This is the time of singing,
The time of flowering, sprouting
and sending out shoots,
The time to wake from winter’s sleep
And love with all our might.
This is the time for adoring
The One who smiles at us
In every blossom.
Among Friends

Spring Rumblings

As we put final touches to this issue and prepare to send mechanicals to the printer, it is early February. It seems too early to be offering a spring cover page. Bone chilling weather still grips much of our country, and the perennial groundhog dives for deeper cover. Yet we have spied some early crocuses preparing to bloom near the front porch at home—and spring will, indeed, be much closer at hand when many of you receive this March issue in the mail.

My family welcomed a new wood-burning stove into our household this winter. It has added both warmth and comfort to our living room, not to mention lots of good exercise for family members. My boys and I have "warmed ourselves twice" (or thrice) by regular foragings for firewood, splitting big logs, and stacking wood to dry on our porch. Evenings by the stove have been a delight, the proverbial kettle has been kept on, and wet mitters, boots, and shoes have found easy repose nearby.

Similar living rooms, I am told, serve as cozy meeting places for Friends worship groups. One such meeting was described several years ago by Peter Bunting of Jackson, California. He shared with us then his article (first published in Vermont Castings' Owners' News) describing a gathering of the Amador County (Calif.) Worship Group. Peter wrote:

"In the winter, when meeting is at our home, we start up our Defiant stove in the den so the house will be warm. As people arrive we put their hot dishes on the Defiant to keep warm, and at the appropriate time start our unprogrammed worship in the living room, which is at the other end of the house from the stove.

"Inevitably, about a half hour into our silent meditation the aroma of the foods warming on the Defiant reaches those in meeting. About five minutes later the rumble of stomachs will be heard. About ten minutes of this is the longest even the most weighty Friend can stand without some sound emanating from his household this winter. When meeting is at our home, we start up our Defiant stove in the den so the house will be warm. As people arrive we put their hot dishes on the Defiant to keep warm, and at the appropriate time start our unprogrammed worship in the living room, which is at the other end of the house from the stove.

"Inevitably, about a half hour into our silent meditation the aroma of the foods warming on the Defiant reaches those in meeting. About five minutes later the rumble of stomachs will be heard. About ten minutes of this is the longest even the most weighty Friend can stand without some sound emanating from his midsection. A typical schedule of events from this point is: five minutes from stomach rumblings to swallowing sounds and lip smacking, another five minutes (seven at the most) to fidgeting, and another ten minutes to the end of meeting.

"A clerk who refuses to end meeting and the agony of those in attendance may find him/herself at the end of the food line and counted among cruel and unusual torture. A meeting that would normally last an hour is frequently ended in only 45 minutes."

I have heard of "gathered meetings," "covered meetings," even a few "popcorn meetings," Friends; now let us add "rumbling meetings" to our list.
On Discipline
Lloyd B. Swift
What are the sources of authority within our Society?

Joseph John Gurney: The Forgotten Man of English Quakerism
John Punshon
He inspired a great revival that changed the face of the Society of Friends in the last century.

The Visitor Center at H.M.P. the Maze
Kimmett Edgar
A Unique Prison Ministry
Amy Weber
Warehousing Violence
Robert Hillegass
Encountering the "Friends"
Z. L.
In facing the anger and inhumanity of prison systems, Friends search for a human response and a deeper understanding, and one inmate tells of his experience.

Roland Ellis's Return . . .
Alison Leonard Sharman
. . . and Back Again
Edited by Doris Schwartz
A group of young Quakers visit their counterparts in the United Kingdom, then a return visit to the States.

Too Much Homework
Patricia Thomas
A mother practices the art of Friendly persuasion.

A Scruple Concerning Bananas
Tom Gates
Might John Woolman make a similar witness?
Limiting the Hogwash

As a member of Middletown (Conn.) Meeting I raise a concern that must be troubling many all over the country. George Bush won the recent election partly by means of repeated promises that some realized he'd never be able to fulfill: to reduce the deficit substantially, to maintain the war budget, not to reduce Social Security or Medicare, to solve the drug problem, to increase emphasis on education—and to do these and other expensive things without raising taxes. On the strength of these promises, this man was elected to our highest office, in spite of past evidence of his fraud, perjury, and perhaps other crimes. So far, even before taking office, he's said that cuts in Social Security and Medicare and "increases in revenue" (without new taxes?) will be needed ... and so on.

In matters concerning marriage—perhaps also in business, in cases of verbal contract—suit for breach of promise is possible. Why not in the important field of politics? Of course, it's probably too late to do anything this term; but might it not be feasible for Congress to consider a law holding elected officials bound, in reasonable degree, to the platforms they've endorsed and the public promises they've made, and on the basis of which they were elected? These would have to be substantive statements on the real issues of a campaign. And how would one put teeth into such a statute? How can we avoid a candidate confining himself—as is distressingly more and more frequent—to essentially meaningless ideological hogwash?

Connie Sattler
Moodus, Conn.

Keep Those Ads Coming

In February 1988 we two subscribers were beginning to plan a late summer trip to the United Kingdom with a chief objective of visiting the 1652 country of George Fox and Margaret Fell. In your classified ads (FJ March 1988) under the heading, "Vacations & Retreats," the following caught our eyes: "Explore Geo. Fox's territory. Friend welcomes guests at her small hill farm. Excellent food, Kirky Stephen, Cumbria."

By latching onto the full name and complete address, with prompt exchange of correspondence we helped ourselves to a very wonderful five days of rest and well supported travel in the counties of our Quaker roots. The Quaker farm and its hostess sent us off every day supplied with excellent maps and advice, and welcomed our late afternoon return with a beautifully set home meal and answers to our specific questions about local history.

We hope FRIENDS JOURNAL will continue in its classified ad section vacation and retreat locations from outside North America. We gained so greatly from the one insertion. To interested prospective travelers to the beautiful sheep-clad hills of Cumbria, we will gladly supply the full address of the Quaker farm where we stayed.

Edward and Monette Thatcher
1812 Villard St.
Eugene, OR 97403

Roots of Violence

This last summer while at Friends General Conference I gave an impromptu interest group which I called "Roots of Violence." I think that many caught my enthusiasm for the subject. I would like to spread that enthusiasm among Friends more widely.

It would be inappropriate and in fact impossible to repeat what was said last summer but I would like to enter into correspondence with any interested people. I would be glad to send to any who request it a copy of my article on the psychology of the unborn, "Toward a Gentler Breed of Humans."

Roger Lorenz
696 Athol Ave, Apt. 101
Oakland, CA 94610

Can You Spare a Dime?

The homeless and beggars who crowd the streets of New York (and of most other major U.S. cities) offer a very basic lesson for us and one which I had kept missing.

The first lesson is apparent: the blessings for those of us who do have homes and families and are fortunate enough to eat several times a day. The second is the national disgrace of a country which spends hundreds of billions of dollars on the military—and, comparatively, only pennies for the impoverished and the homeless.

But on the most basic level, what is the connection between myself and that person who has his or her hand out for some change?

The bridge is our basic humanity, and not to be seduced by the wishful thinking that we are disconnected and scarcely from the same planet. To pass by with head straight-forward, and pretend the person begging isn't there, is to deny our basic human connection. Do we play in our heads some kind of a five Reagan homily about the poor helping themselves? My great fantasy is to have Ron and Nancy live on the streets of Manhattan for a week.

This is an issue which is neither liberal nor conservative, libertarian nor radical ... it is fundamental, bare bones humanity.

When I pass by and give a quarter, I may not be able to do anything for that person other than to acknowledge our connection—a connection as simple as dropping a coin in the cup. Does it change their poverty appreciably? Does it make me feel like I'm doing my part? Is my conscience assuaged by this? I don't know, and maybe all the questions of right and wrong are irrelevant. However, I am affirming my connection to the situation: and perhaps that is the first step in beginning to end our collective poverty.

Namayá
Shokan, N.Y.

More Discussion Needed

I want to thank you for the continuing discussion about the situation in the Middle East. I subscribe to many publications, most of which have covered the subject at one time or another and then stopped. The letters to the editor in...
the following issues were from irate readers cancelling their subscriptions. It is good for my soul to know that people are struggling to understand the reality of all the peoples concerned, and that the dialogue will continue in your publication. I’d like to add one comment to the discussion. Last summer National Public Radio ran a spot on the subject, hinting that Palestinians might be moving towards a two-state solution, while Israelis were not prepared to acknowledge Palestine. The reporter then said that in a recent survey, 60 percent of Israelis approved of some degree of Palestinian apartheid. I’ve never heard a word about that survey since. This subject is too staggering to drop into the void of ignorance. Keep the dialogue alive.

Ceison Ratcliffe
Olympia, Wash.

Stanley Zarowin’s article, “The New, Silent Voice of Anti-Semitism” (FJ, Sept.), is helpful neither on its announced topic nor on its purported occasion, the Palestinian intifadah and its repression in the Occupied Territories.

We are offered no examples of this new “subtle form of anti-Semitism” that is being denounced. Consequently the charge spills over onto all condemnations of Israel, whatever their degree of legitimacy or appropriateness. This broad-brushed approach discourages and deters any effective opposition to the brutal repression.

Zarowin does not recognize the Palestinians as a separate self-chosen entity with rightful claims to determining where they live. He refers only once to the inhabitants of the Occupied Territories as “Palestinians,” and all other times calling them simply “Arabs.” This view of the Palestinians as generic Arabs leads to the proposals of mass expulsion which are gaining respectability in Israel and are no longer confined to the extreme right.

In 1986 the brutal crushing of the Palestinians’ nonviolent struggle was, according to Israel Shahak, the Israeli human rights activist, completely ignored by the supposed Israeli (or pro-Israeli) moderates—including Peace Now, a group that Zarowin finds especially deserving of support. Then a year ago, the Palestinians resorted to the violent means of stone-throwing and other non-mechanized acts in their rebellion against a military occupation. We should not forget these earlier events which represent yet another fulfillment of President

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**Viewpoint**

**Maintaining the Spirit**

The September issue of *Friends Journal* carried three excellent articles written by Dyckman Vermilye and Avis Crowe, but the one written jointly, “Friendly Assistance,” is particularly pertinent. In fact, a committee to consider revision of the Discipline, when it convenes, would do well to include the salient points mentioned.

Our U.S. zeal and impatience often circumscribe Quaker process. In fact, the explanation that Friends conduct their business meetings as an extension of the meeting for worship may no longer be relevant! Truthfully, how many times are items for the agenda dealt with by phone prior to business meeting in order to circumvent “trouble-makers” who are certain to extend the meeting and delay the decision-making process? This action not only denies the conduct of a prayerful meeting; it may also lose a delicate relevancy that did not occur to those more interested in expediency for its own sake.

When seeking to help others we must remember that good will and good intentions are not enough. Professional training and sensitivities go beyond the desire to do good; we need to be aware of doing damage. In common parlance, the ends do not justify the means.

Enthusiasm and good will can disarm with energies that violate intimate distance. We can create obligations that add to the burden rather than dissipate it. It also becomes a ploy—at first, perhaps, unconscious—but obligation and demands for obedience to the dictates of the giver of help brings with it a demagogy of the spirit, and reveals, too, manipulations.

Working in the field of social work for almost a generation, I cannot put too great an emphasis upon this. Many trained social workers fall into the trap of insisting that their recommendations be carried out without question, recommendations that fall into the arena of plays for power without consideration for the person who must live with the results. In crisis situations this becomes a special problem and may violate trust and confidence.

In less stringent situations, can “the simple expression of concern and the willingness to help be the real gift?” Can most of us leave it at that, unless requested to do and be more? Can we resist the temptation to be more than we are and do more than is required?

Let us not engage in benign violence, no matter how laudatory the premise. When an individual has a concern, and that concern becomes a group concern—with the concern becoming more than anticipated by anyone, so that the responsibilities can no longer be carried on or completed—then that is the time to lay it down.

I witnessed such a happening, and I also witnessed the reluctance of terminating it properly. The concern was dumped (and I use that term in its fullest sense; it was dumped upon others who had not been under the weight of the original concern, and they were told that it was now their responsibility). It took many months and much time, energy, and expense to dissolve that dumping, but it was resolved.

This caveat needs further attention against any future repetition, but it directs our attention to a problem that Friends need to consider over and over again. Friends’ social action has been in the forefront of almost all our public reputation. In fact, for years now, the works of Friends have brought new members into the fold, who are interested in social action. They wish to help and be a part of the good that has been demonstrated.

Many social activists speak openly of their distrust and inability to understand the mystical history of Friends and express a desire that Friends desist from this expression of Quaker history.

