Reflections on Mysticism and God

Revelation, the Abundant Gift

Homecoming
Among Friends

All Seriousness Aside

Have you ever noticed how serious we Friends can be? We really can go at this religious business in a grim, determined fashion, can't we?

Those of unprogrammed tradition might reflect, for instance, on our Sunday worship. If you're not a Friend who worships with your eyes closed, perhaps you have noticed the faces of others around you in meeting. What a somber looking bunch we often seem to be: mouths turned down, frowns and scowls, a Friend here and there holding head in hands. How few smiles there are.

Consider as well what we inflict upon ourselves in business meetings: we have carpets to replace, roofs to repair, wars to oppose, homeless people to feed, membership problems to resolve, budgets to balance, minutes to phrase and rephrase. The list may be long and tedious. After surviving such meetings, I'm usually ready to romp with the kids, play with the gerbils, and toss a Frisbee.

Friends, too, have developed a language that lends a somber, grim tone to our religious life. Certain words come easily to mind as examples: advices, concerns, sufferings, being rightly ordered, tedious. After surviving such meetings, I'm usually ready to romp with the kids, play with the gerbils, and toss a Frisbee.

But do not despair, Friends. An opportunity for lightening the load is close at hand. It has been pointed out that April 1 (once called "All Fools Day") fails on a Sunday this year. Think what potential might exist for way to open anew: on that First Day, meeting elders might be moved to wear red rubber clown noses and buttons reading, "Smile, God Loves Thee"; others might wear William Bacon Evans T-shirts; song books might mysteriously appear on meeting benches with harmonicas, kazoo, and tambourines; young Friends might decorate nametags in colorful ways; during social hour, only those who sing a verse of a favorite song will be served refreshments. There's no end to the possibilities.

Friends committed to such fun and good humor should know as well of an ecumenical group called the Fellowship of Merry Christians. This fellowship has named the month of April 1990 as Holy Humor Month. Write for a copy of their upbeat Joyful Noiseletter, a list of the Fellowship's "ministers of humor," and a schedule of planned events. The fellowship's address is: PO Box 668, Kalamazoo, MI 49005.

(Enclose a large SASE and expect a fun-filled return!) And may the words of Will Rogers be added to our advice: "We are all here for a spell. Get all the good laughs you can."

Vinton Deming

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Cover art by Michael McCurdy

Children putting up prayer flags (see page 20)
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New dimensions

The two letters (“A question of myth,” FJ Sept. 1989) responding to an article on Joseph Campbell’s work as a mythologist illustrate the clash between the attempt to study and understand myths as the creations of various cultures on the one hand, and those for whom myths are a living reality on the other.

Campbell appears to have regarded myth as neither fact nor fiction, but rather as a vehicle of transformation. Of course, for those who still believe in these symbols and myths they are regarded as facts and carry a great deal of meaning.

For those of us who do not find them plausible any longer, there does not appear to be a transforming system of mythology currently available. Or is there?

What strikes me as unique about Friends is that the process of Quaker worship is not necessarily linked to a particular culture or belief system, though it has roots in one. There is, instead, a potential “evolutionary” nature to it (evolution perhaps being the most powerful metaphor-symbol-myth of our age). It opens doors to a dimension of individual and communal growth seldom tapped in our present society.

Michael Rehm
Piscataway, N.J.

You call that love?

I think some Friends confuse spirituality and Godly commands with psychological self-actualization and secular humanism. These trends rob Quakerism of its mystical center. Likewise, I lament the decay of Christology within modern Friends thought.

In my view, the implications of these disquieting trends came together in Arthur Clark’s “A Response to Violence” (FJ Oct. 1989). Leaving aside some of the unexplained elements of the query—such as what is a Quaker doing with a gun in the first place, and what does a Hindu myth have to do with Quaker behavior?—I’d like to address what I believe are serious oversights in this article.

Throughout its history, Quakerism has been synonymous with pacifism as a categorical imperative. Are we now to transpose this to a matter of situational imperative? Clark’s argument that a use of force tempered with love that prevents a greater evil might not be violence reminds me of those who say that pursuing great wealth isn’t materialism as long as you keep the right mindset about it.

