened men, women, and children who might make it past us.

Yet, all of us who work in the United States were nonetheless willing to forgive the many of those who had lost relatives by the spirit of forgiveness with which so many of those who will inevitably follow us have punished the impoverished Nicaraguan people at the behest of the U.S. Government. Why should we

The Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1986 made it a crime to hire an undocumented ('illegal') alien. It mandates that every employer must now investigate and swear to the legality of every employee hired after Nov. 6, 1986. Enforcement of this provision was phased in over the past year but is now fully in place. Any workplace can be visited at any time by agents of the Immigration and Naturalization Service with power to demand the documentation on any employee.

The Immigration Act had two somewhat conflicting aims. One highly publicized aspect was the amnesty program. This concluded in May 1988 with legalization of fewer than 2 million undocumented aliens. They are now on the path to future citizenship. This leaves an estimated 3 million or more who were either ineligible for the terms of the amnesty program (the case with almost all Central Americans), too frightened of the government to apply, or lacking the required fees or documentation. The amnesty program, of course, excluded everyone wading the Rio Grande as you read this, as well as all those who will inevitably follow them tomorrow. The second, less publicized, side of the new law was the provision to prevent employers from hiring illegal persons. Although the mechanism is bureaucratic, the goal is simple and ruthless: to starve out of our midst people we have decided not to accept, and to frighten away those who might try to come in the future.

How is this to be done? The weapon of exclusion is a small piece of paper, a form known as the "1-9." Every person with a new job must provide and swear to proof of citizenship or work authorization within three days of being hired. Otherwise the employer risks fines in the thousands of dollars for each undocumented employee.

The new law places at a crossroads of moral choice all of us who work. Particularly for Friends who seek to care equally for the full humanity of all, what does it mean to deny others among us the right to work to support themselves and their families? Do we go to worship Sunday morning at our sanctuary meeting in the company of Salvadorans and Guatemalans, then go to work on Monday to sign forms intended to push these same people right back across the border? These issues also confront us in our organizations. How should yearly meetings that have supported sanctuary respond to being agents of the immigration system?

What does this mean for the work of the American Friends Service Committee that supports the rights of undocumented workers and refugees? What does it mean to implement government policies we oppose?

Many Friends and meetings have wrestled long and painfully with dilemmas posed by the system of income tax withholding when there is conscientious objection to payment of war taxes. However, income tax withholding is decades old and seems to be inextricably established. This work documentation requirement is new and potentially removable if we act soon enough and strongly enough to oppose it. More than 100 churches and religious orders (almost all Roman Catholic) have made public declarations of their intent to defy the law by hiring without regard to the legal status of the applicant. A small but growing number of individuals around the country have refused to comply with the I-9 requirement in their new jobs. Religious and peace groups are just beginning to explore the possibilities of legal challenge to the law.

When Friends have had the opportunity over the years to meet immigrants and refugees, they have often gone to great lengths to respond to their needs and care for their humanity. Now there is a new challenge to break through this paper curtain to see the harm that bureaucratic compliance will do to human beings. Having seen that, we must find the way to resist doing harm and live in justice with our neighbors, whatever their documents may be.

Mary Day Kent
One word above all others of the Vietnam era evokes an important memory from the 1960s: Tet. The 1968 Tet offensive of the Vietnam War was a psychological turning point for the U.S. public, after which it was widely believed that we could not win that war. Even though the National Liberation Front forces were eventually defeated in the Tet battles, the fact that they were able to mount such a devastating New Year's offensive turned the minds of many in the United States to the futility of our involvement there.

The 20th anniversary of the Tet offensive, Jan. 30, 1988, marked the homecoming for a group of 15 Colby College students and two faculty members after a three-week study tour of the Socialist Republic of Vietnam. The trip was arranged by two professors as an adjunct to their government department course on the Vietnam war. It took more than a year of negotiations with the Vietnamese attaché at the United Nations to get the go-ahead for the necessary visas.

I had the privilege of accompanying the group, along with a local high school history teacher. My interest stemmed from a personal history with the Vietnam war: during 1968-69, fresh out of college, I taught in Thailand while my husband, Rob, had a tour of duty in Vietnam. He had faced the draft, like so many young men at that time, and decided to enroll in Officer Candidate School after college, serve his three years, and get out fast. The year we both spent in Southeast Asia, including a week together in Da Nang in the spring of 1969, was our coming of age. Many of our contemporaries describe their survival of the Vietnam era as a loss of innocence. This was certainly true for me. What had been a vague discomfort with the United States's involvement in Southeast Asia, fueled selfishly by my concern for Rob's safety, quickly developed into a keen political awareness of the absurdity of our efforts there.

When we came back, our weekends were spent demonstrating in Washington, D.C., driving up from the Marine base at Quantico, Virginia, where Rob was finishing out his three years in the service. We have continued to care deeply about events in Southeast Asia, so when I learned of the Colby tour, I decided to go back to see what had become of Vietnam.

Over the past several years, the Vietnamese government has granted more and more visas to U.S. groups wanting...
to visit Vietnam. Government officials openly encourage tourism from the West through the official organization, Vietnam Tourism. We were able to see the whole country from top to bottom. Travel is safe, though primitive (roads are very rough, and the problem was compounded by recent monsoon floods), and we were largely unrestricted in our travels. It took a while for the reality to sink in that Vietnam is at peace now, and has been for 13 years, since the surrender of the South Vietnamese government on April 30, 1975. The date is called Liberation Day in Vietnam and is an important national holiday, not unlike our Fourth of July.

Our itinerary started with a flight into Hanoi from Bangkok, Thailand. After five days in the North, we flew on to Da Nang, in central Vietnam. From there we traveled on a Vietnam Tourism bus to Hue, Quang Ngai, Nha Trang, and Ho Chi Minh City. And, of course, there were miles and miles of countryside in between. Despite the poverty in evidence in the ramshackle homes, the longing eyes of children, the emaciated dogs—despite all of that, we found Vietnam to be a stunningly beautiful country. Azure seas and white sand beaches stretch for miles along the lengthy coast. Lush green mountains rise out of arid desert plains, and fertile valleys in the South are bursting with bright green rice paddies, graceful palms, feathery sugar cane, and exotic fruit trees. It's a visual feast, especially for winter-weary eyes from Maine.

Everywhere we went, there were immediately crowds of children. Vietnam is children. Since the end of the war in 1975, the population has doubled from 30 million to over 60 million. A friendly word to just one child soon led to a curious cacophony of questions as they pressed in close to us. “My?” they would ask. (“My,” pronounced Mee, means “American” in Vietnamese.) An affirmative answer brought approving smiles. Both in the North and the South there is a universal fascination about Americans. We were warmly welcomed and closely observed, even scrutinized. Often a child would reach out to brush my arm fleetingly or poke at my leg.

It was an unnerving experience in the South to encounter so many Amerasian teenagers, the children of GI's. Some look far more American than Asian, and they stand out in a crowd. In Da Nang, Nha Trang, and Ho Chi Minh City, where there were major U.S. bases during the war, the number of these children is substantial. Government officials estimated to us that there are as many as 50,000 Amerasians still in Vietnam. The Vietnamese government recognizes them as U.S. citizens, because of U.S. law which says the nationality of a child is determined by the father. The children's status is tenuous, and many are orphans and street urchins. They do not receive any government assistance and they are not allowed to hold jobs, so they live in limbo, hoping for a break to get out of the country under the Orderly Departure Program run by the United Nations. Vietnam wants the U.S. government to address the problem of caring for the children, to speed up the immigration process into the United States. Until recently, U.S. immigration policies have required that to be eligible for immigration a child must have relatives already in the States. But for many of these children, the most specific information they have about their fathers is simply a first name, perhaps a state. “Please find my father Tom in Oregon.” Not much to go on. Late in January of this year (we first heard the news while in-country), an agreement was reached between Vietnam and the United States that our country will accept all Amerasian children 18 and under. It's a first step toward better cooperation between the two countries.

The question of normalization of relations between the United States and Vietnam was raised in many formal meetings: with an official of the foreign ministry in Hanoi, with the editor of the Saigon Liberation Newspaper (who happens to be a high-ranking party official), with members of the Vietnam-America Friendship Society. Discussion of this question brought up other issues, especially the MIAs (missing-in-action) and the Vietnamese occupation of Cambodia. Our hosts consistently pointed out to us that they have dropped all demands for a monetary settlement of the war and are placing no conditions on the establishment of relations with the United States. As they see it, the U.S. government is the one delaying the process by insisting that the question of MIAs be resolved and a withdrawal of Vietnamese troops from Cambodia be accomplished before relations can be normalized.

The MIA question is a particularly thorny one, because it evokes so many emotions. Officials we spoke with equated MIAs with the remains of soldiers or pilots killed in action. No one gave any credence to the theory espoused by some U.S. groups that there have been positive sightings of U.S. individuals still alive in Vietnam. A committee member at the Vietnam-America Friendship Society called “absurd” the report that one family of a U.S. MIA had paid a million dollars' ransom to an entrepreneur who staged a rescue mission into Vietnam. They told us that they are continuing their search for human remains, both U.S. and Vietnamese. Close to 100,000 of their own troops are still unaccounted for from the war, especially those North Vietnamese troops who were in the South and were killed in B-52 raids. They feel an obligation to the families of their own troops to trace information on Vietnamese MIAs first. One official put it this way: “We ask for patience on this issue.”

A second sticking point for the U.S.
government in establishing relations with the Socialist Republic of Vietnam is the occupation of Cambodia. The Vietnamese government has declared its intention to complete a troop withdrawal by 1990, or earlier if a political solution is achieved. They claim that they went into Cambodia in the first place in 1978 at the invitation of the Cambodian government, and so they believe their presence is justified. At the same time, they do not want to stay there forever. One official in the Ministry of Foreign Relations said, “If you have a friend, you help him. But you don’t feed him every day.” They feel the burden of dependency in Cambodia and want to withdraw. At present Vietnam spends close to 40 percent of its annual budget on the military. Their standing army of a million soldiers is the fourth largest in the world. Such a level of expenditure drains limited resources and programs to build their own country’s infrastructure are being neglected as they continue a military presence in Cambodia. New policies allowing foreign investment in Vietnam are some of the most liberal anywhere in the world, but it remains difficult for them to attract outside development and trade when support systems such as transportation and communication are so inadequate to the needs of foreign investors.

Despite the wide ideological differences between our governments—one capitalistic and democratic, the other socialistic and centrally controlled by the Communist party—these realities did not deter us or the Vietnamese from trying to make contact. At times, our cultural and political differences did get in the way, for example in trying to negotiate with our national guide to arrange more meetings for the group with government agencies, schools, hospitals. Any change in our itinerary had to be approved by phone call through the central Vietnam Tourism office in Hanoi. This proved particularly uncomfortable one day when the central office did not call ahead to arrange lunch for us in a town newly added to our itinerary. With limited food supplies, and suppliers, it is just not possible to prepare a meal for a group of 20 on short notice. So it was roadside bananas and emergency provisions from students’ packs—granola bars and Hershey’s with Almonds—to get us through until dinner at our next hotel.

The Vietnamese were extremely kind and gracious to us, in spite of our some-times impatient, spoiled-child U.S. ways. They make a clear distinction between the U.S. government and our people. They tell us the U.S. people have always been their friends, even though the government was once their enemy. The many people we spoke with informally on the streets, in the parks, and in the markets were curious about our lives, and eager to tell us about their lives as well.

This friendliness stretched even as far as the Ho Chi Minh City Hospital, a regional ob-gyn facility for women from many southern provinces. It is there that the research on Agent Orange has been conducted. We were briefed by Dr. Phuong, chief of staff at the hospital and internationally known for her research on dioxin-related birth defects. She told us their work has revealed significantly higher levels of dioxin in breast milk and fat tissue of women from areas sprayed with Agent Orange (dioxin) by U.S. planes. The mean level of dioxin measured in these women is 22.4 parts per thousand compared to 4 parts per thousand in normal populations in Japan and the United States, where measurements have also been taken. In control groups in the northern part of Vietnam there was no detectable level of dioxin. Dr. Phuong attributes this to the fact that the country is not yet industrialized. Effects of these high levels of dioxin have been measured in an Agent Orange control study comparing the incidence of birth defects in infants born to women from exposed villages to that of a non-exposed group in Ho Chi Minh City. The incidence of birth defects in infants from exposed areas was found to be three times higher than that in infants born to women from the non-exposed areas. Despite this incriminating evidence about the U.S. practice of spraying defoliants, Dr. Phuong expressed no rancor toward us.

We observed many differences between life in the North and in the South. In Hanoi, there was a sense of ideological purity, and the people showed a seriousness of purpose in running their own affairs. The North of Vietnam has always been dependent on the breadbasket South, and like other countries which span many latitudes, the colder North is more austere, more businesslike compared to the South. The people of Hanoi were polite and friendly, but their interest in us seemed to be more academic than personal. We visited a rural cooperative farm outside Hanoi, the Yenso Cooperative, established in 1965. It is a government showpiece, adopting purist principles of collective farming and production incentives. Residents of the collective are assigned specific jobs in farming, fish breeding, embroidery, or rug-making. They must produce a certain quota each month. They may sell any excess on the free market in Hanoi. Workers receive free health care, and their children are schooled there on the cooperative farm. Retirement benefits are given to members of the cooperative at age 56 for women and 61 for men. Mothers receive paid maternity leave for the first three months after the birth of a child. Family planning incentives are built into this program in that the benefits only accrue to the first two births for each woman in the cooperative.

