Looking at Central America Population as a Friends Concern

I am a Quaker and I am an alcoholic.
Among Friends

A Deeper Season

Don't get me wrong. I like being a father most of the time. It's just that things occasionally get somewhat out of hand and I lose my sense of self. Like the day when I am dashing about the house trying to get some repairs accomplished. As I speed through the living room in search of my hammer and some nails I spy six-year-old Simeon. I can tell he is mad. He is kind of hunkered down on the couch with his arms folded tight, elbows pressed to his ribs. He has a big scowl on his face, is kicking at the coffee table and doing his best to avoid my eyes. Under his breath, with intensity, he is cussing. (The thought occurs to me, where did he learn those words?) I break stride and ask, "What's up?"

It takes a long time to sort it all out. It seems that brother Andrew has taken Sim's rope, it is tied too high up in the tree to reach, and neighbor Joey has lost a piece of one of Sim's favorite toys. By the time all parties have been rounded up, the tree climbed, the pieces found, toy reassembled, hurt feelings soothed, I am too tired to complete the repair project. Besides, it's time to start making dinner.

And I do myself proud. I stuff and roast a chicken, make some popovers, steam a vegetable. I pick fresh flowers and set the table. Dinner is announced. Michele requests some time to finish writing up her reports, which are due tomorrow. She suggests we go ahead and start eating without her. The boys ignore my calls. They finally arrive in the house, dirty and sullen, eyeing the food as if it were the warmed over scrapings of the neighbor's garbage can. Sim tells me he hates the dinner. Why can't he have "shwimps" with noodles (his favorite)? Andrew is raiding the shelf for snack food and is trying to open a different bottle of juice than the one I have placed on the table. They begin to quarrel over where to sit. Suddenly I am fed up with the bickering. I stop serving the dinner and exit the house in time all parties have been rounded up, the tree climbed, the piece found, toy reassembled, hurt feelings soothed, I am too tired to complete the repair project. Besides, it's time to start making dinner.

At such moments I want to chuck the whole thing. I feel like I'm living with hostile strangers. Who are these people anyway who live in this house with me, walk on my bath towels, lead assaults on my refrigerator, remove my doorknobs, step on my snapdragons? I want to be far away.

I settle for a few deep breaths, a brief walk in the yard to admire my garden and count the buds on the resurrection lily (spared, by some miracle, from the crushing blows of the wayward soccer ball which flattened the snaps), and finally a few moments on the porch swing. An understanding spouse finds me and presents a tall, cold lemonade. A small boy (with chicken on his face) finds my lap.

"Great dinner, Dad!"

At this moment I understand the meaning of the word grace. Later I recall the wisdom of e.e. cummings:

Love is a deeper season
than reason

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Cover photograph of Nicaraguan children by Doug Hostetter, courtesy of American Friends Service Committee

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Absolutely Bananas

If the “personal response” of Tom Gates (“A Scruple Concerning Bananas,” FJ March) is leading from God, as he hints, then I can only express my admiration for his acting on principle. No one can gainsay the conscience of another.

But if I can draw him into the world of consequences, I would like to suggest two differences between bananas today and John Woolman’s conviction on slavery.

First, a slave was not a slave because he chose to be. But a banana picker can quit whenever he wants to. Therefore, if he remains a picker, it is because the $2.50 a day that he earns is better than anything else he can get. His alternative is to earn less or nothing. He might even starve.

Second, a slaveowner had to feed and house his slaves. If Woolman’s (and others’) refusal to buy slave goods meant that every master had no more use for his slaves, his only alternative would be emancipation, in which case the ex-slaves could go north and look for jobs. The banana company has no responsibility for its workers. It can only “emancipate” them by firing them.

In sum, if slavery ended because slave goods would not sell, the slave would be better off. If banana picking ends because bananas are no longer bought, the picker might starve.

So what can one do, Tom asks? We can actively seek alternative opportunities for the picker. If one can go to Central America and impart skills, so much the better. But we cannot all do that. Our alternative is to support financially those who do create alternatives for the Third World poor.

Instead of boycotting bananas, how about a contribution to the Right Sharing program of the Friends World Committee?

Jack Powelson
Boulder, Colo.

I was delighted by the story of bananas, Woolman, and Honduras. Tom Gates advises us, “It is one thing to see the connection between our consumer habits and exploitation of poorer nations, but quite another to formulate an appropriate response.”

I too visited El Rosario in Honduras (October 1988). I observed World Neighbors work there among the subsistence farmers on the steep and rocky hillsides. Proud Hondurans showed me corn yields that would delight an Iowa farmer. By their own efforts and with no fertilizer other than green manure, these campesinos were topping all previous records. At a cost to World Neighbors of only $212 per family, 1,200 families in that location have permanently tripled their corn production.

World Neighbors is a private development agency headquartered in Oklahoma City. Governments and other private groups imitate its methods. All workers on the project are Central Americans except Roland Bunch, an American Friends Service Committee worker 20 years ago.

I agree with Tom Gates that avoiding bananas is ineffective. However, if we carefully acquaint others with our good reasons, our scruple may become a powerful witness in the best Woolman tradition.

William M. Alexander
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

By way of example, I recently spent two weeks in Panama in a small community between Santiago and David as part of Volunteers in Mission (a United Methodist undertaking). The local currency is the Balboa. However, Panama issues no paper money; instead the U.S. dollar circulates. As is well known, the Reagan and Bush administrations have imposed currency restrictions there. My evidence is only anecdotal, but campesinos, Indians, and church officials overwhelmingly reported serious if not debilitating effects on the poor. The wealthy all have dollar accounts outside the country; the poor get poorer.

A well-known (but edited) aphorism is that “feces rolls downhill.” Too true, for the best intentioned policies all too often have the worst impact upon those whom one wishes to help. We as Friends must think through the implications for all, no matter the pain to our conscience. I agree that something needs to be done in Honduras (and a lot of other places) but bananas ain’t the way.

A “worship note”: there are no meetings in Puerto Rico. However a small group of Friends and “fellow travelers” have recently begun a biweekly worship group. Por fin!

Wallace C. Koehler, Jr.
San Juan, Puerto Rico

On Discipline

Thank you very much for Lloyd Swift’s helpful article “On Discipline” (FJ March). It articulates very clearly the nature of authority and discipline among Friends. That is especially helpful to me, since here at Earlham College we continually have to explain to new students and faculty the difference between Friends’ ways of doing things and Athenian democracy.

The article also provides the basis for differentiating between Friends meetings and Friends institutions. The latter (apparently inevitably) have hierarchies of authority somewhat more fixed, but at their best try to operate with the fluid hierarchies of merit and insight to which the article draws attention.

Richard J. Wood
Richmond, Ind.

While I agree with Lloyd B. Swift that some people are more spiritually advanced than others, I see no reason to assume that the levels of spiritual advancement will be reflected in the hierarchies of Friends meetings. On the
Viewpoint

“Douglasite” Friends?

It was a pleasure to see the article about Joseph John Gurney by John Punshon in the March issue, for Gurney is not well-known to the readers of FRIENDS JOURNAL. I was particularly pleased to see the emphasis upon Gurney’s evangelical beliefs and his strong concern for social change.

I would like to comment upon one statement at the end of the second paragraph: “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.” While it is true that we often refer to this sort of guidance when it comes to those Friends who turned to revival meetings in the 1870s, and later adopted the pastoral system as “Gurneyites,” I believe this is unfair to Gurney and to those Friends who were Gurneyites in that period.

Joseph John Gurney died in 1847, two decades before the Quaker revival movement swept the Middle West plus parts of New York and North Carolina. While Gurney placed great emphasis upon the Holy Spirit instead of the Inward Light, he never deviated from traditional ways of Quaker worship. I believe he would have found it very difficult to accept the changes which came in the 1870s and 1880s in such yearly meetings as Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa.

Thomas Ham’s new book, The Transformation of American Quakerism, Orthodox Friends, 1800-1907, describes Quakers he calls “renewal Friends” in the 1850s and 1860s, and points out that very few of them went on to be leaders in the revival movement which followed. Gurney fits into the renewal group, but not the revivalists. I have identified a similar group in London Yearly Meeting in the 1860s which I labeled moderates, and it seems to me that Gurney might have fitted into that group if he had lived.

There were friends who could properly be called Gurneyites during these years. In the Philadelphia area, Haverford College and the Friends of 12th Street Meeting were Gurneyites, in contrast to the Wilburites of Arch Street and the Hicksites of Race Street. Similar men and women may be found in Baltimore Yearly Meeting (Orthodox), as well as in New York and New England. I am defining Gurneyites as Friends who were evangelical in their beliefs and deeply caught up in the reform movements of the period, but strongly attached to traditional Quaker practices. Some Friends in the Middle West continued to be Gurneyites after others had turned to revivals and paid ministers, such as Joel and Hannah Bean of Iowa and Barnabas Hobbs in Western Yearly Meeting.

Would it be possible to think of using a new nickname for Friends who responded to revivals and later created the pastoral movement? John Henry Douglas (1832-1919) and his brother Robert Walter Douglas (1834-1919) were both leaders in the new movement, and we might think of using the term “Douglasites.” From Maine, where they were reared in a Friends family, the two brothers studied at Providence Friends School and later moved to the Middle West. They were both active ministers who traveled overseas as well as through all of the U.S. Orthodox meetings.

They were preachers rather than writers, and they were extremely important in the new movement in the Society. At the time of the death of John Henry Douglas in 1919, the editor of the American Friend, Walter C. Woodward, wrote, “The name Douglas more than any other name, perhaps, stands for the new note of the evangel among Friends.”

David Updegraff (1830-1894) was equally prominent, but he went on to preach the importance of taking baptism and communion, and besides, we would never learn to use the term “Updegraffites.”

We already talk about Beaconites, Hicksites, Wilburites, and Gurneyites. Why not explore using a term like “Douglasites” to distinguish between the two branches of Orthodox Friends in the later third of the 19th Century?

Edwin B. Bronner

Edwin B. Bronner, a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting, is professor of history and curator of the Quaker Collection at Haverford College.
current meeting and the expectation that the individual would annually send financial support along with a current address. The other would be a list of lost members for whom the meeting would lay down the membership. After a set number of years those names would automatically be culled from the list. One Friend has also suggested that Friends receive a Certificate of Conviction—so that they have an internal sense of being a Friend even when they are not active. If this certificate was under the auspices and “registered” with Friends World Committee for Consultation or a yearly meeting, that might be a simple solution to this concern.

Is there an interest within the Religious Society of Friends to solve this problem?

Pat L. Patterson
Los Angeles, Calif.

In the Same Boat

Correction! In “Friends for Peace—A Lenten Desert Experience” (FJ June) the sentence “Earle Reynolds and his ship, Phoenix, did sail into the test area” should read, “Barbara and Earle Reynolds and their ship, Phoenix, did sail into the test area.”

David Zarembka
Yellow Springs, Ohio

Making Matters Worse

In Floyd Schmoe’s article “Friends” (FJ May), “Your Highness” is called a “form of stilted address.” (To make things worse, the emperor is then referred to as “His Imperial Highness.” rather than, correctly, “His Majesty.”)

I wonder, have we not in our country forms of address equally long, or longer? What about public officials? As Americans here in Europe we are much on the defensive owing to the fixed idea that we have no culture. Attitudes such as that referred to above don’t make things any easier.

Fritz G. Renken
Sögel, W. Germany

Wisdom of a Stranger

Friends emphasis on personal experience speaks to me: I’ll never forget a stranger who learned from the experience of another, who changed his lifestyle because of another’s experience.

This stranger, who in 1943 worked in the same building as I, often pulled over near my bus stop to give me rides to work. During those brief travels we small talk was always impersonal until the last time he took the same route. He explained he had changed his position for one with a much shorter working day so he could spend more time with his son. The experience of a friend of his had influenced him. His friend’s son had been killed in the war. Sadly and gently this kind stranger said to me: “He is heartbroken. He spent so much time working that he never got to know his son.”

I wish I had the wisdom of that stranger!

Mabel M. Jasut
Newington, Conn.

Showing an Alternative

Regarding I-9 forms and helping immigrants, I give two examples of the simplicity of becoming a subcontractor rather than an employee:

Once upon a time, a guy hired me (a U.S. citizen) at so much an hour for a 40-hour work. He paid me weekly and gave me a desk and regular work instructions. Clearly, I was an employee. But my employer was too cheap to pay his share of my social security tax. So, at year’s end, I paid it. Technically, this made me a subcontractor, self-employed. So I subtracted an unexpected amount of my business expenses on my income tax return, thereby lowering my income tax a lot.

Also, in his youth, the ultra-conservative investment writer Harry Browne, tired of the personnel problems of his employees (U.S. citizens), overnight made them all subcontractors. Result: the employees liked working their own hours and profits increased.

Can’t immigrants and “employers” legally have a similar contracting relationship? Friends, let’s teach both groups how to make U.S. law work for them—and liberate them to make this a stronger, more competitive country.

So far, we are lucky. Not only does the United States need immigrants but some immigrants think that they need the United States. Let’s use them before they change their minds.

Jack Vart
Alexandria, Va.

Paying the Cost

It is shocking to read about potential oil spills solely in terms of the billions of dollars it could cost to try to clean them up or of huge dollar costs in loss of tourism. As if the unspoiled beauty of our coasts and oceans had in and of itself no value!

Shocking, too, are other common assumptions about fossil fuels. The products of combustion of these fuels are destroying our biosphere, the only domain in the universe known to support life. Yet it is generally assumed that it is perfectly all right for people to use and waste and foul up all we choose. As if the future needs and wants and health and happiness of our children and grandchildren, and theirs, did not matter.

Clean and sustainable sources of energy we could be turning to—sun, wind, water, tide, etc.—are rarely cost competitive. They can be if we will tax fossil fuels to cover the costs of the damage they do.

A group of energy-environment scientists from 60 countries, whose president heads an energy-environment center at the University of Miami in Coral Gables, Florida, is urging that this be done, that “the price of each product include an environmental ‘surcharge’ to cover its environmental damage.” They say also, “There must be international cooperation.” and we must “save the biosphere and life from extinction.”

Betty Stone
Wilmington, N.C.

August 1989 FRIENDS JOURNAL
George School Revisited

Only recently—30 years after graduation—she sees how important meeting for worship was during her boarding school experience.

For thirty years I have dined out on stories of the repressive rules which circumscribed student behavior during the time I attended George School, from 1953-1957. Although I have never been back to a George School reunion, I did join the Society of Friends not long after graduation. At the time I did not think this decision had much to do with George School. Now I am not so sure.

I was a shy child who probably should not have been sent away to boarding school at the age of 14. Over the years I have come to realize that much of the unhappiness for which I blamed George School was simply a consequence of being ill equipped to deal with life away from home under any circumstances. Nevertheless, George School in the late 1950s was an institution of many rules and restrictions, few of which I think the school in its present form would find necessary to defend. We had something called Sexless Wednesday, which meant that boys were not allowed to talk to girls after supper on Wednesday evenings. There was a boys' woods and a girls' woods, and you could be expelled for being caught in the woods which did not have your own gender label attached to it. The report that a dean attended school dances with a ruler to ensure that students never danced closer together than six inches, was no doubt a myth, but the reality was not much better. Dormitory supervisors inspected our rooms with maniacal enthusiasm and could remove from us the privilege of walking into Newtown on Saturday afternoon for minor infractions. On one occasion this punishment was the dire consequence of having a “messy band-aid under bed.”

I also disliked the heavy emphasis on sports. The headmaster valued athletic achievement highly, and his talks to us often used the language of sports in a way I found difficult to apply to my own life. Life was like a game, he said, and what was crucial was to play well, to be a good competitor and a good sport, to build character whether you won or lost. I was miserable playing almost any sport and could never think about much during the course of a hockey or basketball

by Anne Thompson Lee

Anne Thompson Lee is a teacher of medieval literature, the head of the English Department at Bates College, and a member of Lewiston (Maine) Meeting.