How many Quakers, beginning with John Woolman, suffered violence for their work to abolish slavery? Did they take up arms to liberate those in bondage or incite slave rebellions? Certainly, if any greater evil justified the use of force it would be the cause of releasing the bonded from their fetters. But the very power of the Quaker testimony on this issue was the willingness to suffer as others do. Similarly, Friends resisted and were persecuted for their refusal to take part in every war in American history. I myself marched protesting the Vietnam War with Quakers who were prepared to be arrested and/or beaten for their stand. It has been moral suasion, not selective and tactical force, that has formed the bedrock of the Quaker message.

Clark couches his entire query in the rubric of “unconditional love.” I agree this is central. The Quaker testimony demands this of us. But we show it by taking the blows and loving those who deliver them, not by using force. If we use force, let us do so with the knowledge it is unFriendly and let us repent for doing so. We should never seek to disguise violence with sophist rhetoric.

Rob Weir
Northampton, Mass.

Since I’m out here on the periphery of Quakerism, I guess I don’t have an appreciation for the subtleties. I read Arthur Clark’s article in which he uses fantasies of raping unspecified women and shooting his friend Richard as an occasion for polemics on the loving use of force.

Shoot, whenever I have fantasies of rape and gunplay, I just figure it’s time to go see my therapist, since my emotional economy with regard to issues of control and identity must be way out of balance. As for that fellow Arjuna who had all that trouble bringing himself to kill his friends and relatives in battle, wasn’t he a contemporary of David and Goliath? I wonder if we’d have that fine-looking statue of David in Florence, Italy, if David had had a .45 pistol rather than a sling shot.

After I finished the article, I tipped my chair back against the porch wall and squinted up into the hot October sun of Texas. I couldn’t help thinking about my wife and me chasing each other around the house for fun, shrieking with joy. I guess the neighbors would complain if you did that sort of thing in Philadelphia.

Larry Kelly-Mahaffey
Austin, Texas

I was amazed by the article “A Response to Violence” by Arthur W. Clark. I cannot see, by any stretch of my imagination, that Richard’s act is justified by being an act of unconditioned love. Arthur’s argument reminds me of the old school master preparing to use a ruler on a pupil, saying, “This hurts me more than it does you.”

The way in which Arthur W. Clark justifies Richard’s use of a gun as an essential resource is a cop out. Complex and threatening situations are difficult indeed, but the greatest challenge would be to solve this problem as nonviolently as possible. Why is it that Richard has to use a gun? Why can’t he run after the man and wrestle him, giving the woman time to escape? If Richard yelled a lot, also, that would help.

George Fox’s statement on the renunciation of outward weapons says: “... the Spirit of Christ, which leads us into all truth, will never move us to fight any war against any man with outward weapons, neither for the kingdom of Christ, nor for the kingdoms of this world.” To use this statement as a basis for not using a gun, does not mean that you need to do nothing. Being a pacifist does not mean being passive.

In this time of extreme violence, we as Friends are “called to exceptional efforts to commit ourselves to higher insights of unconditional love.” I believe this is working to prevent problems before they arise. To teach people to “live in the virtue of that life and power that [takes] away the occasion for all wars.”

Kate Clark
Maynard, Mass.

Arthur Clark does a service to Friends by directing their attention to the need for re-examination of widely held views about the employment of violence among Quakers in our time.

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**Duel with Duality**

Recently I decided I was ready and willing to re-examine the sexist language, teaching, and historical context of my traditional Christian upbringing. Towards that end, I signed up for fall term at Pendle Hill and the course “Faith and Feminism.” As an ardent feminist, I was excited to know we would be questioning the exclusivity and domination inherent in “God the Father,” Adam’s rib, and Lot’s wife. I never suspected I would also end up questioning the exclusivity and domination of my proudly chosen label of “feminist,” the view of women as more “natural” than men, and even how I express my anger at oppression.

In our meetings for learning, made up of women and men, we began to look at the destruction patriarchal religions have perpetuated. We listed the masculine role-models in religious texts that seem to revere violence. When we would turn to list the feminine traits of the Divine, they would all tend to be the more admirable, positive, and gentle ways. Then I began to see the irony in our rush to label the latter traits, that Friends of both sexes strive for as “feminist.”

