When the star in the sky is gone
When the kings and princes are home
When the shepherds are back with their flocks
The work of Christmas begins:
To find the lost
To heal the broken
To feed the hungry
To release the prisoners
To rebuild the nations
To bring peace . . .

—Howard Thurman
In Blindness or in Joy

Last year a friend told me about a Christmas gathering at which the nativity story was read. On the way home, her son, in his early teens, asked how he was supposed to believe that Mary was really a virgin. My friend said she told him many people believe that story literally as a matter of faith, but she was inclined to read it to uncover other lessons, for clues to bring clarity in her own life.

Then she talked about the difficult journey Joseph and Mary made to get to Bethlehem and the risks they took. She compared it to times in our own lives in which we push our boundaries and place ourselves in situations that require a bit more courage and a bit more faith.

Those are times that stretch our spirits—maybe because we’re reaching for a higher plane—and those are the times our faith can be deepened as well as worn thin.

My thoughts went back to a time when the Journal received several books of children’s Bible stories. Every time I opened them to scan for possible review material, they fell open to the same story—the Annunciation, where the angel tells unmarried Mary she’s going to have a baby. I began to feel a bit uncomfortable. Was somebody trying to tell me something? Recently divorced and middle-aged, I didn’t like the possibilities. I decided to go back and comb through the stories, hoping something would emerge.

I read the first two copies and found no mystical messages. I read the third one, found it to be much the same, and nearly slammed the book shut. Then my eye caught sight of a continuation on the next page. It was Mary’s response to the angel: “My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my savior.”

Homesick for my native Oregon and not quite accepting ultra-urban Philadelphia—yet believing very much that I should be here and that there was much to be grateful for—I felt led but not ready to claim her words as my own, I held them out in front of me, like a lantern in the darkness.

When I heard my friend’s story last Christmas, a little corner of darkness brightened up. Sometimes when we’re led, we go in blindness, searching for the Light. If I ever get good at it, I hope I learn to go in joy, as Mary did.

Christmas 1988 marks my second year here at the Journal, and the things that brought me here continue to hold me and bolster my faith. Often it’s your light that provides the lantern as we watch each issue take on shape and identity. Those friends who share their journeys on our pages challenge us all to push our boundaries a little farther and embrace a little more of each other and the world.

On the page across from this, we at Friends Journal share our faces and our smiles. We share our spirits with you, too, and offer you our best wishes for the joy of these holidays. We like being with you on your journeys, as you’re surely part of ours.

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In Her Own Words

Thanks for Marge Larrabee's article (F.J. Oct.) pondering the tension between faithfulness to our Inner Voice and our capacity to hurt each other with words. Her quotes from my 1987 FGC keynote address are a mix of my actual words and how she heard them, and while affirming what Marge heard, I'd like to record my own words:

Offend me. If the Goddess has meaning for you, show me that. I'll miss something about you if you don't show me how you speak to that Spirit that gives meaning to your life.

We need to start offending each other with our own reality. It's true, we ought to be able to perceive, to look into people's souls. But we can't always do that. It helps if we talk to each other...

...I felt grateful for this insight from these women: To be faithful to the Voice in us we have to express our own integrity without thinking primarily of what we can and can't say so as not to offend. If what we express is faithful to our truest selves, then we're not going to be shattered by somebody criticizing it. And we really need to start talking-for our own sakes, as whole people-so we can become more aware of what we believe.

My primary concern is faithfulness, not whether we are offensive. Yes, we need to not offend if we can, but not if in doing so we hide our deepest selves from each other. Unless we share who we are, we impoverish both ourselves and our spiritual communities.

Jan Hoffman
Amherst, Mass.

Some Voices in Response

"The New, Silent Voice of Anti-Semitism," by Stanley Zarowin (F.J. Sept.), deplores, as all thinking people must, the violence engendered by the conflict between Jews and Arabs in the Middle East. He further comments on "the surprising ignorance of the historical events that led to the violence." But he seems, in his comments on Arab terrorism, to forget the history of terrorism by Jewish agencies that preceded the setting up of the national state of Israel. Maybe the Stern Gang and others were "freedom fighters" to him, but one person's freedom fighter is the next one's terrorist.

It seems very unfortunate to interpret as anti-Semitism the revulsion that people feel for the arrogant nationalism of Israel and for the relegation of the Palestinian people to second-class citizens or worse, in a land that had been theirs for a thousand years. It is not bigotry to speak out against the aggressive racism of the government of Israel, and to sympathize with a people so cruelly misled. Anti-Zionism is not anti-Semitism; the real problem of anti-Semitism in the Middle East is that directed against the Arabs (remember, Arabs are Semites, too).

Samuel B. Burgess
Medford, N.J.

Stanley Zarowin's article came not a moment too soon. It is important because the "voice" is neither new nor silent, alas.

Many thanks to the author for his objectivity and to you for bringing us the article.

Jeanne Ellin
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I have just read much of the September issue and must thank you again for another excellent issue. The articles on Israel and South Africa are most interesting and informative. Most of us are so ignorant about the rest of the world, in spite of all of our money and supposed worldliness. We know a little, but need to know much more, about the other nations of the world-better knowledge of their languages, crops, exports, and/or problems. I value your articles and others about both our friends and our so-called "enemies." Ignorance is one of the major causes of misunderstandings that eventually result in war.

What can we do? First, I would suggest that we stop supplying Israel and Palestine with guns, airplanes, and other military armaments; and second, that we try to understand both sides of the conflict. As Stanley Zarowin says, "Peace would be better served if we-U.S. Jew and Gentile alike-spoke out for justice, not victory; for understanding, not condemnation; for unity, not divisiveness." Thomas Merton said, "It is not sufficient for us to hate war, we must love peace."

Henry W. Ridgway, Sr.
Mickleton, N.J.

Stanley Zarowin's article raises important concerns for all of us. It is indeed crucial when we see violence and oppression in the world to see it in the context of the history of the peoples involved. To understand the brutality of the Israeli occupation authorities, we must understand the history of anti-

Jewish oppression in the world: not to justify what is happening in the West Bank and Gaza, but to enable us to create a sufficiently balanced perspective to make peace and reconciliation possible.

However, I was disturbed by Zarowin's implied symmetry between Israeli and Palestinian violence. This is simply not the case: Israel is the occupier, the Palestinians are occupied; more than 20 times as many Arab civilians have been killed by Israelis during the past 20 years than have Israeli civilians by Arabs; it is the Palestine Liberation Organization that has proposed a two-state solution, and the Israeli government that has rejected it; it is the Palestinians who have waged their struggle primarily through nonviolence-strikes, boycotts, picketing, civil disobedience, and creating alternative institutions-and the Israelis who have tried to crush it through brute force; it is the Israeli government which receives billions of dollars annually in economic and military aid from the United States to maintain the occupation, while the Palestinians are denied even recognition.

Therefore, while it is indeed important that Friends look at a broader perspective of the conflict, including a more thorough understanding of the dynamics of anti-Jewish oppression, we must also see where the primary responsibility for the violence currently lies and the role of our own government in allowing it to happen.

Stephen Zunes
Ithaca, N.Y.

Historically, Semites are peoples of an area now including Jordan, Syria, Lebanon and Palestine, of which Israel is a part. It is therefore wrong to label those seeking justice for Palestinians as "anti-Semitic," for Arabs too are Semites.

Similarly, we must distinguish between Judaism, which is a religion and one of three which holds Jerusalem as a sacred city, and Zionism, which is a political movement only invented by the Austrian journalist, Theodore Herzl in the 1890s.

It would be helpful too to remember that the idea of Jewish citizens of other
countries immigrating into Palestine nearly 2,000 years after the original Kingdom of Solomon had ceased to exist, and driving out the native population, setting up a new Jewish nation-state, has been opposed by many wise adherents of Judaism.

Albert Einstein testified to this before President Truman's Committee of Enquiry in January 1948. A Jewish Englishman, cabinet minister under Lloyd George, Edwin S. Montagu, put his objections to Zionism in a memorandum to the cabinet on August 23, 1917. He charged that the Balfour Declaration offering the Zionists hopes of immigration into Palestine expressed a policy “that would be anti-Semitic in result, and will prove a rallying point for anti-Semites in every country in the world.” . . . I deny that Palestine is today associated with Jews. It is quite true that Palestine plays a large part in Jewish history, but so does the Crusifixion. The Government should be prepared to do everything in their power to obtain for Jews in Palestine complete liberty of settlement and life on an equality with the inhabitants of that country who profess other religious beliefs. I would ask that the Government go no further.”

These words express what PLO spokesman Yasir Arafat enunciated at the UN in November 1974 and still proposes: that an undivided Palestine be organized as a secular, binational state, and the end of legal or religious dominance of any one religion.

As long as the presumptuous claims of the Zionists to speak for the whole of the Judaic world are accepted, and financial support of Israel without insisting on acceptance of abolition of present policies of discrimination and violent takeover of lands vis-a-vis native Palestinians, the current horror may be expected to continue. Without justice there can be no peace.

Fred H. Richards
Boyertown, Pa.

The articles by Mary Mansoor Munn and Stanley Zarowin on the problems of the Holy Land are so moving as to impel me to comment. That a Quaker Palestinian and a Quaker Jew could testify side by side without any sense of incongruity is one of the strengths of the Friends Journal and Quakerism at large. As an active opponent of anti-Semitism continued on page 22

**Viewpoint**

**Direct Communication and Negotiation Needed**

It is difficult to know how to comment constructively on Stanley Zarowin's disturbing article, “The New, Silent Voice of Anti-Semitism” (FJ Sept.) As a Quaker, but also as a Christian in upbringing, I would seem to have no way to really appreciate the apprehensions of Jews, especially when the dominant fear is summed up by the italicized question, “When was the last time we [Quakers] were threatened with a covenant of death?” Yet not to have had this experience does not mean that partisans of Israeli government actions to put down the uprising in the Occupied Territories are carriers of a new, insidious brand of anti-Semitism.

There are several aspects of Stanley Zarowin's commentary that need a response. First, there are opinions that he has characterized as historical facts. American Friends Service Committee experience in having a leading Palestinian Muslim and a prominent Israeli Jew speak jointly to U.S. audiences has shown dramatically the extent to which emotionally laden, differing views of history are a major source of disension between Arab and Jew.

For example, Stanley Zarowin states that the Arabs in the occupied territories are historically bound to Syria and that Syria has “nurtured their alien condition.” The tie may have been somewhat true during the time of the Ottoman Empire, but that empire disappeared after World War I, with Syria and Lebanon as protectorates being turned over to the French by the League of Nations, and Iraq and both the East and West Banks of Palestine going to the British.

His statement, I fear, masks an underlying conviction that Palestinians do not need a homeland of their own. Indeed Syria has within its boundaries today 250,000 registered Palestinian refugees, half of them in UN camps. Jews with their own experience of the Diaspora especially should appreciate the yearning of Palestinians for a homeland. The possibility of founding such a state in the West Bank and Gaza has been made infinitely more difficult by the establishment of Jewish settlements in those areas. Secondly, it is true that both Arab and Jew are suffering deeply, although in the occupied territories the suffering by Arab families is a more immediate day-to-day experience with family or village members in prison, with curfews, with residences being demolished because of real or suspected offenses.

We must not accept, however, the proposition that “they are suffering because of events that are virtually beyond their control.” Never is there a situation where in the sight of God a people or a nation cannot act unilaterally. Anwar Sadat acted unilaterally. I happened to be in Israel when he flew in from Cairo and addressed the Knesset in Jerusalem. It was a thrilling historical moment.

Finally, if we are to speak out for justice, not victory, as Stanley Zarowin so rightly advocates, then surely we must join the Representative Meeting of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in urging, among other undertakings, “direct communication and negotiation between Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization and to support efforts to draw in other parties in an international peace conference to achieve mutual recognition and self-determination.” The leaders of both sides must come together, if only to begin to see the humanity of those on the other side of the great gulf that separates Jew and Arab.