FRIENDS JOURNAL August 1989
Despite these negative feelings it would be easy enough to draw up an objective list detailing the positive benefits of my George School education. I had excellent teaching on many fronts; I was an exchange student to France in my junior year, I edited the literary magazine, I sang in the school choir, and I made wonderful friends who are still important to me. However, none of this offset the grudges I had against the school, nor did any of it seem to connect specifically to the Religious Society of Friends. Only recently have I begun to reflect more deeply on the influence of meeting for worship.

In those days the meetinghouse on the school grounds had not yet been built and the assembly room in Main did double duty. Bolted to the floor in rows, the chairs were hard and uncomfortable. They were also set very close together and fastened with metal clips so that one person moving around in a lively way could set up squeaks throughout an entire row. To our Wednesday morning meeting for worship I brought all the rebellious feelings of my knotty soul. Often I didn’t want to be there. Naturally we were not allowed to read or do homework, but we were allowed to bring a Bible into meeting with us. To demonstrate that you could bring a horse to water but you could not make it drink, I took to memorizing chapters from the Song of Solomon. Since this book had a distinctly erotic cast I felt that I was defying the spirit of the rule. Nevertheless something else was working in me, the something that forced me, at least part of the time, to put away my Bible and to wait in silence, to look inward towards the still center, to think about God and the meaning of my life in relation to God.

During my senior year I was part of a committee that chose a recording to be played during the first ten minutes of meeting. I had recently learned to play the Barcarole from Jacques Offenbach’s *Tales of Hoffmann* on the piano, and the feelings of peace and serenity which the music inspired in me made me think that it would be a good choice for Wednesday morning meeting. On the day the Offenbach selection was played, I had a French class directly following meeting for worship. When our French teacher, a formidable Austrian woman, entered the classroom she began immediately to rail against whoever had chosen the music selection. In Offenbach’s story, she told us, that music heralded the arrival by gondola of a courtesan, a woman of low moral character. What on earth could have led someone to choose such a vulgar piece? I can still remember how I cringed in my seat as she ranted on, terrified lest she identify me as the criminal.

Years passed before I could see the humor of the incident, much less understand that if my ignorance was real, so also was my innocence. Perhaps if I had not been so afraid I would have tried to explain. However, she seemed so sure that what was expressed by music could only be one thing: since Offenbach’s story was about a courtesan, the music could not have power to move people in a different way. Apparently God could not speak to me or to anyone else through the music of the Barcarole. And yet, somewhere deep inside of me I knew that this was wrong. Already George School had fostered in me some sense of the power of the gathered meeting, and despite my feelings of guilt and confusion, I sensed that no one human being could name or control the experience that arose out of the silence and the music, for me or for anyone else.

As I have tried to think through my experiences at George School I have come to see how central meeting for worship was to my life there, and yet how little I understood at the time about what was happening to me. Recently I came across a passage in Peter Brown’s biography of St. Augustine. Brown’s description of the Manichaean faith, which Augustine embraced for a time in his youth, contains the following sentence: “It was obvious that what was good in him wished to be ‘set free,’ to ‘return,’ to merge again into an untroubled, original state of perfection—a ‘Kingdom of Light’ from which it felt isolated.”

This passage triggered a memory of the compulsory class in religion I took in my sophomore year at George School. The teacher was William Hubben, and we were all in awe of him. He stood poker straight in the front of the classroom, immaculately dressed in suit and tie, a tall and imposing presence. From time to time he swayed back and forth, but his back never bent, so that he had the rigidity of a pendulum in his movements. He was a stern but effective teacher, and I do not think I was ever bored in his class. One of the more unusual aspects of his pedagogy was his habit of addressing us as Miss Root or Mr. Mottahedeh or Miss Thompson, rather than by our Christian names. This was especially frightening since he rarely smiled, but it also gave us the feeling that we were engaged in serious and important business.

One day William Hubben drew a simple figure on the blackboard, which to me resembled nothing so much as a blimp. A chalk outline in white against the blackness of the board—that image returned to me in all its freshness when I read those lines from Peter Brown’s book. The blimp, Hubben said, represented the circle of light out of which we were born and to which we somehow would return after our death. Human souls in this representation were a series of dots, which he scattered casually about on the rest of the board with his piece of chalk. We were many and wanted to be one; we longed to be united with the source of that light.

From childhood I have yearned deeply after God, but neither now nor have I felt able to lay claim to any certainties of belief. The power and the beauty of William Hubben’s image, or my construction of it, lay in its ability to express both my yearning and the possibility of comfort. However little I knew it at the time, however imperfect the actual individuals who tried to embody Friends’ principles, however imperfect my own understanding of what it meant to be a Friend, it is clear to me now that the seeds of my spiritual life took root at George School. In the words of Isaac Penington, “The travels begin at the breakings of day, wherein are but glimmerings of little light, wherein the discovery of good and evil are not manifest and certain; yet there must the traveller begin and travel, and in his faithful travel (in much fear and trembling lest he should err) the light will break in on him more and more.”

I have learned at last to love George School for its gift of light to me. Educators at Friends schools today may need to remind themselves from time to time that although it sometimes takes many years for the light to break in on the students they teach, the glimmerings are there, and the Spirit is at work.
CODICILS

How can I leave the garden I have loved without detailed instructions to remind you. Hearts-ease grows here, if given half a chance, and linum seeds itself among the poppies. Hummingbirds visit that sprawled trumpet-vine at tea-time on hot August afternoons. Wild mint grows tall around the waterspout—enough to dry for tea on scentless winter days. Thyme creeps between the flagstones; tiny wild strawberries glow beneath the old mock orange. Some of these jonquils I have never seen in newer gardens filled with gaudier flowers. Until you learn the moods and memories that cluster here, move softly and be kind, lest you may murder miracle, unknowing.

—Alice Mackenzie Swaim

Alice Mackenzie Swaim, a native of Scotland, lives in Harrisburg, Pa.
Wherever One or More Is

One of the fastest growing edges of unprogrammed Quakerdom in recent years has been the Friends worship group. In coming months FRIENDS JOURNAL will publish a series of brief articles giving a flavor and descriptions of some of these worship groups. We invite Friends to submit such articles to us.

—Eds.

FANNO CREEK WORSHIP GROUP

by Rick Seifert

A small worship group like the one we have formed here in the west Portland, Oregon, metropolitan area embodies the simplicity Friends so often cherish in the rest of their lives. Rarely do more than ten of us gather at the 11 o'clock Sunday meetings held in our living rooms. As we settle into silence, across town in Multnomah Friends Meetinghouse up to 100 Friends are just concluding their silent worship.

Until we formed our little worship group in December 1987, several of us were regular attenders of Multnomah Meeting. We found inconvenient the mid-morning commute from west side to east side across the Willamette River in Portland. Some confess they were just too lazy; some, like a veterinarian with animals to check on, had conflicting responsibilities. Still others, newcomers to the Portland area, found the sheer size of the meeting overwhelming.

So, when a core group called an organizational meeting that first Sunday evening in December a year and a half ago, approximately 20 people showed up. We have met every Sunday since, with the exception of New Year's Day this year.

We searched for a name in those early weeks, finally deciding on the Fanno Creek Worship Group, after a creek that meanders near many of our homes. It also bears the name of a pioneer family that, as it turns out, had a Quaker branch.

Over the months, we have maintained our contacts with other Friends' groups. Indeed, we are officially under the care of Multnomah Meeting's Committee on Oversight of Worship Groups and Preparatory Meetings and have been visited by the committee's clerk. Further, we make certain that one of our group attends monthly business meetings at Multnomah. We also seek links with national Friends and have been visited by Martin Corbin, representing the Friends Committee on National Legislation.

It is also noteworthy that we are one of two surviving area worship groups of four started in the past few years. As we came to know each other, we found ourselves to be an eclectic group. Our numbers include an anthropologist, a musician, a computer systems analyst, a journalist, a quilter, a mountain climber, and a teacher or two.

We also have eight children whose ages range from 2 to 14. To guide them in our second year of meeting, we have begun a small First-day program. So far the organization has worked well. Two teams of two parents each have been set up. One team is responsible for a month's program. Activities have used the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's curriculum based on the Obadiah stories. We plan to focus next year's program on Christ's teachings.

Although our numbers haven't grown, for convenience sake we are investigating meeting in a permanent place of worship, rather than in our homes. One promising possibility is a conveniently located evangelical Friends church. We were heartened to learn that some of the church's members expressed an interest in attending our unprogrammed worship. From a suggestion in a "Survival Sourcebook" for worship groups and small meetings, put out by North Pacific Yearly Meeting's Outreach Committee, we have also begun contacting private schools in our search for a meeting place.

But "settling down" is not a pressing...
A Friends worship group may be small. Attendees may travel great distances to attend. Yet whenever Friends come together, the warm fellowship of a spiritual family may result.

Gathered

concern for us. In some ways we are more interested in "sprawling out." One Sunday last fall, a hearty band climbed the walls of the magnificent Columbia River Gorge and met in silence at a promontory called "Angel's Rest." We held a weekend retreat on the Oregon Coast last spring. Other activities have included a Christmas brunch, an Easter egg hunt, occasional potlucks, and the inevitable business meetings.

Since some members attend irregularly, we maintain a directory and a phone tree and have established a phone number with a member who has an answering machine. Our only "official" officers are this contact person and a scheduler who arranges where each Sunday's meeting will be. The next month's schedule then is passed on to the editor of Multnomah Meeting's monthly newsletter for publication.

The heart of our group, of course, remains our weekly worship. The silence nurtures our spirits. Beyond that, each coming together of our group—the greetings, the hugs, the sharing of joys and sorrows—reaffirms the strength we have found in our small community.

THE MONTANA QUAKER EXPERIENCE

by Starshine

Montana has its fair share of Quakers spread over a large state. With a population of only 800,000, our statewide meeting has less than a hundred people. This low Quaker density offers both opportunities and challenges.

Meetings are small. In fact, we often have meetings with only two or three persons, and sometimes there is only one. Lacking numbers, we have come to cherish the unique Quaker contribution to both our lives and the world. We could all join in with other churches but choose instead to keep a Quaker presence alive in our hearts and communities.

Meetings are simple and informal. There are few announcements and lots of hugs. We share our lives and get to know each other at deeper levels.

Our small Helena meeting has helped transform several lives. One member left a secure job and sold all her personal belongings to become a professional volunteer. She is now working with the poor and homeless in Philadelphia. Another has moved to Bozeman with her family to begin work on an electrical engineering degree, a dream which was stifled when she became a wife and mother 15 years ago.

Meetings pulse with changes in population. Fifteen regular attenders are counted as a large meeting in Montana. The loss or gain of one family is significant. The Billings Meeting has almost been devastated by the loss of five families within a few years and is now smaller than the Bozeman Worship Group. A year ago, the Helena Worship Group had five regular members; now we have two. If one of us is unable to attend, the meeting has only one.

Small groups try various meeting times and places to accommodate the most people. The folks in Great Falls meet Saturday afternoon so outlying Quakers can also do their shopping. Many worship groups meet only twice a month. But all groups meet regularly in order for other Quakers or would-be Quakers to join them. Rather than in homes, most meetings are in a public building so strangers can locate them and feel less intimidated.

In contrast to customary Quaker procedures, both our monthly and quarterly meetings gather less often. One monthly meeting, Heartland Preparative Meeting, meets only six times a year. The large triangular territory includes the Continental Divide and cities more than 200 miles apart. Most members drive over 100 miles to attend. Potlucks are automatically a part of every meeting, with times adjusted for the convenience of traveling Friends.

The quarterly meeting, the Montana Gathering of Friends, meets only twice a year. Even the name reflects a low density because we wanted everyone—including non-Quakers who support the American Friends Service Committee—to feel welcome. Quakers from the neighboring states of Idaho and Wyoming join us, which requires traveling 400-500 miles.

Montana Quakers belong to North Pacific Yearly Meeting. Since the Seattle-Portland area has the majority of members, Montanans travel 700 miles to attend the annual session or committee meetings. However, in 1991 and 1992, NPYM will meet in Montana. We're expecting a large attendance because Montana also offers Glacier National Park and Yellowstone National Park as a bonus.

In Montana, we are usually the only Quakers that our friends and coworkers know. Our lives serve as their only model of Quaker living. People are surprised to realize that Quakers no longer wear peculiar clothes or speak with "thees" and "thous." We are often asked what Quakers believe and why, or what is the Quaker position on controversial issues such as missiles and the death penalty.

Being a Quaker in Montana is slightly different than in Pennsylvania or other places with many Quakers. The low density requires traveling vast distances with fewer meetings. When we are together, we rejoice in a warm fellowship of having our spiritual family together once again. There is a Quaker light shining in Montana.

On March 24, 1963, Starshine met with Quakers in Phoenix, Ariz., and discovered why she had been a misfit in the Baptist Church—she was a Quaker and simply did not know it. She is an active member of Helena (Mont.) Worship Group and was a teacher in public schools for 19 years.
"I am a Quaker, and I am an alcoholic."

What follows is one person’s story of his alcoholism accompanied by the reflections of two of the Friends who took that risk of confronting him when they were aware of his problem. Each has chosen to write anonymously. They offer one model of intervention. Readers undoubtedly know of other models which have worked for them. These articles are offered in the hope they will contribute to bringing the problem of abuse of alcohol and other drugs among Friends into the open and will help to open a dialogue on models of intervention.

**Confronted**

I was born during the depression in the Midwest. My father, not long out of college, was the editor of a small town paper. As times worsened, employment forced several moves. I spent some of my early years in California and Idaho, where my father worked with the Civilian Conservation Corps. The family resettled in Ohio, where my sister was born. Pearl Harbor brought a call from the army, and soon the family was on the move again, from army base to army base. Finally the inevitable happened, and my father was sent to the South Pacific. I realize now that he was gone during an important part of my growing up.

After the war, we moved again, to Cincinnati. Finishing high school, I went on to earn a degree as an electronic engineer, which at that time was in great demand. A good job offer after graduation brought my new wife and me to southern New Jersey. At this time, I did not drink often, but looking back I now recognize that I drank like an alcoholic when I did.

When our first son was old enough, we entered him in a Friends school. My wife and I decided that we should check out the meeting to find out what these strange people were going to teach our child. We ended up becoming members. I became active in meeting, but the disease of alcoholism was year by year affecting my life. To quote Faith and Practice, drinking “…tends to develop furtiveness and secrecy inconsistent with the principles of Friends.” I took pains to conceal my growing habit, particularly around meeting.

I now know that alcoholism is a progressive disease: with career setbacks providing the rationale, my drinking increased rapidly, with beer and wine yielding to vodka. I knew something was very wrong, but at this point I could not stop. I had “crossed the wall.”

The turning point came one Saturday evening: I received a call from a very good friend, saying “we think you have a drinking problem. Will you meet with us …?” Confronted! What could I do? I contrived a reason for my wife why I had to go early to meeting for worship. There I met with three loving, caring friends, who were to be my spiritual support in those early stages of my recovery. I managed with their encouragement and the loving support of my family to stay dry for several months. But several slips convinced them and finally me that joining with others in a Twelve Step recovery program might do for me what I could not do for myself: achieve sobriety.

Despite daily attendance at meetings, where I learned a great deal about myself and my disease, self will kept me from total acceptance of the fact that I could not use even the smallest amount of alcohol. It was a year before I finally quit fighting.

In the last year of my addiction I withdrew from meeting activities. I was emotionally very sick and spiritually bankrupt. My feelings of guilt and shame because of our testimony caused great inner conflict and pain.

I am now resuming my meeting life, and find that I can bring new insights gained in the spiritual awakening promised by my recovery program. Daily prayer and meditation have become part of my life, as have a regular spiritual inventory. I attempt to begin each day by turning my will and my life over to God. I have received a free gift, for which I am grateful.

Is there someone like me in your meeting? Think carefully, because alcoholism claims all sorts of people, even Quakers. I was rescued, not by Overseers or Worship and Ministry, but by three Friends who took the personal risk of confrontation. Would you do the same?

**Lending Support**

A few years ago I was told a member of our meeting appeared to have a drinking problem. (I’ll refer to him as “F” for Friend/friend). The news weighed heavily on me, because chemical dependency had nearly destroyed my own family. Such destruction was prevented by our being led to the help we desperately needed, so our recovery process could begin. No one knew the anguish of addiction or the joy of deliverance better than I, even though I personally was not chemically dependent.

