

November 1989

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

**The Pacifist
as Citizen**

**Ten Years After
the
Killing Fields**

**In the Gardens
of Stone**



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Among Friends

Know Your Local Bomb

It is November and I recall a holiday we no longer have. As children we called it Armistice Day. Our parents and teachers, when I was growing up, told us about World War I. I recall the somber day each November 11 when bells were rung, all work stopped for a moment, and people would reflect upon the "war to end all wars."

Well, it didn't. We acknowledged this fact, I suppose, by establishing Veteran's Day in 1954. World War II and Korea had occurred by this time, after all, and a nation needed to thank its growing number of veterans for their courage and patriotism. It seemed the least we could do.

A growing number of veterans of our most recent war, however—the War in Vietnam—remind us daily that all is not well for them, that more is needed from an ungrateful nation. Many Vietnam vets have turned to drugs and suicide; for others, marriages and families have disintegrated. Our society, it seems, is haunted by the collective guilt, pain, and anger of these veterans.

Several of the articles in this issue of the JOURNAL focus upon the human cost of war: Susan Shaughnessy describes the living pain of her husband "In the Gardens of Stone"; Anne Welsh and Hugh Ogden reflect upon the life of Norman Morrison, whose witness at the Pentagon seared our hearts and forced us to work harder for peace; Elise Boulding discusses the difficult role of pacifist in a world steeped in violence; one such peacemaker, Elmore Jackson, is remembered by Lewis Hoskins; Larry Miller describes Quaker reconstruction work in Kampuchea ten years after "The Killing Fields."

A recent newsletter of Albuquerque (N.M.) Meeting helps me to end on a hopeful note. Their brief article, "How to Prevent Nuclear War: Some Suggestions," might suggest to each of us peaceful things we may do this Veteran's Day and throughout the year:

- Be good to yourself. Forgive yourself your trespasses.
- Be good to your children, your neighbors, your friends, your enemies, and your politicians.
- Pursue sanity and compassion. Learn to be peaceful.
- Bear witness, especially in your own community. You don't need to understand the global political situation or the details of the arms race unless that is your profession or your calling. Most of us will need to stay local. Get to know your local bomb, your local soldier, your local general, your local armaments manufacturer. Get to know the bomb in your own heart. Find a Russian and get to know her or him.
- Liberate women.
- Study the art/science of conflict resolution; practice and improve it.
- Join the peace movement, or the army, or the foreign service, or get yourself elected president or senator or school board member, and be peaceful there. Or go to Russia and be peaceful there. For one minute a day, or whatever you can manage; it isn't easy.

Vinton Deming

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Cover: Cemetery in rural Maryland. Right: Wife of a Vietnam veteran, during a march for veterans' rights in San Antonio, Texas, 1985. Both photos © Martha Tabor

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Forum

As Maine Goes. . .

I found the article by Caroline Whitbeck, "Friends Historical Testimony on the Marriage Relationship" (*FJ* June), insightful. Among her remarks about the more traditional, and non-Quaker, points of view, Whitbeck notes that there was for too long a practice in common law of treating rape within marriage as an exercise of conjugal rights. In the past 15 years or so, that has changed in many states.

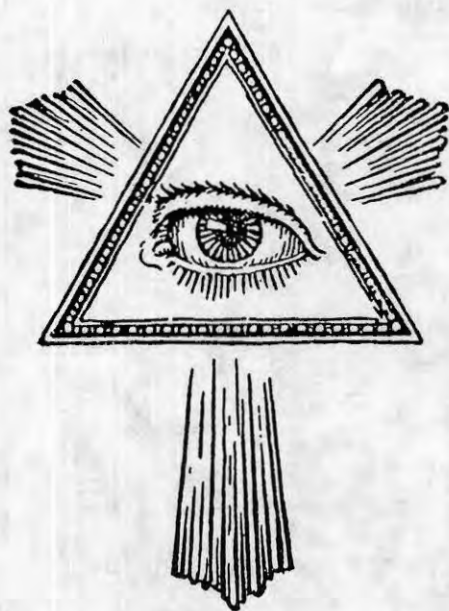
However, Whitbeck errs in listing Maine as one of the states which still does not recognize rape within marriage. Maine's criminal code, revised in 1975, acknowledged that a person legally married, but living apart under a *de facto* separation, could sue for rape. In an important further revision in 1987, the spousal exception in rape cases was finally eliminated.

Christine Holden
Lewiston, Maine

What Is God, Anyway?

Karen Reynolds's article (*FJ* July) spoke to me when she described all religious teachings as springing from the source. Naming that source as "the light" caused me to question.

Are we so sure that the light is the single source? I cannot accept that the light is the same as God. The light excludes so much. I find the dark equally nourishing. The seed gestates in the dark and the dark only, whether it be the seed of the carrot or the human child. The



bird gestates in the dark of the egg. Without dark I cannot rest; I cannot re-create. Without the dark of the mind the insight does not come to me. Without it the earth and I could not survive. If we are overexposed to the light, we go blind and the world becomes a desert.

Focusing only on the light as God seems to me to reject half of creation. Karen writes, "Through the light all things are unified." Perhaps instead of unifying we need to integrate. Perhaps this will occur when we look to the light and the dark.

Gene K. Hoffman
Santa Barbara, Calif.

What joy to find, among articles describing the struggles of those who worship Yahweh and those who worship Allah (*FJ* July), Karen Reynolds's discussion. She describes her search for "the God experience" and her vision of what is the source of all religion. If the world is to be a better place, this approach is badly needed.

Rein Kroon
Kennett Square, Pa.

The Population Crisis

In the past 50 years the population of the Philippines increased five times. Their soil and forests are being exhausted, and the nation has turned to the sea to feed its people. Now marine life, too, is being rapidly wiped out.

In Kenya the average number of children per woman is eight, and their population is doubling every 17 years. At that rate their numbers will increase by eight times in 51 years. That is typical of Africa where, furthermore, the deserts are steadily spreading. We face the terrible prospect, not far down the road, of a billion people starving to death.

Mexico is bulging at the seams, with desperate people surging against the 2,000-mile frontier with the United States. Partly as a result of this, we now have the fastest growing population of any industrial nation.

In the face of all this, the United States has cut back on its support for family planning and population control. My mouth opens in disbelief, and I pinch myself to see if I'm dreaming. This policy flies in the face of all reason.

We need to act fast to generously support organized movements for family planning and population control.

Ernest Morgan
Burnsville, N.C.

Following publication of my article ("Population as a Friends Concern," *FJ* August), several Friends have written to me expressing interest in the concern and asking what they can do. At the monthly meeting level an excellent program would be the showing of the 28-minute National Audubon Society video "What Is the Limit?" and following it with worship-sharing on the population queries attached to my JOURNAL article. The film is available from the National Audubon Society, 801 Pennsylvania Ave. S.E., Suite 301, Washington, DC 20003, for \$25. At another level, pressure is needed on our representatives in Congress to reinstate the U.S. contribution to the UN Fund for Population Activities and to stop cutting the allocation to population research centers under the U.S. National Institute of Health.

Stan Becker
Baltimore, Md.



Lois Smith

Stewardship Now

Concerned with "the urgent questions of survival of humankind," World Council of Churches and Roman Catholic representatives will meet in Seoul, Korea, next March for a Convocation for Justice, Peace, and the Integrity of Creation. What steps might Friends and others take now toward these important goals?

To help save the oceans, we can write President Bush and Secretary of State Baker urging reconsideration of the marine life-protecting Law of the Sea Treaty (as U.S. Sen. Pell is promoting).

To help ease the severe pressure on the earth of exploding population growth, we can urge generous funding of family planning worldwide.

To save trees and ease the burden on

Continued on page 6

Quakers Are Different, Especially from Each Other!

Living in the middle of England for nearly nine months in 1988 as a Friend in residence at Woodbrooke, a Quaker study center of London Yearly Meeting, was a new experience for an American "evangelical" Friend. As a Quaker pastor (26 yrs.), former missionary, former editor of the *Evangelical Friend* (18 yrs.), and a past-president of something called the Evangelical Friends Alliance, moving into silent Quakerdom was a (quiet) shock. Even though my birth-rightness goes back six generations to North Carolina Quaker country, I wasn't prepared for the proper, "real" Quakers of Britain.

They worship a lot at Woodbrooke, twice daily—first after breakfast in the Quiet Room, and again before retiring at "Epilogue" in the Common Room. At first my wife Geraldine and I kept waiting for someone to say something in these unhurried periods, then gradually discovered the joy of hearing instead the voice of the Spirit in the stillness, the same familiar One we had known all through the years at home. Worship each Sunday in the more than 20 Friends meetings we visited strengthened this noiseless practice (it takes practice to be concentratedly quiet!).

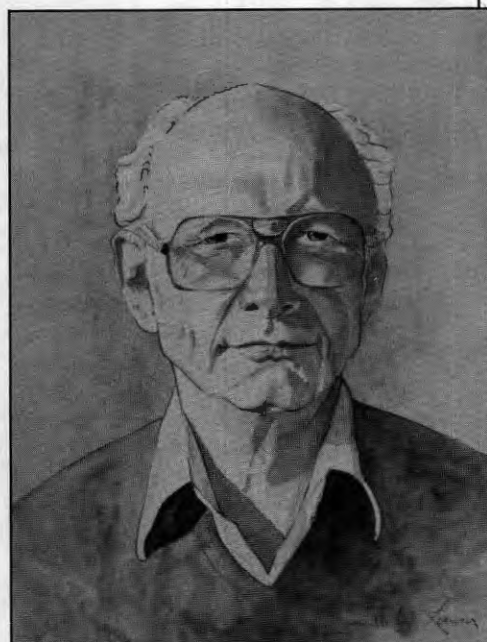
It is inaccurate, in a sense, to refer to such meetings as "unprogrammed." Nothing is more programmed than silence. It would be unthinkable to interrupt it with a sudden song, a prepared-in-advance sermon, an exuberant HALLELUJAH! Silence starts by the clock and ends by the clock with carefully programmed signals, such as the appointed presiders shaking hands to indicate the meeting is over. But it is done with dignity, reverently, with reassuring English cultural properness. And immediately the second phase of the program is a sharing of "notices" (announcements), followed by a cordial invitation to a delightfully well-planned time for tea and biscuits (pastries). This happy routine was religiously followed in

every meeting we attended. We loved it. I had never done so much unspeaking in my life.

English Friends are pleased that London Yearly Meeting has never divided; they are perplexed about the strange and lamentable divisions of U.S. Quakers. But as one becomes acquainted with individual Friends, visits among the meetings, listens, reads their minutes of, for instance, the struggles of their Discipline Revision Committee, attends the yearly meeting, quarterly meetings, and Committee for Sufferings, the supposed monolithic unity of the yearly meeting is seen differently. All the various diverse components of U.S. Quakers are there too. Vigorously there. A gay Quaker, for instance, gave the yearly meeting keynote address (Swarthmore Lecture), followed next morning by a moving, Spirit-filled, plea for a Friends (continued) foundational faith in the atoning blood of Christ who can save us from sin, cleanse our hearts, and deliver us from the deceptions "we heard last night." From our seat in the balcony we observed the latter speaker elicited more nods, even a few "amens," than the former.

To become somewhat acquainted with English Friends was a wonderful privilege. Not only is one's understanding of our Quaker heritage and history enriched, the spiritual stability and concerns of many are impressive. It was for us a learning experience greatly appreciated. While ("whilst," in Britishese) the declining membership (less than 25,000 Friends in all of Europe today) is a matter of concern to those of us interested in church growth, there are London Yearly Meeting Friends with great influence in society, the United Nations, in national and world government, education, and other places where a Quaker witness for peace, justice, human rights, and yes, Christian Truth is being effectively expressed.

It is my impression that another recent Swarthmore Lecturer, well-known BBC personality, and Quaker writer, Gerald Priestland, is correct in his assessment in writing, "I suspect that a majority of



Jack Willcuts, portrait by Jannell W. Loewen

[English] Friends are more old-fashioned in their Christianity than the articulate minority featured in *The Friend*." This may have been why we felt so much at home, noting more similarities than differences.

Any influences bridging the cultural or international distinctions between Quakers may be most effectively demonstrated in Spirit-filled, authentic Christian living in consistent, quiet witness, rather than hard, rigid, insistent sermonizing. Let each of us—on both sides of the Atlantic, and of each yearly meeting over here—find spiritual strength, light, and action from and within our own stream of Quakerism. But let us engage in dialogue and a common seeking of new Light as the Lord leads us. This may even be with Friends who worship and express their faith and convictions differently. Let it never be said again that "Friends love everyone except each other!"

Jack L. Willcuts

Jack Willcuts died September 23 in Newberg, Oregon. For a brief description of his valued life and work among Friends, see the notice on page 44.

landfills, we can generate less paper. A postcard to Direct Marketing Association, 6 East 43rd St., New York, NY 10017, asking them to take our name off mailing lists, can cut our new junk mail an estimated 75 percent. Also, we can join with others where we live to recycle paper, aluminum cans, etc., and join one or more ecology groups such as the Sierra Club.

Betty Stone
Wilmington, N.C.

A Friendly Place

Friends from London Grove, Middletown, and Willistown (Pa.) meetings returned this past year from a visit to Highland Park Club in Lake Wales, Florida. This is a warm and wonderful place founded by Quakers in the 1920s. Meeting on First Day is held overlooking Lake Easy.

The most notable aspect of our stay was the friendly, delightful group of people there. Our holiday was so enjoyable we would like to share it with all Friends through the JOURNAL.

Readers may contact the Highland Park Club, P.O. Box 352, Lake Wales, FL 33859.

Henry R. Hidell, Jr.
Newtown Square, Pa.

A Moment of Insight

It may interest Friends to learn that controversy over sexual choice rages within the professional community just as it does elsewhere. The lead article in a recent issue of *Psychiatric News* about a complaint of discrimination by psychoanalytic institutes against homosexual candidates touches a personal frustration in me—something I run into every time that particular prejudice comes up.

It throws me back to the moment of a particularly powerful insight, when I realized that I—who by chance have not been significantly drawn toward sex with another man—will not tolerate being labeled “heterosexual.” At the moment of that insight I was caught up in a storm of rage at the cultural brainwashing I had suffered, believing throughout my life that there was some sort of fixed gulf between “hetero-” and “homo-” and that I was on one side and not the other.

Complacent though I was in my liberal attitudes about tolerance and equality, I realized, then, that I had been losing a

whole sweep of knowledge and insight by my subtle regard for various sexual orientations as “different.” A terrible loss! And no different, I know from experience, from the loss one suffers from a regard for blacks or women or Confucians as in some irreducible way “different.”

I am sexual, not “heterosexual;” my partner happens to be a woman and I happen to be extraordinarily happy with her. I am keenly interested in human sexuality and grateful to the contributions made to my appreciation of it by beloved friends whose various sexual orientations enrich our discussions. If those who dissect sexuality into this and into that can likewise recover from their constricting compartmentalizations, I can promise them great satisfaction and an immensely more peaceful outlook on the subject—and a more imaginative psychoanalytic grasp to boot!

Robert C. Murphy
Sheridan, Wyo.

A Message That Lasted

Thank you for including excerpts from *The Journal of J. Mansir Tydings* (Among Friends, FJ September).

I did know Mansir Tydings and was attracted to him as soon as I saw him. I can't recall when I met him for the first time but I think it was at Friends General Conference in Wilmington, Ohio. Or, it may have been on the occasion of my visit to the Louisville (Ky.) Meeting in about 1964.

Mansir was not a tall man. He was a bit rotund with a shock of white hair and a very thin mustache. He was handsome and distinguished and glowed with gentleness and warmth.

I can vaguely recall one of his messages in meeting. It had to do with his being aware that the shadows in his life were cast by his being in the way of the Light—and that message stayed with me.

He was a precious person and I'm glad to see that he lives on. What a treat to be reminded of this dear soul.

Eldon Kelley
Dallas, Tex.

Its Spirit Lives On

Those of us who gave a decade of our lives to the Movement for a New Society (MNS) will both appreciate and be saddened by George Lakey's article on its

temporal demise (FJ October).

I say “temporal” because to me MNS is not dead, only sleeping. Or, to stretch a metaphor further, its spirit lives on in the lives of thousands, whether or not it is “resurrected” in time to come.

To me, MNS exemplifies the implementation of the best in the social testimonies of the Religious Society of Friends. It did not fail, but I think mostly provided us with learning examples for its next incarnation.

Jim Best
Tucson, Ariz.

Happiness for Others

I am very happy with the drawing accompanying my article, “A Quaker Witness Remembered” (FJ October). Perhaps JOURNAL readers will also enjoy seeing this photo [below] of Grandpa and Grandma Morey. It was taken on the occasion of their 60th wedding anniversary in July 1944.

Even though we had fun writing the article, Grandpa, in true Quaker fashion, would only approve if it brings happiness or help to others.

Eldon L. Morey
Fergus Falls, Minn.



Presence

by John Morgan

**She had every reason to be bitter,
yet she was not. Her whole life as a
teacher was a gift of service to others.**

Some time ago, I spent a summer as a chaplain on the wards of an inner city hospital. This was a place of last resort, serving the poorest of the poor in the city. Many patients were street people, nursing home residents, persons from mental health institutions, or others who had simply run out of money or hope, and usually both.

The patients came to the hospital with many medical problems: drug and alcohol abuse, heart attacks, suicide attempts, and other ailments whose Latin designations meant little to me. The people were diverse, searching, struggling—but most of all spiritual, because with all their defenses down, they sought life at its depth. I cannot remember a single individual for whom this was not true, this hunger for a faith capable of transcending pain and even death.

There is only one among many patients that I will tell about, because for ten weeks she became my spiritual mentor, teaching me what it means to have faith.

Margaret suffered from sickle cell disease for most of her 47 years. She watched two sisters and a father die of this same disease. She had every reason to be bitter and full of rage. Yet she was not. Her whole life as a teacher was a gift of service to others.

I knew she did not have long to live, and we spent weeks together reading from the Psalms and talking quietly.

Late on a Friday afternoon I came to her room. For some reason, I knew our time together would be short. She was in a great deal of pain, and the doctors

expressed fear she would not make it through the weekend. I had come to the room to read her a poem I had written, a modern psalm. The room was dimly lit. I asked her if I could read what I had written, and she nodded.

A Psalm for Margaret

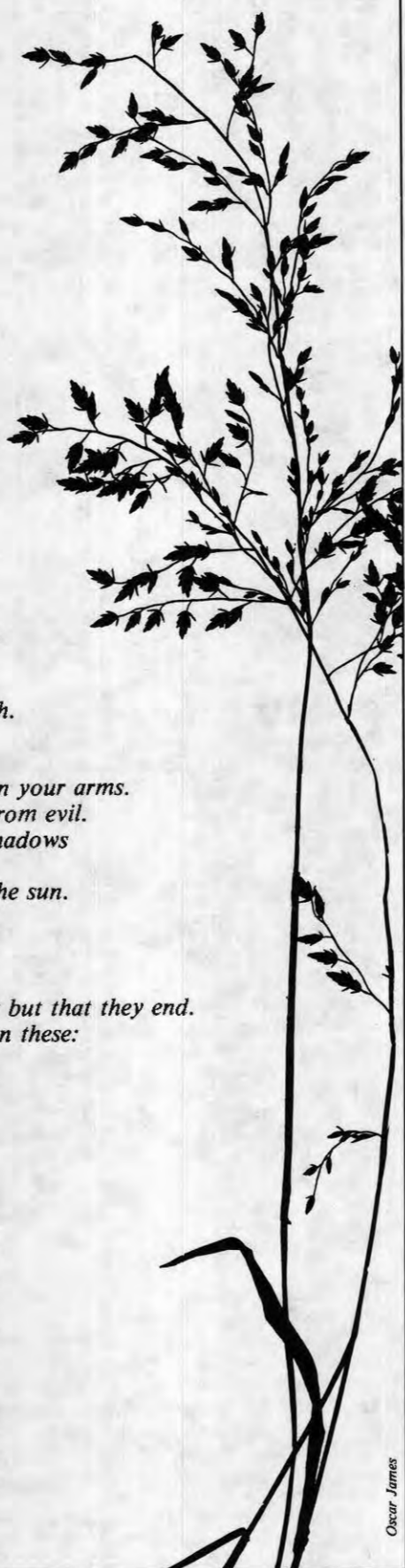
*O God, I have cried unto you.
My whole being has sought you out.
O God, I have wrestled with you;
in my pain, I cry to you for help.
In my weakness, I seek your strength.
If I cry out, will you hear me?
If I weep, will you dry my tears?
Be like a mother to me, gather me in your arms.
Be like a father to me, protect me from evil.
Our days, they seem as deepening shadows
casting darkness on the land;
our moments, like grass, wither in the sun.
Send light, O God, and let us live!
Send light, O God, and let us live!*

*No creature lives but that she dies;
no flower blooms nor tree nor plant but that they end.
O God, we do not ask for more than these:
The strength to bear the pain,
your presence in the evening star,
and glad praise when day is done.
Praise life that in us grows,
for time and toil and love,
for every moment of our days,
for what we are is yours.*

Both of us cried. Neither one of us could speak. I held her hand, and she fell asleep. But out of this silence there arose for me a deep and abiding sense of peace, of shalom, of wholeness. It was one of those rare moments when time itself no longer exists, and one soul is with another.