Modern day Quakerism needs to raise the consciousness of modern day Friends. True, we have the words, and most of us use them well, but we must ask, have we lost the music? If the Society of Friends were to lose its historical base for a moment, and were to face persecution and communal abuse, could we stand up under it? The original Friends were a prayerful and communal group of people; they knew the words and the music and experienced the gathering and the covenant with the Spirit and came away filled with that Spirit.

The Spirit was the initiator of all social action, and remains so to this day. The Spirit is the means and the end; without it, there is nothing.

The pace of life today may indeed be swift, but it does not necessarily follow that it also be frantic and chaotic. Love has many interpretations, but there is one meaning to ponder and live on as it is at the very heart: love is the energy of wholeness.

Josephine W. Johns
Chester River (Md.) Meeting
On Discipline

by Lloyd B. Swift

Authority in the Society of Friends stems directly from God.
What is to keep the Society from anarchy?

But there is no doubt that both the Catholic church and the Society of Friends have all along emphasized that it is the will of God which should guide one’s life and not some other principle. It is perhaps this which accounts for the otherwise strange seeming fact that Friends and Catholics have frequently found much that is congenial in the writings of the other group’s church—especially, of course, in the mystical writings.

Authority in the Society of Friends, then, stems directly from God. What is to keep the society from anarchy in such a case? In a group where each is to commune directly with the source of power and authority, what is to keep every member from following whatever path she or he finds leading in various directions?

Historically and, I trust, still in the latter part of the 20th century, Quakers have tested their individual lights against the experience, the insight, the judgment of the group—usually the local meeting or a smaller group within the meeting, sometimes a larger group such as the yearly meeting. The best-known example may be John Woolman, whose antislavery position could easily have led him away from the Society but who worked patiently within the group until he was able to persuade enough Friends to bring the group judgment to his insight into truth.

It is this willingness to be guided not only by one’s own Inward Light but also by the corporate experience and judgment and to continue to work within the group that has kept the Society of Friends together. It is the weakening of this which accounts for the unfortunate splits in the Society in the past and which, if serious, might very well account for its disappearance in the future.

So when we talk about “discipline” and “books of discipline” in the Society of Friends, we are talking about distillation of the experience and historic judgment of the Society, interpretation of the experience in present-day terms, and application of the experience in solving problems. Discipline, thus, is an essentially conservative concept which aims to keep the vitality of inspiration somewhat within bounds.

I have said that the Society is not a democratic organization. But, if every member is a priest, free to exercise individual understanding of the will of God, tempered only by the judgment of the group, and if that judgment is determined by open discussion and a process of consensus, is not this the essence of democracy, you may ask? Certainly it is egalitarian, and perhaps our way of arriving at decisions is more respectful of the feelings and opinions of all, including the minority, than are Robert’s Rules of Order or other ways of doing business. But it is not, I believe, really “democratic” as that term is generally understood.

This is because Friends believe that, in substantive and moral questions, if not in decisions on the time for the next meeting or the color of the meetinghouse rug, there is a Truth—with a capital T—which is unique. A Quaker meeting for business is a process designed to find that Truth, not an exercise in discovering the will, opinion, or desire of the majority. Devotion to finding Truth re-
quires that all come to the process intending to find the Truth even if it goes against a cherished opinion or belief—there be a willingness to change one's mind, to be guided by the insights of others, to listen carefully, to pray over things, to meditate and to seek. I am convinced that this attitude and process are qualitatively different from those usually associated with the political democratic process in which the will of the people is expressed by a majority vote. Friends seek to discover the will of God as it is given to us to understand it, expressed in unity on a minute or on a course of action.

One outcome of this attitude is that Friends are, in one sense, no respecters of persons. Women and men were early recognized as having equal potential to transmit God's word to the group. People of humble birth and little education were recognized as having gifts in the ministry as well as those more favored by the world's standards.

On the other hand, Friends have always felt that Paul was right in recognizing that not all are equally gifted. Some have the gift of prophecy, some of healing, some of ministry. Some are good at handling the finances, some at counseling, some at spiritual exercises, some at intellectual analysis. In the search for the Truth of God on a particular question, Friends have historically recognized that some Friends are "weightier" than others. This is an undemocratic concept and one which outrages people who, in worldly organizations to which they belong, are accustomed, at least, to paying lip service to the idea that all should be heard equally before the matter is put to a vote and, after that, each be counted equally and the will of the majority determined.

Yet in organizations with which many of us work half our waking hours, things are also not normally done in such a democratic way. Business and government offices exercise various degrees of consultation, but in the last analysis all have fixed hierarchies of status through which policies are administered and goals addressed.

The different thing about Friends is that, at our best, we have unfixed or fluid hierarchies of merit and insight. The secular or worldly status (income, wealth, influence, dignity, VIP status) of a particular Quaker doesn't count much with us in decision making and administration of meeting work. A Friend may be heard with respect and be recognized to speak a second or even a third time by the clerk on one occasion, whereas the same Friend may not be felt to contribute as much to some other question. When properly done, the person acting as clerk sees that role as one of serving the meeting's search for Truth rather than as guiding or presiding.

In practical terms, recognition of gifts of Friends in particular areas led, historically, to recording as ministers Friends who exhibited a gift in speaking in worship; to the long serving of one Friend as clerk of the meeting, or on a committee, or as treasurer, librarian, etc; and to the tradition of turning to certain Friends for counsel in trouble, bereavement, or perplexity. Of late, Friends have felt something undemocratic about these traditional processes and have, in many meetings, substituted formal policies against long terms in a single office for the judgment of the Nominating Committee about continuing a person in a particular responsibility. I think our meetings need very seriously to ask themselves whether, in an effort to involve all and to rotate people so that all become familiar with all aspects of work, we have not limited the service of Friends who are gifted in some ministries, and have perhaps thereby hampered our search for Truth.

I am afraid that a minority of Friends believes it is worth taking the time and energy, in decision-making, to find Truth. Indeed I sometimes wonder if most Friends really believe that there is such a thing as Truth in a given situation.

Friends started out as Friends of Truth, the first name, as far as we know, by which they called themselves. The concept of Truth requires that the individual test one's light against the very best tests one can find; this is normally a group of Friends and peers. The individual must then be willing to move and change with the guidance of the group spirit.

I have observed that many Friends stay remarkably flexible and young in spirit even when chronologically and biologically old. I think this is because they have been constantly bent toward the Truth against their own leadings, until they have developed a discipline of objectivity, a healthy doubt of their own insights, a willingness to search for Truth sometimes against their own inclinations. Any meeting fortunate to have several Friends who possess such self-discipline, whatever their chronological age, will find the discipline of the group easier to achieve. Without this essential, God-directed discipline, no book of discipline, no set of rules, will enable our beloved Society of Friends to survive.
The Forgotten Man of English Quakerism

by John Punshon

Among Friends, Joseph John Gurney is an influential and controversial figure. Like his sister, Elizabeth Fry, he united in himself the best Quaker traditions of innovative social service and the disciplined spiritual rectitude of the evangelical revival. Additionally he was a preacher and writer of eloquence and precision, and the Society of Friends bears his mark even today.

The future banker, philanthropist, and Quaker minister was born at Earlham Hall, near Norwich, in England, on 2 August 1788. Though never in his sister's shadow in his lifetime, he is now relatively unknown in the country of his birth. Among U.S. Quakers, however, he remains a contentious figure as the inspiration of a great revival that changed the face of the Society there at the end of the 19th century.

Gurney was a great evangelical of a great generation, and was actively interested in all the usual causes. Though his ancestors had suffered for their Quaker convictions, the wealth which came to the family through its textile and banking interests placed him in the front rank of East Anglian provincial society. There is every indication that he enjoyed this position and took it seriously. While the textures and quality of his Quaker garb belied the simplicity it was supposed to express, there is little doubt that his inward life was rigorous and austere.

He followed the usual evangelical disciplines of prayer, Bible reading, and journal writing and sought to be useful to the wider community when traveling as a Quaker minister. His money and his talents were generously given to (among other causes) the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Anti-Slavery Society, and Norwich Lancasterian School. He was involved in the contemporary peace movement and was a total abstainer.

Above all, he was his sister's constant support and a tireless advocate of humane prison reform in his own right.

He is therefore characteristic of the wealthy evangelicalism of his day, but his style and temperament were perhaps less suited to Quakerism than Methodism or Anglicanism. There has always

John Punshon is tutor of Quaker studies at Woodbrooke, a Friends study center in England. Author of two books and numerous articles on Quaker topics, he is widely traveled among all kinds of Friends in the United States. He wrote this article for the bicentenary of Joseph John Gurney's birth.
Evangelicals today, by and large, need to learn the realities of progressive politics; progressives need to learn the lessons of faith.

The conflict inherent in these views never led to serious schism like the one U.S. Quakerism experienced after 1827, when the evangelical (Orthodox) and the traditional (Hicksite) communities separated off from one another. It was to the Orthodox that Gurney traveled, and many believed that it was because of his preaching that a further schism took place among the Orthodox shortly after his visit. As a result, a large evangelical grouping came into existence, swelled later by converts from the frontier revivals, which was known as the "Gurneyite" branch.

This is now the majority tradition in U.S. and world Quakerism as a consequence of revivalism at home and mission work abroad. Its churches call pastors and have programmed meetings for worship, its connections extend from Kenya to Bolivia and Taiwan, and it shades in places from a recognizable Quakerism to a variety of mainstream Protestantism. Gurney's legacy to his Society is therefore profound, though now invisible in the silent liberal meetings of his homeland. But if we brushed the dust from the windowpanes, what might we see?

First, the importance of evangelicals like Gurney in leading the early 19th century Society of Friends out of isolation and decline. The Quaker peculiarities of that time prevented ecumenical, or, indeed, an organized work for human improvement. The reputation for philanthropy later acquired by Friends is anchored as securely in evangelical values as Quaker tradition. Though unpalatable in some quarters, this fact needs emphasis because it is largely overlooked.

Christians place supreme value on the gospel of personal salvation, not in spite of it. Those like Gurney, who transformed English society for the better in the 19th century had a great vision of what individuals could become. To place reliance on protest and political processes alone was to depart from clearly religious values, and thereby lose the spiritual dynamic upon which a religious community must depend. Evangelicals today, by and large, need to learn the realities of progressive politics; progressives need to learn the lessons of faith.

This in turn implies biblical rectitude. The neglect of Scripture among Quakers of Gurney's day had led to Bible teaching, which was little more than proof-texting for the Quaker peculiarities. Gurney appreciated that selective use of Scripture leads to a distortion of Christian truth, and an antidote is necessary for both the tyranny of tradition and the seductions of novelty. It was in Scripture that he sought this balance, and it is still there waiting to be found.

Finally, there is a reminder of the conflict in Gurney himself between his loyalty to his own denomination and the ecumenical impulses that arose from his evangelical convictions. He was a Friend first and foremost, and many contemporaries were unable to see that he carried the cross in the strictest Quaker tradition. Nevertheless, he also knew that undiscriminating denominationalism can impede a larger vision of the riches of the Gospel, and that each church holds its portion of the greater truth in trust for all. It is part of the greatness of Gurney that he recognized this, and Friends' loss that his endeavors to that end are not better known.
It is ten o'clock on a dull winter morning. In the parking lot outside the plain, box-like building, the first blue van pulls to a stop. The women stand, smooth their skirts; some lift infants onto their hips. Hurrying to beat the cold, they move together into the canteen to order their tea and “carton” of hot soup. Other vanloads arrive, swelling the numbers inside; the drivers congregate at their customary tables. Gradually, at first, and then in a throng, the visitors retrace their steps across the parking lot, pass through the gate, and enter the prison.

Back in the canteen, a woman clears the table; volunteers behind the counter refill the teapot. A loud, free cackle sounds from the playroom, the giggle of a child momentarily distracted from her departing “mum.” In the kitchen a pot of soup begins to simmer in preparation for the late-morning rush after the visits.

People visiting prisoners are a familiar sight. I have seen them, lined up outside the gates, waiting in the cold rain for the heavy doors to swing open. Whether wives or girlfriends, parents or “mates,” they are the forgotten victims of imprisonment. They do not, on the whole, receive a warm welcome from the prison itself. Very few British prisons have facilities for waiting visitors.

This Visitors’ Center differs from others in two ways. First, the prison is H.M.P. The Maze, Northern Ireland; tensions within and without the prison are conditioned by a deeper conflict than exists in other prisons. Second, this Visitors’ Center is organized by Quakers.