Is there really room for men in the term “feminist”? It is no longer acceptable for us to use words like “masking” and “hide” to refer to all people, and then flippantly add to the women in the audience “that includes you too.” Is it any less insulting to say to men that feminist philosophy “includes men too?” Many Quaker men gladly take on the label feminist to add their voice to the quest for a future without the fear of violence, oppression, and inequality, but I am no longer comfortable with what I see is a double standard.

I am now trying to say “humanist,” recognizing its ambiguity, hoping for better phrases to come. This adjustment involves more than a word. It includes a deeper examination of the good/bad duality attached to women’s and men’s traits, the win/lose split that encourages the taking of sides. I realized that in feminist circles, women are more often seen as the “winners,” and again I’m not comfortable.

For example, let’s look at the feminist idea that women are more “natural” than men. I now find myself withdrawing from celebrating women’s cycles of reproduction as a comparison to the renewal of life on earth in the seasons. The parallels are certainly there, but to look at childbirth and menstruation as completely natural, wonderful, and good is to ignore or minimize the death toll of miscarriage, stillbirth, and maternal death in childbirth, as well as the painful conditions which eliminate the chance for many women to give birth. For these women, what comes naturally is not good or cause for celebration.

Another example of unnecessary duality I hear among one branch of feminism, is the idea that motherhood is somehow better or more valued than fatherhood. For men to be willing to see themselves as equal co-parents of children, we must demystify and uplift their role in families as equal to women’s. In this same sexist logic of “mother knows best,” we have named our planet “Mother Earth.” Now, I may be hypervigilant about dualities, but, could it be that men may not have so readily raped the earth of its natural resources if earth was not associated with the gender from which, Carol Gilligan reminds us, men must psychologically separate themselves to reach maturity? How can we expect men to identify with and take personally the destruction of a home whose gender leaves them out?

I am not advocating the removal of all gender distinctions, just the ones that create divisiveness. I am afraid a feminist matriarchy would have the same predisposition to be oppressive as does patriarchy. It happens whenever one group decides it is better than the other. In changing our dualistic language, I find I have come closer to changing my need to “dual” in arguments. I have relaxed much of my self-righteous, indignant, and often alienating response to oppression I see or hear. I see now that anger is easy and readily apparent. The real skill for me as a writer or friend is to go beyond expressing my anger alone, to fighting fair and expressing my ideas for resolution and inclusion.

The true irony in all this is that the men who choose to live a Quaker lifestyle, and especially the men who come to study at Pendle Hill, can be considered the cream of the crop in our society! Their interactions with women embody the values of equality, nonviolence, honesty, and respect for life. In this esteemed company, how can we in good faith even use phrases such as “the opposite sex” and let few differences outweigh the overwhelming similarities? In the end, the humanists and peace activists who are turning swords into plowshares must stop turning words into weapons.

Eileen Coan

Eileen Coan was a mental health counselor before going to Pendle Hill. She is a member of Wooster (Ohio) Meeting and a volunteer at Friends Journal.

Many Friends in our time appear to have great difficulty accepting the presence of sin and evil in the world. For some the notion of “that of God in everyone” leads them to suggest that all are good, and a loving spirit will resolve all problems. George Fox made clear that resort to arms or violence was not reconcilable with true Christian life, but he did not equivocate about the reality of evil.

Fox clearly acknowledged the need to restrain evil-doers, but reserved that function to lawfully established magistrates. Magistrates can, indeed, err and sin, but that possibility does not negate the legitimacy of the principle of justice and order.

R. W. Harrington
Peekskill, N.Y.

I could not believe I was reading the Friends Journal. It might as well have been a gun magazine. How gun owners will love that article! There are other ways to solve our problems. In the first place, I wouldn’t have a gun. I loved the sign that we saw as we entered Canada: “no guns allowed.”

In 1985 in the United States there were 8,092 deaths by handguns. In that same period of time there were 5 deaths in Canada, 8 in Britain, and 46 in Japan. Guns are hard to get in other countries.

Dorothy Scott Smith
Merritt Island, Fla.