And yet there were more than two people comforting each other. I know now there is One who abides with us, even unto death. □

John C. Morgan is consulting minister to the Thomas Paine Unitarian Universalist Fellowship and to the Pottstown (Pa.) UU Fellowship. A doctoral candidate at the Lutheran Seminary in Philadelphia, he is a frequent attendee at Friends meetings.



Oscar James

In the Gardens of Stone

by Susan Shaughnessy

I spent this morning at Arlington National Cemetery, just across the river from Washington, D.C., which is my home. It was the 20th anniversary of the death in southeast Asia of the man whose grave we visited. Captain William H. Denney, Jr., commanding my husband's old company of the 199th Light Infantry Brigade, left a protected position to crawl toward a fatally wounded radio operator. He stretched out his hand to him and was cut down by machine-gun fire. He left a wife, two young children, and a frustrated former junior officer whose heart still draws him to this modest grave many years later.

My husband, Shaun, was a young lieutenant under Captain Denney's command until just before the fatal firefight. He had been abruptly transferred to an advisory unit on the Cambodian border. I describe him as young, but Shaun at 23 was considered an "old man." Captain Denney, at 29, was unimaginably old to his teenage soldiers. But he came from their background—often rural,

usually poor—and resented Shaun's more privileged upbringing. (In 1968, when Shaun was voting officer for his company and countersigned ballots, half of the 25 percent of his men who were old enough to vote chose George Wallace.) It wasn't a relationship that was fated to work out. But Shaun was fated to yearn after it.

He says, "At the time of Denney's death, I felt cheated. There I was on advisory duty, where I didn't want to be. I'd been thrown out of an American



Michael Wieggers



© Martha Taber

command and sent to the Vietnamese. I figured Denney had finally found a way to get me out of his company. I felt cheated of my rightful place in an American infantry company; I had spent all my life preparing for a combat assignment. The day I learned about the action he was killed in, I got drunk and paced around all night, fuming."

This was Shaun's second visit to Denney's grave. But there were surprises awaiting us. When he came last year, maps and a parking permit were given out at a visitor's center which wasn't much more than two or three temporary buildings thrown together. Parking was nearby and free. Handicapped drivers like us could pull up to the doorway. The cemetery was left to speak for itself.

The old, humble visitor's center is abandoned now. It has been replaced with a showy new center where an impressive exhibit attempts to put you in the "right" frame of mind for your experience of the cemetery. Handicapped parking is only available inside the paid lot, a long walk away. This irritated me. But I was still more irritated by the sumptuous nature of the building. It

she would come to lie here in these gardens of stone?

Shaun left his thoughts and joined me. He gazed at one tombstone and noticed the rank, "field clerk." He said, "They only had that in World War I." He added, thoughtfully, "It's a strange rank." This unimportant sentence seemed to hang in the February air. I thought, what a strange use of the word "strange" in this strange place.

Many of the stones are deeply weathered. Those from the '30s and early '40s sometimes have the blurry look you'd expect to find in an 18th century graveyard. "Government contracts," Shaun said, "supplied by the lowest bidder."

Denney lies in a grave probably meant for somebody else. In earlier years spouses would be granted an adjacent gravesite. But families change and hearts form new attachments. These vacant spots have been filled in by strangers from later wars.

This was my third visit to Arlington. The first came in 1982 when I accompanied a delegation from Vietnam Veterans Against the War. They had been trying since 1973 to get a permit to enter

ends of the spectrum politically, were equally unwelcome. Both were composed of men and women largely from blue-collar backgrounds.

Why was I there? I come from a military background myself. My own father lost his orientation toward life after spending World War II returning the personal effects of slain marines to their families. He was committed to a VA mental institution, and found a grave in Massachusetts. Considered war orphans, my brother and I went to college on the GI bill. I stood in line to register for my stipend each semester with dozens of newly returned veterans my own age. How well I remember the look they all had. It was called the "thousand-yard stare in a hundred-yard room."

My stepfather, a fire controlman on a destroyer in the Battle of the Coral Sea in World War II, likes to go to Australia because the grateful Aussies kiss him in the streets when they see his "USS Morris" baseball cap. He disapproves of just about everything about me. Just once, during a sharp exchange about Oliver North, he let the truth slip out: "What really bothers me is that I'm afraid you're not the same kind of *American* that I am."

It is common to hear Friends say, almost apologetically, "I didn't really have any experience of the war. Nobody I knew was involved." This is a meaningful statement. There is a gulf in this country between those who commonly expect to be caught up in any future war and those who do not. I am not speaking of vulnerability to a draft. No one in my family has ever been drafted; all volunteered.

As I grow older, I see how artfully the nets are set. For example, who really notices how the tombstones of Arlington stand so upright, so perfectly ranked, acre after acre? Tombstones don't do that. They lean, they even seem to sigh. A bend in the road as we drove away revealed the secret. Work crews were digging up stones by the hundreds, about 300 or 400 at a time, and laying them on their sides. Their bases were being redug so that they could be re-inserted to stand up stiff, proud, and straight.

Back home again, I still had trouble finding my position emotionally. I reread Captain Denney's citation for his posthumous Distinguished Service Cross: "Throughout the day-long battle, without regard for his own safety, Captain Denney constantly exposed himself to

"It is time to care for and nurture each other and our planet . . . to search for and find peace within ourselves. America can learn a lot about this process among Vietnam veterans."

looked like the home office of a company which is unambiguously in the glory business.

We found Denney's grave on a gentle hillside surrounded by trees. As Shaun stood silently before it, I walked off and took in some of the other tombstones. Who in the world was Lucretia Mott Reed? She was born in Kent County, Maryland, in 1881 and shares a tombstone with Lt. Charles Francis Dame. Did she marry him and keep her own name—in *those* days? Could the parents who named her have ever imagined that

Susan Shaughnessy, a member of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.), is a freelance writer and songwriter.

the cemetery; the Park Service considered the organization "political"—unlike groups such as the American Legion or Veterans of Foreign Wars. Until the last minute, we had expected to be barred. My experience was the same on my second visit in 1984, when I marched with men in scruffy fatigues who were holding a 24-hour-a-day vigil for unreturned prisoners of war at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. They had resolved, despite refusals, to join the procession escorting the Unknown Soldier of Vietnam to his resting place. A guard at the gate began to weep and refused to deny entrance to these comrades from his own time of service. Both groups, though at opposite

enemy fire, moving around the battle field, directing and encouraging his men." He was already badly wounded when he crawled toward the ravine where Private Larry Boyer lay dying: "He reached out and told the man to take his hand. He gave his life trying to save PFC Boyer." I think of John 15:13, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

A Friend sojourning from England rose in meeting for worship a couple of weeks ago to say, "I recently traveled to France and visited one of the large cemeteries from World War I. I will never forget the grave of one 19-year-old. His wife had written, 'How much I loved you no one will ever know.' I have a feeling that this is the judgment of God on each and every one of us." Like a Zen koan (a Zen proverb that is deliberately unclear) this sentence has both clarity and mystery for me.

My husband readily shares his Vietnam experience with teenagers in First-day school and at yearly meeting. They are very much interested. I sense that adult Friends are interested, too; but they seem to have trouble forming their questions.

Here are some good ones to start with: Why did you go to war? What were the people you served with like? What feelings do you have now about war? What did you learn from your experience? What do you think about the Vietnam movies? How do you feel toward people who didn't go? What did Vietnam teach you about class in American life? What is the peace movement missing when it talks about war?

I think of what Steve Tice, badly wounded in '68 and now a team leader at a veterans counseling center, told an audience of University of Wisconsin students a couple of years ago: "We're the cost of war. It's increasingly popular now for government officials, media, the public, and Vietnam veterans themselves to say that the lesson of Vietnam is 'Never again will we fight a war without going all out.' We already knew that about war. That's not the lesson. It's time to put that view behind us. The lesson of war is very simple. The lesson of war is no more war."

"It is time to care for and nurture each other and our planet. It is time to search for and find peace within ourselves. America can learn a lot about this process among Vietnam veterans."

□

Chautauqua

for Norman Morrison, died November 2, 1965

The Chautauqua Institution was founded at Chautauqua Lake in western New York state in the 1870s or 1880s as a summer resort with a religious focus. It now also includes educational and arts programs.

Norman Morrison lived there year-round with his family when he was a boy. There he met and became friends with the author of this poem, Hugh Ogden.



Memoir for Norman Morrison

It has been almost a quarter century since Norman Morrison gave his body to be burned at the Pentagon. So long, and yet the personal pain is still fresh. It is still hard to find the right words.

For those who remember and understand, perhaps nothing more by way of words or explanation is needed. For those who remember and did not understand, have time, Vietnam, and history made any difference? What words, then or now, could illuminate the depths of one man where anguish, faith, and a personal commitment to God's guidance fiercely interplayed?

For those who don't remember, perhaps these things need to be said: In 1965 the war in Vietnam was escalating with ominous portent to those who, like Norman, foresaw what tragedy lay ahead for both countries. As a young father of three, a Quaker

professional (executive secretary of Stony Run Friends Meeting, Baltimore, Md.) and activist, Norman agonized over the war, especially over the suffering of innocents. He feared that Vietnam would escalate into a war between the superpowers; thus nuclear war. Unlike many, Norman lived with great attentiveness to divine guidance. He believed he was guided to go to the Pentagon on Nov. 2, 1965, perhaps in faith that his sacrifice would wake up the sleeping conscience of the nation.

One illuminating word about Norman might be *intensity*. He had an incredible intensity which he brought to his life—work, play, ideals—and finally, also to his death.

But it is probably more appropriate to remember and celebrate Norman's short and powerful life through poetry and art than through prose. Thus I am

I

One thing to sing for a soldier or lover,
another for you who helped
quicken me to life,
walked the miniature valleys of Palestine
at Chautauqua and made Judea real.
Once we walked that replica and went
from the Dead Sea up to Galilee in fifteen minutes.
You, a twelve-year-old in a shirt and tie,
naming the dahlias on the western border,
and in the middle: Nazareth, Jerusalem.
The Jordan flowed a two-foot wide
stream of blue and a single bridge
over it. Warm air trickled.
Years later, the American government sent troops to
Vietnam
and the world looked at you in the newspaper.
And I had a friend
and he will always be
slightly older and go down
from Jerusalem in the foliage
of Siloam's pool, the flux of gardens.
Around him children will gather
and leaves, what the air renders
of summer, what the wind.

High Ogden, a member of Hartford (Conn.) Meeting, has taught at Trinity College for more than 20 years.

most grateful for Hugh Ogden's insightful and moving poem, "Chautauqua." Many poems have been written about Norman but none I have read better expresses Norman's spirit. His intense, yearning witness is summed up in one simple line of the poem: "I wanted so much."

Norman Morrison wanted peace so much, cared so much, believed so much, that he gave his life for these ends. His witness—terrible, mysterious, profound—burned an imprint on those both in this country and in Vietnam who understood, not in the region of the mind, but in the soul.

—Anne Morrison Welsh

A member of Celo (N.C.) Meeting, Anne Welsh is director of a home for mentally retarded adults. She and her husband, Bob Welsh, have four grown children, a dog, a cat, and five acres of land in western North Carolina.

II

I listen to some obscure mixing
of history and memory.
The mainsail billows with the wind
from over the tiny hills and valleys
of Palestine
and the Lightning heels over so far
I'm frightened the boat will founder.
Johnson sends Marines to Da Nang.
You reach down and set the Nazareth sign
back upright,
kick sand from the path.
Dean Rusk holds a news conference.
I buy a newspaper on the steps of the Union
in Ann Arbor,
light blowing November snow.
For days afterwards your picture
appears on classroom walls,
as everyone talks about
how you drove to Washington
with your year-old daughter,
went to the river-entrance of the Pentagon
and stood in the stream of office-workers
ending their day.
At Chautauqua
you conjure Bible stories
from the charred wood of a camp fire,
dream of attending seminary to understand Jesus,
rush back from the lake
to be with your mother in late
afternoon.
How the hands of others flutter over a young child's
head!
How you would write in the sand
with your finger
or spit there and recall the book of John.
See, how I know
still the story of men

*Continued
on next
page*



Page 10:
Anne and Norman
Morrison, holding children Ben and
Christina, with Grandmother Hazel Morrison, 1961
Above: Chautauqua Lake, a postcard view

Photographs courtesy of Anne Morrison Welsh

who could not see
 how a blind man
 washed his eyes and came back
 seeing.
 He came back seeing though born blind.
 I see you in white shirt and loose tie
 walking the bridge over the Jordan.
 I see you sponging water from the bilge
 as we return to the buoy,
 calmly holding the mooring cleat
 as I try to tie a bowline.
 I see you in a meetinghouse speaking
 without raising your arms.
 I see you sitting on the grass outside an amphitheater
 listening to Bach's B Minor Mass,
 your eyes oblivious to the brown bats
 that flit from the roof.
 I see you getting out of an old Cadillac
 in the Pentagon parking lot.
 You wrap your daughter in a plaid blanket,
 then carry her under one arm,
 a gallon jug hung from the other.
 No one stops to speak,
 the river tinged gray eastward,
 slough time, slow, then fast,
 windows alight in the squat cement building.
 You climb up the parapet,
 stalks of crimson weed-flower
 isolated on the brown-green grass.
 She cuddles against your sweater,
 reaches a fist to your chin.
 You put her down, take a few steps,
 put the jug over your head
 and pour.
 She smiles at the flame,
 kicks off the blanket.
 Gaps in the clouds above,
 splinterings of flame,
 coughing.
 A colonel runs up
 and throws you to the ground.
 She cries.
 A woman picks her up and sways.
 You struggle to your feet,
 cup your right hand over your ear,
 your other a flame above.
 In the Potomac brown weed, bits of cardboard.
 White sheared wind over Chautauqua Lake
 burns against the mainsail.
 Hundreds of people crowd
 the parking lot, the cement walkway.
 You lie curled with your head
 almost touching your corduroys.
 She stares up at a stranger
 in dusk
 as all Washington
 lights up the river.

III

If I had known, pulling
 the mainsail taut because you asked,
 I would have pulled myself closer, touched your hand.
 I would have asked
 why you would bring your daughter
 to Washington in a distant November.
 I would like
 to believe you had her
 with you because that was one of the days
 you took care of her.
 As you drove by the refineries
 flaring gas near Baltimore you suddenly
 needed
 to go to the Pentagon
 with her in the baby seat beside you.
 You forgot how
 a child gazes up at an adult.
 Oblivious and wild for peace you breathed
 close to murder
 and then put her aside
 to change our history. Now, twenty-five years
 later,
 I lay down here the only
 truth I know, these words you speak:

 I wanted so much.
 I wanted to stand against
 my country when it brought a gun to a child's head.

 My child watched me
 burn myself by the Potomac.
 I wanted to brush and brush again her hair

 and give her a home,
 a full pleated dress with a white sash,
 a just community. I wanted her to be able to walk to
 school

 unafraid and have friends
 and play with dolls in an open living room.
 I wanted her breasts to grow firm, grow round, her wide
 eyes

 startle even me.
 I wanted the wind off
 Chautauqua forever and over again,

 for her to put up
 sail and strike it, the reach
 of a light breeze carrying her to the buoy,

 for her to go
 to the miniature replica
 of Palestine with children and stand by the Jordan

 and go down in the foliage
 to the path where a blind man washed
 clay from his eyes and saw because he believed.

—Hugh Ogden

To be a pacifist requires something beyond what most of us are prepared for. It is not part of our ordinary equipment for citizenship.

The Pacifist as Citizen

by Elise Boulding

Because it is useful to understand the contexts out of which people speak, I will begin by saying that I speak about pacifism and citizenship from the following background: I am a sociologist, a Quaker, a pacifist, an immigrant. I came as a child to this country because my family sought a better life than poor, depression-ridden Norway could offer. I am also a precinct co-chair for the Democratic Party in Boulder, Colorado.

Elise Boulding is head of the International Peace Research Association, professor emeritus of Dartmouth College, and a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting. Her article is condensed from her presentation to the U.S. Institute of Peace Workshop, December 1988.

Because there are many meanings associated with the term *pacifism*, let me clarify what I understand the range of meanings to include. The word *pacifism* is constituted from the Latin words *pace* and *facere*. The term therefore refers to making peace. Contrary to popular opinion, it has nothing to do with passivism, or a state of passivity.

The pacifist holds dual citizenship: she is a citizen both of a given nation state and of the world community. The pacifist looks at present reality both with an inward and outward eye. The outward eye sees the socio-political realities of the world as it now is, organized by threat and violence. The inward eye is a visionary eye that can see another

social order, more peaceful, more just, more humane than the one we experience daily. That dual citizenship and the two ways of seeing are, I think, very important to understanding the fully committed pacifist.

There is an enormous ambiguity in the term *pacifism*, however, because of the diversity of views held by people who go under the label of pacifist. The term has been used to refer to people who are primarily internationalists, who when it comes right down to it will support military action by their government in wartime. There is no reason why they shouldn't call themselves pacifist if they want to, and some of them do. We just have to know that this is one of the varieties of people who have traditionally called themselves pacifists.

The second variety, and we saw many people in this category during the Vietnam war, is the anti-war person, self-identified as pacifist but believing there are certain wars it's OK to fight and certain wars that it isn't OK to fight. This kind of pacifist reserves the right to choose which war to fight.

The third variety is perhaps the one we usually think of when the word pacifist is used, the person who refuses all war and all taking of life, including animal life (not all of this type are vegetarians, but many are). This kind of pacifism is based on religious and/or moral grounds. These pacifists, known as conscientious objectors, cooperate with their government in wartime by undertaking alternative service of a humanitarian nature, welcoming the opportunity for community identification, but always in the context of furthering the welfare of the international community.

Finally there is the absolutist, who not only refuses all war and all violence, but refuses all cooperation with the government in relation to national defense on the grounds that governments are basically organized as a war system. These are the resisters who refuse to register for the draft and who, when they go to jail, refuse to cooperate with the prison system—another part of the war system. The nonregistrants I have known are people of incredibly high moral charac-



Geoff Tischbein

At the Mobilization for Survival, New York City, 1978.

ter who have often endured several years of solitary confinement in prison for their convictions. They have emerged from their prison experience as luminous human beings before whom one can only stand in awe. The Iowa farmer I happened to spend last weekend with at a conference in Kansas was one such absolutist who survived solitary confinement in prison in World War II and has stood as a bulwark of his rural community ever since. Such people have made a special contribution to the concept of citizenship.

What I have to say about the pacifist as citizen applies to a degree to all categories of pacifists, but most of all to the conscientious objector and the absolute pacifist.