The weight of my experience and my fondness and concern for F impelled me to decide to speak to him about his drinking. For me, doing nothing would have been unthinkable.

While deciding was easy, carrying out the decision was not without considerable trepidation. Fortunately, there were other meeting members who were willing to share the task. The initial phone call was made by another member. At our first meeting F admitted some difficulty with
alcohol, and he thanked us for our concern.

So began what would prove to be a long, but ultimately rewarding journey. The journey was not without slips or setbacks. At one point I became discouraged when F's problem became worse. My attending a yearly meeting Religious Education Committee presentation on addiction helped me renew my commitment to help.

We formed a support group, which began meeting regularly with F and later included F's wife. I encouraged F and his wife to seek help from the addiction treatment program which had helped my family.

I particularly encouraged F to attend Alcoholics Anonymous. At first he resisted, but he later relented and began attending meetings regularly. When F invited me to attend one of the open meetings, I accepted. I was greatly moved by the honesty and love I encountered there. That meeting reinforced my conviction that AA was exactly what F needed.

When it became clear that F had made a strong commitment to AA, we discontinued the support group meetings. F now inspires and enriches us by sharing the AA message.

Everyone in a support group is helped even when the group focuses upon one person's needs. Giving support is not easy, and people in need do not always bring out the best within us. Threats well up within us from ancient places and we tend to dislike both the feelings and those who stir them up. Friends who are alcoholics are not necessarily likable. They may bring out of us feelings and responses that protect us from those unlikable features. If we withdraw, we participate in the secret of alcoholism. We need support so that we do not behave in that way.

In my boyhood days I was glad to reach either the school or my home and bring out my hands in the warmth of the building. We each have hands to do wonderful things, in the right climate. When we look down and find our cuffs empty and our shirtsleeves flapping, perhaps we need to better the climate rather than deny that we have the power to do something. Support groups are but one way of sharing the privilege of caring for one another.

I watched a young boy play his way through the silence of meeting. He drew his arms into his shirtsleeves and flapped the cuffs as if he had no hands. I remembered doing the same thing as a boy. The winter walks to school across long fields were extremely chilling, and my coat sleeves seemed to be the only protected place to hide my hands. The lower part of the sleeves dangled loosely, obscuring the same hands that earlier that day had written stories, calculated long division, and played the clarinet.

I am not sure when we learn certain responses, but they each have a history to them-sometimes borrowed from other experiences. For months, maybe a year, there was talk that a member of our meeting smelled of alcohol, spoke repetitiously, volunteered too often. There was also evidence that his life outside of meeting was marked with recognizable signs of a drinking problem. We spoke to each other about him, spoke to each other about what we thought was the problem, spoke to each other about what his needs were. The speaking carried with it feelings of anger, pity, and helplessness. Most of all there is a great deal of discomfort in being with someone who one feels is out of control. In the face of that discomfort my own reaction was to withdraw, hide my hands in my sleeves, and flap the cuffs as if I had no hands with which to help. The talk continued.

There came a time when we had to question our own tendency to keep talking without bringing our Friend with the problem into our care. The fact that the talk would not go away was a sign we had not yet done the right thing. We needed to overcome our own avoidance and "find our hands." The company and presence of other Friends met our own needs first and in turn gave us the direction and power to reach from within towards our alcoholic Friend. Together we were able to expose the "secret" that we were all keeping. We became a support group.

In my boyhood days I was glad to reach either the school or my home and bring out my hands in the warmth of the building. We each have hands to do wonderful things, in the right climate. When we look down and find our cuffs empty and our shirtsleeves flapping, perhaps we need to better the climate rather than deny that we have the power to do something. Support groups are but one way of sharing the privilege of caring for one another.

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Seeking Peace in Central America

THE WAR CONTINUES

Here in El Salvador, many people think that 1989 is a critical year. By the time this article has been printed, the presidential elections will have taken place [See related sidebar]. Almost everyone thinks the ARENA party will win, bringing with it a president with an image of being a moderate, and a party whose leaders say things like, "The only way to deal with 'terrorists' is to kill them." And U.S. aid, the linelife of any government here, will almost certainly continue. The war, now in its tenth year, will continue to cause more deaths and suffering in this small, poor country.

The electoral process has been complicated by the rising number of death-squad killings in recent months. Ominously, three new para-military groups announced in December that they will retaliate against guerrilla actions by attacking what they call "facade" groups—unions, student and campesino groups, the Democratic Convergence (a political party which fielded a slate of candidates for the elections), refugee and human rights groups, and some churches—Catholic, Lutheran, Episcopal, and Baptist.

The Lutheran bishop, Medardo Gomez, has received death threats before, but now they seem even more real. On December 28, his church office was destroyed by a bomb. Soon thereafter he requested full-time international accompaniment, nonviolent bodyguards. I accompanied him one weekend recently, and found him in good spirits and busily at work. My job was to stay out of his way while at the same time be visibly present, beside him on the street or in the car. That walking half a block to a restaurant for lunch might be dangerous was a new and not particularly pleasant idea. On Sunday, people who were outside the church where he was preaching said an unknown man was taping his sermon.

The guerrillas have proposed renewed negotiations and participation in the electoral process, but at this moment it seems unlikely that any accord will be reached. In the last few months they have stepped up their attacks on military targets, and the sabotage keeps the lights off in many parts of the country much of the time. There have also been threats and attacks against some civilians. Five town mayors have been killed, and more than 70 other mayors and other officials have resigned. But in some cases it's hard to know who is to blame. In the case of one of the mayors, our bishop said in early December that he had been tortured before he died, and "the guerrillas don't like that."

There is growing speculation about a general insurrection. For some people who are tired of the war, insurrection seems like the only solution. Although recent peace proposals have decreased this talk, I expect it to begin in earnest after the elections. I can understand the desire of the people who have suffered from the war—the poor, the displaced, and the oppressed—to see a final, convulsive uprising. They talk about their commitment to the struggle and their disregard of their own death and suffering. "We know that many of us will die, but we will win a country where there is peace and justice for our children."

Brave words, deeply felt and convincing, but in me they evoke heavy-heartedness rather than elation.

There have been increases in the "lesser" violence of threats and intimidation, of forced recruitment into the fighting forces, of arrest, detention, and methods of interrogation that use physical or psychological torture, of occupation of villages by hostile troops. There are many eyewitness accounts for these, and the majority of them blame the government. But many accounts also appear in the press, charged to the guerrillas. The truthfulness of these accounts is hard to verify. I have greater trust in the reports of human rights groups such as the Legal Aid Office of the archdiocese, or the Co-Madres. But sometimes even they differ in their interpretation of a violation. They are hampered in their investigations by the army's refusal to permit entry in some parts of the country. And if no one stands up to make a complaint about a violation, then they don't even know it happened.

For example, in our parish, a father whose son was killed last fall (and whose other two sons were killed two and four years ago respectively) was afraid to complain about his son's murder.

One small indication of the worsening situation is the increasing harassment of church workers. The military has detained and questioned a number of them. Others, even Salvadoran nationals, have...
been refused entry into the areas where they do pastoral work. Two volunteers who worked in a repopulation site of displaced people were badly wounded in an explosion that killed one refugee and wounded three others. The explosion was caused by a U.S.-made device, probably a hand grenade. Another of our friends was terrified when a helicopter bombed and then strafed him and four Salvadorans who were returning to their repopulation site.

As the general climate in the country deteriorates, we frequently speculate about how long we will be able to carry on our work. Few of us are frightened for ourselves, but all of us worry about the Salvadorans with whom we work. We have felt fairly confident that the worst we might suffer is to be deported, but our coworkers have to stay here.

I have had two recent experiences that were quite distressing, although neither resulted in any physical harm. First, a Salvadoran lay catequist who works with us was approached by a man in civilian clothes who said he was investigating the pastoral team. "Why does the priest shout 'Vivas' at the end of the rosary, and always talk about the refugees?" he asked our friend. "You're being manipulated by these foreigners who are teaching communism," he told our friend. The "detective" refused to come to the parish house and talk to any of us. After that he was seen by the catequist in a soldier's uniform. Later, we found he also visited the homes of participants in dramatizations of the prophecies about the birth of Jesus.

Our friend was frightened. He was arrested and interrogated by the National Police earlier last year while doing pastoral work with refugees who had returned to their homes. The police told him that if he refused to give them information, they could torture or kill him or send him to prison, but if he cooperated they would give him money, protection, and send him out of the country if he liked. They kept him constantly awake and blindfolded throughout the three days they held him. Then, when he was released due to efforts by the church, they warned him, "It will be harder on you if you are ever seen here again."

To our friend, the "detective" was convincing. He began to think about leaving our team and maybe fleeing the country. "If I can't do pastoral work in a little town like ours, then there's nowhere left for me in El Salvador," he said. It was actually a relief to see the "detective" in a National Guard's uniform—it meant he probably wouldn't have any way to know about our friend's "police record." Would you call this situation a human rights violation?

The other incident occurred when my 19-year-old son arrived for his first visit to me since I've been here. During the night we'd heard the bomb that destroyed the Lutheran church, but we didn't know what it was. The next day we got on a bus to go out to our town. After a two-hour ride, the bus suddenly slowed down and stopped. We heard an explosion close by, and all the traffic stopped because of a skirmish up ahead. People seemed calm, and many got out, stood in the shade of a tree, chatting and smoking. After a while, a car passed from the other direction, and we started up. As we came around a curve, we heard shots close by. About 20 feet away, on the crest of a hill beside the road, there were soldiers shooting down the other side of the hill. We all crouched down.
in the bus, and the driver stomped on the accelerator as we sped away. As we huddled around the curves, I wondered if we were in greater danger from the bullets or from an accident. After a few moments, we passed the site of what looked like an ambush of two large army trucks. A civilian pickup was skewed around, and its windshield shattered. I saw several wounded soldiers, and a civilian man was lying on the road with its head in a woman's lap. Newspaper reports said one of the civilians died, along with a soldier.

While these events left us unharmed, they didn't leave me unmarked. I found it harder than ever to enjoy the holiday sounds of firecrackers, and when at midnight on New Year's Eve the soldiers started shooting their guns and flares, I felt sick to my stomach. It's not just the threat that all these guns represent, not just the waste they imply, not even the injustice they enforce—it's a personally acquired experience of the human costs of war that sickened me.

The economic situation here, with more than 70 percent unemployment or underemployment, is felt in our small town as more and more young people leave for the States to seek work. Or they may join the army because it's a job, or join the guerrillas because they are angry and fed up. Meanwhile, the school has morning and afternoon shifts of students, 50 to a class, because no new teachers can be hired. Over half the national budget of this country comes from U.S. military and economic aid. An increasing amount of the budget, well over half, is spent on the war, rather than on health, education, or other things that improve people's lives.

The news from the States is not promising. A 15-nation Latin American counter-insurgency treaty was signed last fall, initiated by the United States. The account of this event in the December 16, 1988, National Catholic Reporter said this marked a recognition of the need for different strategies for social justice and an end to repression, particularly in the face of popular demand. According to the article, "just about any group that works for social improvement" would be targeted as "subversive" or "the enemy" by this pact.

At the end of this fiscal year, the U.S. Agency for International Development will cut off Food for Peace shipments to Latin America. This program is the source for food that is given through Catholic Relief Services to children under five and pregnant women. In our parish, about 20,000 pounds of food is distributed each month. In all of El Salvador, 35,000,000 pounds of U.S. surplus corn meal, rice, soybean oil, and milk is distributed monthly. I was told that surveys of nutritional levels show no improvement since the program began, and so it was being cut since it was ineffective. I'm ambivalent about giveaway programs, and in some ways do not mourn the end of food distributions, with all the dependency, greed, and bureaucracy they spawned. But when I hear thousands of rounds of ammunition used, when I find cans of U.S.-made K-rations in our front yard after an army battalion has passed, when I hear the rumble of bombs falling nearby, I can't help but think that it's a shame the food program is being discontinued, despite its many faults and its failure to show results.

What are the positive results of this war? A General Accounting Office report issued this spring shows military aid to Central America has weakened rather than strengthened the process of democratizing there.

I pray Friends will strive to remain open to leadings of the Spirit about our government's participation in this war.
I was a Quaker among 12 delegates leaving for El Salvador two days after Christmas to begin a mission and witness for the people of this oppressed country. We visited two villages which had been repopulated after the people had been forced to leave as refugees.

This was a spiritual and humanitarian delegation, with each of us coming from different religious communities. The visit was sponsored by SalvAide, an organization dedicated to supporting the repopulated villages of El Salvador. Connecting Canadian cities with Salvadoran villages—such as Windsor, Ontario, with Las Vueltas, El Salvador—gives legitimacy to the village as well as providing a commitment for economic assistance and moral support.

The FMLN, the guerrilla forces, oppose the government’s oppression and injustice. These rebel forces have a vision of a country with freedom and justice, and with land reform so the peasants may have land of their own to farm and support their families. El Salvador continues to be a feudal system with the rich owning the land, supported by the military.

Our delegation traveled by Toyota van into the mountains to Las Vueltas over a narrow and rough dirt road—a six hour trip. We were stopped at two military checkpoints, where we were asked to get out of the van and show our passports. A spot check of baggage was also carried out by the military.

Each of the delegates, carrying letters of introduction from our religious communities, was asked to raise $1,000 and bring it to El Salvador for purchase of food stocks, such as sugar and powdered milk, and for agricultural commodities, such as seed and fertilizer. This was in addition to support for ongoing projects such as fishing co-ops, construction of chicken coops, and the purchase of cows and cattle supported by SalvAide. (I was grateful for the spiritual and financial support of Yonge Street Friends Meeting.)

We remained four days in Las Vueltas, bringing food, as well as school and medical supplies to this village of 1,400 (about half being children). Education goes only through third grade with fourth grade to be started this year. Agriculture includes cows for milk and beef. The funds to buy cattle came from the city of Windsor. The terrain is rough and mountainous so that crops of corn.

Donald Laitin, a member of Yonge Street Meeting, Newmarket, Ontario, is a past clerk of Canadian Yearly Meeting. He edits Quaker Network, a newsletter on refugee concerns of the Canadian Friends Service Committee.
and sorghum are grown on the slopes.

We met with the village’s directorate, the women’s collective, and the cooperative for agriculture. The people had learned to work together on projects when they were in the refugee camp for nearly seven years at Mesa Grande, Honduras, later returning in 1987. We recorded testimonies which told of murders, oppression, and destruction they experienced when they lived in their village.

During our visits to the communities, we presented gifts from our religious communities. Some included banners and pictures. As a Quaker, I presented a print of the painting by Edward Hicks of the Peaceable Kingdom.

Gloria Dubeski, a doctor specializing in community medicine, was a member of our delegation. Her services were required when a woman needed a hernia operation. She successfully assisted the doctor in charge. The operation, completed with local anesthetics, took longer than expected, but all was well.

Later we met with the people of El Barillo, where we witnessed how their homes had been destroyed by bombing. The land is relatively flat, and the growth is lush, with crops of sugar cane, corn, sorghum, rice, beans, watermelon, and citrus. Livestock included cows, pigs, and chickens. Field equipment, including a tractor, is used in cultivation and harvest. Two hours north of San Salvador, we witnessed bombing of a nearby village as the army occupied an area close to El Barillo. As people recorded their testimonies of oppression and destruction, they revealed the power of their spirituality and their reliance on the international community to assist them.

Following a press conference in San Salvador, where we reported on the acts of bombing and oppression, we departed filled with the emotion of powerful and concentrated witness with people of great spiritual strength and hope. Our mission was to continue our support and to report our findings to our country.

(Those wishing to find out more about establishing connections with repopulated Salvadoran villages may contact Salv-Aide at P.O. Box 336, Station P, Toronto, Ont. M5S, telephone 1-416-924-2538.)

TO LOS CHINAMOS AND BEYOND

by Don Irish

Above: The Los Chinamos clinic
On page 19: A physician and nurses, on mules, travel to outlying areas.