Larry Miller

Larry Miller was coordinator of field projects in the Middle East from 1977 to 1985 for the International Division of the American Friends Service Committee. He continues to work for AFSC and is a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting.
Christmas in El Salvador

The following article originally appeared in the January 1987 issue of the Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting newsletter. It was written as a greeting to the meeting from the Celaya family, Salvadoreans who live in sanctuary in Quaker House, next door to the Ann Arbor Meetinghouse. The Celayas came to the United States in June 1985. They left El Salvador because family members' activity in a labor union drew the wrath of the Salvadoran government, and several men in the family were killed or injured as a result. Aurelio Celaya, the father of the family, lived in hiding for more than a year before the family fled to Mexico, where they lived briefly before coming to the United States. Aurelio and Pilar Celaya have five children: Carla, Alejandro, Nelson, Alfredo, and Juan Carlos. Two are in high school, two are in college, and one lives on the West Coast. Pilar's nephew and godchild, David, also lives with the family in Ann Arbor. Aurelio and Pilar support themselves by working odd jobs and with help from the meeting. Other members of their extended family live in sanctuary on the West Coast.

For the majority of my people—those with religious traditions and those without—the following are the most important customs and celebrations of the Christmas season. Especially those who hold Catholic religious beliefs celebrate what is called Pastorelas in which young and old alike participate.

Ten to 12 days before the 24th of December people dress up as Mary, Joseph, the shepherds, and other figures mentioned in the Bible during the time of the birth of Christ. They have met together beforehand to plan which houses they will visit in the processions of the coming days. During each night's journey to a house, the people at the head of the procession carry on their shoulders an image made of wood or plaster of a child lying down, a position which signifies that the child has not yet been born. Well, the procession finally arrives at the prearranged home and knocks at the door. When someone inside opens the door, members of the procession begin to sing special songs in which they ask the family of the house to permit the child Jesus to remain with them for a night. Those who have opened the door respond, singing another song which says that the child may stay.

In this way, the procession goes from house to house each night until the 24th of December, when the child is carried to the church at midnight and a mass is celebrated. During the mass, the priest puts the child in a sitting position to signify that it has been born. After the mass, each family returns home to eat a meal together. Those who have the money, uncork their bottles of wine; the sound of radios or record players can be heard and dances which can last until morning begin.

It is worth mentioning that the merchants really benefit from the Christmas season because as part of the festivities, people—even at great sacrifice—have the custom of buying new clothes and shoes. No one wants this night to pass without being able to wear something new for the first time. So, the shopkeepers take advantage of this custom and mark up the prices in an exaggerated way. Most people know that they do this and buy their Christmas gifts up to a month ahead of time to avoid being victims of this policy.

On the 31st of December, the New Year's festivities begin. Everyone wants to go visiting, and given that the students have vacations during this time—the school year is from February to October—it is the custom to spend the whole day visiting our friends and family members. Most people don't work on this day because they have already worked extra hours beforehand to make up for it. So on the 31st we all go visiting by bus, and if we find the friend or family at home, what luck! We talk, eat a little something together, have a drink like wine or beer, and after a while we say goodbye and go on to another home.

Someone, of course, remains at home to prepare the big midnight meal for the family—usually the grandparents. They prefer not to go out on this day because the buses are full and they are afraid that someone might jostle them. When the buses are very full, we walk to our friends' homes and the grandparents don't want to walk so much. So, they usually stay at home to prepare a baked turkey or tamales. Those families who...
can't afford a turkey buy some tamales for their supper. This is also a beautiful custom because each family prepares more than what they are going to eat, and just before midnight they fix plates of food to take to their neighbors. It is usually the children who have the job of taking the food to the neighbors. This is a funny ritual itself, because the children are making mischief and joking around so much that they often drop the food and return to their mothers to tell them that they fell accidentally and dropped the plate. So the mothers get mad and scold the children but fix another plate of food for them to take again, or they send an older child so that the task gets done. In this way we try to share the little we have with others.

In a beautiful custom, each family prepares more than they are going to eat, and just before midnight they fix plates of food to take to their neighbors.

It is a custom to buy fireworks to set off on the night of the 31st. When night falls around 7 P.M. the children are very excited. They bathe and put on their new clothes and go outside, to run around and shoot off fireworks. Just before midnight everyone looks at their watches; parents and children try to be as close together as possible because when the clock strikes twelve, there are kisses and hugs everywhere together with wishes for a Happy New Year. Sometimes the old people cry at this time, remembering the bad experiences that they've had in the past year or someone close to them who has passed away.

Right after midnight, we run to the homes of our neighbors to exchange hugs with them, and because everyone is running out of their homes to do the same, the whole neighborhood is in the street. The best fireworks, saved for this moment, are set off, and the whole scene is like a street fair. After this, we have our big midnight dinner, and those who put on dances, dance until dawn. In this way my people celebrate Christmas and New Year's.

I would like to explain another aspect of these traditional festivities. In order to have a big dinner and be able to buy new clothes for the children, many of us have a little money that our bosses have given us, not out of generosity on their part, but because we have earned it working for a miserable wage for an entire year. It is also certain that there are thousands of families that have no work, and surely in these homes there will be no New Year's dinner, no new clothes nor any toys for the children who have waited all year for Christmas. Our children know very well that there is no money to buy them a toy, but they hope that at the end of the year God will make a miracle happen so that their parents will be able to do this.

To end, I would like to say that the situation of war, which my people are suffering now, is a struggle carried out with the hope that there will come a new day in which our children can truly have a happy Christmas. A time in which they can know that a child was born—a child made man and humanitarian by Divine will, who arrived in this world to bring a message of peace, a message of love for all, a message of justice and humility in which we all have the necessary things to live as the dignified children of God that we are. With all my heart I wish for those who read this small article that the God of our ancestors, who is the same God of our days, fills your hearts with much love. I hope that we can reflect seriously on giving our Christmas the true spirit of its meaning. May God inspire in each one of you the desire to help those who are needy, and in this way you will be contributing your small grain of sand so that our peoples can live in peace.

May God also bless each and every one of you who have so generously opened your hearts to help us. To those who work so arduously in this beautiful project of sanctuary in Ann Arbor and also to those who don't work in sanctuary but support us in some way, we simply say thank you! Many thanks, may God repay you, and may you all have a Feliz Navidad and a prosperous New Year.

With gratitude and love,
Pilar Celaya and family
The way the men tell it
You'd never know we were there at all—
Except Mary, and they could hardly do without her.
But who ever heard of a birth with no women present?
And a joyous birth at that.
I only came to help at the last minute,
Bringing water and cloths.
I had grumbled at the arrival of Joseph and Mary,
Over-busy as I was at the time of taxation,
But I had made space for them in the stable.
How could I have turned away that young woman,
So near her time and looking so tired from her travel?
A half hour later the young husband came in to say
They had only just settled in in time
And now Mary was really in labour.
I sent my little Sarah for old Miriam
To come from next door to help.
Then Sarah begged to be let stay
And Miriam said she'd be glad of the young legs
If the child would act sensible and do a bit
Of fetching and carrying if it was needed.
It wouldn't hurt anyway
To have the child there
To keep the beasts from getting in the way—
Uncommon interested, they seemed.
Busy or not, I charged Sarah to fetch me
When the birth was near,
No matter whether I was still cleaning up
Or had dropped on my bed exhausted
I found I didn't want to miss the birth
And they'd surely be glad of the extra hands.
It wasn't going to be too convenient there in the stable,
Though with all those noisy people crowding the inn
I wasn't surprised the woman Mary
Had seemed so much to welcome
The peace and quiet of the stable.
So that's how it was
Miriam holding Mary's hand much of the time
Talking softly to her about what was happening
Helping her up when that was what was needed.
That Joseph, he was there too all the time
Seemed like a caring man—
He and Mary both relieved to have Miriam there.
The labour went quietly, most of the time
With Mary getting on with her work,
The stable not too cold, with the warmth of the animals.
Sarah took a catnap or two, but
There was the feeling of excitement
That always attends a birth.
She came wide awake and ungrumbling
Whenever she was needed.
I went out when I'd at last finished the chores
Just to see how things were going.
A lovely bright starlit night it was
Cold and quiet
And one star outshining all the others
So close
It might have been just over the roof.
I went in then to catch some sleep.
Two hours later I was woken by Sarah's shake
And her excited whisper.
Tired as I'd been when I'd lain down
I was at once awake and almost as excited as Sarah
Though birth was nothing new to me, heaven knows,
Whether it was human birth or the birth of a beast.
We three women then were there
(For little Sarah seemed a woman after that night)
And Joseph, and Mary herself, and the animals.
Mary did her part well and it all went fine
At the end. And it was a boy
(Sarah was a bit disappointed for a minute or two).
When Mary had held him for a bit and was ready to rest
We put him in the manger,
Sarah had made it look like a proper little baby basket
And comfortable with plenty of clean straw.
After helping clean up
I went back into the inn
But not to bed. Some of the travellers
Were already stirring, though it was still dark
Or as dark as it got on that starlit night.
Miriam helped Mary take the babe to the breast
Then she went home to sleep.
Sarah, eyes shining,
Said she would stay on if Mary and Joseph didn't mind.
She could bring the baby to Mary where she slept
If he woke.
Joseph was pleased enough.
It had been a hard night for him too
After their long journey.
Sarah told me that Mary
Just smiled at her.

The events of the night weren’t over either.
Sarah came running in to say
There were shepherds come down from the hills
Going on about angels
And wanting to see the baby
(And how did they know about the birth?)
A day or two later there were tall serious men
From the East
Bringing such strange and expensive gifts
Not like the bits of food and a small blanket or two
That the women round about had given

When they heard how little Mary had been able
To bring with her for the babe.
In a few days’ time
They were ready to leave, and leave they did.

There were other births after and deaths too.
Was this an ordinary birth or was it something special?
Miriam and I and young Sarah
Kept these things in our hearts
Talked about them sometimes
Remembering Mary and her baby
Wondering what became of them.
The Temple and the Bridge

A Christmas Fable by Yvonne Boeger

Once upon a time there was an ordinary housewife who wanted one thing for Christmas—that peace might come to every part of the world.

"I'm not really expecting it to happen," admitted Ordinary. "I've worked for peace for 20 years and nothing much has changed. I've written my congressman. I have marched. I have demonstrated. I have signed petitions. I have stopped paying my phone tax. But everything is just the same."

Nevertheless, she invited some other housewives to a coffee party, and over the Sara Lee, they hit upon a plan. As Ordinary—who's real name was Mary—explained it later to a reporter from the Times, "We've decided that since we cannot seem to do anything to bring peace to the world, we will build a Temple of Tears where everyone who wants to can come to weep. Of course, we mean everyone, without regard to race, religion, sex, age, or income."

The Times published the interview on the 11th page of Section 2 of the Tuesday morning edition.

And it came to pass that the housewives built the temple, using the hard rocks of self-sacrifice. Occasionally they were helped by some members of the Men's Auxiliary who kept the children while the women hauled stones and mixed cement.

When the temple was finally finished, Mary called a press conference. "Everyone," she announced, "is invited to come to the Temple of Tears to weep for the sorrows of the world. On the first day, punch and cookies will be served.

The editor of the Times, who had not wept for quite awhile, thought this was amusing and ran the story on the front page of the Sunday edition.

And it came to pass that so many people came to weep that it began to look like one of the great peace demonstrations in Washington. While the people were waiting to get into the temple, they began to talk with one another. Some hadn't done so in years. A teen-ager listened respectfully as his father told him how he had worked his way through college during the Depression. A member of the PLO struck up a friendly conversation with a Jew. A leading ecologist invited the president of Shell Oil home for Sunday dinner. That sort of thing.

There were a few regrettable incidents. One weeper accidentally stepped on the foot of the representative from Calcutta, who burst into tears before ever reaching the temple. An elderly weeper reported that her box of tissues had been lifted. As the day grew hotter, the crowd became restless. Some of the children started tossing empty soda cans into the Fountain of Peace.

Just when it seemed possible that the National Guard might have to be called to keep order, Mary proved herself equal to the occasion. First she asked a British friend to organize the crowd into 12 orderly queues. Then a German delegate volunteered to lead the group in singing peace songs. By the time the temple doors opened, people were smiling at each other again.