I know from experience that being violent makes it very hard to see that-of-God within our adversary—because if we could see it, then we couldn’t stand doing violence to that person. Friend Arthur Clark theorizes that an act of violent intervention in a violent situation could be an expression of unconditional love, but I doubt few of us can ever be that clear to undertake such actions. We would truly have to be tender-hearted warriors to do so.

But a tender-hearted warrior probably wouldn’t have an “outward weapon” at hand. She or he would have learned to use one of the myriad techniques of “truth-force” or “love-force”—the non-violent techniques that have been practiced for thousands of years, but developed more scientifically by Gandhi, King, and others during this century.

Continued on page 6
the warrior were truly adept at calling out that-of-God within the rapist, he or she might not even have to accept a beating, but might be able to deftly the violence and then through love convert it.

It is, I believe, less important for us Quakers to consider under what conditions we should consider the use of violent force as an expression of love, but rather to arm ourselves as nonviolent warriors who know how to use the force of that-of-God within us all to deflect, absorb, and convert violence into love. By speaking to that-of-God within both criminals and victims we will be able to live justly in this all too violent world. In this regard, I recommend the article in the same issue, "A Quaker Witness Remembered," by Eldon Morey. Thank you for printing this poignant example of lifelong training in calmness, nonviolence, and love next to Arthur Clark's article.

Val Liveoak
Austin, Tex.

Oops ...

Thank you for publishing my poem (FJ December 1989). I read it at the Christmas Eve feast of the Homeless Union, of course giving FRIENDS JOURNAL a credit line, and it was warmly received. However, there were two errors of fact in the author's note. I don't mind having two years nicked off my age—there are plenty more where those came from—but Pima Monthly Meeting is not in New Mexico; it is still in Tucson, Arizona, where it has always been.

It might be fun if a meeting could get up and move around, see something of the country, mightn't it?

Valerie Taylor
Tucson, Ariz.

Visitors needed

I read Alex Herbage's article on his prison experience (FJ December 1989) and wanted to let readers know that our organization recently visited Alex. Prisoner Visitation and Support (PVS) is the only nationwide, interfaith visitation program for federal and military prisoners. Authorized by the Federal Bureau of Prisons and the Department of Defense for the past 21 years, PVS has over 100 U.S. volunteers who regularly visit, once a month, at a prison near their home. Sponsored by 32 national religious bodies (including the American Friends Service Committee, the Criminal Justice Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and many Friends meetings across the States), PVS visitors don't impose their religion or philosophy on the prisoners they see. They simply visit prisoners because they care about people.

If you are interested in becoming a PVS prison visitor, or know someone who might be, please contact us. (It took us a while to find someone to visit Alex and others at the Sandstone prison.) We would also welcome financial contributions (they are tax-deductible) from individuals or monthly meetings.


Eric Corson
PVS Program Secretary
1501 Cherry St.
Philadelphia, PA 19102

An Increased Reverence

Dorothy S. Smith makes statements in her Forum letter (FJ Oct.) that have brought me to attempt a response. The standard that "to be a Quaker means also to be a vegetarian" puts me beyond the pale in her eyes—where I don't believe I belong. Because I know, admire and love vegetarians, I've worked through why I'm not one. May I share the results?

For me true reverence for life acknowledges and includes an essential aspect, namely the temporariness of its physical form. Yes, if feeding my family when they are hungry and neither stored foodstuffs nor produce from a garden is available, then I could both kill and cook an animal or catch and prepare a fish just as my forebears have done. I see this as participating in the sustaining forces of life. Rather than being made "insensitive to other killing," I am convinced my concepts have enlarged my reverence by recognizing the eventual inescapability of death, the fragility of life, and the terrors and joys to be found therein.

Ruth W. March
Houston, Tex.

Anyone older?

Benjamin Feld was 75 years old when he and his wife, Effie, applied for membership in Live Oak Friends Meeting. They had attended for several years before deciding to join. The Felds are among our most active members, serving on several committees and contributing in many other ways to the life of the meeting. Benji believes he may have set a record by becoming a convinced Friend at 75. Do other meetings have contenders for this distinction? Please respond to Yvonne Boeger, 2305 Sunset Blvd., Houston, TX 77005. Thanks.