In the South, however, the situation is very different. It is not necessary to organize tight cooperatives such as Yenso, because the land is able to amply provide food for the population. Instead there are collective systems in the hamlets, where families tend their private plots of land and contribute to the overall requirements of the village. Despite the abundant fertility of the South, however, the Vietnamese people eat only a marginally sufficient diet. The New York Times correspondent in Bangkok reported to us that the Vietnamese people are slipping in nutritional status, becoming smaller and lighter-weight on average. This problem is aggravated in part by the requirement to export foods such as rice to the Soviet Union, in return for military and economic aid.

Our relationship with the people of the South was also very different than in the North. Conversations were often painful as people approached us seeking help to get out of the country or to send word to their relatives in the States. Common were the stories of family separation: a spouse in California, a son in London, a sister in Sydney. Many have applied for exit visas, and now they wait. All of them were at risk to talk with us, they said. Those who worked for the United States are now in difficult straits. Some have spent considerable time in re-education camps, ten years or more for high-ranking South Vietnamese officials and others close to the Americans. Upon release from the camps, they are not allowed to hold jobs, so they must depend on family or on illegal trade on the black market in order to survive. In the South particular-
ly, there is a thriving black market. Money can be exchanged for three times the official rate simply by purchasing an item with U.S. dollars, the preferred currency. The change you then receive in Vietnamese dong is at the black market rate of 1000 dong to the dollar. Because of this practice, it was unnecessary to seek out a cyclo driver or shop owner engaged in black market currency exchange. The many Cokes we drank to avoid contaminated water while in the country were all black market commodities. Some were in rusted containers whose flip-tops frequently snapped, and they tasted quite flat. We were told that these were leftovers from the U.S. military bases so many years ago.

We were never briefed by our official guide on a code of behavior or any restrictions on our activities, except for an obvious prohibition on photographs as we drove past military installations. So it was left up to us to find out how open Vietnamese society is today. We seldom saw armed guards, and we only passed through one military checkpoint in all our miles of travel. On the surface, there was apparent openness, and we felt un-restrained. It was after the fact that we learned there are government rules prohibiting conversation with foreigners, and it is unlawful for a foreigner to enter a Vietnamese home without prior permission from local authorities. This official fear of foreigners was puzzling to us, yet it is understandable from the Vietnamese point of view. For more than 100 years, Vietnam was occupied by foreign powers: first the French, then the Japanese during World War II, the French again, and lastly the United States. They have had their independence for just 13 years, as of Liberation Day 1988. They are still wary of any outsiders.

One student found out the hard way about both rules restricting foreigners. She stopped to chat with a shopkeeper who had worked as a translator on the U.S. base in Nha Trang. They spoke of many things: her time in a re-education camp, her aimlessness now without a job, her desire to know more about the United States. The woman invited the student into her living quarters in the back of the shop. As they were talking, two uniformed police entered and began questioning the pair. The police filled out a statement attesting to the "incident" and asked the student and the Vietnamese woman to sign it. At this moment, our guide, Mr. Lien, arrived and intervened on behalf of the student. He had to sign the statement as well, and they were then free to return to our hotel.

In all, the student had been detained almost 45 minutes. Her story spread quickly through the group, and other students were disturbed and indignant. We do not know what the consequences were for the shopkeeper or for Mr. Lien in the home office of the official Vietnam Tourism organization in Hanoi. We were concerned for the safety of those Vietnamese who wanted to talk with us, but we let them decide whether to take the risk. Our desire to learn as much as possible about the people and their way of life prompted us to continue our conversations with anyone who was willing to talk.

In spite of the economic difficulties and political repression we witnessed, I came away with optimism for Vietnam's future. Vietnam belongs to the Vietnamese fully for the first time in more than 100 years. For better or worse, they are running their own country independently. The people show a plucky desire to learn as much as possible about the people and their way of life prompted us to continue our conversations with anyone who was willing to talk.

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A Friend In Need

by Jenny Buffery

My visit to the United States in the summer of 1987, the first since 1977, brought back vivid memories. I have been a teacher in an English state school in Abingdon, near Oxford, for two decades. During the 1976-77 school year I was an exchange teacher in the Ridgefield, Connecticut, High School. It was an interesting year, even though some of my teaching experiences were stressful. A real oasis was the Friends Meeting in Wilton, Connecticut.

At the end of the school year my children (they were 11 and 13) and I planned to take a camping trip in Pennsylvania and the southern Appalachians with my father, who had never been to the United States. As the school year came to an end, my children pored over maps with rising excitement, planning the forthcoming trip in great detail. My father arrived the last day of school, and we wasted no time in heading for Pennsylvania.

The first three days were wonderful. My children and I were delighted to discover new parts of the United States, and my father was as happy as I had ever seen him. The third night we camped in a Pennsylvania state park, which we identified as a point on the map. Then it happened, without warning. In the middle of the night my father woke me and said in a quiet, desperate voice: "I'm having a heart attack. Get me to a hospital.”

I did not know where I was, and had no idea where a hospital might be. In a month-long two hours I found a phone and arranged to have an ambulance take him to the intensive care unit of the Pottstown Memorial Hospital.

The prognosis was not very encouraging. The doctor told me that Father would have to stay at least six weeks to two months before he could be moved. The children and I moved into a motel to be near him.

Once the immediate crisis was over and my father's condition began to stabilize a little, I had time to think. A quick calculation made me realize we did not have enough money to stay in the motel anything like one to two months. I was desperate. Then, in a moment of divine sanity, I telephoned the Central Philadelphia Friends Meeting. I explained the whole story, saying I was a Friend from Oxford Meeting, and did not know where to go next or even what to do. In fact, behind the torrent of words, I was shouting, silently: "Help, please!"

The calm voice at the other end of the phone was quiet and reassuring: "Call me back in a quarter of an hour."

When I rang back, everything had been arranged! We were offered a free campsite on the grounds of Fellowship Farm, a short drive from the hospital. Fellowship Farm was the site of a summer camp established in the 1930s and run by Friends and others for the inner-city children from Philadelphia. The people at the farm were wonderful. We had the use of their bathrooms and showers, and they helped us in many ways. They took my daughter into the current group, giving her an unforgettable experience. The Schuylkill Meeting received us with incredible warmth. I will never forget Friends such as the Pedersens.

When my father was able to travel, we returned to England. I realized that all the friendly and friendly help turned a potential disaster into an experience I will never forget.

Thank you, Friends.

Jenny Buffery has been a schoolteacher for 27 years and is a member of Oxford (England) Preparative Meeting.
During a tour of York, I took my U.S. Quaker visitor to Friargate Meetinghouse. She said to the elderly gentleman who welcomed us, "May I use the restroom?" Courteously he replied, "We have no restroom, but you may rest here." I hastily intervened to explain that my Friend needed the toilet. "Toilet" is the most polite word of all for this facility in England, but my U.S. visitor said that people in the United States would certainly not use it to a person they had just met. We all enjoyed the moment, because the embarrassment was short-lived, but it did illustrate vividly how, even between people of like mind and with a common language, misunderstanding can occur. Only when we spend more time together can we overcome such problems. It is little wonder that nations separated by language and by mutual suspicion can find no common ground.

My occupation is that of driver-guide, and I escort Friends (and non-Friends) around George Fox country, the old Yorkshire meetinghouses, and Pendle Hill, as well as Herriot and Brontë country. We learn more from being together than from seeing historic sites. Apart from words (stone fence is nonsense in English English, scone equals biscuit, biscuit equals cookie, gateau equals cake, sweet equals candy) and customs (Southerners seem to think that leaving a little on the plate is polite, whereas here it suggests the food was not good), every day reveals something new about how different nations behave. Dorothy Samuel from St. Cloud (Minn.) Meeting could hardly believe that a respectable woman does not enter a pub alone in England, and we had some animated discussions with various landlords, who all confirmed my statement. She also noted that many English people keep the best room in the house for occasional use, and live in the less pleasant one. To see ourselves through the eyes of a perceptive visitor is both challenging and stimulating, and makes us examine a few assumptions we didn’t even know we had made. On the reverse side, Dorothy found our way of queuing, both on foot and in cars, more Quakerly perhaps than in the States. We can learn from one another!

The one place where no differences appear is meeting for worship. I know that I can turn up with a visiting Friend at any Dales meetinghouse, and there will be a good welcome, good conversations, and probably an invitation for lunch. Last week I chanced to do just this at Bainbridge. We were late for meeting (having met 100 cows and a bull sauntering along the narrow lane on the way) and so had not introduced ourselves; but afterwards we found ourselves partaking of a picnic (of the five loaves and two pieces of cheese variety) with four Quaker families who were camping nearby. We had a long discussion about the feminist issues raised by the 1986 Swarthmore lecture.

Our planned tour of an abbey, a cathedral, and Aysgarth Falls fell by the wayside; into the good ground fell many seeds sown during our shared meeting with Friends.
We Must Grow Flowers Now
by Ron McDonald

In February 1987 a person coming to me for counseling brought a gift of an African violet plant. It was cold outside and as she brought in the plant the edges of its leaves froze. Within a week it was clear that what were once flourishing leaves were now only half alive. I was told how to trim and nurse the plant back to health, and since I had long ago heard that a therapist taking poor care of his/her plants sends a subliminal message to the client about how the therapist cares for life, I decided to take the responsibility seriously.

I had never before taken care of a plant carefully, but this one responded dramatically. Within two months it was full of blooms. By the summer it was suggested by a few people that I could win a prize for such a beautiful plant.

In July I went to Friends General Conference and was deeply touched by

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the message from Marshall Massey. I realized that my flower was doing well because I had finally discovered how to live according to some natural laws. Rather than disturb the cycle of natural life, I had been nurturing it.

A few months after FGC another client of mine told me that he had learned that the Ten Commandments are not restrictions God laid upon us, but are community laws to foster happiness. With that insight a crucial revelation occurred to me. There are two kinds of laws which offer us structure for happiness—community laws which help us relate peacefully to others, and natural laws which help us relate at peace with the rest of the natural world.

Until last summer almost all of my reflections have been in regard to community laws. Marshall Massey challenged me to reflect upon natural laws, a laborious and exciting project for me—and one which I would like to share. (My sources for this discussion are Marshall Massey’s two booklets, The Defense of the Peaceable Kingdom [Pacific Yearly Meeting, 1985], and Uniting Friends with Nature [Pacific Yearly Meeting, 1985], and my recollection of his 1987 FGC address.)

Marshall’s message centers on three major challenges. First, it is necessary that we understand the three environmental crises before us: (1) the crisis of carrying capacity, (2) the crisis of extinctions and gene pool destruction, and (3) the crisis of oxygen factory destruction and carbon dioxide build-up. Simply stated, we face a rapidly growing tendency to lose our farm lands to erosion and poor management, to face catastrophic famine due to destroying naturally resilient strains of life to create fragile “miracle” crops and animals, and to deplete our world’s oxygen, poisoning life and raising the planet’s average temperature to the point of creating vast deserts and concurrent famine. Data on the escalation of these crises is staggering, and a central part of Marshall’s warning.

Marshall’s second challenge is for us to consider how we have ignorantly and blindly participated in this horror. As North Americans, we rarely notice how much we throw away. Just recently I ate at a church potluck with plastic utensils, plates, cups, and throwaway tablecloths. When one of my children spilled my tea, I simply ignored the mess because the tablecloth soon would be discarded. After supper there was hardly any cleanliness up, so we could get on with our program immediately, but we left three huge, nonbiodegradable bags of nonbiodegradable garbage. Prior to hearing Marshall speak I never noticed such massive waste. Now I am bothered by both the waste and my sense of powerlessness to turn back this tidal wave of garbage. I used to think garbage disappeared. But it doesn’t. And no flowers will grow from plastic throwaways.

The third challenge is what offers hope—the “call for religious involvement.” Marshall makes the point that the reason why we have remained so ignorant of the environment is because we have not seen environmental issues as religious issues. We must expand our sense of what is spiritually important so that it includes our unity with nature. This is the natural law, which if abided by offers us a deeper peace and happiness.

When I returned from FGC I was disturbed. Hardly knowing what to do, I decided to merely change some simple aspects of my lifestyle. I studied composting and began to compost our garbage. In the process I discovered two amazing sources of hope. One was in the miracle I was enabling to happen in the composting. A couple of days after dumping our kitchen garbage under a pile of grass clippings, I curiously turned over the grass to see what was happening to the garbage. It had disappeared, and in its place was the beginnings of rich soil! I felt of the soil and it almost burned my hand. Surely there are folks who would chuckle at my excitement, but I grew up near farms in the Arkansas delta, and I never met a farmer who composted. This to me was miraculous and inspiring. I could see and feel the ecological cycle which I had ignored so long.

I read of another even more dramatic example of the miracle of composting. In Mexico there was a poverty-stricken village with worn-out, poor soil. A missionary went there and began to talk to the people about increasing their farm yields through composting. They ignored his teaching. However, that winter the missionary gathered all the composting garbage he could find, built compost piles, and in the spring tilled it into his soil. His corn yielded twice what any others did, and they believed him. The next winter everyone composted, and it was not long before the village was prosperous.

What gives me hope is the realization that the natural world responds immediately to our efforts for cooperation. Contrary to how long and persistent we must be to change politicians’ minds and votes, nature is like a child waiting for our Christmas gift of cooperation. Nature is fertile ground for change.