The Social Functions of the Pacifist

The pacifist has important social functions to perform in relation to the defense activities of the nation state:

- To provide a critique of the policies

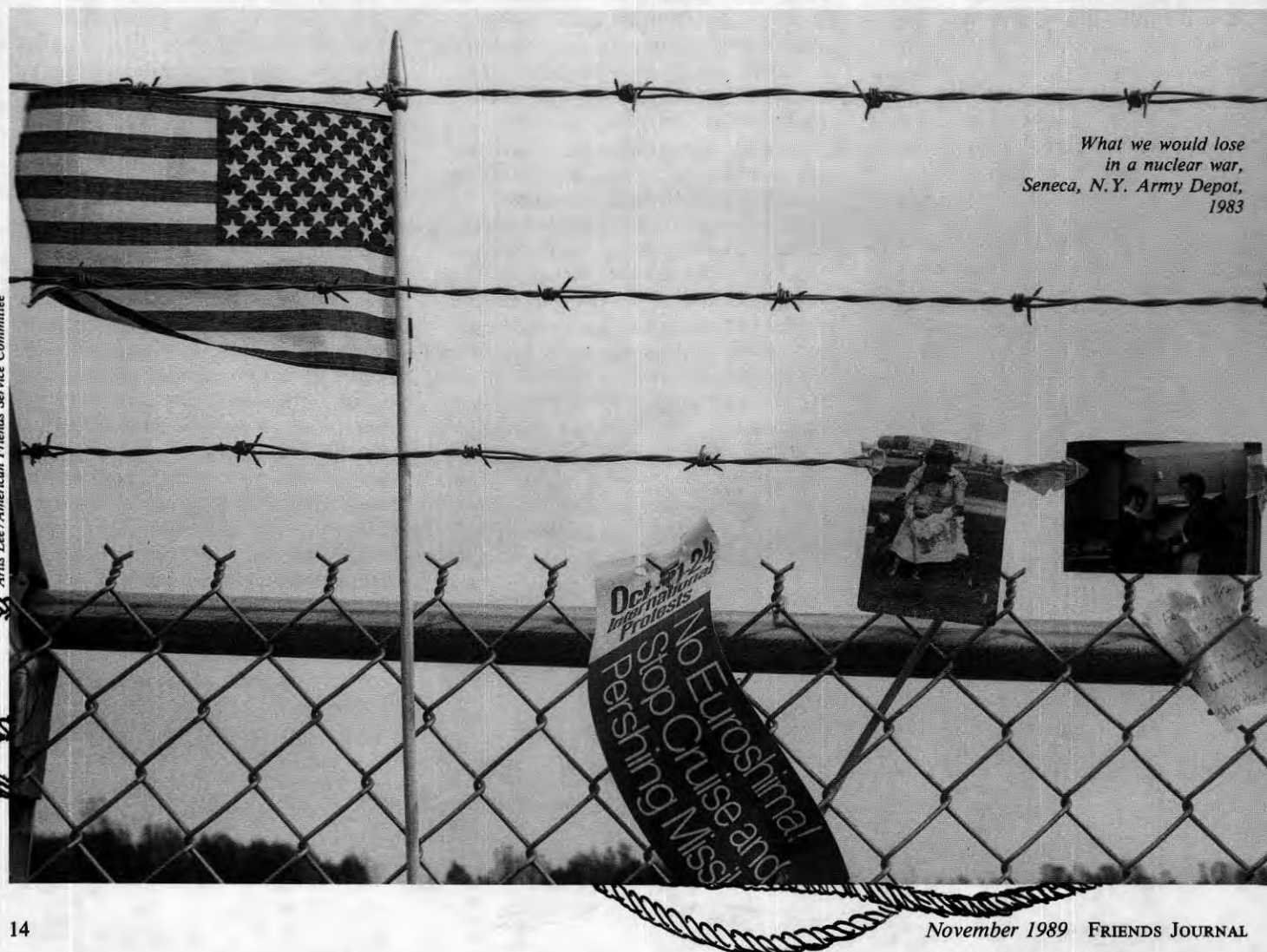
of the nation state in light of the highest moral values of the civilization of which one is a part, using as additional criteria the long-term welfare of that nation and the long-term welfare of the international community of states.

- To provide checks and balances within the nation state system, in relation to military decision-making, civilian decision-making, and public opinion. The interaction between the pacifist and the general public is a very important part of the function of a pacifist, opening up a consideration of security alternatives for the state system as a whole.

- To provide concrete scenarios for the post-hostilities era. What is going to happen when the war is over, what kind of society will we have, what kind of relationship are we going to develop with our former adversary? In World War II the question was how to work with Japan, Germany, and Italy after the war. Now it is how to work with the Soviet Union after a nonwar, how with Nicaragua? The pacifist plays a very important role in developing models for

creative future relationships with former enemies.

- To show another way of loving one's country even while dissenting from its policies. It is difficult to communicate a positive witness with negative actions. The words *protest*, *dissent*, *conscientious objector*, *resister*, *non-violent activist*, all carry the burden of negativity while the actions they signify carry intentions of positive social transformation. Although it may not be evident to unsympathetic observers, pacifists love their country deeply even while engaging in apparently hostile acts toward it. I would say this is true even of the people who trampled on U.S. flags or set matches to them during the Vietnam protest era or engaged in other kinds of behaviors that many of us found objectionable. The hostility displayed stemmed from an intense spirit of loyalty to and identification with their country—an identification so strong they could not bear what they saw as state treason against and betrayal of what their country was really about.



The Diversity of Peace Movements

One can only speak of peace movements in the plural, because they are highly diverse. That diversity also exists within individual peace organizations. All four kinds of pacifists will be found in varied proportions in all peace organizations. Even those organizations thought of as "traditionally pacifist" will include some members who are basically internationalist, some who reserve the right to choose when violence is appropriate, and others who hold to varying degrees of absolutism. One simply cannot generalize that pacifism today, or the peace movement today, is this, that, or the other. However, it may be said that all four kinds of pacifists hold to a high concept of citizenship, and a high respect for civic order at the national and international level.

The Historical Context

If one looks at long-term trends rather than at surface currents, there is an emergent rejection of war as an instrument of national policy in this century. That trend began in the 1880s and 1890s when Czar Nicholas of Russia called the

international conference that led to setting up the International Court of Arbitration. Subsequently a whole set of institutional mechanisms unfolded in the early part of this century that came to fruition first in the League of Nations and then the United Nations. This long, slow, difficult process is one that nation states resist every step of the way.

The interesting thing about this long-term trend is that Russia was an integral part of it until the Communist Revolution. That revolution created a sharp break similar to the one that took place in France a couple of hundred years earlier. The decades preceding the French Revolution were also a time of building cooperation in Europe. The distrust and fear generated by political upheavals and social atrocities in revolutionary France set longer term peace processes back for many decades.

But we got over the French Revolution. We don't worry about the French committing atrocities today, or at least not the kind they committed then. Similarly, in the long run we will get over, *are* getting over, the mistrust of Russia generated by its revolution. The long-term trend is that she is part of Europe. These things will work themselves out. The general growth of intergovernmental organizations both regionally and between continents and the appearance of many new transnational structures that did not exist at the beginning of this century indicate that the international system is taking on an entirely new shape for the 21st century.

At the same time internationalization is taking place, there is also a long-term trend of differentiation of nation states. We have gone from the "old club" of 50 states to the new reality of more than 168 nation states and an awareness (if

not yet acceptance) of cultural and economic pluralism within and between those states. There is at least a dawning consciousness that there are 10,000 human societies inhabiting those 168 states. That diversity is something that has to be taken into account in the peace process.

Another and contrary aspect of the long-term trend of internationalization and differentiation is the process of modernization. Modernization means high science, high technology, and a culture equated with one historical tradition—that of the West. Because western-style universalism has been accompanied by a growing militarization of the international system and growing economic maldevelopment (contributed to by both communist and capitalist countries), we are now in a stage of serious critique of the scientific/technological/military/industrial complex associated with western universalism.

It is out of these contradictions that the peace movements of the 1960s were born.

A New Consciousness

The simple formulae of the old peace movements could not serve in the new situation of the 1960s. In the old peace movement, the focus was on doing away with war while protecting freedom. Now it became necessary to understand the conditions for making and maintaining peace. This involved an in-depth understanding of human rights, and in applying it to the 10,000 societies I spoke of, an in-depth understanding of how development processes work, under what conditions these processes create more justice, under what conditions they create injustice; and an in-depth understanding of the fragility of the planet and the need for environmental protection if there is to be a future at all.

In short, pacifists have been going through an intense process of social learning. That learning has been made harder by the conflation of two separate struggles—the East-West conflict and the North-South conflict. As peace organizations have found their way through the mazes of each struggle, committed to finding bases for authentic and productive relationships with individuals and groups in adversary na-



Draft card protest, Philadelphia, Pa., 1969



Performing alternative service, 1918

AISC Archives

tions, they have built up a tremendous body of diplomatic experience.

I suspect that not a few pacifists know more about how to negotiate with the Russians than some of our state department people, partly because they have been at it since the early 1960s. Pacifists have been teaching the members of the official Soviet Peace Committee some new concepts and some new understandings of process, of respect for their own diversity, and respect for their own compatriots in the unofficial peace movement of their country. There have been mistakes, of course, because when you are in a learning process, making mistakes is part of the learning. Learning is at best a self-correcting process. Much of the groundwork for the progress we are making now in Soviet-American relations has been laid by peace organizations who have been working at dialogue for a quarter of a century and more.

The second set of learnings for the peace movement involve North-South relations and liberation struggles in the Third World. Here again simplistic concepts have been replaced by more sophisticated understandings. Victimization and oppression have become realities instead of words. Coming to the specifics of victimization has been very difficult to handle with equanimity because such deep emotions about what is happening to human beings are aroused in the process. Pacifists have been engaged in a difficult struggle to find a way to stand with victims of oppression and yet remain committed to reconciliation of oppressor and oppressed.

In this situation some pacifists have gone back to the "just war" position because it is the only one with which they feel comfortable. This position lies within the range of what people think of as pacifism. However, pacifists were also confronted with the reality that some liberation struggles resulted in vicious regimes. The old cycle was reappearing: violence begets violence. How can the cycle of violence be broken?

The Problem of Love

In theory, every pacifist knows the cycle of violence can only be broken through love. Pacifists know they are

supposed to have feelings of identification with every human being regardless of race, ethnicity, nationality, creed, or class. The tension of trying to identify with both sides in a conflict is very great. I'll say for myself that the tension I experienced, in loving and identifying with the United States as a U.S. citizen at the time of the Hiroshima bombing, at the same time that I was identifying with the ashes—with the people whose ashes I saw, whose teeth fillings and glasses were heaped in bins, whose dolls (for there were children) were also heaped in bins—left an inner knowledge of the depths of human degradation that will always be with me. Similarly today, pacifists have to deal with simultaneous identification with white and black South Africans, with Arabs and Jews in Israel/Palestine.

I could make a litany of these tasks which confront the pacifist. They are very hard. The truth is that the task of breaking the cycle of violence requires a development of personhood that lies a little beyond what most of us are prepared for. It is not part of our ordinary equipment for citizenship. Nevertheless, we know we must somehow learn to face these challenges, learn how to create the conditions of peace. The new social order can only arise from a new level of cooperative activity among peoples, and we have to start with what we have.

In the long run a just and peaceful social order is not going to be unilaterally imposed; not in South Africa, not in the Middle East or Central America, not in U.S.-USSR relations. It's going to be some kind of a joint process. That is what we have to learn to rely on.

We have heartening examples around

us today, especially in that hardest of hard cases, South Africa. A recent issue of *Fellowship*, the journal of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, describes the sequence the South African Council of Churches has gone through of reverting to a support of violence in the face of failure of an earlier nonviolence campaign. And now, as violence escalates all around them, they are back to nonviolence again. They see it is the only way to break the vicious cycle. This is the hardest witness. It requires a development of personhood that gives us a new ideal of what we need to achieve as citizens.

A New Stage

In closing I would like to reflect on the new stage I see the peace movements are in, faced as they are with such intractable problems. I see a new metaphor emerging for this stage. The old peace movement metaphor was to build the new society inside the crumbling shell of the old. That metaphor had its own kind of violence. The new metaphor has to do with weaving; it is a metaphor from the women's movement: Weave the new society into the fabric of the old. This provides us with the positive imagery we so badly need.

In this new stage there is an acknowledgement among pacifists of the need for new knowledge and new skills. The whole peace research movement, seeking to use the tools of the social sciences to identify the structures and processes of peace, has sprung up side by side with the peace movement. Many peace researchers would not call themselves pacifist, only internationalist, but we have seen that historically international-



Soviet Economist
Oksana
Ivanovskaya
(center) at
Pendle Hill,
1987

Terry Foss/AFSC

ism finds a niche in the pacifist spectrum. The birth in 1965 of the International Peace Research Association and the development of a body of knowledge about the conditions of peace provides new nourishment for pacifists. The whole development of peace training, whether it is training in mediation, in nonviolent action, in peace studies programs on college campuses, or the role-playing of conflict resolution in kindergarten—this peace training empowers people for the breaking of the cycle of violence.

There is a movement within each of the traditional professions to see how the specialties within that profession can be applied to creating a more peaceful world. The Physicians for Social Responsibility, the Educators for Social Responsibility, the social workers, the architects, the lawyers, the engineers, the physicists—each profession has now generated healing cells of peace-oriented practitioners.

What is happening to the individual pacifist in this new stage? I checked back with a small contemplation and social justice group I meet with regularly in Boulder, Colorado, asking each person to tell me if they felt they could honestly call themselves pacifists, and, if so, how were they practicing their pacifism. Every last one of the dozen or so members of the group spoke of how extraordinarily difficult the journey to the pacifist lifeway was. They spoke of having continually to discern and reflect and make choices; of having to deal with the gap between how they actually behaved and how they needed to behave to be true pacifists. And they spoke of the painfulness of the gap between the society they lived in daily and society as they wanted it to be. All of them accepted the responsibility of living with these gaps, and trying to close them. Not one of them took their pacifism for granted.

The pacifist is a citizen of two countries, her nation and the world. It is a difficult and demanding task to find a way to maintain that dual citizenship and to engage in the personal and social development that makes such citizenship possible. □



Morning

I In the east window
the sky turns blue
not like the rush of incandescence
under the coffeepot
this dark November dawn
but shy,
more like the way rain rustles
before it falls,
or the first note of the first bird.

II Sometimes we know them:
moments incandescent
instantly locked in sweet amber.
A birth
a dark wet head
dark blue bewildered eyes
a tree
shagbark or sugar maple
gold that hurts the heart
a beach in August
fan after fan of silky bubbles
foam to cup for the wind's kiss
a Chopin Nocturne
black bread redolent with caraway
a class
a girl, her face, her copy of "A Father's Story"
smudged with tears
a love
your face, transfigured
Moments incandescent.
If we are compass needles,
they are true north.

III More often,
it's like milkweed,
green sullen pods
sulking all summer on ungainly stems
then, last day in October, they explode
silk stars.
"We had the experience but missed the meaning,"
the poet says.
No. The meaning comes,
but only as time burnishes it,
candle, not lightning,
pearl after slow pearl
strung in secret
as we grow more wise.

IV The light turns blue.
The coffee steams.
Each day now,
the world darkening toward zero,
I rise more early, just to know
that first uncertain blue.
Moving toward night,
I grow more morning.

—Judith Kotary Straffin



Lucy Savarese

Judith Straffin is a college teacher
and member of Beloit (Wis.)
Meeting.

ELMORE JACKSON Quiet in Demeanor, Faith

by Lewis M. Hoskins

Over recent decades the Religious Society of Friends has produced from its membership a series of Quaker leaders who have found a quiet but useful role in the building of peace among nations, be it in diplomacy, service with the United Nations, or in private efforts. Some have helped build bridges of communication and understanding among leaders of nations exhibiting hostility and suspicion. Frequently Quakers have labored within their own country to build support for policies conducive to peace. Sometimes this has meant lonely lobbying, or more often constructing institutions of service to the cause of world peace. A number of Friends have devoted their energies to this call.

Elmore Jackson, who passed away this past year, served the Society of Friends and the cause of peace in unique ways. His energies tended to be focused on the intractable problems of the Middle East, but his concerns were worldwide. His faith in the UN and its potential for global amity and progress was central to his lifelong efforts.

Born and reared in a Quaker community in southwest Idaho, he studied at Greenleaf Friends Academy and then at Pacific College, Newberg, Oregon (now George Fox College), and at Yale Divinity School. His scholarship provided him with the needed framework for his understanding of the complexities of

modern international relationships. His library and coffee table were always filled with late editions of important studies of problem areas of the world.

Tutored in Western Quaker beliefs and practices of Oregon Yearly Meeting (now Northwest Yearly Meeting), he broadened his Quakerism by study at Yale and in work with that other western Quaker leader, Clarence E. Pickett. He became Clarence's right-hand man at the American Friends Service Committee at a crucial moment of its history. A pacifist, Elmore undertook a multiplicity of tasks with Clarence, functioning as secretary, personnel officer, and administrative assistant. He was instrumental in organizing leadership and participants for numerous Quaker projects—work camps, Civilian Public Service, and overseas relief and reconstruction when they became possible. This extended his broad acquaintance within U.S. Quakerdom and later the worldwide community of Friends. His vision for a peaceful planet always grew from his own religious and reflective life. The meeting for worship nurtured his insights as his intellectual studies sharpened his approaches.

Most Friends recall Elmore's pioneering work at Quaker House, adjacent to the United Nations in New York City. He contributed in numerous ways to the widening scope of that organization, and especially to the remarkable role evolving for nongovernmental organizations (NGOs) associated with the UN. Special concerns which he carried included disarmament, the peaceful resolution of conflicts, human rights, and aid for the world's disadvantaged. He felt that Quakers had some insight, often arising from experience, for solving these human problems. He was optimistic that the UN could become an essential tool for carrying forward solutions. Education among Friends and other church groups and the U.S. public helped to bolster the international organization and its specialized agencies. He worked with colleagues in Washington, D.C., to bring about better support from the United States and for constructive foreign policies generally.

The assignment, with his wife, Beth,

and their two daughters, to the Quaker United Nations Program brought focus to his Quaker service activities. Building a home for multiple uses in Manhattan was not an easy task. It was planned to serve the AFSC and Friends World Committee for Consultation in their peace-seeking and representational tasks. The family shared Elmore's vision and lived in a harmonious atmosphere that offered a haven and a model for the many foreign visitors who enjoyed the hospitality of Quaker House. The quiet privacy and unpretentious organizing of luncheons, teas, and dinner parties brought together leaders from all parts of the world who would not be able to talk together publicly at the UN. Modestly, Elmore never totaled up the number of preliminary agreements in seemingly intractable disputes that were facilitated under his sensitive encouragement. His quiet demeanor and integrity won the confidence of many diplomats and UN officials. Some Friends who

Lewis M. Hoskins is retired as professor of history and director of international programs at Earlham College. He worked as personnel secretary and executive secretary with Elmore Jackson in the American Friends Service Committee. He and his wife, Lois, live in Lincoln City, Oregon.



D. and T. Chapelle/AFSC Archives

ul Peacemaker

may have felt that he was overly reserved and remote in his work did not know him in action with a mixed group of human beings who were all trying to maintain a circumspect and even hostile mien. His sense of humor was needed for survival in the many disappointments and frustrations inherent in his inconspicuous role.

Peacekeeping and mediation became for Elmore an increasingly vital role of the UN and for governments who needed to use its facilities. But first he turned to an intensive study of mediation in the U.S. labor scene to see what principles from that experience might apply to the world scene. One product of that study was his thoughtful book, *Meeting of Minds*, partially growing out of a series of seminars held at Quaker House. As he discussed these ideas with UN officials such as Andrew Cordier (under-secretary general), he felt encouraged that they might have relevance to specific problem areas.

One such site was the bitter hostility between the new nation of Israel and its Arab Muslim neighbors. Elmore helped negotiate arrangements in the 1950s for the AFSC to take responsibility for carrying out a massive relief and feeding program for Arab refugees in the Gaza strip on behalf of the UN. The military commander in the disputed area was Egyptian General Gamal Nasser, with whom Quaker workers had to deal. At the same time, some older Israeli leaders recalled with appreciation the Quaker relief and rescue work carried out for Jews in Nazi Germany. Elmore felt called to try a personal mediation effort, and he was liberated by the AFSC Board to do so. Officials of the UN and the United States gave him quiet encouragement. For many years his "shuttle diplomacy" of 1955 between Nasser and Ben Gurion was kept under wraps. It went a long way toward developing a personal, respectful relationship between the two leaders. But it wasn't time yet

for a Camp David agreement, and, regrettably, hostilities broke out. The account of his *Middle East Mission* is now told vividly in his more recent book. Elmore's efforts went beyond the political as he tried to draw on the spiritual resources of the participants as a basis for mediation and negotiation.

