

November 1988

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

**FWCC Triennial
Meets
in Japan**

**Can Friends Be
Both
Christ-Centered
and Universalist-
Minded?**

**Children's Book
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Among Friends

Seeking Clearness

The photograph on page 3 will confirm that your editor did in fact attend the FWCC Triennial in Japan this August. The Japanese young people with whom I am pictured were among the enthusiastic, energetic group who were immensely helpful during our week together at International Christian University in Tokyo. Several of the students, for instance, met us at the Tokyo airport with signs and smiles as we made our weary way through baggage claim and immigration. During the week, others carried our luggage, sheltered us with umbrellas during rain showers, escorted us on tours, patiently directed us to post office or classrooms, or answered an endless stream of questions from their foreign visitors.

I shall long remember the warmth and generosity of our host community. Japanese Friends, relatively few in number, extended themselves in large ways. The local planning group did a superb job of preparation. Throughout the week volunteers handled each new challenge with grace and skill, always with patience and good humor.

I particularly enjoyed my visits to Friends meetings while I was in Japan. During the triennial week I joined a group of other Friends for a day-long visit to three monthly meetings in the Tokyo area—Shimoigusa, Toyama, and Tokyo meetings. At the conclusion of the triennial some of us traveled briefly to the north of Tokyo to visit meetings at Mito, Shimotsuma, and Tsuchiura. Friends in these small meetings are providing a variety of community services, including an impressive home for the elderly, a nursery school, and a kindergarten. Wherever we went, our hosts were wonderful. We were usually met with cool drinks, delicious food, and damp towels to mop the brow. And always there were gifts: a piece of pottery, a woven mat, some calligraphy, a bag of fresh pears.

Tsuchiura Meeting deserves particular mention. We arrived there on our tour bus after dark, several hours late. The meeting, I was told, is affiliated with the evangelical branch of Quakerism. Their minister, with 30 or so members of the meeting (including numerous children) greeted us. There was a brief opportunity for visiting followed by a short worship service—the singing of a hymn, a Bible reading, and some silent worship. We then were hustled back on the bus—joined by many from the meeting—and taken out to dinner at a local hotel. And what an occasion! Following a buffet dinner of delicious foods, we were treated to the performance of traditional drums and Shinto dancers. What transpired was a rich sharing of cultures and local traditions, and in the good manner of Friends.

In coming months readers may expect other articles about our world family. For now, I direct you to Bob Vogel's report on page 32 and Akayo Sekiya's article on page 27, one of the public peace lectures presented during the week. And may I share this final note on the lighter side: Friends who traveled to see Mount Fuji were disappointed not to get a clear glimpse of the familiar peak. It was shrouded in rain and clouds. While they waited, a Friend suggested that the group hold a meeting for clearness—a meeting, that is, to clear Fuji. And I understand that there was a partial lifting of the clouds.

Vinton Deming

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Cover photo, a view from Osaka Castle, Osaka, Japan, is by Vinton Deming.



Slipping the Hook

"Friendly Divorce" (*FJ* September) is an artful description of mixing manipulation with blessing to achieve one's own end, and at the same time, avoiding any chance of the poor unwilling fish from slipping off the hook.

Manuela Ramires
Lincolnshire, Ill.

Of Tails and Legs

On a single page in the August *FRIENDS JOURNAL* appears "A Fable," by Christopher H. Hodgkin. From the content and title I assume that this is an allegory, or moralistic tale about an issue alive among and peculiar to Friends of his yearly meeting; or, possibly a moral about any of several issues known among readers of *FJ*. Since I belong to the same yearly meeting and regularly attend the same annual sessions as the author, I believe his fable of equine legs and tails represents one live issue now under continual discussion within North Pacific Yearly Meeting.

I object to the appearance of this allegory without the benefit to readers of an explanation from either the author or editor, or from both. Without that courtesy the fable is meaningless to most readers. As a proud and long-time member of NPYM. I think there must be no issues under discussion and study which need protection from wider publicity or about which we need be ashamed before their resolution and general agreement.

I wish that with a later note the author would open himself and explain to readers the meaning of his moral tale including its legs and tails on which he wishes the meaning to stand.

Edward P. Thatcher
Eugene, Oreg.

"A Fable," by Christopher Hodgkin, transplanted Philadelphia Quaker, has set my brain to churning. It reminds me of a childhood chant, "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names can never hurt me." There seems in both a denial of the reality of emotional damage caused by names. This can be at least as painful as bruises to the body; in fact, in my experiences sometimes even more so. Aesop provides nicely clear morals such as "Don't be greedy," but what is one expected to distill from this herd of horses?

Equality doesn't have to eliminate differences. Rather it requires an end to

the assumption of superiority in the majority—or anywhere else.

Ruth W. Marsh
Houston, Tex.

Another horse fable:

There lived a group of horses who always trotted or walked, hind feet paired with front feet. Feet of the opposite type had always gone together, but the horses were not able to progress very fast at this pace.

But some folks discovered that if hind feet paired with hind feet and front feet paired with front feet, the whole horse was able to progress much faster. Using feet of the opposite type was later termed a gallop.

Sheila Smith
Corvallis, Oreg.

Mind vs. Light

I disagree with those Quakers who would have us become the unprogrammed branch of Unitarian-Universalism. Unitarian theology received its biggest boost from the early Hicksites, many of whom preached that the primary component of the Inner Light is the rational mind. Now this doctrine may appeal to many Quakers, but it does not testify to the Inner Light, nor was it the foundation of early Quakerism. The rational mind is important to the human condition, but what has it contributed to moral righteousness? Its most famous precept is that whatever is done between consenting adults is permissible. A recent example of this thinking in Quakerism is the support group for bisexuals at Friends General Conference annual gathering. Where do we draw the line, Friends? And given the tendency of the rational mind to justify almost any human desire, how can we rely on that as our Inner Light?

John Everhart
Berea, Ohio

Sodom's Sins

I enjoyed Marian Henriquez Neudel's "The Real Sin of Sodom" (*FJ* September). It seems worth mentioning that we need look no further than the Old Testament itself to come to the *midrashic* understanding that oppression and inhospitality were Sodom's primary sins.

The Old Testament mentions Sodom 18 times outside of Genesis, always as a paradigm of human evil and Divine judgment. The only passage that spells out Sodom's sins is found in Ezekiel: "Now this was the sin of your unconcerned: they did not help the poor and needy. They were haughty and did detestable things before me. Therefore I did away with them as you have seen." (Ezekiel 16:49-50)

When we grow "overfed and unconcerned," realizing that we have become Sodomites in the true biblical sense is sobering indeed.

John Brady
Cambridge, Mass.

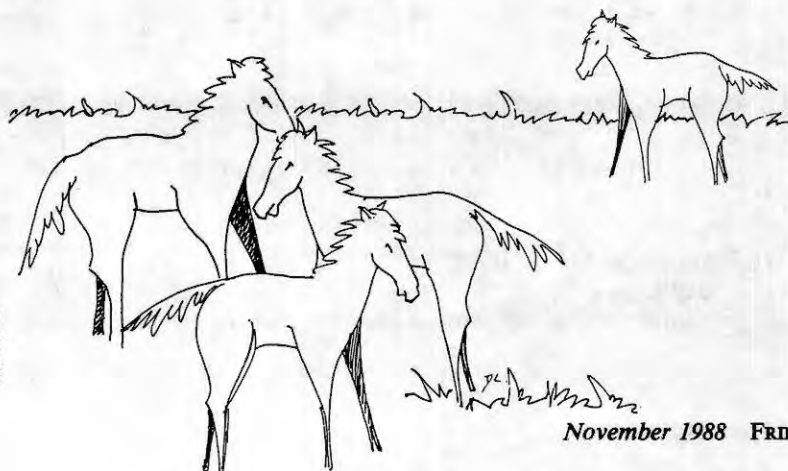
Regarding the real sin of Sodom: Another Talmudic scholar indicated it was one of *inhospitality* (see Matt. 10:14-15 and Luke 10:10-12).

Joe Stacy
Corrales, N.M.

Much to Be Done

Both of us wish to congratulate you and your staff for the September issue of the *Journal*.

The range of subject matter and the substance were both fine. Ditto the style. Keep up the good work—there is so much to be done to remind all of us of what it means to be a Friend in these times. Special emphasis, it seems to us, can always be placed on the spiritual



Viewpoint

Striking at Roots of Blindness

Peter Bien's "defense" of *The Last Temptation of Christ* (FJ October) strikes at the root of the major blindness and dogmatism of contemporary Quakerism. His scathing contempt for "fundamentalist" Christians' attempt to understand and interpret Jesus is far more bigoted and doctrinaire than theirs for such efforts at intellectual interpretation as the film. Furthermore, he uses the label "fundamentalist" as a perjorative catch-all for all Christians who do not share his own views. Among those objecting to this particular film are Christians of all churches and those whose search has led them outside all church structures. Many of them cannot be called fundamentalist by any meaningful definition of the term. But for the Biens of Quakerism, any who differ with them must be "fundamentalists" much as Sen. Joseph McCarthy once insisted any who differed with his understanding of democracy must be Communists. It is a sad day for Quakerism when we practice against others the name-calling and disdain for their attempts to understand and interpret religion of which we accuse them.

For me, this is a far more serious concern than my concern over the public showing of a film attempting to reduce the tortured soul-searching of Nikos Kazantzakis to Hollywood images. Nevertheless, let this most un-fundamentalist-Quaker-Christian attempt "reason or argument."

First, Bien sweepingly claims to know the motives of all the readers of the novel ("...widely admired in Europe, Greece, and the United States by people eager to deepen their religious commitment"). Now certainly some readers may have had that desire. Those who urged me to read it certainly did not. *All of them* classified themselves as thinkers who had gone beyond the old, blind, traditional religion and were delighted to find an intellectual

writer justifying their own casting out of the "narrow morality" of the churches (various) in which they grew up. The last thing they were looking for was a way to "deepen their religious commitment." If some did in the process find a "deeper religious" understanding to commit to, they were not among those who discussed the book with me.

Bien admits he has not even seen the movie. Neither have I—nor do I intend to. One thing I do know without seeing the movie, and one thing Bien should know, is that no movie can portray the inexpressible depths of soul searching in any of the really great novels of history. The atmosphere and the descriptive wording, the explanations, that lead a reader to experience the inner anguish behind characters' outer actions simply cannot be reduced to pictures. *Thoughts* cannot be reduced to pictures.

Certainly there were thought-provoking elements in Kazantzakis's novel. And it was possible, in reading, to recognize that the book grew from the inner turmoil of his own religious anguish. Even in reading, however, that recognition demanded a religiously literate reader. It demanded a reader who had also attempted to come to terms with the Jesus of the Gospels, the Jesus of the patriarchs, the Jesus of the church throughout the ages, and the Jesus of the scientific culture.

The movie, well advertised as a sex shocker, is hardly likely to draw primarily those "eager to deepen their religious commitment." And sex-liberal Friends who expect to "learn from" a Jesus who says "God lies between your legs" as he fornicates with Mary Magdalene may be less tolerant of a Jesus who tells a group of poor and sick who ask for healing, "Get away. You sicken me. You're selfish and full of hate. God won't help you." (Both quotes from the script received by the Salvation Army.)

I taught literature for years, and I know how easily a film portrayal becomes the character. Even with historical persons, viewers often feel they "know all about" the person after seeing a vivid film. Abraham Lincoln was a man with a difficult wife; Eleanor Roosevelt was a woman who grew up homely and unloved and married an unfaithful husband. And that is all they were!

We live in a religiously illiterate age. For hundreds of thousands of movie goers, Kazantzakis's Jesus will be Jesus for them. They will think they now know about Jesus. Does one have to be a fundamentalist to decry that outcome?

And finally let us all remember, Scorsese makes films for money. Movie theaters present films for money. Every year hundreds of beautiful and excellent award winning films are never shown in any commercial theater simply because they will not draw crowds and make money. Any presentation of Jesus filmed and distributed by the billion dollar industry must be produced and advertised to appeal to shock value. *Only* shock value will bring in enough customers to repay the millions invested in filming. Does Friends stewardship include supporting an iconoclasm cynically based on the recognition that, in today's world, iconoclasm *sells*?

More important, shall Friends ridicule and demean those who are hurt by a lack of respect and reverence for what they hold most dear? I do not remember Friends taking this attitude when Muslims protested the film rape of their sacred figure.

Dorothy T. Samuel

Dorothy T. Samuel is clerk of St. Cloud (Minn.) Meeting. She is the author of *Grieving: An Inward Journey and Safe Passage on City Streets as well as recent articles in FRIENDS JOURNAL.*

needs of young people and how being a Friend and acting as one can be compatible with their life-styles.

Channing and Comfort Richardson
New London, N.H.

The Subtle Shift

How I appreciated, after some excellent heavy reading, to come upon the truly spiritual writing of Judith

Straffin. Her article, "Impelled to Pray," occupies the perfect position in your September issue—in the middle. One needs refreshment at about page 15, and that page nourishes the soul.

A gifted writer has put into words an experience that crosses all boundaries. We need only to recognize, to be aware, that it is prayer. Whether the "subtle shift" occurs at the door of the meetinghouse or in a "velvet chair"—it can be unforgettable. It is not dramatic,

yet it is powerful—the gentle nudge or tug at you to be still and listen. It is how a message is sent during meeting for worship.

Does it happen more often if one practices the Presence?

Thanks, Judith Straffin.

Miriam Holloway
Sarasota, Fla.

THE MANY MEANINGS OF QUAKER MEETING FOR WORSHIP

by Leonard Kenworthy

Quaker meetings for worship can be — and often are — many-splendored experiences. They vary greatly from meeting to meeting and even within a given period of worship in the power of the silence and in the power of the spoken word. Sometimes they are uninspiring, but often they are unique, moving, remarkable, inspiring, enriching.

The variations are so many and so rapid that they frequently remind me of the old-fashioned kaleidoscopes which shifted their patterns with a twist of the wrist.

Reflecting on the many meanings of such periods of worship in expectant silence, I think of Quaker meeting as:

A Confessional

where I open up to the Divine my sins and shortcomings and try to figure out why they exist and what I can do to correct them.

A Spiritual Gymnasium

in which I wrestle with my well-being and that of others, striving to release new sources of energy for the hours, days, and weeks ahead.

A Philosopher's Study

in which I search for the meaning of life and my place on this planet, including my hopes and dreams and what I can do about them.

Leonard Kenworthy is the author of over 40 books on Quakerism, world affairs, and social studies teaching. He is a member of both Brooklyn (N.Y.) and Kendal (Pa.) meetings, and is on the FRIENDS JOURNAL Board of Managers.

A Nursery or Garden

in which I plant seeds and nurture them as they grow gradually over time.

An Architect's Studio

in which I plan my life—sometimes for long stretches of time; sometimes for shorter periods, like a month, a week, or a day.

A Mapping Station

where my fellow travelers and I plan our lifetime journeys—alone and together.

An Accountant's Office

where I tally my assets and liabilities—including my finances—striving to use these resources wisely for myself and the world.

A Vast Mural

in which I paint in vivid colors ever so many people, books, events, and movements for spiritual and social betterment, which have enhanced my life—giving thanks for these beneficial experiences.

An Historical Museum

where I view and review the high points in the history of Christianity and of other world religions, and of the Religious Society of Friends, expressing gratitude for the past and reflecting on my part in the present and future.

A Stained-Glass Window

in which each of us present is a tiny and unique part, bound together in our common search for meaningfulness through our shared silence and our shared messages—all intended to let the Light stream into our shared worship.

An Orchestra

with a wide variety of instruments, which produce beautiful music when they are properly tuned and expertly played, under the direction of the Great Conductor.

A Launching Pad

for social concerns, ranging from small local tasks to global movements; some being carried out alone, some in conjunction with others.

A Holy of Holies

in which we as worshipers push aside the curtain of our busy and often hectic lives and enter into a special place where we dialogue with the Divine and listen for words of forgiveness, words of encouragement, and words of wisdom from the great Source of Light and Love.

Such are some of my ways of describing our periods of individual and corporate worship in expectant silence under divine guidance. How would *you* describe your feelings about these demanding and difficult but highly rewarding times of Quaker worship? □

Welcoming Meeting

by Bonnie Hosie

Our small meeting had already gathered in silence when my family quietly took our seats in the circle. We were a few minutes late, but tender smiles from a couple of Friends made me feel welcome. In my

arms lay our 11-day-old son, Isaac.

This was his first appearance at meeting for worship, yet he had been very much with me through worship many Sunday mornings. My husband, John, held Jacob, 2, on his lap. Caleb, 6, sat on the other side of Isaac and me. I unwrapped the baby's blanket and unzipped the light blue bunting that both my older sons had worn, and I smiled at my youngest child. Isaac stretched and settled himself into the familiar comfort of our worshipful silence.

My heart began beating very fast. I felt short of breath. Shaking, I stood slowly and held Isaac out before me. I was powerfully moved as I began to speak:

"This is our new son and brother Joseph Isaac Rhodes-Lutheran. He was born at 12:04 A.M. on December 2. He feels very comfortable here in this circle. He has shared the quiet strength of this meeting with me for many months. The joy I felt then, beginning to know him, holding him inside of me, I hope you will share now as each of you holds him and with words or silence welcomes him into this community of Friends."

I passed my peaceful child into the arms of a Friend to my left. In the fullness of this moment, tears flowed down my face. Wonder and joy held all of us as we passed this new life from the cradling arms of an elder Friend into the wiggly embrace of a youngster.

Isaac was the first birthright member of the Las Cruces Monthly Meeting. Since then we have welcomed two children, born to attenders, around our circle. Last year on January 26, meeting passed my fourth son, five-day-old Thomas Evan Rhodes-Lutheran. It feels so natural and right to share God's greatest gift this way. I hope other Friends will soon know the joy of a welcoming meeting. □



Bonnie Hosie is a member of Las Cruces (N.M.) Meeting. This article is reprinted from Friends Bulletin, December 1987.

Can Friends Be Both Universalist-Minded and Christ-Centered?

by Barbara Olmsted

We cannot casually let go of our Christian heritage any more than we can give up our Universalist outlook. Both have been part of Quaker identity from the start.

In spite of our professed love of reconciliation, we Friends show a remarkably persistent tendency to divide ourselves and each other into opposing camps. Friends who once were split into Hicksite and Orthodox, Gurneyite and Wilburite came back together again during the 1940s, 1950s, and 1960s in New England, New York, Philadelphia, Canadian, and Baltimore yearly meetings. But now a widespread habit of thought is putting some Friends into a category called *Christ-centered* and others into a category called *Universalist*. Sometimes the labels are self-chosen and proudly worn. Sometimes they are applied to others with the implication that Universalists have no right to call themselves Friends, or that Christ-centered folks have wandered away from the Quaker fold into Protestant fundamentalism. It seems important in the midst of this current polarization to point out that 17th and 18th century Quakers combined Christian faith with a universalist outlook toward non-Christians. The habit of thinking that treats Universalism and Christ-centeredness as mutually exclusive categories makes it hard for Friends to reach a well-grounded "sense of the meeting" about who we are.

John Woolman (1720-1772) and Robert Barclay (1648-1690) provide good

evidence as to where our Quaker forebears stood. Present-day Friends who cherish Quaker universalism like to quote from John Woolman (quotations taken from *The Journal and Major Essays of John Woolman*, 1971, ed. by Phillips P. Moulton):

There is a principle which is pure, placed in the human mind, which in different places and ages hath had different names. It is, however, pure and proceeds from God. It is deep and inward, confined to no forms of religion nor excluded from any, where the heart stands in perfect sincerity.