My covolunteer with Witness for Peace, Veronica Gunther, and I had been delayed in our journey for a day by soldiers at a check-point just outside Juigalpa, Nicaragua. We had been forbidden to proceed north to Santo Domingo. But each of us secured a letter written on national army letterhead and signed by the regional military commander, which enabled us, as members of Witness for Peace, to take the road. However, in any contact with Contras, it would be dangerous to have that communication on one’s person. So I folded the letter several times and inserted it into an empty mosquito repellent capsule. If Contras appeared, I could drop it down a seat post, push it through the vehicle floor gaps, or throw it as far as I could into the surrounding jungle.

Dr. Enrique Aragón, stationed in Santo Domingo, Chontales, invited us to accompany his medical team into the campo to Los Chinamos and beyond, into the mountains—Contra territory. This young doctor, two other physicians, and some nurses at the clinic were fulfilling two years of public service in rural areas as their obligation following graduation from medical and nursing schools.

A young soldier came to us that evening after our arrival and asked us to visit the Ministry of Interior office, since Contras had been seen a few kilometers north of Santo Domingo. Our letter indicated to him that we were to be permitted to go anywhere in the region unless actual combat were taking place. One function of Witness for Peace is to accompany Nicaraguan people in their daily lives. In this role, we lived with the people in their homes and accompanied priests, nuns, doctors, teachers, peace commissioners, and agricultural specialists as they brought governmental services to people in the hinterlands. In the process, we were exposed to some of the risks that they daily assume in their work and living. The presence of internationalists tends to reduce the risk of kidnapping or assassinations for Nica-

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raguans performing these duties. The next morning, however, Camilo, the Ministry of Interior chief, saw no reason why we should not ride along with the medical team.

We hiked to the clinic, where two physicians and three nurses were preparing the Landcruiser for the trip. Within it was a folding hospital bed, several UNICEF black medical bags, boxes of medicines, sealed containers of fluids for vaccinations, packed in dry ice, and other materials. Lettering on the blue vehicle indicated it had been donated by Abraham Lincoln Brigade, an organization continuing from the days of the Spanish Civil War.

We drove north on a good, solid road through beautiful, verdant countryside. I confess that I critiqued a number of places in the road, curves with heavy underbrush, narrow bridges at the bottom of gullies, and other sites that might have been good ambush places. We arrived at the open wooden shed which serves as the clinic in Los Chinamos, and found a number of people awaiting the team. Most were mothers and children or mothers-to-be. Many had walked barefoot, others had come by horse or mule. They sat on old benches and worn schoolroom chairs while the medical team unpacked and arranged its equipment. Infants often suffer the effects of dehydration from diarrhea and from parasites. Many adults have hypertension brought about by the uncertainties and anxieties of the wartime existence.

While the clinic served the patients, Veronica and I went further up the road, but turned around when we heard gunfire. We visited one woman in a traditional home with a thatched roof and split-bamboo siding. She had given birth to eight children in 13 years—72 months of pregnancies! We talked with another woman who had one leg amputated and the other one stiff from injuries received in an ambush by the Contras a year previously.

After two hours, the medical team packed up, and we drove yet further into the mountains of Chontales, ultimately meeting a couple of campesinos with seven horses and mules. The medical kits, cold packs, and other equipment were placed in waterproof bags and tied firmly on both sides of the bestias. Both doctors and nurses seemed at ease and capable in the saddles. We saw them last as they ascended an opposite hillside, riding off for a four-hour trek cross-country to Palmira, an otherwise inaccessible mountain farm cooperative. The other male doctor would pick them up in a few days, when they would again open the clinic in Los Chinamos. Their commitment in accepting such risks manifested great professional dedication to the government's efforts to bring medical care and other professional services to the Nicaraguan people under the difficult conditions of war, in which medical and other personnel are designated targets for Contra attacks.
Currently we are 5.2 billion humans, and we are increasing by about 89 million people per year (more than 200,000 per day). The world population reached the first billion in 1800, the second billion in 1930, the third in 1960, the fourth in 1975, and the fifth in 1987. The United Nations predicts we will reach 6 billion in 1998 and 10 billion by 2060. Such is the human population explosion. No one really knows what population the earth can sustain; from recent evidence it appears we may already have reached the limit, at least given our present mode of living. If population growth outpaces the ability of the earth to support it, death rates must rise until a sustainable equilibrium is reached.

There are severe ecological consequences to adding 89 million persons to the planet each year. As the population of Brazil grows by 3 million yearly, that of India by 17 million, and that of Indonesia by 3 million, continued clearing of rain forests is inevitable. The consequences are dire though often not clearly defined until too late. With 3,000 acres of forest destroyed per hour, approximately 1 million species of plants and animals will be banished forever from the face of the earth by the year 2000 (according to a news report in Science). The damaging effects of such deforestation on global weather patterns are now being recognized.

Kenya is an example of a nation growing rapidly; its population will double in about 20 years. Such growth cannot continue in the long run. In Africa as a whole, there is a fairly low population density, but in the Sahel area, population growth has already outstripped the ability of the land to supply food; desertification is one result of overgrazing linked to population pressure. Overall, food production per capita has decreased in Africa in the past decade.

Bangladesh is an extreme case; with 110 million people living in a nation the size of Wisconsin and an annual per capita income of $150, just feeding the population has become a critical problem. Bangladesh already receives 1.5 million metric tons of cereals as food aid each year. The flooding last year was worse than usual partly because of the deforestation in the Himalayas, resulting from population pressure in India and Nepal. In general, while maldistribution of food resources is the major problem at present, the actual amount of food supplies is likely to become a critical problem as the human population approaches 10 billion.

In the United States the consequences of population growth are also obvious. All of us have witnessed a forest, pasture, or vacant property converted into a housing development, shopping center, expressway, or parking lot. It is estimated that nearly 10 percent of arable U.S. land is paved over! The U.S. popu-
population is growing at roughly 2 million per year, though only 50-75 percent of this growth is due to natural increase (births minus deaths); the rest are added by net migration (immigrants minus emigrants). While U.S. growth is small by world standards, the impact on the earth is disproportionately large because the level of consumption of world resources by the average person in the States is about 40 to 50 times higher than that of the average citizen of India. Levels of acid rain, fossil fuel emissions, water pollution, and resource depletion are all linked, albeit indirectly, to population size; i.e., the amount of damage to the ecosystem is directly related to the number of people and the level of use or misuse of the ecosystem by each person.

What is the status of effort to control human population growth? The good news is that growth rates have begun to decline in much of the world, and most nations now provide family planning programs. China has been most vigorous in its efforts to stabilize its population. We can understand their concern when we realize that their population is 1.1 billion and that they lost between 15 and 30 million people to starvation between 1959 and 1961 when harvests failed.

The bad news is that growth rates remain too high and far less is being done than the magnitude of the problem warrants. A major reason for this results from a major U.S. shift in policy in the past eight years. Largely because of reports of coerced abortion in the Chinese program, our country has stopped contributing to the United Nations Population Fund and the International Planned Parenthood Federation. Both provide basic birth control services in more than 100 nations of the world. In a return to 19th century thinking, the Reagan administration also greatly reduced funding of new contraceptive development while providing large sums for programs focusing on the unreliable rhythm method.

How do Quakers relate to these matters? Friends were early in their support of family planning. As early as 1935, the American Friends Service Committee helped with family planning among unemployed coal miners in West Virginia. In the 1960s AFSC assisted with family planning education in medical, nursing, and social work schools in Mexico. Eventually, the national office had a family planning committee and staff coordinating various projects throughout the world. Friends have long labored with questions raised by the population explosion, and particularly with the matter of induced abortion. An AFSC working party was formed in 1969, which produced the booklet Who Shall Live? It laid out the fundamental concerns:

If we do not control our fertility, in less than 35 years, there will be twice as many people on earth. This prospect is as great a threat to the future of society as the arms race and nuclear war.

We believe that the necessary limitation of family size should be and can be achieved voluntarily by far more attention to the adequate availability of contraceptives, by the legalization of abortion, and by educational programs to motivate people to practice family planning. For the good of all, we should educate ourselves and others to the necessity of restricting family size as a prerequisite for a life of quality for our children's children and for the generations to follow.

Unfortunately AFSC laid down its work in population and family planning in the mid 70s. Some Friends in the population field feel that AFSC should now convene a working group to update Who Shall Live?, considering such new technologies as surrogate motherhood and in vitro fertilization, and also the risks and benefits of various contraceptives. This is not among the priorities of the AFSC at present, however. Some within the AFSC community attack former AFSC and present U.S. funding of population programs as stemming from racist motives. But cutting programs effectively denies reproductive choices to women in poor countries.

Millions of women who desperately want to limit their fertility do not yet have access to contraception. So they face at least several unwanted births and at worst death in childbirth or from botched abortions. (For example, the maternal mortality rate in Bangladesh is 70 times higher than ours.)

Among Quakers more widely, renewed awareness of population concerns has come recently. Several yearly meetings have formed committees of Friends in Unity with Nature, and, after an inspiring plenary talk by Marshall Massey at the 1987 Gathering of Friends General Conference (FGC), a national group formed spontaneously; it now has contacts in many monthly meetings. In addition to programs on Native Americans, simple living, and recycling, the committee sponsored a discussion on population concerns at the 1988 FGC gathering.

On a personal level, almost two decades ago, I worked in Mexico, where I was struck by the high proportion of children everywhere. Ed Duckels of Casa de los Amigos in Mexico City told me that indeed the population of Mexico was growing very rapidly, and Mexico City was growing so fast (due to high fertility and migration from the countryside) that to keep up with the demand for education, the government would have to build a school a day. This obviously was not happening. In 1970 Mexico City had a population of 8 million; this year it is estimated at close to 20 million.

From this experience, and after interaction with family planning experts in the United States, I felt inspired to pursue a career in population studies. But there have been few obvious interactions between my Quaker faith and my profession as a demographer. At the Gathering of FGC six years ago I mentioned this in my workshop on spiritual growth, and someone said she felt I should share my gifts in this substantive area with Friends. Since then I have sought linkages, believing that my best work and strongest faith will be present when spiritual and professional concerns are united. One question has been: What is the unique Quaker witness in the population field?

Several Quaker testimonies are relevant to population questions. First is our testimony of equality that leads us to work for improvement in the status of women throughout the world. One component of this is female education. Advances here have direct implications for population growth since probably the
single most important factor in slowing population growth is female education.

Second, our work for social and economic justice can lead to declines in population growth. With a just social structure, more children survive, parents change their world view, and reproduction becomes a conscious choice. In this vein is our testimony of simple living and our work for the right sharing of world resources. If yearly income were divided equally, each person on the globe would receive the equivalent of about $3,000 per year. With a U.S. per capita income of $17,000, compared with well under $1,000 in most developing nations, this gives us pause.

Our testimony of nonviolence is also relevant. High population density is one of the root causes leading to violence between nations. Population pressure on land is one precipitating factor in much international conflict and tension (e.g., the violence against immigrant Bengalis in Assam). Increasing population can only aggravate these tensions.

I believe our faith also has specific implications for the population problem at a personal level. Reproduction as a decision of individual couples has led to irresponsible use of our collective heritage of resources, including land, water and air. Specifically, adding 89 million persons to the planet each year is irresponsible, and therefore reproduction will be regulated ultimately by collective pressure on our resources. We recently abandoned the principle of the unrestricted use of resources with respect to hunting, fishing, air pollution, water pollution, noise pollution, etc. Before too long, following the example of the Chinese, most of the world will probably of necessity restrict childbearing. Most of us in the States are individualists to the extreme. We cringe at the thought of explicit regulation of our reproductive behavior. Yet implicit regulation of reproduction is already present to some extent in all societies through social norms.

As Quakers, we have a positive alternative to explicit restrictions, which respects both individuality and society’s needs. We have faith that the will of God is best found in the Quaker process, as in the meeting of worship for business, and we already use this process to reach clearness on proposed marriages. Similarly, in a Religious Society of Friends that takes responsibility for the future (i.e., believing that the world is not inherited from our grandparents but loaned by our grandchildren) I believe that marriage clearness committees can help couples reach clearness about childbearing, balancing couples’ desires to have children, and the collective desire to preserve the earth for our descendants. The books of discipline of some yearly meetings already mention the responsibility of meetings to bring up the matter of contraception to couples. For example, to quote Baltimore Yearly Meeting’s Faith and Practice:

Friends should take responsibility for family planning. When the number of children exceeds the financial, physical, and even spiritual capacity of the parents, a hardship is worked on all involved.

Those attending the workshop on population concerns at the 1988 FGC gathering prepared this minute for possible proposal to their home meetings:

That the ______ Meeting of Friends add to the concerns it explicitly explores with couples seeking clearness for marriage, the size of the family that the couple envisions having. In addition it would be made known that couples may ask for a clearness committee of the meeting at any time regarding additions to their families.

Finding the best ways to work at solving the problem of rapid population increase will take much creative energy. This is another area in which Friends from around the globe can learn a tremendous amount from each other. Let the enormity, complexity, or difficulty of this problem not stop Friends from making significant contributions in this field as we approach the 21st century!

### Population Queries

The world population is increasing by 1 million persons every four days. Does this concern us? How can we act on this concern?

How would one determine the limit to the human population that the earth can support? What criteria would be used? At what point does the population problem become so overwhelming that one would endorse some form of population control? What is the line between incentives/disincentives and coercion?

Can the problem of human misuse of the world's resources be met solely by focusing on resource distribution? If our inaction in reducing births leads to an increase in death rates, have we committed a drastic error of omission?

If we were part of the 80 percent of the world's population which only uses 20 percent of the resources, how might we feel differently about the distribution of resources?

Is it appropriate for human societies to restrict childbearing of their members to make possible the survival of some plant and animal species threatened by extinction if human population continues to grow and expand into formerly wild areas? Which species deserve most attention?

To what extent is family planning a women's issue? How can men participate more responsibly?

What is the spiritual basis of our desire to reproduce? How does this incorporate a responsibility for the fate of the earth?

To what extent is parenthood a right and to what extent a privilege? Is our feeling about this the same after a couple has had a second child? a fourth child? a tenth child?

What approaches have we found to population problems that are consistent with the religious outlook and social concerns of Friends?

—Stan Becker
The Miracle We Need
by Christopher Crow

On a cold Sunday morning I was the only white person in a small, midwestern, African Methodist Episcopal Church congregation. During a prayer portion of the two hour service, I went forward and knelt among those with bowed heads at the communion rail.

They were praying silently except for a completely bald man in his 70s at my left. In the silence I could hear his whispered prayer: “Oh God, I thank you so much for waking me up this morning. I’m glad you are giving me this day. I thank you for the minister of this church. Thank you for my good food today and for my warm house. Thank you for my good health. And thank you for my Lord Jesus, who is coming to take me home.’’

The man is the elevator operator in the building where I have my office. Originally from “‘Bama,” he is literate to the extent of being able to sign his name. He neither smokes nor drinks alcohol, not even beer. He struggled to raise his wife’s retarded nieces. His wife of a lifetime left him a few years ago to live with relatives in a large city. Now he lives alone in a small cottage beside a junk yard. Neat and clean inside, it took him many years to pay off the mortgage on this home where few would want to live. He has never had a car, a driver’s license, or even a bicycle. Now his bones are distinctly showing. He is not eating enough.

But there he was in church, as he is each Sunday, clean­ly dressed in his one suit kept for going to church (and ultimately for covering him in the grave). And this simple, pure, kindly, unlettered man was thanking God for His goodness in giving him another day with sufficient substance for living it through.

After everyone returned to the pews, the loving, quiet, young Harvard trained pastor, a tall, thin woman in her 20s, began the sermon: “We are still slaves in a strange land. We thought education could save us. We believed money was the way out. We thought power would enable us to turn the world around. We are like the people of Israel when they turned away from Moses.” She continued from her text in Exodus: “They had God on their side and they blew it! They wanted to live their lives their own ways and they turned their backs on God.’’

Then she told a story about a small boy trapped by a fire at an upper story window. His father stood outside with his arms raised, begging the lad to jump.