When the people entered the temple, they found that it was divided into two areas. One side contained little cubicles for private tears. Each person was limited to ten minutes' weeping over private sorrows. But in the larger auditorium one could weep for the world for as long as one wished. Candles were lit and herbal tea served to those who stayed after dark.

At intervals the tears shed for the sorrows of the world were collected by a housewife named Martha, who stored them in a Tupperware pitcher. When she had collected 28 ounces she gave them to Ruth, another ordinary housewife who was also a biochemist and a Nobel prize winner.

From the tears shed for the sorrows of the world, Ruth distilled a miraculous potion which she labeled "Elixir of Sorrow. Do not exceed recommended dosage. Keep away from children."

In time, samples of the Elixir of Sorrows were sent to all the great leaders of the world. The effect on them was so miraculous that they used some of it as ink to sign peace treaties with their enemies. Wars ceased everywhere and peace came to every part of the world.

During the following year, all the machinery of global war was melted down and used to build a bridge across the Pacific Ocean. With the East and the West thus connected, people mingled daily on the bridge, exchanging ideas, hugs, and garden tools. Sometimes they took each other's children home to spend the weekend.

The bridge was so high that when any person stood on it to pray, her prayers reached heaven in a much shorter time than before. When this was discovered, traffic was halted every Wednesday evening so that the Ecumenical Society could hold a prayer meeting.

The bridge was christened "The Mary and Martha Bridge," although the media liked to refer to it as "The Great M & M in the Sky." As long as the temple and the bridge endured, peace prevailed in the world. And the work of the angels at Christmas was greatly facilitated.
A woman is sitting on the steps in front of my house. She is wearing jeans and a blue and white striped shirt. There’s a white terrycloth headband around her head. She is a lookout for the drug dealers newly arrived on our block.

As I watch from my front window—something I have trouble not doing, although I know it’s unwise—I see her throw down her cigarette and rise to greet a thin young man walking up the street. She holds out her hand. He looks around, but not up at me, and hands her a white tablet. She swallows it. She lights another cigarette.

What is the Friendly response to drug dealers who are taking over our streets? And it is a takeover. The police have frankly told a representative from our block club that we can’t expect much. Police have been shifted to fight the drug trade in the poor housing projects in other wards, they explained; it’s that, or let the Black Muslims make fools of them by pushing out dealers where the police have failed. Little “so-so” neighborhoods like ours, not very well off and not in dire straits, will have to live with our incursion of crack houses. This sounds unbelievable; but it’s a big-city reality in these cocaine-flooded times.

It’s a street of Edwardian row houses, mostly built in 1903, with a couple of apartment buildings. The neighborhood is black. We are white. We moved here in 1977, lured by a convenient close-in location, an affordable mortgage, and, most of all, lots and lots of room for bookcases. Many of the homeowners here bought their houses in the first wave of integration. But many of the other houses were broken up into apart-
price for the use of her cramped, hot apartment. Perhaps the extra money afforded her some comforts—a fan, better food, taxis instead of the painful and scary trudge to the grocery store four blocks away.

Now, it's an amazing sight to watch. I sit in my car across the street sometimes and just ponder the ballet-like movement of the crack dealers (for it seems that the men and women who visit this house are smaller-scale dealers themselves). Two never arrive at the same time; none ever stays longer than 20 seconds; yet a full minute never passes without at least two running up the stairs and quickly out again.

What do I see? Almost without exception, I see beautiful young people—good-looking young men and women with lithe, active bodies, nice clothes, and a look of health and purpose. To be truthful, they look better than the tired, dull people you see waiting for the bus on a downtown street. They look as if their lives are at least interesting to them; they walk with a lightness of step. But it's combined with a studied casualness that makes it easy to see, half a block away, which passersby are going to turn in at the apartment building. I now think of it as the "drug dealer's walk."

I am torn between two strong desires. The first is to GET RID OF THEM; to force them out by any convenient means and go back to being a sleepy urban street.

The second impulse is to try to see that of God in these drug dealers; perhaps even one day—although the thought scares me—to speak to that of God in one of them. I am miserably aware that my rejecting attitude is no better than the mean spirit of this age.

My husband and I went to see Who Framed Roger Rabbit? last night. We were delighted with the opening premise—that cartoon figures can mix with humans—and with the understated wit. But we were repelled by the violence and ultimately bored with the plot. For it turned into the same story line which seems compulsory in movies these days: after an exciting car chase, the villain ("Absolute Evil") is destroyed for good.

Contrast this with a story which has haunted me since I read it in the Pendle Hill library earlier this year. I had taken down a little book called, Quakerism: The Story of My Life. By a Lady Who for Forty Years Was A Member of the Society of Friends. It was printed in 1852. A hand has added in pencil, "Mrs. Greer. It is the record of a bad ill-natured child who was incapable of understanding religion and with advancing years developed more and more bad temper as her unsanctified character became apparent to others." (Talk about uncompromising rejection!) Mrs. Greer may have been an exposition to others, but she wrote a lively, gossipy account of her childhood in an Anglo-Irish Quaker family near the end of the 18th century. (At a potluck, you would certainly want to sit by her.) Here's the story I copied out:

Our family was accustomed to spend a couple of months each summer at the seaside. One evening when my father and uncle were driving there to meet us, they were attacked by three robbers. One seized the horse, and one at each side of the gig, with a loaded pistol threateningly held up, demanded their money and watches. Of course there was nothing for it but to obey. As my father gave his, he said to the robber: "If ever thou shouldst want a friend, remember and send for me."

Two years after this, a message was sent to my father, that a man under sentence of death in the county jail wished to see him exceedingly. He obtained the necessary order for admission, and went without having any idea who it could be. On entering the condemned cell, he recognized the face of the person who had robbed him two years before. The man looked at him and trembled violently. "Why," said he, "did you tell me, if I wanted a friend to remember and send for you?" "Really," replied my father, "I hardly know why I said it; but if I can do anything for thee now, tell me, and if right to be done, I will do it." "Sir," said he "I have never had a moment's peace since I robbed you."

The man told her father where he could find his watch, tucked away in a hole in a wall about four miles from the city. (She adds: "It had evidently lain there for a long time.") Her father found that the man was reconciled to his death sentence, but frantically worried about the life to come. Her father gently assured the prisoner that a full pardon was awaiting him on account of his repentance. He also brought the prisoner the gift of a New Testament—a very expensive item in those days.

Her father did all he could to get the sentence commuted: "He interested the best, the highest, and the noblest in the city in the case, but in vain." The day before the execution, her father was refused admission to the jail. That evening the New Testament was returned to him by the jailkeeper, with a note that "the condemned man had entreated him to return it to his only friend."

Meanwhile, as I type this, the woman in the blue striped shirt is still sitting on my steps. And I'm sitting here wearing my "Save the Humans" t-shirt with its cheerful whale design, wondering what to do.

Two Hundred Seventh Street

"This is my Body, this is my Blood..."

Blood clotted on the floor of the subway stop—blood and dirt screaming from the cold concrete.

We pass by, glancing covertly at each other, disgust disguising our fear.

"Choking on the smell of urine we climb the steps—emerge into the sun—trying not to know that blood was spilled here, last night, that the Lamb lies bleeding everywhere in this city."

—Harriet Elkington

Harriet Elkington attends 15th Street (N.Y.) Meeting. She is a psychotherapist who has a love-hate relationship with New York City.
SOVIET REFLECTIONS

by Jack Willcuts

This is written in a Soviet Trade Union hotel room in Leningrad, Russia, on a snowy, cold March day. This part of Russia is on the same latitude as Greenland's "icy mountains." Leningrad (population 5 million) is built on a bunch of islands linked together with 300 bridges and surrounded by harbors dotted with heavily coated fishermen (and fisherwomen) hunched over fishing holes bored through two feet or more of crust and ice. It is warmer than Moscow, however, where a small party of British Quakers and I paddled about swathed in sweaters, coats, and more coats. Skiers silently slide along sidewalks to work, carrying briefcases. Young mothers with tiny, bright-eyed, or sleeping children buried beneath furry blankets pull baby carriages on runners. Thick, glassy icicles dangle five feet from eaves, hoarfrosty trees, and shrubs; it is a Siberian scene.

I am glad for my newly purchased 120 percent wool jacket so sheeppy that it bleats when I put it on.

"International understanding is too important to leave solely to governments," reads a brochure. With this in mind I joined a group of 12 Friends, some with experience of life and travel in the Soviet Union "to meet and share common interests with Soviet people." We are accompanied as needed by Valentina, an experienced Russian interpreter. Palaces, cathedrals, people, and history—Russia is filled with them all. They started building some of these a thousand years before George Washington was born, so history is everywhere.

"This palace (or this cathedral) was built or started, then destroyed in such and such war; rebuilt, ruined, rebuilt, damaged, restored..." Valentina runs through the centuries like a shopping list. Take one example: the world-renowned Winter Palace, used by Peter the Great and other czars, called "The Hermitage." The building is too long and large to photograph in one picture. It is a typical Baroque structure, the centerpiece of Palace Square, with its 150-foot-tall column commemorating Russia's victory over Napoleon in 1812. It's lighted with chandeliers weighing three tons each and contains 15 parlors, some 1,000-square-foot halls, malekite column supports, and walls and ceilings covered with "12,000 shades and sizes of mosaics." That is an exaggerated start through the green and gold domed line-up of palaces.

As for cathedrals, icons, paintings, and spectacular architecture, one feels like the breathless Egyptian runner trying to describe Solomon's Temple to the Queen of Sheba. A painting of the Last Supper, 20 by 30 feet, took the artist ten years to do; another site has the largest number of original Rembrandts in one place (24)—maybe it was at Peter and Paul's Cathedral, or St Isaac's, or Pushkin's Palace, it is hard to take notes with one hand and pictures with the other and keep up. This is Christianity's millenium year in Russia, so the religious motif is presently more prominent. I don't know about all of them, but I did discover that many of the fabulous ceiling paintings were mostly done on a special cloth, then glued up there. At this point I began to wonder about the task of cathedral custodians, which leads us to the "people" part of present-day Russia.

Several years ago on a European visit, I walked along the Berlin Wall and stared through the barbed-wire Iron Curtain that divides a city and a continent. This time, in a Russian Aeroflot jet, we flew into the Soviet capital. To emphasize only the differences which separate people is to overlook the aspects of beauty, helpfulness, love, fun, friendship, honesty, and other human virtues that exist on both sides. It is shallow to suppose that the dignity of the elderly, the joy of life of children, the sacrifices of parents, insights into the mysteries of God's creation, feeling at home on this earth, and other features of our oneness with all human beings—are the prerogatives of any one culture, country, or political structure. It is always possible, however, to seek and find examples to support one's preconceived ideas or prejudices. Many of the terrible things we have heard about communist Russia are true; many of the terrible things Russians have heard about the capitalistic United States are true. During a visit alone with a few English speaking university students, I said, "Many in the United States and England believe Russia is just waiting for a chance to take over our countries and the world." They looked surprised, then laughed, "That is exactly what most of us think the United States is trying to do to us—and to the world." But there are reasons, of course, why both views are held. In some ways, such a fear for them hits closer home than for us because of their intimate experiences as a country with war. Another is their disillusionment with the kind of Christianity that justified the opulence and wealth in building all those cathedrals.
and palaces with slave and serf labor, often by rulers in the name of religion.

Leningrad, especially, has a somber recent memory. More than a million in Leningrad alone died during the "Patriotic War" when the celebrated invincible Nazi war machine lay siege to the city from 1942-45. We visited the cemeteries where 12,000 bodies at a time had been bulldozed into single graves—just not dead soldiers but entire families who died of starvation—in my lifetime.

Leaving a Russian Orthodox Church morning worship, I asked a sad, wrinkled-faced woman (through an interpreter) why there were so few men in worship. "Don't you know?" her eyes met mine. "They were all killed. I lost five...five." She turned away, wrapping her shawl tighter about her since it was snowing. The interpreter added, "I'm the youngest in a family of eight children. My father and oldest brother were killed and our house destroyed. I was only a year old, I don't remember it, but my mother did. She died last year at 78."