Yvonne Boeger
Houston, Tex.

Best of Friends

In Songs of the Spirit, an old favorite hymn reveals someone's pride in Quakerism, for it starts out "What a Friend we have in Jesus." (I'm sure it is not this way in the Methodists' song book.)

Sally Campbell
New York, NY

FRIENDS JOURNAL welcomes contributions from readers. We reserve the right to edit all letters. Submissions to Forum should be no longer than 300 words. Submissions to Viewpoint should be limited to 1,000 words. Although we would like to print all contributions we receive, space is limited, and we urge Friends to be succinct.

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Years ago I ran across the definition of mysticism as being the direct, immediate, and personal awareness of the presence of God. Much inspiration has come to me from this, although I would like to emphasize an element of the creative. The mystic is in a state to receive creative insights, continually searching beyond what one has already perceived.

For the mystic the perception of the meaning of God is far beyond the comprehension of humankind and is something for which the search must continue. God becomes perhaps the sum total of all the forces and powers in the universe, all of the sources of wisdom and direction, all of the creativity behind all that is spiritual and nonspiritual—beyond the understanding of mortals and yet somehow available to each of us, often extremely personal and intimate.

Some of us perceive God as personality with human qualities, some as a cold impersonal entity, and some as the essence of our natural environment. Since none of us can grasp the entire entity, each of us must conceive of God in terms of our own special position on the spiritual journey, and blessed is the person who is continuing that journey.

It must have been this struggle to conceive of God which led to the very human and awkward theological device of the Trinity to explain some of the dimensions of what we all agree is one.

If we accept the broad concept of mysticism which opens us to the joy, challenge, and fulfillment of a searching mind, we need to be aware of its very real hazards. As we know well from history in general and Quaker history in particular, there is great danger of moving into error, into the destructive forces of superstition and witchcraft, or, most common of all, into self-inflation where we confuse ego with God.

This is why religion must include discipline. It is the reason why churches give authority to doctrine and creeds, and why some regard scripture as absolute. We as Friends are particularly vulnerable to these hazards. We often do not take seriously enough the discipline of our meeting for worship and for business, both of which emphasize the collective nature of the search and the value of past revelations and consistency.
HORACE ALEXANDER

Horace Alexander, who died September 30, 1989, at the age of 100, was one of the last Westerners who knew Mahatma Gandhi. As with everyone whose life Gandhi touched, Horace Alexander was never precisely the same again.

Horace was widely known and held in high regard and deep affection among British, Indian, and North American Friends. I first met him in Philadelphia in the early summer of 1952 when he embarked on a nationwide speaking tour for the American Friends Service Committee. It is almost incredible to recall that at that time we were cautioned that his health was not good and that we must treat him very tenderly, if he were to withstand the rigors of the proposed program. Yet in 1984, while many who shared the efforts of that summer 32 years before were no longer in our midst, Horace was still going strong. In fact, he brought out a new edition of his book, Gandhi Through Western Eyes, on March 9 of that year.

My next meeting with Horace was in Bombay in November 1957, both of us having just arrived in India's teeming port from different ships. The Bristol family was to have the pleasure for the next several months of living under the same roof with Horace at the Quaker Centre in Delhi. We were privileged to form a lasting friendship which endured until his death at Crosslands, a Quaker retirement center near Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, where he moved in 1978. In the years that followed, whenever we saw Horace in England and in these latter years in the United States, three overriding concerns and passions always dominated his thought and life:

First was his desire to interpret Gandhi's thinking and action helpfully, clearly, and accurately to those of us in the West, and to pinpoint the relevance of what Gandhi said and did then to extremely difficult situations now.

Second, he insisted on the validity of nonviolence and his belief in its viability and applicability, even in today's often discouraging world. How he would have thrilled at the recent momentous changes in Eastern Europe wrought by the strength of courageous nonviolent action! Through the years, I found him doggedly determined that disarmament be achieved, and marvelously optimistic whenever there was the slightest temporary crack in the traditional approach that great powers take in the game of power politics.