George Cooper, a farmer in Tennessee who is worried about the future of the land, says, “We produce more now than we used to, but it’s because of fertilizers and pesticides. What’s going to happen when they are gone? They’re mostly produced from oil.” He adds, “We used to say ‘nothing leaves the farm that can’t walk off it.’ That way the land only got better. The land’s not better now, though. We need to leave the soil better for every generation.” But George says, “I cannot get enough compost to replenish 1,000 acres.”

There is such a long way to go. Nature may be cooperative, but people still aren’t. Recently the EPA banned a pesticide which was washing into the St. Francis River in Arkansas and killing some river life. A farmer affected by the ban said, “I’ve never heard of that particular animal. Who needs it? I need the pesticide.” Evidently not all farmers have learned the laws of nature.

Martin Luther King, Jr., wrote in Why We Can’t Wait, “In any nonviolent campaign there are four basic steps: collection of the facts to determine whether injustices exist; negotiation; self-purification; and direct action.” The facts have been collected. One need only read Marshall Massey’s works and those sources he cites to realize that we have been severely unjust to our natural environment. Negation has been taking place in various meetings and yearly meetings. They have begun supporting efforts to promote communion with nature. More meetings need to be doing this.

Yet I believe that most of us are at the stage of self-purification. We have watched environmentalists struggle with our institutions enough to realize that negotiations are irregular and crisis-oriented. What is missing is a deep spiritual leading whereby one is moved to declare, “I must do this.” We must look inwardly right now and seek self-purification. How are we complacently perpetuating this injustice to our earth? How must I live in order to be truly in communion with God’s creation? What must I do to change my own lifestyle? What is my responsibility to the human community on this matter?
Quaker Crostic
by Irven Roberts

The letters of the WORDS defined by the CLUES given should be filled in the blanks over the numbered dashes and from there entered in the correspondingly numbered square of the blank puzzle. This will form a quotation when read from left to right, with the ends of words marked by black squares. The first letters of each of the words opposite the clues when read vertically will give the author and title of work for this quotation. Answer on page 33.

CLUES

A. Saucy

B. Celestial

C. Animal horn

D. Expense

E. Show affection

F. It should rhyme

G. Not like homo sapiens

H. How God cares

J. German poet

K. Stow it again

L. Created something new

M. Keepsake

N. Girl’s favorite boy (two words)

P. God’s Presence

Q. The farthest reaches

R. The Lord “” and the Lord taketh

S. Opposite of wrong (pl)

T. Reached

U. Irrational fear

V. Sound of silence

W. Cylindrical toy with string

August 1988 Friends Journal
A FABLE

Question: How many legs does a horse have, if you call the tail a leg?
Answer: Four. Because calling the tail a leg doesn't make it one.
-Attributed to A. Lincoln

One day while a herd of horses was quietly grazing along the banks of the Fox River, some of the tails, who had been talking among themselves, spoke up and said, "We're tired of being called tails. From now on, we want to be called legs."

"But you aren't legs," said one of the legs. "Why would you want to be called legs?"

"It's a simple matter of equality. We're appendages, just like you are. But while 80 percent of appendages are called legs, the other 20 percent are called tails. Some legs look down on us because we're called tails, not legs. If we were legs like you, we would be affirmed as equals."

So a great debate arose along the banks of the Fox River. Some legs thought maybe the tails were being exclusive in not calling the tails legs, and, hoping it would help them all get along better, thought that it would be okay to call the tails legs if that's what they wanted. Others said that the tails had for a long time worked for the horses' comfort without proper recognition, that the legs had much to learn from tails, and that it was long past time to stop letting terminology stand between tails and legs, to establish true equality by all calling each other legs, and to get on with the important matters which faced the horse world.

Some of those opposed to calling tails legs thought there was a moral distinction which should be maintained between legs and tails. God, they said, created tails and legs differently, and it isn't our responsibility to second-guess God. Others said that it was a matter of integrity. The term leg meant one thing; the term tail meant another. It was simple dishonesty to call a tail a leg, and those horses who grazed along the banks of the Fox River were known for their commitment to honesty.

I regret to record that some harsh words, unusual to be heard along the banks of the Fox River, were exchanged. It was a difficult time for many of the horses.

While the discussion wore on, several bands of horses, from spots along the Fox River as far apart as the Friscoan Tidewater and the Columbia Creek, went ahead on their own and declared that among themselves, from now on, tails who wished to be called legs would be called legs. They believed in the equality of all appendages, and weren't ashamed to say so.

Over time some bands among the herd that grazed along the Fox River went one way, some went another, and some couldn't decide which grass looked greener to them.

But in time a curious thing happened. Those bands of horses which had decided that henceforth tails would be called legs had a problem. As they were all called legs, confusions arose when a horse needed, as sometimes was necessary, to distinguish between the legs which carried it and the legs which brushed flies. After all, a tail, even when called a leg, couldn't carry the horse along its road very far, and an original leg wasn't much good at switching flies. So gradually a distinction began to arise. Some legs began to be called the groundtouchinglegs and others began to be called the flyswitchinglegs. Things went along like this for a while along the banks of the Fox River.

But then one day while one of these bands of horses was quietly grazing along the banks of the Fox River, some of the flyswitchinglegs, who had been talking among themselves, spoke up and said, "We're tired of being called flyswitchinglegs. From now on, we want to be called groundtouchinglegs. It's a matter of equality and validation."

Christopher Hodgkin describes himself as a "transplanted Philadelphia Quaker" now active in the San Juan (Wash.) Worship Group of North Pacific Yearly Meeting. He is a management consultant for nonprofit organizations.

Christopher H. Hodgkin
What really is the place of hymn singing in Quaker worship? Can we sing words and stanzas that are unhelpful or worse? Can we join in singing if at that moment we are uninspired? Does traditional Quaker theology permit us to utter a stream of words in song to become inspired?

The above questions express a dilemma of contemporary Quakerism. On the one hand, Friends are starved for music; they sing on the slightest excuse—outside of meeting for worship. On the other hand, I know that I am not alone in finding such occasions painful; they often seem more productive of dissension and malaise than of inspiration or healing. No false solidarity here, merely a cold politeness as we try to tolerate each other’s favorites: uninspired, unhelpful, or worse.

The trouble lies not with the hymns themselves but with their emotional resonance. For most of us, I suspect, aesthetics are secondary to the link with our roots which a hymn does or doesn’t provide. Because we come from so many traditions, it isn’t a shared connectedness. Hence, if your favorite hymn doesn’t turn me on, you feel disconfirmed—for reasons incomprehensible to us both.

The passion which surges forth at the mention of a new Friends hymnal shows that the pain is real. To use myself as a guinea pig: hymns are what I miss most from my former church. I identify with transcendentalism, the spirit-led tradition in Unitarianism. Transcendentalists were strongly influenced by the Hicksites, and their hymnody has more to say to modern Friends than to present-day Unitarian Universalists. I have a collection of family hymnals going back more than a century; when I get homesick for my tradition I memorize texts, and sometimes write new tunes for them.

I left the church because I could not bear my co-religionists’ hostility toward what is supposedly their heritage too; I was forced to conclude that I could better affirm that heritage as a Quaker. When I sing Unitarian hymns in meeting, they seem to be received, but to ask Friends to sing them with me is a risk which I rarely have the courage to take.

Do other Friends have similar baggage? Did you leave your native church because it was perverting its own ideals? If so, are the hymns you remember tied up with the ideals or with the perversion? What memories of your early life, happy or otherwise, do they embody?

The collective singing of hymns and songs is ancient liturgical practice—older, perhaps, than recorded history. Quakers have always been mistrustful of outward rituals as “having the form of godliness but denying the power” (2 Tim. 3:55). If the primary function of hymns is liturgical, they must carry this built-in danger. Why, then, do unprogrammed Friends need a hymnal?

I think the fallacy lies in the assumption that we have abandoned liturgy. To be sure, the word is commonly defined in terms of outward forms; but so are words like worship, communion, and religion. Quakers have a long history of insisting that words symbolize not the outward forms, but the inward reality which produced them.

The inward reality of liturgy is something we cannot dispense with and still call ourselves a worshiping community. Nor have we done so. We have great freedom to choose how, whom, or whether we shall worship in the silence; even so, certain elements are present. This is not the place to discuss ideas of ultimate reality, but I believe that many universalists, if they translate aright, can find meaning in these words of Thomas Green from his 1952 Swarthmore Lecture:

Worship is essentially an act of adoration, adoration of the one true God in whom we live and move and have our being. Forgetting our little selves, our petty ambitions, our puny triumphs, our foolish cares and fretful anxieties, we reach out towards the beauty and majesty of God. The religious life is not a dull, grim drive towards moral virtue, but a response to a vision of greatness.

Adoration leads naturally to the other responses which must always be present in worship—confession, dedication, thanksgiving and intercession. . . . A clear awareness of failure and unworthiness must always follow a vision of the highest, and it is a sure sign that our worship has been a failure if we have not known afresh a deep need of God’s forgiveness. . . . To reaffirm our loyalty, renew our vows, and rededicate ourselves as instruments of [God’s] will is surely pleasing to God.

In my own meeting (which, being large and urban, is talkier than many), all of these elements are commonly present in our ministry. The opening praise is apt to be more muted than the others; when expressed, it takes the form of quotations from the Psalms, or of thanksgiving—the meeting community and the season being perennial focuses for expressions of gratitude. Messages of intercession tend to come early as well.

Often, however, vocal ministry begins with confession. We are perhaps too keenly aware of our collective failure and unworthiness vis-à-vis the needs of members and attenders, and our confessional exercises most often start there—less commonly with the speaker’s own shortcomings or those of the wider culture. But an exercise beginning on
any of these three planes usually proceeds to the other two.

Rededication commonly begins with references to Quaker history—a reminder that Friends have faced these problems before and transcended them—and to Scripture. We then reaffirm that, however bleak things look, Providence is somehow in charge and we are to allow ourselves to be led. The meeting often closes with a prayer or hymn.

The above is an idealized picture of our worship pattern, but I’ve experienced it often enough to feel justified in saying that we have developed a collective liturgy, and that certain Friends can be counted on to move us from one phase to the next. I dare say, though, that this analysis would come as a surprise to almost everyone in the meeting!

Just as a gathered meeting is the fruit of the faithfulness of many souls waiting upon the Light, so a collective liturgy arises out of our individual exercises. It follows that consideration of the place of hymns in meeting may usefully begin with the question: How do I use hymns in my own worship? To answer for myself:

Hymns may be used as preparation for worship. A hymnal makes fine devotional reading, whether one is musically inclined or not. In reflecting on why a text does or doesn’t speak to me, I discover how my beliefs are changing. If a hymn speaks to me powerfully, and I feel that it would speak to other Friends as well, it becomes a candidate for memorization.

Nowadays memorization—of hymns, Scripture, poetry, and other devotional liturgy—is rarely mentioned as a spiritual discipline. I suspect that this has to do in part with our so-called “information society.” Memorization was all very well when books were scarce and electric media nonexistent; but now, when everything is at our fingertips, it seems pointless, a waste of time.

But we also live in a throwaway culture. Most of the information which deluges us is ephemeral at best. The eternal verities, by and large, are neither fashionable nor economically profitable. Thus it is important for us to own them, as George Fox would have said. When we encounter words which pulse with meaning, which have that numinous quality which words acquire when we truly “come into the Spirit that gave them forth,” we are receiving a gift which we may be called upon to share. Memorization becomes a matter of stewardship.

A hymn makes a fine basis for meditation. As a new attender I found this hymn by Frederick Lucien Hosmer helpful in connecting worship to the rest of my existence:

Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Yet shall one such exalted hour
Bring to the soul redeeming power;
And in new strength through after days
We follow our appointed ways.

Now all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light;
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision; but below
The paths of daily duty go;
A nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

From my journal of June 1981:

“Today was a gray day and the meeting room was lit. The lights are concealed in a band around the wall about two feet below the ceiling. The walls are painted a cream color while the ceiling is a nubby-textured white. There is no glare to blur the line between wall and ceiling. . . . The light seemed to be coming over the edge, as from a region of eternal light. I thought how easily one could long to be transported over that edge into that realm of light, leaving earth behind. I felt transported, as if I were flying around behind the wall; and I kept bringing my gaze down to the facing benches and the carpet: ‘The mount for vision, but below/The paths of daily duty go . . .’—and up again, back and forth between the two realms. Then S. rose and spoke of how being in an airplane above the clouds can put one’s problems in new perspective. . . .”

I think it important to point out that suitability for group singing is no measure of a hymn’s value for inward liturgy. As a rather extreme example, for some time now I have been using a hymn by Frederic Henry Hedge as a confessional exercise:

Beneath thine hammer, Lord, I lie
With contrite spirit prone;
Oh, mould me till to self I die
And live to thee alone!

With frequent disappointments sore
And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being's core
Till I be formed again . . .

Hardly a crowd-pleaser, as turn-of-the-century Unitarians evidently agreed; it appeared in only one hymnal. But it has sustained me for several years now.

Hymns committed to memory surface as messages, sometimes in uncanny fashion. As I began my usual confessional exercise one recent First Day, another hymn came to mind and
wouldn't let go. Try as I might to turn my attention to Hedge, the words of G.K. Chesterton persisted:

O God of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry.
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide;
Take not thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

I gave up and went with Chesterton. Then the messages began. Ministry in our meeting doesn't often focus on current events, but that day the exercise was about Central America. As the meeting unfolded, so did the reason why I had been given that hymn: it was just what was needed to round things off at the end.