Two passages from Woolman's *Journal* further show his respect for the validity of other people's pathways to God. From the first chapter:

I found no narrowness respecting sects and opinions, but believed that sincere, upright-hearted people in every Society who truly loved God were accepted of him.

And from the eighth chapter:

Love was the first motion, and then a concern arose to spend some time with the Indians, that I might feel and understand their life and the spirit they live in, if haply I might receive some instruction from them, or they be in any degree helped forward by my following the leadings of Truth amongst them.

At the same time, Woolman is very clear in his Christian identification of the spiritual pathway he is traveling in his own life. Innumerable passages from

Barbara Olmsted is a member of Campus Friends Meeting in Wilmington (Ohio). She is an active worker in both Wilmington and Ohio Valley yearly meetings.



The Presence in the Midst, a stained glass window in the sanctuary of Garden Grove Friends Church (Garden Grove, Calif.)

his *Journal* could be quoted to show Woolman as a devoted member of the "family of Christ Jesus in this world." This passage is from his essay, *A Plea for the Poor*, where he has been talking about the oppressiveness of inequality:

... that to labour for a perfect redemption from this spirit of oppression is the great business of the whole family of Christ Jesus in this world.

It was in Robert Barclay's *Apology* that I first encountered a clear spelling out of Quaker universalism. Growing up in a Presbyterian church, I had studied and regularly recited the Apostles' Creed, which includes the statement, "I believe in the holy catholic Church." For us young Presbyterians in communicants' class, who were very conscious of being Protestants rather than Catholics, this line required some explanation! As I remember it, we were told that "catholic" means "universal,"

and that the universal Church referred to in the Apostles' Creed is not any visible institution. What that line refers to, we were taught, is the invisible fellowship of those people everywhere, past and present, who have repented of their sins and made their profession of faith in Jesus Christ. Reading some of Barclay early in my adult Quaker journey, I was struck by his different and far more inclusive view of the universal Church.

In Barclay's definition, the universal Church includes "all, regardless of what nation, kindred, tongue or people they may be, who have become obedient to the holy light and testimony of God in their hearts." "There may be members of this catholic Church," he says, "not only among all the several sorts of Christians, but also among pagans, Turks, and Jews." In Barclay's view the Church universal clearly extends beyond the boundaries of Christendom to include all who have responded to "the inward

calling of God by his light in the heart." This is Quaker universalism as found in Proposition X of Barclay's *Apology*. (Note: all my Barclay quotations are from *Barclay's Apology in Modern English*, 1967, ed. by Dean Freiday.)

After talking about the "Church catholic," Barclay turns to the subject of "particular churches of Christ" and their ministry.

... to be a member of a particular church of Christ, not only is this *inward work* indispensably necessary, but also profession of belief in Jesus Christ and in the holy truths delivered by his Spirit in the scriptures. And the testimony of the Spirit as recorded in the scriptures answers the testimony of the same Spirit in the heart, just as face answers face in a looking-glass. . . . The *outward profession* is necessary for membership in a *particular gathered church*, but not for membership in the Church catholic.

Barclay's distinction between the "Church catholic" with membership based on inward work alone, and the "particular gathered church" for which an outward profession of some sort is necessary should be a helpful analytical tool for us in the 20th century Religious Society of Friends, as we grope toward a renewed and unifying sense of who we are. As Barclay's heirs, we hold that Christians do not have a corner on salvation. Using Barclay's terminology may help us recognize, however, that the Religious Society of Friends is not and cannot hope to be by itself the Church universal.

Barclay's universalism is revealed also in his discussion of Propositions V and VI, where he says:

There is an evangelical and saving light and grace in everyone, and the love and mercy of God toward mankind were universal, both in the death of his beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the manifestation of the light in the heart.

Later in the same chapter is this passage:

When we speak of the seed or light we understand a spiritual, celestial, and invisible principle. . . . A measure of this divine and glorious principle exists as a seed in all men which by its nature draws, invites, and inclines the individual toward God.

. . . where the seed is received in the heart and allowed to bring forth its natural and proper effect, Christ is resurrected and takes shape as the new man which the scriptures so often speak of: Christ within, the hope of glory.

Though he refers to the Judeo-Christian scriptures and uses the name Christ for the new being taking shape within, Barclay is not talking only about Christians. He is talking about "all men"—that is, all people who receive God's seed in their hearts and allow it to bring forth its natural and proper effect. And the seed is "in all men." The Christ-centered label can be applied to Barclay's thought here, but the Universalist label fits equally well. This passage describes the inward work that qualifies a person, according to Barclay's thought, for membership in the Church universal. Barclay says that this same inward work is indispensably necessary, along with the outward profession, for members of a particular gathered church.

Somehow these twin emphases, the inward work of salvation and the outward profession of Christian faith, remained in balance for 17th and 18th century Friends. But during and after the Great Separation of 1827-1828, Friends became polarized between a Hicksite emphasis on the inward work and the authority of the Inner Light or Christ Within, and an Orthodox emphasis on creed-like outward professions of faith and the authority of the Bible. Each of the separated bodies continued to think of themselves as Christians and as legitimate heirs of the early Quakers, though they were not always willing to acknowledge each other as such. In the present-day polarity between Uni-

versalist and Christ-centered camps, I see another failure to maintain the balance between inward and outward aspects of our Quaker faith.

I came into the Religious Society of Friends in the early 1940s by joining a *united* monthly meeting, one which had affiliated with both of the separated branches of New York Yearly Meeting. Before I knew the history of Quaker separations, I began worshiping with a mixed congregation of Hicksite and Orthodox. I began regularly attending the Glens Falls Quarterly Meeting of the Orthodox and the Quaker Street Half-Yearly Meeting of the Hicksites, both of which continued their separate existence for a time after the yearly meetings had reunited. Moving to Ohio 20 years ago, I became a member of one of the earliest united meetings in midwestern Quakerdom, belonging on one side to a yearly meeting affiliated with Friends United Meeting and largely pastoral, and on the other side to a yearly meeting affiliated with Friends General Conference and unprogrammed. Involved for all these years with such a mixed lot of Friends, I have listened intently and sought out opportunities for study and dialogue, wanting to learn what unites the Quaker family and defines our religious identity.

It has seemed clear to me that the Religious Society of Friends belongs in "the family of Christ Jesus," to use John Woolman's expression, yet I have felt great uneasiness about pinning the Christ-centered label on myself or my meeting. First, to say that we are Christ-centered sounds like a claim about the spiritual condition we have achieved, like the claim of being "born again Christians." I am uneasy with that sort of claim. In addition, I find that the label leads into futile controversy over Christ-centeredness versus God-centeredness. And finally, I do not want to put myself in opposition to Quaker universalism. Thus it seems to me that Christ-centered is not a helpful term for characterizing our Quaker faith.

At the same time I believe we cannot casually let go of our Christian heritage, any more than we can give up our universalist outlook. Both have been part of Quaker identity from the start, and we must partake of both in order to be authentically Quaker in our own time. My own experience among diverse bodies of Friends leads to a growing conviction that we 20th century Friends can unite in a faith that is both universalist-minded and authentically Christian. □

Experier

by George Amoss, Jr.

As I'm often told by non-Quakers, Friends are not noted for what we believe, but for what we are, as reflected in our lives. And we define ourselves not by creeds or belief systems, but by our life in the Light. Why then do many of us today—in our Christocentrism, universalism, agnosticism, even atheism—tend to impose forms of belief on ourselves and others? In all of our discussion and argumentation about what we do, don't, or should believe, are we missing the one essential element of the Quaker experience?

When George Fox found that "There is one, even Jesus Christ, that can speak to thy condition," what he discovered was not a particularly compelling belief or mental image, but a living power within himself which was the source of new life. And in speaking to others about this experience, although he used the language and thought-forms of his (pre-critical) time and culture, Fox neither proposed new doctrines nor revived old. On the contrary, he urged his hearers to go beyond all concepts and be transformed in the Light. "They fed upon words," he wrote, "and fed one another with words; but they trampled upon the life; trampled underfoot the blood of the Son of God, which blood was my life, and lived in their airy notions, talking of Him." As Fox saw in his first great opening, true belief consists not in assent to propositions, but in being "born of God, and passed from death to life."

Shining through the time-conditioned forms of expression of the early Friends was the experience of transformation, of losing one's self into a new identity, of living from that same spiritual center which they saw fully manifest in the life and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. That ongoing experience was all in all, and its power and immediacy broke through the limits of creeds, doctrines, images, and even scriptures. Thus Francis Howgill

An attender of Homewood Meeting in Baltimore (Md.), George Amoss, Jr., serves on the meeting's Peace and Social Order Committee and Stewardship and Finance Committee.

ce and Belief

could write, "We met together in the unity of the Spirit, and of the bond of peace, treading down under our feet all reasoning about religion." Are we Friends today bringing back that reasoning, perhaps in new and more subtle forms? Have we lost hope of the experience of genuine transformation from within, thinking it integrally bound up with particular beliefs? If so, isn't it insincere of us to carry on, as Quakers, in the name of our "deluded" ancestors? And if not, shouldn't we be seeking and nurturing that image-shattering experience rather than concentrating on those things which, in pointing to it, may actually divert us from it?

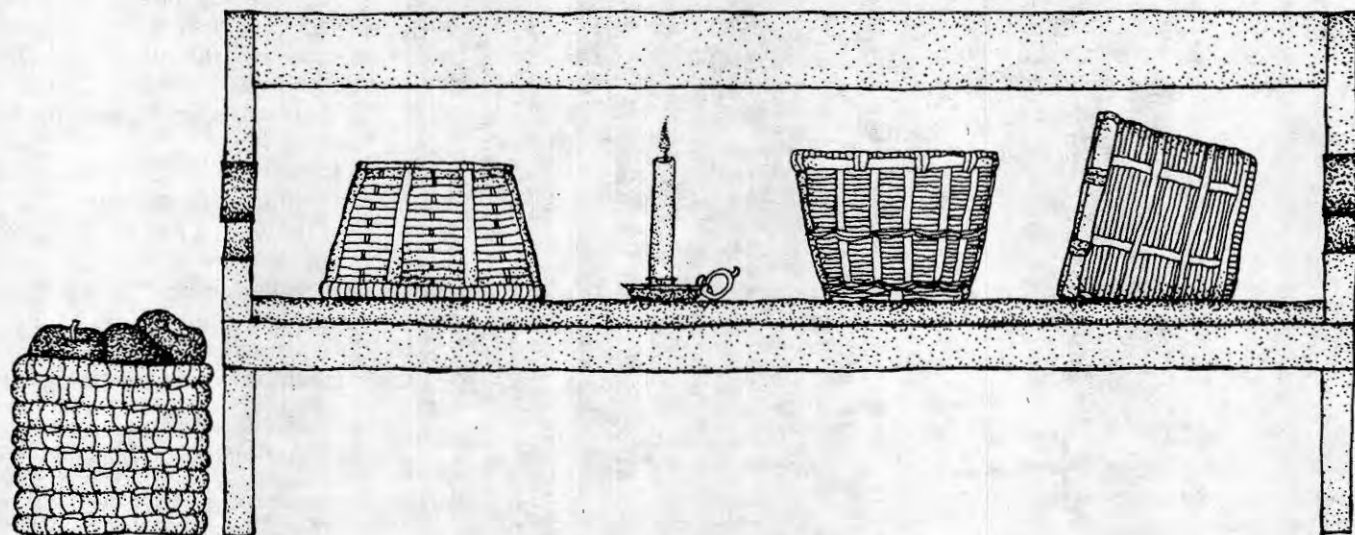
Perhaps we need to realize that, despite the volumes written about it, the spiritual transformation experience itself is fundamentally devoid of content. It is not an experience of anything, but a transformation of our way of experiencing everything. It is a shift in the location of our personal center, a shift from isolation to relatedness, from selfishness to love. Certainly human experience is always interpreted, but interpretation should not precede experience. We need accept no conceptual or symbolic system in order to be transformed; in fact, it is often our acceptance of such systems that prevents our transformation. We need only be open to the light and life that are already ours, the reality of which transcends interpretation.

In the Gospel of Matthew, Jesus tells us that we *are* the light of the world. He asks us not to cover ourselves with baskets, but to let our light shine. Do we see our task as Quakers as a letting go of our baskets, a getting free of agendas, opinions, beliefs, defenses, self-images, and all else that obscures our light and separates us from others? Or are we actually seeking to put on the most beautiful and tightly-woven "Quakerly" baskets we can find? For example, we take care to place no images in our buildings. But is this a statement of doctrine, or a sincere expression

Rather than make the Light an object of belief, we can allow it to show us the emptiness of all beliefs, images, and interpretations. We can cease trying to possess the light and learn simply to walk in it.

of our inward condition? Are our minds and hearts as empty of images as are our meetinghouses? Have we realized that to internalize images is to make "within" become "without," in both meanings of the word? Do we entrust ourselves not to doctrines about the Light but to the dynamic, unpredictable moment-to-moment guidance of the Light itself shining forth from the center of our being?

The objectification of the Quaker way of life—making it into a system of right conduct and belief—has always been a danger for Friends. In the past, it has led to quietism and schism. Today, it leads to activism and alienation. But Friends have overcome this tendency before, and we can do it again. Rather than make the Light an object of belief we can allow it to show us the emptiness of all beliefs, images, and interpretations. We can give up the false security of "airy notions" in order to discover and nurture the spirit of love in our hearts, so that, in Barclay's words, "Christ comes to be formed and brought forth" in us. We can cease trying to possess the Light and learn simply to walk in it. As the great contemplative traditions of the world know, to set foot on the path is to arrive at the destination. We Friends trust that the Inner Light is sufficient to guide us on the path. But if we insist on obscuring the Light with images, how will we see to take that first step? □



Courtesy of the Quaker Studies Program/
Philadelphia Yearly Meeting

Penn Charter's Traveling Minstrels

by Alfred K. LaMotte

Rob Marks performs his routine, "How I Learned to Juggle."

Page 13: The author receives juggling instruction from Rob Marks.



Photos courtesy of William Penn Charter School

Troy looks sad. A sad black seventh grader. I bend over to hear him. "Can I join the club? I got bean bags but I don't know how to juggle."

"Neither do I," I reply. "But maybe one of the other guys can teach us." Not an encouraging response from the faculty advisor to the juggling club at your school. After I watch him drop the bean bags a few times, I gently suggest that maybe *learning* to juggle could be part of his act. "Drop the bag. Pick it up and try again. Say something to your audience about that." Troy's mouth tilts into the rough sketch of a smile. About as much feeling as you ever get out of this myopic kid.

Two weeks later Troy is standing in front of 60 mental patients at Friends Hospital, their invisible smiles buried deeper in stone than his. Yet somehow his dead-pan expression couldn't look better on Jack Benny. It works. He drops his bean bags, picks them up, drops them. He looks depressed. Depressed people, their gaze focussed nowhere, begin to look at him, to like him. Some laugh. Then, for a brief moment, Troy gets all three bags in the air. They clap. On the bus ride home, Troy is laughing. But he's still a lousy juggler.

It was harder for Jamie, the sixth-grade mime. In his white tights his body seems made out of toothpicks. While a tenth grader plays *Moonlight Sonata*, Jamie plants and picks imaginary flowers. He strokes their petals, smelling their fragrance, offering to the people one by one the delicate, deftly mimed white blossoms that do not exist, yet come to be in the frail intensity of mutual imagination—when a woman's scream shatters the moment. She gapes at the little boy, closing her hands over her ears as if her own tormented screams are coming from his mouth. Then she runs toward the exit and is seized, tackled, by staff workers who look more scared than we are.

Jamie turns toward me, his eyes seeking reprieve, silently pleading, "What do I do when I am on the edge of humanity, where communication ceases and madness begins? When I expect applause and they scream at me? What does the script say next?"

He thinks I have a script, but there is

Alfred K. LaMotte, an attendee at Green Street (Pa.) Meeting, teaches Quakerism at William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia. His article appeared in Penn Charter News, Summer 1987.

no script. I only improvise. That is why I am a clown. So I stretch my red cheeks into an enormous grease paint grin. Under the make-up my skin sweats. But the grin holds. It is real. That is how I face the absurd and broken-hearted world. I cannot explain this art of clowning. I can only do it. I grin. Jamie takes my grin and dances with it, whirls and picks a flower for the insane. The woman at the exit grows quiet. *Moonlight Sonata*. Good old Beethoven.

Our next performance is easier: The Awbury School for Special Children in Germantown, a one-room school house crowded with mentally retarded and emotionally disturbed boys and girls. The Minstrels cringe against the wall, staring out at all the hooting, stammering faces. The Minstrels look up to me, assuming that I've been in situations like this before, which I haven't. I am dressed in my blue-sequined 1959 Mummer's outfit, which I bought in a junk shop at the Jersey shore. My face is your basic Ronald McDonald, with a wild, red afro on top. Kids are clinging to my legs, pulling my wig off. "Let's go!" I hiss to the boys. "Juggle! I told you that we are ON the moment we arrive!" In other words, I am asking for help. Terrified, they turn their backs to the audience and juggle to themselves. But how can I blame them? When I was 14, I felt awkward in front of my own parents. No one ever made me stand in front of 30 retarded people and act funny.

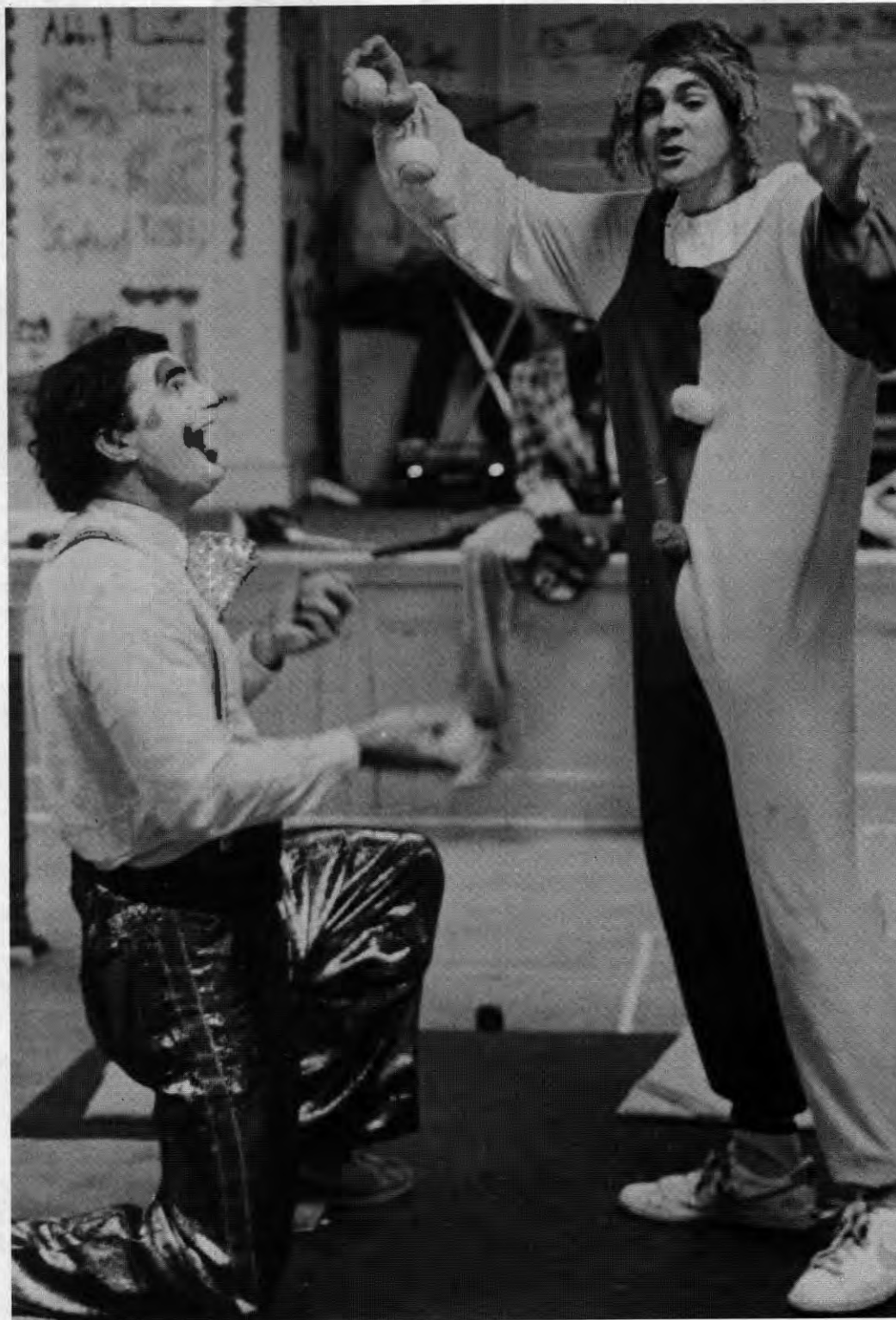
Then a tiny miracle: Rob wades into the crowd hugging the kids, teaching them to throw and catch. He is spouting one-liners out of some unconscious, hysterical Marx Brothers classic that apparently runs through his head night and day without ever being shown in public—until now. It is one of those little births that gets no certificate. Rob the geek, the intellectual, the klutz who plays no sport. Somehow he learned minimal juggling and joined us, a loan from the chess club.