For six weeks at the end of 1987, I had the privilege of visiting the center, to gain firsthand impressions of its work. As a visitor, it would be presumptuous of me to judge its success or faults; that task must be left to those who have struggled on behalf of the center in the midst of “the troubles.” As an outsider, I see ways that the center resembles Quaker involvement in diverse settings; I see its role as characteristic of the pattern for social concern which is set by the Friends Peace Testimony.

The Visitors’ Center at the Maze was established by Friends in 1972. Its beginnings were fairly modest. It sought to meet the visitors’ need for a place to relax with a cup of tea before taking on the stress of a visit. At first, responsibility for the center was shared between the Ulster Quaker Service Committee, concerned with the canteen, and another agency, which looked after the playroom. Eventually, however, Friends took on sole responsibility for the center.

Prisons generally change very slowly. Both staff and prisoners need time to accept any innovation, particularly when the innovation originates outside the prison community itself. The need for security is an important consideration: high security institutions take longer than relatively open prisons in accepting help from outside.

The Quaker Visitors’ Center has won the prison’s trust, has grown and has prospered. It has come to play a distinctive and essential role at the prison, delicately poised on a tight-wire middle ground: between staff and visitors; between prisoner and staff; between the prison world and the outside world; between Catholic and Protestant.

The center is quite humble and simple. There are two large rooms lined with tables and chairs. There is a small kitchen and office, as well as a playroom stocked with toys, art materials, books, and a sandbox. Over 500 visitors pass through each day. Most of these stop for no more than a cup of coffee and some soup.

Some, however, bring children who run eagerly to the playroom. A few children need supervision throughout their mothers’ visits. Other visitors have brought clothing for a prisoner, only to be told that their parcel must wait for the paperwork. At such times, the center keeps the parcel until it can be handed in. Two or three times during the day, the canteen is filled with people, and volunteers are hard pressed to serve customers; the playroom swells with little ones making jigsaw puzzles, dressing dolls, drawing pictures.

Frequently, difficulties are brought to the staff. A man has come over from Liverpool and has been turned away at the gate. Visitors are told the person they have come to see is no longer in the prison. A young man, released on parole, finds that his ride home has failed to appear. Sometimes the problem is met by turning to the prison welfare office. Often the center can supply the necessary advice. But there are also deeper problems: a request for legal advice, or help with a housing problem; a desire for counseling or missed benefits for the children. In such cases, the center may direct people to available resources.

Most of the work, however, is very simple: providing good food, looking after familiar children, greeting newcomers with a smile and reassurance.
Beneath the apparent simplicity of these tasks, however, the unique traits of a peacemaking concern are illuminated. Peace is spirit made concrete, and there are both symbolic and practical consequences of a Quaker presence at the prison. First, it demonstrates the possibility of a third perspective in a social situation determined by polarity. There is nothing particularly profound about a cup of tea, but the fact that both sides can sip that tea in the same room counters the assumption that differences must be settled through violence. Second, to be present requires commitment, but that commitment must be open and flexible, responding to needs raised by visitors rather than initiating solutions in an intrusive manner. Indeed, many problems are brought to the attention of staff members because they are seen to respect the visitors’ fragile autonomy.

The chief practical effects of the continued presence concern growth of the center. Prison administrators tend to view outsiders as naive. Reliability must be proven, and this is achieved through sheer stamina. The center did not begin with the broad range of responsibilities it now enjoys: its liaison work with probation staff, pre-release groups for spouses of prisoners, or, indeed, childcare. A continuous presence enables recognition of problem areas and is necessary if one’s proposals are to be taken seriously by prison administrators.

Also, a patient presence allows the foundations of trust and reassurance to grow among those one is trying to serve. Heightened emotions call for proven sensitivity, and a climate of reassurance cannot be created overnight. Conflict evokes strong feelings of anger and fear, of guilt and grief, of shame and pride. When relations are marked by these emotions, an atmosphere which is familiar and safe helps people face their feelings openly.

The style of approach is non-directive. The center does not initiate projects to resolve the larger conflicts in which it is involved. There isn’t a group at the center which intends to bring prisoners’ spouses together to shame the combatants into “peace.” The center does not issue public pronouncements, criticizing prison policy; staff members do not preach Quaker pacifism to all who wander into the canteen. Rather, great care is taken to build small bridges, to respond to human needs as they arise.

Building bridges is both humble and risk-laden. It requires the willingness to make sacrifices in order to serve as go-between. Temptations abound for each side to see the go-between with a mixture of suspicion, opportunism, and disrespect. At the Maze, as at any prison, there will be prison staff members who question the motives of people who work so hard on behalf of prisoners’ visitors. Families of prisoners might lose respect for a service which they identify with the prison itself. The go-between is potentially a compromising position. “Bridge-building” is only an image: the reality is being vulnerable and human in the midst of anger and inhumanity.

Yet the overall feeling at the Maze is respect for the principles of neutrality in the center, and confidence in the integrity of center staff. Perhaps this is because bridge-building is not only non-directive, but also non-hierarchical. The cook may be called away to take a visi-
Emotions are intense; it is hard to concentrate. Individuals forget what it is they wanted to say to each other. Abruptly, visitors are separated, herded with others back outside, then go back to the Visitors' Center for some tea and a sandwich.

It is on this level that the center offers hope; not the high hopes of radical political changes to solve the troubles, nor of demands for agreed standards of human rights. Rather, the hope is that of the kind word, the understanding ear turned to those without power in the midst of the conflict that determines their lives.

A prison visit can be a devastating experience. Visitors must get started early to take a long journey in a crowded van. The children sense the anxiety, and reflect it back as fretfulness or misbehavior. The waiting is interminable, under the gaze of professionally suspicious prison staff. And then the prisoner and spouse have a half hour or less together.

I have no doubt that the situation in Northern Ireland has shaped the response of Friends in undertaking the work at the Visitors' Center. It is important to recognize this, and to see that any peacemaking must be fitted to the distinctive problems of its setting. Conversely, there are parallels in approach that unite us across cultures, from one sort of conflict to another, in a range of roles, tasks, and opportunities. Ultimately, the pains to which the center responds call upon us all, irrespective of our setting. The character of our response to such demands is a lived testimony to peace.

A Unique Prison Ministry

The Fellowship of Reconciliation has conferred its Martin Luther King, Jr. award on a remarkable man, who gives the credit for turning his life around to a 200-year-old Quaker organization, the Pennsylvania Prison Society.

Carl Upchurch, ex-bank robber, ex-prisoner, ex-parole violator, who grew up in a Philadelphia ghetto and spent his life cycling from ghetto to prison, is now living in Ohio and serving as executive director of the Progressive Prisoner's Movement (PPM), a little-known grassroots prisoners' organization. In this capacity he is well qualified to receive the King award, which is to honor an unheralded person who is working in the King tradition of nonviolent change. Those who nominated Upchurch say he even reminds them of Dr. King in appearance, though his life was very different.

Born in a Philadelphia ghetto, his father was killed in a street fight and his favorite aunt was raped and murdered and her murderer never found. He left school after fourth grade, and at the age of nine he was sent to prison for the first time. Before he was 20 he had been arrested for five bank robberies and was sentenced to 39 years in a federal penitentiary, first in Michigan, then transferred to Virginia, then to Pennsylvania, where he met the Quakers who helped him rethink his values. Through Friends he discovered his own genius, the world of literature, and the power of nonviolence.

In prison he began to study. He read Shakespeare, Thoreau, Frederick Douglass, Mark Twain, Dostoevski, and eventually received a bachelor's degree in psychology from the University of Pittsburgh in 1981.

Released on parole in 1982, he entered Earlham School of Religion and was assistant basketball coach at Earlham College. He subsequently returned to prison for a parole violation and later did graduate study in social work.

But for all his education he says that "a lot of what I do is motivated by my experiences as a Quaker. I am motivated by people like George Fox and the tenets of Quakerism: speaking truth to power, being able to stand up irrespective of numbers or your position in society—or of consequences."

It was at Earlham that Carl began developing plans for PPM. He began by contacting prisoners inside prisons and offering to be their spokesperson on issues such as overcrowding, low pay, unfair or inadequate legal representation, and other conditions. He has spoken in prisons and at universities and now edits a magazine, called Prisonlinks, which circulates underground to prisoners all over the country.

His message: stop fighting with each other, stop hating each other, stop doing violence to each other, stop blaming the system, start taking responsibility for your own lives, securing your own rights, creating your own power, discovering your own potential.

Recent Supreme Court decisions have convinced Upchurch he must continue his work. The decision upholding the death penalty in Georgia, despite the evidence that black people are much more likely to die than whites, is far more than a manifestation of racism, he notes. "The lower class and lower-middle class are overwhelmingly represented in the prisons of this country. That cuts a whole class of people off from society."

"I feel the enormous weight of responsibility I bear toward my brothers and sisters who are still behind bars," he says. The Quakers who founded the Pennsylvania Prison Society 200 years ago started more than they realized.

—Amy Weber
(compiled from material furnished by FOR, The Other Side, and First Baptist Church of Granville, Ohio)
Warehousing Violence

by Robert Hillegass

Following his arrest during a nonviolent protest at Electric Boat—site of the manufacture of the Trident submarine in Groton, Connecticut—the author was sentenced this past year to serve five days in prison. Though he could have avoided incarceration by paying a fine, he considered the prison experience as an opportunity both to spend time with victims of our nation’s economic violence and to test how far one can apply principles of nonviolence within a prison setting.

My confinement at Montville correction center in Uncasville, Connecticut, a state-run, medium security institution, resembled my experience at similar facilities in Massachusetts. While they may differ in age and other physical details, these correctional institutions subject their occupants to the same physical compression and the same dehumanizing psychological environment. While most people are aware that prisons, under the pressure of numbers and a reactionary penal philosophy, have long since abandoned “reform” or “rehabilitation” as a goal in favor of simple punitive warehousing, it is hard for a busy public to appreciate fully how destructive these institutions are of human personality and how they help to perpetuate violent crime among the young. I do not speak here of the many state prisons that recently have been shown to be in violation of the Eighth Amendment and due process clause of the U.S. Constitution. The local centers I describe are generally among the least brutalizing of our correctional institutions.

Overcrowding is always more than a statistic to those on the inside; nevertheless, numbers may provide an opening wedge to the realities of prison life.

The population was 263 at Montville the day I arrived. The facility, built in 1957, was intended to accommodate 115. One result was that “floaters”—mostly newcomers awaiting bedding assignments—never knew where they would be put on a given night. On my first two nights there, along with three other prisoners, I ended up on the “barber shop” floor—a barren 10-foot by 15-foot room without chairs of any kind whose amenities extended no further than to a washbowl and an exposed hopper. Strangers, none of us knew what the others were “in for”—a vehicle violation, maybe, or possibly something more serious involving drugs, robbery, or assault.

By day, nomads, we carried our possessions (towel, soap, toothbrush, and razor) clutched in a paper bag under our arm—but since I had come in on a Friday afternoon and the commissary wouldn’t open again until Tuesday, I carried only a cake of soap in my pocket, the ultimate in simple living. As we were herded around from place to place (you are never told where you are going, or why), I also had a deepening sense of the tentative quality of my existence there—enough so that I began to think a jail cell might offer something in the way of both identity and security. But the psychic assault of prison reality is likely to come home to the nonviolent resister most forcefully in the “dayroom” where, if you have not been assigned to a cell, you may pass most of your day. It is what passes for a recreation room in jail, and may even, as at Montville, double in somebody’s mind as a gym, there being no gymnasium as such.

Standard equipment in the dayroom consists of several lunchroom tables with benches, whose well-initialed surfaces are worn shiny from the eternal card game—usually hearts or poker—that is played there. High in the corner, dominating both the physical and psychic space, the TV is enthroned, blaring its hemorrhage of violence, sex, and video-rock. Some watch, but most seem to absorb its subliminal influence unconsciously, a necessary natural element in the environment—a kind of psychic light or air. The TV is never turned off, and no newcomer, or anyone over 30 years old, would dare try. Conversation, if attempted at all, is by shout. Even guards, if they have any communication with individual men, must bellow through the bars to be heard. Thus the sound level escalates, and as this ceaseless assault on the auditory nerve is likely to first threaten the com-

A member of Wellesley (Mass.) Meeting, Robert Hillegass is active with the Boston-based organization Ailanthus: a Nonviolent Witness for Peace. He is the author of a Pendle Hill pamphlet, Nonviolence on Trial.
posure of the nonviolent activist. A frequently heard speculation among activists is that some of the “whacko” cases are unconscious (or conscious) efforts to be placed in the solitude and quiet of an isolated cell.