The functions I have discussed so far are as applicable to Scripture and poetry as to hymns and songs. Now I come to one which is peculiar to song; it is allied with dream language and the unconscious use of puns so well described by Freud. It is odd that old-time Friends should have missed it.

The musical track of my conscious mind is separate from the verbal. While the latter is still or busy elsewhere, the words of a song may yet be present—as music. I have learned that whenever I find a tune going through my head, I am to focus on the words, for my Guide is trying to tell me something.

In one recent meeting for worship my whole inward exercise was directed through music. About a year previously I had realized, after several barren months, that I was meant to put composing on the shelf. Since the only alternatives to composing I had ever known were self-destructive ones, this was no light matter. Still, when I understood what my Guide was telling me, I discovered with astonishment and joy that I was willing! If God decreed that I should never write another note, so be it!

I continued serene for several months, busy with other things. Then the old longing rose up with whole-gale force. As I tried to still it in meeting, a tune came into my head which proved, upon inspection, to be one I hadn't thought of in years—a song by the Elizabethan, John Dowland:

Flow my tears, flow from your springs!
Exiled forever let me mourn;
Where night's black bird her strange harmony sings,
There let me live forlorn.

The tears commenced to flow, and I tried to center on a mantra: "It's not exile." Presently, amid images of strangers in Egypt and the parting of the Red Sea, I became aware that the music had changed—to my setting of some words of William Penn: "Ye must be ruled by God, or ye shall be ruled by tyrants.

I had to acknowledge the truth of this: not to obey my Guide would mean writing in the service of ego, the market, fashion—tyrants all. And the music changed yet again—to Psalm 25:

Make me to know thy ways, O Lord,
Lead me in thy truth and teach me.
All the ways of the Lord are loving and sure.
To those who keep God's covenant and God's charge.

The storm continued off and on for the rest of the day, but by suppertime it was clear that for the nonce I was meant to write not music, but words—such as this essay.

Let me now return to the questions posed by John Beer with which I began. It should be apparent that I do not consider group singing to be the primary use of hymns in Quaker worship. If we are to avoid "getting the forms of godliness without the power" (2 Tim. 3:5), we must focus first on learning to "make melody in our hearts to the Lord" (Eph. 5:18-19).

The more I read of traditional Quaker theology, the more I see that paradigms for this sort of thing abound. Quakers internalize virtually all elements of traditional Christianity. In his journal, George Fox so interprets John the Baptist's use of Isaiah 40:3-4:

For by that Spirit their crooked natures might be made straight, and their rough natures smooth, and . . . their mountain of sin and earthliness might be laid low in them and their valley exalted in them, that there might be a way prepared for the Lord in them. . . . But all must first know the voice crying in the wilderness, in their hearts, which through transgression were become as wilderness.

Douglas Gwyn has shown that in Fox's thought the whole drama of the Bible is reiterated in the process of individual salvation, a kind of spiritual "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny"—that the Risen Christ may dwell within us as Inward Teacher, Seed, Inner Light.

Quakers have always held that religious observances and theological beliefs are of value only insofar as they so resonate within us that our experience of them transforms our actions: by their fruits ye shall know them. Our hymnsinging too must be grounded in the rigorous use of experience as the measure of everything. If a hymn is truly transfigured for me, it has really made a difference in my life, the chances are good that—at least after holding it in the Light for a season—I shall be able to say why.

A few years ago Donald Swann led a Pendle Hill conference on the theme "The song as an act of healing." Participants were asked to bring a song which had healed them in some way; a good deal of the weekend was devoted to hearing the contributions and the stories that went with them.

Might this idea be used in compiling a hymnal? Suppose we were to invite all Friends of the unprogrammed tradition to submit hymns in response to such queries as these:

- What hymns or songs have come to you as helpful ministry, in meeting or elsewhere? Can you describe the circumstances?
- Which do you use in meeting, as "inward liturgy" or as a basis for meditation?
- Which have had a significant impact on your life? How?
- Which have you found healing, sustaining, or empowering? Have you a story to tell?

Such a hymnal would combine elements of a "commonplace book" with the "spiritual experiences" section of Christian Faith and Practice. Each hymn would be accompanied by at least one testimonial to its transformative or healing effect on the person(s) who submitted it.

This conclusion has taken me by surprise. Suddenly it was there. And no, I'm not happy with it, following this line would certainly exclude many of my own favorites! Still, here it is.

Such a collection might well be bizarre. It would certainly be richly diverse. Individuals as well as meetings would want to own it. Subsequent editions could only make it richer. It would be a real Friends hymnal, the product of experience, reflecting who we truly are. It might become a Quaker classic.

August 1988 FRIENDS JOURNAL
A PASSAGE

by Donald C. Johnson

Flying my old 1946 cloth-winged, silver taildragger represented a rite of passage to manhood. The old Cessna never did fly, it defied gravity. I spent many nerve-wracking hours practicing to become a better pilot, yet I was always grateful when the aging machine delivered me safely back to earth. Piloting the old bird was a way of cheating death.

Flying the old plane was more than learning a new skill—it was a way of displaying accomplishment, achieving a new milestone, being successful in a new endeavor. It was exciting to learn about cumulonimbus, the terror of thunderstorms, and the tremendous damage that hail could do to an airplane. I enjoyed draining the oil from the old taildragger and wiping bugs off the windshield while wearing my fur-collared, polyester flight jacket.

One day my neighbor’s sickly, 13-year-old daughter intruded into my scary world of flying when she asked to go riding in the old silver Cessna. Cheryl had a small, wispy body, sparkling brown eyes, and endless enthusiasm for trying a new venture. Her lips were blue from poor blood circulation due to a congenital heart defect, and most of her young life had been spent in hospitals. My privacy had been invaded by this frail teenager, yet I felt obligated to honor her request.

On a Saturday morning, Cheryl enthusiastically accepted my overdue invitation to go flying in the silver airplane. It was a little too windy that morning for an inexperienced pilot. She eagerly strapped on her seatbelt as I explained how airplanes flew. It would be bumpy because the sky was sunny and convection currents would rise off the plowed fields and drift over gravel pits and rivers. She said it would be okay and smiled at my concern for her comfort.

This underweight child clearly had no concept of the risk of flying the decrepit taildragger. There was something unnatural about the way the silver Cessna sputtered rather than purred over powerlines and treetops. The aging craft felt flimsy on crosswind takeoffs and landings, threatening to crash earthward like a fragile kite. I didn’t have the heart to tell Cheryl that the directional compass worked accurately only when the old bird was safely on the ground.

Cheryl and I took off unceremoniously, bouncing down the grass runway which was more like a cow pasture. It was a little frightening, as I had expected. My passenger wore a slight smile and a peaceful look of contentment on her face. Wanting to keep my mind off the many dangers of flying, I told her not to worry and to keep track of our location so we wouldn’t get lost. We flew low over flat fields, glided over treelined rivers, and circled like red-tailed hawks doing steep 360 degree turns over a small wooded area. We made diving runs over an old gravel pit and coasted onto the worn grass landing strip, making a bumpy landing.

I invited Cheryl flying the following week and for weeks thereafter during that summer. She loved to take the copilot’s controls and fly in large circles at 3,000 feet. She even insisted on cleaning the bugs off the windshield while I held a small ladder so she could reach the windows. Cheryl wouldn’t let me or anyone else make negative comments about the old silver taildragger. She loved the old Cessna with all its frailties and had absolute confidence in its integrity.

She told her mother she felt free, and for the first time in her short life had done something for herself. Cheryl identified her physical frailties with the imperfections and weaknesses of the older airplane and knew in her own heart both she and the silver Cessna could overcome any obstacle. She wanted to marry someone just like me when she grew up. I suspected she loved me for my kindness in letting her fly the airplane rather than for my bravery.

Cheryl’s cardiologist decided to put a shunt in her heart so she could live a reasonably normal life. Although amazed she was flying at low-oxygen altitudes, he reluctantly allowed her to continue so long as she didn’t faint.

Yet Cheryl died a few weeks later; she had not felt like attending school but didn’t want to miss a chance to be with her friends. Even modern technology held no solution for her severe handicap.

Her father said she wanted her body cremated since she wouldn’t be needing it when she went to heaven; she desired that her ashes be dropped from the silver Cessna over the river where she had soared free like a bird. We took the small square box of ashes up in the old Cessna and watched with incredible sadness as many beautiful memories dropped into the winding river below.

That was my last flight in the silver Cessna. There was no more reason to fly—nothing more to prove or accomplish. More importantly, nothing remained to share. Somehow there was no way I could ever defy gravity or cheat death again.
Rufus Jones
OUR CONTEMPORARY

by Arthur Rifkin

In 1903 Rufus Jones traveled to England to lecture at Woodbrooke, a Quaker study center. As the ship steamed toward England, his son Lowell died. Rufus Jones must have written the lectures and prepared them for publication at a low point of his life. Yet, the book, Social Law in the Spiritual World, became not only, in my judgment, his best, but his most optimistic. In it he made his strongest case for a loving, personal God.

Rufus Jones is esteemed today as perhaps the greatest American Friend of this century, but his ideas are not much discussed. He is remembered mainly for his personality and actions. Yet his ideas remain important, perhaps even more so now because the case for a personal, loving God seems harder to maintain these days than 84 years ago, even though intellectual and scientific thought has moved in Rufus Jones's direction, giving support to his seminal ideas.

Rufus Jones was a professional philosopher and brought to his spiritual ideas the rigor of philosophical analysis. His genius was to do this seemingly effortlessly, in beautiful, clear prose, so that the reader is led through complex ideas relatively painlessly. I shall attempt to summarize some main points of his book to indicate the direction and depth of his thought.

The foundation of his thinking is the intimate relationship between what we think and what is "out there": subjective versus objective. He points out that the two aspects are as close as the two sides of a board, and the attempt to understand reality by excluding one side, as many have done, is superficial. What does this mean? On one side of the board lies the question: how does a thing resemble a thought? First, it is necessary to know everything by the mediation of symbols. Red isn't out there. Electromagnetic waves of a certain wavelength, when they strike our retinas, are perceived as red. The machine that measures the wavelength doesn't see red. Our entire understanding of the language is based on the strange connection between symbol and event, as was demonstrated when Helen Keller's world opened up and she became fully human only when she understood that the water she felt being pumped over her hand had a name. Without names for experiences we would be subhuman animals.

Secondly, this naming is not some unimportant, idiosyncratic mental maneuver, perhaps developed as a useless by-product of the evolution of the brain, because such use of symbols works. Rufus Jones was here influenced by William James's pragmatism: If something is true it should have "cash value." It may seem too obvious to notice, but our habit of naming and using symbols is the basis for all culture and science. It truly works.

Thirdly, natural science since 1903 has shown how Rufus Jones was prescient. Physics then inhabited a tidy Newtonian world which seemed far removed from subjectivity. The physical world was conceived as unrelated to thought. Now we live in a different universe. Sometimes matter seems to be particles, other times, waves. We are no longer disturbed that physical reality is reduced to mathematical expressions whose purpose is to account for function and not to give us an understandable three-dimensional picture. We know further that our choice determines physical reality. There is an irreducible uncertainty, so that the velocity or position of a subatomic particle may be measured, but not both concomitantly. The details of contemporary physics are beyond the ken of us nonspecialists, but we all know that Newton's best, but his most optimistic. In it he made his strongest case for a loving, personal God.

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conscious is what we call something within us that we can never directly experience, but the existence of which we feel is a certainty. When the correct word pops into our consciousness, we instantly recognize it. The connection between the seen and the unseen is not arbitrary. In this analogy, the subconscious stands for the spiritual world.

Mysticism, then, for Rufus Jones, is the connection we make with the spiritual universe, a concept that loses its eeriness once we are familiar with the common and intimate connection between subjective and objective, and the way we are formed by the thoughts of others.

Goodness is what corresponds to the spiritual ideal of good. For Rufus Jones, goodness means being less self-centered and more concerned with helping and loving others. As the spiritual person dimly recognizes this truth, his or her thoughts and behavior are affected by it. The effect of the changes, if the person is in tune with spiritual reality, is to stimulate further conviction and insight into the validity of the ideals. Notice how this brings together Rufus Jones’s conceptions about the interrelatedness of thought and things, of the social dimension of reality, of the pragmatic test of truth, and of the mystical relationship of each person’s thought to the spiritual universe.

If we seek goodness, it is because we in some degree possess it. If we want it, it is part of us. We accept goodness as an ideal if our experience shows its validity. Is this so? Is goodness validated by experience? Rufus Jones says it is, most strongly by tragedy. Tragedy, he says, results, from our not analyzing adequately the consequences of our choices.

The young man wants exact scholarship and a character which men will trust; he does not foresee or only in a dim way, all the drudgery of daily lessons, the patient search for facts, the close narrow restraint of discipline which such an aim involves.

Notice the distinction between the successful and unsuccessful seeker is not the aim, but the careful devotion to the aim. This is experientially true. The embezzler knows embezzlement is wrong, but justifies it by projecting, inaccurately, consequences considered favorable and desirable. For Rufus Jones, what is really good leads to more good, by expanding our understanding and purposes toward the good, and toward less selfishness.