During the decade of the 1950s, the Cold War was at its height, and Elmore, aided greatly by Clarence Pickett, who had now retired as executive secretary of the AFSC, kept in close touch with diplomats from the Soviet Union as well as from the United States. The tense estrangement between the two countries was slightly ameliorated by quiet efforts at Quaker House in New York and at its counterpart in Geneva to keep them talking. Hard lines on both sides made these efforts seem fruitless, but some understanding on side issues was achieved and may have led to later progress. The two superpowers maintained stances of suspicion and hostility, but officials never stopped talking and seemed to be awaiting more propitious timing. Conferences of younger diplomats from many nations continued to be held in Switzerland, Asia, and Africa to supplement the continuous efforts at Quaker House to keep lines of communication open. Friends from Europe and elsewhere joined in these concerns.

In 1961 Elmore became special assistant for policy planning with the Department of State, where he specialized in international organizational affairs. He also worked with the United Nations Association of the U.S.A. and with the Rockefeller Foundation to build support for the UN and peacekeeping programs. He and Beth retired to the Friends Retirement Home in Newtown, Pennsylvania, where Elmore continued his studies and writings about international affairs. His recent death may preclude his personal reminiscences, but not the memory of his commitment and achievements. □

United Nations Quaker team at Quaker House, New York City, 1950. From left: Gerald Bailey, Clarence Pickett, Agatha Harrison, Elsa Cedergren, Heberto Sein, Elmore Jackson.



Ten Years After the Ki

by Larry Miller

On January 7 of this year Cambodians engaged in a great national celebration of an event which was in many ways a quirk of history. January 7 was the tenth anniversary of the ousting of Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge regime by Vietnamese forces, an invasion that began on Christmas Day, 1978. The event was inconsistent with past experiences because for centuries Cambodia and Vietnam have been enemies. Yet this time, by pushing the Khmer Rouge military forces right up against the Thailand border, the Vietnamese were seen as liberators. And it was on January 7, 1979, that the Vietnamese gave power to Heng Samrin, a Cambodian defector from the Khmer Rouge, who established the People's Republic of Kampuchea (PRK) and who continues to govern today as president. "Kampuchea" is derived from the traditional Khmer name for the country, "Kambuja," first used in the 10th century. "Khmer" is used interchangeably with "Kampuchean" or "Cambodian," as in "Khmer people."

After the Vietnamese invasion, the full story of the brutality of life under Pol Pot began to emerge. The film, *The Killing Fields*, graphically portrays the horror of those years, 1975 through 1978, a story based on an article in 1980 in *The New York Times Magazine* by Sydney Schanberg entitled "The Death and Life of Dith Pran."

Schanberg was one of those few Western journalists who chose to remain in Phnom Penh when the Khmer Rouge defeated the U.S.-backed Lon Nol regime in 1975 shortly after the fall of Saigon. Dith Pran was his Cambodian assistant—his translator, companion, messenger and trouble shooter—who, along with all other Cambodian residents of Phnom Penh, the capital city, was driven out to a rural area and who literally disappeared as the country closed in on itself.

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Photographs by Larry Miller

ing Fields



Page 20: The wooden structural components of the Tang Krassang dam in Kompong Chhnang Province remain in place upon the completion of the irrigation structure.

Left: Young women and men attend class in a reconstructed room at the Teacher Training College in Kompong Cham town.

The opening scenes of the film deal realistically with the end of this civil war period. Leading the opposition was the Khmer Rouge, a native communist group with a history of guerrilla warfare and a growing popularity among Cambodians. As John Bastin and Harry Benda have observed in their *History of Modern Southeast Asia*, "the most common and general taproot of all native opposition to Western dominance stemmed, of course, from the basic fact of the aliens' intrusion into the social and political fabric of Southeast Asia."

Typical of the destruction that took place during the civil war was the devastation of the Teacher Training Center in the provincial town of Kompong Cham. All 15 buildings—dormitories, classroom buildings, common and dining rooms—were gutted. On my first visit in 1987 a number of buildings had new roofs in those cases where the outer walls were still standing, and one building was completely rebuilt. And yet 1,500 students were living in the shells of these buildings, and teaching was taking place in rooms that were completely open to the elements. Now in 1989 six structures

**Despite absence
of official UN
and Western
government aid,
the daily living
situation
of people is slowly
improving.**

have been rebuilt, thanks to European funding through the American Friends Service Committee.

It is almost impossible to comprehend what happened in Cambodia under the Khmer Rouge, the "Pol Pot regime." The Khmer Rouge leaders, inspired by

the Cultural Revolution in China, aimed to rid Kampuchea (they preferred to use the pre-colonial name) of all Western influence—which they believed had brought upheaval and corruption to their society—and to recreate a "pure" peasant society in which everyone worked the land. City dwellers were sent to the country to farm. Workers were not paid; money, property, and markets were abolished. Farms were frequently organized as slave-labor camps, with constant supervision and meager rations of rice and gruel. Schools, universities, and medical facilities that had survived the civil war were wrecked or abandoned.

Educated, professional, and skilled people, including thousands of civil servants, were regarded as a threat to the new system, and some Khmer Rouge commanders executed them systematically. In the worst cases, people were killed for wearing glasses or speaking a foreign language. The brutalities occurred within the context of a massive movement of people inside the country, with 400,000 escaping into Vietnam and Thailand.

Estimates vary as to the number of



Left: Quaker Service's Canadian veterinarian demonstrates to villager how to identify hoof and mouth disease.

Below: Houseboat and floating houses at Kompong Luong, a fishing village on Kampuchea's inland sea, Tonle Sap.

Kampuchean who died during the Pol Pot years from hunger, hard labor or disease, or who were executed by the Khmer Rouge. A Finnish Inquiry Commission in its *Kampuchea: Decade of the Genocide*, published in 1984, estimated that in those three-and-a-half years nearly one million people died altogether out of a population of 7.3 million. Examining the whole of the decade of the 1970s (the civil war and Pol Pot years) the Finnish estimate is that "the total loss in Kampuchea's population amounted to nearly two million people."

The newly installed Vietnam-backed

government under the leadership of Heng Samrin in January 1979 found itself facing a human-made famine. The fleeing Khmer Rouge destroyed food supplies that they could not take with them. The country no longer had enough adults—particularly men—nor enough draft animals to produce sufficient food. And now millions of people who had been forcibly resettled under the Khmer Rouge left the collective farms to search for family members and to make the long trek home. Still others, in the thousands, fearing the Vietnamese, chose to flee to Thailand.

As OXFAM-America, one of the

leading agencies to respond to the crisis, has pointed out, the world responded generously to the famine. From 1979 to 1981, Western governments and private donors sent \$664 million worth of aid to Cambodia, half of these funds for the program of assistance to Khmer displaced people and refugees at the Thai and Cambodian border. This funding was in addition to the massive emergency aid from some United Nations agencies and assistance from socialist countries.

By 1982 the worst of the emergency was over, and the official world climate toward Cambodia changed abruptly. The United Nations continued to recog-



nize the Khmer Rouge and two other political groups that were united in an opposition "coalition" as the legitimate government of Cambodia. The United States instituted an embargo, licensing only aid that could be considered emergency relief. Only four U.S. non-governmental organizations (NGOs)—the Quakers, the Mennonites, World Vision, and Church World Service—remained in the country to provide aid within the constraints of the embargo enforced by the U.S. Treasury and Commerce departments. UNICEF, which has a special charter within the UN system, and 27 U.S., European, and Australian NGOs have spent about ten million dollars a year for Cambodian projects. Significant development aid projects have been undertaken by the Soviet Union, Eastern European countries, and India.

It has been my responsibility and privilege for the last three years to observe Quaker Service projects and to talk with AFSC staff in the field. I travel with my colleague, David Elder, whose annual visits go back to 1979. He has described that year as "the year of below zero" when the systems of society had been dismantled and nearly completely destroyed. It was the year when agencies such as the AFSC found that their emergency relief assistance could not get anywhere unless some agency sent in trucks and fuel, according to David. "In the absence of money, relief aid would get nowhere unless some of the emergency rice was allocated to feed the driver, the warehouse staff, and the office workers who were trying to keep track of the rice. And the report on how the rice was distributed would be hard to come by unless someone provided paper and pens to the offices along the way." David recalls asking one of the few physicians remaining in Kampuchea what Quakers could do to help reestablish the medical school in Phnom Penh. "On your next trip to Bangkok bring back some pens and notebooks," was the reply.

Along with involvement on a modest scale in the emergency relief operations, the AFSC undertook reconstruction and rehabilitation projects for which licenses could be obtained from the U.S. government. Foremost among these was the establishment of a National Rehabilitation Center where selected Cambodians could receive training from an expatriate prosthetist on how to make artificial limbs. As a result of the civil war and

then the continuing guerrilla attacks by Khmer Rouge forces from sanctuaries along the Thailand border, thousands of men and women were and are in need of artificial limbs. Although virtually everything had to be imported into Cambodia in 1979 and 1980, the AFSC was determined that eventually all the materials needed for these prostheses should be locally made.

Two important ingredients needed in the making of artificial limbs, even of a simple nature, are gypsum (for plaster casts) and leather. Quaker Service field staff found a factory on the outskirts of Phnom Penh that was making ceramic bowls for the tapping of rubber trees, but the factory was unable to reuse plaster molds for want of machinery

Quaker Service was to encourage purchase of more up-to-date equipment by an Australian or European donor agency since any expenditure of U.S. funds for the upgrading of industrial equipment was banned by the United States.

An even more serious hurdle was to overcome the traditional Cambodian view that a handicapped person is useless to society. Such persons tended to spend unproductive lives with their families or in some cases were grouped together in designated villages. Staff of the Rehabilitation Center worked with amputees to help them realize that life was not at an end and that there were some vocations into which they could step despite their handicap. I well remember on the occasion of one of my



Quaker Service prosthetist fits newly-made device on arm of a bilateral amputee in Kompong Cham town.

that could grind up the molds into gypsum. The purchase of such machinery could not get approval from U.S. authorities, so Australian Quakers were encouraged to supply the necessary equipment. The factory was then able to sell the gypsum powder to the prosthetic workshops and in addition make chalk for use in those schools that had blackboards.

The second necessary ingredient was leather. There exists one leather factory in all of Cambodia. When I visited in 1987 the outdated equipment was in bad repair. The working conditions had a 19th century flavor. Men were softening hides with their bare feet in large vats filled with chemicals. The factory was just beginning to experiment with the making of shoes. Here again the role of

visits to the Center the young man who by running around the small courtyard with a basketball, bouncing it and flipping it into the hoop, was visually proving to other patients that a physically active life was quite possible with an artificial leg.

Clearly one of the most moving experiences that I have had in Indochina was this year on a visit to the provincial town of Kompong Cham. Daniel Robert, a Swiss prosthetist appointed by the AFSC to direct the National Rehabilitation Center and the 11 satellite provincial workshops, had fashioned an artificial arm for a "bilateral" amputee, a young man with portions of both arms amputated because of a mine explosion. With the exception of the "hook" the prosthesis was made from local materials

including bicycle parts.

After last minute adjustments which he made in the workshop, Daniel positioned the prosthesis on the right arm stump and fitted the harness around the shoulders of the boy. Shortly thereafter the amputee, Boun Ra, was able to move a heavy piece of wood, pick up a pin, grasp a pencil and write his name, and take hold of a spoon with which to feed himself. It had been a year since his accident. There is little information about his family.

A second reconstruction effort undertaken by Quaker Service at an early date was the Animal Health Program. The Finnish Inquiry Commission determined that the greatest problem in terms of agricultural production was the lack of draft animals, two-thirds of which had died during the turmoil of the '70s. The well-established animal health system of the '60s was in near complete disarray. No Khmer veterinarian was left alive in the country. The laboratory producing vaccines had been smashed by the Khmer Rouge. Furthermore, most survivors had only rudimentary knowledge of the procedures to prevent disease. Even today, apart from the Quaker Service veterinarian, there are only five other vets in all of Cambodia. Veterinarians who are willing to work in what is one of the poorest countries in the world are hard to come by.

Under the Ministry of Agriculture a nationwide Animal Health Program has slowly built up. At first all vaccines had to be imported (from England, primarily from Israel, and more lately from Laos). Several years ago the AFSC arranged for the equipping of a modern vaccine laboratory within one of those containers that can be hoisted onto a truck, train, or ship. The container was shipped in from Singapore and set on a concrete block foundation on the grounds of the Ministry of Agriculture in Phnom Penh. Four Cambodians (three women and a man) were trained as technicians and now are capable of making 600,000 doses of hemorrhagic septicemia vaccine a year.

But once the vaccine is imported or made in the Phnom Penh laboratory, the problems of distribution and field vaccination begin. Vaccine, to remain potent, must be kept cold. Cambodia is a tropical country and is hot the year-round. How then is the vaccine to be delivered to provincial capitals over roads that vehicles travel at an average speed of 25 miles an hour? And then

An internationally monitored political settlement— and immediate development assistance—are urgently needed.

how is the vaccine to be injected into the draft animal?

The vaccine bottles are delivered in cold boxes to the provinces where the provincial Ministry of Agriculture has a kerosene refrigerator, there being electricity only for about two hours a day. Trained vaccinators bicycle to villages to organize a roundup of draft animals, and then on the designated day ride out with a cold box strapped over the rear wheel of the bicycle to a makeshift stockade that has been built for the vaccination of the animals on an assembly line basis.

Veterinarians call the long journey from the vaccine-making laboratory to the actual vaccination with imported syringes the "cold chain." Breaking the cold chain can ruin the vaccine. The Quaker Service Animal Health Program, financed largely by the U.S. organization, Heifer Project International, has saved thousands of bullocks and water buffaloes and thereby has contributed to food production in a country that has very little margin in its food production to cope with drought or flood.

A third major project area, only recently licensed, for Quaker Service has been the building of small dams and water gates. This is the Hydrology Program, the goal of which is to repair and increase the irrigation systems that will enable peasant farmers to have two crops a year, one during the monsoon or wet season, and the other during the dry season. More importantly it means that water is available for rice seed beds when they need it, and to flood paddies for transplanting whether rains are ear-

ly or late. To advise provincial cadres on the building of weirs and water gates, the AFSC has used the services of Canadian water resource engineers who have had experience in Thailand.

Among my most memorable experiences in visiting Cambodia was the adventure of tramping in a remote provincial district, or *srok*, across bone-dry fields to streams where small dams are to be built, then going by van to functioning dams and seeing in the middle of the dry season acres and acres of fields with the bright green of rice seedlings, fields interlaced with irrigation canals. Once again it is small-scale technology that is appropriate. The AFSC supplies cement and steel reinforcing bar ("rebar"), the villagers the labor on a voluntary basis. Southeast Asia paddy fields can be irrigated in this way at a fraction of the cost of large-scale projects.

What, then, can be said now about what the United Nations calls "the Kampuchean situation"? If Cambodia can be seen as a crossroad in Southeast Asia, the political pressures that impinge upon Cambodia come from many sources, including the "Big Powers." The United States feels that Vietnam must not be rewarded in any way for its invasion of Cambodia in 1978. There has been both overt and covert U.S. aid to the noncommunist opposition forces (simply stated, the forces of Son Sann and Prince Norodom Sihanouk), even though these two groups are allied in a coalition with the Khmer Rouge. China, countering its ancient enemy, Vietnam, and its more recent enemy, the Soviet Union, has openly backed the Khmer Rouge and sends in military supplies and other aid to the border camps in Thailand under Khmer Rouge control. Thailand, for various reasons, permits these shipments to take place.

The key players in this game of international politics are the Soviet Union, China, the United States, and Vietnam itself, with the Cambodians once again almost a sideshow to events important to these countries, probably in that order. The Soviet Union, reportedly supporting Vietnam to the tune of \$3 billion dollars a year, not only wants to reduce the drain on its resources but also wants detente with China. General Secretary Gorbachev of the Soviet Union met with Deng Xiao Ping, China's elder statesman, on May 15. Vietnam, a country in economic disarray, which faces perennial food shortages, wants to be

free of its responsibilities in Cambodia and appears to have completed its pullout of troops from Cambodia.

Vietnam gives the impression that its troops will stay home regardless of the consequences to Cambodia, so strong is its economic need to have more normal relationships with the United States and other Western governments. China for its part is hinting it will limit or possibly cut off aid to the Khmer Rouge as the Vietnamese troops leave. China alone at this point has the power to restrain, even neutralize, the Khmer Rouge, which reportedly has an army of nearly 35,000 well-trained fighters and ample stocks of military equipment and ammunition.

At the individual level a key player is Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who has resigned periodically as the head of the UN-recognized coalition because of attacks on his troops by Khmer Rouge forces. He has the international stature to bestow legitimacy on any settlement. In July 1988 he was present in Indonesia as the personal guest of President Suharto while representatives of the four Cambodian political groups met together in a closed session in Bogor, Indonesia. This meeting, called the Jakarta Informal Meeting (JIM), was followed by a more formal round of talks involving the Foreign Minister of Vietnam and high level delegations from Laos and from members of the Association of South-east Asian Nations (ASEAN).

As Indonesia's Foreign Minister put it following the talks, "what is important to note is that for the first time the parties directly involved, as well as other concerned countries in Southeast Asia, have been talking with one another rather than talking past one another." Subsequently on May 3, 1989, Prince Sihanouk met with the Cambodian Prime Minister, Hun Sen, in Jakarta at JIM II. In light of concessions Hun Sen made, such as restoring the name of the country from Kampuchea to Cambodia and agreeing to have a new flag and a new national anthem, Sihanouk said he might return to Cambodia as head of state. This past summer more than a dozen nations involved in the problem, together with representatives of three Khmer factions opposing the present government, met in Paris. At the outset there was hope for a settlement, but tragically the conference ended without agreement.

Meanwhile, at the United Nations, under pressure from governments and

nongovernmental organizations, there are concerted efforts to have the next General Assembly refrain from accepting the credentials of the Khmer Rouge-dominated "Coalition Government" and to make sure that in whatever political settlement is achieved there is a "non-return to the universally condemned policies and practices of a recent past," a pointed reference to the genocide of the Pol Pot era.

reliance upon market mechanisms in contrast to central planning. When asked recently whether Cambodia is communist, Prime Minister Hun Sen replied, "I am here to solve problems."

As I write this article at the end of September, there continues to be a very fluid political situation in Indochina. The Khmer Rouge forces on the Thai border would appear to be a continuing threat to any settlement. There is clear-



After being heated to a high temperature, iron rim is attached to a wagon wheel by the local wheelwright and his son.

Nongovernmental organizations, such as the AFSC, which have reconstruction projects underway in Cambodia, are calling for an internationally monitored political settlement of the conflict that will exclude Pol Pot and his close associates from any future government and are pressing for the immediate initiation of international development assistance to Cambodia. The AFSC and other NGOs with staff in Cambodia are agreed that, despite the absence of UN and Western government development aid, the daily living situation of the people is slowly improving. I have seen that progress over the span of the three years I have visited the country.

As in the case of other communist countries in Europe and Asia, the government is moving toward more

ly the possibility of civil war. The spotlight is on the battlefield. Yet diplomatic efforts continue. Prime Minister Hun Sen after the failure of negotiations in Paris held talks in Bangkok in support of a proposal by Thailand's prime minister to declare a cease-fire and thus end Thai support for Khmer Rouge guerrilla bases. While there are solid reasons to be pessimistic and fearful at this hour, I am reminded of what a diplomatic consultant for nongovernmental organizations with whom I met in Phnom Penh in February said, "There is a convergence of national interests propelling Cambodia towards a political settlement. I cannot predict what the scenario will be, but the movement towards peace in that country cannot now be reversed." □

NEWELL

by Michael L. Altman

■
We
sometimes
don't
prepare
visitors
to our
meetings
for what lies
in store.

Leave your car on Memorial Drive. Walk through a small park towards Brattle Street: the Friends meetinghouse is on the right of the Village Green in front of Longfellow's House."

Or did you say left? I asked myself, as I approached the Longfellow Green.

It was a beautiful clear November Saturday. A few brown oak leaves clung steadfastly to the trees; the grass retained a touch of green, summer's color.

I had been invited to talk about the new immigration law, Simpson-Rodino, at a gathering of the New England Sanctuary Committee at the Friends meetinghouse in Cambridge. I was about ten minutes late. I looked around for the right building, hoping that one would resemble a Quaker house of worship in the imagination of a Jew who felt lost inside a temple and had never been in a Quaker meetinghouse. A large brick building with a tall tower stood at the far side of the Green. That must be it, I said to myself, as I rushed in that direction.