“Things are like that,” she said. “He had no other choice. Neither do we. Trust God for the miracles we need. Trust God about all the Red Seas ahead. Only God can make a way out of no way. When Jesus said, ‘Come, follow me,’ he didn’t say where he was going. He just said, ‘follow me.’”

And, indeed, so it is with all of us consigned to planet earth. “‘You have heard that it was said, ‘You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy.’ But I say to you, love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you . . .’” That is what Jesus said.

As the people who look out from the missile wall we have built, at the Red Sea upcoming, the wisdom of the times is that my sainted, lonely, loving, unlettered, ancient black elevator operator friend and his young pastor have far better answers than do any of the people in Washington. Indeed, they have the only answers.
Despite the late hour, it was hot in the treeless jungle, and the frogs were beginning to sing. The Vicar of Christ greeted the Indian leader, called the Wisiratu, and indicated that they should both sit on stumps of manaca palms. "Today," said the Vicar, "I will explain to you how the world began. But first I will listen to your own story."

The Wisiratu thought for a moment, said "Good," then settled back and began a recitation. "There is a Roaster," he began, "married to two sisters, with a son by the youngest sister. The wives cut Moriche palms and scoop out flour from the trunks; the Roaster and his son go into the jungle to hunt animals for roasting."

"How old is the son?" asked the Vicar.

"Old and young. One night that Roaster goes into the jungle and dies. At early dark the wives say 'where is our husband? He does not come back.' Then that man comes in with their son and roast meat. 'Here, my wives,' he says, 'I am tired. Lay my son beside me and you two eat this roast meat.'"

"Excuse me," said the Vicar, "I thought the man had died in the jungle." The Wisiratu indicated that this was so, and continued. "When he is gone to sleep the wives look on the top of the roast meat and they see something. They see their husband's penis. 'Look,' they say. 'That Roaster is not our husband. Our husband is dead, and now that No-Indian is sleeping with our child. What shall we do?'"

The Vicar wiped his brow against the perpetual heat, wondering how the Roaster could roast himself. He wished the story didn't have to mention the word "penis." "Have we come to the end?" he inquired.

"No," laughed the Wisiratu, "Not until I say 'It is finished.'"

"This was supposed to be about creation. Does the story mention other body parts?"

"No," said the Wisiratu, "No, this story is supposed to be about creation. Does the story mention other body parts?"

"Ah," said the Vicar, unlacing his fingers and warming to the task ahead. "So your God is a Frog-woman."

"What is God?"

The Vicar smiled benignly. "I'll tell you a story about God," he said. "In the beginning was heaven and earth."

"What is heaven? Is it this place here?"

"No, heaven is different from this world, it's where God lives."

"Like No-Indian, you mean. Here."

No point in arguing. "There was water all over the earth, and it was dark." His listener was impressed with the Vicar's knowledge on this point, since the great alluvial fan of the Orinoco delta in Venezuela was almost all water. The Vicar continued. "God separated the light from darkness, and he divided the waters and put heaven in between."

"As I told you, heaven must be here, between the water," the Wisiratu said.

"Next God divided waters from land to make earth, and He made plants grow. Then He made the sun and moon."

"This story is very wise," the Wisiratu said, "God put the sun in the day where we could see it, and the moon in the night where it is supposed to be." For some reason this made the Vicar uncom-

John Schoonbeck is clerk of New Paltz (N.Y.) Meeting, a small meeting which has recently started delivery of hot meals to homebound people with AIDS. He and his son Nic returned to the Orinoco Delta in February.
fortable. Had he gotten the order wrong? “Finally God brought forth every living creature, and then made man and woman. And that was good.”

“Is that all?”

“About creation, yes. You see, frogs were made on the fifth day, by God.”

“All the frogs?” The Wisiratu knew this was not true, but the Vicar was his guest, so he changed the subject to make a compliment. “That man God is a divider! He divides the water. He divides the world. Does he divide himself?”

“No, of course not.”

The Wisiratu sat silently and reviewed it all to himself, then concluded “It is not a very interesting story.”

Both men were uncomfortable. The stumps they sat on had once been Manaca palms, the trees Warrao Indians used to make their stilt villages. Unfortunately, Manaca was also the tree they sought for “hearts of palm,” a salad delicacy canned for export by the nearby CAPRO-DEL Corporation. The Indians were cutting all the manacas to sell to the factory, and there were no more left to cut. The villages were starting to fall apart. The owners of the factory now claimed to own the land, kept the Indians off, and tried to sell their boards, which unlike manaca poles, rotted. The Vicar felt that to be saved the Indians would have to convert to Christianity. For the Wisiratu, Christianity was the problem.

Had the old shaman been able to speak like a European philosopher, he’d have pointed out that Genesis started with a transcendent God, one that was apart from, separate from, a world that was a mass of disorder. God separated the chaos and made it orderly, from first to last, from larger to smaller.

The Roaster and Frog, on the other hand, went from apparent order to disorder and back again, endlessly. For the Wisiratu, God was immanent—already pervasively in and among everything without time—so immanent, in fact, that God was not a separate concept but a transforming principle. If Franz Fanon had been sitting there too, he might have said that these original people don’t have to search for the truth because they are the truth.

The transcendant God of the Vicar had served to make human life orderly for many years, in desert cultures, and then in Roman Europe and America. But here, in the fragile delta, that same orderliness, present in CAPRO-DEL (which, like all corporations, was a structural replica of the Christian Church) menaced the life of 15,000 Warrao whose God was immanent in the palms whose hearts they ate, in the anaconda and peccary, in the Woman Frog, No-Indian, and the relations between all these things. The Indian form of incorporation worked better. Some neighboring tribes, for example, had a custom when someone died; instead of burying the carcass for eventual resurrection by a transcendent God, they cremated the body, mixed the ashes with a gruel, and the whole tribe ate the mixture.

Unfortunately the Wisiratu didn’t speak like a European philosopher. Or perhaps it is fortunate, for if he had explained all this, the Vicar would simply have claimed that Jesus was both transcendent and immanent, which is, of course, impossible, except by division into parts, in which case transcendance still transcends immanence, so that immanence is no longer God. But since the Vicar didn’t have the means any more than the Wisiratu for discussing all this, they continued to sit with their hands on their knees and struggled.

“God had a son named Jesus,” said the Vicar, “who came into the world to die for our sins.”

The Wisiratu had no idea what sin meant. He asked “Was Jesus a roaster? Did he have two wives?”

“Well…” the Vicar, disturbed by his own inclination to translate his story into the terms of the shaman, said “He did tell his disciples—his tribe—to eat his flesh and drink his blood.”

“After his body was burned, of course.”

“No, as we do food.”

The Wisiratu recoiled. He had suspected all along that there was something savage about these highland people. “His wives, of course, refused to eat his body.”

“He had no wives.”

“Did those No-Wives eat his body?”

The Vicar was unable to continue. He knew God wanted him to be patient with these obstinate people, but today he was exhausted. “It is finished,” he said. “I will come again to instruct you in a few days.”

The Wisiratu was disappointed, since the story was finally beginning to make sense. If that son of the Divider changed himself into palm-cakes, and the No-Wives refused to eat, then it would be similar to Haburi. The Vicar still needed instruction on some points, but he was already getting into his motorboat. Soon the sound of its engine blended with the
sound of the chainsaws cutting the last of the manaca palms for the salads of the rich. Fences and signs were going up, dividing the waters, separating the elect from the damned, the mine from the yours. Beautiful parrots and red siskins were being snared, separated from their jungle, to be sold in Trinidad and shipped to America. At night, huge motorboats without lights sped down through the labyrinth of the Orinoco, laden with drugs. Sometimes they overturned Warrao boats; sometimes they drowned the children.

The Wisiratu paddled slowly through the twilight back to his village. He wondered whether that Vicar ate flesh and drank blood back in his own village. He wondered whether Warrao children were safe from these people. His wives would be making palm-cakes, now, and asking one another when he was coming with roast game. It was early dark.

"Oowang, oowang," sang the frogs.

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Support for the Warrao

This story is adapted from one told by the Wisiratu of Winikea-Warrao to Johannes Wilbert in 1954. It was given to me by Glennie Kalen, president of the Audubon Society, in Caracas, Venezuela, last year. The origin story told by the Vicar was first told by a tribe of desert nomads 3,000 years ago, then popularized by Christians, who, having stolen it, then tried to kill all the original tellers, the Jews. A similar scenario is being repeated in the Orinoco Delta. The earliest Christian visitors to the delta used to leave smallpox-contaminated articles of clothing in the jungle to kill the Indians wholesale. Now they rely on whiskey, Bibles, and remorse.

Construction of a school at Crazy Waters is complete. The school, which also serves as the community house for the village, was part of a project supported by New York Yearly Meeting's Right Sharing Committee (FY) Nov. 1988. The project provided $800 to be used for building bridges to connect the communities on the delta of the Orinoco River, for building the school, and for other needs involved with the project.

Our anthropologist friend, Charles Briggs, who introduced me to the area a couple of years ago, is there now, seeing about supplies and a teacher for the school. He reports having discovered a remote tribe wearing shirts that say "New Patz Soccer"—our meeting has sent clothes to the Indians' request. We were reluctant at first, preferring to think of the nobility of the Naked Savage; however, the Indians weren't nearly as enthralled with this concept as we were. We just hope we are not sending them cultural smallpox.

The yearly meeting's committee continues to support the Warrao. Recent inflation and social upheaval in Venezuela have been especially hard on indigenous people because the natural resources of the delta are wanted for exploitation. The government is trying to pay off in cash for land that has been seized; we have helped the community organizer, Librado Morales, get use of a boat and motor to make an accurate census of his shy kinfolk, since the amount of settlement will be determined by the population count, and the government's census was fraudulent. We are working with a group called Cultural Survival trying to save these peaceable people from annihilation.

Friends wishing to contribute to the Warrao projects may do so through gifts to Right Sharing of World Resources, either to the committee by that name under the auspices of Friends World Committee for Consultation (1506 Race St., Phila., PA 19102-1498), or to RSWR of New York Yearly Meeting (15 Rutherford Place, New York, NY 10003). In this way the money will be deployed according to guidelines that will ensure it is used affirmatively.

Friends may also buy a Warrao basket. These are very fine, small (6"), flat baskets made from Moriche palm by Warrao men. The baskets are sold at the labor-equivalent price of $12.50, and all proceeds go to Union Comunidades Indigenas Warrao; however, checks should be made to RSWR and sent to John Schoonbeck, Box 87, Esopus, New York, NY 12429.

—John Schoonbeck

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Elegant Choices, Healing Choices

by MARSHA SINETAR

author of Ordinary People as Monks and Mystics and Do What You Love, the Money Will Follow

In her newest book, Marsha Sinetar explores the routes to our wisest choices, and how we can live joyfully with who we really are. Her subjects include the value of self-definition, the uncovering of "inscrutable wholeness"; contacting your own foolish wisdom... and how to maintain a fighting spirit till the end.

"...an outstanding guide on how to stay healthy—body, mind and spirit... must reading for anyone interested in wholeness and personal growth."
—Harold H. Bloomfield, M.D., Psychiatrist and author of Making Peace With Yourself and Making Peace With Your Parents

"...a laudably simple book on one of life's more confusing tasks—how we can live in a way that encourages self-esteem, self-respect, and, most importantly, joy in who we are."
—Sara Medford, New Woman Magazine

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If we can attend to ordinary home or body maintenance when we feel wretched—clean the stove, scrub our selves properly when bathing, put away clothes, make a sturdy, hearty soup—we help our mood. Start small, stay conscious, put your best effort your highest virtue in your elementary choices. This is elegant. This beats... —from the book
A Peace Pole for the Pentagon

by Miriam Feyerherm

It seemed like a preposterous idea, but they had made the decision and couldn’t be moved. “They” were the “Kids for Peace,” and it all started on a rainy day in May of 1988.

That day the Kids for Peace at Moorestown Friends School in New Jersey were involved in the dedication of a peace pole, a gift from benefactor Mark McCormick. When Mark discovered that children from the German Democratic Republic Embassy school in Washington would be there to take part in the ceremony, he decided to have a peace pole sent to present to these embassy children also. This, he reasoned, would help spread the network of peace poles around the world, a goal this New York philanthropist espouses.

The pole arrived in time to be presented to the German children, but it was too large to fit into their car for the trip back to Washington. It was then that Mark decided to order another pole and have it sent directly to the embassy in Washington, D.C., leaving the other pole with Kids for Peace to give to whomever they chose.

Then began the process of choosing. Many suggestions were made—the White House, the United Nations, the Soviet Union, Israel, Rancocas Friends School, and others. Another suggestion came from a *Time* magazine article about Ed Winchester, a Pentagon employee who formed the Pentagon Peace Meditation Club. He calls this endeavor SDI, or Spiritual Defense Initiative, and meets weekly with an interested group for meditation and planning of other programs, such as visits between Soviet soldiers and U.S. military personnel.

When the Kids for Peace heard about Ed Winchester and his Peace Meditation group they chose him to receive their peace pole. It was as though the incongruity of it appealed to them. Many discussions were held, and the decision was finally made.

And so, after correspondence back and forth between the Pentagon and Moorestown Friends School, we were on our way. Responding to a special invitation from Ed Winchester, 14 of the Kids for Peace boarded a school van for the trip.

On Nov. 28, 1988, at 7:00 a.m., rain fell steadily as the students gathered. “Don’t forget the peace pole.” “Is everyone here?” The excitement was evident in every face.

First stop was the G.D.R. Embassy School, where we joined with East German students and their teachers for a marvelous experience in intercultural relations. After a delicious lunch of bratwurst and sauerkraut, we bade our new friends farewell and headed over to the Pentagon.

By this time, the rainy weather had vanished and a bright sun greeted our arrival at the Pentagon. There to guide us through the intricate screening devices was Ed Winchester, who quickly led us through the maze of hallways to the chaplain’s office. Here the students had a chance to relax for a few moments at the very table where the Peace Meditation group meets weekly. They officially presented the pole to Ed Winchester, and he explained the purposes of his organization and its place in the chaplain’s office of the Pentagon.

The Kids for Peace were impressed with his sincere desire to work for peace, even though they questioned a great many things. After an official tour through the halls of the Pentagon, a perceptive student asked, “Why is it that these people are being honored for killing others?” Another asked, “Why does Mr. Winchester keep working within an organization which is devoted to preparing for war?” Some were simply awed by the enormity of the facility and found it difficult to respond. But the overriding sense was that somehow this simple act was a valuable contribution to the peace movement and that they were proud to share in such a worthwhile cause.

Back at Moorestown Friends School after a memorable day, the students quickly picked up their more mundane activities. “We need to write to Mr. Carlucci to ask him why the peace pole can’t be planted in the Pentagon garden? Why does it have to stay in one of the halls?” “What about some ways to make money for the Going Home project in El Salvador?” “Who wants to work on the planning group for the peace symposium in May?” “Who will work on the tape of peace songs with Mrs. Opalenick?” “Who is willing to go along with Mrs. Feyerherm to visit Foulke-ways and tell about our peace group?” “We need some more people to write letters with Mrs. Olson.” “What about continuing to fold 1,000 paper cranes for our new president?”

On and on the activities move. They may seem small and insignificant, but the ripples move out, the children grow to young adults—and then? Fray that they will keep this enthusiasm and continue to trust in the efficacy of their actions.

Gandhi’s words give us inspiration, “Whatever you do for peace may seem insignificant, but it is very important that you do it.”

Miriam Feyerherm was recently librarian at Moorestown Friends School.

*Witness*
Northern Friends 'Weave the Tapestry'

"Friends and the Creative Spirit—Weaving the Tapestry of the New Creation" was the theme of spring session of Northern Yearly Meeting. The gathering, held June 2-5 at Camp Lucerne in central Wisconsin, brought together about 225 Friends and friends, including 65 youngsters.

At meeting for worship on Sunday, facilitators Jack Phillips, Jack Tiffany, Gale Rhode, and Meredith Green, and attenders centered on ways creativity and spirituality are reflected in their lives. Responding creatively can be both a joyous and a painful experience, and the strongest tapestries are created when such oppositions are brought into harmony.