Rufus Jones’s conclusions are based on his mixture of pragmatism and idealism. To be aware of our limitations is to taste infinity. To conceive of, and to some extent to be devoted to, the goal of goodness is to feel the pull of infinite goodness. That completes his theological circle. All things are inseparable from thought, and the thought of infinite goodness implies the existence of an infinitely good personal being. Such a statement is certainly not an impervious logical proof of God. It is convincing only with an admixture of faith, a faith that puts these ideas to the test. Rufus Jones said:

All rational acts presuppose faith in goodness. We act each time to attain an end which before was ideal and existed only for faith. The moment it is attained it brings with it a new vision of a farther good beyond. To be a person means to act for ends which we believe are good, to live under the sway of an ideal. Now this kind of life is never for a moment possible without faith—first, of course, in the value of the immediate ideal. But more than that; it presupposes faith in a whole of goodness.

This is like the faith of the scientist, who can only pursue scientific research, if he or she has faith in a rational, understandable universe. Once this faith is applied, the cosmos answers. Ours is a universe which responds to rational understanding.

If we have faith in goodness, the cosmos also answers, because goodness breeds goodness. If so, it is the expression of the character of ultimate reality, or God.

Finally, the qualities of rationality and goodness have no meaning except as part of personality, so God is the infinite magnification of what we call personhood.

I hope this cursory summary of Rufus Jones’s Social Law in the Spiritual World will lead to greater attention to his ideas. For myself, they are a trustworthy guide for bringing religious insights to what we know of physical and mental reality. But ideas are not experiences, and religion is not philosophy. No intellectual argument brings us to God without something extra. This something extra is the difference between understanding and devotion. We, like Job, see God only when we strain to see. No one knew this better than Rufus Jones.
Living in service, Chris and Clare Rolfe died in that service in mid-May when an explosion ripped apart the hotel in which they were staying in Sudan. Their children, Tommy, 3, and Louise, 1, died with them in the blast. The Rolifes were in Sudan awaiting an assignment to work with drought victims for Ockenden Venture. They were Quakers from the London area and were known among Friends for their earlier work with refugees for Quaker Peace and Service in Somalia and for the American Friends Service Committee.

The blast took the lives of three other people and wounded 21, according to a report by the Associated Press. Three men carrying Lebanese passports and submachine guns were arrested after the attack. At the time of this writing, there was no further word about the suspects or what prompted the attack.

Patricia Hunt, who was coordinator of the Africa programs in the International Division of the American Friends Service Committee when the Rolifes first went to Africa in 1982, remembers watching them grow in their work. In a note of personal reflection about the Rolifes, she says, “Their training and experience in community work in Britain was undergirded by a deep spiritual commitment to help troubled people improve their lives.” The Somalia camp to which they were assigned, Darye Macaane, was one of the largest of the 32 camps established by the United Nations High Commission for Refugees and the Somali government to care for the some-700,000 refugees who had fled Ethiopia.

Chris and Clare, when they got to the site, chose to live in the camp, rather than in a nearby town, as did other foreign staff members. This way they developed a sense of the people, the camp administration, and the local leaders; they began to learn the language, the values, and the customs of the Somali; and they identified individuals and groups who wanted to improve their conditions. Based on these observations, they started projects in chicken raising, vegetable gardening, tie-dyeing, and weaving. In a report prepared for Quaker Peace and Service, Chris told about trying to learn the ways of the people while at the same time needing to get things going. The AFSC emphasis on self-help and income-generating activities was different than the aid programs offered by other groups in the area, and the refugees and camp administrators weren’t necessarily ready to understand or accept it.

“It was . . . obvious that the commission staff expected we would give ‘things’ quickly, like the relief agencies had given food and medicine and such like. Later, the refugees also told us the same—gone were our hopes of joint discussions and planning. We were with 20,000 refugees all wanting something now,” Chris wrote.

One thing the refugees mentioned often was chickens, he noted. And he and Clare knew they could help improve gardening methods, after observing the small garden patches next to the refugees’ huts. Although the Rolifes had little experience in either area, they decided to plunge in and do what they could. In the process, they learned a great deal about what would and wouldn’t work in such a situation. At first, they asked community leaders to select people to participate in the gardening project, and the leaders chose their friends, many of whom just wanted the tools. When trying to make cooperative chicken-raising work, the Rolifes discovered that the Somali, a nomadic people, understood cooperation within the family but weren’t used to thinking on a community-wide scale. In short, when presented with a flock of 18 hens and two cockerels, the participating women split up the flock so that each woman had two chickens, instead of keeping the flock together.

The Rolifes decided to let the two projects come to a conclusion, rather than to keep handing out tools and chickens. “It was time for us to encourage more independence, rather than the dependency caused by getting everything free,” wrote Chris. They revamped the gardening project, screening applicants themselves and requiring the tools be returned. And they observed that the women who had chickens were taking good care of them and that their success could be used as a model for other refugees to copy.

They decided to add a new project—small business loans with advice made available. It was a revolutionary idea in the refugee camp to ask refugees to come up with proposals and then pay back the money. “We were the first agency . . . to plan on the basis that the refugees can do things for themselves, and they can be trusted with money, rather than assistance goods,” Chris wrote. Eighteen months later, only four had defaulted on their loans.

The process was one of learning for the Rolifes, and required a change in approach. “With one or two rare exceptions (tie dye/tailoring business being one), we found that cooperatives, particularly those encouraged by us, just did not work in a refugee/nomadic culture,” Chris wrote.

Patricia Hunt says that their project in Darye Macaane served as a model for other organizations in Somalia and elsewhere. They were later asked to lead seminars on establishing self-help groups among refugees and to share community development skills.

Part of their gift was their willingness to question long-held theories and challenge home organizations in adapting their work to help the people it was intended to help. They made a strong team, bound by their commitment and skill and ability to listen, Patricia says.

She was particularly touched by their continuing to live in refugee camps, even when their first baby was only three months old. When questioned about the risks involved in exposing him to difficulty and disease, Clare responded, “All the children live there. Why should our child be privileged?”

It was this approach to service—side-by-side with those they served—that Patricia sees as the mark of true humility. “They sought God’s guidance and demonstrated courage to work where they felt needed, no matter the risk. They died in the service of love.”
Ritual and Tradition
Examined at Conference

Values and risks in the use of ritual and tradition was the focus of a conference in Eldora, Iowa, sponsored by Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, in April. Larry and Joanne Spears led the group in sharing, suggesting that ceremonies and rituals can be ways for us to tell our faith story and express what we believe. They laid out a method for determining whether a particular ritual should be given the status of sacrament. Based on that definition, participants could see why Friends have chosen not to use physical sacraments and the need to be careful before calling anything a sacrament.

The 24-hour conference allowed participants to explore a variety of spiritual stories, going back to the formation of their meetings, to George Fox, Jesus Christ, Moses, and religious experience before the Bible. An individual's or a group's religious story should tell who the people are, what they have been given, and what they stand for. Some of the religious stories represented among participants included a growing recognition of "that of God in every person," Jesus as a friend, a search for guidance from God, and Jesus as a personal savior.

Celebrations enrich a family's or meeting's spiritual life by reminding members of their story. A ritual is an action repeated. Most celebrations include rituals, although actions may not be repeated precisely. A potluck meal, singing carols, and a play by Young Friends as part of a Christmas party might all be rituals. Some of the ways people tell their stories are by consistent daily living, through pictures, through families featured on a bulletin board, in a history of the meeting, with silence before meals, with songs, and with quilts.

Celebrations can be meaningless and even unpleasant if they are not adapted to people's needs, if little thought is given to the reason for celebration, or if participants are dragged along by conflicting expectations of the culture.

To avoid these pitfalls, the Spearses suggested this list of questions:

1. What is being celebrated? What do we want to focus on about this, this year?
2. What is the purpose of this celebration?
3. What do we want to have happen during this celebration? What does each member want to see, hear and feel?
4. What do we not want to happen during this celebration?
5. How important is it to resist or minimize aspects of cultural or religious heritage?
6. What are our limitations in being able to do this celebration?

These questions all lead up to the final question which is often the only one asked:

7. What can we do this year to celebrate?

The Spearses defined a sacrament as being a ritual required by authority which produces a desired effect for everyone to accomplish a purpose. Since Friends have been reluctant to say that any action produces a desired effect for everyone for any purpose, it is not surprising that Friends have avoided the use of physical sacraments. Also, most Friends see no Biblical or other sufficient authority saying that physical sacraments should be used. The Spearses encouraged the group to look at whether any ritual is useful as a guide, to educate, to support spiritual growth or for any other worthwhile purpose. If it is, they suggested that it be used as a ritual without giving it the status of a sacrament.

The group felt these were useful ideas offering exciting possibilities. This helped open an aspect of Quaker tradition which is often difficult to talk about because many feel the matter has already been decided.

Bruce Thron-Weber

SCYM Studies Ways To Build Community

Structuring a caring community was the focus of South Central Yearly Meeting, which met March 31-April 3 at United Methodist Camp overlooking Lake Texoma on the Texas-Oklahoma border.

Jan Hoffman, from New England Yearly Meeting, as keynote speaker, urged Friends to find the truth within themselves through worship, workshops, and worship-sharing groups, and to carry those activities into development of a caring community. In this light, the yearly meeting approaches the struggle of writing its own Faith and Practice based on its own experience. Further needs are to develop a procedures manual to ensure continuity and to make provisions for storage of records. Young Friends will be invited to participate in writing the Faith and Practice.

More evidence of community building was that Young Friends in SCYM organized their own yearly meeting, planning and carrying it out with great enthusiasm. At the same time, Friends share the pain of North Texas Quarterly Meeting and Baton Rouge Month-

ly Meeting as they struggle with declining memberships and extended geographical distances, and rejoice at Stillwater Preparative Meeting's request for monthly meeting status.

Traveling Friends from India and Canada, Mexico City and Central America blessed the gathering. Friends recognized the urgent need to encourage peace and justice in Central America and considered the concern brought by Central American Friends that a large Friends community be established there. The yearly meeting expressed support to Friends Worship Group of Managua, Nicaragua, and financial, moral, and spiritual support to Val Liveoak and Margaret Viers for their work in El Salvador.

Peter Clark brought news of work being done at Quakerland, a 10-acre retreat near Kerrville, Texas. Finish work still needs to be done and clerestory windows installed. Texas Quarterly Meeting has used the area twice.

Sharing our concerns and opening our hearts to one another have helped strengthen our love as we grow toward becoming a blessed community.

Martha Floro

Dichotomies Occupy Attention of SAYM

Ironies between our beliefs and our written words, challenges of living and working together, and discussion of patriarchal attitudes occupied those who attended Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting and Association on May 19-21 at Christmount Retreat, 40 miles northeast of Asheville, North Carolina.

The meeting approved changes in its Faith and Practices dealing with sexuality, equality, and simplicity. The controversy about the equality section surrounded the appropriateness of including a quotation by John Woolman which referred to "brethren." It was agreed to add "[and sisters]" to the quote. The section on simplicity was reduced to one page from its initial two-page proposal. The section on sexuality was finally approved after many years of revisions.

Nancy Whitt, as main speaker, described her nine months' study at the Women's Theological Center in Boston, where she spent her time among women of different nationalities, races, and economic backgrounds. Although confrontations among the women were sometimes painful, Nancy gained a new perspective on her own role as a privileged middle-class woman in a patriarchal culture. According to her, these ex-
The miracle was that 26 women lived and worked together for nine months and didn't give up.

The minute on patriarchy sparked controversy for the third consecutive year. Some Friends wanted more time for discussion and self-education in monthly meetings; others urged the yearly meeting to speak out immediately. Some felt there was inequality in expressing disapproval of patriarchy without indicating disapproval of matriarchy. After much prayerful discussion, the yearly meeting encouraged monthly meetings to consider the proposed minute by using queries prepared by the committee that drew up the proposed by the committee:

In order to reaffirm our basic faith as Friends in the worth of every person, we hold that Spirit is neither male nor female. We, therefore, acknowledge and believe that we as Quakers must identify, examine and eliminate patriarchal attitudes, language and behavior which may reside in ourselves. We will work in our homes, our monthly meeting and our communities to arrive at a new self-esteem and our communities to arrive at a new self-esteem.

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Christian Denominations Celebrate Pentecost

A celebration of Pentecost brought together Christians from denominations ranging from Quaker to pentecostal at a gathering sponsored by the National Council of Churches (NCC) in Arlington, Texas, in May. The idea for the gathering came from the German Kirchentag, or “day of the church,” when thousands of German Christians come together every other year. Pentecost is a celebration of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the disciples.

The theme, “No Longer Strangers,” reverberated throughout the gathering. That phrase comes from the second chapter of Ephesians where Paul meditates a dispute between Jewish and pagan converts to Christianity and states that Christ is the peace between people so that they are no longer strangers but are all part of God’s house.

Plenary sessions—church services—moved the gathering through the liturgical year. Arie Brouwer, general secretary of NCC, was keynote speaker, with additional presentations by Jim Wallis, editor of Sojourners magazine; Emilio Castro, general secretary of the World Council of Churches; Tony Campolo, of Eastern College: the Body and Soul and Dance company; and James Forbes, from Union Theological Seminary.

The program was fully ecumenical, with Sunday morning services, prayer options, forums, workshops, and explorations into different faiths and services. About 1,000 people attended, including about 20 Quakers. The two Quaker worship services and one exploration of Quaker prayer were well-attended, and Friends worship was singled out by speakers announcing opportunities to sample different forms of worship. A Methodist, Frances Lewis, was singled out by speakers announcing opportunities to sample different forms of worship. A Methodist, Frances Lewis, was quoted in the daily newspaper as saying, “the one (religious group) that interests me most here is the Quakers, I’ve never sat in on their worship before, and it was very enlightening. Quakers don’t particularly require a minister in worship, and I think this is great. Quaker lay people have a greater opportunity to take an active part in worship than in most other Protestant denominations.”