I entered the door at the side of the building; it was uncharacteristically

Michael L. Altman is a Boston, Mass., lawyer who represented defendants in the Arizona Sanctuary case and has spoken in churches and meetinghouses throughout the country. One such occasion led to the experience in this article.

quiet. The setting for Sanctuary meetings is usually more chaotic. "Must be the Quaker influence," I whispered to an empty room, as a young man with a crew cut and a tie entered.

"Where's the Sanctuary meeting?" I asked.

"The what?" he said.

Something was wrong. The quizzical reply, the crew cut, and the lack of hustle and bustle were adding up to a message.

"Is this the Friends meetinghouse?"

I asked.

"This is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," the young man said with a smile and a touch of pride as he walked towards me.

I stepped back slightly, visibly shaken to be in the wrong place, feeling a need to be ready to avoid being the target of a quick missionary hit.

"Do you know where the Friends meetinghouse is?" I asked.

He shook his head as if to say that he kept his eyes and ears on the Mormon church and not others.

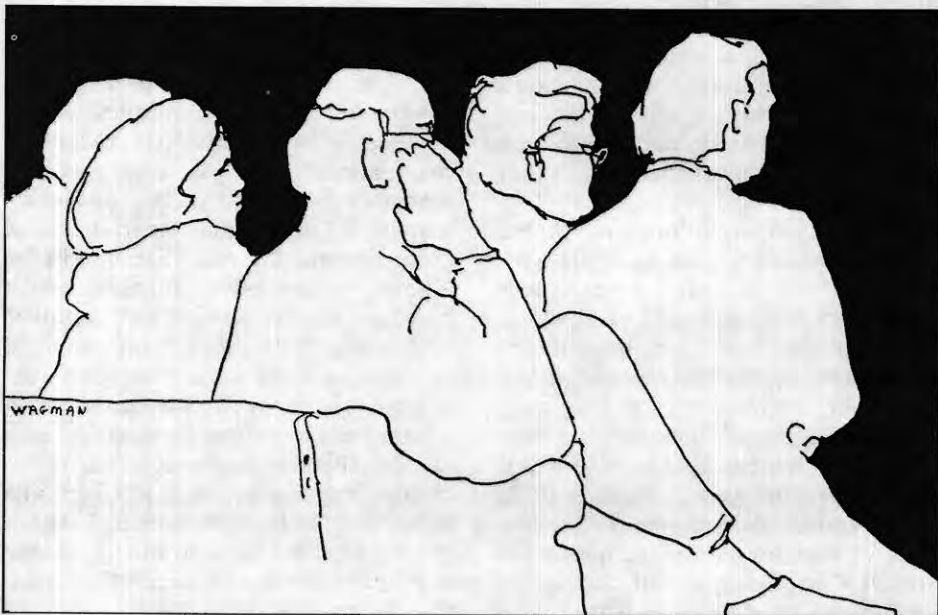
This is not an ecumenical place, I thought, as I scurried outside and then down the stairs toward a person walking nearby, who pointed out the meetinghouse on the opposite side of the Green.

It was now five minutes later so I jogged across the Green. I skipped up the stairs and bounded into the chapel. A woman stood and began talking as I entered. I did not pay any attention to what she was saying. I was late; I wanted to get to my seat as soon as possible. All eyes turned in my direction, as I inched my way down one of the aisles. Stumbling over an outstretched foot, I noticed the noise when the nylon parka I was wearing brushed against a pew.

I sat down between two people. As I started to take off my coat, I noticed that the quiet continued. I listened to the silence. People were not moving in their seats; some had their eyes closed while others stared wistfully into the distance. What an effective way to begin the Sanctuary meeting, I thought. In deference to the Quaker setting, the meeting was beginning with a moment of silence. I looked around and did not recognize anyone in the room. That was unexpected, but it was possible that the people I knew had not yet arrived.

The silence continued. I closed my eyes, using the silence to transform myself into a Quaker.

I imagine that Quakers think about great issues during these moments: What is the meaning of life? That was



Patricia Wagon

too abstract. I tried an opposite tack, shifting my thoughts to my 14-year-old son: How can I persuade Chris to organize his study habits? I still could not maintain my concentration. You have to practice to be a successful Quaker, I thought, as I closed my eyes again and let my mind wander. The silence continued. Again I studied the somber faces of the people sitting opposite me. I hoped that retracing the faces would transform a stranger into someone familiar. It did not work. Let's move this along, I said to myself, as my gaze first drifted to the unfamiliar faces and then slid across the barren walls.

A woman stood, read an abstract and ethereal poem and sat down. No one reacted. The silence continued. A minute later a man stood and said: "Newell loved the world. In recent years, he was very much involved in anti-nuclear activities."

What is going on? I asked myself.

After three more long minutes of silence, a timid-looking woman stood. She talked about what Newell was like when she first met him in Wisconsin. "I felt certain at the time that I did not want to know that much about the ritual mating dance of pheasants, especially at dawn in Madison when it was freezing cold. I shivered, as Newell pointed out more and more detail. He did everything with such great intensity and care." She laughed and cried as she settled back into the security of her seat, while I nearly fell out of mine. I was in the middle of a Quaker funeral service!

I was now 25 minutes late for the Sanctuary meeting. The eulogies and periods of silence continued. I glanced down the row in which I sat. I counted eight people between me and the aisle, four rows of seats between my row and the door. How could I leave without being disruptive again? How could I even stand up to leave? If I stood, the entire audience would look toward me, and expect me to say something about Newell. I knew immediately that I could not rise from my seat, grasp that noisy parka, ignore the expectant eyes of mourning friends and relatives, and leave.

One after another, people rose to share reflections about Newell's life. One person spoke of Newell's love of the environment. A young man, wearing wrinkled corduroys and a flannel shirt, told of Newell's work as an environmental activist. A woman about

50 years of age, with a classic Boston Brahmin accent, reflected on the times she and others had received Newell's support during periods of personal difficulty. A man in a sport jacket and tie talked about the time he was having problems writing a book. Newell learned of the problem, offered a helpful critique of the work-in-progress and provided so much encouragement that the man was motivated to complete his writing. "Without that support, I don't think I ever could have finished."

Again and again people spoke of Newell's self-sacrificing deeds. One woman said, "He was a man who regularly put the needs of others before his own. He even taught those who were nearest to him at the end how to confront death gracefully."

"He was a compassionate person who accomplished so many things. He had extraordinary energy. It was not unusual for him to lose track of time: he could call at midnight, as if it were mid-morning. Those of us who did not share his time clock sometimes suffered." The man who said these words smiled as he reclaimed his seat.

I began to realize that Newell and I shared many values. I even wondered, during one of those moments of silence, whether my own funeral would compare to Newell's. When I discarded that rumination, I realized that I had developed affection and admiration for Newell, or at least his memory. Now, even more than before, I did not want to blur the sharing of memories by the further disruption I would cause by making an early, unexplained departure.

I wondered: do Quakers realize that moments of silence can also breed escape plans? I thought about standing and addressing the meeting. I could say: "I never met Newell. From what I have heard he was a wonderful man. I feel that my life is enriched because I have learned about some of his accomplishments. I am embarrassed to say that I stumbled into this service by mistake; I belong in the meeting next door." I would then apologize again and walk out the door.

I rejected this escape plan as soon as I envisioned it. I could not inject my humorous situation into their service. I slumped in my seat and listened to the next speaker. He was a large bear of a man, about 50 years of age, with gentle eyes. He rose awkwardly from his seat and described how he and Newell played together when they were children: "Newell

designed fascinating games with blocks and mirrors. The design was intricate and clever. We would become immersed in his creations for hours." The man's voice then cracked. He stood in his place. Everyone's gaze either fell to the floor, or moved off into the distance, to give the big man an opportunity to regain his composure. The man bit his lower lip, as he took a deep breath, struggling for control. When he finally dared to let his mouth begin to form a word, only a sob came forth. He slumped to his seat, guided by a woman seated to his left, who gently put her arm on his shoulder while giving him room to continue to experience his affection for Newell.

As I watched him crumble to his seat, I felt tears in my eyes and exasperation that I was an unwilling participant in an emotionally draining event. I had to figure out how to leave gracefully.

I had another idea. I would pretend I knew Newell. "Newell and I met a number of years ago," I would say. "We only knew each other for a short time. Newell reminded me of Thoreau, who said that the essence of living is to drive life into a corner and reduce it to its lowest terms. Newell wanted to accomplish so much, when I knew him, that he was constantly moving from one significant project to the next. I am pleased that I had an opportunity to share a few of his projects with him. I did not intend it to be a tribute to Newell's perpetual motion that I arrived here late and now must leave early, but I am sure that Newell would understand. He always understood." At that moment, I would pick up my parka and notebook, work my way down the aisle and vanish through the doorway.

I couldn't do it. Perhaps I had become so intrigued with Newell that the lure of hearing more about the man kept me in my seat. Perhaps the spirit of Newell's honesty and directness prevented me from saying anything disingenuous during the services. The day also marked the death of John F. Kennedy, 23 years before. It may have been a day set aside to remember those who have contributed to life and have since passed on.

Whatever motivated me, I stayed until the end of the service. I became a Quaker for an hour and a half, on a November Saturday. I remained silent, left sheepishly at the end of the service, and felt bemused that I had met a man named Newell after his death. □



Dana Harr and Barclay Kuhn are members of Des Moines Valley (Iowa) Meeting. Dana is a field associate for the American Friends Service Committee who works as an advocate and organizer for minorities. Barclay is a child protective treatment worker for the Department of Human Services.

A Ceremony of Joining

by Dana Harr and Barclay Kuhn

Up until we decided to have a ceremony of joining this spring, our relationship had been characterized by a theme of antimarriage. We fell in love in January 1987. We had both been married before and neither of us believed the ending of those marriages was due to defects in the personalities involved or to the quality of the relationships. As marriages go they were good. We saw the problems coming from the institution of marriage itself.

We saw marriage as a patriarchal institution so shot through with implications of male dominance, possessiveness, and the fruitless attempt to cage the songbird of love, that for true lovers it has little or no usefulness left.

Another theme of our relationship was that of spiritual growth. From the beginning we attended Quaker meeting together, most frequently at Des Moines Valley (Iowa) Friends. The first summer of our love affair, we attended the FGC Gathering of Friends at Oberlin, Ohio. Dana had been following the trail of liberation she'd picked up while a college student in the '60s in the anti-war and civil rights movements to what may be its liveliest and most relevant incarnation today in the feminist movement—the movement to promote the love of women. When he attended the Dubuque Friend's Worship Group, Barclay came in contact with feminist spiritual explorations into paganism and the idea of the immanence of spirit in this world. He had been in an unwedding, a Beltane festival of fertility and passion in Dubuque, that was a wonderful day of communal ritual. Unfortunately, the relationship it was meant to celebrate was in shambles within a few short weeks.

By the second year of this love between us, Barclay was able to get employment here in Des Moines, and he moved into a grand old apartment with hardwood floors and formal dining room which Dana had rented in impatient anticipation of his arrival. We were both surprised at how this cohabitation seemed not to diminish our love but to help us grow in trust in each other, meanwhile the Des Moines Friends Meeting was wrestling with the question of whether to approve a minute which would open the meeting to perform same-sex marriages for members who desired to have them. We were each appalled at how difficult it was for members of the

meeting to acknowledge the sanctity of love that falls outside the boundaries of the nuclear family—mother, father, and two children. (Gary Snyder has called this the most barren social unit in human history, and if we look around we can see that fewer and fewer of us can contort ourselves to fit into these units.) But the hard fact was the meeting couldn't approve the minute.

In the process of living together, we found ourselves on several occasions in emergency rooms at hospitals. A couple of times hospital staff rather ominously raised the question of our relationship to each other with the clear implication that anything less than legal marriage could diminish our access to each other and information about each other in the hospital. We had already thought about the difficulties we might encounter if one of us should become unemployed and have to rely on the other for medical insurance if we weren't married. Two years and counting and the daily rituals of living together seemed to intensify our limerance (our being in love) rather than to diminish it.

One of the tense times we were in the hospital, Dana informed the staff that Barclay was her husband, unbeknownst to him, and when they asked him, he assured them he was not. It was then that Dana asked Barclay if he would marry her and he told her he would. We didn't feel Des Moines Friends Meeting was enough of a spiritual home for us to ask for their care in this matter, especially in light of their unwillingness to extend the right of marriage to same-sex couples. Our Quaker artist friend, Jean Graham, often speaks of the fact that we have to create our own rituals and communities if we want our needs to be met, and this seems an example of that situation. We did want the protection of the state in regard to medical and legal issues, so we found a judge who would allow us to excise the sexist language in the legal ceremony, and we let this official pronounce us legally married mates.

Dana's women's support group suggested to her the possibility of including the burning of the marriage license as a part of a purification ritual in the spiritual joining ceremony, which we regarded as separate from and far more important than the legal business. So we started our planning there. We reserved the gazebo at Waterworks Park in Des Moines for the 28th of May, and we invited our immediate families to come there

with us and help us ask for divine assistance in the life we have chosen to live together. Ethen Perkins from the meeting came, too, and recited the Hopi work song of the eagle who takes me to the mountains of my hopes, and flies to the four corners of my dreams; and of the spotted bird that stands among the corn rows telling me to hoe. He asked that we always have those two birds in our relationship. And we gave each other our needs and wants. We did all this out of the silence after the manner of Friends.

After the gazebo we moved to the clubhouse of the Plumwood Terrace Condominium where we joined with other friends for rituals and feasting. We started out by drawing a circle and invoking the gods and goddesses of the four cardinal directions. This was followed by a centering, breathing, visualizing exercise from Margo Adair's book, *Working Inside Out*. This was about affirming our oneness with each other and our belief in the equality and integrity of life. Then we spent a goodly time going around the room telling each other who we were and how we were connected. Some impressive self-disclosure happened during this time.

Then we brought out our marriage certificate and threw it in the fireplace. We called it purification by fire and we said we were sending the patriarchy in our relationship up in flames. We passed out paper and pencils and invited everyone to cast whatever demonic forces of which they might want to rid themselves into the flames. People threw in such things as narrowmindedness, medical problems, materialism, and their fear of learning how to do new things that require lots of steps.

After the fire purification ceremony, we passed out an assortment of flower seeds for people to take home and plant as symbols of the spiritual growth we are all hoping to know. It was this notion of marriage as a joining of people with a spiritual force both inside and beyond ourselves that informed the rituals we performed that day.

We asked the gods and goddesses to release us for joyous feasting on eggrolls, crab rangoon, beef and peapods, and almond chicken.

Are congratulations in order? We might rather hear you say something like: "It's good to know that magic is afoot!" or "take it easy, take it one day at a time," or "the Goddess is alive!" or "perseverance furthers." ☐

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Reports

Nebraska Friends Seek Clarity, Connections

Nebraska Yearly Meeting met at Central City, Neb., on June 8-10. Warmth and fellowship pervaded the meetings as old friends greeted one another, new friends became acquainted, and all enjoyed the renewing atmosphere of our meetings. We explored together the theme, "Ways in which we can witness to Friends." Stephen Main, general secretary of Friends United Meeting, challenged us in the opening service to be aware of the powerful witness that Friends have to share.

Other speakers and organizational representatives were Jon Luethje of the American Friends Service Committee, Bruce Thron-Weber of Friends World Committee for Consultation, and Ardith and Robert Hinshaw of Friends Committee on National Legislation.

In our meetings for business, we considered budget and the cost of sending representatives to conferences at home and overseas. We reaffirmed our support for the Quaker Volunteer Witness program. We continued our dialogue on human sexuality. We noted near completion of the Friends Farm Loan Fund. We agreed to continue the yearly meeting newsletter for another year.

The sessions were enriched by the presence of Horace and Mary Autenreith, who recently spent three years as AFSC representatives in the Middle East. We came away with greater awareness of the history, people, and problems of that area of the world.

The closing minute reflects the essence of this gathering: "We have been humbled by our inability to reach unity on all issues, been undergirded by the bonds of God's love and the love of Friends and friends. We leave confident that God will direct our next steps and bring us to clarity in His good time."

Kay Mesner

Intermountain YM Tests New Surroundings

Underlying the tone and temper of Intermountain Yearly Meeting on June 13-18, and our natural but somewhat excessive concern with physical considerations, was the loving friendliness which brings us together each year. Responding to numbers too large for our usual site, Ghost Ranch, to handle, IMYM this year gathered for the first time at Fort Lewis College in the mountains of Durango, Colo. Changing our ways to fit a new place necessarily absorbed a good deal



A group of Friends gather at Iowa (Conservative) Yearly Meeting.

of our attention; things should be easier next year. This year, a lot of what we noticed was our accommodations. We enjoyed the swimming pool and the longer swimming hours. We were grateful for the variety and quality of choices of food. We learned that Quakers eat more vegetables and more ice cream than other groups who use these facilities. We were glad not to have to stand in the interminable lines of last year.

The housing was generous and private, yet it emphasized separation rather than closeness. There was not the informality and friendliness of camping areas we were long accustomed to. Because meeting places were unfamiliar and far apart, and distances not readily traversed by car, those who could not walk easily had trouble arriving where they wanted to go. Friends did not encounter one another along paths as frequently. We all had a sense of being widely separated from one another and felt somewhat frustrated, because for young and old, to be with our friends was the chief reason we came.

Consequently the early meetings for worship, given over to powerful "conversations with the universe," and the worship-sharing groups every morning, were important in bringing us together before the day's business. Likewise significant though obscured in our preoccupations was the message of our guest Paul Lacey: "To Light a Candle Casts a Shadow," which spoke to our need to test in community, in unity, and in time the moral purity of our leading, the responsibility of our continuing revelation.

In our meetings for business we found unity in a minute opposing continued research in biological warfare, and we approved the recommendations of a committee which has devoted two years to working out better relations between ourselves and the American Friends Service Committee.

Morning and evening, the long, lingering whistle of Silverton train from Durango was a grace to us, compelling and melancholy, reminding us of the persistence of past years and past ways. The lively, fresh intelligence and joy of our children were everywhere present among us, to carry us along the roads of the future.

Phyllis Hoge Kirtley

Iowa (Conservative) YM Seeks Power of Center

From sunrise above adjacent fields and the Friends burial ground until sunset beyond the barns to the west, 155 people attended the 112th session of Iowa Yearly Meeting of Friends near Paullina, Iowa, on Aug. 2-6. Our days were enriched and enlivened by 24 children in Junior Yearly Meeting.

This message spoken in one of our morning worship sessions represents some of the spirit of our gathering:

Past historical events or past personal experiences sometimes become especially important to us, and we use them as supports in living our lives. Sometimes we look to the future and make resolutions of what we will do differently or how we will be better human beings in the future. But the most precious time is right now. Right now there is a Center in our silence wherein there is love, there is tenderness, and there is caring for each other. As we go about the business of this yearly meeting, may we be open to the power of this blessed center.

Nancy Veit of nearby Cherokee increased our awareness of responsibilities toward halting production of radioactive waste. There is not (and probably never will be) a way to dispose of it safely. Margaret Stanley shared her perspective of unrest in China. She spent the past year teaching English in a medical college where she had worked in the Friends Ambulance Unit in 1947. Jan and Dick Gilbert spent the last seven months of 1988 in Peru where Dick taught chemical engineering and Jean worked directly with local families in a nutrition project. Once a land of great culture and wealth, most people in Peru now live in extreme poverty, with inflation and political pressures added to their difficult lives. Close family ties seem to make life more bearable. Jim Fawcett, a crop production specialist for Iowa State University and a member of our yearly meeting, addressed the topic "Farming Practices and Water Quality." There is great concern for the environment among urban and rural Friends. Jim's presentation helped explain the dilemma as farmers seek to care for land in a responsible way and to survive economically. Ellie Beach, who teaches at

Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minn., related today's Middle East situation to Old Testament peacemaking in a presentation, "Jeremiah's Dilemmas: Justice, Violence, and Divine Love."

Reports brought us up-to-date on activities of the American Friends Service Committee, Iowa Peace Network, Friends World Committee for Consultation, Friends Committee on National Legislation, and others. State of the Meeting reports from nine meetings told of the search to meet spiritual needs in each. An interest group concerned for communication of gay and lesbian issues was thoughtful, tender, and caring.