NYM business meetings have adopted a report format which enhances awareness of Friendly concerns and activities and the interconnectedness of Friends. A minute from St. Cloud (Minn.) Meeting suggested that NYM consider ways to establish greater unity among Friends organizations. This led to a recommendation that NYM pursue study and intervisitation with other groups and invite guests from other organizations to NYM sessions. Of much concern, too, was the Solomon Amendment, which makes selective service registration a requirement for students to receive state and federal aid, as well as aid from private schools.

Woven in with the serious reports, the important concerns, and informational presentations were the moments which made laughter another thread in the tapestry of the weekend. Members of Prospect Hill (Minn.) Meeting reported on an Annual Meeting for Slumgullian—a "leftover stew"—prepared in a cast iron kettle over an open fire on the beach. A tape-recorded state of society from young Friends, prepared by the teen group, began, "The infants and toddlers are quite busy this weekend, playing with rattles and chewing on things . . . ."

Northern Yearly Meeting brings together 32 reporting groups, including monthly and preparative meetings and worship groups from Wisconsin, Minnesota, eastern Iowa, North Dakota, and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

Patricia L. Willever

Working Together to End Apartheid

A young man with intense dark eyes speaks in a voice that warms and stirs the room. He is black and he is explaining why we cannot use his name in print. "The shadow of repression follows you here from South Africa," he says, looking around at a circle of people—all but one of them white, most of them Quakers. "Even here, you do not know who may be an ally of the South African government." This is Saturday afternoon in Working Together to End Apartheid, a weekend session sponsored by the Peace and Social Concerns Committee of Friends Meeting at Cambridge (Mass.).

Our workshop leader prepared us for this shocking possibility. Michael Appleby is a knowledgeable Virginia Quaker and former area activist recently returned from five years as regional representative for Southern Africa of the National Council of Churches overseas development and relief agency. He uses charts, videos, and personal stories to deepen understanding of repression in the present apartheid state and its region. According to Appleby, "The government's current strategy is to silence all groups and each and every individual who may be instrumental in change"—both in South Africa itself and in the surrounding front-line states. He details increased vigilante action, government financed and publicized "black on black violence," and new group bannings and restrictions. Always seeing the opportunities as well, Appleby has also told us of the rebirth of banned groups under different names and of increasing support in the white community. He tells of bombings in Botswana where he lived and of Quakers there helping to rebuild. He warns us that in South Africa any group the size of ours would contain several government informers.

So we are not surprised that of the two South Africans who have come to help us think about the impact of U.S. policy, only one feels free to speak. His words drive home. We can begin to feel some of the risk when he talks about his experience as a black university student in a system that mandates different levels and modes of education for different races. In the black universities, he says, policies aim "to eliminate a certain kind of creativity as well as certain 'problem people.' " A white rector or dean has the power to fail students without ever teaching them. Many of these appointed administrators belong to the Brouderbund, a secret Nazi-like movement which has recently been exposed. As for black students in white universities, there are restrictions against taking such vital courses as economics. Students of social work (one of the few fields blacks can enter) are not allowed in economics courses, subjects we in the U.S. consider complementary.

Asked to comment on U.S. policy, the South African student urges change. Even the sanctions voted by our Congress are full of loopholes, such as the exemption of strategically important uranium. He says boycotts and divestiture have given South Africans hope there is support outside. He warns us against the South African government's insistence that petty reforms signal change in a complex system. "Doing away with the immorality act only looks like a positive change: two people can now marry but they can't live together because of the group areas act." Focusing simply on "apartheid" (a term that became popular in the
Lake Erie Friends Open Door to ‘Polite Prisons’

Are Friends too comfortable?
Are we taking advantage of the possibilities now open before us to come closer to one another in our families, our meetings, our communities, and our world?
Are Quakers willing to risk the dangers of involvement?

These were the questions before the 26th annual gathering of Lake Erie Yearly Meeting at historic Olney School in Barnesville, Ohio, June 15-18. The program, “Communication, Community, Communion,” was attended by 130 adults and 48 children from monthly meetings in Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia.

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Seeds is trying to spawn a revolution against world hunger. They're doing it quietly with their pens.

—Christian Science Monitor

**Becoming part of the solution to hunger can require expanded resources—practical, intellectual, and spiritual.** For over 10 years Seeds Magazine has been the nation's resource for analyzing the facts, dispelling the myths, and providing a mature understanding of the realities that lie at the root of hunger.

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**News of Friends**

**That's How You Play the Game**

Recently, news came to FRIENDS JOURNAL about Richard Sanders, who once worked here as a typesetter. Now a member of the faculty of John Woolman School in Nevada City, Calif., he is the winner of the Distinguished Essay Writing Prize awarded by St. John's College of Annapolis, Md. The title of his essay was “Consideration of the Nature and Operation of Pity in Dante's Inferno and Paradiso.”

This brings to mind the day he walked into the FRIENDS JOURNAL office several years ago, to apply for a typesetting position. According to editor Vinton Deming, Richard announced, "I'm here to apply for the job. I'm sure I can do it.” Upon asking Richard a few questions, Vint discovered that he was on a year's sabbatical leave from teaching and that he wanted to work for a Friends organization, but that he had absolutely no experience typesetting. So Vint turned him away, saying that someone with more experience was needed.

Soon after, however, Richard returned, even more determined. He told Vint, “I believe you're making a big mistake. I can learn to set type. I'm even willing to take a course in typesetting at my own expense.”

Impressed by such determination, Vint hired Richard, who turned out to be a whiz at the complicated labyrinth of codes and figures that comprise typesetting. "After some on-the-job instruction he was setting type on the first day,” says Vint.

When Richard left to go back to John Woolman School, he took Vint aside and said he wanted to offer one bit of advice. "Don't be too impressed by people's experience operating a typesetting machine. Ask them if they can play chess.”

It seems that kind of intelligence and tenacity applies equally well to consideration of Dante's Inferno as to typesetting.

Congratulations, Richard.

**Joining Hands, Seeking Friendship**

A global sharing experience awaits meetings and individuals who take part in “Friend to Friend,” a new program that pairs Friends meetings and churches in sister relationships throughout the world.

A group of young Friends got together to start this program after attending the World Gathering of Young Friends in 1985, an experience which sparked an interest in heightening communication and understanding among Quakers around the world. “Our hope is to bridge the gap, to involve Friends from all traditions, to help Friends share their faith,” says Sally Hindman, coordinator of the program.

She said the experience of rubbing elbows and sharing spiritual journeys with Friends of many persuasions at the 1985 gathering affected her deeply and challenged her to grow in her faith in unexpected ways. As a result, she entered seminary at the Pacific School of Religion at Berkeley, with an interest in evangelism and the original message of George Fox. “We have lots to learn from evangelical Friends, and I believe that by closing ourselves off, we really miss some of the depth of Quakerism,” she says.

More than 40 meetings in the United States have signed up as interested. Sally says organizers are just starting a thrust to the international community of Friends meetings, and are hoping for an enthusiastic response, particularly from meetings in Kenya. Organizers will start making pairings in September.

After meetings are paired they exchange letters, packets of writings, pictures, artwork, and so forth, on chosen queries to be prayed about and discussed. The program focuses on communication, and the exchange of money or items of value is discouraged. It is hoped that participants will share their correspondence with their larger Quaker communities.

To become part of this program, talk to others in your meeting to see if there is an interest, and then send for an information packet. The packet contains a questionnaire about one's own Friends group, a list of characteristics from which preferences for a sister group may be chosen, suggestions for forming queries to share with the sister group, and materials on cultural sensitivity and project guidelines.

After groups are paired with one another, each receives a copy of its sister group's responses to the questionnaire. Correspondence begins with one group sending a query to the other. Responses may be either from individuals or from the group, but organizers encourage participants to return them in one package. The goal is to exchange a minimum of two packages per year.

For more information, write to Friend to Friend, Box 398, 1798 Scenic Ave., Berkeley, CA 94709, or telephone (415) 848-6491.

**In Brief**

Discussing, strategizing, relaxing, and strolling on the beach will all be part of a gathering of the New England Peace Tax Fund sup-
port group at Quaker House in West Falmouth, Mass., on Sept. 23-24. Participants will share their spiritual and peace journeys and exchange information. Officially, the gathering begins at 10 a.m. Saturday and ends at noon Sunday, but participants may arrange to come Friday, if desired. All those who come are asked to bring food for themselves, along with sheets and pillowcase or sleeping bags, and towels. For more information, contact Francis McGillicuddy, 62 Avalon Road, Portland, ME 04103, or call (207) 797-5684.

Thousands of square miles of forests in Nicaragua were toppled last October by winds of Hurricane Joan. A project involving several Friends groups is providing sawmill equipment to transform the fallen timber into lumber for reconstruction of homes, schools, boats, lobster traps, and other useful things. The equipment will be carried by boat to a site on the estuary of the Rio Grande de Matagalpa north of Bluefields, which is accessible only by river. The impor­tance of taking the equipment to the timber area is that it allows quicker milling, which is needed to salvage the lumber before the trees rot into the ground. Money for the project is provided by the Canadian Friends Service Committee and a grant from the Canadian government. Seed money came from Friends in England. Michael Whalen, a worker from Pro-Nica, an affiliate of Southeastern Yearly Meeting, is among those making preparations for the equipment’s arrival.

Three gatherings of Quakers from around the world will take place in the summer of 1991 as the Fifth World Conference of Friends. Earlier gatherings occurred in 1920, 1937, 1952, and 1967. This gathering will be different in that it will take place in three locations during the course of the summer and will include a total of at least 1,000 Friends. The first will be held in The Netherlands in June, the second in Honduras in July, and the third in Kenya in August. This approach will allow more participation by more Friends and will make the gathering more accessible. The theme of each will be: “In Spirit and in Truth — Faith in Action.” The gathering in Honduras will be in Spanish, with translation into other languages. Each gathering will use small groups for worship and discussion. Focus will be on examining global differences in ways of worship, in speaking and in stillness, and in music, with appreciation of a common spiritual heritage and our mutual desires to follow the Spirit’s leadings in service, missions, worship, peace, justice, and the environment. Work projects in each region will be offered before and after each gathering. These will vary, some using manual labor or professional skills, focusing on spiritual gifts in ministry, prayer and planning, or forming greater closeness and understanding among Friends throughout the world. Yearly meetings will soon be receiving information and requests to begin the process of appoint­ing Friends to attend. Specific details about speakers, interest groups, special concerns, and issues to be discussed will be available later.

Crisis Continues for Ramallah Schools

The prospect of permanent closure and bankruptcy faces Friends schools in Ramallah, if Israeli military authorities cannot be persuaded to reopen schools on the West Bank soon.

In the 16 months following the Palestinian uprising in December 1987, schools there were allowed to open for less than three months altogether. As a result, children who should start school remain illiterate and two years behind in their lives. Children who should continue their educations lose precious skills through disuse, and their stages of development pass without their learning skills best mastered during those times.

There are approximately 300,000 school-age Palestinian children, or about 36 per­cent of the population. Although initially the schools tried to encourage children to take home packets of educational materials, even those are now outlawed, with a penalty of up to ten years’ imprisonment.

These prohibitions are in direct violation of the Fourth Geneva Convention, which states that an occupying power has the responsibility to do everything possible to promote the care and education of children. The result punishes a generation of children and their families by removing the vehicle for transmitting values as well as learning.

Friends Girls School and Friends Boys School, which enroll about 900 students and employ about 80 teachers, depend almost entirely on tuition fees for financial support. Since the uprising and the schools’ closure, the schools have survived on donations totaling more than $200,000 from Friends all over the world, channeled through Friends United Ministry, which owns the schools. According to Susan Hillman of FUM, that money has gone primarily toward retaining teachers and paying their salaries. However, as the summer draws to a close, the funds will run out. Presently, administrators are trying to decide whether to renew teaching contracts for the coming year, given the little movement toward reopening the schools.

“The emergency appeal for money is still open. If the schools decide to stay open, we’ll try to help them raise money. But unless they reopen, they’re basically bank­rupt. We can’t keep asking people for a quarter of a million dollars every year,” Susan Hillman said.

There is a resolution before the U.S. Congress, sponsored by Rep. Howard Niel­son (R-Utah), that asks Israel to take im­mediate steps to reopen Palestinian schools on the West Bank. It is called Concurrent Resolution 124, and at this writing is under consideration. Phone calls and letters to congressional representatives, either to urge co-sponsorship or passage, may be helpful.

Ironically, this is the year that Ramallah Girls School should celebrate its 100th an­niversary. It was one of the first schools in Israel to offer education for girls. Friends Boys School is 88 years old this year. Together they have strived to provide a Friendly presence in a troubled area, as well as to care for and educate children according to Friends principles.

(The address of Friends United Meeting is 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374.)
**Bulletin Board**

- "Faith, Vision, and the Stewardship of Creation" is the theme of the Southeastern Regional Gathering of Friends World Committee for Consultation to be held Sept. 15-17 at Carma Conference Center, Wash., D.C. Alex Morisey, executive secretary of FWCC, will speak on "Taking the Spiritual Journey Together to the Year 2000." There will be worship and worship-sharing, work in small groups, dancing and music making, fellowship, and discussions about translating vision into practice and bringing the global vision back to one's home meeting. All ages are welcome, and child care is available. Cost is $15 for registration, and $85 for the conference, lodging, and meals. Meals can be purchased separately, and arrangements are available for home hospitality or using sleeping bags. For more information, contact FWCC, 1506 Race St., Phila., PA 19102, or call (215) 241-7250.

- The House of the People, a house of hospitality and resistance in Dayton, Ohio, is looking for people interested in sheltering the homeless, acting from a religious perspective. Those selected will live in community at Martin House, with room and board provided. Participants will be able to pursue part-time work elsewhere. For more information, contact Ann Sunkes, telephone (513) 434-6624, or write to The House of the People, 53 Holt St., Dayton, OH 45407.

- Training programs for people interested in joining peace teams in Central America will be held Aug. 4-9 in Philadelphia, Pa., and Aug. 19-23 in Seattle, Wash. The programs are sponsored by Peace Brigades International, which sends teams of volunteers to Guatemala and El Salvador to act as observers and "bodyguards." These teams help provide breathing space for groups and activists working for peace and justice by providing the protection of an international presence. The training programs will offer a general orientation to the work of Peace Brigades International in Central America. The last three days of each session will be conducted in Spanish for volunteers planning to join the peace teams. For information about registering, contact Peace Brigades International, 33 Central Ave., Albany, NY 12210, or call (518) 434-4037.

- A network of letter-writers who wish to make their voices heard by writing to newspapers is being coordinated by Ernest Morgan in the Celo Community in North Carolina. He operates the network in conjunction with Rural Southern Voice for Peace, which publishes a newsletter and is involved in social action programs. Every two months, Ernest sends to participants copies of eight or more draft letters on topics relating to peace and social justice. Recipients are free to either use the letters as they are presented or use phrases or ideas from them. Warmly and clearly written, they approach their subjects from a personal perspective, weaving in facts and figures with personal response and comments about how current situations affect people. There are about 130 people in the network. Ernest is careful to coordinate writers' efforts so identical letters are not sent to the same newspaper. He is interested in establishing other such networks throughout the country and is open to including more participants in his own network. He and his wife pay most expenses from their own pockets, and therefore gladly accept contributions. To contact them, write to Ernest Morgan, 1901 Hannah Road, Burnsville, NC 28714.

- Liberate those neglected tennis balls, baseballs, and basketballs, and send them to the kids in Nicaragua! Pro-Nica, an action support group for Nicaragua affiliated with Southeastern Yearly Meeting, is launching a campaign to collect a million balls for Nicaraguans to use playing baseball, their favorite sport. Pro-Nica volunteers report seeing children in cities and villages playing with handmade balls of twine and mud. The luckiest ones get ahold of tennis balls, which last for years and can be tossed and bounced without gloves or bats—the kids can bat the balls with their hands. A suggested source for used tennis balls might be local tennis courts, where balls that lose their freshness-of-the-can bounce are often tossed out. When you get a box full of balls, send it to Pro-Nica, 130 19th Ave. S.E., St. Petersburg, FL 33705, or call (813) 896-0310 for information.