Western visitors are given materials to read. Complete translations of all speeches from the USSR-USA summit meeting in December 1987 as well as speeches, documents, and all that Gorbachev and Reagan said publicly and in press conferences. Current issues of the Moscow News (available in 32 other languages), booklets with detailed explanations of perestroika (meaning "restructuring") and understood by Russians as "new thinking, new attitudes, and approaches" of the Soviet government toward internal as well as international situations), and glasnost ("openings"). Other items: a 125-page book giving answers to the 100 questions most frequently asked about the USSR by U.S. citizens, and a copy of the U.S. published Time magazine featuring Gorbachev as their "1987 Man of the Year."

One could shrug all this off as propaganda, but it is quite possibly believed by many, including several "third world" countries around the world and the 15,000-plus foreign students on scholarships in Moscow universities.

Of special interest to me were the contacts with Soviet Christians. In Moscow we went an hour early to the Baptist Council Church (we found no Quakers in either city). The Baptist congregation is the only state-recognized Protestant church that might be considered evangelical. When most churches closed during the Stalin years, one former Russian Orthodox church building was made available to this fellowship in Leningrad.

"Do you own it?" "No, it is state-owned; we rent it and keep it in repair." "Do you have freedom to worship and use it as you wish?" "Yes. But all our worship, programs, and teaching must be done within the church building." "Including Sunday schools for youth?" "Yes, within the church."

Five services a week are held here, so some of us went on a Tuesday night to a prayer meeting. The underground bus transfer rides from this hotel took 45 minutes. We found approximately 500 present. Many had come farther than we had, or had walked through the snow. The service lasted two hours, with three messages, with many people taking notes, and a 65-voice choir presenting special music. Few attenders removed their heavy coats for the service. That week nearly 40 church "fields superintendents" from across the USSR were present for a three-day conference, so they were seated on the platform with the three local pastors. Two spoke, bringing greetings, one from the Siberian churches, the other from the Ukraine. (I was invited to bring greetings from the United States and English Christians.) There were many young people present, including children. It seemed to me, an atmosphere of intense concentration and absolute attention characterized the response, although there was vibrant congregational singing of familiar hymns.

A membership of 2,000-plus (in this congregation) with 300 joining each year was described to us. It takes two years to join after attending doctrinal classes. Actually, we were told, membership is not encouraged since it can be a stigma on one's record for job opportunities, educational promotions, and forfeiture of membership in the Communist party. Christians must think carefully before making a commitment, but the numbers, while small, are growing. There is also a spirit of optimism and hope evidenced as part of the national euphoria with perestroika. "Things are so much better now," was heard frequently in every setting in which we participated, including churches. Great hopes are placed on Gorbachev. An example is this quote taken from the Moscow News report on a national planning committee conference to consider the significance of the introduction of Christianity in Old Russia for the development of culture, world, and European civilization. "The Bible fueled the creative works of Dante and Dostoyevsky, inspired Rublev and Michelangelo; were it not for it there would be no Cathedral of the Intercession of the Holy Virgin. . . ."

In a private talk, I asked students, "Would you like me to send each of you a gift copy of the Bible?" "Oh, yes," they nodded. "But don't do it, for we would never get it. And even if we did, we don't do it." But we were told the United Bible Societies were permitted to bring 100,000 Bibles into the country this year, compared to 25,000 the previous year. In the back of my mind, however, I recalled recent reports in Christianity Today, and other sources that Christians in many churches unrecognized by the Soviets state are labeled "dissidents" and languish in prisons.

Every group and everyone with whom we talked was desperately eager to see the international armaments buildup stopped, including their own. A Soviet official, as we met in his office, quite vehemently observed that when Reagan and Gorbachev would sign the then-
proposed nuclear cutback treaties, and after all are approved, the known total nuclear missile supply (of both sides) would be reduced by only four percent, "and it will take less than that to destroy the entire world. Since the world can only be destroyed once, why waste so much money and resources?" One senses in visiting in homes, casual contacts in situations where conversation takes place with "common" people, that the same feelings of futility and frustration about the international tensions and confrontations are felt on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

As a Christian I return to a Psalm to glimpse, by faith, our Creator's perception of nations and the world: "Serve the Lord with trust and rejoice with trembling" (Psalm 2:11). This is not to escape our responsibility to work with discernment and courage as peacemakers. There are many ways we can be involved, helpfully, practically, sacrificially. Pray. Pray for peace, for those in authority, for those suffering persecution, and for ourselves that we not become too preoccupied in our comfortable living to care. As Tatiana Goricheva, a contemporary Russian Christian, writes, "It is a pity that the West does not understand the value of suffering, its power to renew and purge. The experience of the persecuted Russian Church says to us quite clearly that suffering for God does not take us away from him, but on the contrary brings us nearer to him." My emotions were unusually stirred watching several young men pushing their way through crowded aisles to kneel at the altar of Moscow's only evangelical church, being counseled by elders, leaving the meeting clutching some Christian literature. Pray for them.

Can we not also encourage and take advantage of glasnost and perestroika, using this new openness and restructuring to develop personal contacts, visits, or to send Bibles? Can we perhaps support our Quaker university and college students to enroll in Moscow and Leningrad universities to study Russian, or teach English while witnessing in various ways as openings come? Maybe our Quaker colleges could provide English language scholarships to Soviet students. I met some young people who would certainly apply. The doors are not nearly so tightly closed as they were just five years ago—and we know that we are supposed to do with open doors. Enter them!

For two weeks this spring two vans of Soviets went into the countryside and to cities and towns of the Eastern and Southern United States in an experiment in grassroots diplomacy. The 11 Soviets were a return delegation sent by the Soviet Peace Committee, following an 11-person U.S. delegation from the Fellowship of Reconciliation (F.O.R.) that went in the spring of 1987 to Moscow, Baku, and Volgograd to study the new Soviet policies of glasnost, perestroika, and demokratsia.

The Soviets were a diverse group: young and old, women and men, religious and communist, Russian, Lithuanian, and Ukrainian. They included a student, a cancer researcher, a Russian Orthodox archbishop, a deputy mayor, a history professor, a Baptist minister, a journalist, a movie actor, and an editor. Almost all spoke excellent English. They were all exponents of glasnost and democratization, but from a variety of perspectives and with a variety of opinions.

The Peace Caravan went into ten states, often into communities that have not had Soviet visitors before. They made stops in such places as Blacksburg and Bridgewater, Virginia; Jennessee, Tennessee; Huntsville and Montgomery, Alabama; Comer, Georgia; Wheeling, West Virginia; Black Mountain, Asheville, and Waynesville, North Carolina; Maplewood, New Jersey, and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. From hay rides to square dances, from community forums and university classes to church services and an international fair, they were ambassadors of good will. They shared something of the excitement and diversity at work in their country today, and they learned plenty as well. This was no tourist trek. Although they saw the scenic and historic places along the way, they also observed the peace and justice community at work in resettling refugees, feeding the homeless, and counseling people with drug and alcohol problems.

Richard Deats, long associated with the Fellowship of Reconciliation, is director of U.S./USSR Reconciliation Projects for the F.O.R.
They saw the best and the worst, they made deep friendships, and they exchanged attitudes and beliefs with remarkable candor.

At the end of their journeys, the two vans met back in Nyack, New York, for a day-and-a-half consultation of the 11 Soviets and about 35 representative leaders of the peace community in the United States. In addition to the F.O.R., American Friends Service Committee, and other peace groups, there was also one Eastern European, editor Jan Kavan, who urged representatives of the two superpowers not to forget Eastern Europe when they consider U.S./Soviet relations. The consultation was held at Shadowcliff, the national headquarters of the F.O.R., on the banks of the Hudson just north of New York City. One goal of the consultation was to acquaint the Soviets with the U.S. participants and provide an opportunity for them to enlarge areas of agreement, as well as to explore ways of dealing with remaining differences. The second goal of the consultation was to bring together people working on East/West relations from different perspectives—such as disarmament, citizen diplomacy, and human rights—so that we could get better acquainted with each other and learn from one another, perhaps moving us toward our own glasnost and perestroika. Many working in the field of U.S.-Soviet relations tend to work mainly from one perspective and can easily fail to appreciate the contributions of different organizations working from different perspectives. For example, those working for disarmament can be so convinced the world must be saved from nuclear catastrophe that they avoid linking arms issues with human rights concerns because it seems a diversion from the central issue of the day. Those concerned for human rights can be so focused on that they fail to acknowledge the constructive improvements that are currently underway. For citizen diplomats, eager to get rid of the enemy image and biased attitudes, the temptation is to refrain from raising any of the difficult areas separating East and West, fearful that it will further damage the fragile relationship. All of us need to learn the truth of Barry Commoner's maxim, "Everything is connected to everything else." The various strands need each other, and we need to strengthen ways of appreciating one another's insights and find ways of working together.

Above: A Soviet visitor addresses the Adult Forum at Christ Episcopal Church. Right: Vida Gyalchine, deputy mayor of Kaunas, Lithuania, speaks at the Fellowship of Reconciliation meeting in Nyack, New York. On page 17: "Mischa" (Mikhail Ilyin) speaks with two members of the Corps of Cadets at Virginia Tech.
How much these goals were accomplished remains to be seen in what grows out of the consultation. Certainly for their part, the Soviets demonstrated the vitality of the changes going on today in their society. They were thoroughly committed to the policy of glasnost, and they see it logically leading to greater democratization. While some of the Soviets spoke of the changes going on as irreversible, others thought that resolute hard work and courage would be needed so that the gains made would not be reversed. None doubted that plenty of struggle remains. They expressed admiration for the open schools they had visited and the close, informal relationship between teachers and students, something they felt was worth emulating.

When questioned about the Soviet Peace Committee's having official status, Mikhail Ilyin observed that today the important distinction in groups in the Soviet Union—and now there are thousands of them—is not whether they are official or unofficial but whether they are authoritarian or nonauthoritarian in their actions. He said that the Peace Committee now has regular dialogue with a number of these independent groups springing up, although Jan Kavan and JoAnne Landy observed that severe restrictions still apply on travel outside the country for members of many of these groups. While the Soviets acknowledged areas of human rights violations that continue in their society, they reminded the U.S. participants that hunger and poverty are also serious human rights violations that the United States needs to address.

On the subject of Eastern Europe, there were differences among the Soviets. The strongest statement was made by historian Sergei Stankevitch who said he favored pluralism in Eastern Europe even as he deplored the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia by the Warsaw Pact troops. He also spoke of the need in the USSR for permanent dialogue between conservative and radical forces there.

Many from the States nodded in recognition of a similar need in this society. When the Soviets were asked what might happen if the United States did not go along with the current revolution in the Soviet Union, Natalia Yakovleva, head of the delegation and vice president of Novosty Press Agency, said, with a twinkle in her eye, "We will do it ourselves. We have been in worse shape, you know!"

Eileen Egan, long-time NGO representative at the UN for Pax Christi, raised the question of conscientious objection. Although she raised the issue in the UN 17 years ago, it wasn't until March 1987 that the UN recognized conscientious objection as a human right. She attributed this to glasnost, because for the first time in 1987 the Warsaw Pact nations did not oppose the UN's action. She also hailed the importance of 400 Warsaw Pact citizens signing a joint appeal in 1988 to urge their nations to recognize conscientious objection. She said, "The most awesome thing a human being can do is to take the life of another, so the most basic right is to say no to this. We need to help young men say no, recognizing that the sacred duty to one's country must be in accord with one's conscience." The Soviets were uncertain about conscientious objection, and Ilyin said it was not favored by the Peace Committee, although the committee is discussing it as an issue. Valter Mitzkevitch, a Soviet Baptist minister, said that his church is now in discussion with the authorities on this issue because some of their young men are pacifists and desire C.O. status.

U.S. participants were divided over the degree to which remaining controversial issues should be brought up. Some seemed only to want to stress positive accomplishments, but others said we cannot forget prisoners of conscience anywhere, even as we welcome the many who have been freed. Kathy Fitzpatrick of Helsinki Watch stressed that what had really changed U.S./USSR relations for the better was action flowing out of the policies of glasnost and perestroika. Polly Duncan-Collum of Sojourners reminded the group not to forget North-South issues nor the conviction that real change comes from the grassroots level and is not imposed from the top.