Soon Bill is out there working the crowd too. Bill the precocious teen lover, whose machismo disguises the tenderest of hearts. These retarded kids are more like him than he ever imagined. In their gestures he recognizes his own need for tenderness. He is a white-face mime: mimes a wall and can't break through; mimes a box and can't bust out. The box of your own concealed heart, Bill? The culture-box of your rich parents and your preppy peers? Your own handicaps, Bill? No, I'll never

preach like this to you. You must discover it yourself in the moment of mime. Now he breaks out of the box, spreads his arms, greets the kids like a long-lost relative, hugging. I am amazed how much hugging there is in this day, an unnerving but delightful experience for our students, some of whom are not even hugged by their mothers.

Nicky is doing his magic show. In

class, he can't concentrate and is often in trouble. But as a magician he is careful and pays attention to others. Now he calls for a volunteer. A girl comes forward, partly crippled, drooling. I am wondering if these people will even understand his tricks. Yet they are an easy audience because they'll laugh at anything: a flubbed line or a dropped ball becomes a celebration. Is that normal?



It takes a lot more to entertain us normal folk. Hence we spend most of our lives unhappy.

Nicky asks her to rip some paper to shreds, which she does with gusto. When she hands it back to him he blows on it, and when he unfolds the crumpled paper, it is a beautiful hat. He places it on the girl's head, hers to keep. I've watched him do this trick for six years—he's a senior now—and it never occurred to me to ask him how it works. I guess I'd rather be fooled, like one of them.

The Travelling Minstrels are probably Penn Charter's worst organized club. We never rehearse. We just get together and shout at each other. But every player secretly and intensely practices on his own, though he would never admit it. Come showtime, we pile in a van and when we tumble out, things just come together. Like life.

The van pulls up at Childrens' Hospital. We drag out our props, electric piano, satchels of juggling equipment. More intense and quiet than usual, we walk down long, grim corridors and set up the show in what is called "the play room." As it turns out, not many of these patients play. Nurses wheel in the sick children, most of whom have bottles of intravenous food hanging over them, their arms and noses trailing tubes. The brutal thought occurs to me that these are truly "children of color," living on the fringe of life. I don't mean that they are black. I mean that their skin is gray, pale yellow, or faintly green. Their eyes are depthless springs of patience.

Like prisoners the Minstrels line up against a white wall. The room is silent. There is no escape.

I step out and speak. "Welcome to the Penn Charter Traveling Minstrel Show. We come from a Quaker school, and we believe that each of you has a spark of God's own Light inside your heart. So share your magic with us and we'll share our magic with you. If you forgive our mistakes, we'll forgive yours, for the one Light within us forgives all." (And should I add, "heals all"? I do.) You can't talk to advanced placement classes like this. But the little ones, the sick ones, the mentally handicapped ones—they know exactly what these words mean. The pure cornball Truth.

Billy and I perform the "Sculpture Mime." A lump of soft clay, he huddles on the floor. I sculpt him up into a



Photos courtesy of William Penn Charter School

Troy Nichols juggles scarves.

Page 15: Two day care students watch the traveling minstrels.

muscle-man. Then I turn him into Rodin's *Thinker*. I sculpt a frown on his face, then wipe it away, replacing it with a smile. I blow a breath upon his form and polish it up a bit, then turn away. As another Minstrel distracts me, the sculpture slowly comes to life behind my back, stiff legs bending into first steps, toddler steps. The music changes from classical to rock and Billy starts to break-dance. The kids shout at me, pointing to the sculpture, "He's alive! He's dancing!" I play dumb, still unaware that I have breathed life into my creation. When I finally turn around, Billy winks at me. We embrace and walk off, arm in arm. I don't think even the Minstrels realize how much biblical theology gets smuggled into these acts.

After a few juggling routines and a magic show, we wander off through the hospital, visiting rooms to give each bed-ridden child a private show. Troy has developed real talent now. I see him juggling a frisbee, a football, and a tennis racket for two kids in their beds. In another little room, Nicky is performing sleight-of-hand tricks for a girl and her parents. Billy has gone up to the dialysis lab to mime boxes around yellow and grey children hooked up to terrible machines by tubes that bubble with blood. What will he do when he gets to the part

where he opens the invisible box and helps the child climb out? These children don't climb out. Throw away another script. He will improvise. He will climb in with them.

The Minstrels have come a long way in three years! Is it confidence they've gained? Compassion? Or just chutzpah? They're on their own now in Childrens' Hospital—and so am I. I step into a cool, dark room where a pool of sunlight splashes on the floor between six empty beds. No, there is a little girl in one of the beds, vigilant and alone. Where are her parents? Where are the nurses? Am I her only visitor today? "Ah, how I will delight her! The perfect clown to cheer her up!" This is my ego talking. Into the pool of sunlight I step, radiant in my blue sequined suit. I begin my "Butterfly Mime"—one white-gloved hand flitting over my red hair, the other hand trying to catch it. As I grasp the white butterfly, I discover that I have killed it. It flutters to the floor. I cradle the dead white hand to my breast, weeping. Then a tremor; its wings pulse; it flies again! Gleefully I let it dance around my head. This time, I do not grasp. I let it be. It lands on my shoulder, a friend.

Only then do I look into the shadows at the girl in the sheets. My face turns

to ice behind the make-up. By the eyes of this child I am defeated; by the frail blue blossoms of an infinite sorrow. Those eyes speak more surely than words: "You can't fool me. I am dying."

I want to apologize. Then I want to run. Somewhere inside me I can taste her sorrow. The grim silence gets thicker. What will I do? For some men it is the battlefield, for some it is the high stakes of global politics. For me, the test comes here, the ancient confrontation between nothingness and joy, here in this hospital room, where a clown meets a dying girl. Then something happens, outrageous and immeasurable. It begins as a soft current rising from the heart, flows up through my throat like a Name with which I am about to name the world. It moves into my jaws and spreads the grease paint on my cheeks: a grin. The grin comes from somewhere deeper than sadness, deeper than sin. It meets the girl's gaze and enters her, as she has entered me. The grin holds. It is real.

"Walk cheerfully over the earth answering that of God in everyone," wrote

George Fox. Quaker educators often address "that of God in everyone," but do they walk cheerfully over the earth? What is sometimes missing is the cheer, that inward radiance that flows out of the heart and through the eye, permitting us to see God everywhere. Our work in the Traveling Minstrels is founded in the faith that the ocean of light runs deeper than the ocean of darkness, and beneath the wasteland of this troubled world, there is a fountain of eternal joy.

It seems to me that people with a joyful heart make better peacemakers than people with a troubled conscience. In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus said, "Don't be anxious!" In John's Gospel he said, "I have come that your joy may be full!" Pretty subversive stuff. When you preach gloom, they call you a prophet and embrace you. When you preach joy, they call you a fool and crucify you. To be honest, I think it takes more guts to be happy than to be sad. These days, anyone can be miserable.

The Traveling Minstrels grew up fast, graduated, and disappeared. By his

senior year, Troy was doing weekend parties and fairs. Rob managed to list his ridiculous antics with an agent, working restaurants, college reunions, and bar mitzvahs. The last I heard, Rob was leading the Princeton marching band around stadiums during half-time. Frank, who played *Moonlight Sonata* and was so shy he couldn't even talk to his friends, spent his last spring term doing music therapy at the Awbury School with emotionally disturbed kids. Now majoring in communication, he wants to be a diplomat. Did the stunts they performed for Philadelphia's outcasts make any difference in their lives? Did being a minstrel have any educational value? (God knows, visiting the sick, the shut-ins, the mentally ill, I got them out of enough classes to give most school heads gray hair. But that's the risk of a Quaker education.)

I have a fantasy. I see a Traveling Minstrel twenty years from now, sitting at an enormous desk in a high-rise office building, gazing over piles of law briefs or financial reports, rows of neat black numbers on endless sheets of white; and further off, through the tinted glass windows, rows of other identical office buildings, down at whose foundations move hosts of tiny black dots which might have once been regarded as people.

And from that dim risky place of daydreams at the back of the man's head, a memory floats up, offering itself to his better judgment. Will he choose to entertain it, to dream back over it?—the memory of children's upturned faces full of wonderful confusion, the sound of laughter, the dizzy arc and fall of bean bags in the air. And should he choose to take the risk of dreaming, there will come with this memory a thought: "By God, I had almost forgotten! What I have searched for ever since, there for a moment I possessed! There for a moment I touched the Heart." The man will stand up, walk to the window, look down. The moving dots will be people again.

As for me, I am a clown for good. And if I ever cease to be a clown, I will get out of teaching. When I take my worries too seriously; when I take the world too seriously; when I sense, as a Psalmist did, that our days are like the grass, for we flourish like a flower of the field and then it is no more—I just throw on some grease paint, my blue-sequined Mummer's suit, and grin. The grin holds. It is real. □



The Simplicity Paradox

by Julie Stifelman

Among Western lifestyles there is an undercurrent of back-to-basics to which many a searching person can relate. The simplicity of modern Amish and Mennonite people touches many bowstrings of discontent among the outside folk; the very motto of the Shaker lifestyle, "Hands to work, hearts to God," is entwined in Quaker tradition.

What kinds of bowstrings of discontent are these, that bring those who are on their knees, so to speak, to discover them? I discovered my discontent in the 1960s, pondering that the ecological problems caused by "progress" outweighed the good points of scientific and technological advancement. Long ago it occurred to me that I could put my money where my mouth was and live self-sufficiently and simply, to the point of being a hermit. But I never did put myself in that position, though my bowstrings sang with melancholy, searching for the personal peace of not hurting or unbalancing Mother Earth in any way.

Through the years, as I have finally come to have land and a homestead where I can live a much simpler life than 90% of the United States, I am coming to terms with what simplicity really is. It is a paradox and a dilemma in this age because it cannot be truly achieved—in the sense of simplicity as we usually think of it—in a working society that values its gifts of intellectual and scientific ability.

The paradox is that to put a simple, nutritious meal on the table one must avoid what is convenient and spend an hour or so in preparation; to avoid wasting resources, one must endure hours of separating, crushing, boxing, carrying trash for recycling; to be eligible for one credit, one must have debts; to wear simple clothes, expensive taste is necessary; to turn off the TV or radio may cause hours of resentment; and to cast away and keep away unnecessary possessions may not only take time but courage, fortitude, and endurance. The list could go on. Somehow the function of convenience is a paradox to simplicity. Let us see if we can get to the source of why this is so.

First, why is simplicity a worthwhile value? Why do we consider it a principle in our Quaker lives? Aside from the

Julie Stifelman has belonged to Quakertown (N.J.) Meeting for a little more than a year, but says she has thought of herself as a Quaker for many years.



Illustrations © 1985 by Michael McCurdy/courtesy of Chelsea Green Publishing Company

historical, traditional aspects, there are several good reasons. To me the rat race toward convenience causes haste and waste not only in the obvious sense, but also in a hidden spiritual sense. The Inner Being knows that something is missing, and a spiritual void is created when too much of life is spent with marvelous inventions. The "something missing" is, perhaps above all, *beauty*—the ability to see nature as the most marvelous invention of all and to enjoy it without mechanical toys such as skimobiles, motorboats, airplanes, etc. When our inventions become our toys and a requirement for happiness, we have come to the point where, in Joshua 24, we must be warned to put away our other gods, or at least to choose whom we shall worship. We worship the gods of Convenience, of Science, of Technology when we allow our lifestyles to swing along unthinkingly with the whims of the world, as Christ put it. Especially is the god of Television a snare unto many an innocent, seeking soul.

Another important point: when speaking of the principle of simplicity we must not capitalize *simplicity*, for then it too becomes a god. It is no better to worship simplicity than to worship science, both of which are wonderful gifts from the Most High, but no more than that. For indeed, the Most High and the creation are complex matters, and, through the eons we have left to enjoy them, they'll remain awesome to us. Thus it's easy to get confused if we're worshipping other than in Truth and Spirit, as Christ told us to.

So the principle of simplicity is a good tool for keeping ourselves from getting too hasty and wasteful or falling into other worldly ways. An appreciation of beauty is a capacity that can fill the emptiness of worldliness. There are two other important attributes of personal fulfillment involved in letting go of the "convenience" lifestyle. A big reward of simple ways is health—maybe not a vibrant or disease-free kind of health, but a sense of well-being that springs from simple pleasures. Science and medicine are slowly finding what our most basic needs are, but those who have understood simplicity know that a little competitive stress on a ball field is different from competitive stress in the business world. Balancing pleasures calls for exposing the body to positive stresses, while freeing it from negative stresses as much as possible. Not easy in most lifestyles? True, but who said

simplicity is easy? It's not. But it has its rewards.

As one moves toward simplicity, balances of lifestyle are easier to sense. One gets more sensitized toward the spiritual attributes that simplicity encourages. Soon the more profound questions of "Where did I come from?" and "Where am I going?" pop into one's waking and sleeping thoughts more often, and the convenience lifestyle gets more and more pushed aside to make way for the weightier matters.

Simplicity strives for sharing wealth and goods, and becomes a matter of eternal consequence through dealing with temporal commodities. For when we willingly share our material possessions, as Christ admonished, we help restrain the economic inequities and subsequent power struggles of the world. This is no small power! It's the prayerful act, though, that has more power—a personal power—than the singular and temporal economic gain involved.

Another goal that simplicity entails is the ability to change and adapt. Neatly stated in the song, "Simple Gifts," we learn to "turn" and to "bend" in life's road, allowing God to work through our lives instead of pushing for what we *think* we want. This fight to "turn" is well illustrated in a story I recently read to my 9-year-old. In the novel, *Anne of Green Gables*, by L. M. Montgomery, Anne is faced with a fateful decision when her adopted father dies and her adopted mother cannot go on alone at Green Gables farm, which Anne loves. So Anne decides to stay and help her mother keep Green Gables, though this interferes with a wondrous plan Anne had all worked out to go to college. Interestingly enough, the title of the chapter where she changes her mind not to go to college is "The Bend in the Road." Anne lets herself bend and does a loving thing, not pushing toward her needs alone.

Basically the ability to adapt is the ability to hear the "still, small voice" speaking. This voice becomes a lot clearer when life is simpler, when goals are kept on a day-to-day basis, making long-term plans more flexible.

In Proverbs the fool is often spoken of as a "simple" person. Sometimes "simple" in Proverbs means ignorant, but willing to learn; but it often means what I would call simplistic—ignorant, uncaring, and easily fooled. A simplistic

person doesn't care enough about truth to examine the data, but the person who is attracted to the principle of simplicity probably has already examined a lot of data.

Simplicity can be very sophisticated. Not only that, it's a very complex subject—the paradox again. It doesn't mean reverting back to simplistic living, but being able to handle modern life in a responsible way, without the problems of overstress and burnout. It does mean getting back-to-basics, but not in a reactionary way, only in a responsive way—responding to one's capabilities and limitations and drawing on natural energies as beauty, health, and balance are restored to one's life. It doesn't mean retreating from society; it means being able to have a retreat at your own home, every day if necessary. In fact, for my family, everyday retreats have become more and more necessary as we seek the balanced lifestyle within the hubbub.

Simplicity is a socially, economically, ecologically responsible answer to the convenience lifestyle without being reactionary. It is the ability to be in the world, without being of it. Convenience is easy. The convenience lifestyle is easy, except when you count the suffering from disease and early death that often goes with it. Convenience is not what Christ was talking about when he said we'll be rewarded for following him. The convenient, easy way is what he was talking about when he said, "They have their reward." But we want a better, lasting reward.

Simplicity is not easy, but it answers a need in Quaker thought and brings contemporary and holistic rewards. Simplicity is a vehicle for keeping our minds uncluttered, organized, and to the point—to the point of our Purpose, not our little purposes. It's a vehicle for understanding our physical limits and expanding our mental horizons and for increasing efficiency and productivity levels. It is, in a sense, an art in itself. Therefore each of us will express it differently, but it should bring us all to the same sorts of wonderful results. □





A Bridge to the Warrao

by John Schoonbeck

Sometime in prehistory, an indigenous people called Warrao fled their marauding neighbors, the Caribs and Arawaks, and adapted to a life in stilt houses in the vast inhospitable delta of Venezuela's Orinoco River. Here, some 15,000 Warrao still live peaceably, eating fish and grubs and cakes made from Moriche palms. Their houses are connected to one another by wooden bridges, which are built and repaired as community projects, under the leadership of the shaman, who is also the civic leader. In April of this year I found myself in a propeller plane flying over such a village in the labyrinthine delta, en route to a landing strip at Tucupita, trading center for the Orinoco basin. My friend Charles Briggs, a Vassar anthropologist, had recently returned from a year's fieldwork in the delta, and had told me the government was trying to make inroads into Warrao culture by promising newer and better bridges for the villages. Naturally, Charles said, this would result in the loss of the community-making ritual of the bridge-making, but beyond that, after some villages had agreed and had taken down the old bridges, the government had failed to put in new ones, thus leaving the stilt houses in splendid isolation, a first step toward Christianization and exploitation by the outside world.

Upon hearing Charles's story, I spoke immediately with other Friends on our yearly meeting's Right Sharing Commit-

**Now I was in a quandary.
What was the point of going there
if the bishop had spent our money
on his chapel and was going to claim
it had never arrived?**

tee, who agreed to send \$800 to the Warrao so they could put their old bridges back. The money would be used for gasoline for outboards and food for families whose breadfinders would not be hunting and gathering while they rebuilt the infrastructure of the villages. The problem was how to get the money to the Warrao.