Quaker participants gathered to talk over common concerns and agreed that the Quaker presence was good and necessary at the conference, and that they would like to see it expanded at the 1992 gathering. They also met with Brethren and Mennonite participants to explore their role in peace-making, now that other churches have taken this up.

At the last meeting, everyone sang “Dona Nobis Pacem,” “For All the Saints,” and filed out singing the “Hallelujah Chorus,” feeling grateful for the gathering and the sense of unity with those of other Christian traditions.
News of Friends

To prevent chaos in taxpaying, a Canadian judge ruled against Jerilynn Prior, a Quaker whose story of war tax resistance appeared under Witness in FRIENDS JOURNAL in October 1987. Jerilynn, an assistant professor of medicine at the University of British Columbia, had refused to pay that portion of her income tax which would go toward military expenses. The judge presiding over her case said that ruling in her favor "would lead to chaos," presuming thousands of people would follow her example in other areas of taxation. She and her lawyers are now preparing to take the case to the Federal Court of Appeal. (From God and Caesar, April 1988, and The Peacemaker, June 10, 1988.)

Remembering God’s Time: Wanda Baker, a native Iowan now co-pastor of Allen’s Neck and Mattapoisett (Mass.) Meetings, relates a childhood memory and a parable. "When Iowa first tried Daylight Savings Time, other names were used for standard and daylight time by the farming community: God’s time and Fool’s time. I remember my father meeting some of his peers on the town square. ‘Afternoon, Howard. How do you like this new time?’ ‘Oh, it doesn’t bother me,’ said my dad, ‘but I just can’t seem to get it across to my cows.’ That whole first summer, it was a constant battle to see whether God’s time or Fool’s time would win out. In Luke 12:16-21, Jesus tells a parable about a man who had a great harvest. He decided to spend his time tearing down his small barns to raise larger ones. Then he would say to himself, ‘Soul, you have ample goods laid up for many years; take your ease, eat, drink, be merry.’ But God startles us by saying to him, ‘Fool! This night your soul is required of you; and the things you have prepared, whose will they be? It’s not always clear when God’s time changes to Fool’s time, but there is no question which one will win in the end."

Featured in an Iowa Public Television production were Margaret Stanley and Elizabeth Hughes, Friends Ambulance Unit volunteers in China in the late 1940s. The show, which aired in March, was entitled "Old Friends Return to China." Margaret and Elizabeth served with the international ambulance unit teams in the Shianxi province near the Soviet border, providing medical assistance to

Bulletin Board

- A new sign message for an ongoing peace vigil is sought by Fifteenth Street (N.Y.) Meeting. The vigil, which Fifteenth Street Friends call a “meeting for worship with a concern for peace,” is held each Saturday at Washington Square Arch in New York City. A professional sign maker is among the attenders. The ideal message would be brief, expressive of Friends’ beliefs, and endorsed by a group or organization. Have individuals or meetings such a peace proclamation to share? Send suggestions to Susan Wheelandon, 140 E. Seventh Street, #2D, New York, NY 10009.

- A counter-recruitment campaign is being waged by Friends at St. Louis (Mo.) Meeting in area high schools in response to heavy military recruitment. Friends distribute materials that give a more complete picture of the military experience and the implications of military service. They have referred a few young people and parents to counseling. There are about 60 schools in the area. St. Louis Friends need help in finding more information and sources, particularly information about alternative ways to serve one’s country, financial aid available to nonregistrants going to college, and ideas or similar experiences anyone might have to share. Replies may be sent to the Peace Committee, Friends Meeting, 2539 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill, MO 63144.

- Stalled in Congress, the U.S. Peace Tax Fund Bill (S. 1018, H.R. 2041) needs the approval of House Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski (D-III.) to be moved forward. The next stop for the bill would be the subcommittee on Select Revenue Measures. Dan Rostenkowski can be reached by writing him at the U.S. House of Representatives, Wash., DC 20515. (From the Peace Tax Fund Newsletter, Winter 1988.)

- Oak Grove-Coburn School in Maine announces it has established two memorial funds in honor of Rufus M. Jones, an alumnus and former headmaster (1889-1893) of the school. One fund provides scholarships...
thousands in the war-ravaged region. The
work created lasting goodwill: when the
return trip was arranged in 1987, Margaret
and Elizabeth, along with a filming crew,
were among the only foreigners granted
travel permits to the region since the teams
were there 40 years ago. "It was never
simple," Margaret recalled. "It would be
tuberculosis and venereal disease
and a gunshot
wound and intestinal parasites—just for one
patient. . . . Nearly everyone suffered from
malnutrition." Through the hardships, the
medical teams held onto the idea of
"giving
our lives and serving our principles," she
added.
"We didn't label people. I can't say,
'Now you're my enemy, now you're my
friend.' We helped those who needed us . . . ."

Earlham College will assist five Indiana
public school corporations develop programs
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**Resources**

- **Co-op America** has issued *Defining Social Investment*, a 28-page pamphlet of interest to those concerned about principled application of their savings. Available for $50 (10 or more, $25): 2100 M St. NW, Suite 310, Wash., DC 20006.

- **Resolving the Global Debt Crisis: Putting People First** is a pamphlet available for 50¢ from Interfaith Action for Economic Justice, 110 Maryland Ave. NE, Wash., DC 20002.

- **Star Wars: The Economic Fallout**, by Rosy Nimrody, is a research report issued in late 1987 by the Council for Economic Priorities, 30 Irving Place, N.Y., NY 10003.

- A free catalog on current dissertation research in religion, theology, and philosophy is available from *University Microfilms International*, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Includes a comprehensive section on the history of religions.

- The 1987 Quakers Uniting in Publications (QUIP) catalog lists publications in print from 30 Quaker-related publishing enterprises in seven countries. Write to Barbara Mays, QUIP Clerk, Friends United Press, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374.

- The October 1987 *Catalog of Quality, Low-Cost Peace Education Resources for Individuals and Organizations* is available from Wilmington College Peace Resource Center, Pyle Center, Box 1183, Wilmington, OH 45177.

- **Windows East and West**, a newsletter published by the Friend in the Orient Committee of Pacifist Yearly Meeting, is an unusual and excellent digest of Asian news for a Quaker audience. Send a mailing cost contribution to 8599 Roanoke Drive NE, Salem, OR 97305.

- Films and slide shows are available for rent from the Denver, Colorado, office of the American Friends Service Committee; topics include Latin America, Southern Africa, nuclear disarmament, nonviolence, and economic justice. A four-page catalog is available by writing to the office at 1660 Lafayette St., Denver, CO 80218.

- **Making War in Peace** is a 23-minute slide/tape program available free from the Menno­nite Central Committee, 21 S. 12th St., Box M, Akron, PA 17501. It tells of the people of northern Laos, who continue to suffer from the aftermath of the most intense U.S. bombing in history.

- A 16mm color film, *Close Up To Life: Friends Education Today*, was filmed on location at Quaker schools, and shows how Quaker principles apply in meeting for wor-

**Books**

- **Grieving: An Inward Journey**

  By Dorothy Samuel. North Star Press, St. Cloud, Minn., 1987. 95 pages. $7.95, plus $1.25 shipping and handling/paperback.

  This book is about survival techniques after the death of a close partner. It is a walk through the stages of grief. Seven years ago, Dorothy Samuel lost her husband of 39 years. How has it been for her, and what has she learned? She speaks of grief as that part of loss which nobody else can live through for us—the pain and the new feelings. She speaks of the loneliness, of missing him, and wanting him. Ultimately, she points out, we are all alone and must deal with our own pain. She raises the question so many of us have: "Where are you now?" and shares her feeling that her husband is still real to her when she needs him. She reminds us of the dangers of looking back to recapture the past. Digging too deep can bring back things we don't want to remember as well as the things we do.

  Those who have lost a spouse will find lines to mark which relate to their experience. Those who have not faced this experience will find useful suggestions to help them in supporting their friends. Her moving report of the death of her husband at home and the special family worship there when it happened can be added to the ideas and plans that Friends may be making now. She doesn't deny the pain but says it changes with time. To those who have known the author in her books on marriage, this will be an extension of her conversations. What happens after the marriage is over? Is it ever over?

  Phyllis Sanders

  Phyllis Sanders, widowed after 37 years, was married to Olcott Sanders, former editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL. A television reporter and commentator on issues about aging, she is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

- **Betraying the National Interest**


  Soon after her graduation from Earlham in the 1960s, Frances Moore Lappe attend-
ed the Martin Luther King, Jr. School for Social Change in Chester, Pennsylvania, where she worked with such noted Quaker activists as George Lakey and George Willoughby. George Lakey has recalled how Frances appeared somewhat odd to many of the students, being more concerned with food issues than with what were seen as the more pressing political concerns of the time.

Frances Lappe has since led us to realize that food is indeed a political issue. In the 17 years since publication of her bestseller, *Diet for a Small Planet*, she has expanded her analysis to take a critical look at notions of scarcity, distribution, and development. With her co-authors, Rachel Schurman and Kevin Danaher, she now presents a well-researched and persuasive critique of United States foreign aid programs in a highly-readable form, looking not only at the often negative impact on the countries the United States is trying to help, but at long-term national interests of our own country as well.

The authors challenge the dichotomy between those who lament the stinginess of United States foreign aid—traditionally the lowest per capita in the industrialized world—and those who complain the United States should put domestic priorities first. They argue “it is impossible to divide these interests.” Among the examples they give are loss of U.S. jobs to sweatshops overseas under U.S.-backed regimes that deny their workers the right to organize; the threat to U.S. lives from U.S. support of such governments; and, reduced foreign markets due to chronic poverty in the Third World.

Current foreign aid programs have neither helped alleviate poverty nor successfully maintained pro-U.S. governments. The authors note that, among the major recipients of U.S. aid, the number of people living in poverty has climbed as foreign aid has increased. Many of these governments have been overthrown by their own people.

The authors express particular concern that the militarized nature of U.S. foreign aid blocks efforts at social change in the Third World. The authors argue that “both they and we would gain from far-reaching change in many Third World countries, where resources are today so tightly held.”

The authors stress that development assistance is far more effective than military aid, especially since security assistance is more than three times the amount for development. Even most United States food aid, the authors argue, is currently used primarily for political reasons, not to aid those most malnourished.

Rather than desperately trying to put the lid on social change, which leads to the growth of hostile and often totalitarian
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Books continued

revolutionary movements, we should encourage peaceful change through reevaluation of foreign policy assumptions. In short, the authors ask that U.S. citizens "reconceive our national interest."
The authors offer a difficult challenge for those concerned with Third World poverty and underdevelopment. Working for structural change is not as comfortable as simply giving alms. Most importantly, they have demonstrated that there is no real contradiction between acting on moral imperatives of the conscience and pragmatic policy considerations of the real world.

Stephen Zunes

Stephen Zunes is a doctoral candidate in government at Cornell University and a fulltime instructor in politics at Ithaca College. He attends Ithaca (N.Y.) Meeting.

In Brief

Unified in Hope
Carol K. Birkland, Friendship Press, New York, 1987. 160 pages. $8.95/paperback. To present the personal side of the political conflict between Arabs and Jews. Carol Birkland, Middle East secretary of the Global Mission of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, interviewed 19 not quite ordinary people, ten Palestinians and nine Jews, living and working in Israel or the occupied territories. They are not ordinary because they have all (in one way or another) been working for peace and reconciliation. Yet all have known strong feelings of anger, frustration, or fear and had personal experiences with confrontation. The subjects include an actress, a school teacher, a politician, a lawyer, an army officer, a rabbi, and others whose personal lives alone make riveting stories, but together gives us most unusual pictures of a land in turmoil and longing for peace.

South Africa: Challenge and Hope
By the American Friends Service Committee, Lyle Tatrum, editor. Hill & Wang, Toronto, Canada. Revised edition, 1987. 225 pages. $7.95/paperback. Keeping up to date with South African apartheid is a nearly impossible task, but this 1987 revised edition of the 1981 report of the AFSC does an admirable job of clarifying, summarizing, and imprinting indelibly on the mind the most important factors of the situation. The policies of the Reagan administration, the divestment issue, other economic pressures, the role of the Soviet Union, the United Nations, religious organizations, etc., are all included. The book is a gold mine of facts about a continuing trouble spot.
Milestones

Births

Holleman—Annie Holleman, on June 11 to Martha Holleman and Warren Holleman. The parents attend Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting.

Palenski—John William Palenski, on December 1, 1987, to Ruth Jacob Palenski and Ronald Palenski. John's grandfather, Bertha Jacob, and his mother are members of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting.

Southwick—Elizabeth Marie Southwick, on November 16 to Mary Boyd Southwick and Kevin Southwick. The parents attend Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting.

Sturman—Dwain Sturman on December 29 to Ogga and Dorothy Sturman. The father is a member of Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting.

Wilkinson—Jessica Jones Wilkinson on December 7 to Mary Jones and Bob Wilkinson. The mother attends Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting.