At the end of the consultation, Gene Hoffman of F.O.R's U.S./USSR program, quoted a memorable line from a Jewish survivor of the Holocaust: "Don't look too long into the flame." She said we have so long fought over our differences that we find it difficult to look at U.S./Soviet relations in other than an adversarial way, as if we had internalized the Cold War. She then challenged the group to see the present moment with all its positive changes, as a time to forge joint ventures on a whole range of projects. Such projects might include green zones as nuclear-free areas in both blocs, and work camps in peace studies programs for U.S. and Soviet students together.

On the Soviets' last evening in our country, they went aboard the ship Clearwater, docked in New York City's South Street Seaport. Joined by U.S. environmentalists and peace activists, they enjoyed dinner, discussions, singing, and dancing, a fitting ending to a significant journey—U.S. citizens and Soviets all in the same boat, celebrating life as they continue developing their relationship to one another and to the planet.
Going With an Open Mind

by Jennifer Boothby

I have dreamed of going to the Soviet Union for many years. It was one of the things I would do if I only had a month to live. Thinking of it in that sense, a dream, made the place and its people distant. So I couldn't quite believe I was going.

The flight took 8½ hours from New York to Moscow, less time than it takes us to drive to Maine. In customs they didn't check a thing. Even the peace pole I brought was let through with only the question: What is that? During our stay, I learned to survive on the diet of potatoes, bread, and chi (tea) which I would live on with a few additions in Minsk. The second day I couldn't swallow anything, and my stomach felt like it was eating itself, it was so hungry. That passed after a day or so, and I was fine the rest of the trip. The only time I ate meat was when we went out to eat in Minsk. Thank God, because later we learned they sell monkey and horse in the markets.

In Moscow we were provided with a bus the first of four days and then had to take public transportation, which I enjoyed. The metro costs five kopeks (10 cents) and is beautiful. The stations have chandeliers. We did a lot of walk-

Jennifer Boothby, 16, is a junior at Moorestown (N.J.) Friends School. She sought out this tour to the Soviet Union because she wanted to learn more about the Soviets. She believes the only way peace will be accomplished will be by understanding other cultures, "I just wanted to know they were people, too," she said.
We visited a few war memorials, one of which was on the site of a village where the Nazis came through and gathered all the villagers into a barn, and set it on fire. There were many symbolic statues and graves. At each site where a house once stood, there was a chimney with a bell on top. The bells rang every 30 seconds. There definitely is a greater fear in the Soviet Union of another war than there is in the United States. I don’t know if the younger people feel as strongly about that as the older generations, since I never really talked to any kids about it. We also visited a pioneer camp, a factory, and botanical gardens. We took a day trip to Vilna, the capital of Lithuania. It is a beautiful old city that wasn’t destroyed in the war. The bus and taxi drivers tended to pass cars and trucks, with other vehicles heading straight for us in their lane, a little too often for comfort.

One day I went to Minsk to see King Kong at the movie theater. It was the new version and I was a little embarrassed because it didn’t represent our country very favorably. The Soviet way of dubbing is for one man to read the whole script with no emotion. This tended to be pretty funny for us, though the Soviets couldn’t understand what we were laughing about. We were also able to hear enough of the English underneath the Russian to follow the script.

On the way back to the hotel on the bus I was sitting next to a man with a baby. He kept giving the baby’s hand to me, and then he handed her to me. Meanwhile he was talking to me, and I had no idea what he was talking about. I got someone to find out what he was saying, and it turned out he was inviting me to go to his house and get some apples. I ran and got two of the girls from my group who could speak a little Russian, and we went to his house, which was in the village where we had previously walked. We weren’t invited inside. I gave Tanya, the baby, a balloon and played with her while Vova and his father spoke to my friends. When we went back with a huge bag of wormy apples, they told me what the man had said. Apparently the village had been destroyed in the war, and these people were very frightened of the USA. They stressed that they were a peaceful people and that they wanted peace between our countries very much.

I was supposed to give the peace pole to Yunost, but I didn’t really want to, as it was such an official place. They gave us a Soviet group to be friends with, and we had evenings of “friendship.” So after the meeting with Vova and Tanya I decided to give it to their village. The day we were to leave for Leningrad, I got some of the people from my group and some of the English people to come with me to the village. Most of the people were in Minsk working, but we found Vova’s father and he showed a place where we could put it. He was a little scared it wasn’t legal and stayed away from us while we put it in the ground. I hope he showed it to the villagers, as I asked him to. He gave us more apples before we left.

The train ride to Leningrad took about 16 hours, so we arrived at 8:00 in the morning on a cold and rainy day. The three days we had there were way too short. The people were so friendly, and all the canals were just beautiful. We saw the Hermitage, which was just amazing. The building itself is a masterpiece. Each room is totally different, and their collection of art is magnificent. It quite cooked my brain. I finally gave in to the black market traders and traded some stuff. It really was frustrating when everyone who came up to you to chat turned out to want to trade or exchange money. A few people in my group had Russian friends from previous trips, so at night we went to their apartments to socialize. Someday I will have to go back, because we saw as much as we could, and there was so much more.

The flight back took 9½ hours. The neat thing was that because of the time changes it only took two hours. When we got to New York I was living in the present, past, and future because it was still Sunday in New York but it was Monday in the USSR. I had a great experience. I learned a lot about our country and theirs. I also became a lot more independent and alive. Traveling definitely agrees with me.
**THE FIRST DAY**

by Rudolf Scheltema

She was a slim young woman, simply but fashionably dressed, a Polish medical student, we later learned, who was returning home from an internship in surgery at a hospital in the midlands of Great Britain. Amélie and I were on a flight to Warsaw when we noticed her sitting there beside us. We had spoken animately of our coming visit to Poland.

"Oh," she said, "but where will you stay in Warsaw?"

"At a hotel, I suppose," replied Amélie casually.

"But why don't you stay with my family?"

The conversation lapsed; the stewardess came with tea.

During the rush of disembarkation we accidentally became separated, and so I dismissed our brief encounter as one of those casual exchanges one sometimes has when traveling. Passport control and customs were expectedly tedious; we had to account for all our western currency. But finally the formalities were over and we passed through a door into the large, crowded hall outside, where the families, friends, spouses, and lovers of the various arriving travelers waited. And then suddenly, there she was again, our newfound friend!

"Well, come on then. My family is waiting," she said, smiling as she winked her right eye ever so slightly, an unconscious habit she had whenever gently asserting herself. As we passed out of the building, there stood her family: mother, sister, and uncle, who we learned was the priest of a small 16th century parish church in the village of Kludyenko, 40 kilometers outside of Warsaw. It had been decided among the family, unknown to us, that we should stay that night with Uncle Tadeusz, who lived in a large parish house next to his church, rather than with our friend's immediate family in their two-room flat in Warsaw, which was already occupied by mother, father, and two daughters.

Out through the rebuilt city (largely destroyed during World War II) and into the countryside we drove while our friend spoke affectionately to her car, which seemed to respond to her gentle entreaties almost as though it were an animate creature. Meanwhile Uncle Tadeusz pointed to important buildings along the way.

"Orthodox kirche!" he exclaimed in broken German, the only language of which we had knowledge in common. Our friend explained that the church to which he pointed had survived the Great War.

"And do you have a belief?" he inquired.

"Yes," Amélie replied. "We are Quakers."

Finally, we arrived at Uncle Tadeusz's house. It must have seen more elegant times, with its large, high shuttered windows and evidence of what must once have been a formal garden. An old peasant woman greeted us at the door and then went to the kitchen to prepare dinner for us. We had carp, freshly caught in the pond behind the house, cabbage, and, of course, potatoes, a staple of the Polish diet, accompanied by a glass of white wine. It soon became dark, and the old peasant woman closed the shutters at each of the windows.

And then shortly, two priests arrived, young, engaging, tall, and athletic. It soon became evident that these two lived with Uncle Tadeusz and served as some sort of apprentices. It was dark outside, and they were returning from their day's work. We all entered into conversation.

"And why have you come to Poland?" our friend asked us.

"To attend a scientific conference on marine biology to be held this week at the University of Gdansk," I replied.

The conversation flowed freely, and through our friend our words were passed on to the rest of the gathered company. The elder priest, our host, returned to us.

"Quakers, ich habe davon einmal gehört," he said with difficulty in German; he had heard of Quakers before. He adjusted his heavy black-rimmed glasses and pulled a large black volume from a high bookshelf. A short, stocky man, he was very near-sighted, and his eyesight was seriously impaired by cataracts. He held the large book a few centimeters from his face and proceeded to read what was written there.

"Yes, it is explained here in a few lines—the Quaker sect," he nodded in recognition as his young niece translated for us. It was obvious that neither of the younger men had ever heard of Quakers, much less ever met one!

"And there are no priests," continued Uncle Tadeusz.

At this, one of the young priests smiled and looked a bit puzzled.

"But how can you manage without a priest?" he asked.

"We minister to one another," Amélie replied.

"We try to understand Christian teaching and our relation to God through continuing revelation," I added, "and it is our hope to apply this understanding to our own lives as well as to our concerns about the world around us."

"Quakers through their beliefs are concerned with social justice and violence; from this comes their pacifist witness," Amélie explained.

A member of Sandwich (Mass.) Meeting, Rudolf S. Scheltema is a senior scientist and marine biologist at Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Massachusetts.
Later when I reflected on the matter, it seemed to me that the Catholic church in Poland must play a role somewhat analogous but not identical to liberation theology in Central America. Surely then these young priests could at least relate to the spiritual basis of our social concerns. Did they not have their much-revered Father Popiuscko, recently murdered for his activism?

Finally one young priest brought forth a guitar, and we sang. It seemed to make no difference that we did not all sing the same words. Somehow the Polish and English blended into the melodies that we both knew.

The next day we awoke early; it was a gloomy day outside. We ate our breakfast of bread, cheese, sausage, and tea. Then Amélie and I walked over to the 16th century, wooden parish church nearby. There was evidence of some repairs underway. It was raining, so we entered to keep dry. The walls inside were covered not only with religious relics, paintings and icons, but also memorials of important events—baptisms, marriages, confirmations, deaths.

All alone Amélie and I sat silently together in one of the pews and worshiped briefly in Quaker fashion. As I sat there I recalled in my mind the previous evening and our gathering with Uncle Tadeusz, the two young priests, and our new friend. Then as I looked around me I suddenly realized that the crucifix and all the other symbolism that had always troubled me no longer bothered me as much. If all the garishness and ornament helped and had a meaning for the two young priests, perhaps that was enough. After all, part of the belief we hold must be tolerance and acceptance of others' needs in their search and spiritual experiences.

Soon our friends drove us back to the central station in Warsaw where we would catch our train to Gdansk. As we parted after our first day in Poland, the friendship, warmth, and generosity that were shown us left me with hope for our human species despite the injustices and violence so often in evidence.
The average of one Palestinian death per day since the uprisings began on December 8th has become part of the daily baggage I have carried with me since working with refugees in Palestine for a few years prior to the 1967 occupation. Stanley Zorowin mentions something that didn’t formally exist at that time—Peace Now and There Is a Limit. These are the types of movements we have been agonizing for, and they must be Israeli movements. Only this will serve to replace the consistently deserved condemnations that have emerged from my particular history book for 40 years whereby the first 20 years of cultural energy has been brought to spoil by 20 years of the horrors of occupation.

Brett White
Mt. Dora, Fla.

December 1988 FRIENDS JOURNAL
It was haying time on our farm in Maryland in 1945. The farmers needed workers, but they were hard to come by because of the war. Then the government came to the rescue. Boatloads of European prisoners were being sent to camps in the United States, one of which was near our farm. The farmers were told they might hire the men, so every weekday morning my husband drove to the camp and brought four prisoners to the farm to help with the haying, returning them to camp in time for their evening meal.

The government told the farmers not to feed the prisoners; if they wanted lunch, they were to save some of their breakfast! The rumor was that the local farmers were paying no attention to this restriction; men who work hard need food. Sometimes we saw prisoners sitting under trees at lunch time, obviously drinking milk and perhaps eating something else the farm could provide. My husband went further; he brought the prisoners into our dining room and sat them down at the table with us and our family.