The most practical method, since we knew of no Quakers in that area, was

John Schoonbeck is clerk of New Paltz (N.Y.) Meeting. He has an abiding interest in the right sharing of world resources. He and his son, Nic, live on a farm with three other families.

to send the money through the Capuchin monks who had lived in the area for some time. Charles called the bishop, explaining that the money was available but could only be spent on self-renewing projects which would be administered by the people themselves. An inquiry came back; could some of the money be used to repair a chapel which was also used for a community meeting hall? I said no. The question had aroused my worst fears: that instead of helping the Warrao protect their own culture we would serve those who sought to feed on it. Nevertheless, I took the check down to the Venezuelan bank in New York, and it was telexed to Tucupita.

Two months later, I was preparing to visit friends in Caracas, and hoping to make a side trip to the Orinoco to see how the bridges were coming. But on the day before my departure, Charles called, saying the bishop told him the money had never arrived. That was disheartening, but I was determined to follow it through, stopping at the bank in New York for evidence of the transaction before going on to Caracas and doing the same thing there. Yes, the money had gone through Caracas, they said, and it was in the bank at Tucupita.

Now I was in a quandary. What was the point of going there if the bishop had spent our money on his chapel and was going to claim it had never arrived? My Spanish was so poor I wouldn't be able to do any delicate negotiations. My friends in Caracas sat me down and said "Go." So I went. Now I was looking out the window of this old plane, wondering whether I would even get off at the airstrip.

We landed on one wheel halfway down the runway, nearly piling into the trees. A taxi with crosses hanging from its rear-view mirror took me to the bishop's palace, a rundown edifice in a rundown river town. Even at nine in the morning, the humidity and heat were overwhelming—transporting. The Apostolic Vicar of Christ wasn't in, so I left my card, and went instead to the bank. On the way, I locked eyes with two older Warrao men, finding immediate recognition. In them, "that of God" was evident, brilliant.

It took the officer of the bank less than a minute to locate the money transfer. "It has been here since February," she said. I added that to my other evidential papers, and marched back to the bishop's palace, where he had now arrived.

He was a sallow, long-faced fellow with eczema; he looked exactly like the head psychologist at the mental hospital where I worked at home. He refused to acknowledge the money until I produced the papers. "Still," he said, "I have not received official notification." A weak explanation, I thought. Then he said the government had begun to repair the bridges anyway because it was an election year. Maybe he could think of something to use the money for next year. At this point my limited Spanish failed me. He must have used our money to buy new costumes for his priests, or maybe to erect a big idol of Jesus or a cross in the jungle. Still—I checked myself. There was something missing—a failed connection. We agreed to meet again at two, with an interpreter.

I sat in the park for an hour, having meeting with the sloths in the trees overhead. The sloth, with its perpetual smile and deliberate manner, would be the Quaker of animals, I decided. It was difficult for me to center; I kept imagining the jungle being ennobled by the erection of a Roman torture device, for people who needed something concrete to worship. Nice work, John.

Some kids pulled a sloth out of a tree by the back of its neck and tried to make it drink what looked like wine. It thrashed to be released. Sloths can move when circumstances require.

At the river shore, drunken Warrao could barely stay in their dugouts. All of them wore clothes, some of them wore crosses.

A leading began to get hold of my mind, and by two o'clock it was getting clearer, as though purified by the heat.

With the bishop again, I asked if he knew about Quakers. He said he had read about us in school, but had no special knowledge. I explained our knowledge of the Inner Light as the manifestation of Holy Spirit that Jesus had said God would send as the Comforter; I explained our testimonies of simplicity and peace, and I explained that we didn't proselytize. In fact, I said, we made it difficult for people to become Quakers . . . it took a long time. He looked at me with sudden recognition and tentative acceptance. "We have trouble with evangelists here," he declared. "They come and confuse the people and then leave. We Capuchins are here to serve the indigenous people. If they choose to come to the mission and learn Christianity, that is their

He looked at me with sudden recognition and tentative acceptance. "We have trouble with evangelists here," he declared. "They come and confuse the people and then leave."

business. We hope they will, but only if they are ready." So he'd worried I was an evangelist!

"Most Quakers believe the same way," I said. "The evangelists can only stay convinced by converting others. They should stay home."

"They come here in buses," he said. There was still a vast difference between us, Catholic and Quaker, but one difference had clearly been bridged.

After another half-hour's discussion he said, "There is one place called Joruba de Guayo where there are no bridges, and the government won't be going there because it isn't visible. They also have no school. Suppose we used this money to build the bridges and to make a school?"

"Who would be the teacher? A nun?"

"No. This is strictly a civic project, not Catholic." He seemed injured that I still mistrusted him.

"I wouldn't care if it was a nun if she was a good teacher," I said. And then, finally, I asked him about the Warrao's success at remaining a peaceable people while the tribes around them lived upon warfare, wife-beating, and male hierarchies, just like at home.

"The Warrao have nothing to disturb them," he said, "or at least they didn't until alcohol came along."

"Nothing disturbs the Yanomamo either, but they have axe fights every day." And probably they had problems with alcohol, too.

Was it the alcohol that made them drunks? Or was it exposure to a complementary world? An old question surfaced. . . . The philosopher Gregory Bateson said that there were two basic structures of life, the symmetrical, like a starfish, and the complementary, like the lobster. These patterns existed in relationships between people, too. Ice-skating duets would be symmetrically related. Basketball players would be complementary. Bateson said symmetrical relationships could not survive in a complementary world. Two evenly matched boxers would fight until one won and one lost, achieving emphatic

complementarity. Alcoholics were people raised to be symmetrical, who could only become complementary by being drunk, even unconscious. Were the Warrao a successfully symmetrical people who now had to deal with complementary cultures outside? Is that why the drunkenness occurred at the boundaries? Their designs were beautifully and totally symmetric. I had seen two adolescent boys in the park sitting unconcernedly with their hands in each other's laps. You would never see such an unselfconscious male relationship in our culture, I thought, least of all among priests. *They* lived in the most rigid male hierarchy on earth, beginning with God as a guy who lives in the sky, going down by increments to the monks in the delta who got their orders from the bishop by short wave radio.

Well, it was all a puzzlement, and even the boys of the morning in the park were more complicated than I would have liked them to be. They hadn't been giving the *paresa*—sloth—any wine, they said, it was fruit juice. They loved their paresas. Would I like them to get one out of the tree for photographs? No, I said, no posing necessary.

From the window of my room that night I saw a family of Warrao come in to buy some orange popsicles. Not so bad, I thought, we do have some worthwhile things to offer them. I spent the evening thinking about how following this leading had brought me to such a place, and to such an encounter not with the Indians, but with a Catholic bishop. Perhaps his and my business was not finished. What would it be like to teach in a stilt house in the delta? Would my son back home like it? He was undoubtedly home watching television without me there to insist that he turn it off, while here in the Orinoco, drunken Warrao fell out of their canoes. In the park, sloths smiled. In the palace, the bishop gathered up his robes and went upstairs to the radio transmitter, to tell the people in Joruba de Guayo that construction on the new bridges and school would begin the next day. □

"Birds of a Feather"

Birds of a feather flock together
goes the old adage.

How true it is for my soul-mates
the pelicans
perched on battered old poles
(which once were piers)
facing squarely the salt-spray,
their enduring community
receding into prehistoric stability.

I do know the feeling.

I am a Quaker.

("That odd bunch of stuffed shirts,"
said Joan Baez,
and Tom Merton would have agreed,
chuckling).

We are eccentrics
who talk so extensively
about silence,
fight passionately
for our stance on peace
and in our insistence
on human equality
render ourselves truly elite.
The stability is appealing, though.

I who once longed for Radcliffe
(at the very least, Smith)
now am affronted

by the "good old boys," and
even the "good old girls" tire me.

How times have changed.
Instead I contemplate the Soup Kitchen
and the Night Shelter
as my place and space.

Reality has intruded.
I, too, am one of the least of these.

Birds of a feather flock together.

My own perch has shifted poles.
No longer desiring
that we all be the same,
but a diverse koinonia
in the salt-spray of life's ocean
(the ocean, that is, of light),
our only stability
humanity's common calling.

—Linda Kusse-Wolfe

Linda Kusse-Wolfe, a recorded Friends minister, lives and works in Winston-Salem, N.C.



Quacker, Quacker!

This month, as part of our special focus on books, we bring you a do-it-yourself book that you and your children can enjoy together. Here's how to put it together:



Cut the next three pages out of FRIENDS JOURNAL along the dotted lines.



Turn the 3 sheets sideways and fold them together into a small booklet. Use a long stapler or take 2 or 3 stitches with a needle and thread to fasten your book together. Enjoy!

Quacker, Quacker!

By Mary Snyder



Illustrated by Sue Burrus

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Friends Journal expresses appreciation to the Religious Education Committee of Friends General Conference for sharing this story. It is one being considered for inclusion in a future revised edition of *Candles in the Dark*.

Queries for young people:

1. Has anyone ever made fun of you because your family is Quaker?
2. Do you sometimes feel different from everybody else at school? How?
3. When someone feels uncomfortable about being different, what might help that person feel better?

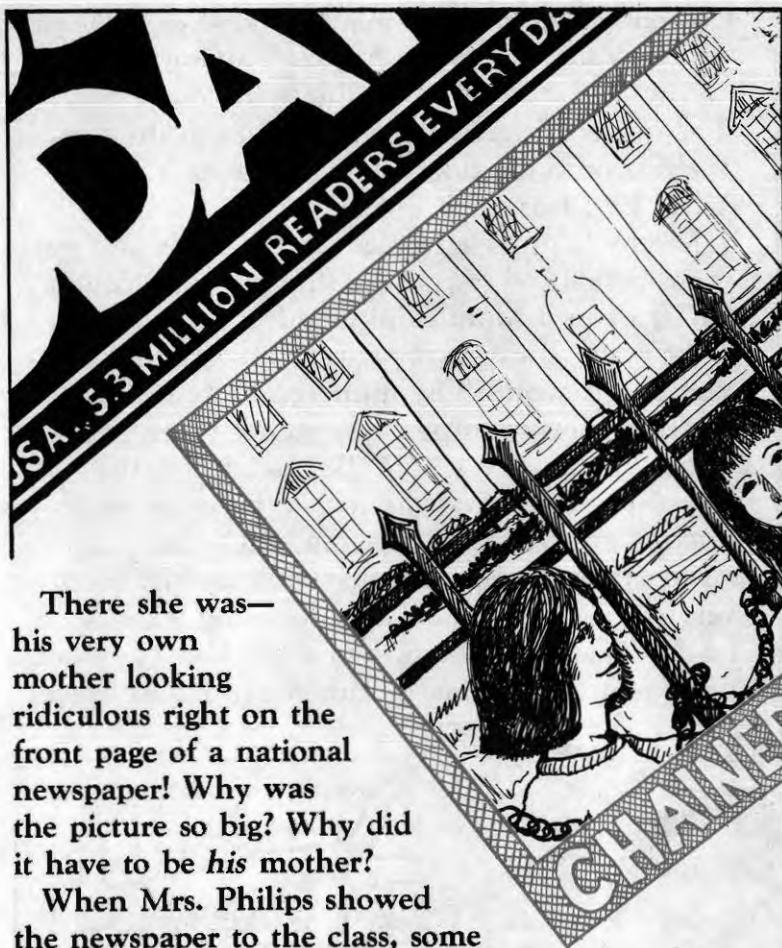
Active on the Religious Education Committee of Friends General Conference, Mary Snyder is the author of Religious Education in the Home and Small Meeting. She is a member of Eau Claire-Menomonie (Wis.) Friends Meeting.

Jeremy slammed the mailbox lid shut in disgust. He trudged into the house dumping the mail and his school bag on the living room couch. The object of Jeremy's scorn slid from the top of the pile onto the floor. It was a package of UNICEF cards.

Jeremy bent over to pick up the cards and put them beside the rest of the things on the couch. "Why doesn't Mom think about me sometimes? Why is she always worrying about all those other kids in the world?" he muttered hotly to himself.

Jeremy always missed his mother when she wasn't home after school. But today was the worst! He knew that she had to be in an anti-nuclear protest in Washington, D.C. She was always doing things like that. Still he had been very surprised at school that morning when a teacher had been the first to show him the picture of his mother chained to the White House fence.





There she was—his very own mother looking ridiculous right on the front page of a national newspaper! Why was the picture so big? Why did it have to be *his* mother?

When Mrs. Philips showed the newspaper to the class, some students seemed impressed. Others giggled. Mark leaned across the aisle towards Jeremy's desk and whispered gleefully:

*Quacker, quacker,
Waddle like a duck
Quacker, quacker,
You're out of luck.
Quack, quack, quack, quack.*

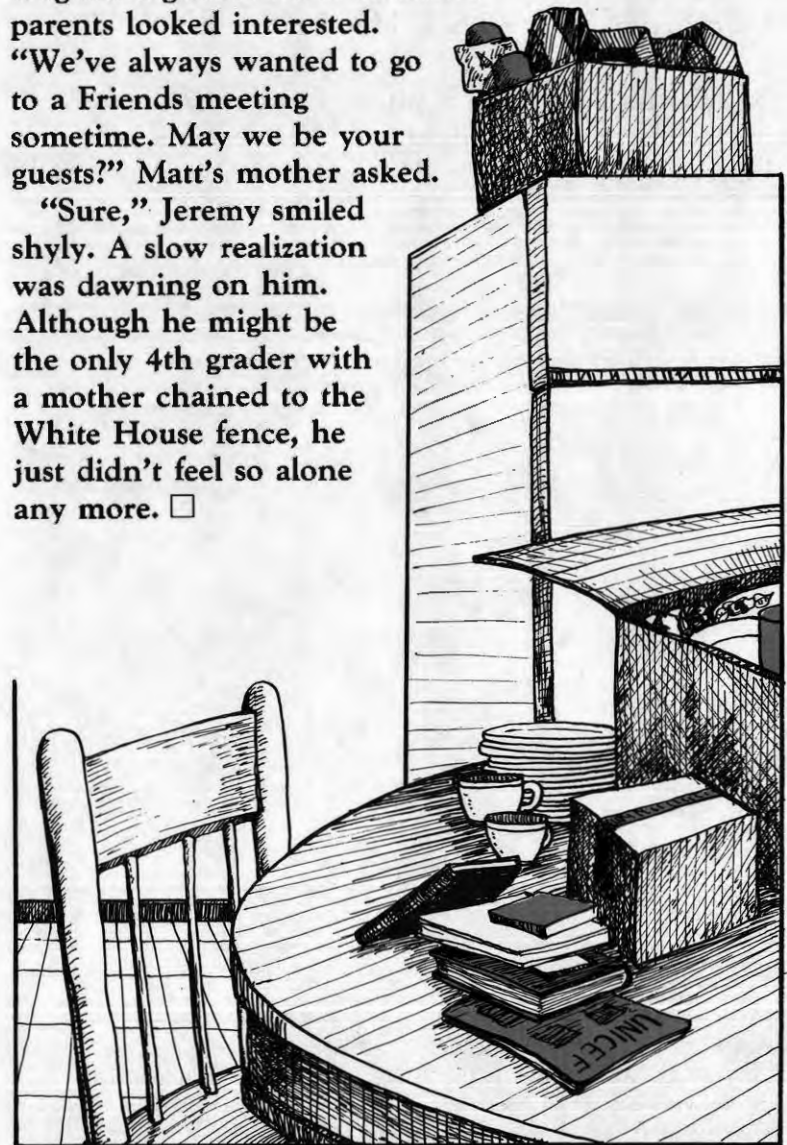
That did it. Jeremy really hated being the only Quaker in the whole 4th grade. Deep down in-

peeking out from a pile of books on the kitchen table.

Matt told his mother that Jeremy was a Quaker. "They call him a 'quacker' at school, that's how I know." The boys exchanged knowing glances and laughed together. Both of Matt's parents looked interested.

"We've always wanted to go to a Friends meeting sometime. May we be your guests?" Matt's mother asked.

"Sure," Jeremy smiled shyly. A slow realization was dawning on him. Although he might be the only 4th grader with a mother chained to the White House fence, he just didn't feel so alone any more. □

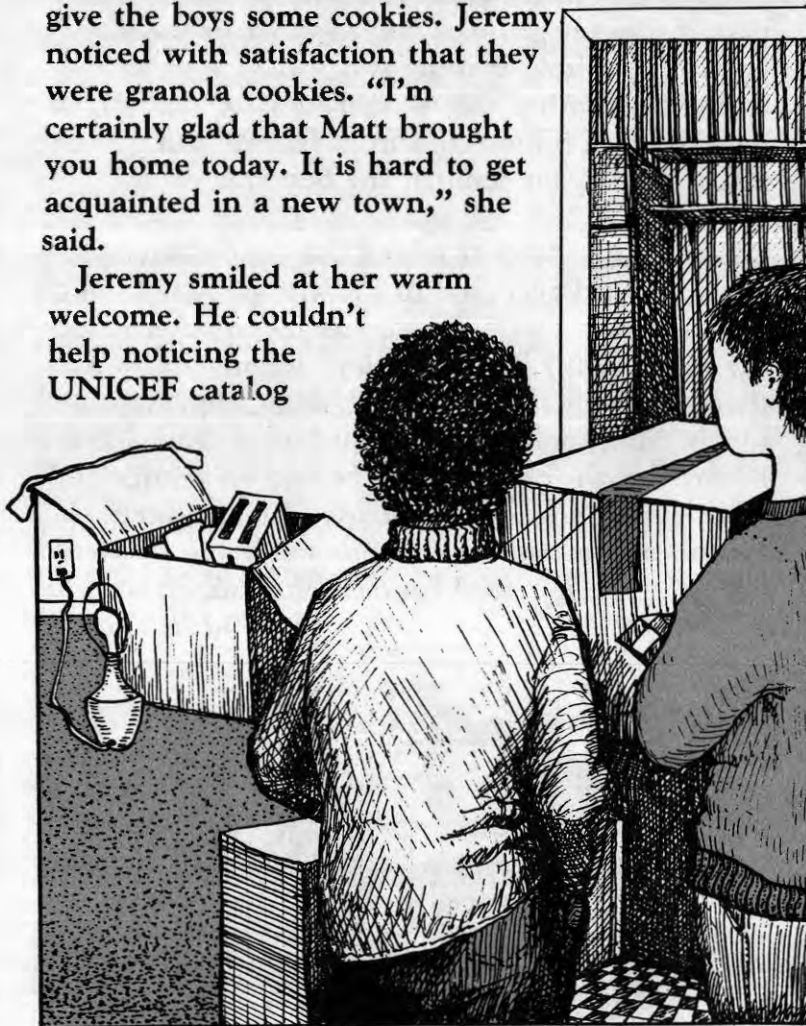


But it was clear that everybody was watching every move he made.

After school, Matt invited Jeremy to come home with him. Matt's house was a mess. "We're just moving in, you know," he apologized to Matt. "There are some things my dad wants to fix up before we put everything away."

Matt's parents were building shelves in the kitchen. His mother stopped to give the boys some cookies. Jeremy noticed with satisfaction that they were granola cookies. "I'm certainly glad that Matt brought you home today. It is hard to get acquainted in a new town," she said.

Jeremy smiled at her warm welcome. He couldn't help noticing the UNICEF catalog



side, he knew that his mother believed that she should live the Quaker Peace Testimony. He understood her belief in nonviolence, but it embarrassed him. In fact, there were a lot of embarrassing things going on all the time. Take the whole house, for example. Jeremy's parents had built it themselves, mostly out of stuff that his dad, a postman, found other people throwing out along his mail route.

"It did turn out pretty nice," Jeremy thought to himself as he crossed the kitchen to let Lucretia, the dog, in from the garage. "But who likes to live in the middle of everyone else's leftovers?"