Deaths

Engell—Barbara Allee Engell, 69, on March 13 in Stanford, N.Y. An active Friend, she filled many needs, including clerk of Bulls Head-Ossegawa (N.Y.) Meeting, the executive committee of New York American Friends Service Committee, and co-clerk of New York Yearly Meeting Nominating Committee. She held a master's degree in early childhood education from the University of Chicago and served for nine years on the Board of Education of Rhinebeck, N.Y., Central Schools. She is survived by her husband, Stephen L. Engell; and four children: Marjorie A. Van Hoy, Stephen W., Thomas N. N., Samuel J.; and five grandchildren.

Bacon—Edith Farquhar Bacon, 95, on June 8 at Friends Hall in West Chester, Pa. A graduate of Westtown School and Wilmington College, she taught school until her marriage to Francis R. Bacon, an architect and teacher. In 1921 they went to Germany for the American Friends Service Committee to help feed German children. When they returned to Cleveland, Ohio, they founded Cleveland Friends Meeting. She was also active in the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and the Fellowships of Reconciliation. They returned to the Philadelphia area in 1935 to Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting where she was a member until her death. She also served on the Family Relations Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and the boards of Friends Shelter for children and the Tricounty Fountain Center for recently discharged patients with emotional problems. She is survived by four children: S. Allen Bacon, Francis F. Bacon, Alice B. Long, Roger Bacon; a sister, Esther Farquhar Kamp; 11 grandchildren; and 11 great-grandchildren.

Boyer—Ralph Rice Boyer, 83, on November 11, 1987, in Sandy Spring, Md. An economist, he held executive positions with the United Nations, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Atomic Energy Commission. From 1945 to 1947 and with the Atomic Energy Commission from then until retirement. As a leader in Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.), he served as clerk of many committees and of the meeting itself. He was a founder of Friends House in Sandy Spring, Md., and served on the boards of Sidwell Friends School and Sandy Spring Friends School. He is survived by his wife, Alice Kitch Boyer; a son, James L. Boyer; a daughter, M. Christine Boyer; and two grandchildren.

Clark—Sheldon Deforest Clark, 75, on May 25 at Sandy Spring, Md. After a brief career in journalism, Sheldon Clark was admitted to the bar in 1944 and started a long and successful law career, much of it in public service. The demands of his career did not stifle his sense of social responsibility. While living in Cleveland, Ohio, he and his wife Lucy, a physician, worked for Planned Parenthood, fair housing, the American Friends Service Committee, Cleveland Friends Meeting, where he became clerk, and the American Civil Liberties Union, where he chaired the legal committee. During the turmoil of the '60s he defended draft resisters, and in the '80s he initiated legal challenges to U.S. government actions in connection with Nicaragua. For two years he left the practice of law to work with the AFSC out of Houston, Texas. Sheldon and Lucy Clark retired to Sandy Spring, Md., where he became clerk of the Peace Committee at Sandy Spring Meeting. He is survived by his wife, Lucy Swanton Clark; two sons, Sheldon H. Clark and Jared S. A. Clark; two brothers, Bronson P. Clark and Channing Clark; a sister, Nancy Perry; and three grandchildren.

Humphrey—Mervin Weeks Humphrey, 83, on March 8, 1987. He was a retired professor of forestry at Pennsylvania State University and a member of State College (Pa.) Meeting. He was preceded in death by his wife, Emma Meeks Kelly Humphrey. He is remembered by those who knew him for his courageous friendship, available to all and especially to visitors and new attenders; his steadfast concern for strengthening the institution of peace and world order; the deep and loving care he showed his wife during the last period of her life; his dedication to teaching and to protecting forest and environment; his influence upon his students; and his sense of humor. He is survived by three children, Phoebe Cottingham, Phyllis Brown, George Humphrey; and five grandchildren.

Ilsley—Edna Harriette Geer Ilsley, 58, on May 1 in an automobile accident near Burlington, Col. She held a bachelor's degree in physics from Vassar, a doctorate in nuclear physics from the University of Iowa, and was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. During her active life she was a member of monthly meetings in Eugene, Ore., La Jolla and Claremont, Cal., and Boulder, Col. At her death she was a member of Fort Collins (Colo.) Meeting, which she helped found. In the Fort Collins area she was also active in League of Women Voters, Poudre Valley Hospital, Amigos de las Americas, Northern Colorado Voter's Guild, Poudre Valley Credit Union, and played viola with the Loveland Chamber Orchestra. She and Norman Ilsley were married in 1956 and spent the next four years on an American Friends Service Committee American Indian program in southern California. For the past ten years she traveled with her family and worked with the Pakistani Medical Research Center in Pakistan, taught physics at the American University in Egypt and was active at the Central Agricultural Research Institute in Liberia. She was a professional accountant specializing in overseas income tax, and was on her way to Egypt in this work when her plane crashed. She is survived by her husband, Norman; two sons, John and Richard; a daughter, J. Allison James; two brothers, Lucen Geer and Hardison Geer; and a granddaughter.

Miles—Ross Clarkson Miles, 92, on April 11 in Lacey, Wash. His parents, Anna Cook Miles and Benjamin Clarkson Miles, both came from families who were Friends for generations. Ross attended Friends Academy and Pacific (now George Fox) College. During World War I, he went to France with the first American Friends Service Committee unit, where he drove ambulances in Paris and changed diapers at the foundling home in Lyon. Following this service, he completed college work at Williamette University. Ross managed the family's gravel plant until it was sold. He was known for his belief that a business deal is a good deal only if good for both parties. He was often able to work with people no one else could. At times this was taken advantage of; promises he made were broken by superiors, and he felt painfully responsible and betrayed. He shared an understanding, caring attitude with people of all walks of life. Ross and his family were active for many years in South Salem Friends Church and Oregon Yearly Meeting of the Evangelical branch of Friends. Then in the 1940s, unprogrammed Friends began meeting in Salem. As the number increased, a separate meeting was formed, and Ross and his wife Laura were among its founders. He maintained activity with both groups for a number of years and continued contacts with Northwest Yearly Meeting until his death. When Ross and Laura moved to Lacey, they became active in Olympia (Wash.) Meeting. He served as a representative to the Steering Committee of North Pacific Yearly Meeting and on its meeting's Ministry and Oversight Committee, at-
tending his last meeting just three weeks before his death. He always sought out new attenders to learn of their interests and dreams. Following his service in France, Ross continued to be active with AFSC for more than 60 years. He collected and packed thousands of pounds of material aids, helped establish offices in the Pacific Northwest, and gave long service to the Executive Committee. He served quietly in the background, not seeking recognition for himself, only for the work. Ross married Laura Bell in 1920. She continues to live in their home in Lacey. They have three sons and daughters-in-law: Ward and Alice, Frank and Pat, and Rodney and Eleanor; 12 grandchildren; and 15 great-grandchildren.

Smith—Lois Nyborg Smith, 59, on May 30 in Morrisville, Pa., she was the wife of the late Bertram J. Smith and a member of Falls (Pa.) Meeting where she served as a clerk, member of most major committees, and newsletter editor. Born in Brainerd, Minn., she received a bachelor of arts, cum laude, and a master’s in psychology from the University of Minnesota. For 15 years she was an instructional assistant at Bucks County (Pa.) Community College. She is survived by a son, Scott B.; her father, Carl Nyborg; a sister, Elaine Franz; a brother, Carl J.; and several nieces and nephews.

Udin—Freddy Udin, 81, on May 1, in Geneva, Switzerland. A member of Geneva Monthly Meeting, she contributed greatly to the life of the meeting through her music, her insights from Jewish and Muslim religious traditions, and her good sense. Known for her hospitality, she had many friends among fellow Friends and spent time in Geneva. She is survived by her husband, Sam; five children; and 12 grandchildren.

Way—Edith Williams Way, 95, on April 25. A graduate of Friends Central School and Swarthmore College, she married D. Herbert Way in Wilmington, Del., in 1918. In 1925 they moved to Woodstown, N.J., where they remained. She was a member of Woodstown (N.J.) Meeting, a 55-year member of the Woman’s Club of Woodstown, Gray Lady at the Salem County Memorial Hospital for 25 years, and a founder of the Woodstown Visiting Nurse Association and the Salem County Visiting Homemaker Service. She was a member of the Woodstown Board of Education, and, after meeting her husband, she became a volunteer teacher’s aide. During and after World War II, she and her husband sheltered two German refugee families and a refugee child. She is survived by a son, David; two daughters, Alice W. Waddington and Marjorie W. Berkovit; 11 grandchildren; and nine great-grandchildren.

Whiteley—Paul L. Whiteley, 84, on May 5, in Lancaster, Pa. He held a doctorate from the University of Chicago and for 30 years taught psychology at Franklin and Marshall College as well as seven other colleges both before and after retirement. He was one of the founders of Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting and remained active in the meeting until he died. In 1952 he was a delegate to the Triennial Friends World Conference in England. His dedication to peace activities started during World War II when he was jailed for a year for refusing military service. On release he spent a year in France in reconstruction with the American Friends Service Committee and remained active in many peace groups, especially the Fellowship of Reconciliation. His wife, Esther Risher Whiteley, died in 1982; he is survived by a son, James L. Whiteley; and one grandson.

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 Coppening, Box 703, Oskaloosa, IA 52577, or call (515) 673-9717.

3–6—Illinois Yearly Meeting at IYM Meetinghouse, McNabb, Ill. For information, contact Paul Buckley, R.R. #1, Dewey Ave., Mat­terson, IL 60443, 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) 292-8957.

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) 267-0151.

4–11—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.

5–11—Iowa 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 Thomas H. Jeavons, 17100 Quaker Lane, Sandy Spring, MD 20860, or call (301) 774-7663.

10–14—Iowa (Conservative) Yearly Meeting at Scaggswood 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 Barbara Hill, 6291 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) 839-2709.

12–14—Central Alabama Friends Conference at Friends Retreat Center, Wasilla, Alaska. For information, contact Jim Cheydleur, P.O. Box 81177, College AK 99708, or call (907) 749-5227.

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) 922-2652.

14–21—Ohio (Conservative) Yearly Meeting at Stillwater Meetinghouse, Barnesville, Ohio. For information, contact 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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**Educational Opportunities**

**Deepening the Roots: Religious Nonviolence Weekend Workshop with Richard Dass of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, September 16-17. Registration deadline August 31. In concert: Fred Small, September 24 at 8 p.m. Stories: The Voice of Peace, October 14-16 conference with Belden Lane, Arthur Waskow and others. Registration deadline September 28. Contact Beaver Conference Farm: (814) 225-0262.**

Consider a Costa Rican study tour, February 23-March 6, 1988. Write or telephone Roy, Joel & E. Sue Luck, 1810 Osceola Street, Jacksonville, FL 32204. (904) 368-6569.

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**Positions Vacant**

**Bucks Quarterly Meeting** invites applications from Friends for the position of Coordinator. This full-time position includes the administration of Quarterly Meeting Committees, organizing youth activities, planning a 3-day summer conference, producing the newsletter, and some clerical duties. The office is located on George School campus in Newtown, PA, near Philadelphia. Salary negotiable, starting at $16,000 depending on qualifications. Please send resume to Robin Meaker, P.O. Box 464, Milford, NJ 08848.

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Ann Arbor Friends Meeting is seeking applicants for a quarter-time staff position to join four other part-time staff at Quaker House, an office and activity center for the meeting. Responsibilities include contributing to the spiritual and social community of the meeting according to the interests and skills of the applicant. This staff position receives free housing in Quaker House in lieu of a stipend, starting position starts September 1988. Send letters of interest to Friends Center Committee, 1420 Hill Street, Ann Arbor, MI 48104; or phone Jim Sundberg, (313) 663-8173, for more information.

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Youth Minister: Plymouth Monthly Meeting (near Philadelphia) seeks a high school adult to work with young people, junior high and high school age. Three sessions per month, October '88-May '89. Paid Position. Write or call Becky Cranin, 1223 Forsythe Drive, Fort Washington, PA 19034. (215) 685-7671.

Religious Education Coordinator for Westfield Monthly Meeting. Cinnaminson, N. J. 26 hours per month at $8 per hour. Contact Ellen Miller, (609) 778-1369.

Friends Centre, Auckland, New Zealand. Quaker married couple (no children), sought as Resident Friends for minimum one year starting November 1988. Inquiries to Clerk, 115 Mt. Eden Road, Auckland 5.

Construction skills bank. Volunteers on weekends to donate or learn construction skills on Quaker projects—especially Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Youth Center. Send name, address, phone, skill interest to: J. Mark Robinson, RD #4, Tamaqua, PA 18252. (717) 367-5600.


Caretaker needed for Hidden Hill Friends Center, Fairbanks, Alaska. Cabin and utilities in exchange for 30 hours per week of coordination and maintenance for a small, residential facility community seven miles N.W. of Fairbanks, two miles W. of the University of Alaska. Ferocious winter, daunting social problems, beautiful wilderness. Excellent opportunity for involvement in Native American social, environmental, and feminist issues. Contact, H. P. C., 2632 Gold Hill Road, Fairbanks, Alaska 99709. (907) 479-7296.

Wanted: A Friendly Metalurgist who can help me turn a stainless steel sword into a garden hoe. Contact Gramp Syphers, (415) 462-4270.


“I want to serve others.” Year-long assignment in Quaker service [inner city, refugee, social services]. Inquire: Quaker Volunteer Program, 301 Quaker Hill Dr., Richmond, VA 23274. (304) 372-7073.

Dedicated couple needed to parent group home. Some foster care experience necessary. Medical benefits, beautiful climate. Write: New Family Vision, P.O. Box 656, Los Alamos, NM 87544, or phone (505) 686-1180.