In this way we met Franz. The prisoners were not an attractive quartet, except one fine looking boy. This was Franz. He spoke some English, so at the dinner table we became acquainted. He was an Austrian, 18 years old. He had avoided the war until he was drafted. His unit had soon been captured and sent to the United States as prisoners.

The prisoners were good workers. If the day's work was completed before time to return to camp, my husband took them for a quick swim in the creek. One hot day, dark clouds were threatening a storm. It was time to return to camp, but the men refused to go. My husband reminded them that they would miss their dinner, but there was still some hay down in the field, and the prisoners continued to work. The hay was all in the barn when the storm broke.

The haying season ended, and we did not see the prisoners again. Then to my surprise in December 1946 I received a Christmas greeting from Franz! He wrote that he had spent six months in a prisoners' camp in France. His parents had not known where he was, whether he was even alive. Eventually he reached home, and now he was studying to become a teacher like his father. Of course, I replied at once, reporting about the children and the rest of the family.

In the summer of 1948, I went to Europe to see some of the work of the American Friends Service Committee. When in Vienna I wrote Franz that I wanted to see him, but that I could not get permission to go to his home, which was in the Russian zone; I was in the U.S. zone. Could he get permission to visit me? This he did and brought his mother with him. That dear little woman wept over me because my family had been kind to her son when he was a prisoner in a foreign land. She gave me a crocheted table cover she had made for her trousseau, a precious gift.

I have heard from Franz every Christmas from 1946 through 1987. Sometimes he encloses a picture or two. Recently he sent a photograph of a beautiful little girl, his first grandchild. Last year there was a picture of the house on a hillside that Franz had been building for ten years, Austrian in design, now his home. In 1986 there was a photograph of Franz on his last day at school as he was retiring from teaching and being handed a paper of some kind by his "school inspector." As I look at this picture of Franz at 60 years old I remember the boy of 18. Now I am looking forward to receiving Franz's 1988 Christmas greeting.

Eleanor Stabler Clarke is a member of Kendal (Pa.) Meeting. She was a founding member of Friends Journal Board of Managers and served on the board for many years.

Friends Journal December 1988
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**Witness**

Questions of Survival at Ramallah

by John and Marjorie Scott

Many readers will know of our interest in the Friends Schools in Ramallah on the West Bank. The two years we taught in the Girls School there as Quaker Peace & Service volunteers was a unique learning experience which not only gave us insights into the thinking of the people of that area but also gained us lasting friendships with adults and young people, Muslims and Christians, from a culture which has dramatic differences from our own.

We have described the tensions which we experienced during our service there in the columns of *The Friend*, and in many meetings in Britain and Ireland. Because we felt that it would be useful in what we see as our continuing service in the cause of peace and justice in the Middle East, and also because of our desire to help keep alive the spirit of Quakerism in Ramallah and in particular in the two Friends Schools there, we decided to return for a private visit. This we did for 24 days in September.

We arrived in Ramallah at 6:30 in the morning in a tiny car hired at the airport. Significantly this car was bearing plates which identified it as an Israeli-owned car. At this time of the morning we would have expected to find already a hive of noisy activity. Instead we experienced the unearthly feeling of entering a ghost town. Not another vehicle on the road, hardly a human being to be seen, and overall a deathly silence. We had arrived on a general strike day. Since we leaving Ramallah just over a year ago the Intifadah, an organized expression of Palestinian opposition to the military occupation of the West Bank and Gaza, had been born and has been in progress now for more than eight months. The object of the uprising was to make clear to the world the united desire of the Palestinian people for freedom from Israeli rule.

On a general strike day only people employed in the bakeries and life-saving services remain active. Every other Palestinian retires to his home to await the wrath to come. This wrath is precipitated usually by very young people, often children, throwing stones at soldiers—or at vehicles with Israeli registration plates. Realizing our danger we sought refuge in the house of a truly great Quaker Christian who received us with the love that in our culture is reserved for close family. She should be named, but in the conditions of terror in which the Palestinians in this part of the world now live this is not wise. Later we had a disagreeable opportunity to witness the wrath of the “iron fist” response of the military authorities to the uprising, but in this article the priority must be given to a description of the effects of the Intifadah on the schools.

In the last academic year the schools managed to remain open most of the first semester, up to December. This was the month which marked the start of the uprising. From this time onwards until the end of the next semester the schools were only permitted to open for about five weeks. Nancy Nye, the charismatic and much loved principal of the Girls School, an American Quaker, was torn by the imprisonment and eventual deportation of her husband, Mubarak Awad. The Girls School staff has been devastated by Nancy’s understandable decision now to resign her post to rejoin her husband in the USA. During this year the services of all the staff were retained, despite the loss of earnings from fees. The horrific debit balance in the accounts was made up with income from the sale of school property which had taken place in 1987. This income had originally been allocated to much-needed improvements in the school. From now on, they will be relying on money donated to the world-wide appeal.

The real test of the schools’ ability to survive will, however, come in the current academic year. Much of the international nature of the two schools rested on the large number of students of Palestinian origin with passports from the American continent. The effects of the Intifadah and the stepping up of travel restrictions by the Israeli authorities have destroyed this base. Christian schools on the Israeli side of the old Green Line, only a few miles away, have been allowed to remain open and have been expanded to capacity. The net effects of these and other factors on the Friends Schools is that for this coming year the registration has been reduced by more than a half. If this was the only cause for concern then it would be enough to merit considerable alarm, but the major inponderable is the attitude of the military and education authorities towards the opening, not just of the Friends Schools.
but of all the schools and institutes of education on the West Bank.

From the evidence that we have seen and heard for ourselves it appears that the Israeli government is prepared to countenance not only an extreme military response to the Intifadah but is willing to use every psychological weapon available to it. Those who know this part of the world are aware of the sophistication of the Palestinians of the West Bank and the value they place upon education. As part of the price they will have to pay for their uprising, it seems that they will have to do without schools and universities. Not only must the schools remain closed until the Intifadah stops; teachers have been bluntly told by the authorities that they will be arrested and charged with an offense with a possible penalty of ten years' imprisonment if they are found teaching students in their homes.

There is much more that we could report which has a direct bearing on the future of the schools which we would be happy to share with Friends in their meetinghouses if they wish, but we have to say in summary that the immediate prospects for the two schools are not hopeful. Perhaps an international protest to the Israeli government might cause a change of mind on a measure which is clearly a deprivation of a basic civil right—the education of children. Perhaps the Intifadah might fade away, though all we heard and saw in Ramallah in September convinces us that this is a remote possibility. Or is there another way? Practical help perhaps in the organization of correspondence for those in the healing and nurturing professions. Led by Phyllis Melnick, Melissa Clague, Michael Rehl, and Sylke Jackson. Cost: $105.00.

What is fairly clear is that a great Quaker project, to which many God-led people have devoted their lives, is in danger of extinction. The astonishingly generous response by Friends worldwide to the Friends World Committee for Consultation's appeal, for which Friends in Ramallah were deeply grateful, is an indication to us that there is still a profound feeling that Quaker work in Ramallah is not yet meant to end.

John and Marjorie Scott are Friends from Lancaster, England. This article first appeared in the Oct. 14 issue of The Friend.
Iowa YM Friends Meet at Scattergood

The 1988 session of Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) was held Eighth Month 10-14 at Scattergood Friends School near West Branch, Iowa. Fellowship with old friends was renewed and new friends were joyfully welcomed. Friends were saddened to learn of the death of beloved member Margaret Perisho, who died unexpectedly at her home on Eighth Month 9. Clarence, her husband, arrived at Scattergood later in the week, and a memorial service was held for Margaret.

Reports by representatives of the American Friends Service Committee, Friends World Committee for Consultation, Friends General Conference, Friends Committee on National Legislation, and Iowa Peace Network renewed our awareness that we are part of a world family of Friends. Traveling Friends gave reports on trips to China, Vietnam, the Middle East, Cuba, and the Soviet Union.

The yearly meeting's major outreach to Friends and the wider community is Scattergood Friends School, on whose campus this year's sessions were held. Last year only nine of Scattergood's 60 students were Friends. A spiritual life subcommittee of staff and students was formed. The Scattergood Committee told about two-week "megaprojects" after graduation: one group of students and staff went to Mexico, one to Washington, D.C., and the United Nations; and two groups went canoeing. Last winter, day-long Democratic and Republican precinct caucuses were held on campus, in preparation for student participation in Iowa's precipitous caucuses. The Scattergood farm report showed that the farm has become an important part of making students feel part of the school community.

An evening worship-sharing session entitled "Discovering Barriers and Creating Possibilities" was led by a young father and by a young woman who is a partner in a same-sex marriage that was held under the care of one of our meetings. The purpose was to dispel fear and allow members to share with no attempt at consensus. There was an outpouring of support for gay and lesbian Friends, with many expressing gratitude to Friends who have gently led others to a clearer understanding of the problems facing the gay and lesbian community within the wider Friends community. One Friend said she loved them (homosexuals) perhaps even more because they were lesbian or gay, but prayed that they would be "set free." Her meeting lost three members over this issue in the past year.

There also were programs and interest groups about a semester at Pendle Hill, and about a conference at Richmond, Ind., entitled "Overcoming Sin and Evil." There was a field trip to a nearby cemetery and to the Scattergood prairie, led by a Friend who is a naturalist. A Friend who is a T'ai Chi expert led us in a relaxing session of meditation and movement.

Although Margaret Perisho's death brought an unexpected sadness to the yearly meeting sessions, those attending were able to find a renewed sense of love and the strength to carry on in their daily lives within the wider community.

Sherry Hutchinson and Deborah Fisch

North Carolina Friends Hear Challenges

The 291st annual sessions of the North Carolina Religious Society of Friends convened at Guilford College, in Greensboro, N.C., on Aug. 3-6. Representatives from the 88 North Carolina Friends meetings and visitors gathered under the theme "Christ-Centered Quakerism: Holy Expectancy Leading to Holy Obedience."

Billy Britt, keynote speaker and yearly meeting superintendent, challenged Friends with two provocative questions: "Why do people attend meeting for worship?" and "What goes on in those meetings for worship?" He pointed out that we can make our worship a time of holy expectancy only through preparation, participation, and practice. From his text, John 4:24, Billy pointed out that "God is a Spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth." Worship is sincere and should be a real encounter with God. When people worship with deep sincerity, great things will happen. In closing, Billy posed a third question, "What would really happen if 13,000 Quakers in North Carolina Yearly Meeting would bow down before God in true worship?" Out of the silent worship following his talk came the spontaneous singing of "Amazing Grace."

The second evening's speaker was William Wagoner, associate secretary of Friends United Meeting. He pointed out the importance of true worship and the great things that can be anticipated when we hold our hearts and lives in communion with Christ. There was a time in our past when Friends turned inward, which resulted in a great deal of good being done by John Woolman and others whose works stemmed from meditation and reflections. We need to reflect on this past so we can experience today the energy
that was theirs. This would result again in great service.

Interest groups covered such topics as "The Church's Response to Racial Violence," "Maximizing Your Pastor's Take Home Pay," "The Lottery Issue," and "Church Extension Through Telemarketing." Unprogrammed worship and guided meditations were held each morning.

Café Marley, who is retiring from 22 years of service in the ministry, and his wife Virginia Marley were recognized for their faithful works. The recording of two ministers, James Edward Cavanaugh and Paul Ernest Wyatt, was noted. Both are pastors of North Carolina meetings. Quentin Nordyke, from Portland, Oregon, was introduced as NCYM's new director of outreach.

All sessions were highlighted by music, including groups and individuals and congregational singing. Serenity, the yearly meeting youth choir directed by Doyle Craven, presented an especially meaningful program.

In the closing message, Billy Britt said there are things God wants North Carolina Friends to be doing. By living close to God we will be able to see the good in others and work together in God's service.

Frances Bolick

New Foundation Workers Gather

Thirty men and women representing six countries came together for a gathering of workers of the International New Foundation Fellowship. It was held at Charney Manor, Oxfordshire, England, August 7-13. Attenders from the United States were Mark and Norma Silliman (Northwest YM). This was a time to meet one another and grow in our understanding of and commitment to the message preached by the apostles and the first Quakers.