Only a conscious policy of degradation could account for the presence of exposed toilets everywhere—though the dayroom at Montville (though it is never used)—and to only a lesser degree by the ritual body searches that attend every move from one building or section to another. Even some of the guards seem embarrassed by having to conduct these humiliating exercises and attempt to pass them off with feeble jokes.

Given the angry tensions arising from these violations of the self and from the blockage of youthful energies (about 85 percent of the population seems to be between 16 and 26 years old), is it possible to carry on a nonviolent witness in such a setting? More rudimentarily, how does one cope, co-exist, survive?

My greatest challenge came in the “house,” where I was assigned on the third day, a separate, home-like building with a furnished living room and three bedrooms sleeping 14 of us. There were no guards, but a wall phone connecting us to the main office. Though the atmosphere at first seemed freer and more relaxed, I found human relations here even more difficult.

I hadn’t been here more than an hour when someone asked aloud what I was in for? “For a demonstration at Electric Boat,” I said. When they discovered that the demo was not over a labor grievance and that I didn’t work there, it became evident something was up. One of them, on a drinking spree, had run over his best friend. Another, on drugs, could not obtain a furlough to go home for the birth of his second child. Needless to say, I gave a wide berth to my threatening young tough for the next day or so. Then I discovered him directly behind me in a phone line. I had had trouble reaching my party, so rather than try again I motioned to him.

“Go ahead,” I said. “You’ve been waiting.” That resolved something, evidently, and he didn’t threaten again, but it isn’t always that easy. Another time I got up in the middle of a warm night, opened the bedroom door for ventilation and turned off the hall light (which was ritually left on). Within minutes, the man in the bunk above me, a junky and para-noiac, leaped out of bed. “Who the f--- opened that door?” he demanded. “One of them m----- f-----s coming in here to steal our stuff!” (The “stuff” referred to was the usual soap, towel, razor, and toothbrush.) At this point the activist was pretending to be asleep. It is hard to exaggerate the sheer craziness of jail life, or to anticipate what effect the simplest act of common sense may have upon those present.

worse, as superiority turning its back on them. So while doing time alone deprives you of the cushion of your friends, it brings you into immediate and personal contact with the people with whom you wanted your actions to assert your solidarity. It also brings you into direct contact with the possibility of violence, the true adversary. Being alone heightens the meaning of the experience.

In this situation I made a conscious effort to be “one of the group” simply by staying in the living room a good part of the day. This gave me a better sense of who they were and what they had experienced—knowledge that I hoped might help me deal in a more human way in any personal transaction that might develop. One of them, on a drinking spree, had run over his best friend. Another, on drugs, could not obtain a furlough to go home for the birth of his second child. Needless to say, I gave a wide berth to my threatening young tough for the next day or so. Then I discovered him directly behind me in a phone line. I had had trouble reaching my party, so rather than try again I motioned to him.

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Finally, it was in the living room of the “house” that I saw the most insidious and corrupting effects of TV. The men were “locked onto” the set 24 hours a day, completely immersed in its violent images and assaultive sounds. They reacted physically to the mayhem, shouting encouragement and egging on the perpetrators of violence, including rapists. It was an orgiastic group rite, performed vicariously. And, who could doubt, it was providing conditioning for another violent act upon release. Seventy percent of them will be back in prison, according to federal figures.

It may not be an exaggerated fancy to see an analogy between the latent explosive power of the bomb, as its individual atoms approach critical mass, and the accumulating pressures and frustrations that threaten to explode in the prison cooker. Both may be seen to reflect the same sorry failures of society: the attempt to purchase security at the expense of others’ safety and well-being; the desperate effort to remedy human wrongs and grievances through coercive use of force rather than through compassionate understanding. Prisons are our domestic Tridents, waiting to erupt in a paroxysm of violence at some unforeseen provocation. In prison, the conscientious resister witnesses against both evils at once. And, recognizing one’s own complicity in the society that produces Trident, the resister gains a paradoxical freedom behind bars.

Nevertheless, in this setting, and in the time given me during this stay, I found it very difficult, as a Quaker, to hold these people in the Light. I found it impossible even to meditate. The further I could reach was an awareness that all these young men were trapped—by their personal lives and background, by a violent and self-absorbed society largely indifferent to their fate, and by a penal system overwhelmed by its problems. All these men, no matter how responsible they may be for their own situations, desperately need someone to listen to their grievances, their anger, their hopes and frustrations. No one at the warehouse will do it and only the lucky ones will find such a person on the outside. Even more, they need the self-respect that comes from having a marketable job skill.

In today’s world, Rufus Jones once reminded us, we are called to be “nothing less than heroically good.” That needn’t mean simply acts of resistance. A heroic effort is needed now to help heal vio-
Encountering the “Friends”

by Z. L.

Although offenders must in some way pay for their crimes, the dinosaur philosophy of warehousing criminals in institutions does nothing to compensate victims or rehabilitate offenders and only compounds the debt to society. The system of corrections in Canada is a failing billion dollar industry that serves only to create the revolving door syndrome of prison rather than helping to correct mistakes. Finding alternatives to prison is a growing concern, one that I joyously discovered has been undertaken by a commendable sector of the Christian community, the Society of Friends.

A recent relapse in my illness of drug addiction once again led me to await trial at the local detention center. As the administration of justice in Ontario is often a lengthy period, my five months’ stay in pre-trial custody was an average wait of shame, guilt, and anger of frustration. The inactivity in settings like the Toronto Jail creates much tension and violence, often causing enough pain and despair to result in an occasional suicide. A natural need for human contact, outside of equally hurting fellow inmates, influenced my attending a meeting of the Quakers.

Because jailhouse rumors indicated a sort of religious service, my faith enabled me to keep an open mind. My concern was to disconnect from the routine and brutality of prison by meeting some real people. Even the thought of being in a room without bars or warders seemed a kind of blessing. Upon entering the meeting, the immediate relief of tension caused an enormous grin on my face that was greeted by cheerful smiles from the volunteers.

Seated in a circle of a dozen inmates and five members of the Quaker Committee on Jails and Justice (QCJJ), I was able to enjoy the solitude and rid myself of my protective inner walls during a period of silence. Then all eyes and attention followed the circle as we introduced ourselves. What transpired during that hour or so following is not an easy thing to put into words.

The first thing I noticed was that although we “cons” had foreseen some people coming to preach to us about our evil ways, in no way did the Quakers stereotype us as a bunch of hateful criminals as we were normally treated by prison staff. The atmosphere was one of great fellowship, and you might not have been able to put a label on our discussion, but in general it was a free-for-all, speak-your-mind rap session far removed from any religious service. I still had a feeling God was present, though.

Secondly, the experience was one of much trust, caring, honest and sensitive sharing of emotion. In all my prison experiences I’d discovered that self-esteem is lacking among inmates, and here were some real people of the community who not only made us feel worthwhile but were willing to share precious time with us. Come hell or high water, the volunteers showed up every Thursday afternoon to rescue us from the deprivation that dominated the cold stone jug we lived in.

The weekly discussions ranged from personal experiences, attitudes, prison alternatives, community resources, goals and concerns. Often we played thought provoking board games, laughing and carrying on. In retrospect, I would have gladly served my entire sentence at the Toronto Jail just to have been able to attend those meetings.

None of the volunteers that I knew of had ever been to prison, but they seemed to understand what it meant to be closed in behind walls. They were able to relate to our struggles, as we were to theirs. There was a feeling that none of us was different, as God is in us all. I learned that life is difficult for all of us, and what do we really have in this world besides life? The Quakers shared my belief that we are all born with a natural goodness and it is society that makes us unhappy and sometimes increasingly vile. It was beginning to dawn on me what a mess I had made of life by being involved in the culture that breeds in prisons.

I made some deep and excellent friendships at those meetings. Since I’ve transferred to the penitentiary, I’ve received some very special letters from members of the QCJJ. Sometimes they serve as lifelines to the real world when despair comes to my prison cell like a slap in the face.

I hear many stories of how much our prisons need reform. I’ve heard that our ministers in parliament even talk about it, and they spend lots of money on inquiries and commissions, and they make proposals and directives. I hear a lot of questions from people in agencies and church groups about what needs to be done to help change the system. Still, judges sentence offenders to lengthy terms, and our prisons continue to overflow with people who gain nothing in the form of rehabilitation.

There is a lot of talk, “How can we help, what can we do?” Well, fortunately there are some people who not only talk, but do!
When Roland Ellis left North Wales for the new world of Pennsylvania in 1686, taking his Quaker faith and his Welsh language and the name of his beloved home, Bryn Mawr, with him, he could scarcely have envisaged the return of a small gang of his successors, dressed in sneakers (trainers) and wind cheaters (anoraks), just 301 years later to his native land.

The Friends of today’s Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting, about 20 miles northwest of Philadelphia, knew a fair amount about the persecution and prosecution of their forbears—the harassments, the confiscations, the ten-year imprisonments for failing to attend Church of England services. They knew that ancestors of Daniel Boone and Abraham Lincoln had Welsh blood and were associated with their meeting, and they realized that the Welsh language had not only been spoken but printed and published in the three Welsh communities of Pennsylvania as late as 1750.

So they decided to get in touch with Friends in their ancestors’ homeland. They wrote to Bangor Meeting, Gwynedd (pronounced Gwyneth) in North Wales, U.K. Adults from the two meetings corresponded, then the children and young people sent letters and postcards. Finally a plan was hit upon: a group of teenagers accompanied by—no, not parents—Sam and Donna Swansen, who had taken many groups of teenagers to New York and the UN, should set off from Pennsylvania and come to Wales to make the friendship a real one.

Sam Swansen masterminded the whole operation. The stickiest moment came when the offers of hospitality arrived. Which teenager would suit which host? “We just threw the letters down, waited around for half an hour or so, and then—well, it was a kind of mystical thing. Each one said, ‘This one’ll suit me, Sam.’”

But before departure, there came the question of funds. The parents could not be asked to fund an entire European trip. So how to raise money? Gwynedd Friends came to the rescue—not with easy money, not with donations, but by coming to have their cars washed, by attending every garage sale and flea market that the young people put on. In the end, $3,000 was in the bank. This had a significance way beyond the financial: this trip was to be not just a vacation, it was to be a meeting of Friends, a Meeting. To prove it, each of the five teenagers put in real study: they read up on George Fox, the origins of the Pennsylvanian Welsh Tract, the Celtic heritage of Wales, the constitution of the United States (so as not to be caught out by inquisitive hosts), and current transatlantic Quakerism.

Departure time. “We regret to announce to passengers on Flight Number...” that departure would be delayed 13 hours. It was an exhausted band who landed at London’s Heathrow Airport on Wednesday 12 August 1987. Unabashed, they rushed round the sights, to see A Midnight’s Summer Dream (that can’t be right?—it was great, anyway) at the Barbican, got lost innumerable times. Drove north (on the left, remember) to Lower Bentham Meeting in George Fox country, were less than inspired by the original Pendle Hill (shrouded by fog) and the stone where George Fox preached. (“Hey, Sam, I thought we were going to meet real live British Quakers?” “You are, kids, you are.” Off to Chester and North Wales.)

Chester Cathedral clock struck three in the afternoon, and, strictly on schedule, the hired minibus swung round the corner to the Quaker meeting-house, Chester, and a welcoming horde of Welsh Friends. “Hi! I’m Jim—
Emily—Becca—Donna—Ben—Reid.” Tea and hubbub, then off for a week with hosts.

Would they match? When they drifted out of the funfair wearing one another’s jackets, you knew they’d matched OK. They played Monopoly and Trivial Pursuit (British-style, so don’t ask who won), took a paddle-boat on the river, ran four miles each evening (well, Jim did), experienced a British disco, learned that yeast extract is unpleasant if spread like peanut butter, and realized that the Welsh language really is spoken—every day—by ordinary people, and that it sounds very Celtic and very strange.

Then came camp. They’d been warned that this was part of the package: Gwynedd (Wales) Friends have a family camp each year, and if Gwynedd (Pa.) teenagers could brave the wind and weather...? So Quaker tents went up on Anglesey, the beautiful island just opposite Snowdon, in the pouring rain—and there is no rain like Anglesey rain.

But the teenagers, plus Sam and Donna when they weren’t ancestor-hunting up in Ireland, took to it like—yes, like ducks. And the sun did come out, and some climbed Snowdon and others went to the beach, even swam in the cold sea; there was much lounging around playing tapes and talking, and a late-night hike, and an all-night party in Bangor Meetinghouse on Thursday night with not a Coke tin (can) or a crisp (potato chip) to show for it next morning.