Singing, folk dancing, eating homemade ice cream, playing Yearly Meeting Trivia, and much visiting brought variety to the days together. Some three- and four-generation families were represented. Some were new to Quakerism. All were at home in feelings of belonging, and several people expressed regret that we had to leave each other after the last Meeting for Worship and meal together.

Margaret Stanley
Olive Wilson

Scotland Hosts London Yearly Meeting

London Yearly Meeting met July 29-Aug 5 in Scotland for the first time in more than

40 years, a special event for many Friends. It was well attended by Scots, many of whom had never been to a yearly meeting, but who knew well what Quaker process entailed. Nearly 1,800 Friends came to these sessions, including 300 children and young people and more than 150 visitors from overseas.

If I were a young Friend, I could not find a more welcoming yearly meeting than this, where two excellent, well-planned programs for teens were available day and night. One program focused youthful attention on how human values and beliefs guide behaviors and actions. For those who could come a week in advance, The Leaveners (a young people's theatrical group) production was a choice. They presented a moving musical, *El Campamento*, by Alison Leonard Sharman. The play is about the Sanctuary Movement in North America and connects and contrasts life in a refugee camp with life in a Quaker family.

Every morning in Old Aberdeen, Friends scurried off from a hearty breakfast (including a thick oatmeal porridge and Aberdeen "butteries"—a kind of flattened, high cholesterol version of a croissant) to more than 65 workshops on topics ranging from Bible, bookmaking, or Barclay to spinning, Scottish studies, or Tai Chi. Children were included in the workshops where appropriate.

Adults met in the city's music hall for meeting for worship for business. For the first three afternoons, while we adjusted to the elegance of the space, the body of the yearly meeting struggled to find its center. As in



Young Friends in the Quaker Youth Theatre performance of *El Campamento*, London Yearly Meeting

many unprogrammed yearly meetings I have visited, we usually come from busy-ness to business and then wonder why we don't experience the Presence in our midst.

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Reports *continued*

we were a changed people, and our worship was transforming! The lecturer, Jocelyn Burnell, spoke on the subject "Broken for Life." For three more afternoons, 1,500 Friends met in deep, caring attention to our Source, seeking divine guidance.

The issues before this yearly meeting were not easy. One of the largest was ecumenism, showing in two decisions: to join the Inter-Church Process, a new European ecumenical effort, and to determine the part London Yearly Meeting will take in Justice, Peace and the Integrity of Creation, a learning project of the World Council of Churches. These topics took Friends through some dark canyons and churning waters, not the least of which was "Are we Christian or not?" LYM will focus even more on this topic in years to come, but for now Friends chose to enter the ecumenical plan and trust that they would be rightly led.

More important than the decisions, however, is *how* they were made: Friends were more disciplined, for longer periods of silence than in any meeting for worship for business in my experience. All waited on the Spirit. Clerks were eager to hear hesitations or doubts, encouraging Friends to overcome reticence and speak out in a worshipful manner. I have never seen clerks so lovingly supported by the body of the yearly meeting, both in and out of session.

The Friends Historical Society Presidential address: "Stands Scotland Where It Did?—some thoughts on Quakers in Scotland during the last half century," was given by William Aitken. Much of the growth in London Yearly Meeting is happening in Scotland. Few Scots are birthright, most are convinced—yet they are partners in full ecumenical worship. Their geography makes for isolation from England, resulting in new ways of traveling in the ministry and tensions about union with England. While membership in the rest of London Yearly Meeting is leveling off, Scottish Friends meetings are growing.

One unusual event was a musical dance/mime production of George Orwell's *Animal Farm*, given by the Moscow Energy Institute Theater. This was their first performance outside the Soviet Union, made possible by their connections with The Leaveners.

This remarkable yearly meeting ended well past Quaker midnight with Soviet youth and their directors and several hundred Friends singing one of Scotland's most famous songs. We sang as if our hearts would break until East and West could once again join hands and voice in this lovely prayer: "To drink a cup of kindness yet for the sake of Auld Lang Syne."

Cynthia Taylor

News of Friends

Faith, force, or compromise?

What would you do if a big, strapping homeless man and his sidekick set up camp on your front porch for the summer, intimidated the neighbors, and drew the attention of local news media? Would you throw the men off? Would you call the police to do the job? Or would you labor with the men, try to get to the bottom of their plight, and work from there?

Quakers are never ones to go for easy solutions, and, as the saying goes, "love is the hardest lesson." Friends who work and worship in Friends Center and Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meetinghouse discovered anew that there are no easy answers to that challenge as they faced the dilemma of what to do about a cardboard encampment of two homeless men on their front porch.

Jealous T. Street and Vincent Thompson built their shelter out of large cardboard boxes and a couple of chairs, then covered them with biblical passages from Isaiah and the phrase, "I am that I am." The most outspoken of the two, Jealous insisted that God told him to make his home there and that he would not leave until "my Father tells me to." As Friends talked to him and newspaper reporters sought him out, his story emerged.

At 38, Jealous is a Vietnam War veteran who was born into a Southern Baptist family in North Carolina. He moved to Philadelphia in the early 1980s, has a wife and children in New Jersey, and left a job as a postal sorter in Princeton not long ago. His former supervisor told the *Philadelphia Inquirer* that Jealous (who called himself Al Street when he was employed) was a hard worker, a loner, an intelligent man, not a troublemaker, but fanatically religious.

As summer wore on at Friends Center, Jealous became more firmly entrenched in his cardboard home, Vincent at his side. Neighbors who live near Friends Center complained that he presented an intimidating presence, with his early morning rituals of military calisthenics and his reputed use of the street as a toilet. As their complaints became louder, the daily paper and local television stations picked up the story. In its lead editorial of Sept. 18, the *Inquirer* accused Friends of being "paralyzed by faith." The editorial went on to say that "... the Quakers' snail-like deliberations over what to do have become part of the problem, instead of the solution. At some point, admiration for their Christian restraint and tolerance must give way to something else—even, perhaps, anger at their well-intentioned



Jealous T. Street on the meetinghouse porch at Friends Center

paralysis." News broadcasters and commentators took up the cry, making the situation an example of Quaker inaction and indecisiveness.

In the meantime, a committee of Friends worked around the clock meeting with neighbors, talking to Jealous and Vincent, and providing teams of Friendly presence at the site 24 hours a day. Not wanting to solve the situation by making it someone else's problem, Friends resisted throwing the men out on the streets without offering them help. They tried to get Jealous and Vincent to use available services. They talked with mental health professionals and drew in the director of a local shelter for the homeless to make provisions for the men's move. Finally, they set a deadline for the men to depart. When the day came and went and the men were still there, a committee of Friends arrived in the morning to worshipfully labor together. After a period of silent worship, committee members gently removed the cardboard dwelling while talking with the men. One member took Vincent out to breakfast to talk out bad feelings.

As the cardboard disappeared, Jealous picked up his two chairs and quietly headed off, returning later for the rest of his possessions. He has since been seen elsewhere, but has not pursued any of the suggested avenues of help (to anyone's knowledge) and has not returned to Friends Center.

Vincent, however, seemed eager to receive help, and, as a result of Friends' work he is getting medical attention, has found temporary housing while more permanent options are explored, and is getting help for other problems.

Although those involved admit they made some mistakes, they speak of the outcome as confirming the values of nonviolent confrontation and as an experience of personal growth. Admittedly, Friends Center organizations and meeting members were out of

touch with neighbors' concerns. When the problem with Jealous and Vincent arose, Friends were unprepared, and the process of sorting through everyone's opinions and settling on a procedure took much too long. However, the situation forced those who work and worship in the city—and then go home to other concerns—to come into direct contact with two homeless men. According to neighbors, the Friendly presence night patrols created a dramatic reduction of crime in the neighborhood. (As if to drive the point home, a break-in occurred the first night after the neighborhood walks stopped.) Impressed with the effectiveness of the patrols, neighbors may incorporate some of that friendly approach in their neighborhood watch program.

The experience points to the need for future directions. As a result, a committee from Friends Center will continue to work with neighbors, keeping in touch with things, doing more listening, and being more responsive. Friends Center will set policy to handle such situations in the future, and there is talk of looking at ways to do more about homelessness and crime than Friends are presently doing.

Media criticism of Friends' handling of the situation was painful, and a number of Friends wrote to the *Inquirer* to explain things from a Quaker point of view. Arthur Larrabee, clerk of Central Philadelphia Meeting and a member of the committee dealing with Jealous and Vincent, wrote an opinion piece published on the newspaper's op-ed page. In it, he explained the Quaker values of caring for all individuals, regardless of their circumstances.

In response to the newspaper's accusation that Quakers are paralyzed by their faith, Art wrote: "Not so. Rather, we are empowered by it. Our faith is a lighthouse that has kept us on a steady course as we make our way through a sometimes dark night of indifference to the needs of those around us who are in danger of drowning."

No one would argue that love is the hardest lesson.

—Melissa Elliott

In Brief

Developing study guides on Quakerism for use in Boy and Girl Scout programs is the purpose of a new committee under the auspices of Friends World Committee on Consultation. The study guide is intended to interpret the history, faith, and testimonies of the Religious Society of Friends. It will



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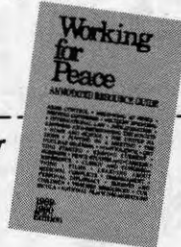
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News of Friends *continued*

become part of the study material for the religious award program of the scouting program for the western hemisphere. Bruce Johnson of Columbia, Md., is clerk of the committee. Anyone interested in obtaining information about the religious award program may write to Dennis J. Clarke, Friends Committee on Scouting, 85 Willowbrook Road, Cromwell, CT 06416.

Looking for a new meetinghouse is occupying Friends in Atlanta, Ga., where the former building is no longer big enough. Zoning laws and designation as a historical building prevented renovations. Atlanta Friends are presently using Horizons School's gymnasium. A committee has located a three-acre tract of land and is exploring plans to build. Growth of the meeting has also generated several worship groups.

A new monthly meeting has been formed in Raisen, India, a town about 45 kilometers from Bhopal, where the closest monthly meeting is located. The Raisen Meeting has 14 members, and Hayat Masih is Clerk.

The Distinguished Quaker Visitor at Guilford College this year is Landrum Bolling, president of the Ecumenical Institute in Jerusalem. He was president of Earlham College from 1958 to 1973 and worked in the Near East

with Jews, Palestinians, and Christians for nearly a decade. While at Guilford, he will give lectures, visit classes, meet students, and consult with community leaders.

Singing out for the earth's well-being is the focus of *Cry of the Earth*, a choral drama to be presented by The Leaveners, a performing arts group for young people, in association with Friends of the Earth. It will take place April 16, 1990, the Monday after Easter, at 7:30 p.m. at the Royal Festival Hall in London, England. There will be 250 singers and a full orchestra. The musical is written by Tony Biggin, who also wrote *The Gates of Greenham*. Libretto is by Alex Davison. John Hywel will conduct. The musical's theme keys into the World Council of Churches' study topic, Justice, Peace, and the Integrity of Creation. The music is said to be accessible, melodic, full of drive, anger, and beauty. Friends from all over the Western world will gather to rehearse for six days prior to the performance.

Sanctuary for Kurdish and Turkish refugees is offered by the ecumenical Yokefellow House in Lutzelfluh, Switzerland, with the backing of Swiss Friends. The action has united Christians from several denominations. Some of the refugees join in the daily meeting for worship at the house.

Of Whales and Sailors and Finding Home

In August I found myself in the Whaling Museum in New Bedford, Massachusetts, with other volunteer crew members on our beloved old ship, *Gazela*. We sailed *Gazela*, a former Portuguese codfishing ship, there to share its history with the people of New Bedford, many of whom came from Portugal. At the museum, we saw an old film and pored over artifacts of New Bedford's whaling past. Unfortunately, I forgot to wear my "Save the Whales" T-shirt. I was aware that my feelings were shifting back and forth. One minute I'd feel like apologizing to the whales, and the next I'd be in awe of the sailors, who risked their lives for the thrill of bringing one of those whales home to port. The irony of being an environmentalist in a whaling museum was on my mind as I stopped in at the museum store, which was full of little

"we love the whales" items.

Now that it's fashionable to rescue whales instead of killing them for lamp oil, for their livelihood the people of New Bedford have turned to fishing. The next day was the annual "Blessing of the Fleet." During the priest's homily, I heard another bit of irony. New Bedford's fishing industry was expected to do extremely well this year. This was not because of an excellent fishing season, but because Alaska's salmon harvest was threatened by the Exxon oil spill. Close your eyes and think, said the priest, of the place you love most in the world. Think of all the people around the world and all those beloved places they call home. We are all one, their sorrows and joys are ours. We can't fully rejoice in our fishing harvest if the Alaskans mourn for theirs.

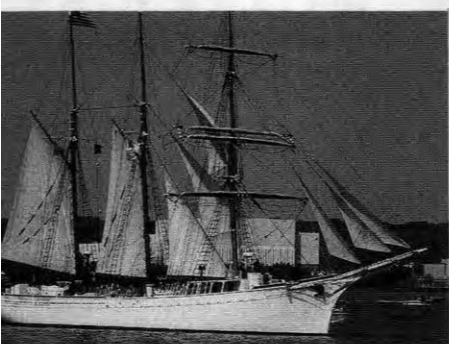
Later, perched on the stern of *Gazela*, I thought of the people of a Portuguese fishing village making their nets; the townspeople in Valdez, Alaska; the tireless staff of *Clearwater*, sailing and teaching

Art director for FRIENDS JOURNAL, Barbara Benton is an avid sailor and environmentalist. She is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

Nonsense of the Meeting

Happy 100th birthday to Friends Rural Centre in Rasulia, India! This year marks the centennial for the center, which is on the southern bank of the Narmada River at Hoshangabad. As Friends gathered recently to celebrate, they discussed themes of change as it relates to spiritual growth and community, looking toward the next 100 years.

The Friends Ambulance Unit may represent compassion and outreach to Quakers, but the names of two prominent members equate with one thing—chocolate—in the minds of those outside the Society who produced a documentary radio program for the BBC. "Chocolate Soldiers" is the rather surprising name of the program, which aired this past summer. It traces the involvement of Arnold Rowntree and Paul Cadbury, who in 1939 were determined to resurrect the Friends Ambulance Unit from its beginnings in World War I. In the years that followed, the unit sent teams of medical orderlies and volunteers to war zones all over the world. After the war, they befriended refugees in Berlin, comforted displaced people in France, and worked in famine relief in Berlin. Many former members of the unit were featured in the radio program, including Donald Swann, Sydney Carter, and Brenda and Sydney Bailey.



the wonders of the Hudson River; and those young, tough sailors who loved the thrill and danger of the sea. I thought of the whales and the codfish. I thought of the ocean and river that had rocked me to sleep (and sometimes knocked my head against the side of my bunk) during the past two weeks. And I knew we were all home.

Barbara Benton

• Because of the esteem in which Rufus Jones was held by most Friends in his later years, people often failed to realize that he was considered by many a radical in his youth. He often provoked considerable criticism. Speaking in 12th Street Meeting in Philadelphia one First Day, he gave a lengthy message in erudite language. After he had completed his remarks, an older woman Friend rose and commented, "The Lord said, 'Feed my sheep'—not 'feed my giraffes.'"

Upon another occasion, when Rufus Jones was scheduled to speak on the synoptic gospels, a Friend is alleged to have prayed before Rufus's address, "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest we are about to hear many things that are not so." (with thanks to Leonard Kenworthy)

• A Friend critical that members do not contribute more money to their monthly and yearly meetings was heard to comment at a recent business meeting: "If I had stayed a Baptist, I'd be broke by now!"

• A certain meeting, we are told, found itself burdened for many years with a particular member who was most tedious and self-centered. Then came a day when, following worship one week, he announced he would be moving away and transferring his membership to a meeting closer to his new home. He said, "Friends, the same Lord who sent me to you is now calling me away." There was a moment's silence and suddenly Friends as one began to sing, "What a Friend we have in Jesus. . . ." (with thanks to *The Joyful Newsletter*)

• For years, beloved Friend Henry Cadbury, after becoming Hollis Professor of Religion at Harvard, took the sleeper train from Boston to Philadelphia on Tuesday night once a month to attend the Wednesday meeting of the board of the American Friends Service Committee of which he was chairman. In those days famous trains had their names posted at station gates to show travelers both where to find their trains and the special route a train would take. Henry's train going from Boston to Philadelphia traveled on the bridge at New York over the strip of water called Hellgate. It always tickled Henry's fancy that his monthly trip to Philadelphia was taken, according to the sign posted at the station in Boston, on "The Quaker via Hellgate." (with thanks to Eleanor Stabler Clarke)

(Friends' accounts of the lighter side of life and meetings will be received with pleasure. —Eds.)

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Bulletin Board

• Launching into a nationwide training program for Vietnam War veterans who wish to speak to high schoolers, the Veterans Education Project is making training materials available for a small cost. The organization coordinates classroom visits by Vietnam veterans to present young people with a realistic picture of war and military service. In its seven years of existence, it has given hundreds of presentations in western Massachusetts. It plans to launch the nationwide training program in 1990 in response to interest shown by veterans in other areas. Training materials will include a manual and videotape covering such topics as how to stimulate young people's attention, how to gain access to schools in low income and minority districts, and how to deal with speaker burnout. For information, contact Gayle Lauradunn, Box 416, Amherst, MA 01004.

• In light of the closing this summer of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's bookstore, some Friends may be interested in finding addresses for other Quaker bookstores. These are primary sources (although Friends may know of other ones) of good Quaker books, as well as other books and services:

Friends General Conference, 1216 Arch St., No. 2B, Phila., PA 19107, telephone (215) 561-1700. Catalog available. Good source for curriculum materials.

Pendle Hill Bookstore, Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Rd., Wallingford, PA 19086, telephone (215) 566-4514. Carries many books on religion, as well as its own publications, and will special order books.

Quaker Hill Bookstore, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374, telephone (800) 537-8838. Carries many books, including its own publications and those found in the QUIP (Quaker Uniting in Publication) catalog*; will also special order books.

Religious Education Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1515 Cherry St., Phila., PA 19102, telephone (215) 241-7221. Catalog available. Carries only material it publishes.

*The QUIP catalog is an annotated list of titles by Quaker publishers around the world, organized in categories and revised biannually. It is available from FGC, Pendle Hill, or Quaker Hill bookstores.

• Volunteers for humanitarian service are needed to work alongside the people of El Salvador in areas of literacy, health care, pastoral work, primary education, agriculture, and documentation. Specific requirements vary according to placement, but volunteers do need to be able to speak some Spanish. The program is sponsored by Christian Education Seminars in El Salvador



(CECES), an organization which has for several years offered educational tours and provided an information network about political activity and action in El Salvador. The volunteer program, called Christian Volunteer Ministries in El Salvador, works from the concept that peace requires justice as its base and that humanitarian ministry is a concrete expression of peacemaking. Volunteers are carefully recruited, screened, and oriented. Each volunteer must secure sponsorship by a local, regional, or national church or church-related agency. For information, contact Garth Cheff, CRISPAZ, 701 So. Zarzamora, San Antonio, TX 78207, telephone (512) 433-6185.

- As a memorial to Ham Sok Hon, the Korean Quaker who worked for peace through nonviolence in that country, two people from Fellowship of Reconciliation will be sent to South Korea to meet with human rights workers, students, laborers, women's groups, and others. The two people chosen are Hildegard Goss-Mayr of Austria, president emeritus of International FOR, and Richard Deats, interfaith director of U.S. FOR. The hope is that they will be able to offer seminars from their experience when they return. The idea for the memorial came from visits with Ham Sok Hon by Rose Lewis, a Friend in Oregon. Contributions to support this memorial are needed. Checks may be made payable to FOR—Korea Project and sent to Rose at 8589 Roanoke Drive, Brooks, OR 97305.

- The Peacemaker Sharing Fund serves people imprisoned for acts of nonviolent resistance, those contemplating such actions, and activists whose everyday work in nonviolent resistance may have targeted them for government repression. The fund also assists the families of such people. For information or to make donations, contact Louella Wooley, Box 650, Beach Grove, AR 72412.