There were times of worship, teaching, and growing together in unity as we listened to the voice of our Teacher. We were greatly encouraged by way opening on four continents to share this important message and call Friends and all people to an experience of the risen Christ in our midst today.

A new meeting has formed in Western Australia based on the original Quaker faith, and there are many opportunities for ministry in that country. The Sillimans will travel in the ministry for two years in Kenya at the invitation of Elgon Yearly Meeting to teach about the message of George Fox. Many new opportunities continue in North America and Europe.

Terry Wallace

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Youthquake '88 will take place the last week of the year, Dec. 27 to Jan. 1, in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. The program will feature speakers and seminars to challenge spiritual growth and will include music. Steve Camp. The conference will be held at the Sheraton Denver Tech Center. One of Youthquake's primary goals is to gather Quaker youth from all branches of the Society and help them in fellowship, growth, and worship. This gathering will have representatives from these yearly meetings: Baltimore EFC-Eastern Region, Intermountain, Indiana, Iowa, Midwest, Northern, Northwest, Philadelphia, Rocky Mountain, Southeast, Western, and Wilmington. For more information, contact Steve Frazier, P.O. Box 88, Haviland, KS 67059, telephone (316) 862-5261.

Passing a "healing quilt" is a new tradition, started by the women's group at University Meeting, in Seattle, Wash. The quilt is a symbol of love, to be passed to persons in the meeting who are in need of healing. It is then returned to the women's group so it can be passed along to someone else.

A second edition catalog of Quaker publications will be published in 1990 by Quakers United in Publishing (QUIP). The group met in September in Richmond, Indiana, and will meet again on Aug. 24-27, 1989, at the Tillikum Retreat Center near Newburg, Oregon. QUIP was organized to help Friends connect with each other and with the larger world through communication. For more information on the organization, contact Rebecca Mays, Clerk, c/o Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086-6009.

A human rights award was recently presented to the AFSC Colorado Area Program by the United Nations Association of Colorado for "a significant contribution to public awareness of human rights." The Colorado AFSC has poured its energies into a number of projects, such as establishing a speakers bureau on the subject of Central America and developing the Denver Sanctuary Network, which serves Central American refugees. The Colorado AFSC engineered the Quest for Peace Program, which provided humanitarian aid for Nicaragua. The group supports the Pledge of Resistance, promoting nonviolent action in Central America, and also supports actions against apartheid in South Africa and the movement for seeking peaceful resolution in the Middle East. The award was presented in Denver on October 22, at a celebration marking the 40th anniversary of the signing of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

A statement about Friends' belief in peace in terms of present-day practices ran in The Birmingham News in July 1987. It is from the Huntsville Area (Ala.) Meeting. The following are excerpts from that statement: "The most deeply held values of our religion include the search for an end to war and the causes of war, and a respect for truth in the dealings between people. We see these values violated in tragic ways in the current hearings on the supply of arms to Iran and war material to the Contra forces in and around Nicaragua. We believe that both the covert action and misinformation functions of our intelligence agencies should be discontinued and outlawed entirely. The kingdom of God will not be reached through wars and lies."

- Today people throughout the world suffer from torture—the deliberate and systematic infliction of pain and suffering—because of their activities as lawyers, journalists, trade unionists, or because of their work with the church or human rights organizations. In 1981, the United Nations established a Voluntary Fund for Victims of Torture, which makes grants to tortured people in need of medical, psychological, and other aid. The fund also cooperates with two centers for the treatment and rehabilitation of torture victims—one in Copenhagen, Denmark and the other in Toronto, Canada. This year is the 40th anniversary of the United Nations' Declaration of Human Rights, which condemns the practice of torture. In celebration of this anniversary, the Quaker United Nations Office in Geneva, Switzerland, encourages Friends to contribute to the voluntary fund. Contributions, marked UN Torture Fund, can be sent to Quakers World Committee for Consultation, Drayton House, 30 Gordon Street, London WC1H OAX, England.

- Friendly Persuasion, the 1956 film with Gary Cooper and Dorothy Parker, portraying the difficulties of a Quaker family in the Civil War, was featured in the October issue of the Quaker Union Journal. President Reagan presented the film as a gift to General Secretary Gorbachev at the summit meetings in May. Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Library has this film on video, as well as other films and videos on Quaker topics. The library is open from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. weekdays. Materials can also be mailed to borrowers. Rental fees are $25 for film reels and $15 or less for videos and slideshows. Postage and handling is $4; an additional $5 is charged if billing is required. For an annotated list of materials, send $1. To schedule use of a material, call (215) 241-7220 or write to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Library, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

- Northwest Yearly Meeting's Board of Fine Arts is searching for artists to show pieces of "visual ministry" in the 1989 Northwest Yearly Meeting sessions at George Fox College in Oregon. Art must be of gallery quality and must have been created within the past two years. Artists are expected to be associated with the Society of Friends. Suggested themes for artwork are peace, worship, service, and kindred fellowship, or artwork may portray a Christian worldview or a theological or social message. Invitations to Quaker artists are being sent to yearly meetings around the world. This show provides the opportunity for Friends to communicate internationally, cross-culturally,
and spiritually in a fresh, new way. Write for more information or send a photo of your work to Jannelle W. Loewen, 10828 NE 183rd Ct., Bothell, WA 98011.

- The United States' national anthem has been an object of controversy for quite some time now. Besides the obvious difficulty in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner," the lyrics are violent and glorify war. "America the Beautiful," the rival of the Banner, deals with positive aspects of our country, such as its natural beauty and ideals of brotherhood. It sets a tone which is more fitting to a nation striving toward peace. Parade, a magazine insert found in Sunday newspapers across the United States, is conducting a survey to learn the public opinion on whether the anthem should be changed or remain the same. To cast your vote, write National Anthem, P.O. Box 3869, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

- The Hibernia Peace Plantation, birthplace of the Christmas Peace Pilgrimage, seeks those who wish to live together as peace-makers. Families and singles are welcome. The Plantation seeks to persuade others to become peace pilgrims through practicing forgiving love and through education and public witness. Contact Bob Euler, HPP, R.D. 1, Wellsville, PA 17365; (717) 292-2832.

- The Walk a Mile in My Shoes, Interview a Vet Contest is a chance for young people, aged 15-23, to get an inside view on the Vietnam conflict and to express their feelings on the subject. The two-part contest requires first interviewing a Vietnam veteran, and then voicing reaction to the interview by writing an essay or story or through creating a piece of art or music. Twenty-two prizes are offered—two of $500 and 20 of $100. Also organizers hope the contest will provide participants an experience of learning about history in a way that can’t be taught in books. To enter, send for the Interview a Vet Contest booklet, CCCO, 2208 South Street, Philadelphia, PA 19146, or telephone (215) 545-4626.

These prisoners have asked for letters:
- Jim Miller #197023, Box 7010, Chillicothe, OH 45601; William Duke #179-711-B, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45690; Howard L. Brown P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069; Donald Robinson #160-028, P.O. Box 7010, Chillicothe, OH 45601; Mack Peoples #169393, P.O. Box 7010, Unit H2-B, Chillicothe, OH 45601.
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Books

Peace and Revolution


Robert Burns asked for the gift of being able to see ourselves as others see us. When the "us" is the American Friends Service Committee and mainline pacifist organizations and the "other" is Guenter Lewy, the result is hardly a gift. Still, the intelligence and research behind Peace and Revolution requires Friends to take its message seriously.

Lewy's last book was an impassioned defense of U.S. policy in Vietnam and the morality of our military strategy and actions. Today he remains committed to the Cold War vision of U.S. military might protecting freedom throughout the world by holding back a Red menace. The organizations the book accuses of betraying pacifism—the AFSC, Fellowship of Reconciliation, War Resister's League, and Women's International League for Peace and Freedom—do not see the world through Lewy's eyes.

Peace and Revolution prescribes a model for correct pacifist behavior which Lewy incorrectly asserts these four organizations followed before 1950. Then pacifists were not so soft on Communists and did not participate in popular front movements. Then pacifists condemned all forms of war, including revolutionary violence. Members did not engage in politics nor justify civil disobedience. In World War II Friends sought to protect the rights of conscientious objectors, but not to hamper the majority's right to wage war. The pacifist organizations remained committed to fostering democratic values in all nations. All these practices changed, charges Lewy, during the 1960s.

The AFSC supposedly succumbed to young staffers who saw the United States as an imperialist power keeping the Third World in poverty. They justified wars of liberation, civil disobedience, the disruption of government. Cooperation with communist front and violence-advocating groups in political agitation became the hallmark of the new AFSC. Older pacifist activists in the AFSC, WRL, WILPF, and FOR lost influence. After the war the new leaders refused to admit that the new government in Vietnam committed atrocities and suppressed human rights. The New Left orientation has continued to dominate the pacifist organizations' attitudes towards policies in South Africa, Central America, and the Soviet Union. Criticism of human rights abuses and violence by the Sandinistas, African National Congress, and Communist nations is allegedly muted under the new double standard.

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The easiest response of Friends would be to dismiss Lewy's book as a sophisticated restatement of charges that conservatives have made for 60 years. Lewy's ignorance of pacifism and Quaker procedures, his inflammatory language, and his ideology blinders result in a caricature. Only those who share the author's ideology will accept the book at face value. Admittedly, it is difficult even for a Friend to understand the AFSC. Who can explain a policymaking apparatus that includes monthly and yearly meetings, a board, various sections, outside experts, regional offices, and a staff in Philadelphia and the field that arrives at decisions by "sense of the meeting"? The freedom to discuss alternative policies openly in the organization and with outsiders allows diversity in ideas as well as actions.

Yet Lewy's work does raise important issues for Friends. The AFSC was founded as a non-political organization to serve all. Yet its early successes came because its objectives in World War I (relief in France, later feeding of German children) were congruent with the aims of U.S. foreign policy. While relief work can in theory be apolitical, clearly peace education cannot. When AFSC personnel advocate cutting the defense budget, withdrawing support from the South African government, ending aid to the Contras, and recognizing the rights of Israel and the Palestinians in the Middle East, they are making political statements. Lewy has the advantage of 20 years' hindsight in showing how naive and even stupid were some policies and statements of pacifist groups in dealing with Vietnam, and he has documented the warnings that older leaders gave. He is right that fault lay in people who romanticized freedom fighters and the potentiality of violent revolutions to create a brave new world. He is wrong in not seeing that there were many voices in the pacifist community then as today. The Service Committee in the 1960s was providing relief and also coming to terms with civil rights, poverty, peace education, nuclear arms, the war in Vietnam. Most of the statements of AFSC and other pacifist organizations on Vietnam even today are not well. Relief work in the absence of peace advocacy is not the Quaker way. The lesson to be gained from Lewy's book is that Friends have to be reconcilers, and advocacy without compassion destroys "speaking Truth to power."

J. William Frost

J. William Frost is a member of Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting and is director of Friends Historical Library at Swarthmore College.
Milestones

**Births**

**Butterfield**—Theodore Armstrong Osburn Butterfield, on April 4, to Rachel B. Osburn and Nicholas Butterfield. His father is a member of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting. His mother and grandfather, Joseph C. Osburn, are members of Lehigh Valley (Pa.) Meeting. His maternal grandmother, Rebecca M. Osburn is a member of Umami (Pa.) Meeting.

**Eklinton**—Sarah Charlotte Byeong-Joo Elkin t on, on April 23 in Seoul, Korea. Stevea and Deborah Eklinton are her adoptive parents. Steve is a member of Media (Pa.) Meeting, as are her paternal grandparents, Marian and David Elkin t on. Steve and Deborah attend Langley Hi ll (Va.) Meeting.

**Foster**—Caleb Henry Foster, on June 27, in Havert hill, Mass., to Ethel Foster and Natalie Goldie. His paternal grandparents, John and Georgiana Foster, are members of Mt. Toby (Mass.) Meeting.

**McFarlin**—Andrew Daniel Fiske McFarlin, on May 19, to Isabella ("Ladybelle") Fiske McFarlin and B rion McFarlin of Rochester, Vt. Andrew’s mother and grandmother, Barbara Fiske, are members of Middlebury (Vt.) Meeting; his father is an attender.