August 1989 Friends Journal
• Nuclear Free America is putting out the word about long-distance phone companies who profit from the nuclear weapons industry. They encourage individuals and groups to boycott such companies and take their business to companies not involved in the nuclear weapons industry. The companies they recommend be boycotted are AT&T, ITT, and MCI. The companies not involved in the nuclear weapons industry are Allnet, Telesaver, and U.S. Sprint. For more information about long-distance service companies they recommend be boycotted are Allnet, Telesaver, and U.S. Sprint. For more information about long-distance service throughout the country, contact Telecommunications Research and Action Center, P.O. Box 12038, Wash., DC 20005, or call (202) 462-2520.

• Commemoration of the Hiroshima-Nagasaki bombing will take place Aug. 4-9 in Nevada, sponsored by the Nevada Desert Experience and Pace E Bene. The theme is “The Bomb: Political and Moral Fallout.” Speakers will include a political analyst, Richard Barnet, senior fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies in Wash., D.C., and Franciscan theologian Barry Stenger, of Berkeley, Calif. They will speak in Las Vegas on Friday and Saturday nights. Memorial services and civil resistance actions calling for a comprehensive test ban treaty will be held Sunday and Wednesday at the test site. On the same weekend, a group resisting nuclear weapons testing in the Soviet Union will protest at the Soviet test site in Kazakhstan. The group, formed several months ago, calls itself the “Nevada Movement.” Memorial services will be held in Japan and many other countries as well. For information, contact Nevada Desert Experience, Box 4487, Las Vegas, NV 89127, or call (702) 646-4814.

• “Vital Trends Among Friends” will be the subject of a conference to be held Sept. 8-10 at Mt. Misery Retreat Center in Browns Mills, N.J. Sponsored by the Northeast Region of Friends World Committee for Consultation, the weekend will include worship, workshops, and fellowship and will cover the topics of justice, peace, and the integrity of creation; evangelism; mission; and service. Leadership will be provided by Dan Seeger, Ruth Morris, Sam Snipes, and others. Child care will be available. For information, contact Becky Matos, Box 68, Chatham, PA 19318, or call (215) 869-2210.

An Alternative Pledge of Allegiance
I pledge allegiance to the United Nations of the earth, one world, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.
—Roger Kirk, from the Orchard Park (N.Y.) Meeting Newsletter, July 1985

The Value of Time
Paul says in 1 Corinthians 7:29: “But this I say, brethren, the time is short . . .” Someone has estimated that in the average life of 75 years, time is used as follows:

• 3 years in education
• 8 years in amusements
• 6 years at the dinner table
• 5 years in transportation
• 4 years in conversation
• 14 years in work
• 3 years in reading
• 24 years in sleeping
• 3 years in convalescing

The person who attends a 90-minute religious service each Sunday and who prays ten minutes each morning would be giving only ten months out of 70 years.
—From Pulpit Helps
The Lost Years


This is a fine historical novel about a Quaker who took his religious life seriously at a time when many Friends were willing to compromise their scruples to get ahead in the world. The author has done extensive research, and then fleshed out the lives of real people, using his imagination. The pace is leisurely, with a wealth of fascinating historical background. The characters, especially that of William Donne, English ironmonger, are strongly drawn. The spiritual struggles feel authentic, although here and there a word or phrase betrays a lack of understanding of the unique 17th century Quaker message—in which the story is set. This is a good read about a gentle man and his spiritual journey. I recommend it.

Marty Grundy

Marty Grundy, co-clerk of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting, is researching issues of 18th and 19th century Friends.

The Poverty of Affluence


Paul Wachtel, a psychologist, evaluating the economy in the United States, describes its many flaws. One flaw is “It has failed to end the shame of poverty and homelessness in a nation of enormous wealth.” A second is that with our blind focus on industrial expansion, we are causing ecological damage of catastrophic proportions. A third is that not only is our economy not providing full employment, but “much of our economic activity does more harm than good”—such as working for, or investing in, industries that pollute or use up renewable resources, often making products we do not need; or working for, or investing in, corporations that produce for the military. A fourth flaw is that with our “competitive individualism” and “possessive individualism,” there is a lack of warm community life or reverence for life.

And a fifth and major flaw is that success in acquiring material wealth does not provide even the most affluent with satisfaction or happiness. Wachtel points out that “Above the poverty level, the relationship between income and happiness is remarkably small.” Yet when the affluent experience dissatisfaction, most are so addicted to “the vain pursuit of happiness through buying”
that they buy more and more—which does not cause their cups to run over.

The book makes it clear that while economic growth, motivated by the goal of material wealth, nationally and personally, has been the foundation of American life, it has disrupted the psychological foundation of our lives. Wachtel points out that, “A turn to the psychological (knowing ourselves) is a turn away from the materialistic, not the spiritual.” He quotes Arnold Toynbee in respect to the founders of the great religions: “They all said with one voice that if we make material wealth our paramount aim, this would lead to disaster.” Such a view was expressed by George Fox when he warned early Friends not to give too much attention to their businesses. However, as Wachtel laments, in society at large it has placed “profits before prophets.”

Wachtel believes that appropriate institutions and structures are integral in creating a better way of life. With our market economy spending billions on advertising, and with the military industrial complex threatening human survival, there must be a change in values and assumptions, leading to a new economy, along with retention of democracy. Wachtel stresses that all members of society must have meaningful work, and leisure to put energy into intellectual and spiritual creativity. Many Friends may be in tune with Wachtel’s call for economic change, since we believe that true spirituality does not turn people out of the world, but “excites their endeavor to mend it.” And as Wachtel says, “We are in a race against time—and against the momentum of our errors.”

Elizabeth Bronson Cattell

Elizabeth Bronson Cattell is a member of 15th Street (N.Y.) Meeting, a retired psychotherapist, and represents the Fellowship of Reconciliation at the United Nations.

Continued on page 36

Nonsense of the Meeting

This is the first of a regular column about the lighter side of the Friendly way of life. FRIENDS JOURNAL welcomes submissions of Quaker-related anecdotes, quips, slips, snips, and asides to provide some moments of levity—a bit of nonsense, if you will, for Friends striving over hard to find the sense of the meeting. —Eds.

• The story is told of Rufus King, a well-known Friends minister of a previous generation, who one day when he was speaking in meeting stopped and said aloud to himself, “Rufus, thee has said enough, sit down!” And he did.

• From the many stories told about William Bacon Evans, an unusual Friend in this century from Moorestown, New Jersey, comes this one about a session at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting when the subject of temperance was being discussed. One Friend spoke at length. When he finally sat down, William Bacon Evans rose and said, “If some Friends would use temperance in their speaking, others would not have to practice total abstinence.” (Both of the above taken from Seth Hinshaw’s The Spoken Ministry Among Friends.)

• A theological student, when given a partial explanation of the Orthodox-Hicksite split, retorted that he did not realize the Quakers had enough theology to split over. (With thanks to Leonard Kenworthy.)

• One reader of FRIENDS JOURNAL, who asked to remain nameless, recounts the first visit of his mother (an avid baseball fan) to his Friends meeting. The meeting for worship was silent throughout. Afterward, when asked what she thought of the meeting, she said, “There should have been a seventh inning stretch!”

• And finally, Friend Eleanor Stabler Clarke recalls this one: In the early 20th century, the Quaker farming community of Sandy Spring, Maryland was mostly Hicksite. These Friends had an old, large meetinghouse while the Orthodoxy had a small, more recent one. Although relations were not unfriendly between the two groups, most were only well acquainted with members of their own meeting. The Hicksite children (as reported to me by one of them grown old) were curious about the queer Quakers in the little meetinghouse which, the children heard, even had a piano (all Hicksite pianos being in the homes, not in the meetinghouse). A Quaker Hicksite farmer discovered one morning that his chickens had been stolen. The grandmother in the family was distressed, not so much at the loss of the chickens as with the thought that someone had stolen them. In the presence of the family, she remarked, “I can’t think who could have stolen our chickens,” to which a small grandson replied, “Grandmother, has thee thought of the Orthodox?”
Books continued

A Year in Baghdad

This story itself would be of interest to Quakers: a newly convinced Quaker physicist, disturbed by a military-related assignment, applies to UNESCO for a chance to serve the effort for world peace. He is sent for a year to Baghdad with his wife and three young daughters. It just so happens that one of the daughters grew up to be Joan Baez, the pacifist protest singer, making this glimpse of a year in a foreign country in the early life of a celebrity even more intriguing.

The difficulties of adapting to a strange climate and a strange culture were enormous. For the girls, the heat, the smells, the sounds, the treatment of women, and the girls' unsympathetic and intolerant teachers, made it even worse. Joan has said it was where her passion for social justice was born.

But for her father, one of the most valued experiences was the Friday afternoon silent worship times held at their home in the manner of Friends with his students, colleagues, and friends of all religions. For the rest of his life, his interests became primarily international. The little drawings which appear at the head of each chapter were done by Joan Baez as a child and add a droll charm to the story.

Amy Weber

Amy Weber is a member of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting and is retired from teaching English.

Breaking Ranks

Much of the world's literature is about people who changed from a less to a more perfect condition and thereby changed the world around them. Breaking Ranks, by Melissa Everett, is a lively and penetrating record of ten men who abandoned responsible jobs in the U.S. military establishment to work in different ways for peace. Three were veterans, two served in the CIA, another was a hard-line advisor for the State Department, and four were in military industry. Their transformations were hard, and through interviews and research, the author explains what happened.

Beyond their somewhat similar personality factors, an important influence came from "encounters with well-known 'great
heretics,' in person or in print . . . as Martin Luther King, Helen Caldicott, Daniel Berrigan . . . people who live out the values they profess.' She notes that, "These awakenings are not sudden steps in enlightenment . . . They are processes of growth and learning, intermixed with struggles for psychic survival, efforts to hang on to an eroding sense of self . . . they force the individual to come to terms with some aspects of the global situation and his role in it for his own peace of mind." She finds no signs of direct religious experience in any of her ten ex-Cold War warriors, although five were raised as Catholics. All are now active in peace work, some with new families on less income and authority, but all much more psychologically and spiritually secure. 

Her analysis leads one to ask why some form of religious experience appears so often in accounts of strong psycho-spiritual change, whether for peace or for some other worthy purpose. Fortunately, Melissa Everett is continuing her inquiry on corporate leaders and questions of social responsibility at the Center for Psychological Studies in the Nuclear Age at the Harvard Medical School. Perhaps she will discover that for some people a "divine revelation" was at least part of the change, however such terms are understood. She has written a fascinating book that is sure to stimulate thoughtful discussion about the age-old experience of personal transformation.

Theodore Herman

Theodore Herman is director emeritus of the peace studies program at Colgate University, convener of the Nonviolence Study Group of the International Peace Research Association, and a member of Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting.

Continued on page 38
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Food for Thought

In Brief

Thinking Like a Mountain
By John Seed, Joanna Macy, Pat Fleming, and Arne Naess. Illustrated by Dailan Pugh. New Society Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa., 1988. 122 pages. $29.95/cloth, $7.97/paperback. This book is part of a movement which rejects the Judeo-Christian belief, established in Genesis, that humans shall have dominion over the earth and all living things. Instead, the deep-ecologists, as they are called, believe in equality of animals, humans, plants, and all life. The authors are respected writers. The book is a collection of readings, poems, and meditations, each by a different person.

Sister Cities: Side by Side
By Dan Higgins. Green Valley Film and Art, Inc., Burlington, Vt., 1988. $14.95/paperback. With startling simplicity and directness, photographs of Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua, and Burlington, Vermont, compel recognition of the commonality of human needs and responses as well as the imbalance of resources available to meet them. The photographic pairs, here used as a political art form, create a context for understanding.

Facing Social Revolution
By Jack Powelson. Horizon Society Publications, Boulder, Colorado, 1987. 131 pages. $6.95/paperback. As a personal account by a Quaker pacifist and economist, this book relates Jack Powelson's assignments in the underdeveloped world as he seeks to integrate them with Quaker values. The work contrasts the intimate and personal Society of Friends with the economically driven professional community, attempting to elicit areas of common truths.

On Nuclear War and Peace
By Albert Schweitzer. Edited by Homer Jack. The Brethren Press, Elgin, Ill., 1988. $9.95/paperback. Albert Schweitzer was already a wise and beloved philosopher of peace at the age of 70 when the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima in August 1945, but he did not speak out publicly against nuclear dangers until ten more years had passed. The story of how his concern grew until he could no longer remain silent is told by Homer Jack in his introduction. The selections themselves tell the rest—the public speeches and private letters which he continued to write until he died at the age of 90 in 1965.

August 1989 Friends Journal
Once Upon a Time on a Plantation

By Nancy Rhyne. Illustrated by Joan Holub. Pelican Publishing Company, Gretna, La., 1988. 159 pages. $9.95. What was it like to live on a plantation in South Carolina before the Civil War? There were ghosts, alligators, and wild pigs, hurricanes, and magic bracelets, and woods and islands to explore, and swamp fever, and adventures of all kinds for two 12-year old boys—one white, the son of the plantation owner, and one black. Although the blacks were the workers and the whites the bosses, the skills of all were respected and made clear, and Cart and Will could be best friends. The author has drawn her research from recorded tales of Hampton Plantation in South Carolina.

Kything: The Art of Spiritual Presence

By Louis M. Savery and Patricia Berne. Paulist Press, New York, N.Y., and Mahwah, N.J., 1988. 208 pages. $9.95/paperback. Do not be put off by the strange word, kything. It comes from an ancient Scottish word which has the same root as kith and kin and means a sort of spiritual communion or interactive spiritual presence. The authors say our lives are filled with spiritual events: the desire to create a poem, a painting, a garden, a meal, a family, or to find meaning and purpose. This book offers techniques for finding resonance between yourself and others. From kything as a tool for self-affirmation and spiritual growth and an understanding of life after death, to kything as a means of helping others, this book explores the physical, psychological, spiritual, and sacred aspects of using our spiritual energies.

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Milestones

Births
Slowinski—Simon Jasper Slowinski, in Danville, N.Y., to Walter and Susan Sutphen Slowinski. His father and paternal grandparents, Emily and Emil Slowinski, are members of Two Cities (Minn.) Meeting. His mother is a member of Alfred (N.Y.) Meeting.

Valentine—Benjamin Darrow Valentine, on May 12, to Lonnie Valentine and Jodie English, both of whom are members of Atlantic (Ga.) Meeting.

Deaths
Beyer—Leonard Keyser Beyer, 91, on June 23, 1988, in Williamsport, Pa. Leonard was a longtime member of Elmira (N.Y.) Meeting. He grew up in central Pennsylvania and had a lifelong love for music and nature. He studied at Ithaca Conservatory (now Ithaca College) and later received a bachelor’s degree at Bethany College and a master’s in ornithology from Cornell University. In 1954 he married Edna Specht Beyer, who died in 1986. He taught high school in Pennsylvania and later taught biology at the college level in Virginia and for 25 years at Mansfield State College in Pennsylvania. Leonard became interested in natural foods and organic gardening in the mid-1940s, before such interest was widespread. His concern for the future of the environment steadily deepened during the remainder of his life. Leonard is survived by a sister, Dorothy Miller; a son, George; and two grandchildren.

Boulding—Susan Carew Boulding, 42, on April 23, of cancer, at her home in Boulder, Colo. Born in York, Pa., she earned a bachelor’s degree in sociology from Hollins College. She later studied design of home health care for the elderly at the Interior Design Internship in Denver, Colo. She began work in Boulder in 1971 and continued until her death. She is survived by her husband, Mark; one son, Bjorn; two daughters, Carew and Frances; her mother; two brothers, Michael and Peter Carew; and her parents-in-law, Kenneth and Elaine Boulding.

Broadhurst—Miriam G. Broadhurst, 93, on November 24, 1988, in Chandler Hall in Newtown, Pa. She was a member of Buckingham (Pa.) Meeting.