Each morning at 9:45 we had a half-hour meeting for worship in the local community center. We all came, whether we were seven months or 70 years old. The children ministered as children will, spontaneously and sometimes hilariously. On Friday morning we met at Bangor Meetinghouse and heard an account of a teenagers’ party that would surprise most parents. One of the adult “chaperones” spoke of the sleeping bodies on the meetinghouse floor at six o’clock in the morning, arranged with heads to the center like a broken cartwheel, as “the wheel of life.” Just half an hour before, he said, there had been rock music and party and rampage. Then the cartwheel, peace, and silence in friendship.

On the Saturday before Gwynedd (Pa.) Friends parted for home, we formed a huge circle on the campsite. We passed a hand-squeeze around the ring, had a moment’s silence, then three cheers for us all. The teenagers performed the ceremony of Signing Charlotte’s Leg. Friendship had added a small to its capital F; understanding had broadened the nature of our common bond; welcome and trust and ease had grown between us.

And next year it’s vice-versa: Gwynedd, U.K. to Gwynedd, Pa. We can’t wait!
At last it came off: The return visit of the teenagers from the Wirral and North Wales Monthly Meeting at Gwynedd, Wales [pronounced "Gwyneth"]. The young people arrived to join their last year's visitors and this year's hosts at Gwynedd Meeting [with a hard "d"] in Pennsylvania.

Of course, such a two-way exchange required a lot of parental planning with family coordinators on either side of the Atlantic. Innumerable meeting members extended practical help and support to the host families, while the host young people earned money over many months through activities ranging from car washes to yard sales and bake sales.

The U.K. plane got in, several hours late, at Kennedy Airport with seven young people ready for friendship and adventure. Warm greetings and they were off with the welcoming Gwynedd Meeting party to a cottage on the New Jersey shore at Ocean City, for two days of swimming, suntanning, and the sort of orientation which teenagers give to other teenagers from another culture, enthusiastically and readily.

The visitors were asked to keep a round-robin journal while they were here—for their own pleasure after returning home, and as a souvenir for their U.S. hosts. Excerpts from the young people's writings make up this report.

Friday, August 12, Ocean City, New Jersey
After breakfast we all went to the beach, resulting in a sunburn we didn't expect. After lunch, some groups wandered around the town, some went swimming, some suntanned. We visited the boardwalk made up of layers of long pieces of wood. We had great fun on the video machines. I found the water surprisingly cold at the beach.

Saturday, August 13
We left to go to the homes of our hosts in Gwynedd Valley [Pennsylvania]. I realized how hot it was. We stopped at the meetinghouse to meet everyone's family. That night, we saw something new: a new kind of fly with a light on its back. No one from Wales or England had ever seen fireflies before. Reid Brackin thought we must have, because "There are so many of them."

Sunday, August 14
The first thing we did today was go to meeting for worship. Meetings in Britain are much more silent. At this meeting, there was always somebody ministering.

Roger Olden's message that morning was especially directed to the visitors and their hosts:

I am easily the oldest man in here, so I may be forgiven if I say a few words to our young friends. You are often called the future. Television and advertising agencies are making the most of it. Being the future is a state of bliss, but like everything else in life it has its price. The price is responsibility: responsibility to your parents, your school mates, your neighbors, your country, and, most of all, to yourself. Listen to that small voice inside you that tells you whether you have done right or whether you have done wrong. Think your own thoughts and don't be afraid to disagree with the herd. Great achievements have not come from repeating what others have thought and done. And always be yourself, no matter what you are and where you are.

The meetinghouse is much larger than British meetinghouses. Maybe this was double the size. After meeting, we were given gifts by different people. This would not have happened in a British meeting. Then we had lunch [a welcoming picnic for the visitors and the Gwynedd Meeting families].

Tuesday, August 16
We visited the mall—a large shopping center (they pronounce it "moll"). Later we went to the movies ("cinema" to us) to see Big. It was quite good.

Thursday, August 18
We had a massive van take us all to Washington [D.C.], where we did sightseeing until dinner. We went to Kevin and Linda O'Sullivan's home and swam in a pool. We ate hamburgers and hot dogs and had a walk around the town, then went back to our B & B (bed & breakfast) at William Penn House.

Friday and Saturday, August 19 and 20 in Washington
We walked to the Capitol. We were given a tour and went into the room where the House of Representatives sits. Sam Swansen explained what the House of Representatives and Senate do. It is all completely different from the English

...and Back Again
edited by Doris Schwartz
(The writers include: Cathy Sharman of Chester, England; Ben and Sam Morley of Gwynedd, Wales; Kari and Kiarn Williams of Gwynedd, Wales; and Emily and Beth Rycraft of Chester, England.)

Doris Schwartz, a member of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting, lives at Foulkeways, a Friends life care community. She has been a public health nurse and is now a senior fellow at the School of Nursing, University of Pennsylvania.

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Parliament. While we walked to the Air and Space Museum it started to rain, which made me feel at home because it rains a lot in England and Wales.

**Sunday, August 21**

*back in Pennsylvania*

I was surprised the way shops and supermarkets stay open on Sunday. In Britain, families are usually together all day on Sundays at home, without our mums rushing off to do errands and shopping.

**Monday, August 22**

We had a trip to Philadelphia by train. We saw the Liberty Bell, the meetinghouse [the home of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting], and all the main monuments. There is a big campaign to clean up Philadelphia. We watched a television crew working to publicize the "Clean Up Philly" theme. As in all big cities there are parts that are dirty and seedy. However, there are nice old parts dating back to William Penn's time that are very well kept. The ticket collectors on the train were nice and made our trip more fun.

**Wednesday, August 24**

We were invited over to the Edgertons' to camp for the night. We managed to get a campfire going in spite of the rain, and we sat around the fire and toasted marshmallows until midnight. Because of the weather situation not being stable, we ended up sleeping on the floor of the Edgertons' lounge. We are all very sorry for any misunderstandings that occurred and thank you very much for allowing us to stay at your house.

**Thursday, August 25**

The next morning was spent waking up after Wednesday night, when most people went to bed about 3:30 A.M. I slept all day, making this the shortest journal entry yet!!

**Friday, August 26**

This morning we packed to go to the Poconos. I expected they would be higher mountains but it is very nice here. We went out on the lake which is near the house of our hosts [James and Melissa Perot]; some of us went sailing, some went in canoes, and kayaks, and some in power boats.

**Saturday, August 27**

We had a "One World" day, today, at the Poconos. In the morning, we were woken by Sczerina Perot in the most unusual way. Sczerina jumped on our beds because it was her [20th] birthday. Breakfast was bacon, eggs, potatoes, and coffee cake. After that, we headed toward the lake.

Altogether, this was a fun-filled day enjoyed by all. At night, we celebrated Sczerina's birthday and played Quaker games before we went to bed.

**Sunday, August 28**

I was awakened again this morning by Sczerina jumping on my bed. We all trundled off to meeting, which was held outside in the woods. Some people started ministry quite sensibly but ended up on a completely different subject. Then we went sailing and rowing. At lunch, we had something the Americans said were "biscuits" but to me they looked like scones.

We went back to Gwynedd Valley. On the way, we discussed the death penalty in America, which I thought was totally barbaric and we found out the different ways states have of killing people who have been given the death penalty. Lovely!

**Monday, August 29**

We planned a meal for host families and then organized a lot of games.

[Of this activity, Sam Swansen later wrote: "We were all uplifted by the Monday evening farewell Chinese dinner so ably planned and executed by all the young people . . . their organizational talents were displayed for the benefit of all . . . ."]

**Tuesday, August 30**

We set off for New York (after goodbyes to the host families). The huge skyscrapers made us feel dizzy. The traffic, dirty streets, and people sleeping on the pavements were amazing. We stayed at the [13th St.] Meetinghouse. We went to the CBS news studio and met Howard Stringer, head of CBS, who was originally from [Wales in the] U.K. We had a photo session there, saw some of the sets for soap operas, saw Dan Rather get ready to go on camera, and had lunch in the CBS cafeteria, paid for by Mr. Stringer.

We went for a walk around New York, and had dinner at a Greek restaurant [in Greenwich Village]. In returning to the meetinghouse, which provides beds for homeless people, we saw all the beds full of those people, sleeping peacefully.

**Wednesday, August 31**

We went to the United Nations and the Empire State Building, and rode the Staten Island Ferry past the Statue of Liberty.

[After dinner in Chinatown, the visitors went to Kennedy Airport, caught their 11:30 P.M. flight for Manchester, England, and arrived there safely about noon on September 1st.]
Too Much Homework

by Patricia Thomas

I woke up confused. For two months I've looked forward to this day, so why the sudden wave of depression, I wondered, opening the curtains to a clear March morning.

"There will be eight Buddhist monks from Japan on this peace march and about twice as many Americans." The woman in Dayton had delivered her pep talk aimed at enlisting me as coordinator for central Ohio. "All you have to do is serve supper and provide overnight hospitality." Then came the pregnant pause: "Of course, if you want to, the monks like to present a program everywhere they stop—a memorial for those who died in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, a history kind of thing—you know what I mean."

I can line up overnight hospitality, organize a potluck supper in the Baptist Church basement, coordinate publicity, and arrange for newspaper coverage, I thought happily. "Sure, I'll do it."

Now the big day was here, the marchers were due at the edge of town at 5:30 P.M. I had set the stage, and all that remained was for the actors to arrive. So what was bothering me?

I shuffled out to the kitchen in my pink fuzzy slippers and realized that once again I was not adequately prepared to share the early morning with an irrepressible 12-year old. Aaron leaned protectively over his bowl, devouring Cheerios and milk, his head bobbing as he hummed a soggy tune.

How can that portable radio make so much noise? I grumbled, turning it down to an easy-listening level.

"The peace march is coming through today," I said, stepping out of the way as Aaron dumped his bowl in the sink.

"I know," he replied, shoving the milk into the refrigerator.

"Do you want to come to the program?" I asked hopefully.

Aaron shrugged and hoisted his backpack full of books. "I doubt it," he replied. "I'll probably have too much homework," and the front door closed behind him.

Darn it, it's the old I've-got-you mother kind of excuse I never know what to do with, I thought, pouring a cup of coffee.

Leaning against the counter, I watched our Labrador retriever complete his survey of the back yard. I work so hard on these peace events, and yet somehow I felt I'd failed somewhere. None of my concerns were rubbing off on Aaron. That's it. That's why I was depressed. He didn't care about peace, he didn't care about the monks' worldwide march, he didn't care about Hiroshima and all those innocent people. It was so important to me, and my own kid was taking no part. This day was certainly off to a rotten start, I realized miserably, glaring at my feet.

"Bug off," I snapped as the cat traced silent circles around my legs. "I'll feed you when I'm good and ready."

The day filled up with last minute arrangements, and eventually I stood eagerly awaiting the marchers. A college student next to me took my hand and began singing softly as 50 of us lined up to welcome 20 weary travelers into town. The sound of a drum and chanting voices reached me before I saw eight dainty figures in flowing saffron robes. The first monk carried a tall bamboo pole from which hung a deep purple flag. White Japanese characters ran down the center, and at the very top glowed a brilliant orange sun. What an

Patricia Thomas is a student at the Earlham School of Religion and a 1987-88 Cooper Scholar. She is a member of Granville (Ohio) Meeting.
honor to lead this solemn yet joyful pro-
cession of hope, I thought, suddenly
overwhelmed by the presence of these
deeply spiritual men on their gentle trek
to New York City. Even this brief visit
was indeed a blessing.

After supper there was a half hour
break before the program began, so I
raced home.

"Are you coming
tonight?" I asked
Aaron who lay sprawled half asleep on
the sofa.

"Mom, I've got too much home-
work," he responded, rolling over on
his side.

Give it up, Pat, I admonished,
dashing back to the kitchen just as the
casserole dish began to drown in soapy
running water. You're becoming a pest.
I turned the faucet off, snatched my in-
trductory remarks from the counter
and kicked the door shut, barely miss-
ing the cat, who dashed for a night of
outdoor freedom. Backing out of the
driveway, I realized that Aaron would
be in bed when we got home. So much
for a meaningful growing-up experience
this time round!

The next morning I was up at 6:00
fixing breakfast for our two overnight
guests. They would join the other march-
ers at 7:30 and walk 15 miles to the ar-
boretum to help dedicate a peace tree in
the Japanese Garden. As I stirred the
eggs, Aaron clumped in wearing shorts,
a ball cap, his gray hooded sweatshirt
and hiking boots. Is this the latest in 7th
grade fashion? I wondered, watching
him dump milk into a bowl already
overcrowded with Cheerios.

"Mom."
"Yes?"
"I want to walk with the march today.
Will you call the school?" He looked
up. "Mom, I've done all my homework,
and I don't have any tests."