Third, he constantly interpreted India's problems, dilemmas, contributions to the rest of the world, and India's perspective on those situations. Horace possessed the gift, rare for a Westerner, of seeing so much and so clearly as if through Indian eyes. Thus he helped us all understand India.

Horace Alexander's devotion to Gandhi, commitment to nonviolence, and love of India were the threads in a garment, inextricably woven together. It was impossible to delineate where one ended and another began, for each brought nurture and reinforcement to the other. Moreover, these dominating concerns were Horace, whether he was speaking to an audience or chatting with a close friend over a cup of tea.

Horace first met Gandhi in India in March 1928. He was interested in imperial connections in Asia, and his friend, C.F. Andrews, was working to get rid of the traffic in opium and other drugs, from which the British administration derived revenue, and urged Horace to visit Gandhi at the Sabarmati Ashram near Ahmedabad. Horace spent a week there, and thus began a friendship that was to span 20 years.

More than once I heard Horace tell of an incident at the ashram on the evening of his arrival, by way of illustrating Gandhi's amazing attention to details. Horace had reached Sabarmati in late afternoon; he was not to meet Gandhi until the following day, and as far as he knew Gandhi was not aware of his arrival. As he was preparing to retire, however, a young boy came bounding in and said, "Bapu asked me to see that your mosquito netting is fixed properly."

Two years later, C.F. Andrews became deeply concerned because after the famous Salt March to the sea, it appeared impossible to bring Lord Irwin, the viceroy, and Gandhi together. In Horace Alexander's own words: "At his urging I received support from British Friends to go to India and try to bring about a reconciliation. I visited Mr. Gandhi in prison. I also talked to Lord Irwin and found each disappointed in the other and distrustful. Lord Irwin and I talked about ways of trusting other people and becoming trusted by them. I don't know whether this contributed at all to the fact that the two men did meet some months later and made an agreement, the Gandhi-Irwin Pact, but I am glad that two remarkable men did finally discover one another." (from an interview with Horace Alexander by Norma Jacob, Friends Journal, March 15, 1983)

Shortly after came the Round Table Conference in London. Although Gandhi was unhappy with the conference, it did afford Horace an opportunity to go to London every week to talk to him. The friendship with Gandhi flourished, and Horace learned to know Gandhi's friends as well. When the Indian delegates departed, Horace and others in England launched the Indian Conciliation Group. Throughout the 1930s, members of this group by correspondence kept closely in touch with Gandhi and his colleagues.

In 1942 the Friends Ambulance Unit sent to India a team of workers with experience in the London blitz to be of assistance should the Japanese bomb Indian cities. Horace was in Calcutta with this unit from May 1942 to August 1943. Soon after Horace's arrival, Gandhi and

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Jim Bristol's long involvement with peace work includes many years with the American Friends Service Committee. At one time, with Dorothy, his wife, he served as co-director of the Quaker International Center in Delhi, India, and in 1959 he planned the visit to India of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Coretta Scott King and accompanied them. He is a member of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting.
his friends were arrested. In the spring of 1943, Horace did manage to visit Gandhi in prison for 45 minutes while he was fasting in protest against British suppression of the nationalist movement. As Indian independence drew ever nearer, Horace was barred from returning to India because the British government was displeased with his partisanship for the independence struggle. After the Labor Party victory in 1945, however, he was allowed to return with official reassurance that the Labor government intended to hand India over to its own people as quickly as this could be done in an orderly manner.

From that point on, Horace Alexander was much involved in the deliberations that ultimately resulted in the achievement of freedom for India. In April 1946 a British mission arrived in India to confer with nationalist leaders now released from prison. At Gandhi’s insistence, Horace joined in these talks, along with Agatha Harrison, another British Friend indefatigably active for years in the struggle for Indian independence. Difficulties were finally surmounted, and plans for the transfer of power were agreed upon. In August 1947, India at long last became free.

Horace remained in India until after Mahatma Gandhi’s assassination in January 1948. He was with Gandhi when instead of participating in the massive freedom celebration in New Delhi, Gandhi chose to spend Independence Day in a Calcutta torn asunder by the violent conflict between Hindus and Moslems. Most fortuitously, a Moslem leader, Surawardy, who had been apparently implacable in his opposition to Gandhi, was finally persuaded to spend Independence Day with him in Calcutta in an effort to end the widespread violence; this demonstration of Hindu-Moslem friendship by the two men succeeded in terminating the year-long killing and widespread vicious atrocities.