Lucretia was glad to see Jeremy. Jeremy plopped down on the kitchen floor and wailed to the sympathetic animal, "Why do we always have to be so different from everybody else?"

The dog stretched out beside him and put her head in Jeremy's lap. Jeremy continued his lament.

"Can you guess what I had for lunch today?"



Lucretia's tail thumped eagerly against the kitchen floor.

"The usual," Jeremy complained. "The usual cheese on brown bread—homemade, lumpy, brown bread with seeds on top." Clearly Lucretia thought that sounded fine. "Then there were carrot sticks, an apple, and oatmeal cookies *with dates*. Really, Lucretia, with Mom gone, I thought that maybe Dad would give me something worth trading. Nobody wants to trade a cupcake or a chocolate bar or chips for that kind of junk." Jeremy was about to tell Lucretia about all the other things that went wrong that day—the picture in the paper, Mark's silly verse, the



UNICEF cards. His dad walked in and interrupted the chain of complaints. Dad cheerfully put down a sack of groceries on the counter.

"What's this? Two Friends on the floor? Jump up here. Have I got something to show you!" He proudly held out a copy of the newspaper Jeremy had already seen.

Jeremy's dad seemed very pleased with the picture on the front page. Jeremy felt a little better just being with his dad, who was so happy. The two of them began working together in the kitchen. The whole evening was sort of a joyful celebration with a nice dinner, dessert, and lots of long distance phone calls from friends and relatives. But, for Jeremy, the best was yet to come.

When he arrived at school the next morning, Jeremy found everyone in the 4th grade talking about a "new boy." As soon as Jeremy met Matt, the object of all this discussion, Jeremy knew that there was something he liked about him. At lunch, Matt took out a peanut butter sandwich on lumpy, brown bread. Then he had an orange and some cherry yogurt. To Jeremy, this definitely looked promising. No one made fun of Matt's food because, after all, he was the new kid in school.



Testimony of Peace

by Ayako Sekiya

It is such a great honor for me to be invited to speak at this extremely meaningful meeting of the Friends World Committee for Consultation, and I truly feel a deep gratitude. I believe that this meeting, attended by a great number of delegates from the world over, is one in which the prayer for peace prevails more than in any other comparable gathering of peoples. This is because Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is at the center of all of us.

In 1963 I was spending a year in Paris, France, with my family. My husband was a professor at the International Christian University and during this sabbatical year he was doing research in Modern French philosophy—Pascal and Descartes—which was his field of specialization. While staying in Europe we travelled to various places. These visits gave me the opportunity to see and experience many things. One such visit which I recall most vividly was when we went to the industrial city of Coventry in England.

Our guide was an English friend of ours who, saying to us, "There is one place I would like you to see," took us to a cathedral which had been completely destroyed by the German air raid during World War II. Twenty years later a new cathedral with super-modern glass windows was built next to the remains of the old cathedral. We were told that the old building had been preserved as a historical monument and as a place for prayer. On the altar inside, there was a large desk and on the desk there stood a cross made of steel taken from the broken window frames. I was overwhelmed with what I saw. Underneath the steel cross there were two words written: "Father Forgive." I stood there motionless and asked myself: What sin or errors are they asking forgiveness for and for whom? For the Germans who

had done such work of destruction? Or for everyone including themselves who had allowed the house of God to fall in such shambles? Probably both were meant. But I felt that there was more. Those worlds were the expression of an even deeper prayer—a prayer for forgiveness of all the sins that humanity has ever committed.

As you all may know, Japan is hardly considered a Christian nation. Less than one percent of the entire population are Christians. My family, from my grandfather down, have all gone to Europe and America to study and so have come to know the Christian religion. After my grandfather's death, my grandmother and her son—my father—decided to accept Christianity as

their faith and to be baptized at the hands of a U.S. missionary who, with his wife, had done a wonderful work of propagating the Christian faith in a foreign land. My father became a pastor and built a modest church. Until his very premature death at the age of 36, he devoted all his life to Christ. No better blessing could I as a child have had than seeing grown-ups around me who would find their greatest joy not in working for their own profits but in responding to the call of Christ.

I became a member of the Young Women's Christian Association when I was in high school, and this is my 57th year as a member. It is as a member of the YWCA that I have become involved in the peace movement.

We all suffered greatly during World War II. After the war was over, we each asked what responsibility we as Christians had fulfilled (or had failed to fulfill) before and during the war and what responsibility we were going to assume in the years to come. As a way of beginning my new life after the war, I earnestly probed these questions with my fellow members of the YWCA.

Before the war the YWCA in Japan had been playing a leading role in society for the promotion of education and advancement of women's status. Its influence was felt through its various programs; for example, the Bible-study meetings and seminars (retreats). There was no doubt that each member was pursuing the pious life of a Christian. However, as we looked back upon our pre-war activities, it became apparent that the YWCA as a whole and its members individually perhaps were lacking in social awareness—concern for social affairs and for national politics. Especially in view of the horrible destruction caused by the dropping of atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, which opened a new page in the history of humankind, we resolved first to tell the world about the facts of the nuclear holocaust and secondly to become ever alert and sensitive to current issues. For this it was necessary to go beyond the recognition that the Japanese were the

Haiku of Hiroshima

夕焼やひろしま燃えてゐるごとく
Yū yake ya hiroshima moete iru
gotoku

The sunset glow:
Hiroshima
As if still burning.

原爆の子の像肩に蝶とまり
Genbaku no ko no zō kata ni chō
tomari

The statue of the A-bomb child
On her shoulder
rests a butterfly.

無縁墓地とむらむらふごとく蟬時雨
Muenbochi tomurau gotoku
semi-shigure

The burial mound of the
unknown dead,
Cicadas are crying
as if mourning.

—Yasuhiko Shigemoto

A teacher and published poet, Yasuhiko Shigemoto lives in Osaka, Japan. The English translation is by John Backes.

Ayako Sekiya is a member of Mukyokai, a non-church Christian group in Japan. A past president of the YWCA in Japan, she is currently president of the YWCA in Tokyo. Her article is extracted from her public peace lecture at the Friends World Committee for Consultation Triennial, August 22, in Tokyo.

sole victims of the atomic bombs.

In 1963 the quadrennial YWCA World Conference was held in Denmark, and I attended it as one of Japan's six representatives. I read a paper at a panel discussion in which representatives from six nations spoke about the problems of gravest concern in each nation. I chose to speak about the problem of "nuclear threat." As I did not wish to limit my stance as a representative of the only country to experience the horrors of atomic bombings, I sought to go beyond stressing the tragic experiences of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I said that the problem facing us was not simply one of how to stop the making of nuclear weapons but also one of how not to use nuclear power, great and inexhaustible as it might look as a source of energy. I also stated in my paper that a group of conscientious scientists including Albert Einstein, Bertrand Russell, and an eminent Japanese physicist and Nobel Laureate, Hideki Yukawa, gathered at Pugwash, Canada, and issued a statement giving strong caution about the use of nuclear power.

We ourselves are not all scientists, I said, so what we can do and should do as concerned citizens is to support with our conscience the proposals of these conscientious scientists and to wish that they [the proposals] will not be suppressed. Reaction of the hearers of my speech would certainly be different if it had been made now. I felt tension develop among them. This was 25 years ago, when the possibility of nuclear-generated electric power had barely begun.

Upon returning to Japan I was relieved of my duties as a representative at the world gathering. But I could never forget what I had said on behalf of the Japan YWCA. In fact the spirit of my speech has been kept since the day it was made. Seven years after the Denmark conference, in the 1970 National Convention of the Japan YWCA, the issue was considered seriously and at the end a pillar of the anti-nuclear movement was adopted. It read as follows: "Stand against nuclear thinking." Other pillars likewise raised included "Search Japan's real role in Asia" and "Secure the right of education." But most important of all was the one expressing our anti-nuclear stance.

At the time when it was first made known, the pillar attracted wide attention both within the Christian circle and outside. It was considered so bold com-

ing from the YWCA. I was elected president of the YWCA then; I felt a great responsibility placed on my shoulders.

It is useless if we say only beautiful things and never put them into practice. My staff and I discussed what concrete plan we could hold to help internalize the spirit of the peace pillar and realize our over-all goal.

The annual "Soul-Searching Journey to Hiroshima" was thus conceived starting in the summer of 1971. We would of course go and see the remains of the ruined sites. But this was not all. Our idea was to meet and talk with the people who have been thinking about the problem of nuclear weapons since that summer day of 1945, who are wishing strongly that the tragedy of Hiroshima will never be repeated and that a peaceful world will come in not so distant a future. We would watch the hills that surround Hiroshima, which has been rebuilt, see the waters of the seven rivers that run through the city, stand on the streets, and picture in our mind how it might have looked in 1945. We would visit the stone monuments along the river bank of the high school students who, standing in formation for the morning assembly, fell victims of the bombing and never saw their families again. Finally we would pray deeply that no nuclear weapons be used again.

The tour has been held every year since 1971. This year marks the 18th year. It started with only several participants but it has grown big, drawing more than 150 participants and in some years over 200 participants. Not a small number of foreign YWCA members have joined this journey. By exchanging views, they learn from us as much as we learn from them. Holding this tour constantly over these years has enabled us to meet peoples from other peace organizations, and this has been a great joy.

At the center of our work there is Jesus' love and our response to its call. We need constantly to work toward our goal and also to pray for the success of such endeavors as the one we have launched. In this the spirits of independence, cooperation, and creativity have been of immense value giving strength to me. I am grateful that at these camps one could acquire such qualities in addition to having much fun and excitement. This reminds me of the importance of nurturing virtues at an early stage of one's growth. These spiritual qualities and the prayerful life which I

had learned while a child are the things that have sustained me in my work for the abolition of nuclear weapons during these many years since the YWCA World Conference in Denmark.

Every year I go on the "Soul-Searching Journey to Hiroshima." I go back to the same places and meet the same people. People sometimes ask if I don't ever get bored. To my own surprise, I always find something new, some new insight. I am beginning finally to understand why this happens. I have been thinking about the question of nuclear explosion since that day in Denmark 25 years ago. I feel this is my obligation and also my promise to God. My knowledge deepens every year. My sensibility sharpens with every new encounter. My awareness is made keener over the year; what I could not see last year I can see this year. Peace seems to get nearer at hand and at the same time acquires a deeper meaning as we continue to strive for it.

At this point I would like to tell you about a very moving episode. In the Malaysian YWCA there is a very fine person by the name of Violet Kumarasami. She was once president of that YWCA. In postwar Japan, the movement to raise women's status was carried out zealously both at governmental and private levels, leading to an Asian women's conference and an international women's conference. Violet would come to Japan as a delegate. My first impression of her was that she was a very difficult person to please. Actually that impression stemmed from the fact that when she arrived in Japan, she had an attack of asthma, broke out in a rash, and suffered very painful backaches.

On another occasion, Violet stopped over in Japan on her way to Geneva and wanted to visit Hiroshima. So five or six of us, including one other foreign visitor from the South Korea YWCA, went with her. Throughout that three- or four-day trip, Violet repeatedly asked, "Why was it bad to drop the atomic bomb? Why was it so bad?" And she told us, "Because the bomb was dropped on Japan, peace came to our country." She said:

You don't understand the fearsome times when many Japanese soldiers came to Malaysia. I was newly married. I was standing by our gate one morning, talking with neighboring housewives when a military vehicle full of Japanese soldiers approached. We stopped talking, but they drove on by. "Ah,



nothing's going to happen after all," we thought. You cannot grasp how scared I was. Then, one day the vehicle stopped in front of my house, and the soldiers took my husband away, saying he was a spy. They hung him upside down in the town square, and he cried out, "Water, please. Please give me water." One soldier brought water and, just as my husband was about to drink, took it away.

I stood in the corner of the square, trembling at the sight. My husband did not die, but he was crippled mentally. So soon after my marriage, I had a husband who could no longer understand anything. The fear I felt, you can never understand. But when the atomic bomb was dropped, Japan was defeated. The war was over, and our country was freed from a nightmare. So that's why I said, "Why was the atomic bomb bad?"

And that's why, as soon as I set foot in Japan for the first time, I got sick. I was remembering the terrible days I had experienced.

We really had nothing to say. Knowing nothing about her circumstances, we thought she was difficult to get along with.

When we returned from our trip to Hiroshima, we had half a day of free time, so we took Violet to the Maruki Museum. We wanted very much to show her the paintings there—*The Atomic Bomb Scenes*. The South Korean woman in our group was a very quiet person. She only said, "Many bad things happened during Japan's rule of our country. But we are all Christians and God's children, so we shouldn't be talking about the past. Our real concern is to work for a better future."

Mrs. Maruki, I should explain, was a native of Hiroshima, but was in Tokyo at the time of the bombing. Concerned about her parents' welfare, she returned to Hiroshima two or three days later. Her home was on the city's outskirts, so the roof and its supporting posts were still standing, and her mother and father were alive. There were, however, many relatives in the city, so she went to see how they were, only to find almost all had perished. Along the way she witnessed scenes like hell itself, and her heart was overcome with a whirlpool of sorrow and anger. "Who in the world has done this dreadful thing?" That was her only feeling at the time.

For a number of years she did not, could not paint. But one day she suggested to her husband, "Let's leave a record of those scenes. Let's paint them." And so they began painting.

Their first pictures were *Ghosts*. They

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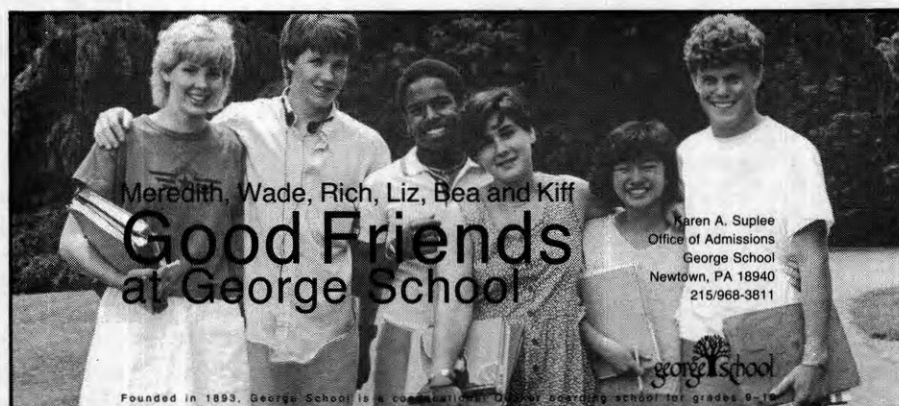


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were horror-filled paintings depicting the skins peeling off and hanging down from survivors' limbs and bodies as they walked along. As the Marukis painted, they recalled the fires that broke out and spread across the city. Pursued and engulfed by fire, the survivors (*hibakusha*) sought water, to drink and to cool their unbearably hot bodies. Many were burned; many died. So *Ghosts* pictures were followed by *Fire* pictures, then *Water* pictures. The bomb's explosion produced a pitch-black radioactive rain; after this black rain subsided, a rainbow appeared. Their next picture featured a rainbow. So it went, until the Maruki couple had painted twelve large murals of Hiroshima's atomic hell.

Then a group of Quakers came from the United States, saw the Marukis' murals, and urged, "Take your paintings and show them to people in the United States." The Marukis wondered what would happen if they did. "Don't worry, we'll do the talking; just come with your pictures," the Quakers added. I myself joined the Marukis' U.S. venture, which the Quakers aided so much.

We thought that people in the United States would respond to the Marukis' paintings by saying, "It was terrible, wasn't it?" Their reaction really was, "You have a lot of nerve showing these pictures. What about Pearl Harbor?" Unprepared for this, we had no answer. Their thinking was, they had been tricked and attacked at Pearl Harbor, so they were quite angry. We felt very small and ineffective. Then an elderly man came forth and said, "My son, too, died in the Hiroshima bombing." We did not know, we had never before heard, that any Americans had been killed in the Hiroshima bombing.

After returning to Hiroshima, we confirmed what the man had said. Twenty-three U.S. prisoners of war were being held in the cellar of a building that collapsed. They were not injured. But when they emerged at ground level, a Japanese officer there grabbed people passing along the street and said to them, "The country of these prisoners has caused this terrible bombing. Now, you people, stab them to death!" The officer gave them bamboo spears. The civilians were so afraid of doing this that they tried to run away, but the officer belatedly, "You are traitors!" So they all closed their eyes and thrust the bamboo spears into the captive men. Shortly, all 23 POWs had been stabbed to death. I

heard this story from a young man who had been present at that scene.

What a dreadful thing these Japanese had done. And the Marukis decided to do a painting of this incident. It is called *The Prisoners of War*. So it was that scales seemed to drop from my eyes, and I could at last understand many things previously not comprehended.

During the war years, Japan forcibly brought many Korean workers to this country. They were told: "You are Japanese subjects; you must adopt Japanese names, use the Japanese language, and worship the Japanese gods"—all three requirements against their will. Suddenly, 50- and 60-year-old persons who had never spoken Japanese were expected to begin using this new (to them) language. They were compelled by beating and kicking to speak Japanese just as they were forced to labor in support of Japan's war effort. And a large number of them were killed in the bombing. They died in the same way that Japanese people died. There was utter equality at the time of death.

But after Japan's defeat and the war's end, when it was time to gather up and dispose of the corpses, everything had changed. Korea was no longer under Japan's control, it was now an independent country. So the Japanese attitude now was: "Yesterday you were Japanese subjects, with Japanese names and using our language; but from tomorrow when we begin picking up corpses, you will be foreigners and the bodies of your dead will be left lying where they are. We will not bother with them." So, a black cloud of crows hovered over the piles of uncollected Korean corpses. On hearing this story, I stood aghast. This is what we Japanese had done. How could we?

The next Maruki painting was entitled *Crows*, a portrayal of ravenous crows forming a black covering over abandoned corpses. Our quiet South Korean companion cried. It is true, she said, that Japanese treatment of Koreans had caused much pain and sorrow, but in Christ we were sisters and brothers. "From now on, let us work together," she said, in her mild, peaceful way. Even so, she must have had great sorrow in her heart; she stood there a long time, shedding tears. Presently, she said to Mrs. Maruki, "If there is even one Japanese who paints such pictures and feels sorrow for our people, then I can go on living without feeling hatred." Violet just stood there without saying a

word—for Mrs. Maruki had confessed for us, through her painting, "We Japanese did such horrible things." It was at this moment that the door of Violet's heart opened up. From that moment on, we enjoyed a close friendship.

Four years ago in January, I made a trip to Thailand, Malaysia, and Singapore. When Violet heard I was coming, she cancelled all her appointments and we had a truly joyful time together, because for the first time we were really able to talk with each other.

Real peace does not come without remorse and repentance. It simply does not work to chant the set phrase, "Peace, peace." We must first confess our wrongs if we ever wish to attain peace.

Most important of all is a correct sense of values. At present, however, the prevailing public preferences are that bigness means power, and that might is right. This gravely mistaken viewpoint must be overcome.

As Jesus watched people giving money, it was the poor widow who put in just two copper coins who caught his attention (Mark 12:41-43). Her two small coins, Jesus said, were of far greater value than the large contributions of the more affluent people. For she gave all she had, her money for the morrow's bread, while others gave only a tiny portion of their possessions. Giving all—that's what Jesus valued, a new sense of value. We may think that 10 yen is greater than one yen; 100 yen greater than 10 yen; and 1,000 far greater still. But Jesus' standard was entirely different. And that standard is essential to our search for peace. Without this foundation, we will not be able to enter upon a new road, the true way of peacemaking. As we walk this road, we may at times feel ourselves all alone. Left by others, we may feel we have no strength at all.