Milk slid down one corner of Aaron's
mouth as he continued chewing and
talking. "It's a long walk out to Dawes
Arboretum," he said pausing long
enough to take a swipe at his chin with
his sleeve, "but I'll bet those monks
have walked a million times further than
that."

Two hours later I stood on the front
porch, deliberately ignoring the cat, who
rubbed against my legs. As the peace
march passed the house, however, I
swooped up the startled animal and
buried my face in his soft, grey fur.

Up in front, between two saffron robed
monks, Aaron proudly carried the deep
purple flag.
A scruple concerning bananas

by Tom Gates

Although bananas are by no means a staple of my diet, I nevertheless have always assumed that it was my right and privilege as a North American consumer to be able to buy high quality, reasonably priced bananas at the local supermarket. However, seeing the other end of the banana industry on a recent trip to Honduras leads me to question that assumption.

The Honduras I saw is the second poorest country in the Western Hemisphere, with a per capita income of $417. Significant malnutrition contributes to an infant mortality rate that is seven times higher than in the United States, yet over half the arable land is devoted to cash crops, which are mainly for export. Bananas are the major export (25 percent of total exports, or over $200 million annually), and thousands of acres of the most fertile farmland are devoted to banana plantations, most of which are controlled by subsidiaries of U.S. corporations. The campesinos who work on the plantations earn an average of $2.50 a day.

My travels in Honduras took me beyond the fertile plantations to El Rosario, a typical small village in the mountains, where for two weeks I participated in a medical outreach project. The people we served were mainly subsistence farmers who were trying to eke out a living growing corn and beans on steep and rocky land that was decidedly less productive than the valley plantations. As in most Honduran villages, the children were barefoot and malnourished, the adults underemployed and mostly illiterate. There was no access to clean drinking water, and basic health care was poor to non-existent.

Since returning to the States, I have found that the still-fresh images of Honduran poverty and exploitation have rendered my former nonchalant consumption of bananas no longer possible. The situation I have described should, I hope, give all Friends reason to pause: bananas are a highly visible symbol of U.S. economic exploitation in Honduras, an exploitative relationship still accurately described by the term "banana republic."

It is one thing to see the connection between our consumer habits and export...
John Woolman never seemed to ask how he could be effective; rather, he continually asked what obedience to "pure Wisdom" required of him in a given situation.

Confronted by these seemingly unanswerable questions, I found myself turning to John Woolman for insight and guidance. Woolman's world was vastly different from our own, but one of his major struggles was with an issue that is still very relevant to us today: in striving to live according to God's will, how should the individual interact with economic institutions that are impersonal, exploitative, and unjust? Woolman's intuitive answer to that question led him to a series of personal "scruples" when, in a situation of social or commercial interaction, his obedience to the Light forbade him from taking the expected course of action. The first and best known such scruple was his refusal to write a legal "conveyance," transferring a slave to a new owner. Other scruples were also connected to the issue of slavery, albeit less directly: refusing to accept hospitality from Quaker plantation owners (paying for his lodging instead); not eating sugar (harvested by West Indian slaves); and wearing only undyed clothes (because the common indigo dyes were a product of the slave economy).

To the modern mind preoccupied with "results," Woolman's scruples may seem insignificant and futile gestures. Did not the evil of slavery demand a more dramatic, overtly political response? But if we analyze Woolman's actions on his own terms, we see that they were not meant to be means to some worldly or political end. Woolman never seemed to ask how he could be effective; rather, he continually asked what obedience to "pure Wisdom" required of him in a given situation.

Woolman's scruples were rooted in his remarkable capacity to see and identify with the sufferings of all God's creatures. He speaks of his "feeling knowledge" of the hardships of those less fortunate, and of "an inward tenderness, in which the heart is prepared to sympathize with others." Woolman's genius was his ability to not only feel this universal compassion, but also to focus or incarnate it in the specific actions of the scruples, and thereby awaken the same inward tenderness in others. Facing comparable issues in today's world, modern Friends would do well to imitate Woolman: first, by cultivating his strong sense of universal compassion; and second, by learning to discern in each concrete situation what obedience to pure wisdom requires of us. Woolman's deceptively simple approach has one added virtue: it can liberate us from our endless preoccupation with tactics and results, which all too often leads only to despair.

John Woolman has shown me that my problem with bananas is only a small part of a more general question that is fully as crucial for our generation as the question of slavery was to Woolman's. Can we rise above blind participation in an unjust global order and, like Woolman, learn to respond to the abstract "system" with compassion, creativity, and personal integrity? For me, part of that personal response is a scruple against eating bananas. I have no illusions about the ultimate effectiveness of this action, nor any particular need to persuade others to join me. It is offered not as a means to change the world, but as a way of expressing solidarity with the Honduran peasants.

I trust that God will use it as He sees fit.

As to other Friends who might share my concerns, I would offer a paraphrase of Fox's advice to Penn concerning his courtly word: "Eat them as long as thou canst."
Southern Africa Friends Probe Social Actions

Southern Africa Yearly Meeting met in Gabarone, Botswana, on July 8-16, 1988, with about 100 in attendance, including 23 children and 14 young Friends. People came from South Africa, Zimbabwe, Zambia, Lesotho, Swaziland, Namibia, Botswana, and Mozambique to participate. There were also representatives from England and the United States.

The program began with a weekend preparatory retreat. Each weekday began with worship-sharing and 2 1/2 hours of meeting for worship. Catholic theologian Augustine Schutte spoke about the Christian tradition, to which George Ellis gave the Quaker response. Wolfram Kistner, of the South African Council of Churches, spoke about the church in action. Interest groups were held on the subjects of Christian tradition, Quaker renewal, the church in action, and destabilization of neighboring states. Talks were presented about Woodbrooke study center, Quaker work in the Near East, the U.S.S.R. in Africa, and life in an African state.

One worship-sharing group dealt with the subject of women at the cross, Joseph, the disciples, and modern women in Africa. Some participants attended meeting for worship at Kagison Village, 15 miles from Gabarone, at which Rosemary Elliott read a letter from a young man, written from the condemned cell in Pretoria. Later, yearly meeting sent a letter to President Botha, urging him to show mercy upon those condemned to die, in the hope that such action might contribute toward reconciliation.

Records show that we have 238 members. The new Quaker Center in Soweto opened in August 1988. The meeting there shows 13 members, nine attenders, and 20 children. Central Africa General Meeting has 53 members, and the clerk, Ferdinand Mutando of Zambia, reported on the meeting’s anguish over the violence, injustice, and abuse of human life in South Africa.

Nonviolent work for change occupies many Friends in South Africa, taking the form of training workshops, development projects, relief programs, and interaction with other churches. Anita Kromberg and Richard Steele, Quakers involved in the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, run a training workshop in nonviolence techniques. For Cape Western Peace Project, education for leadership among community workers is top priority. That group receives financial support from Quakers in London, Australia, and Philadelphia. Support for preschool care, unemployment and relief projects, and financial aid for students are the focus of Quaker Service Cape Town, which cooperates with a wide variety of social agencies in the area.

Joyce Mitshazo, Quaker representative to the South African Council of Churches, reported that members of SAYM will participate in the interchurch council in the areas of youth, women, family life, refugees, and interchurch aid. The yearly meeting sent a letter to the Council of Churches supporting the council’s opposition to capital punishment and encouraging that an even stronger position be taken. The letter was also sent to the presidents of South Africa, Botswana, Zimbabwe, Malawi, Zambia, Lesotho, and Swaziland.

The yearly meeting also set up a national coordinating committee to look into countrywide training in nonviolence, conflict resolution, and problem solving. The committee will use money from a grant from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting to get together committee members.

Members of SAYM took gifts to the Botswana police who were injured in a recent raid. The gifts and the delegation presenting them were warmly received, and a senior police officer told Friends of his conviction that police officers should be unarmed.

When Hendrik van der Merwe later visited and interviewed President Maseru of Botswana, the president indicated that he appreciated the gesture to the injured policemen and would welcome more contact between South African Quakers and his office.

The yearly meeting sent a letter to President Mugabe indicating opposition to universal conscription in Zimbabwe in the coming year. The letter also requested recognition of alternative service for conscientious objectors.

A group called Southern Africa Quaker Peace Initiative was formed to collect and distribute information about conflicts in Southern Africa, to send a fact-finding delegation to Mozambique to learn more about that country, and to explore conflicts in southern Africa with a view to action for reconciliation. The group will work with the American Friends Service Committee representative in that area and in cooperation with Mennonites.

Celeste Santos and helpers organized a game for all of us based on the experience of slaves in the United States who escaped to freedom by means of the underground railroad. After two hours of eventful journeying, participants escaped to the safe North and celebrated with a circle dance. The gathering ended with a final, blessed meeting for worship, after which Friends reluctantly dispersed.

Mary Ellis

March 1989 Friends Journal
Baltimore YM
Guided to Unity

Baltimore Yearly Meeting met on the campus of Shenandoah College and Conservatory in Winchester, Va., from the 9th to the 14th of Eighth Month. These 317th sessions were preceded by a one-day retreat during which about 22 participants spent prayerful time considering questions posed by Quakerly ways of reaching decisions.

The theme for this year was “Seeking a Place to Stand.” Jan Hoffman of New England Yearly Meeting reminded us that sometimes we have to be in disunity with each other to be in unity with God; this year Friends in Baltimore Yearly Meeting found themselves largely in unity with each other as well as, we trust, with God.

Our gathering received the welcome news from its Representative Meeting that the Search Committee has selected a new General Secretary. Frank Massey will move from North Carolina to fill this position, which has been empty since First Month. Frank and his family were able to join our gathering late in the week.

Culminating a process begun 20 years ago and labored through by several committees, every meeting, and probably most individuals in our meetings, this year saw the approval of a new Faith and Practice, the first since Orthodox and Hicksite elements reunited.

It was impossible (and unnecessary) to know whether the ease of our decision making came from direction by the Spirit or whether our coming to agreement led to unity with the Spirit. Wherever we were on that spiral which combines faith and practice, our final worship session was most tender. Many Friends were moved to tears, three were moved to song, and all our spirits joined together in the fullness of silent worship.

Christina L. Connell
The Alternative to Violence Program (AVP) was started in 1975 when a number of prisoners in the Green Haven Correctional Facility in New York state wanted to work with some of the younger inmates to help them avoid being sent back to prison after they were released. The prisoners had heard about Quakers training people for nonviolent demonstrations against the Vietnam war. An interracial team was sent into the correctional facility and conducted the first AVP workshop. Since then, hundreds of volunteers have been trained; they have conducted workshops for thousands of prisoners. Each workshop is an intensive three-day experiential seminar limited to 20 people. In New York State, 170 trainers give 150 workshops each year. AVP is incorporated under New York Yearly Meeting as a non-profit, tax-exempt organization. For further information contact: Zell Draz, 68 Farm Street, Dover, MA 02030; (508) 785-2082.

Meeting for Worship in Nicaragua

Although meeting for worship at Friends Center in Managua is scheduled for 10:00 a.m., the gathering begins much earlier. Jose takes the land-rover (which was provided by Friends "to the north") out to the barrio to pick up Ninfa and her children. He goes to the houses where Witness for Peace delegates are billeted. He stops at the corners where other members and attenders assemble.

Usually 30 or more people arrive and crowd into the small room at Apto 5391. They sit on the six or eight available chairs and on the floor, or they stand around against the walls. Although the meeting settles into Quakerly silence, it is not quiet. Traffic goes by on the dusty street, children shout in the yard, a woman calling "tortillas, tortillas" is told to come back at another time. It is hot and the air is heavy with humidity.

The meeting is cosmopolitan and international: Managua is a crossroads, and worshipers from Australia, Switzerland, England, Denmark, France and the United States are likely to be there. The intensity of their confrontation with Nicaragua hangs in the damp air. A woman just in from Boston asks, "Oh God, where are you?" As words are spoken and translated into Spanish, the concerns and distress emerge. Reassurances are exchanged and experiences fall into some kind of perspective. This is a time cherished and looked forward to by people working under seemingly impossible conditions and against formidable odds.

The words and acts of traditional worship end, but the gathering—and worship—continue. People introduce themselves and bring words from faraway meetings. They witness to what they are seeing and doing as observers and workers in the towns and the barrios and in the countryside. Help is asked for, resources are exchanged. Now it is 12:30 p.m. and the lemons are squeezed hard to make enough lemonade. Sunday is one of the days when water is available. A cake has been concocted from improvised substitutes for what the recipe called for. Although it is flat and looks like no respectable pastry, the small pieces are passed around and become a celebration of community.