Schools

The Meeting School, a challenge to create truly living and learning. A Quaker school that encourages individual growth through strong academics and an equally demanding emphasis on community cooperation. Students live in faculty homes, Art and fine programs. Closed registration, grades 9-12 and post grad, college prep. Founded in 1967. Ridge, NH 03461. (603) 899-3336.

Quaker School at Horgan, 318 Meetinghouse Rd., Horgan, PA 19044. (215) 747-2800. Teachers and parents seek to follow the promptings of the Spirit. Inquiries welcome! Write QuF, Box 201 RD 1, Landenberg, PA 19340.


Meetings

A partial listing of Friends meetings in the United States and abroad.

MEETING NOTICE RATES: $12 per line per year.

CANADA

EDMONTON—Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. Room 207, 9720 102 Ave. Phone: 493-5585.

OTTAWA—Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 9 1/2 Fourth Ave. (613) 232-9292.

TORONTO, ONTARIO—Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 60 Lottower Ave. (North from Bloor and Bedford).

COSTA RICA

MONTEVERDE—Phone 61-09-56 or 61-26-56.

SAN JOSE—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m. Phone 24-4376 or 53-61-68.

FRANCE

PARIS—Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Centre Quaker, rue de Vaugirard.

GUATEMALA

GUATEMALA—Bi-weekly. Call 7729-7798 evenings.

HONG KONG

HONG KONG—Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays, 11 a.m. The Library, St. John’s Cathedral, Garden Road, Hong Kong. Phone: 543-5123.

JORDAN

AMMAN—Bi-weekly, Thurs. eve. Call 307807.

MEXICO

MEXICO CITY—Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays, 11 a.m. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Matamoros 13, 06010, Mexico, 1, D.F. 705-0521.

NICARAGUA

MANAGUA—Unprogrammed Worship 10 a.m. on 1st Sunday of each month at Centro de las Amig@s, APTDO 3591 Managua, Nicaragua. 55-3018 or 56-5048.

SWITZERLAND

GENEVA—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., midweek meeting 12 to 6 p.m. Wednesday, 13 av. Marina, Quaker House, Petit-Saconnex.

UNITED STATES

Alabama

BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sunday. William Haydon, clerk, (313) 398-1756.

FAIRHOPE—Unprogrammed meeting 9 a.m. at Friends Meetinghouse, 127 W.1st St. on Fairhope Ave. Ext. Write: P.O. Box 319, Fairhope, AL 36533.

HUNTSVILLE AREA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Meeting in various homes. Call (205) 587-6257 for information.

Alaska

FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed, First Day, 10 a.m. Hidden Hill Friends Center, 2862 Gold Hill Rd. Phone: 473-3768 or 456-2487.

Arizona

FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school 11 a.m. 402 S. Beaver, 86002.

McNEAL—Cochise Friends Meeting at Friends Southwest Center, 7 1/2 miles south of Ellfrida. Worship 11 a.m. Phone: (602) 642-3729.

PHOENIX—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 1702 E. Glenn, 85016. Phone: (602) 983-1684.

TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First Day, 10 a.m., child care provided. Danforth Chapel, ASU campus, 85261. Phone: 984-3890.

August 1988 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Third Haven Meeting,
SOUTH 9:15 a.m. Clerk: Jean Sweitzer, (317) 882-2214.

Lake Forest—Worship 10:30 a.m. at meetinghouse.

McHenry County—Worship 10:30 a.m. (815) 385-8612.

McNab—Clear Creek Meeting. Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m., first-day school 10 a.m. Meetinghouse 2 miles south of, 1 mile east of, and 700 S. 12th St., Belmond, Phone: (617) 883-2214.

Oaktown—Worship 10:30 a.m. at Heptzhause, 949 North Blvd., Phone: 386-5150. First Day School. Childcare in Summer.

Purdue—Clerk: Thor Creek Meeting, 10:30 a.m. Sunday. (317) 747-1296.

Quincy—Friends Hill Meeting. Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Clerk: Paul Schobert, 223-3902 or 222-6704 for location.

Rockford—Meeting for worship, First, 10:30 a.m., Friends Square, 529 N. Avon, (815) 962-7373, 963-7448, or 984-0716.

Springfield—Meeting in Friends’ homes, unprogrammed 10 a.m. Clerk: Kirby Kirk, (217) 546-4190.

Urbana-Champaign—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. 714 W. Green St., Urbana. Phone: (217) 329-6533 or 344-5246.

Indiana

Bloomington—Meeting for worship 10:15 a.m. Mocres Pike at Smith Rd. Call Nona Wentworth, phone: 336-3003.

Columbia—Unprogrammed worship, Sundays at 10 a.m. Call (812) 372-7574 or (812) 342-3725.

Evansville—Meeting 11 a.m. Sundays at Patchwork Center, 100 Washington Ave.

Fort Wayne—Maple Grove Meeting, unprogrammed worship. Phone: Julia Dunn, (219) 489-3542, for time and place.

Hopewell—Unprogrammed worship 9:30 a.m., Sun School, 10:30 a.m., W. Richmond; baha 11:10, 70 U.S., 170; 160 West Wabash Ave., 1/2 mile, S. 1 mile, W. 478-4216.

Indianapolis—Lanthorn Friends Meeting, worship each 1st, first day of the month, 10 a.m., 7777 North Alton Ave. 876-6791.


Plainfield—Unprogrammed worship 8:30 a.m. meeting for study and discussion 10 a.m. Local meeting for worship 10:40 a.m. 106 S. East St. at the corner of U.S. 40 and East St. Thomas Newlin, clerk; Keith Kirk, Pastoral summer clerk.

Richmond—Clear Creek Meeting, Stouf Memorial Meetinghouse, Earlham College. Unprogrammed worship 9:15 a.m. 7102 Forest Ave., (317) 963-3389.


Valparaiso—Duneland Friends Meeting. Singing 10:15 a.m., unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m. First United Methodist Church, Wesley Hall, 103 N. Franklin St., 46383. Information: (219) 482-4107 or 486-9997.

Wesley College—Worship 10 a.m. the library in University Church.

Iowa

Ames—Worship 10 a.m. Ames Meetinghouse, 427 Hawthorn, (515) 293-1874 or (515) 292-1459.

Cedar Falls/Waterloo—Unprogrammed worship group, 10 a.m. Judson House, 2416 College St., Cedar Falls. Information, (219) 293-1495.

Des Moines—Meeting for worship 10 a.m., classes 11:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 4211 Grand Ave. Phone: 274-4851.

Iowa City—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. 311 N. Linn St. Call 351-2234 or Selma Conner, 356-2914.

West Des Moines—Unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m. discussion 9:45 a.m. except 2nd Sunday. 317 N. 6th St., (515) 643-5639.

Kansas

Lawrence—Crescent Friends Meeting, 1148 Oregon.

Manhattan—Unprogrammed. Baptist Campus Center, 1901 Anderson, Manhattan, KS 66502. School year: 10 August 1988 FRIEnDS Journal
MULLICA HILL—Main St. Sept.—May FDS 9:45, meeting for worship 11 a.m. Meeting only, June, July and Aug., 10 a.m.
NEW BRUNSWICK—Meeting and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Meeting only July and Aug., 9:30 a.m. 109 Nicol Ave. (201) 745-7194.
PLAINFIELD—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Watchung Ave. at E. Third St. 757-5736.
PRINCETON—Worship 9 and 11 a.m. First-day school 10:30 a.m. 2nd Day School Rd., Princeton Center. Phone: 609-284-7034.
QUAKERTOWN—Worship and First-day School 10 a.m. Box 602, Quakertown, 68688. (215) 782-0953.
RANCOCA—First-day school 10 a.m. meeting for worship 11:30 a.m.
RIDGEWOOD—Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 224 Highwood Ave.
SALEM—Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day school 9:45 a.m. 9 and July, 10 a.m. First-day school 10:30 a.m. 
SEAVILLE—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. (July/Aug, 10 a.m.) Main Shore Rd., Rte. 9, Seaville. (609) 624-1185.
SHREWSBURY—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Rts. 35 and Shycomb. Phone: (201) 741-4139.
SOMERSET/MORRIS COUNTIES—Somerset Hills Meeting, Community Club, E. Main St., Brookside. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sept.—May. (201) 343-2488 or 543-7747.
SUMMIT—Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. (July, Aug., 10 a.m.) 158 Southern Blvd., Chatham Township. Visitors welcome.
TRENTON—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. Hanover and Montgomery Sts. Visitors welcome.
TUCKERTON—Little Egg Harbor Meeting. Left side of Rte 9 traveling north. Worship 10:30 a.m.
WOODBRIDGE—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. meeting for worship 11:15 a.m. 140 North Broad St. Telephone (609) 854-5050, if no answer call 848-2002 or 845-1950.
WOODSTOWN—First-day school 9:45 a.m. worship 11 a.m. July and Aug, worship 10 a.m. N. Main St. Phone 768-1091.

New Mexico
ALBUQUERQUE—Meeting, First-day school 10:30 a.m. 1600 Old St. NW. N. Hwy. 10, Albuquerque. Phone: (505) 343-5742.
LAS CRUCES—Meeting, First-day school 10:30 a.m. Meeting only, Sept.—June. 2610 S. Solano. 522-672 or 526-4225.
SANTA FE—Meeting for worship, Sundays 9 and 11 a.m. Olivia Street Studio, Phone: 992-7241.
SILVER CITY AREA—Gila Friends Meeting, 10 a.m. Call 535-6687 or 536-9943 for location.
SOCORRO—Worship group, first, third, fifth Sundays 10 a.m. Call 635-0013 or 535-0277.

New York
ALBANY—Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 727 Madison Ave. Phone: 474-9078.
ALFRED—Meeting for worship 8:15 a.m. in The Parish House, West University St.
AMAWALK—Worship 10 a.m. Quaker Church Rd., N. of Rte. 22. Telephone: 876-5507.
AUBURN—Unprogrammed meeting 1 p.m. Seventh-day worship. By appointment only. Auburn Prison, 135 State St., Auburn NY 13206. may be addressed through Ruth Stewart, 48 Grant Ave., Auburn NY 13031. Phone: (315) 253-6549.
BROOKLYN—Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. (child care provided). Box 937, 925 2nd Ave. (212) 267-3610.
CHAPPAQUA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Rte. 120 Quaker Rd. (914) 737-3202.
CLINTON—Meeting, Sundays, 10 a.m. Kirkland Art Center, Onhwe-Park. Phone: 853-2243.
CORNWALL—Meeting for worship and Sunday school 10 a.m. 661 Main St. (914) 266-2020.
FREDONIA—Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. Call (716) 672-4427 or (716) 672-4518.
HAMILTON—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Chapel House, Colgate University. Phone: Joel Retkin, (315) 864-6202.
HURDSON—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. first and third Sundays. 343 Union St. (518) 661-7954, 666-8490, or 329-0401.
ITHACA—First-day school, nursery, adult discussion 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m. 1305 Franklin Ave. Phone: 250-2414. June—Sept. summer schedule.
LONG ISLAND (QUEENS, NASSAU, SUFFOLK COUNTIES)—Unprogrammed meetings for worship, 11 a.m. First-days, unless otherwise noted.

New Jersey
ATLANTIC CITY AREA—Atlantic City Meeting gathers at 11 a.m. Call (609) 927-6457 or 465-4894.
BARNEGAT—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. Left side of East Bay Ave., traveling east from Rte. 9.
BURGINTON—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Sep.—May. High St. near Broad.
CAPE MAY—Beach meeting mid-June through Sept., 6:45 a.m. beach, mid-July-Aug., 6:30 a.m.
CINNAMINSON—Westfield Friends Meeting, Rte. 130 at Riverton-Moorstown Rd. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m.
CROPWELL—Meeting for worship 10:45 a.m. Old Marion Pike, one mile west of marina.
CROSSWICKS—Meeting and First-day 10 a.m.
DOVER-RAOLDLLPH—Worship and First-school 11 a.m. Randolph Friends Meeting House, Quaker Church Rd. and Quaker Ave. between Center Grove Rd. and Millbrook Ave., Randolph. (201) 627-3867.
GREENWICH—2 miles west of Bridgeport. First-day school 9:30 a.m. meeting 11:15 a.m. (609) 451-4316.
HADDONFIELD—Worship 10 a.m.; First-day school follows, except summer. Baby sitting provided during both. Friends Ave. and Lake St. Phone: 429-5452 or 428-5779.
MANASQUAN—First-day school 10 a.m., meeting 11:15 a.m. Rte. 35 at Manasquan Circle.
MARTLLETO—Meeting and First-day school 10 a.m.
MEDFORD—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Union Street Meetinghouse. (609) 953-8914 for information.
MICKLETON—Worship 10 a.m., First-day school 11 a.m. Kings Highway, Mickleton. (856) 469-5359 or 423-6800.
MONTCLAIR—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. except July and Aug., 10 a.m. Park St. and Goodhurt Ave. Phone: (201) 746-0440. Visitors welcome.
MORELESSON—Friends School 8:45 a.m. Oct. through May, meeting for worship 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. Main St. at Chester Ave. Visitors welcome.
MOUNT HOLLY—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. High and Garden Sts. Visitors welcome.

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Rhode Island
Rhode Island State House
Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m.
First Day
Blythe Crossing
Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m.
First Day
Newport
Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m.
First Day
Narragansett
Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m.
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Warwick
Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m.
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