- The family of Benjamin Linder is traveling the country telling the story of his life, work, and death in the Benjamin Linder Peace Tour. Ben was killed several years ago by contras in northern Nicaragua on April 28 as he worked on a hydroelectric project. At 27, he had worked in Nicaragua for 3½ years as a mechanical engineer. Two of his coworkers were also murdered. Those wanting to contribute may make checks payable to Linder Tour/Quixote Center and mail them to Benjamin Linder Peace Tour, 2025 I St., N.W., Suite 208A, Wash., DC 20006.

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Books

Blessed Are the Piecemakers

By J. Vincent Hansen. North Star Press, P.O. Box 451, St. Cloud, MN 56302. 1989. 116 pages. \$12.95/paperback.

When I read this poignant little book of almost epigrammatic poems from the wounded spirit of a Vietnam vet, I found healing for the memories of an old Quaker activist. Hansen worked on these poems during the 20 years of his own healing, and only reluctantly recently allowed a sympathetic publisher to make them public. Portraits by Glenn Good Thunder, done in pen and ink during the war, brought me into the presence of the puzzled, frightened, confused men who battled themselves as much as the enemy.

All Friends will find themselves in one of the most universal of the poems, "Uncertain Notions."

How
I long
for the time
when
right and wrong
and truth
were mine.
That day
before
black and white
gave way
to gray
and left me
with
uncertain notions

This book should be in every meetinghouse and every draft counseling center. Certainly it will remain in every human heart of those who read it.

Dorothy T. Samuel

Dorothy T. Samuel is now a member of St. Cloud Monthly Meeting of Friends. As a writer, speaker, and activist, she was long active in peace and social concern movements in the Baltimore area.

Susan B. Anthony— A Biography

By Kathleen Barry. New York University Press, New York, N.Y., 1988. 416 pages. \$27.95.

From 1852, when she was refused permission as a woman to speak at a temperance meeting, until 1906 when she died, Susan B. Anthony campaigned tirelessly for the rights of women. After 1878 her efforts were fo-



cused on an amendment to the U.S. constitution enfranchising women, the Susan B. Anthony amendment, which was finally ratified in 1920 after her death. In the last years of her life, she organized an International Suffrage Alliance, which drew the women of Europe and the United States together in a common concern. For many women today, she personifies the long battle for gender equality in the world.

There have been other books on Susan B. Anthony, the most notable perhaps by Katherine Anthony (no relation) published in 1954. But Kathleen Barry's is the first book to be written from a self-declared feminist perspective. Like other recent feminist books, this one gives a rounded picture of the life of its subject, integrating her thoughts and feelings with her public appearances and strategies. The result is a lively narrative that takes the reader on a long journey with Susan B. Anthony through the decades, as she crisscrosses the United States and sails to Europe in her quest for equality. Such high points as her trial in 1872 for insisting on her right to vote in a general election and her nonviolent action in 1876, when she and her colleagues interrupted the centennial celebration at Independence Hall in Philadelphia to present their Declaration for the Rights of Women, are described vividly.

Scholars have speculated for some time about Susan B. Anthony's personal relationships. Did she fall in love with the young lecturer Anna Dickinson whom she tried to draw into the suffrage cause? Kathleen Barry hardly mentions Anna Dickinson, but she breaks new ground in insisting that Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton loved one another, and only the Stantons' marriage stood in the way of this being a fulfilling rela-

tionship. Kathleen Barry also believes that Susan B. Anthony's decision to stay single was not due to ambivalence about herself as a woman, as other scholars have speculated, but was a political decision, important in developing her feminist theory and in creating a role model for other women. Barry does not delve into psychological motivation, but insists that Anthony was a common woman who rose to meet the needs of the hour.

Quaker readers will be disappointed that the author gives little weight to the Quaker tradition of gender equality in which Susan B. Anthony was raised, and even suggests that Quakerism was infected with the same 19th century female piety as other Protestant churches. This is debatable among the liberal Hicksite meetings in western New York, where the Anthonys attended. The influence of Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelley Foster, Martha Wright, and Abigail Post, all Quaker friends of Susan, is not mentioned, nor is much said about the religious basis of Susan's commitment. This reviewer would have liked more explanation of Anthony's capitulation to racism within the latter day suffrage movement.

Overall, however, this book gives us the gist of Anthony's career in a lively and readable form, and is a contribution to the growing body of books about women with Quaker roots who participated in the movement for gender equality.

Margaret Hope Bacon

Margaret Hope Bacon, a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, is a widely published author of reviews, articles, and books, including Valiant Friend, The Quiet Rebels, and Mother of Feminism.

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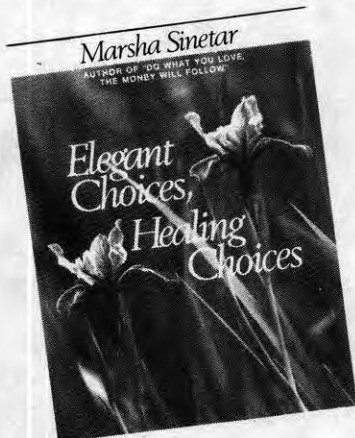
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—Sara Medford, *New Woman Magazine*

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—from the book

Books *continued*

Handbook on Military Taxes & Conscience

*Edited by Linda Coffin. 1988. 222 pages.
\$6.50/paperback.*

Fear God & Honor the Emperor

*Edited by Linda Coffin, Peter
Goldberger, Robert Hull, and J.E.
McNeil. 1988. \$13.50/notebook.*

*Both published by Friends Committee on
War Tax Concerns of Friends World
Committee for Consultation, 1506 Race
St., Philadelphia, PA 19102*

The Friends Committee on War Tax Concerns (FCWTC) was established in 1985 under the sponsorship of the FWCC, Section of the Americas. The committee's mandate was to provide Friends with study and informational material on military tax concerns, encourage programs and conferences on the subject, and address specific concerns and difficulties faced by religious employers of conscientious war tax objectors. Throughout its tenure, the committee and its staff person, Linda Coffin, diligently pursued its goals and then tidily laid itself down, leaving these two books as its enduring legacy. For individual Friends, monthly meetings, and larger Friends gatherings and organizations, the handbook and employers manual (*Fear God & Honor the Emperor*) offer comprehensive coverage on every aspect of concern about military taxation.

The *Handbook on Military Taxes & Conscience* is a logical starting place to consider military taxation issues and war tax resistance. The committee recruited an expert panel of contributors who address the history of military tax refusal among Friends and biblical teachings on the subject. There is a chapter of personal stories of military tax resisters, one about international war tax refusal campaigns, and another that chronicles efforts to enact Peace Tax Fund legislation. The book concludes with a series of study questions and a resource list. Each chapter is solidly researched and clearly presented. Skillful editing gives a smooth flow to the work of several authors.

Fear God & Honor the Emperor is less polished than the *Handbook*, but no less thorough in its coverage. This manual tackles the difficult question of how religious employers may be called to corporate witness of military tax refusal, either organizationally or in support of staff members who are conscientious objectors. There is a survey of minutes, resolutions, and guidelines adopted

by church bodies, Quaker and otherwise. A chapter on legalities, co-authored by Peter Goldberger and J.E. McNeil, calmly raises and responds to difficulties, real and imagined, that employers face when supporting a witness against military taxes. Robert Hull's chapter on discernment blends a secular management perspective with traditional religious concerns.

Publication of the *Manual* was sponsored by both FCWTC and New Call to Peacemaking and is addressed to Mennonites and Brethren as well as Quakers. In some ways I find it an awkward work, a bit clumsy in its cross-denominational approach and defensive about the issue it explores. I think this may arise because the subject of corporate tax refusal is new (at least in a modern, 20th century setting) and very touchy. We in our church bodies are used to being respectable and smugly tax-exempt. The *Manual* confronts an uncomfortable subject in a direct and determined fashion, and, while it may lack finesse, it is rich in necessary information.

I especially recommend the *Handbook on Military Taxes & Conscience*. It has both a practical focus and a broad appeal. Anyone looking for clear thinking on spiritual discernment—probably most of us—will find the chapter on "Spiritual Leadings and Rational Decisions" a deep, refreshing well. In it, Alan Eccleston provides a context for which I am particularly grateful: "A concern is a gift. It can give our life a special focus, it helps us sort our priorities, and carries with it a sense of purpose. Energy flows through us as we address the concern."

The *Handbook* is a thoughtful book that explores the thorns and blooms of conscientious witness in a compassionate and non-judgmental way. Its high level of sincerity and scholarship gives us wonderful assistance in discerning a Friendly response to the issue of military taxation.

Carolyn Stevens

Carolyn Stevens works as program coordinator for the National War Tax Resistance Coordinating Committee, and she is a member of University (Wash.) Meeting.

The Quakers

*By Hugh Barbour and J. William Frost.
Greenwood Press, New York, 1988. 407
pages. \$65.*

Hugh Barbour teaches at Earlham College and Earlham School of Religion, J. William Frost at Swarthmore College. This book, the authors say, is on Quakers in America, but its coverage of British and other foreign

Quakerism is quite extensive. About a fourth of the space is used for biographies of 83 "former leaders of Friends in America." Of those, 23 were born outside the United States, and the connection of some with the United States is tenuous. The authors' promised biography of Margaret Fell Fox does not appear.

Treatment of the origins of Quakerism reflects the now prevalent view that British Puritanism was a stronger factor than continental mysticism. The turn from enthusiasm of the mid-17th century founders to quietism of the 18th and early 19th centuries is well presented with extensive documentation. How Quakerism spread through much of the United States and Canada is shown with much interesting detail. Quietistic religious expression could coexist with strong concerns about injustices, notably slavery. The testimony against war was tested by the Civil War and the world wars but has survived.

Orthodox-Hicksite, Wilburite-Evangelical, and Conservative-Revivalist separations are explained probably as clearly as possible. The liberal winds of change from science and biblical scholarship are refreshing to note, but the wide theological spectrum among Friends today, whatever their type of worship, might have been emphasized. Treatment of the pastoral system is brief, although most Friends today are in pastoral meetings. The recent expansion of Quakerism into many parts of the world, and tendencies toward cooperation among the varieties of Friends are explained in the three final chapters.

It is astonishing to read that the Philadelphia of Revelation was in Palestine, and that John Woolman's visit to the Indians was in 1761 in the Wyoming Valley. But doubtless errors are inevitable in such a work. Clarification of any facet of Quakerism is likely to be available through the comprehensive index.

Ralph H. Pickett

Ralph Pickett, a member of Providence (Pa.) Meeting, is a retired history professor.

Sanctuary

By Ann Crittenden. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, N.Y., 1988. 410 pages. \$21.95

Don Reno, prosecuting 11 sanctuary workers, including cofounder Jim Corbett, was delighted to find the perfect evidence: a newsphoto showing Corbett helping an illegal alien (Juana Beatriz Alvarez) through



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Committee**

Books *continued*

the international fence, with both identified. The woman's husband, who had been active in a union, was dragged away at four in the morning and disappeared. She noticed that men were watching her house, and, fearing for her life, she left her three children and went to Mexico City. There she was kidnapped by four men, who took her to an empty house and raped her repeatedly for four days.

The case was typical, as Corbett pointed out to the press and in newsletters to sanctuary churches throughout the country. And, while such incidents produced the sanctuary movement, the Reagan Administration saw only conspiracy and sought indictment, portraying sanctuary volunteers as common *coyotes*. But such was the absurdity of the claim that Don Reno and the Department of Justice were forced into desperate and illegal stratagems, such as making deals with criminals and *coyotes* to manufacture evidence. Honest refugees who refused to testify for the government were punished. In Corbett's case, Ron Medvescek, the photographer who took the picture of the border crossing, refused to testify, and Don Reno was refused permission to subpoena the news man. Reno's grand bit of evidence was no evidence. Corbett was acquitted of all charges.

The failure of the government to convict Corbett (or to jail the convicted sanctuary workers, as it turned out) prompts the question: Why did government commit this folly in the first place? Crittenden notes the play of religion in this decision, with fundamentalists seeing only the face of dread communism in the liberation theology the refugees brought with them. She notes that pressure came from immigration commissioner Harold Ezell, Reagan friend and appointee, "son of an Assemblies of God minister. . . ." Thus Crittenden leads us to conclude that what became an attack upon mainline churches of the United States was a display of Ronald Reagan's personal animosities, again directed at the defenseless poor, under cover of deniability.

Thus in detail after detail, in Crittenden's able hands, this record shows that the moral authority of the religious right cannot stand against the decent opinion of humankind.

David Alan Munro

David Alan Munro is a retired professor of linguistics and a member of the Peace and Social Concerns Committee of Orange County (Calif.) Meeting.

In Brief



River of Promise: Two Women's Story of Love and Adoption

By July Dahl. Luramedia, San Diego, Calif., 1989. 76 pages. \$9.95/paperback. This is the simple story of a childless couple enduring a series of disappointments in attempting to adopt a child. One after another the natural mothers change their minds and decide not to give up their babies. Eventually, however, the couple acquires, not one, but two children. What is unusual about the story is that the couple consists of two women, openly and happily lesbian. The author, a minister to a gay and lesbian church, tells her own story and the courage she was given by God—a warm, generous, loving, woman-God she calls Gracie. The story ends happily but does not tell enough. One would like to hear much more of the lives, personalities, and relationships of the two children and their loving parents.

. . . better than riches

Edited by Ralph E. West, Jr., and John W. Burkhardt. Published by William Penn Charter School, Phila., Pa., 1989. 257 pages. \$32.50. This book commemorates the tricentennial of William Penn Charter School (1689-1989), an occasion to both celebrate and to reflect on Quaker education. The 21 chapters, each written by a different person associated with the school, range from early history and essays on instruction in science, history, and the arts, to coeducation, student thoughts, and athletic reminiscences. Photos of teachers and students, past and present, are scattered throughout.

Bird on a Rocking Chair

By J. R. Elkinton. The Cottage Press, Lincoln, Mass., 1988. 257 pages. \$11/paperback. The title, taken from his family's interpretation of a symbol in the Michelin Guide to travel in Europe that meant a "quiet, secluded place," suggests the pleasant, ambling style of these essays. Taken from the author's family and professional life, the subjects wander from a description of punting on the river in Cambridge, England, as a young physician, to musings on the 50th reunion of his Harvard Medical School class. The result is many miles and side roads of observations and wisdom to reward the unhurried reader.

Resources

• The 25th James Backhouse Lecture, delivered to Australia Yearly Meeting in January, is available as a pamphlet. In it, Erica Fisher presents a summary of women's situations at work, in education, and at home, entitled "A New-Born Sense of Dignity and Freedom." She uses statistical information, examples such as Margaret Fell and Lucretia Mott from the past, and her own ideas about human diversity, peace, justice, and equality. Copies are \$3.50, including postage, and are available from Friends Book Supplies, Box 63, O'Connor, ACT, Australia 2601.

• New tools for improving the ability of religious people to address those who represent them in Congress are being provided by Impact, a legislative information and action coalition of Jewish, Protestant, and Catholic groups. The following materials are available: a 15-minute video entitled, "Making an Impact with Your Religious Values;" a 200-page picture handbook of the 101st Congress; voting records on domestic and international issues in 1987 and 1988; and an advocacy skills training manual to help religious people understand how to have an impact on the U.S. Congress. For information on obtaining any of the above, contact IMPACT/National Office, 100 Maryland Ave., N.E., Wash., DC 20002, or call (202) 544-8636.

• Bread for the World has merged two previous publications into one newsletter, to be published ten times a year. The newsletter includes articles about issues affecting world hunger, ways to take action, and informational resources. For a copy, write to Bread for the World, 802 Rhode Island Ave., N.E., Wash., DC 20018, or call (202) 269-0200.

• A report on problems and social responsibilities surrounding church land ownership is detailed in the booklet, *Church Land Ownership and Use in the United States*. The report defines issues, concerns, and perspectives on the subject and discusses how property resources that belong to churches might be used to empower people. Copies of the report are available for \$5 from NCRLC (National Catholic Rural Life Conference), 4625 Beaver Drive, Des Moines, IA 50310, telephone (515) 270-2634.

• Peace Media Service is a newsletter featuring news about movements and people working to build a just society through nonviolent methods. International in scope, PMS reports ideas that are often ignored or given little attention in the mass media. It is edited by Jim Forest. For subscription information, write to PMS, Spoorstraat 38, NL-1815 BK Alkmaar, Netherlands.



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Milestones



Births

Castle-Miller—*Hannah Ruth Castle-Miller*, on Aug. 14, to Gretchen Castle and Ken Miller, members of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting. Grandparents are David and Eli Castle of New Providence (Iowa) Meeting, Larry Miller of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting, and Ruth Miller of Orlando (Fla.) Meeting.

Diller—*John Weldon Diller*, on Sept. 4, to Corinne and John Diller, attenders at Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting.

Holleman—*Thomas Carlos Holleman*, on May 13, to Marcia Chine Holleman and Warren Lee Holleman, attenders at Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting.

Marriages

Froid-Galantino—*James M. Galantino and Sandra Froid*, on July 22, on Long Island, N.Y. James is a member of Conscience Bay (N.Y.) Meeting.

Galantino-Homer—*David Homer and Hannah Laura Galantino*, on Aug. 5, under the care of Swarthmore (Pa.) and Nottingham (Pa.) meetings. David is a member of Swarthmore Meeting, and Hannah is a member of Conscience Bay (N.Y.) Meeting.

Mesner-Allison—*Terry L. Allison and Miriam H. Mesner*, on July 29, in Wichita, Kans. Miriam is a member of Central City (Neb.) Meeting.

O'Shields-Hayner—*William Hayner and Jane O'Shields*, on Aug. 14, at Long Beach, Calif. Jane is a member of Fort Worth (Tex.) Meeting.

Deaths

Broadbent—*Robert Livingstone Broadbent*, 70, on March 5, of leukemia. Bob grew up attending Wilmington (Del.) Meeting. As a young adult during World War II, he became a conscientious objector and went on to perform Civilian Public Service for the National Parks Service, the U.S. Weather Service, and Bellevue Mental Hospital. After the war, he worked with the co-operative movement in Greenbelt, Md., and became active with Young Friends at Irving Street (Wash., D.C.) Meeting, and later at Florida Avenue (Wash., D.C.) Meeting. In 1946, Bob married Ruth Wetherald, and they made their home in Takoma Park. In 1955, Bob and Ruth were among the founders of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting, and Bob served as its first clerk. Bob is remembered by friends for his sound and thoughtful contributions to meeting decisions and for his concerns about peace and social order. His belief in public testimony of one's convictions led him to participate often at public meetings and nonviolent demonstrations for civil rights. He was known as a lovely man who was always ready with a playful response, be it a swing in the air, a wisecrack, or a fast game of frisbee. Ruth Wetherald Broadbent died in 1982. Bob is survived by his second wife, Beverley, whom he married in 1985; by two sons, Richard and Philip; one daughter, Bonnie Jeanne; and two sisters, Dorothy Winter and Jeanne Harris.

Kortschak—*Kate Leilani Duker Kortschak*, 77, on July 5. Kate was born in Kilauea, Kauai, Hawaii. Throughout her life she made many valuable contributions to her community. She was active with the League of Women Voters and with Girl Scouts. She was primarily responsible for the founding of a private school for underachievers. In addition, she and her husband, Hugo, opened their home to many foster children and to the homeless. Kate was an involved and respected member of Honolulu (Hawaii) Meeting. She is survived by three daughters, Peggy Broderick, Beppie Shapiro and Betsy Uehara; and by a brother, Fred Duker, of Michigan.

Layfield—*Tom Murray Layfield*, 44, on May 5, of Hodgkins disease and leukemia. Tom was born in South Gate, Calif., and graduated from high school in Stockton. He graduated from the University of California-Irvine, with a degree in economics. While in college, Tom became a conscientious objector, and he performed alternative service during 1967-69 as a psychiatric technician and development specialist at Fairview State Hospital. Tom married Becky Hall in 1966, and together with their daughter Mary and son Hank they attended Orange County (Calif.) Meeting. In 1974, Tom entered medical school in Guadalajara, Mexico, and then transferred to the Medical College of Pennsylvania. While in Pennsylvania, the family attended Germantown Meeting. Tom completed his residency and training at U.C.-Irvine. Tom served on many committees for Orange County Meeting and Pacific Yearly Meeting, including First-day School, Hospitality, Ministry and Oversight, Peace and Social Concerns, and Sites Committee for PYM, serving one year as clerk, and one year as ex officio member of the Arrangements Committee. Tom is admired by many for his courage and patience in the face of disease, his compassion for others, his love for his family, his sense of humor, and his open and direct character. He was an inspiration to his family, friends, and colleagues. He was a conscientious and loving parent and husband, and, despite his commitments to work and school, Tom always found time for family.