Afterwards the land-rover is again loaded to capacity, some people even perch on top, and Jose drives them back to the barrios. There is a visit to the Olaf Palme Medical Post and to other projects. Once a longer drive provided a visit to the orphanage. Occasionally in the late afternoon there is time for a cooling dip in the lake. . . .

Based on an interview in St. Petersburg with Bernard Crenn and Jeanne Frothingham, who returned to Managua to work with the Friends Center and Pro-Nica.
General Conference gathering at Canton, N.Y., 12 to 15 high schoolers will travel by bus to New York City, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C., July 8-22. Their preliminary itinerary: New York City: YSOP weekend working with the homeless, United Nations tour, visit to the Quaker UN Office; Philadelphia: Friends Workcamp, AFSC material aids project, Friends World Committee, Friends Journal, visits to Quaker schools and colleges; Washington, D.C.: William Penn House, Community for Creative Nonviolence, Brethren Soup Kitchen, Martha's Table, tour of the Pentagon, FCNL, lobbying Congress.

Cost: $500 plus $50 from your meeting. Deadline: $100 deposit by May 1, 1989. For information contact Sharon Beinert, 836 Broadway Ave., Orlando, FL 32803: (407) 425-5125.

Summer community service projects in Mexico and Latin America (announced in FJ February, "Summer Opportunities for Young Friends") have an April 1, 1989, deadline date for applications. Those applying should contact the AFSC, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, by that date (not June 1, as announced).—Ed.

For long years of devoted efforts to improve understanding between the United States and Japan, the Japanese government awarded Earlham professor Jackson Bailey its prestigious decoration, the Order of the Sacred Treasure. Jackson is a professor of history and founding director of Earlham's Institute for Education on Japan. During the 30 years he has spent working to promote understanding between Japan and the United States, he has seen the two countries move from being bitter adversaries to becoming close friends. Jackson created thriving student exchange programs between the two countries, making Earlham the administrative center for student and faculty exchange programs in Japan for 25 colleges and universities in the Midwest. Jackson got his first impressions of Japan as a member of the U.S. Army occupation forces in 1945. He received his doctorate in history and Far Eastern languages at Harvard in 1959 and spent extended periods in Japan doing research. In the 1970s he directed a four-year project which produced an award-winning series of television programs, "Japan: The Living Tradition," and "Japan: The Changing Tradition." He has also promoted cultural exchanges between Japan and the United States and has served as consultant to educational institutions, U.S. corporations, and midwestern communities interested in improving business and cultural contacts with the Japanese.


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**Bulletin Board**

- Prisoner Visitation and Support (PVS) is looking for a few good Friends to visit at federal and military prisons. Sponsored by 33 religious bodies and socially-concerned agencies, including the American Friends Service Committee, PVS is the only nationwide, interfaith visitation program with access to all U.S. federal and military prisons. PVS is currently seeking volunteers to visit at the following prisons: Allenwood, Pa.; Atlanta, Ga.; Big Spring, Tex.; Boring, Calif.; Bradf ord, Pa.; Bryan, Tex.; Butner, N.C.; Camp Lejeune, N.C.; Camp Pendleton, Calif.; Duluth, Minn.; Eglin AFB, Fla.; El Reno, Okla.; Fairton, N.J.; Jessup, Ga.; La Tuna, Tex.; Leavenworth, Kans.; Lewisburg, Pa.; Lexington, Ky.; Lompoc, Calif.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Lowery AFB, Colo.; Marion, Ill.; Maxwell AFB, Ala.; Memphis, Tenn.; Miami, Fla.; Morgantown, W.Va.; Norfolk, Va.; Oakdale, La.; Petersburg, Va.; Phoenix, Ariz.; Pleasanton, Calif.; Safford, Ariz.; Sandstone, Minn.; San Diego, Calif.; Schuykill, Pa.; Sea gaville, Tex.; Sheridan, Ore.; Springfield, Mo.; Talladega, Ala.; Texarkana, Tex.; Yankton, S.Dak. If you are interested in becoming a PVS visitor, or know of someone who might be, please contact the PVS national office: 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102; (215) 241-7117.

- Deadline for applying to the Elizabeth Ann Bogert Memorial Fund for the Study and Practice of Christian Mysticism is April 15. Although resources are minimal, overseers are particularly interested in encouraging young Friends to apply. For more information, write to Bogert Fund, c/o FWCC Section of the Americas, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

- Friends of William Walters will be sorry to learn that William's cabin at Hidden Hill Friends Center in Fairbanks, Alaska, burned to the ground the night of January 9th. William was unhurt as he was at home at the time, and fortunately the members of his faithful dog team were also unhurt. However, he lost all of his personal possessions including many valued items and a library of many Quaker volumes. William's friends are encouraged to send him a note so that he can rebuild his address book. Contributions of pictures recalling time spent together in the past and/or extra copies of Quaker-related books and pamphlets would help William to recover from this disaster. Friends who wish to make a financial contribution to assist may send a check to the "William Walters Fire Fund," c/o Cindy Hardy, Hidden Hill Friends Center, 2660 Goldhill Road, Fairbanks, AK 99709.

- A seminar on European, East-West, and North-South affairs will be held in Brussels and Strasbourg on May 20-27. The goal of the seminar is to offer participants an opportunity to examine the process and the reasoning behind decisions made concerning these affairs. Visits will be made to the European Parliament (Strasbourg), the European Commission (Brussels), African, Caribbean, and Pacific House, the Economic Social Committee, and the headquarters of NATO. The projected cost of the program is about $150 (€125). This does not include travel expense to Brussels, travel insurance, or spending money, but will cover living accommodations, local transport, and most meals. For application forms or more information, contact Zoe White, c/o Quaker Council for European Affairs, B-1040, 50 Square Ambiorix, Brussels, Belgium. Deadline for applications is March 10.

- The AIDS Action Pledge, a San Francisco based activist group, is calling for a boycott of several products made by Burroughs Wellcome Company. By pressuring the company, AIDS Action Pledge hopes the company will disclose the costs and profits involved in producing and selling AZT, the only federally licensed drug used in treating AIDS. The drug presently costs persons with AIDS from $8,000 to $12,000 a year. It is felt that the cost reflects a large margin of profit that goes directly to the company. The products to be boycotted all have comparable substitutes produced by other companies. The products are Neosporin, Sudafed, Actifed, Polysporin, Actidil, Borofoz, Empirin, Fedrazil, and Marezine. To let the company know you have joined the boycott, write to Burroughs Wellcome Company, 3030 Cornwallis Road, Research Triangle Park, NC 27709. (From Rural Southern Voice for Peace)

- The Friendly Folk Dancers will be touring meetings in the Pacific Northwest from March 17-26, 1989. The journey will provide a chance for the meetings and the Friendly Folk Dancers to become acquainted and to deepen the meeting community's bonds. For more information contact Mark or Ann Friend at (715) 835-4051.

These prisoners have asked for letters:
- **Joseph Cortez Moon** # 177255, P. O. Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069; **Floyd Davis** # 153-069, P. O. Box 59, London, OH 43140-0069; **Juan Hernandez** # 178-543, P. O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001; **Kevin Lennon** # 180-476, P. O. Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069; **Elijah Smith** # 182-321, L.C.I. P. O. Box 4571, Lima, OH 45802.

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The Mary Janeus Loan Fund of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is now taking applications for financial aid for post-secondary school education for the school year 1989-90. March 15 is the deadline for the submission of applications.

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<td>April 20-30</td>
<td>Cuba (Havana, Isle of Youth, Santiago de Cuba)</td>
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<td>May-December</td>
<td>Six trips to Israel, Palestine, Jordan</td>
<td>2,175</td>
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<td>Aug. 21-Sept. 9</td>
<td>China (Beijing, Yangtze River Cruise, Hong Kong)</td>
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<td>September 5-22</td>
<td>The Caribbean (Jamaica, Dominican Republic, Haiti)</td>
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<td>Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (4 Republics)</td>
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Forum continued from page 5

Kennedy's prophecy: "Those who make peaceful revolution impossible will make violent revolution inevitable." Those who make violence inevitable include us, the U.S. taxpayers, who are funding the Israeli military without insisting on any accountability.

Zarowin feels the urgent need to explain the Israelis' violence by their "fear of annihilation." But he fails to recognize that their oppressive violence—including imprisonment without trial or charges, torture, land confiscations, water expropriations, destruction of homes, orchards, and crops—can only increase the likelihood of continued reciprocal violence and hence of such a feared outcome.

Of course the solution to the current crisis of suffering and violence must come from both sides. But events are not "virtually beyond their control." Just as the Palestinians have shown remarkable collective responsibility and restraint in forsaking terrorism in their intifadah, so too can the Israeli government turn its back on its extremists and recognize the PLO as a valid negotiating party.

Jeffry Larson
Hamden, Conn.

Judicial Abuses

There are two areas of importance which should be brought to the notice of those interested in social/penal reform. Both the Constitution and the laws of the United States stipulate that "no unreasonable bail shall be required for those awaiting trial." The second is the Anglo-Saxon concept that "a person is innocent until proven guilty.

In reality, the only alternative to bail is to remand into custody those persons who are either denied bail or who cannot afford to put up the required amount. As a result, tens of thousands of persons—particularly the poor and often illiterate ethnic minorities and probation violators—are held, creating overcrowded and disgraceful conditions.

Meanwhile, the prisoner finds that his position is in many ways worse than that of a convicted offender. He is always transported in chains, handcuffs, and often leg irons. His brief family visits are severely restricted, being limited to speaking through a telephone to someone on the other side of a glass wall.

The second great abuse of the judicial system is the reliance of prosecutors on the plea-bargain system. Surely, this is one of the blackest areas of judicial law, openly allowing prosecutors to practice the illegal form of "blackmail" on those awaiting trial. Defendants find that they are charged with a multiplicity of offenses with an overwhelming total penalty. Is it little wonder that they will almost always gratefully accept, at time near trial, substantially lesser charges and penalties in return for a guilty plea.

Far too often, the U.S. system of justice is seen to openly favor those with wealth or influence, while the poor and underprivileged clog up the prisons. Building even more jails and prisons is not the answer. A more just, equitable and caring society is the answer.

Alex Herbage
Orlando, Fla.

A Pointed Lesson

Some years ago I saw enacted on a Japanese stage an ancient Samurai play titled Katana, (the sword); the plot of which depicted a popular young man of the village who had inherited his family's ancestral sword.

On the hilt of this sword was engraved the admonition: "Draw me not without reason; shield me not without honor." During an otherwise happy drinking party the young Samurai became enraged over some trivial matter and, drawing his sword, killed an innocent companion. At this point the sword, which had been drawn without reason, took command of its owner, and stayed everyone in the room, including the Samurai's mother.

As in the Japanese play, there must be a lesson to be learned. And may not that lesson be that our nation with its immense nuclear overkill ability is in danger of some such horrendous mistake?

Floyd Schmoe
Seattle Wash.

Her Shelf Runneth Over

When FRIENDS JOURNAL arrives at my home, it is time for herb tea and a special hour. Each issue is a delight. Unfortunately, my shelf runneth over. I cannot discard an issue! I now have them in chronological order with all the indexes in a looseleaf notebook, and I can ramble through old copies or research a theme. Have you ever thought of republishing collected poems, or articles on a variety of themes such as aging, children, First-day school, historical and current Quaker women or men, community, etc?

Mimi Wegrzyn
Santee, Calif.
Twelve Trailblazers of World Community

Leonard Kenworthy is himself a trailblazer in writing this unusual book about various individuals who have fought for improvements on our planet. “Catalysts of change” he calls these people, each of whom has demonstrated enormous energy and vision in working toward world community.

The reader might not be familiar with all the names: Borlaug, Casals, Hammerskjold, J. Huxley, Mead, and Monnet, as well as Myrdal, Prebisch, Strong, Tagore, Tutu, and Van der Post. They come from many disciplines and numerous parts of the world, united by a spiritual drive to help humankind.

In describing each biographee, Kenworthy is careful to include the influences in their lives which led them to their cherished concerns. For example, two things helped shape the career of Maurice Strong, a defender of the environment. Having experienced poverty in his childhood, he feels its elimination should be top priority. Growing up in the wilds of Manitoba, he developed a lasting interest in nature and its preservation. Strong is still hard at work at the UN after a life devoted to environmental protection. In addition to many awards, he has received honorary degrees from more than 20 colleges and universities in several nations.

Pablo Casals, musician and worker for peace, was fortunate in having parents who encouraged his musical talent, although at one point his father thought he should become a carpenter. The Spanish pianist and composer Albéniz happened to hear Casals play the cello, and gave him a letter of introduction to the Count de Morphy in Madrid. This led to a concert at the Royal Palace and a small scholarship for Casals, supplemented by the Count’s tutoring in general education.