Gates—Yoko Itō Gates, 44, on January 16, at home in Spring Valley, Calif., after a long illness. Yoko was an internationally known musician and teacher who played the traditional Japanese koto and shamisen. During her United States career she performed throughout the country, including recitals at Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center. For ten years she taught at Berkeley, and her music study group, called Rei-In-Kai, continues to perform in traditional Japanese music. Yoko was a member of San Diego (Calif.) Meeting and an ardent supporter of intercultural understanding as a means to world peace. She is survived by her husband, Allen J. Gates; a daughter, Joeniy Kokin Gates; and other relatives in Japan.

Keefe—Maurine Igoe Keefe, 68, of Midland, Texas. Although she was of Quaker heritage, she was isolated from the Society until helping found Midland (Tex.) Meeting in 1977. Her Quaker grandparents, Doan and Lide Whitney, settled along the Red River, where they operated a trading post. Maurine married Edgar S. Keefe and moved to Midland in 1951. Throughout her life, she exemplified Quaker values through community service. She was instrumental in establishing the Florecita Day Nursery and serving on the board of Gaudalupie Youth Center, and she organized and led several Girl Scout troops in minority neighborhoods and helped create day camps. She also organized Los Manos, a support auxiliary for the Museum of the Southwest, and was a charter member of the Friends of the Library. Long suffering from Parkinson’s disease and its treatment, Maurine was not able to continue actively in Midland Meeting, but she continued to support its activities and spiritual life until her death. She is survived by her husband, Leslie; a daughter, Edna M. Klein; a son, David Leslie; seven grandchildren; and nine great-grandchildren.

Lindenfeld—Florence Frosh Lindenfeld, 77, on January 2, in Allentown, Pa. Born in Philadelphia, Florence graduated from Ursinus College and Temple University Medical School. A specialist in child psychiatry, she worked at Allentown State Hospital and later at Lehigh Valley Guidance Clinic. She was a speaker and leader in many civic groups, including the Lehigh Valley Brotherhood Council and Girl Scouts. Florence served as clerk of Lehigh Valley (Pa.) Meeting and as an overseer. She is survived by her husband, Arthur Lindenfeld; and two children, David and Jane Buckley.

Calendar
AUGUST
1-5—Iowa Yearly Meeting (FUM), at William Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa. For information, contact Del Copplinger, Box 703, Oskaloosa, IA 52577, or call (515) 673-9717.
2-6—Mid-America (Evangelical) Yearly Meeting, at Friends University, Wichita, Kans. For information, contact Maurice A. Roberts, 20 Maple St., Wichita, KS 67213, or call (316) 267-0391.
2-6—Iowa (Conservative) Yearly Meeting, at Paulina Friends Meeting, Paulina, Iowa. For information, contact John Griffith, 5745 Charlotte St., Kansas City, MO 64110, or call (816) 444-2543.
2-6—Illinois Yearly Meeting, at the Illinois Yearly Meetinghouse, McNeill, Ill. For information, contact Paul Buckley, R.R. #1, Dewey St., Charleston, IL 61923, or call (312) 748-2754.
4-9—Annual celebration of Hirohito-Nagasaki bombing in Nevada, sponsored by Nevada Desert Experience and Pace E Bene, a Franciscan nonviolence center. Speakers and discussions in Las Vegas; memorial services and civil resistance actions on Aug. 6 and 9 at the test site. For information, contact Nevada Desert Experience, Box 4487, Las Vegas, NV 89127, or call (702) 666-4815.
5-9—Young Adult Friends Summer School, at Williamson College, Wilmington, Ohio. For adults between 20 and 40 years of age to study, learn, and worship together, considering the message, “Jesus Christ has come to teach his people himself,” as understood by early Friends. For information, write to YAFSS, 324 S. Athon St., State College, PA 16801.
6-11—Iowa Yearly Meeting, at Earlham College, Richmond, Ind. For information, contact David R. Brock, 4711 N. Wheeling Ave., Muncie, IN 47304, or call (317) 284-6900.
6-11—Pacific Yearly Meeting, at University of LaVerne, LaVerne, Calif. For information, contact Herbone M. Baker, 8885 Frontier Ave., Yorkville, CA 92848, or call (619) 365-1135.
8-13—Baltimore Yearly Meeting, Shenandoah College, Winchester, Va. For information, contact Frank Massey, 17100 Quaker Lane, Sandy Spring, MD 20860, or call (301) 774-7663.
8-13—Western Yearly Meeting (FUM), at Western Yearly Meetinghouse, Plainfield, Ind. For information, contact Robert E. Garris, P.O. Box 70, Plainfield, IN 46168, or call (317) 839-2789.
9-12—North Carolina Yearly Meeting (FUM), at Guilford College, Greensboro, N.C. For information, contact Billy M. Brit, 903 New Garden Rd., Greensboro, NC 27410, or call (919) 292-6957.
9-13—Ohio Yearly Meeting, at Williamson College, Wilmington, Ohio. For information, contact Barbara Hill, 6921 Stone Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45230, or call (513) 232-5348.
11-20—Central Yearly Meeting, at Central Friends Camp, southeast of Muncie, Ind. For information, contact Arthur Hollingsworth, 302 S. Black St., Alexandria, IN 46001, or call (317) 724-7683.
12-17—New England Yearly Meeting, at Hampshire College, Amherst, MA. For information,
Positions Vacant

Innfree Village is an alternative living community for people with special needs. We seek volunteers for house-parenting and work in woodshop, weaving, bakery and garden. Requirements: patience, experience working with people with mental disabilities helpful; minimum one-year commitment. Room and board, health insurance, medical and dental expenses; 3-week paid vacation; $150 monthly stipend. Apply to Marcus, Innfree Village, Rt. 2, Box 256, Crozet, VA 22932 (804) 825-5400.

Wardens are required for Friends House, Melbourne. There is no remuneration but free accommodation and use of facilities. The position would be suitable for a married couple, one of whom could have outside employment. The suggested term would be 1-2 years, but would be renegotiated annually. Any Friend interested is asked to contact Mark, (03) 222-5700, 171 Lawrence Road, Waverly 3145, Victoria, Australia for further information.

American Friends Service Committee seeks resident manager(s) at Davis House, Washington, D.C., starting late fall. Responsibilities include work with accommodation for a couple which is highly desirable, due to residential nature of position, but one person can have outside commitments. Mandated guest reservations, schedule sleeping groups using Davis House; prepare meals for AFSC-sponsored events; oversee Davis House maintenance supervision. Requirements: good interpersonal skills, physical stamina, flexibility; understanding of Friends beliefs. Contact: K. Cronley, AFSC, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Affirmative Action Employer.

Certified Public Accountant to audit in Phon Pemh, Cambodia, and Vientiane, Laos, the accounts of selected American Friends Service Committee projects in those countries. Mid-November to mid-December. AFSC pays all travel and board and room expenses, per diem, and relevant insurances. References required. Write Larry Miller, Asia Desk, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, or phone (215) 241-7154.

American Friends Service Committee seeks two Volunteer Members to work with Mennonite Central Committee Construction Team in Soviet Armenia, to reconstruct, renovate, and finance. Requires general construction skills, experience; familiarity with commitment to philosophy of Friends and AFSC; experience living, working outside of U.S., and Russian or Armenian language skills desirable; good health, stamina, maturity. Length of project: 3-8 months, beginning mid-August for one person; 1-3 months for others; some speaking upon return to U.S. Contact Ed Reed, AFSC, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Affirmative Action Employer.

Part-time Field Secretaries for Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL) to travel and interpret the work and the values of FCNL to constituencies on the West Coast (needed immediately), Northeast (needed September 1), and Southeast (needed before November 1). Send inquiries to David Boynton, 24-2001 Minnesota Ave., NE, Washington, DC 20002. (202) 547-6000.

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Buckingham Friends School has offered excellence in education in the best Quaker tradition for 184 years in central Bucks county, Pa. Under the care of Buckingham meeting, with support from three other meetings, it currently educates 220 students in grades Transcan through 12. A consensus-oriented leader, well grounded in administration and elementary education, with a clear understanding of Friends beliefs and practice is needed to start July 1, 1990. Applications will be accepted until September 15, 1989, by: Search Committee, Buckingham Friends School, Lahaska, PA 18912.


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Meetings

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

MEETING NOTICE RATES: $12 per line per year. Payable a year in advance. No discount. Changes: $8 each.

Canada

CALGARY - Unprogrammed worship. Sunday. 10:30 a.m. Old Y, 223-12 Ave. S.W. Phone: (403) 247-2145.

EDMONTON - Unprogrammed worship each first day, in the basement of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, 10131 111 Ave. Phone: (403) 459-4231.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA - 469-8985 or 477-3630.

OTTAWA - Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 9 1/2 Fourth Ave. (613) 233-9252.

TORONTO, ONTARIO - Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 60 Lowther Ave. (North of cor. Bloor and Bedford).

Costa Rica

MONTEVERDE - Phone 61-09-56 or 61-26-55.

San Jose - Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m. Sunday. Phone 24-4378 or 83-61-88.

France

Paris - Worship Sundays 11 a.m. Centre Quaker, 114, rue de Vaugirard.

Guatemala

Guatemala - Bi-weekly. Cal. 36-79-22.

Jordan

AMMAN - Bi-weekly, Thurs. eve. Call 626677.

Mexico

Mexico City, Unprogrammed Sunday, 11 a.m. Casa de los Angeles, Ignacio Mariscal 192, 03030, Mexico 1, D.F. 706-0521.

Nicaragua

Managua - Unprogrammed Worship 10 a.m. each Sunday at Centro de los Amigos, APPTO 5391 Managua, Nicaragua, 58-3611 or 96-0948.

Switzerland

Geneva - Meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m., midweek meeting 12:30 p.m. Wednesdays: 13 av. Marevlet, Quaker House, Pâquis-Gexomex.

West Germany

Heidelberg - Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. Sundays Hauptstrasse 133 (Junior year). Phone 06223-1386.

United States

Alabama

Birmingham - Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Sundays at 1105 Old 18th Ave. South. (205) 933-2620 or 949-1170.

Fairhope - Unprogrammed meeting Saturday 9 a.m., Sundays at Friends Meetinghouse, 1.2 mi. east on Fairhope Ave. Ext. Write: P.O. Box 313, Fairhope, AL 36539.

Huntsville Area - Unprogrammed meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Meeting in various homes. Call (205) 837-6627 for information.

Alaska

Fairbanks - Unprogrammed, First Day, 10 a.m. Hidden Hill Friends Center, 2682 Gold Hill Rd. Phone: 479-3796 or 466-2467.

Arizona

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

McNeal - Cochise Friends Meeting at Friends Southwest Center, 716 miles south of Elfrida, Worship 11 a.m. Phone (602) 408-0444.

Phoenix - Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix, 85020. 433-1814 or 955-1817.

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Arkansas

LITTLE ROCK—Unprogrammed meeting. First-day school 9:45 a.m. Wilbur Elementary School, 1801 S. University. Phone: 563-1439 or 663-8283.

California

ARCATA—11 a.m. 1920 Zohnander. (707) 677-3236.

BERKELEY—Unprogrammed worship. Meeting 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St. at Walnut. 843-9725.

BURLINGTON—Crane Creek Church, 5905 Third Street. Unprogrammed worship. Call (707) 825-2051.

CHICO—10 a.m. singing, 10:30 a.m. meeting for worship, classes for children. 345-3429 or 342-1741.


DAVIS—Meeting for worship, First Days, 9:45 a.m. 345 L. St. Visitors call 753-5924.

FRESNO—Unprogrammed meeting. Worship 11 a.m. 663-1439.

GERA NIA—Meeting 10 a.m. at the Brownsville Community Church, 1415 Royce St. Phone: (909) 355-7800.

BAYLEY—Unprogrammed meeting. Worship, 11 a.m. 37th & Hazy Ave., Hollywood. Phone: (213) 462-4079.

BROOKE—Meeting 11 a.m. 302 C. H. B. I. Building, 143 E. 4th St., Berkeley. Phone: (415) 843-9725.

BURLINGTON—Meeting 11 a.m., 3rd Thursday, 3100 E. Country Club Rd., Long Beach. Phone: (213) 808-3030.

CALIFORNIA—Loma Linda University, 500 South Lakeside Dr., San Bernardino, CA 92408. Phone: (909) 537-8200.

LA JOLLA—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. 3000 La Jolla Blvd. Phone: (619) 451-2800.

PACIFIC—Meeting 11 a.m. 171 E. Ash, San Luis Obispo. Phone: (559) 543-0150.

PLACERVILLE—Meeting 11 a.m. at The Penstemon House, 1434 S. Main St., Placerville. Phone: (916) 477-2251.

SAN BERNARDINO—Meeting 11 a.m. at 405 N. Mountain View Ave., Rancho Cucamonga. Phone: (909) 475-9477.

SACRAMENTO—Meeting 10 a.m. at 1714 W. Seventeenth St., Sacramento. Phone: (916) 455-0456.

SAFEGUARD—Meeting 11 a.m. First day school, 10 a.m. 1550 S. Cuyama St., Bakersfield. Phone: (661) 588-0233.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m. 1400 California St., San Francisco. Phone: (415) 371-2626.

SACRAMENTO—Meeting 10 a.m. at 1939 J Street. Phone: (510) 652-0606.

SAN DIEGO—Meeting 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m. 1491 University Ave., San Diego. Phone: (619) 296-0070.

SAN JOSE—Meeting 11 a.m. at 3831 S. First St., San Jose. Phone: (408) 262-0967.

SAN MATEO—Meeting 11 a.m. at 1400 E. S. Wetherill Road, San Mateo. Phone: (650) 348-0902.

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting 11 a.m. at 562 Front St., Santa Cruz. Phone: (831) 423-0886.

SANTA ROSA—Meeting 11 a.m. at 828 Ross Rd., Santa Rosa. Phone: (707) 586-7291.

SANTA BARBARA—Meeting 11 a.m. at 1210 E. Anacapa St., Santa Barbara. Phone: (805) 733-3739.

SACRAMENTO—Meeting at 11 a.m. 1920 Zohnander. Phone: (707) 677-3236.

SANTA CLARA—Meeting at 11 a.m. 1255 S. Second St., Santa Clara. Phone: (408) 246-2345.

SACRAMENTO—Meeting 11 a.m. at 2517 N. Pacific Ave., Sacramento. Phone: (916) 454-0045.

SACRAMENTO—Meeting at 11 a.m. 1221 K Street, Sacramento. Phone: (916) 442-3221.

SACRAMENTO—Meeting at 11 a.m. 1714 W. Seventeenth St., Sacramento. Phone: (916) 455-0456.

SACRAMENTO—Meeting 11 a.m. at 1939 J Street. Phone: (510) 652-0606.

SACRAMENTO—Meeting 11 a.m. First day school, 10 a.m. 1550 S. Cuyama St., Bakersfield. Phone: (661) 588-0233.

SACRAMENTO—Meeting 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m. 1491 University Ave., San Diego. Phone: (619) 296-0070.

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SACRAMENTO—Meeting 11 a.m. First day school, 10 a.m. 1550 S. Cuyama St., Bakersfield. Phone: (661) 588-0233.
ST. CLOUD—Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. followed by discussion. First-day school available 10:30-12:30, St. 29th Ave.


STILLWATER—St. Croix Valley Friends, Unprogrammed worship at 10 a.m. Phone (612) 777-1988, 777-5851.

Missouri

COLUMBIA—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Presbytery Student Center, 100 Hitt St., Columbia, MO 65201. Phone: (314) 443-3750.

KANSAS CITY—Penny Valley Meeting, 4405 Gilham Rd. 10 a.m. Call (816) 892-5526.

ROLLA—Preparative meeting 10:30 a.m. On Sest Rd. opposite Rolla Jr. High School. Phone: (314) 341-2446 or 265-3725.

ST. LOUIS—Meeting 10:30 a.m. 250 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill Phone: 962-3061.

STILLWATER—St. Croix Valley Friends Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Phone: (612) 777-1988, 777-5851.

Mississippi

ST. CLOUD—Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. followed by discussion. First-day school available 10:30-12:30, St. 29th Ave.

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