I respect Mahatma Gandhi very much and wish to conclude my speech by quoting him. Though he was not an avowed Christian, I think he was more Christian than most Christians. He said:

The real sign of a person who has the truth is that the person is free; even if captive, he is always the victor. If he abandons truth and nonviolence, and does not listen to the inner voice, then for the first time he becomes vanquished. If a real person of truth becomes vanquished, the fault is all his own.

I really like these words and, more important, want very much to live by them. □

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Friends Divided

by David E.W. Holden



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Reports

Tokyo Triennial Focuses on Issues



The 17th Triennial of the Friends World Committee for Consultation brought Friends together from 35 countries at International Christian University in Tokyo, Japan, on August 19-27. This was the first time an FWCC conference was held in Asia. It recognized the 100th anniversary of Friends meetings in Japan (1887) and the formation three years ago of the Asia-West Pacific Section of FWCC.

Among the highlights, the Triennial approved the holding of a World Conference of Friends in 1991; the co-sponsorship with Woodbrooke of a conference on "Women and Theology" in 1990; participation in the World Council of Churches convocation in 1990 on "Justice, Peace, and the Integrity

of Creation"; the creation of an Ad Hoc International Advisory Group to study changes in China; the concern of Switzerland Yearly Meeting to end the participation of children in armed forces and to support Article 20 in the UN Convention on the Rights of Children; a letter to Perez de Cuellar, UN Secretary-General, for his work in negotiating a cease-fire with Iran and Iraq; a minute from Australia Yearly Meeting on AIDS urging meetings to study and act as way opens; a minute from Canadian Yearly Meeting to support land rights for the Lubicon Lake band of Cree Indians in Alberta, Canada.

Refugees: Many conference participants were deeply moved by the first-hand report of the plight of refugees from Kampuchea in a refugee camp in Thailand and crowded, unhealthful conditions of refugees in Hong Kong. Joel McClellan of the Quaker UN Office in Geneva told of his visit to Site 2 Refugee Camp on the Thai-Kampuchea border where 200,000 Kampuchean refugees have been incarcerated for up to seven years. This camp is run by the UN and financed by the United States. Thai police who are supposed to protect the inhabitants actually exploit, rob, and rape the refugees, mostly women. In Hong Kong he saw 2,500 refugees living in a huge warehouse and 4,000 refugees living on seven floors of an industrial building where the plumbing had not worked for several days. No schools were provided for children, and no one was allowed outside. Although acknowledging these appalling conditions, Hong Kong officials have called this policy a "humane deterrent" to discourage more boat people from coming.

Stephen Collett of the Quaker UN Office in New York described five years of progress on the Convention for the Rights of All Migrant Workers and Their Families, which seeks to establish standards for handling refugees and migrant workers. Of all the 800 nongovernmental organizations at the UN, Quakers are alone in providing support for the convention. The International Labor Organization has asked QUNO to provide background information from the experiences and observations of Quaker missions and service bodies; and Quaker House in New York was the site recently of consultations to assist smaller countries concerned with this issue.

Peace Lectures: Another highlight of the Triennial were the peace lectures by Akayo Sekiya, an activist Japanese Friend (see page 27 of this issue of the *Journal*—Ed.) and Jo Valentine, a Senator from western Australia. Jo Valentine, calling the nuclear na-



Photos by Margery W. Rubin

Top left: Elizabeth Watson (left) and Ellen Hodge attend a Japanese calligraphy class, one of a number of opportunity groups at the Triennial. Above: Judith Randall, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting representative and FRIENDS JOURNAL board member, visits with Francis Mwashi, of Tiriki, Kenya. Top right: Niva Kegode, from Kenya, holds Moriah Finkel, Indianapolis, Indiana. Right: Korean Friend Myung-Soon Hong displays a story of cooperation.

page 33, top: Triennial attendees pose for a group photo.

Bottom: Akio Watanabe, clerk of Japan Yearly Meeting, bicycles across the campus of International Christian University.



tions, "the ultimate terrorists," encouraged Friends to build on the recently concluded INF Treaty, and proposed that the non-nuclear nations verify compliance. Nuclear missiles, she warned, are being shifted from land to naval vessels, which makes monitoring more difficult. Loving one's neighbor has become the global imperative.

Gender Relationships: Gender equality in the Religious Society of Friends was considered by the Triennial. Heather Moir, clerk of the Gender Equality Committee, presented the report, then invited representatives to divide into small groups to consider such questions as these: Is all well within the Society of Friends? Are women convinced of their own equality? Are we so concerned to be peace-makers that we ignore discrimination? In this conference with a majority of women, why are most men in leadership positions and why do they participate more than women?

Friends World Conference 1991: The Triennial enthusiastically approved a World Conference in 1991. To be true to Friends' testimony of simplicity and still reach those not usually involved in Friends' international activities, the next World Conference will meet in three locations: Germany or the Netherlands, Honduras, and Kenya. Each conference will involve about 300 people, include participants from all parts of the Quaker

world with about half of the participants coming from nearby countries. Many Friends spoke of the importance of new insights gained through the Triennials, their transforming power, and recognized how these conferences bring us out of our parochialism into a broader understanding of the world family of Friends.

Justice, Peace, and the Integrity of Creation: The Triennial approved participation in the world convocation to be convened by the World Council of Churches in 1990. In the call, WCC noted that a response to worldwide suffering caused by the absence of peace, the presence of injustice, and manipulation of the environment is a matter of faith for all Christians. The WCC is inviting all churches to engage in prayer, study, analysis, dialogue, and action in relation to these threats to the world.

Worship Sharing Groups: Each morning the Triennial divided into groups of 10 to 12 Friends to worship and share their experiences of God. This writer's group experienced programmed and unprogrammed worship, shared our experiences as to what constitutes a good meeting for worship, talked about preparation for worship, and learned that in Africa one cannot be a full member of Friends unless one passes two courses in a two year period.

World Quaker Aid: The Triennial approved requests for aid to repair church buildings in Cuba and Kenya, to make improvements to a center for mothers and children in Belfast, Northern Ireland, to pay for an educational project and small bus for a children's program in a Hong Kong refugee camp, and to buy a radio transmitter for a ministry project in Guatemala and Honduras.

In addition to the business sessions, conducted in three languages, Friends experienced many forms of worship, worship-sharing groups, interest groups, opportunities to learn about Japanese culture, and excursions to Friends meetings and other points of interest.

Robert S. Vogel

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Reports *continued*

Building Connections QSHB Conference

More than 50 Quaker scholars and activists gathered for the Conference on Quaker Studies on Human Betterment on June 16-18 at Swarthmore College. QSHB is a committee of Friends Association for Higher Education. Participants came ready to make connections among scholarship, activism, and country and were not disappointed.

The topics included the American Friends Service Committee, Third World revolutions, John Woolman's message for today, activism, and nonviolence. The notion of human betterment remains vague, but for those who gathered at this conference, human betterment is closely tied to Friends testimonies. We were challenged at several points to reflect not only on activism and scholarship, but also on teaching, on the spiritual ground of our vocations, and on the life and condition of Quakerism, both in the local meetings and as a movement. Fresh views were presented on economics by Jack Powelson and Gerald Sazma, on rhetoric by Michael Heller, on psychology by Mary Watkins, and on power by Kenneth Boulding.

The proceedings, including full papers, will be published. A bibliography and resource directory will also be published this next year to foster more connections. A grant from the Shoemaker Fund supports these publications.

Jim Nichols

Nebraska Yearly Meeting Records a Minister

Recording Beth Zuehlke as a minister in the Society of Friends was the highlight of the 81st annual session of Nebraska Yearly Meeting, held June 2-4 at University Friends, in Wichita, Kansas.

The recommendation for Beth's recording came from Central City (Neb.) Meeting, where Beth has served as lay minister for the past two years. Beth, her husband, James, and their children will be moving to Richmond, Ind., later this summer so Beth can begin studies at Earlham School of Religion.

The other highlight of the sessions, which followed the theme "you are a letter from Christ. . ." (Cor. 3:3), was the report from Douglas Gwyn, visiting Friend from Berkeley, Calif. At the request of the yearly meeting, Doug spent two weeks in April traveling among the monthly meetings in Nebraska Yearly Meeting in a ministry of

listening. His report on his findings helped us focus on who we are and where we want to go as a yearly meeting.

The time of fellowship, especially with many Wichita Friends, was a good time of establishing and re-establishing acquaintances. We look forward to meeting again in Central City, Neb., in June 1989.

Miriam Mesner



QUNO Holds Women's Seminar

Participants in the Quaker United Nations Office women's seminar on May 6 and 7 came from as far away as Oregon, Montana, Texas, and Georgia, and from as near as Philadelphia, Brooklyn and the Bronx. They brought local concerns to the global context, and took home greater understanding of how local concerns are connected on an international level. They toured the UN, examined UN publications and QUNO materials, discovered organizational networks, and learned how important it is to lobby our own legislators on behalf of the UN.

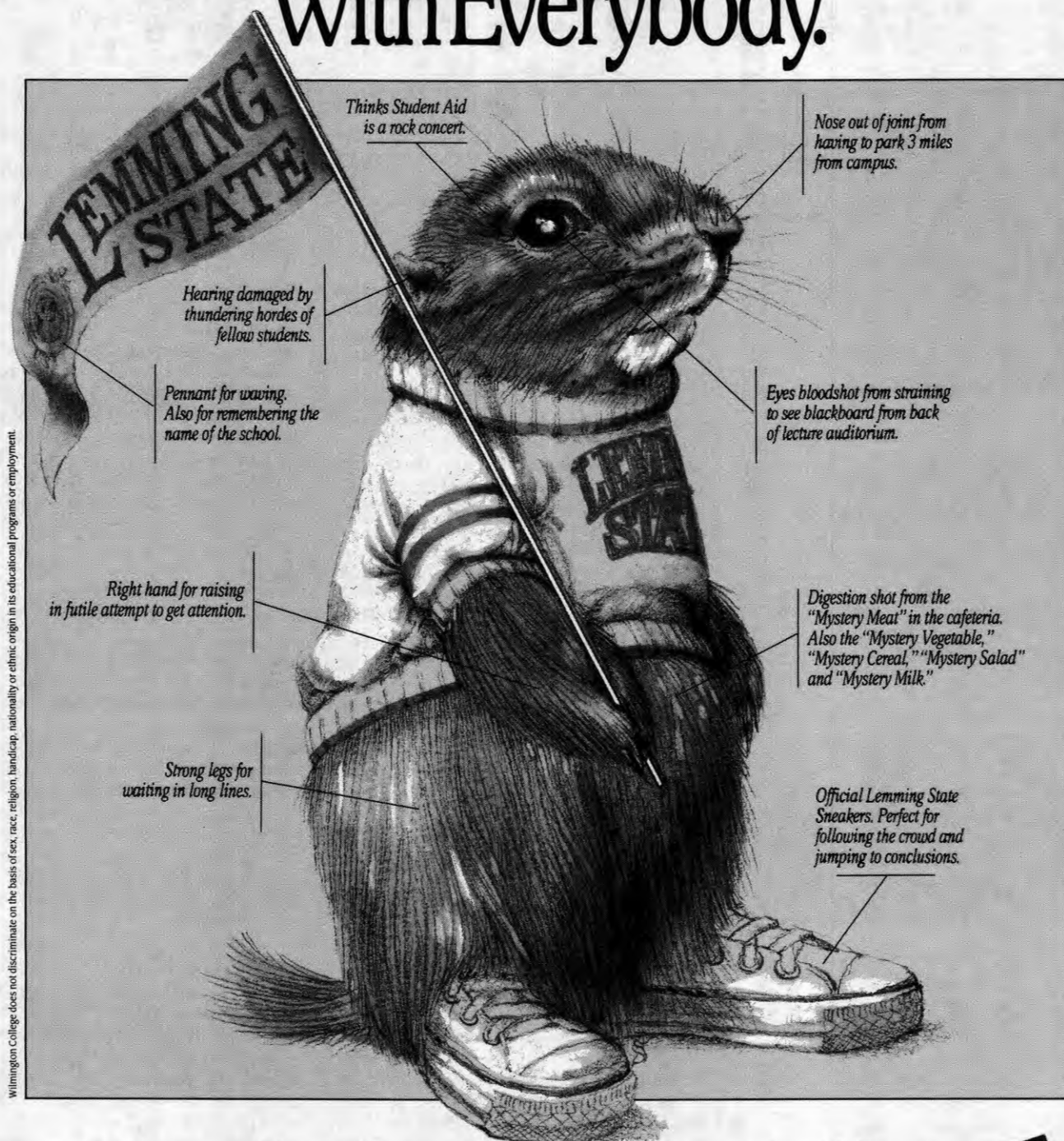
From Mallica Vajrathon of the UN Fund for Population Activities we heard that the UN is a most recalcitrant employer as far as equal rights for women are concerned. While the UN has inspired many countries toward assuring women's equal participation, women are underrepresented at higher professional levels within the UN Secretariat.

With Elise Boulding we explored how our visions inspire our work for a peaceful society right where we are. She introduced us to forward looking thinkers of the 1880s—feminists, socialists, pacifists, and European internationalists, who were excited about technology. Thinkers of the 1980s are recovering optimism. Reviewing the recent women's movement, Elise said that the effort toward equality under the law has evolved into a push for equality in decision making. She said the new women's movement recognizes the connection between systemic and personal violence. Women are working to change the quality of people's relationships.

Along these same lines, Barbara Adams, QUNO associate representative, reminded us that women's concerns need not affect only women.

Sharli Powers Land

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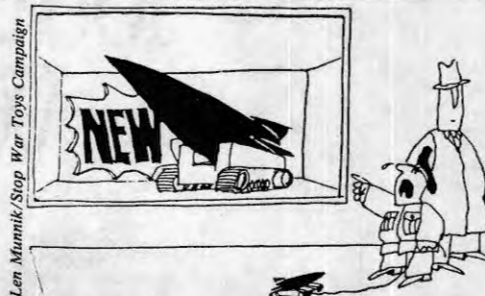
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Bulletin Board

• Applications are being accepted for the T. Wistar Brown Fellowship at Haverford College for the academic year 1989-90. Fellows spend one or two semesters at Haverford College doing research in the Quaker Collection of the library and in nearby scholarly collections. The fellowship is usually awarded to mature scholars, and the stipend is \$10,000. Letters of inquiry may be directed to the Office of the Provost, Haverford College, Haverford, PA 19041. Deadline for applications is Dec. 31.

• Why should Friends have a hymnal? What purposes would such a hymnal serve? What would make a hymnal distinctly Quaker? These are some of the questions regional committees of Friends General Conference are asking themselves as they work on what should be included in a hymnal that will serve the diverse needs of Friends. Anyone wishing to submit new hymns or songs for consideration, or serve on one of the regional committees, should contact the Hymnal Oversight Committee, FGC, 1502-B Race St., Phila., PA 19102.

• Books, books, books are available to anyone and everyone from the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Library for an annual fee of \$15. The library will mail the books postage-free, although the recipient must pay the return postage. The library will do reference work by mail and compile lists of books on a given subject by request. Many book lists are already available covering these other subjects: Quakerism, conscientious objection, women's concerns, religious education, the environment, spiritual life, ethical investments, racial concerns, Bible study, interpersonal relationships, peace education for all ages, peace and justice, Central America, South America, and the Middle East. The library also has a large collection of children's books with titles available on all those subjects. A program is available for families in which a member of the family writes and tells the librarian about the children, their ages, and the interests of each family member. The librarian then sends a package of books selected specifically for those people. "It's a surprise package whenever it comes," says librarian Mary Davidson. Boxes of books are also available for classroom use. Books are loaned for one month and may be requested by letter or telephone. Tape recordings of books are also available, and are loaned like books. There is also a rental library of videos, films, and slide shows. The address is Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Library, 1515 Cherry St., Phila., PA 19102. The telephone number is (215) 241-7220.



• The Stop War Toys Campaign is gearing up to face the holiday shopping season. As 60 percent of all toy sales occur in the three months prior to the holidays, this period is crucial in the campaign. The efforts of the Stop War Toys Campaign have had considerable effect on the toy industry since last year. Sales of G.I. Joe figures, the target of last year's campaign, have declined by 24.5 percent. The campaign needs people to organize activities to increase public awareness of the negative effects of war toys. Speakers are available to inform groups about the campaign. Also available is an updated Stop War Toys Campaign packet. Contributions are welcome and needed. Write: Stop War Toys Campaign, Box 1093, Norwich, CT 06360.

• People of color with five years' experience as community activists are sought to apply for sabbatical grants of \$10,000. Five such grants will be awarded by the Charles Bannerman Memorial Fund to applicants whose work involved groups of people taking collective action to resolve social or economic problems. The purpose of the fellowships is to help protect activists from burn-out, giving them a chance to relax and revitalize for future work. To obtain an application or more information about the fellowship, contact the Charles Bannerman Memorial Program, c/o the Youth Project, 2335 18th St. N.W., Wash., DC 20009. Deadline for applications is Dec. 1.

• A Special Women's Delegation for Intercultural Experience and Exchange in India will spend January 2-29, 1989, in Delhi, Indore, and Vedaehhi, India. Sponsored by the Lisle Fellowship, the Gandhi Peace Foundation, the Institute for Total Revolution and the Center for Women and Religion, this workshop is an opportunity for women to move beyond racial, creedal, cultural, and global boundaries to share, experience, and develop alternatives to violence. The program specifically addresses "The Role of Women in Nonviolent Social Change Communities in India." Cost for the 27-day experience is \$1,875, including transportation. For more information, write Cathy Vahsen, 6262 Highland Ave., Richmond, CA 94805, or call her at (415) 234-9530.

News of Friends

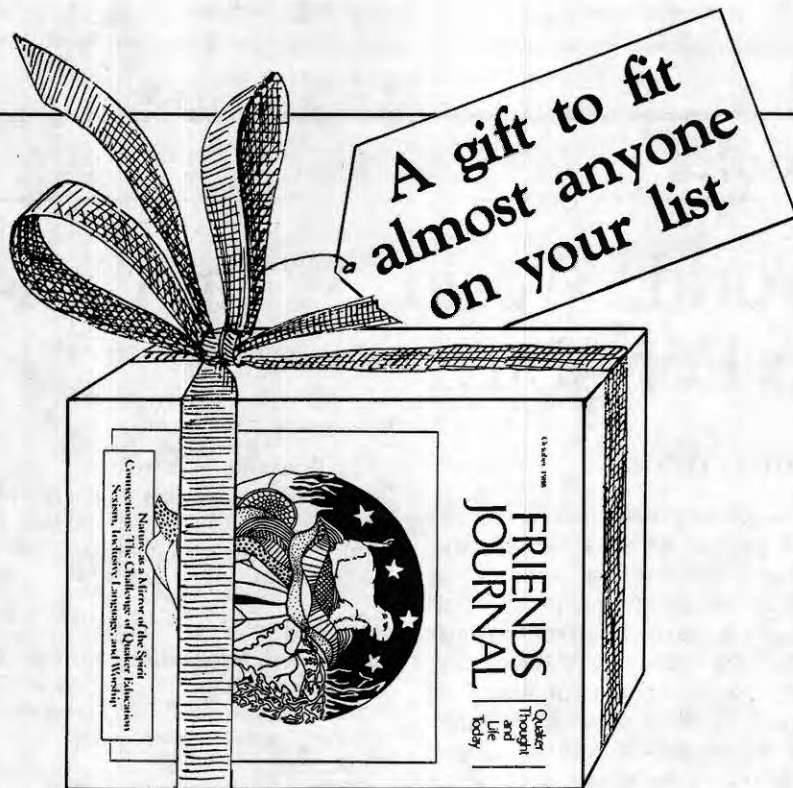
Quakers, Mennonites, and Brethren participated this summer in an international peace conference, held at Assisi, Italy, and centered around the theme, "Justice, Peace, and the Integrity of Creation." The group, which included members of New Call to Peacemaking, worshiped each day in small bilingual groups along with 500 Catholic and Protestant peacemakers. They met twice to discuss the possibility of a worldwide convocation which would focus on members of the historic peace churches who are engaged in nonviolent action for peace. A similar conference has been proposed for North America in July 1990.