The events and adventures in the “catalysts”’ lives make for absorbing reading. The subjects are constantly quoted, and their own words add a lot. The variety of causes and lifestyles contributes to the vitality of this book. All the people traveled a great deal, hence their global point of view. Working desperately hard on never-completed efforts is salubrious; six of the subjects lived to an average age of 83!

This thought-provoking and intriguing work is primarily a textbook of a type we urgently need; teachers could have a veritable time with it, but it is also interesting to contemplative readers.

Helen Zimmerman

A former worker in the peace education section of the American Friends Service Committee, Helen Zimmerman has taught nonviolence in high schools.

Recognition of Reality

Based on experiences of a lifetime’s mediation in Asia, Africa, Ireland, and England, these reflections and prose poems carry the central theme of the futility of war and the necessity to rid ourselves of illusions. Curle invoked Buddhism, Hinduism, and Christianity to thrust home his perceptions, frequently cynical, sometimes angry, occasionally poetic: When the latter, his prose poems are a delight. From “Our Hive”: “... nirvana is the realization that nothing is ultimately wrong, save our perception of it.” From “Preserving the Nuclear Peace,” he writes: “... and those we’ve made our enemies/are not mere puppets on the strings of fear, ...”

Adam Curle has been a professor, a peacemaker, a Swarthomore lecturer, and international relations buff. Here he is not teaching or mediating, but putting his thoughts in poetic form. Since I prefer poetic prose to prosy poetry, I found the final reflection, “Journey to the Centre,” most rewarding. In it he strresses the unity of people, the essence common to all, sometimes good, sometimes evil. We locate suggested guideposts for our travels: “At the right time you will converge with others who started off on quite different routes with quite different ideas about finding the centre or indeed where or what it is,/But having come this far all are united;/How happy then to travel knowing that all paths have flowed together to form a single universal highway.”

Virginia M. Stetser

Virginia Stetser’s poetry has appeared widely; she won first prize in the 1985 Philadelphia Writer’s contest. She is a member of Seaville (N.J.) Meeting.
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Deaths

Bruder—Edward Bruder, 73, on June 3, 1988, in Chicago. Ed was born in Philadelphia to Jewish immigrant parents, who instilled in him the strong sense of moral values, family responsibility, and capacity for hard work that ordered his life. Ed attended Temple University and later earned a master’s degree from Columbia University in public law and government. Ed’s association with Quakers began with the Ridgewood (N.J.) Meeting, followed by membership in Phoenix (Ariz.) and a sojourning membership in Downers Grove (Ill.). Ed involved himself deeply in Friends’ affairs, directing the fund raising and construction of the Phoenix Meeting House and serving as that meeting’s clerk. At Downers Grove Meeting he served in many capacities, including mowing the grounds and teaching First-day school. Ed also served on the board of AFSC in Chicago. He worked with the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service for 22 years, including five years as the director of the Arizona Immigration District. Later, Ed worked for the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) in Chicago, where he directed all programs for the metropolitan development in a 10-state region. At HUD he gained the respect of employees and government officials alike for his evenhanded administration of government funds. Ed worked tirelessly to promote conservation, waste management, pollution abatement, and retention of open lands. Friends have happy memories of Ed’s good-humored enthusiasm, the keen personal interest he showed toward each individual, his dedicated service, and his many contributions toward making this a better world. Ed is survived by his wife.

Milestones

Births

Neyer Brady—Joel Neyer Brady, on December 27, 1988, to Marilyn Neyer and John Brady. The parents are members of Friends Meeting at Cambridge (Mass.).

Samati—Katja Nakasah Samati, on September 7, 1988, to Joyce and Bijan Samati. Joyce is a member of Strawberry Creek (Cal.) Meeting and Bijan is an attender.

Thronweber—Katya Marie Thronweber, on November 24, 1988, in Denver, Colorado. Katya joins her parents, Bruce and Penny, and her sister, Risa, as a member of Mountain View (Colo.) Meeting. The grandparents are Amy and Paul Weber of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting, and Ann and Wolf Thron of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting.

Marriages

Feuerberg-Koopman—Michelle Suzanne Feuerberg and Philip Martin Koopman, on Twenty-sixth Day, Eleventh Month, 1988, under the care of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting. Philip and his mother, Elizabeth Koopman, are members of Sandy Spring Meeting. Philip’s father, the late David W. Koopman, was a member of Merion (Pa.) Meeting.

Sherry-Scott—Lee Bennett Scott and Ruth Sherry, on June 4, 1988, in Duluth, Ga., under the care of Birmingham (Pa.) Meeting. Ruth and her mother, Dorothy Marsh Sherry, are members of Birmingham Meeting.

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Christine; sons, Charles and Ted; a brother; and four grandchildren.

**Buckley**—**William F. Buckley**, 81, on January 9, 1989. Bill was raised by Quaker grandparents, but grew up in the Episcopal faith. In 1957, however, he began attending Mickleton (N.J.) Meeting, where he became a convinced and very active Friend. Upon Bill’s retirement from the Prudential Insurance Company, where he was an agent for 35 years, he pursued volunteer work as a builder and general handyman for friends and others in need. He worked in this leading with energy, skill, and joy. Mickleton Friends will remember Bill as a robust elder, generous with his wealth of knowledge and wisdom. Bill is survived by his wife, Eleanor; and two daughters, Carolyn Dick and Linda Platt.

**Ewing**—Henrietta Pyle Ewing, 62, on November 25, 1988, in Haverford, Pa. Henrietta was a graduate of George School and of Swarthmore College in 1945. She was a member of Wilmington (Del.) Meeting. Before marrying Frank R. Ewing, Jr., in 1955, she worked at Dunn and Bradstreet in New York City and at the Provident Bank in Philadelphia. She was the bookkeeper for Haverford Friends School from 1972 to 1981, and from 1977 to 1987 she worked in the biology department at Swarthmore College. She is survived by her mother, Juliet P. Miller; a brother, Robert L. Pyle; and six children: William, Juliet, J. Bradford, Kenneth, F. Lawrence, and Audrey. Memorial contributions may be sent in her name to Wilmington Yearly Meeting, where she was a member of Wilmington College and taught at George School from 1923-1925. Jeannette and her husband, Loren, were active in several meetings of Wilmington Yearly Meeting, where Loren served as a part-time pastor. She is survived by her husband, Loren; her daughters, Genevieve Waring and Pat Orr; four grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

**Reemer**—Rita F. B. Reemer, 79, on October 13, 1988, in Philadelphia, Pa. Rita was an active member of Lehigh Valley (Pa.) Meeting and was its representative to many yearly meeting committees; including the Committee for Criminal Justice, the Epistle Committee, and the International Outreach Committee. Born in Berlin, Germany, Rita was a free-lance feature writer and translator for U.S. and German publishers. Also, she was a managing editor of *Quinto Lingo*, a five language magazine. In 1970, she was elected to the board of directors of the American Translators Association, a branch of the Federation Internationale des Traducteurs. Rita was also part of a citizens advisory board of the Allentown (Pa.) community Treatment Center, a facility which rehabilitated former prison inmates. She is survived by her brother, Henry Bodenstedt.

**Janney Hadley**—Jeannette Janney Hadley, 89, on December 28, 1988, at Lakeview Terrace Retirement Center in Altoona, Fla. Most recently a member of Orlando (Fla.) Meeting, Jeannette was born in Waynesville, Ohio, where she was a member of Miami Meeting. She graduated from Wilmington College and taught at George School from 1923-1925. Jeannette and her husband, Loren, were active in several meetings of Wilmington Yearly Meeting, where Loren served as a part-time pastor. She is survived by her husband, Loren; her daughters, Genevieve Waring and Pat Orr; four grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

**Standing**—Bernard A. Standing, 90, on December 27, 1988. Born near Earham, Iowa, he was a lifelong member of Bear Creek Friends (Iowa) and had a strong concern for the achievement of world peace. After graduating from Olney Friends School, Bernard attended William Penn College. He spent most of his life as a farmer in the vicinity of Earham and in other communities in Dallas and Adair (Iowa) counties. He is survived by his wife, Mildred; standing; a daughter, Elsie Kuhn; two sons, Herbert and John Standing; and two grandchildren, Rufus and Jennifer Kuhn.
17-23 — FWCC, Section of the Americas, Annual Meeting, Kirkwood Civic Center Hotel, Des Moines, Iowa. Contact FWCC, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

17-26 — Friendly Folk Dancers' tour of meetings in the Pacific Northwest. Contact Mark or Ann Friend, (715) 855-4051.


19-24 — Peace Pilgrimage '89 in California, between Concorde Naval Weapons Station and Livermore Nuclear Weapons Laboratory. The pilgrimage will provide Christians an opportunity to witness their faith through direct action. Contact Ecumenical Peace Institute, P.O. Box 9334, Berkeley, CA 94709; (415) 849-2214.

23-26 — South Central Yearly Meeting at Camp Cullen, Lake Livingston, Trinity, Tx. Contact Gary Hicks, 2109 Prather Ln., Austin, TX 78704; (512) 442-5623.

23-26 — FWCC, European and Near East Section, Annual Meeting at RH Gwatt, CH 3645 Gwatt, Switzerland. Contact Franco Perna, EnES, 1 rue B. Hail, L-1171 Luxembourg.

24-26 — Weekend Retreat, "Gay Love: A Journey of the Heart!" at Rowe Conference Center (Unitarian Universalist), Kings Highway Rd., Rowe, MA 01371; (413) 339-4216. The weekend will be led by George Lakey and focuses on men who support gayness in themselves or others.


31-April 2 — "Resting in God: Deepening Our Experience of Worship," at the Quaker Center in Ben Lomond, CA. The weekend offers a chance to focus on one's own inward journey. Contact Grace Matley, P.O. Box 886, Ben Lomond, CA 95005

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To apply, please submit a letter of interest and a current resume to: Arthur Morgan School, 1901 Hannah Branch Rd., Laconia, NH 03224. (603) 783-4386.

American Friends Service Committee is seeking a training director/development officer to develop interdisciplinary programs for adults and youth. This position involves training and development of curriculum, delivery of training programs, and coordination of program evaluations. Applicants should have experience in adult education and training, curriculum development, and program evaluation.

The position is based in Washington, DC, and offers a salary range of $50,000 to $60,000, depending on experience. A Master's degree in education, sociology, or a related field is preferred. Applicants should have excellent communication and interpersonal skills.

To apply, please submit a letter of interest and a current resume to: American Friends Service Committee, 1515 New York Avenue, NW, Washington, DC 20005. (202) 746-1200.

Plymouth Meeting Friends School seeks applicants for a director of admissions and development. This position involves developing and implementing a comprehensive admissions and development strategy, managing the admissions and development budget, and coordinating alumni and parent relations.

Applicants should have a strong background in education and development, with experience in admissions and fundraising. A Master's degree in education or a related field is preferred. Applicants should have excellent communication and interpersonal skills.

To apply, please submit a letter of interest and a current resume to: Plymouth Meeting Friends School, 4995 New York Avenue, Plymouth Meeting, PA 19462. (610) 449-1200.

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To apply, please submit a letter of interest and a current resume to: Friends School of Religion, 1501 E. Tonti Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 982-7573.

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To apply, please submit a letter of interest and a current resume to: Quaker House, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Irondequoit, NY 14617. (716) 962-7573.

Christopher School, a private school in northern New Mexico, seeks a new head of school. The position involves managing all aspects of the school, including budgeting, hiring, and curriculum development.

Applicants should have a strong background in education and administration, with experience in managing a private school. A Master's degree in education or a related field is preferred. Applicants should have excellent communication and interpersonal skills.

To apply, please submit a letter of interest and a current resume to: Christopher School, 900 South Main Street, Taos, NM 87571.

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To apply, please submit a letter of interest and a current resume to: Graduate School of Church Leadership, 123 Church Street, Louisville, KY 40202.

Schools

The School of Quaker Education is seeking a new director of admissions. This position involves developing and implementing a comprehensive admissions strategy, managing the admissions budget, and coordinating admissions activities.

Applicants should have a strong background in education and admissions, with experience in developing and implementing admissions strategies. A Master's degree in education or a related field is preferred. Applicants should have excellent communication and interpersonal skills.

To apply, please submit a letter of interest and a current resume to: School of Quaker Education, 123 Church Street, Louisville, KY 40202.
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Don't hit people. Clean up your own mess."

Robert Fulghum, Sept. 17, 1986

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