McAlister—*Mildred McMullin McAlister*, on May 7, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Milly was the grandchild of early pioneer missionaries. She attended the University of Utah and married Ward McAlister in 1929. Events of World War II prompted her interest in Quakerism, and she became affiliated with Wider Quaker Fellowship. She was a member of Salt Lake (Utah) Meeting in the 1960s, until it was laid down. She then joined Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting. She was a regular attender at Intermountain and Pacific yearly meetings, and she urged many newcomers to visit the Salt Lake Worship Group in the 1970s and to overcome Salt Lake's geographic isolation by joining yearly meeting activities. The reorganization meeting of Salt Lake Friends to once again become a monthly meeting was held in Milly's backyard in 1978. She continued to support the activities of the monthly meeting, even when she was no longer able to labor actively for the social principles which were such an important part of her life. Milly's life reflected her moral and religious values. With zest and humor, she reached out to those around her. Though she lived all of her life within two miles of the house in which she was born, she saw the world as her community and dedicated her life to serving community and family. Through public speaking she shared her beliefs on peace, social justice, and religious ideals. She worked tirelessly for the abolition of capital punishment. She traveled extensively and entertained travelers from all over the world. For many years she hosted Wider Quaker Fellowship potlucks and discussion groups. She organized education seminars on current events and operated the UNICEF bookstore each Christmas

season for many years. Milly was preceded in death by her husband, one son, and a stepdaughter. Survivors include three children, 12 grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren, and two sisters.

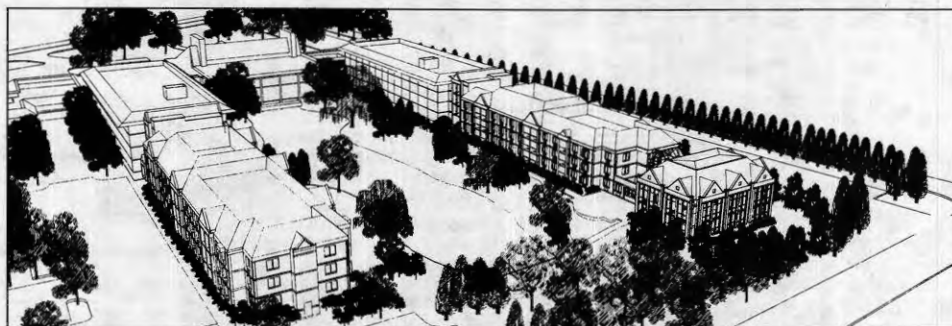
Miles—*Harriet E. Miles*, 82, on Feb. 25, in Great Barrington, Mass. She was a member of Taghkanic-Hudson (N.Y.) Meeting and lived in Copake Falls, N.Y. A graduate of Thiel College, she held a degree in library science from Simmons College and worked as a children's librarian in Rochester, N.Y., until her marriage in 1935. She became a Friend during the 1950s and supported the work of the American Friends Service Committee and New York Yearly Meeting. Harriet loved sharing books and ideas and was inspired by the beauty of the natural world. She was a valuable counselor, an able writer, and a generous hostess. She is survived by two sons, William and Peter.

Packer-Doust—*Clive Packer-Doust*, on July 16, in Kerikeri, New Zealand. He was the beloved husband of the late Joan, and the father of Anne Kool and Judith Pullar. A memorial service was held for Clive by Kerikeri Worship Group and the United Church.

Willcuts—*Jack L. Willcuts*, 67, Quaker pastor, author, and leader, on Sept. 23, in Newberg, Oregon. At the time of his death, he was pastor to seniors at Reedwood Friends Church in Portland and was active nationally and internationally with Quakers. A birthright Friend born in Kansas, he graduated from Friends Bible College and George Fox College, where he received an honorary doctorate of divinity in 1975. While still a student, he became pastor of Rockaway Community Church on the Oregon coast and in 1945 was recorded as a Friends minister. He married Geraldine Tharrington that year, and they began 26 years of service at Friends churches in Oregon and Washington and later mission work in Bolivia, where two of their three children were born. Jack's ministry also took many other forms: editing the *Evangelical Friend* for 18 years; providing leadership in Northwest Yearly Meeting; helping found Evangelical Friends Alliance; working as a board member for numerous Friends organizations, as a trustee of George Fox College, and as a consultant to Friends World Committee for Consultation. During his life, he spoke in 15 yearly meetings and wrote many books and articles. In 1986-87, he and Geraldine were Friends-in-residence at Woodbrooke Quaker Study Center in England. Always he spoke of a faith that gave his life meaning, integrity, and direction, and he reached out to share that in every way he knew. He is remembered as a person of generosity who affirmed others' efforts, who listened well and offered encouragement and guidance, and as a person whose self-discipline brought him wisdom and joy as well as achievement. He was a man who loved to make jokes and ice cream, and invested enthusiasm in friendships, service, and in loving his family. Jack brought that sense of joy to his work across divisions among Friends and once offered these words: "The Spirit is present in both silence and speaking. I fear we dishonor the Lord in limiting him to just one way or the other. God is bigger than all our Quaker boundaries in faith and practice. . . . At this point, let us figuratively reach out to shake hands across the distances of sea and space, programmed and unprogrammed meetings, and live in peace." He is survived by his wife, Geraldine; a son, Stuart; two daughters, Susan Kendall and Janelle Loewen; six grandchildren; two brothers, Clare and Merl Willcuts; and three sisters, Elsie Hockett, Helen Street, and Arlene Moore.

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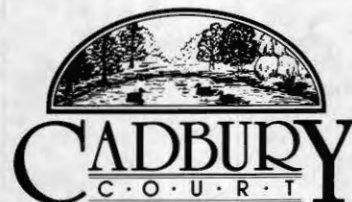
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Calendar



NOVEMBER

3-5—The Arts of Social Change, a program of workshops will explore intersection of the arts and social change, to be held at the Painted Bride Art Center, 230 Vine St., Phila., PA 19106, telephone (215) 925-9914. Workshops are free; a tour of neighborhood cultural sites will cost \$30.

4—Annual Public Gathering, American Friends Service Committee, at Arch Street Meeting House, 320 Arch St., Phila., Pa., from 2 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. Theme is "Nonviolence in a Violent and Unjust World." For information, contact AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Phila., PA 19102.

6—Friends Historical Association Annual Meeting, at Arch Street Meeting House, 320 Arch St., Phila., Pa., beginning at 6 p.m. Carol F. Karlsen, associate professor of history and women's studies at the University of Michigan, will speak on "Witchcraft and Quakerism in Early New England."

6-10—UNESCO's second Women's World Congress for Elimination of Nuclear, Chemical, and Bacteriological Weapons, to be held in Mexico. For information, call the office of Testimonies and Concerns, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1-800-DIAL-PYM.

10-12—Japan Yearly Meeting at Friends Center, Tokyo. For information, contact Takuro Isomura, 8-19 Mita 4-Chome, Minato-Ku, Tokyo, Japan.

10-12—Friends Bible Conference at Arch Street Meeting House, 320 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Theme is "Reclaiming a Vital Tool for Spiritual Growth." Speakers will be Martha P. Grundy and Elizabeth G. Watson, with a concert of music on biblical themes by Patricia McKernon. For information, contact Carol Conti-Entin, registrar, 2878 Chadbourne Rd., Shaker Heights, OH 44120, telephone (216) 561-8720 evenings.

10-12—West Coast Quaker Lesbian Conference, at Ben Lomond Quaker Center in California. For information, contact AEden Dalena, telephone (408) 688-2333.

28-30—Guatemala and El Salvador Yearly Meeting, in Guatemala. For information, contact Luis Espino Martinez, Apdo #8, Chiquimula, Guatemala.

DECEMBER

1—World AIDS Day will focus on informing and involving youth in a worldwide campaign against AIDS.

7-10—Friends Consultation on Worship, in Richmond, Indiana. Cosponsored by Earlham School of Religion and Quaker Hill Conference Center. Includes speakers, discussions, interest groups, and hymn singing. For information, contact Eldon Harzman, telephone (317) 962-5741.

15-17—Peru Yearly Meeting, in Ilave, Peru. For information, contact Ramon Mamani Chipana, Casilla 320, Puno, Peru.

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Casa Heberto Sein Friends Center. Reasonable accommodations. Reservations. Asociacion Sonorense de los Amigos, Felipe Salido 32, Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico Friends Meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Phone: (011-52-621) 7-01-42.

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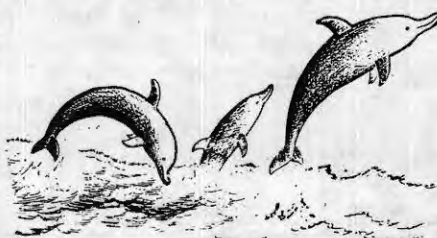
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JOURNAL rates are competitive and discounts are available. Send your inquiries to: Advertising Manager, FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Contributions

Don't wait until women are dying again. Join with Friends from FGC 1989 Gathering Women's Center to develop a safe network for women denied access to legal abortions. We're calling it the Overground Railroad. We need friends who will offer shelter, transportation, money and any other assistance necessary for a woman to travel from a restrictive state to one where abortion is safe and legal. To contribute or offer help, contact: Mary Coe, 923 Fell St., Baltimore, MD 21231.

For Sale



V.H.S. Video. *Crones: Interviews with Elder Quaker Women*, by Claire Simon. \$16.50 postpaid from Quaker Video, 71 Boyden Ave., Maplewood, NJ 07040.

100% Wool Yarn. Soviet-American "Peace Fleece"; natural or uniquely dyed skeins or carded fleece from our Corriedale sheep. Bartlett yarns; Nature Spun yarns. Price list \$2.00. Yarn Shop on the Farm, RD 2, Box 291, Stevens, PA 17578.

Angora sweaters, hats, mittens, scarves. Natural rabbit wool colors. For free brochure write: Van Tine Angora Rabbit Farm, Penobscot, ME 04476.

Limited edition of reproduction of Edward Hicks's famous Peaceable Kingdom. Handsome 20 by 24 inch print for your home, school, public library, or meetinghouse. \$15 postpaid. Send check to: Planned Parenthood Auxiliary, Box 342, Newtown, PA 18940.

Opportunities

Learn Spanish, Quiche in Guatemala. One-on-one instruction, five hours daily, family living, seminars, excursions. CASA. Box 11264, Milwaukee, WI 53211. (414) 372-5570.

The FGC Directory for Traveling Friends for 1990-91 is in preparation for publication in spring of 1990. This directory lists Friends worldwide, offering home, hospitality, or camping space at no charge to Friends traveling with letters of introduction from their monthly meetings. Entries are welcomed from Friends in all yearly meetings and affiliations. A separate cross-referenced section will list Quaker "bed and breakfast" locations and facilities that welcome visitors but charge for overnights. Friends who would like to be listed as hosts may fill out the application form, available from the clerk of their monthly meeting or from the FGC office, 1216 Arch Street 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107. Completed forms should reach FGC before December 1, 1989.

Consider a Costa Rican study tour March 1-12, 1990. Write or telephone Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 1810 Osceola Street, Jacksonville, FL 32204. (904) 389-6569.

Emmaus-Westervik, a recycling community in Finland involved in third world development work, is looking for a committed couple or individuals to share responsibility for our work-and-study course '90-'91 on development and environmental issues, simple and appropriate lifestyle, etc. Practical and organizational skills are needed, as well as an interest in close community life. Pocket money basis. International group, rural location with our own Quaker meetinghouse and daily worship. Possible long-term opportunity. Contact Emmaus-Westervik, SF-10600 Ekanas, Finland. Short-term volunteers are also needed throughout the year. Preferably 1-month minimum. Lots of hard work, beautiful setting lively community.

Personals

Single Booklovers gets cultured, single, widowed, or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide, run by Friends. Established 1970. Write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange—Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

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

Positions Vacant

Youth Directors: Powell House, a Quaker conference center located in rural upstate New York, seeks two persons, preferably a couple, as co-directors of the youth program. Starts Aug/Sept 1990. The program serves young people from grades 4-12. Duties include planning, facilitating, and directing weekend conferences for three different age groups. The youth directors must have familiarity with, and commitment to the Religious Society of Friends, and possess a desire to share Friends' values with young people. Compensation includes salary, on-campus housing with all utilities paid, some meals, and a complete benefits package. Send inquiries and resumes to Irene Arter, Clerk, c/o Powell House, RD 1, Box 160, Old Chatham, NY 12136.

Home care helper for elderly woman, center city Philadelphia, part-time, hours flexible, \$6 per hour. Desire honest, reliable, compassionate person to do light housework and to serve as companion for walks, doctor's appointments, etc. Call (215) 440-9558 evenings or weekends.

Resident Caretaker. The Crossing, a small, lively conference and hospitality center for social change activists seeks enthusiastic, committed part-time caretaker. Send inquiries to: Clark Loveridge, 5023 Cedar Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19143, or call Pam Nelson 925-8090 (d), 726-6911 (e).

The Weekend Workcamp Committee of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting seeks to hire a person (3/5 time) to assist the program director. Primary duties include supervision of weekend workcamps (12-15 per year), office responsibilities, assistance with maintaining the network of organizations and individuals with whom the workcamp interacts. Annual salary is between \$9,448-13,699, plus liberal benefits. For application materials, contact Michael Van Hoy, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 241-7236. Application deadline is November 1, 1989, with the position to be filled as soon as possible.

Research Assistant sought for a project aimed at producing a comprehensive guide to arms control and disarmament. Project in Geneva, Switzerland under the auspices of the Oslo International Peace Research Institute is conducted by Jozef Goldblat, former director of disarmament studies at SIPRI and currently lecturer at Geneva Graduate Institute of International Studies. The assistant (preferably a post-graduate student in international affairs) will collect material, attend meetings of the Conference on Disarmament and other arms control issues and prepare drafts under the project leader's direction. He/she could thus be trained for future participation in national and international disarmament debates. The individual will need to be self-supporting. Inquiries can be made through: Quaker UN Office, 13 avenue du Marvelet, 1209 Geneva, Switzerland, tel. 733 33 97.

Pro-Nica Volunteers

Quaker assistance group in Nicaragua seeks volunteers for administrator, project director, and Quaker House coordinator; also coordinators for garden and sawmill projects. Pro-Nica, 130 19th Ave. S.E., St. Petersburg, FL 33705.

Friends Journal needs volunteer. Come meet our staff, here in Philadelphia, and assist in mailing renewal notices. Two days per month. No experience required. Complete reimbursement for lunch and transport. Call Nancy (215) 241-7115.

Rentals and Retreats

Cuernavaca, Mexico: Small seminars, large families, or Friends find "Casa Rose" a delightful place for study, reunions, or holidays. Our staff provides friendly Mexican spirit, concern for guests, excellent meals. Seven double bedrooms with baths and small single; large dining and living rooms with fireplaces; long verandah for outdoor living; quiet porch and upstairs terrace; large garden; garage and parking area; 40' X 25' heated, filtered pool; mountain views; near central plaza, taxis, and buses. Good language schools available in Cuernavaca; day excursions to archeological sites, colonial conventos, haciendas, attractive living villages, and much natural beauty, including the great volcanoes of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl. Cuernavaca is an hour from Mexico City; a good base for Mexican travels. Inquiries: Chula Rose Nicholson, 516 Oakley Road, Haverford, PA 19041. (215) 642-3595.

Perfect mountain retreat in Luray, VA. Modern cabin (furnished) on hillside of Shenandoah River. One year lease to right person. \$350, monthly. Utilities very low. (407) 575-0008.

Hawaii—Island of Kauai. Cozy housekeeping cottage. Peace, palms, privacy. \$75/2 nightly. 147 Royal Drive, Kepaa, HI 96746. (808) 822-2321.

Montego Bay—(Unity Hall, 6 miles from Montego Bay). Stunning view. Reasonable bed and breakfast accommodations with single Quaker woman. Couples or two women to share room. For further information contact Alice Rhodd, JBC Radio West, Montego Bay, Jamaica. Phone 952-4081, 952-0145, 952-3056, 10 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. weekdays.

Schools

The Meeting School, a challenge to creative living and learning. A Quaker high school that encourages individual growth through strong academics and an equally demanding emphasis on community cooperation. Students live in faculty homes. Art and farm programs. Coed, boarding, grades 9-12 and post grad, college prep. Founded in 1957. Rindge, NH 03461. (603) 899-3366.

A value-centered school for learning disabled elementary students. Small, remedial classes; qualified staff serving Philadelphia and northern suburbs. The Quaker School at Horsham, 318 Meeting House Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2875.

Services Offered

Common Cold Remedy? I've found one! It's natural. Send \$3 and SASE to Heaven on Earth, 482 White Oak Creek Road, Burnsville, NC 28714.

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Have a smooth move! Domestic relocation and resettling consultants, organizers and facilitators orchestrate every aspect of your home move. Turnkey service from start to finish, door to door. "Tidy Transfers", division of J. M. Boswell Agency. Auctioneers, brokers and appraisers. (Personal property and real estate), West Chester, Pa. (215) 692-2226.

Celo Valley Books produces books—50 copies and up (no upper limit)—without hype. We give you the assistance you need without charging you for work you don't need. Advice or complete service offered in a professional way. (1% of profits to the charity of your choice.) Contact: Celo Books, D. Donovan, 346 Seven Mile Ridge Road, Burnsville, NC 28714.

Quaker Universalist Fellowship is a fellowship of seekers wishing to enrich and expand Friends' perspectives. We meet, publish, and correspond to share thoughts, insights, and information. We seek to follow the promptings of the Spirit. Inquiries welcome! Write QUF, Box 201 RD 1, Landenberg, PA 19350.

Wedding Certificates, birth testimonials, invitations, announcements, addressing, poetry, gifts all done in beautiful calligraphy and watercolor illumination. Write or call Leslie Mitchell, 2840 Bristol Rd., Bensalem, PA 19020, (215) 752-5554.

Socially Responsible Investing

Using client-specified social criteria, I screen investments. I use a financial planning approach to portfolio management by identifying individual objectives and designing an investment strategy. I work with individuals and business. Call: Sacha Millstone, (202) 857-5462, in Washington, D.C., area, or (800) 368-5897.

General Contractor. Repairs or alterations on old or historical buildings. Storm and fire damage restored. John File, 1147 Bloomdale Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19115. (215) 464-2207.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pinewood Dr., Greensboro, NC 27410. (919) 294-2095.

Family Relations Committee's Counseling Service (PYM) provides confidential professional counseling to individuals, couples in most geographic areas of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. All counselors are Quakers. All Friends, regular attendees, and employees of Friends organizations are eligible. Sliding fees. Further information or brochure—contact Arlene Kelly, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 988-0140.

A Friendly Letter— The Right Gift For a Friend

Every month for more than eight years, *A Friendly Letter* has been bringing a growing number of readers hard-hitting, well-written reports on cutting edge Quaker news and issues. Again and again, *A Friendly Letter* has brought to light events and issues not reported on anywhere else.

What do readers say about *A Friendly Letter*? Here are a few unsolicited comments:

"The Friendly Letter exemplifies what I consider some of the best of Quakerism."

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"Yours is the best of all the Quaker publications, and one of the best of all the newsletters I read at work (and I read a lot at work) and at home. Keep up the good, aggressive work."

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"I look forward to thy Letters. I read them with great interest—probably the best Quaker publication extant."

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"I would like to say . . . how much I enjoy reading A Friendly Letter. Your perspective on American Quakerism is a great help in clarifying the picture from here. . . . One of the most stimulating periodicals I have to deal with, and certainly one of the Friendliest."

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"We read every issue of the Friendly Letter and learn things, facts and ideas not caught in other Friends publications. Keep publishing!"

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"It offends the Scotch part of my soul to pay \$1.00 for a four-page periodical. I was not going to renew, but I found that I was missing the Letter more than I would miss the money. And then I considered the work of gathering the information and adapting it for us and I decided that even a laborer is worthy of his hire."

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A Friendly Letter makes a one-of-a-kind gift for any active Friend or friend of Friends, renewed each month through the year. We will send a gift announcement for you, too.

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