The first Quaker wedding on Orkney, a rugged, remote Scottish island, took place this July. The bride was Liz Charter, an attendee at Edinburgh Meeting, who has worked as a biologist on the island. The groom was Julian Bradley, a healer from Edinburgh. A notice in *The Friend* (Aug. 5, 1988) captured the spirit of the occasion:

Some fifty Friends and friends came. The weather was foul that morning but then cleared and the sun shone. The wedding was held in a barn, whitewashed for the occasion and filled with flowers. Oystercatchers were calling to each other outside during meeting. A *ceilidh* [Gaelic for "entertainment"] was held on the evening of the wedding with traditional fiddle music—and celebrations went on for three days.

Reminiscing about a 1940s Quaker work camp, nine veterans of the program and their spouses reunited this September at the home of Anne and David Seeley on Cape Cod. In 1940 they worked together in Reading, Pa., on a textile industry survey and playground training service project, sponsored by the Society of Friends. The program was engineered by David and Mary Richie who were active in these voluntary programs throughout their lives, and who also took strides to keep members of the work programs in touch. The former campers commend the Richies for spiritual inspiration and loving leadership. David, now a widower and in his 80s, continues to encourage and attend reunions, such as the one at Cape Cod. Those who were present at the reunion discussed how the work camp experience influenced them to continue working with programs promoting peace and social justice. All also expressed hopes that the American Friends Service Committee might rekindle an interest in programs of this sort.



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Books

'World, World, What Can I Do For You?'

by Amy Weber

It is surprising that children's stories and books, which so often, like Aesop's Fables, use animals, or trees, or natural phenomena to teach little lessons in life, have not been used more often to teach the lesson of the need to preserve the natural environment now threatened by civilization in so many ways. Perhaps this is because a book which is set on preaching a moral or lesson too often loses its spirit of wonder and fun.

Nevertheless there are a few good children's books which are delightful stories in themselves while at the same time helping children understand that the environment is under threat and needs to be championed and defended.

Here is a list of environmental books I found to be fun. At the end is a list for older children of some nonfiction books on the environment which are colorful, informative, and useful for science or social studies reports.

Poor Fish

By Heide Helena Beisert, with illustrations by author. *Faber & Faber, Winchester, Mass., 1982.* A fish in a pond is saved from polluted waters by his bird friends. Beautiful full-page watercolor illustrations.

Michael Bird-Boy

By Tomie dePaola, with illustrations by author. *Prentice Hall Books for Young Readers, 1975.* How Bird-Boy gets Boss-Lady to stop her factory from belching smoke and to use real bees and real flowers to make honey.

Noah's Ark

By Gail E. Haley, with illustrations by author. *Atheneum, New York, 1971.* A modern version of a Noah who won't bring the animals back until the world cleans up its pollution.

Amy Weber is a member of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting and is retired from teaching high school English. A volunteer at FRIENDS JOURNAL, she often takes on editorial projects involving books or young people.

The Wartville Wizard

By Don Madden, with illustrations by the author. *Macmillan, New York, 1986.* An old man who hates trash finds he can use magic to teach Wartville a lesson.

Farewell to Shady Glade

By Bill Peet, with illustrations by the author. *Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1966.* The adventures of a brave raccoon who leads his animal friends to a place safe from bulldozers.

The Wump World

By Bill Peet, with illustrations by the author. *Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1970.* When Pollutions in space ships invade the Wumps' world, the Wumps are driven underground—but not forever.

Who Will Clean the Air?

By Thomas Biddle Perera and Wallace Orlowsky. Illustrated by Richard Cuffari. *Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc., New York, 1971.* Flying home in their uncle's plane, Tom and Nan learn what makes the air dirty and what they can do to clean it up.

The Day They Parachuted Cats on Borneo

By Charlotte Pomerantz. *Young Scott Books, Reading, Mass., 1971.* A drama about ecology, with scenery by Jose Aruego. This is a true story about cats and rats and DDT and a moral at the end to be recited in catchy couplets.

The Lorax

By Dr. Seuss. *Random House, New York, 1971.* How the Lorax tried to keep



the Truffula trees from being destroyed by the Thneed factory.

World, World, What Can I Do?

By Barbara Shook Hazen. Illustrated by Margaret Leibold. *Abingdon Press, Nashville, Kent., 1976.* A child asks the world, the birds, the grass, the lake, "What can I do to take care of you?" And the answers come back in rhyme.

NONFICTION

Pollution and Wildlife

By Michael Bright. *Gloucester Press, New York, Toronto, 1987.* Like a *Life* magazine with magnificent colored photographs, the text gives brief and pointed summaries of major effects of pollution on insects, animals and the food chain, acid rain, fish, oceans, and us. Part of *Survival* series.

Ponds and Streams

By Judith Court. *Franklin Watts, New York, 1985.* Colorful drawings on white pages invite the reader to investigate ponds, collect and study specimens, and beware of pollution.

Our Dirty Air

By Sarah M. Elliott. *Julian Messner, New York, 1971.* Illustrated with photographs. A wealth of information about the causes and effects of air pollution told in easy, absorbing style.

Our Dirty Land

By Sarah M. Elliott. *Julian Messner, New York, 1976.* Illustrated with photographs. How litter, garbage, oil, strip mining, pesticides, highways, are ruining the land.

Sparrows Don't Drop Candy Wrappers

By Margaret Gabel. Illustrated by Susan Perl. *Dodd Mead & Co., New York, 1971.* Do's and don't's for everyday living to clean up the world, with sketches of comical people doing it.

Going to Waste: Where Will All the Garbage Go?

By James Marshall. *Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc., New York, 1972.* An oldie but goodie on a problem getting worse every day.

Everyone's Trash Problem: Nuclear Wastes

By Margaret O. Hyde and Bruce G. Hyde. McGraw Hill, New York, 1979. Lots of information, well-told, about radiation, plutonium, and nuclear wastes. But what to do about it? HANDLE WITH CARE.

Planet Earth (2000)

By David Lambert. Facts on File Publications, New York, 1985. The effects of population and its energy demands on climate, air and water, vanishing wildlife, plants, wetlands, rain forests, and what to do. Colorful photographs and diagrams and short texts. Part of *Your World 2000* series edited by Isaac Azimov.

Acid Rain

By John McCormick. Gloucester Press, New York, 1986. Quick, colorful messages, a new one on every page about polluted skies, acid rain, naked forests, corrosion, and hard facts. Part of a series called *Issues Issues Issues*.

John Muir's Wild America

By Tom Melham. Photographs by Farrell Grehan. National Geographic Society, 1976. The book traces, in words and magnificent photographs, the travels of John Muir, the famous naturalist, through the United States' wilderness.

Recycling Resources

By Laurence Pringle. Macmillan, New York, 1974. Another clear, compelling book about what to do about our trash, explaining the conflicting interests of government, industry, and consumers, current methods of recycling and research on what more can be done.

The Only Earth We Have

By Laurence Pringle. Macmillan, New York, 1969. Excellent overview of environmental problems, still true today.

Population:

Growth, Change and Impact

By Eve and Albert Stwertka. Franklin Watts, New York, 1981. The world's number one problem, facts and figures and feelings about it.

Toxic Threat

By Stephen Zipko. Julian Messner, New York, 1986. The facts about dioxin, PCB's, TCE's, groundwater contamination, radioactive wastes, and more. Suggestions for experiments that can be done and action that can be taken.

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A Land Flowing With Milk & Honey

By Elisabeth Moltmann-Wendel (trans. from German by John Bowden). Crossroad, N.Y., 1988. 212 pages. \$14.95/ cloth, \$9.95/paperback.

This is a satisfying book about the power of symbols. Elisabeth Moltmann-Wendel begins her quest with the biblical symbol of a land flowing with milk and honey. Her introduction spells out the significance of this symbol for Christians, and especially women, in our own time. The symbol carries us back to the mythic roots of our tradition and finds this strong feminine expression of the original Hebrew vision. Then it projects us forward to possibilities for fulfillment in a redeemed community.

The author finds significance in this image for feminist theology in the Jewish-Christian experience. She uses this as a stepping-off place for evaluating symbols and images which make up our religious tradition, some of which are so encrusted with patriarchy that many women reject the tradition entirely or live in it marginally.

The book is presented in three parts: self-discovery, critical theology, and a new perspective on stories about Jesus and women. Self-discovery is devoted to a discussion of feminine and human autonomy, patriarchy, and prehistorical women's traditions. Under critical theology, the author examines feminist theology, Bible, God-images, and matriarchal subculture—her term for unwritten women's history and those aspects of goddess religion retained in Jewish-Christian tradition. In this section, the chapter on feminist theology is especially helpful because it outlines clearly how feminists are using liberation theology from the author's perspective as a European—refreshing after the customary models from the Western Hemisphere.

She also provides an appealing introduction to the problem of images of God. I found her discussion of *Shekinah* (a feminine aspect of God) especially intriguing. *Shekinah* is defined as the "earthly side of God which accompanies Israel into exile." The image is strongly evocative for Quakers who recognize God's living presence in creation.

The heart of the book is the section on stories about Jesus and women. Here the author speaks from the perspective of her own faith and experience. Emphasizing that Jesus' relations with women were based on mutuality, she opens the door for understanding basic theological considerations (such as

redemption) in terms of mutuality rather than hierarchy.

A Land Flowing With Milk and Honey is short and readable, yet remarkably inclusive of women's issues in theology. The book is unique in approaching its subject from the standpoint of images. The author is familiar with ecclesiastical art and iconography, and she illustrates almost every significant theological point with reference to altarpieces, illuminations, and other artistic expressions from medieval and Reformation settings. Her touch is light, and she gracefully avoids "male-bashing" while remaining clear about the scope and difficulty of the problems facing women wishing to reclaim Christianity.

—Eugenia Durland

Eugenia Durland recently finished three years as parttime resident teacher at Pendle Hill, where she specialized in peace and social concerns and taught a course called "Faith and Feminism." She and her husband, Bill, and son Chris, are starting a Quaker intentional community in Vermont.

Rise Up Singing

Edited by Peter Blood-Patterson. Sing Out, Bethlehem, Pa., 1988. 279 pages. \$14.95/spiral bound; \$12.95/paperback.

Almost all of us have gathered around other group singing situations. This book is a wonderful new songbook made for just these times. Divided into sections by topic, a group can turn to a given subject to suit the occasion. Recently this reviewer gathered with others from our meeting to say farewell to two Friends, and we found ourselves singing lots of songs from the "Traveling" section of this book. We soon plan to celebrate the arrival of two new babies and will be singing from the book's section entitled "Family." We find the book has nudged our rusty memories and brought our meeting a new pleasure to share together.

With an introduction by Pete Seeger himself, the book was made possible by the willingness of many other musicians who allowed the lyrics and chords of their copyrighted music to be used. As a result, the book is packed with an astonishing range of more than 1,200 songs: some from the folk revival made popular by the likes of Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, and Peter, Paul & Mary; as well as Broadway hits and Beatles tunes; golden oldies from the 1890's; Christmas carols; songs of Judaism, gospel and spirituals; children's songs; rounds; songs of social witness; songs of the sea; storytelling



songs by contemporary songwriters; lullabies; and traditional ballads.

The songs are selected to work well in groups and are laid out for easy reading, although the book contains no piano music and few melody lines. For those songs that are unfamiliar, the editor suggests writing to the sources for music or recordings, and many names and addresses are provided. In addition to being grouped by topic, several cross-indexes are provided to make it easy to find individual favorites. The songbook is compact and well-organized, and the spiral-bound edition is especially easy to use.

Elisabeth Dearborn

Elisabeth Dearborn is a member of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting.

Bridges of Respect

By Katherine Whitlock. American Friends Service Committee, Philadelphia, 1988. 97 pages. \$7.50/paperback.

As Margaret Hope Bacon says in her introduction to *Bridges of Respect*, new testimonies in the Society of Friends develop slowly. The testimony of respect and acceptance for lesbians and gays, or rather the extension of the testimony of equality to include them, is no exception. Precisely because there is a divergence of views among Friends about full acceptance of homosexuality, it is important that this booklet be widely read.

Friends will surely be moved by the record of sufferings which young homosexuals undergo because of their orientation. It is hard to be a teenager under the best of circumstances. To know one is different (often without understanding why) makes it even harder. To be labeled and abused by peers, teachers, and other responsible adults, often including one's own family, because of characteristics associated with one's deepest feelings about self and others makes adolescence a nightmare. The rate of school

dropouts and suicides among young lesbians and gays is testimony to that nightmare. One of the saddest aspects of being gay in contemporary society is that in the eyes of others one's social identity becomes skewed toward that single fact, so that gays and lesbians are denied recognition of the fullness of their personhood.

Bridges of Respect speaks in very simple and direct terms about the need of lesbian and gay young people for a caring community, for a nurturing learning environment, for a sane and balanced education about health and sex, for helping services of various kinds; also about the need for guidance in AIDS prevention, and most basically about the need for equitable treatment under the law. In each area, specific policy recommendations are made for action to remedy severe injustices. Many of these recommendations are directed to the operation of community institutions; for Friends meetings it is worth giving thought to two related issues: how welcoming are we to gay young people, and how well do we prepare nongay young people to develop positive and supportive attitudes toward their gay peers. Nongay young people hear many negative messages about gays from the larger society that must be countered.

While I have emphasized the use Friends can make of this book, it is by no means addressed to a primarily Quaker audience. It is for all people who have concern for and involvement with young people.

Nearly two-thirds of this book is devoted to listing resources to guidance providing support and help for lesbian and gay youth. This is a relatively new area for consciousness-raising, and the AFSC is to be congratulated for having once again taken the lead in providing ways to help the development of new awarenesses in human relations.

My only criticism of this otherwise invaluable book is that it deals with lesbians and gays almost exclusively in terms of their problems and sufferings. While this is understandable in a book intended to mobilize readers to action, that emphasis may also frighten readers who are already fearful about homosexuals. In our hyper-sexed society there is a special pathology of attitudes to sex of all kinds; homosexuality bears the brunt of that pathology. I would have liked a chapter on gay and lesbian youth as role models of caring and sensitivity for youth generally. The strengths and courage of gay youth need to be made visible through concrete examples. Brief references to great social and religious leaders who have also been homosexuals is not sufficient. We need to know about the goodness in the ordinary people who happen to be gay. The truth is

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Books *continued*

that homosexuals are only victims; many are creative, life-affirming contributors to the world in which we live. When the day comes that we no longer have to single them out for their sexual orientation, but simply recognize them as creative fellow human beings, humankind will have reached a maturity it now lacks. Will someone please write a sequel to *Bridges of Respect*, entitled *New Societies, New Human Beings*?

Elise Boulding

Elise Boulding is professor emeritus of Dartmouth College. She is a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting and has worked internationally on problems of peace and world order.

Jung and the Quaker Way

By Jack H. Wallis. Quaker Home Service, London. 1988. £5/paperback.

This book is helpful to those who know Jung and those who don't. Friends who are active with the Friends Conference on Religion and Psychology, or have studied Jung's writings, will recognize the many ways in which the Quaker way and the Jungian way match and complement one another. For others the author carefully explains Jung's terms and thinking and then brings these into relationship with basic Quaker ideas. Wallis challenges Quakers to explore Jung's teachings and to be ready to receive fresh Light on such topics as faith and doubt; perfection, growth and wholeness; balance and stability; images of God and of Jesus; personality and persona; and maleness and femaleness.

Jung felt the primary function of a religion is to minister to the inner needs for the individual. Wallis asks, "How far is it true of Quakers . . . that we over-rate and over-emphasize externals . . . to the disadvantage and detriment of our inner spiritual needs?" He notes, "Traditionally we (Quakers) have a good record of identifying practical, material, and social injustices that need our active concern. Can this tendency be overdone so that it limits a sensitivity to inner needs of others and of ourselves also?"

Individuation (Jung's term for natural psychic growth) is a growing toward wholeness which involves rebalancing as new issues arise. It is living experientially as George Fox understood it. Wallis points out that, "At its best Meeting for Worship provides a potent atmosphere of security for achieving our own balances and stability. Then we go away refreshed, invigorated, and often challenged by the experience."

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Jung believed, as Quakers do, in an Inner Light or voice that guides. The challenge is to discern and follow one's personal vocation with the help of one's faith community. Quaker faith is the unity that encircles Quaker diversity. Wallis says this faith is expressed in three ways: in belief, in action, and in spirituality. He cautions that, "Even among Quakers, the heady joy of collective irrationality for a good cause and wanting everyone to think as we do is sometimes a temptation." Then he reminds us to keep closely to the practice of asking others to join us in holding our concerns up to the Light of eternal values. This clearly and carefully written book freshly illuminates Quaker faith and practice by viewing it through the Jungian lens.

Mary Wood

Mary Wood, a member of Media (Pa.) Meeting, is recently retired as head resident at Pendle Hill. She serves on the FRIENDS JOURNAL board.

The Quaker Universalist Reader Number 1 and Study Guide

Published by the Quaker Universalist Fellowship, 1986. Reader contains 99 pages and costs \$7.95. Study Guide contains 26 pages and costs \$1.50. Both are paperbacks available from QUF, Box 201, RD1, Landenberg, PA 19350.

From its beginning, Quakerism has been both Christian and Universalist. The resulting tension has produced creative development and traumatic separation. Evangelical Christian Friends have been active and organized for at least two centuries, often concerned to purify our society by excluding Universalists along with other heretics. Now comes the Quaker Universalist Fellowship (and its companion, the Quaker Universalist Group in Britain) urging us to recognize that our faith transcends Christianity and should be open to all, of whatever theological persuasion.

This collection of essays, addresses, and lectures will help some Friends recognize themselves as Universalists and find a fuller rationale for their beliefs. It will offend others by presenting persuasively a position they reject. We should welcome it as a clarifying statement of one among many Quaker theological stances, and it should provide a balance to the currently fashionable attacks against Rufus Jones's emphasis on the mystical and therefore universal roots of early Quakerism.

As a first major publication of the Universalist position, it fails to provide the full systematic exposition we might wish. Rather, each chapter is complete in itself, from John Linton's launching of the concept to Daniel Seeger's virtuoso lecture at the 1984 FGC Gathering. This leads to much repetition—for example, of proof texts from Fox, Penn, Woolman and Gandhi.

The whole, however, provides clear advocacy for a spirit-centered mystical, and culturally pluralistic faith, open to all seekers and leading to no dogmatic conclusions. The *Study Guide* is designed to aid in its use as readings for adult religious classes.

George H. Watson

George Watson, a Friend for 50 years and retired president of Friends World College, has been a fellow of Woodbrooke College. While he feels at home with Friends of all varieties, he considers himself a Universalist Friend. He is a member of North Easton (Mass.) Meeting.