**Stanton**—Carl Macy Stanton, on September 20, in Bangor, Maine, to Tina and Willie Stanton. Tina is a member of Orono (Maine) Meeting.

**Winterbottom**—Sarah Lois Winterbottom, on August 18, to John and Mary Ann Meirs Winterbottom. Sarah’s mother is a member and father an attender of Crosswicks (N.J.) Meeting. Her maternal grandfather, David A. Meirs II, is also a member there.

**Marriages**

**Coulthurst-Roos**—Peter J. Roos and Amy Louise Coulthurst, on October 8, at Peapack, N.J. Amy is a member of Somerset Hills (N.J.) Meeting.

**Dodson-Ailes**—Richard Ailes and Shirley Dodson, on May 7, in Media, Pa., under care of Providence (Pa.) Meeting, where Richard is a member. Shirley is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

**Gray-Richardson**—Eric Cary Richardson and Sharon Gray, on August 13, in Clinton, N.Y., under the care of Mohawk Valley (N.Y.) Meeting, where Eric and his parents, Channing and Comfort Richardson, are members.

**Greener-Hunter**—John McClure Hunter and Robin Anne Greener on May 29, in Mequon, Wis., under the care of Madison (Wis.) Meeting, where John and Robin are members. Robin’s parents, Robert and Barbara Greener, are members of Milwaukee (Wis.) Meeting.

**Manges-Bell**—Jeffrey Michael Bell and Kathleen McGinn Manges, on October 2, in a Quaker-Jewish ceremony at Kennett Square, Pa., under the care of Providence (Pa.) Meeting, where Kathleen is a member.

**Deaths**

**Appar**—Lawrence Clarke Appar, on April 12, in Olney, Md. Lawrence was an accomplished organist, choirmaster, and carillonneur. He was greatly loved and admired as house musician at Friends House, in Sandy Spring, Md., where he had lived since 1979. He earned his A.B. in French at Yale University, his bachelor’s degree in music at the Curtis Institute of Music; his master’s degree in organ and campanology at Harvard University, and his master’s degree in sacred music at Union Theological Seminary. He served as organist and choirmaster at a number of churches, including First Friends Meeting, in Richmond, Ind. He served as professor and head of the Department of Music at Western College for Women, and he was associate professor of music for 19 years at Earlham College. He became a member of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting after retiring in 1973. Surviving him are his wife, Margarete Parsons Appar; and two sons, Charles E. Appar, and Peter A. Appar; as well as eight grandchildren. A third son, Richard Appar, was killed in a glider crash in 1984.

**Gilmore**—Robert W. Gilmore, 67, died of a heart attack at his home in Miami, Fla., on June 6, after suffering from Alzheimer’s disease. He graduated from Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, and received a doctorate in psychology from Yale University. He was active in a number of peace and civil rights groups. He was an organizer of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), and was also an organizer of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. He served as president of the New York Friends Group, a private foundation which makes small grants in the areas of human rights, international peace, education and the environment. He was a board member on the Council on Religion and International Affairs at Earlham College. At the time of his death, he was a member of 15th Street (N.Y.) Meeting. He also attended Brooklyn (N.Y.) and Bulls Head-Oswego (N.Y.) meetings. He is survived by his wife, the former Elizabeth Burke; a daughter, Elspeth; and a son, William.

**Kramer**—Marion Marie Chantry Kramer, 91, on June 5, in Stanford, Calif. Marion was born in the Black Hills of South Dakota of Quaker parents. At the age of three, she moved with her family by covered wagon to a community of Quaker farmers in Iowa. She studied to become a teacher at Grimes Friends School in Iowa. She taught first in Iowa, then in Colorado, where she met and married Allan Kramer, an artist, in 1920. Marion later earned a bachelor’s degree in public speaking from the University of California and a master’s degree in speech at Stanford University. She was active in San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting and was active as an advocate of women’s rights and planned parenthood. After retirement, Marion and Allan traveled and lived in the Canary Islands a year before returning to California, where Marion was a member of Claremont Meeting. She worked with the American Friends Service Committee Prison Visitation Program in Pasadena, where she was responsible for much growth and innovation. The Kramers later returned to the Bay area, where Marion became a member of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting. She was known for her good sense and ability to create harmony in human relationships, virtues which served her well as she acted as president of her condominium’s homeowners association until her 90th birthday. Preceding Marion in death by one year, was her husband Allan. Surviving her are two children, Lloyd Kramer, and Lenore K. Arnautoff.

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### Calendar

**DECEMBER**

10—Christmas Peace Pilgrimage from Nazareth to Bethlehem, Pa., a ten-mile walk. Simple food served at noon, when an offering will be taken. Speaker will be Thomas J. Gumbleton, president of Pax Christi U.S.A. Pilgrims are welcome to join at any point. There will be a candlelight ceremony at 7 P.M.

10—40th anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, an occasion for governments and people to re dedicate themselves to the cause of human rights and the principles contained in the Charter of the United Nations and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

27-Jan.—Youthquake '88 in Denver, Colo. Speakers and seminars will focus on the age of spiritual growth, bringing together young people from all branches of Friends. For information, contact Joyce Frazier, P.O. Box 88, Haviland, KS 67059, or call (316) 862-5261.

### JANUARY

14—Friends Social Union's 64th annual luncheon, 11:30 a.m. at 4th and Arch Street Meeting House, Philadelphia, Pa. To make a reservation, send a $10 check, made payable to Friends Social Union, to Daniel C. Frysinger, R.D.1, 163 E. Street Road, Glen Mills, PA 19342, or call (215) 399-0395.

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### Books and Publications

**Give the Gift of Song: Rise Up Singing!** Postpaid price: $16.00, 5 for $65.00, 10 for $110.00, 30 for $225.00. Make check out to Peter Blood-Patterson, 22 Tanguy Rd., Glenn Mills, PA 19342.


**Nouwen’s Newest!** The Primacy of the Heart, cuttings from a journal Henri Nouwen kept during his year at L’Arche, a community of hospitality to the handicapped. This is vintage Nouwen: moving, inspiring, profound. This 50-page pamphlet is available exclusively from the publisher: St. Benedict Priory, St. 5070, Marlston, WI 53705. Price: $5.50 each, plus $1.50 p&h for 1-3 copies.

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**Books—Quaker spiritual classics, history, biography, and current Quaker experience published by Friends United Press, 110-A Quaker Hill Dr., Richmond, IN 47374. Write for free catalogue.**

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### Opportunities

**Jamaican study tour:** Right Sharing of World Resources offers an economic development study tour, April 1-14, 1989, in Jamaica. For information, contact Johan Maurer, Friends World Committee for Consultation, PO Box 1797, Richmond, VA, USA 23725.

**Nico School—Esteli, Nicaragua.** Nicaragua’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-PF, Cambridge, MA 02238, (617) 497-7124.

**American Friends Service Committee Workcamps in Central America.** AFSC welcomes applications from prospective participants in the summer workcamps in Mexico and Cuba, Mexico and August. Working knowledge of Spanish is essential. Ages 18-20. Costs include round trip travel to the area and a participation fee. We also seek co-leaders, ages 20-25. Modest honorarium and travel expenses. Contact Hilda Grauman, AFSC, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 215) 241-7296.

**Learn Spanish in Guatemala.** One week to two month, five to 10 hours daily, family living, socio-cultural activities. CCE: Box 11264, Milwaukee, WI 53211, (414) 372-5570.

**Consider a Costa Rican study tour.** February 23-March 6, 1989. Write or telephone Roy, Joe & Ruth E. Stuckey, 1810 D. Yocca Street, Jacksonville, FL 32204, (904) 389-6569.

### Personal

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### Positions Vacant

**New Society Publishers, a nonprofit worker-managed publisher of books on nonviolent social change, seeks new**

The Friends Committee on National Legislation, a Quaker lobby in Washington, D.C., seeks an Executive Secretary to begin work early in 1990. Applicant should have administrative and organizing experience. Familiarity with the U.S. Government and its legislative process is desirable. Applicant should be an active member of the Religious Society of Friends. Applicant: to: Executive Committee. For more information, write to: Executive Search Committee, Friends Committee on National Legislation, 245 Second Street NE. Washington, DC 20002.

### Quaker International Affairs Representatives in Asia—based in Hong Kong. The American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) seeks two people with an established living/work relationship to continue our long history of "living among" Asia. Applicants should have some administrative experience, travel and consult with, convene off-the-record gatherings, analyze and report. Requires program and conference planning experience, international affairs expertise in Asia, ability to introduce Quaker approaches to dialogue and conflict resolution. Facility in Chinese or S.E. Asian language(s) highly desirable. Paid placement Spring '89. Contact, Rick Boardman, 1951 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. AA/EOE.

Pennington Friends House, A Quaker Community House, invites applications from Friends for the position of resident manager/bookkeeper, starting spring 1989. Please call or write for information and application: PFH, 215 East 15th St., New York, NY 10003. Phone: (212) 673-1370.

The Psychology Department at Earlham College will have a full-time teaching position available beginning Fall 1989 at the Assistant Professor level. Candidates should hold a Ph.D. in psychology, although ABD candidates will be considered. Teaching experience and a strong interest in undergraduate liberal arts education preferred. Developmental psychology: Applicant should be strong in developmental psychology and should be able to teach personality and psychopathology plus courses in areas of interest. Devotion to teaching is a must. Ability to engage undergraduates in research is a plus. Consideration of applications begins October 1st. Send vita, detailed statement of teaching interests, and three letters of recommendation to: Chair, Department of Psychology, Earlham College, Richmond, IN 47374. Earlham College is a Quaker liberal arts college with a commitment to excellence in undergraduate education. Earlham is an affirmative action/equal opportunity employer. Women and minorities are encouraged to apply.

Administrative Assistant responsible for managing a highly productive and efficient office environment. Duties include typing, minimum 60 wpm, word processing, and data entry. Three years’ responsible office experience and computer literacy/appitude required. Starting salary range: $15,000. Excellent benefits. Send letter of application, resume and two professional references to: RITA HENDRIX, 103 Torrance St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. Effective November 1988.

Santa Fe Monthly Friends seeks resident to serve in exchange for rent-free housing beginning October or November 1989. Salaries available: Resident from Friends Research Committee, Santa Fe Friends Meeting, Santa Fe, NM 87501.
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Church School: 9:45 a.m. (334) 816-4356.
CHARLESTON—Unprogrammed meeting for worship and
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FAYETTEVILLE—Unprogrammed. Phone 485-5720.
GROVE CITY—Friends Meeting (unprogrammed)
1103 New Garden Rd. Worship 10:30 a.m. (919) 294-2055 or 854-1644.
GUILFORD COLLEGE, GREENSBORO—New Garden Friends Meeting.
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church school 9:45 a.m.; meeting for worship
11 a.m. (334) 819-3676.
HILLSBORO—Unprogrammed meeting for First-day school
10 a.m., 250 Franklin Ave. Phone: (814) 752-3569.
LEWISBURG—Worship 10:30 a.m.; Sunday School 11 a.m.
910 W. Market St. Phone: (717) 824-2641.
MARRIOTTSVILLE—Worship 10:30 a.m.; Child care:
First-day school 9:30 a.m.; meeting 10:30 a.m.
4208 Rosewell Ave. Phone: (301) 297-5054.
OLD WIXOM—Unprogrammed meeting
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North Ave. Phone: (704) 295-2332.
PHOENIXVILLE—Unprogrammed meeting
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East of Phoenixville on Ate. 44; Ate. 926.
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RUSSELLVILLE—Worship 10:30 a.m.; Child care:
First-day school 9:30 a.m. Phone: (205) 689-1165.
SOUTHAMPTON (Bucks Co.)—First-day school
10 a.m. Phone: (215) 335-5360.
STILLWATER—Unprogrammed, 10:30 a.m. (405) 372-6892 or (918) 372-4220.
TULSA—Green Country Friends Meeting (unprogrammed),
701 E. 61st St. Phone: (918) 497-6827.
TUSCALOOSA—Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m.,
Baptist Church, Union St. Phone: (205) 322-4200.
VERMILLION—Worship, 10:30 a.m.;
First-day School 9:45 a.m.; meeting 11 a.m.
41st and Grant Sts. Phone: (605) 626-4300.
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