In Brief

Guilford College: On the Strength of 150 Years

By Alexander R. Stoesen. *The Board of Trustees, Guilford College, Greensboro, N.C., 1987. 148 pages. \$35.* The first time they see this book with its many pictures, Guilfordians will probably quickly page through it, looking for the Guilford College they remember. But Alex Stoesen broadens the focus beyond the average four-year tenure. He traces the college's history, beginning with the presidency of Lewis Lyndon Hobbs, who led the school through its transition from New Garden Boarding School to Guilford College. The book is divided into six sections, and each section contains a short essay followed by sketches accompanying the photographs. The book ends with a review of turning points in Guilford's history and a few conjectures about the college's future.

Death Among the Lilacs

By Adeline Palen. *Blue Spruce Press, Boulder, Colo., 1987. 218 pages. \$5.95/paperback (plus \$1 postage and handling).* Quaker mystery buffs (and there are some) may be interested in buying this little book to support a good cause. The Quaker author (in real life Louise Dudley of Boulder, Colo., Meeting) plans to donate all proceeds to the Association for Retarded Citizens/Arapahoe in Littleton, Colorado, the organization which has helped her care for her retarded

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Books *continued*

18-year-old son. The book has all the ingredients of a good mystery—many varied suspects, a shrewd detective, and a surprise ending, all told with the skill of an Agatha Christie. The setting is a retirement community called Lilac Manor, and the plot involves an ambitious career woman and the man who thwarts her plans. Quakers will approve that, except for the off-stage murder, there is no violence, yet lots of suspense.

Hope for Healing

By Rachel Callahan and Rea McDonnell. Paulist Press, New York, 1987. 91 pages. \$4.95/paperback. The spiritual approach to recovery from growing up under the shadow of an alcoholic parent is laid out in six basic steps: awareness, discipleship, conversion, community, union, and forgiveness. Similar in many ways to the 12 steps of Alcoholics Anonymous, this book serves a need for a special group of people.

Summons to Serve

By Richard Atherton. Cassell Publishers Limited, London, 1987. 156 pages. \$12.95/paperback. This modest, but realistic and wise book is the summation of what one British prison chaplain learned in 20 years of prison ministry. His book puts faith on the line: in prisons one faces the ultimate test of Christianity—to find that of God in the worst of these, the "throw-aways" of society. Yet Atherton helps us to understand what they are and what they face in prison life—a kind of dying, stripped naked and separated from loved ones and life, a terrible sense of stigma and not being needed. He sees their weaknesses in drinking, drugs, immaturity, and their inability to form lasting relationships, but he also tells, in anecdote after anecdote, about their sparks of kindness and humanity. He understands that a prison chaplain, to be truly spiritual cannot afford holier-than-thou piety, but must have compassion, persistence, and quiet unpretentiousness based on absolute faith. While the book deals entirely with English prisons, its conclusions are universal.

Richmond 1887

By Mark Minear. Friends United Press, Richmond, Ind., 1987. 150 pages. \$5.95/paperback. This book will appeal to Friends for two reasons. For those interested in history it provides insight into a pivotal period in U.S. Quakerism. The book details the events and people involved in the Richmond, Indiana, Quaker conference in 1887. Attended by representatives of Orthodox-Gurneyite yearly meetings, it was the first step toward establishing Five Years

Meeting—known today as Friends United Meeting. The book provides insight into questions Friends may have about their relationship to the Gospels and the nature of ministry.

Think On These Things

By Leonard S. Kenworthy. The Four Corners Press, P.O. Box 7468, Grand Rapids, MI 49510, and The Friendly Press, P.O. Box 726, Kennett Square, PA 19438. 1987. 346 pages. \$6.95/paperback. Leonard Kenworthy shares with the reader his lifetime collection of quotations that have fed his soul and spirit, his sense of humor, and his intellect. A wonderful book for the night table. Quotations are arranged according to subject; there is also an index of authors.

Talking Across the World

Edited by Robert Crossley, University Press of New England, 3 Lebanon St., Hanover, NH 03755, 1987. 374 pages. \$30 paperback. Olaf Stapledon, writer and teacher, and Agnes Miller, the girl who became his wife, were separated by half the world during the period of World War I. Agnes was in Australia, a strong supporter of the war under the eye of her conservative father; Olaf was a non-Quaker volunteer with the Friends Ambulance Unit in France. Through their letters they explained their philosophies and maintained emotional ties to each other. Olaf's letters, particularly, as he tells of the men he meets in his unit and out of it and how they react to the problems of pacifism, should be of interest to Friends active in peace work and pacifism.

Dealing Creatively with Death

By Ernest Morgan. Celo Press, Burnsville, N.C., eleventh revised edition, 1988. 170 pages. \$9/paperback. This latest revision of a book which grew out of the work of a funeral committee in Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting is a small encyclopedia of death-related matters. The committee, formed by Arthur Morgan in 1948, explored ways in which funeral practices might be made simpler and less expensive while giving greater emphasis to spiritual and emotional values. His son, Ernest Morgan, has revised and expanded the original several times. It now includes information of AIDS and Alzheimer's disease and what to do about death in a foreign country, as well as chapters dealing with grief, the right to decline treatment, and ceremonies to meet emotional needs of survivors. Appendices offer information on subjects ranging from hospice directories to instructions for making simple burial boxes.

Milestones



Sufferings

Bye—*Mary Bye*, a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting, has been charged with defiant trespass for "hugging" a tree to protect it from destruction, and will stand trial in a Pennsylvania district court this month. The trees, located in a wooded residential area of Bucks County, were more than 100 years old. A local housing developer, required to improve the sight line on a corner, chose to cut down the trees rather than install a mirror. The trial will be attended by members of the Friends Working Group on the Environment (Philadelphia Yearly Meeting), and will be followed by a tree planting ceremony. (Note: Mary Bye's article, "For Love of the Earth," appeared in the February 1988 *FRIENDS JOURNAL*.)

Births

Lambert—*Theresa Marie Lambert*, born May 15, 1980, and adopted June 15, 1988, by Mary L. and Marc A. Lambert. Her mother is a member of Clear Creek (Ind.) Meeting, and her father is a member of Strawberry Creek (Calif.) Meeting.

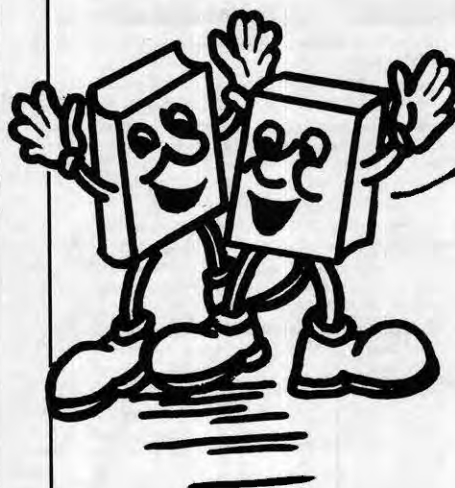
Mayer—*John Frederick Mayer*, on August 27 in New York, N.Y., to Carolyn Alice ("Cary") Andrews and Loomis Frederick Mayer. His parents are members of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting; his paternal grandparents, Philip and Eleanor Mayer, are members of Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting.

Marriages

Cooper-Harper—*David Wells Harper* and *Kate Matthews Cooper* on June 11 at Haverford (Pa.) Meeting. Kate and her family are members of Haverford Meeting.

Deaths

Furnas—*Roscoe Conklin Furnas*, 88, on July 26 at Kettering, Ohio. A birthright member of Miami (Ohio) Meeting of Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting, he was active in both monthly and yearly meeting affairs. Roscoe spent his life working the farm that had been in the family since 1800. At that time his great-great-grandparents, Robert and Hannah Furnas, moved to Warren County, Ohio, from South Carolina along with hundreds of other Quakers, to remove themselves from a state where slavery was practiced. He is survived by his wife, Esther Tannehill Furnas, and son, William Parker Furnas.



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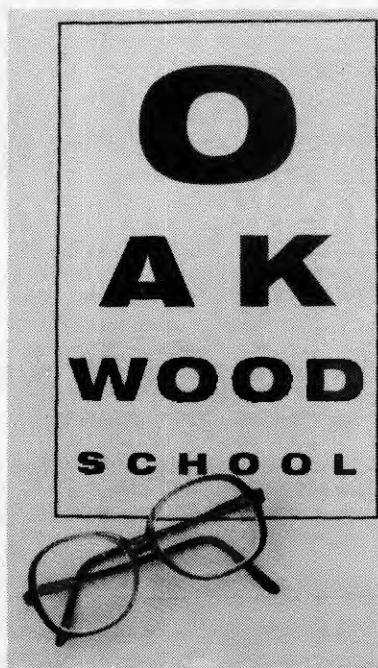
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Silberman—Herman Silberman, 81, on April 11 in La Jolla, Calif. Herman joined Friends Meeting at Cambridge (Mass.) in 1948 and transferred his membership to Victoria (B.C.) Meeting in 1971. Following a move to California in 1975, he joined La Jolla Meeting. Herman was a fine violinist, and for many years was in the first violinist group of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He taught music students in his La Jolla home until his death. Herman is survived by his wife, Martta, and son, Anders.

Tuthill—Gretchen Tuthill, 86, on Dec. 24, 1987, at Friends House, Santa Rosa, Calif. She traveled widely, cultivated a worldwide fellowship through correspondence, and is remembered by many in the United States, Europe, Africa, India, and Japan. Born in Honolulu, Hawaii, she earned a master's degree in social work from the University of California, and did further graduate work at the New York School of Social Work. She worked with the City Health Department and the International Institute in Los Angeles, Calif., and later became supervisor of the welfare agency for that city. She also served as executive secretary of the Princeton, N.J., Social Bureau. After her father's death in 1945, Gretchen moved with her mother to Carlsbad, Calif. Many friends remember her beautiful home there, her orchard, her flock of chickens, her organic garden. During this time, Gretchen joined the Society of Friends and attended La Jolla (Calif.) Meeting. She began volunteering for the American Friends Service Committee, and eventually served as acting associate executive secretary of the Pacific Southwest Regional Office. In 1957 she was sent on a world tour, visiting Quaker work sites in India and Africa. Until cancer weakened her, Gretchen did all in her power to foster peace. She was a vigorous and determined woman, yet so very gentle and loving with all she knew. She is survived by a sister, Barbara Poindexter.

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A. Total no. copies printed.....	9,636	9,300
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C. Total paid circulation	8,850	8,673
D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail or other means.....	155	132
E. Total distribution.....	9,005	8,805
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing.....	631	495
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VINTON DEMING, Editor-Manager

FRIENDS JOURNAL November 1988

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Washington, D.C., Accommodations for sojourners/seminar groups. Capitol Hill location, reservations advisable. William Penn House, 515 E. Capitol St., SE, Washington, DC 20003. Telephone: (202) 543-5560.

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Books and Publications

Peace Porridge, two-volume resource for and about peace kids, by Teddy Milne. Special offer \$19.90, including shipping. *The Mature Spirit*, religion without supernatural hopes, by Philip Mayer. \$10.95, plus \$1.25 shipping. *Unseen Holocaust*, nuclear power accidents, leaks. By Teddy Milne. \$2.80, including shipping. Pittenbruech Press, 15 Walnut, POB 553, Northampton, MA 01061.

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Secret Family. T. Noel Stern describes and discusses the unusual events in his childhood in new, 200-page autobiography. Available Friends Book Store, 156 N. 15th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, \$12.95 (plus \$1.75 mailing.)

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Calendar

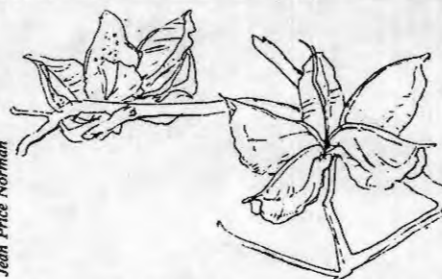
NOVEMBER

4-6—Mid-America Gathering of Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns in Indianapolis, Ind. Workshops, fellowship, and worship. Cost: \$35 for adults, \$10 for children over 2, donations appreciated for children under 2. Financial assistance available. Registrar: Gilbert Carrasco-Miller, 1505 Sunnyvale, No. 210, Austin, TX 78741, telephone (512) 447-6325.

5—Annual Public Gathering of the American Friends Service Committee at Arch Street Meeting House, 320 Arch St., Phila., Pa., from 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. For information write AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Phila., PA 19102, or call (215) 241-7000.

17—Fast for a World Harvest, Oxfam America's 15th annual fast. People are asked to fast and send the money they would have spent for food to Oxfam America, 115 Broadway, Boston, MA 02116.

19-20—Fall meeting of the Quaker Universalist Fellowship at Willistown (Pa.) Meeting, on Goshen Road between Newtown Square and West Chester. Interested friends are cordially invited: QUF is not a closed group. Samuel Caldwell, general secretary of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will speak on "That Blessed Principle: Reflections on the



Uniqueness of Quaker Universalism." For information, schedule, and registration, write to Lyn Pines, 109 Walnut Ave., Ardmore, PA 19003, or call her at (215) 649-7486.

24-30—Central America Yearly Meeting at Chiquimula, Guatemala. For more information, contact Mario Rolando, Lopez Espana, Apartado 8, Chiquimula, Guatemala.

DECEMBER

10—Christmas Peace Pilgrimage from Nazareth to Bethlehem, Pa., a ten-mile walk. Simple food will be served at noon, when there will be a speaker. An offering will be taken. Pilgrims are welcome to join at any point. There will be a candlelight ceremony to close at 7 p.m.

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Nica School—Esteli, Nicaragua. Nica's programs offer Spanish classes, socio-political seminars, volunteer work, and living with Nicaraguan families. Scholarships available. Call or write today! P.O. Box 1409-FF, Cambridge, MA 02238. (617) 497-7142.

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Concerned Singles Newsletter links compatible singles concerned about peace, justice, environment. Free sample: Box 555-F, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

Positions Vacant

Half-time Field Secretary to travel in the Midwest for Friends Committee on National Legislation interpreting the work and financial needs of FCNL to its constituents. Send inquiries or suggestions to: David Boynton, FCNL, 245 Second Street NE, Washington, DC 20002. Needed immediately.

Plymouth Meeting Friends School seeks applicants for Principal to assume leadership summer 1989. PMFS is under the care of Plymouth Monthly Meeting and is located in suburban Philadelphia, Pa. Day school, pre-preliminary through 6th grade, 150 students. Candidates should have firm grounding in Quaker tenets, experience in teaching, administration. Send letters of application or nomination to: Search Committee, PMFS, Butler and Germantown Pikes, Plymouth Meeting, PA 19462. PMFS is an affirmative action/equal opportunity employer.

Friends Couple required at New Friends Center for Wellington Meeting in New Zealand's capital city. Please reply to Center Committee, P.O. Box 9790, Wellington, New Zealand. Telephone: 64 04 698991.

Japanese—Haverford College, Haverford, Pa. A search is under way to fill a full-time, three-year position in Japanese, starting fall of 1989. Review for possible renewal will occur in the third year. The appointee should have a native level fluency in Japanese and strong teaching experience. Ph.D. or A.B.D. preferred, although M.A. with several years teaching experience will be considered. Responsibility includes developing a new Japanese language program to serve both Haverford and Bryn Mawr students. Haverford is a small liberal arts college, which emphasizes effective teaching, high academic standards, a concern for social issues, and a sense of community. Salary competitive. Submit resume, 3 letters of reference, and, if possible, teaching evaluations by November 7, 1988, to Mathews Hamabata, Search Committee Chair, Office of the Dean, 370 Lancaster Avenue, Haverford, PA 19041-1392. AAEOE.

FWCC Administrative Positions: Development Secretary—prior fundraising experience desirable. Salary based on experience and related skills. Major Administrative Position—rank and salary based on experience in planning and organizing skills. Office skills required. Inquiries to: Executive Secretary, FWCC, 1506 Race St. Philadelphia, PA 19102.

The Friends Committee on National Legislation, a Quaker lobby in Washington, D.C., seeks an Executive Secretary to begin work in early 1990. Applicant should have experience in administering an organization. Familiarity with the work of the U.S. government and its legislative process is desirable. Applicant should be an active member of the Religious Society of Friends. Application period closes March 15, 1989. For more information, write: Executive Search Committee, Friends Committee on National Legislation, Washington, DC 20002.

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Wilmington, Ohio, Friends Meeting is seeking a full-time minister. Position available July 1, 1989. Meeting now served by interim pastor. Please send resume to Wilmington Friends Search Committee, 68 N. Mulberry Street, Wilmington, OH 45177.

Community Relations Secretary—Educate and promote awareness of criminal justice issues to the public, conduct conflict resolution training to inmates in Ohio prisons, initiate new program development. Program management, development, and coordination experience necessary. Supervisory experience desirable. Please send resume to American Friends Service Committee, 915 Salem Avenue, Dayton, OH 45406. (513) 278-4225.

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Stay Awake, Friends

The Friend of London explains how, with:

THE FRIEND

JUNE 24, 1988

An Uncomfortable but Friendly Friend

FOR seven years Chuck Fager has been disturbing the peace of the Quaker Augustans by raising questions we would rather evade—and sometimes by giving news that we have tried to avoid. It was in March 1981 that he issued, from Baileys Crossroads, Virginia, the first number of *A Friendly Letter*. Month by month the four quarto pages have provided (as he set out to do) an "easy to read" journal. Whether the publication has also enabled "the various groups of Friends to get better acquainted and move closer together" it is at this juncture harder to judge.

But undoubtedly Chuck Fager, a convinced Friend and a working journalist, has provoked conservative, liberal and evangelical Friends alike to think again about unquestioned assumptions. *A Friendly Letter* set out to cover such varied themes as "New service opportunities for young Friends", "The American Friends Service Committee and its critics", and "How liberal and evangelical Friends can get along", as well as featuring "This month in Quaker history" and "Quaker chuckles" in each issue.

Chuck Fager began with an issue on the Law of the Sea Treaty, which seemed harmless enough. In the second he confessed that he might be rushing in where angels feared to tread in making a forthright analysis of the deep divisions within Iowa Yearly Meeting over the Friends Committee on National Legislation. This brought him a postbag ranging from incoherent anger to disbelief that tensions could possibly exist in our beloved Society.

Tensions often arise because, in our innocence, we do not believe that there are lines which we draw. And there are. Thus, when the pastor of Hinkle Creek Meeting,

Indiana, announced one Sunday in 1981 that he proposed that day and thereafter to administer holy communion, the result was an impasse with Western Yearly Meeting which (understandably) upheld the appeal of five members of the monthly meeting who had been displaced from their committee posts for objecting to the innovation. Matters having got that far, it was perhaps inevitable, as described in Issue 20, that the meeting's bank account, property, the pastor's tenure, the style of worship and Hinkle Creek's status as a monthly meeting should all come under question.

Or let us consider *A Friendly Letter*, Issue 86—"A liberal Quaker meeting learns to draw the line," describing in detail the steps taken by a New England monthly meeting (carefully in accord with *Faith and Practice*) to disown a member whose actions, though sincerely held, were unacceptable. "How often have I heard it said among liberal Friends," wrote Chuck Fager, "that we have no business making judgments about the beliefs and actions of those among us as long as they are sincere seekers." Reflecting on meetings which had "ducked or fudged" such issues, he had been left "very doubtful as to the adequacy of the Sincerity Standard as a basis for a healthy Quaker community life." But how are we to move beyond the Sincerity Standard without sliding back into the "bad old days of dogmatism and mass disownments"? He has no easy answer, but he propounds searching questions from which it is difficult to escape. . . . Of Chuck Fager's considerable contribution to our self-awareness, his stabbing our spirits broad awake, there can be no possible, probable shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever.

EDWARD H. MILLIGAN.

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