Terrible fighting, however, persisted on the border in the Punjab, and Horace found himself working in the refugee camps, along with Richard Symonds, the first leader of the Friends Ambulance Unit, making every effort to keep the situation as peaceful as possible. Both of the new governments (India and Pakistan) hoped neutral supervision of these camps, where tens of thousands were awaiting repatriation, might serve to lessen tensions.

Gandhi at last began a fast in an effort to stop the slaughter. Horace, hav-
Affection, warmth, and esteem flowed in both directions between Horace and his beloved Indian friends.

ing seen him for the last time the day before he began this fast, always expressed astonishment at Gandhi's decision to fast just at that time. His last memory of Gandhiji was of a happy man laughing with a little girl over a snapshot that shows the two of them together. (A truce that was arranged enabled Gandhi to end his fast, but many young Hindus resented what they perceived to be his protection of their Moslem enemies; a few days later one of them assassinated him.)

For 41 years after Gandhi's death, Horace never ceased to promote and promulgate the ideals and principles of the peerless Indian leader. By both the spoken and printed word in England, India, and the United States, he shared insights into the life and actions of Gandhi, constantly stressing the relevance of Gandhi's words and example for situations that confront peoples and nations today. (I vividly recall an evening with Horace at the Delhi Centre in early 1958, during which he shared with a small group of diplomats from both sides of the then “Iron Curtain” his own Quaker and Gandhi-inspired thinking about unilateral disarmament. The discussion lasted far longer than anticipated, with several amazing insights finding expression in the atmosphere of candor and trust that Horace created that night.)

At the same time, Horace was emphatic in warning us against a kind of “proof-text” approach to Gandhi. He asked us to be wary of applying a “Gandhi formula” to any of a number of diverse and complicated problems, reminding us that Gandhi was always experimenting with truth (his autobiography bears the title, The Story of My Experiments with Truth), always exploring and putting to the test some new facet of reality. Horace steadfastly insisted that “the letter killeth, but the spirit [of this pre-eminently great and good man] giveth life.”

Horace remained in close touch with India, with Indians, with the Gandhian movement virtually until his death. There were frequent exchanges of correspondence, at times including letters to and from the current prime minister. Horace read voluminously in the newspapers and journals he received, but in addition he returned repeatedly to his beloved India. Even in 1957 and 1958, his “final visit” to India was beginning to elicit smiles. It had been repeated two or three times already, and several additional “farewell” visits were yet to follow.

A few years before his death, in recognition of his assistance as intermediary between India and England during Indian independence negotiations, Horace received India's highest honor for a non-Indian, the Padma Bhushan Award. The simple presentation ceremony was conducted at Crosslands, the Friends retirement community where Horace lived.

Thus nurtured by roots continuously deep in Gandhian and Indian soil, Horace worked tirelessly for nonviolent solutions to a host of problems in today's contentious and inequitable world. In a particular way he strove to advance the cause of general and complete disarmament, and from time to time challenged India tenderly and lovingly to rise to the heights of Gandhian insight by leading the way by precept and example toward world disarmament.

Horace Alexander's speaking and writing in both England and the United States were always extraordinarily effective in helping the peoples of those countries understand India and gain a wholesome perspective on such maligned policies as nonalignment. The fact that Horace frequently could speak from first-hand conversations with Indian leaders, either in India or at the United Nations or in key government posts in London or Washington, added impressive weight to his interpretations of Indian positions and policies.

The renewed interest in Gandhi creat-
ed in 1983 by Richard Attenborough’s monumental film about the life of Gandhi led to the republication of Horace’s 1969 book, Gandhi Through Western Eyes, by New Society Publishers, a group promoting the concept of nonviolence. “I think of it,” said Horace, “as representing the under-30 population. At 94, it is pleasant to be closely associated with these young people.”

Unlike many other books about Gandhi, Horace’s treatment deals more with the humanistic aspects of his life and experience than with the impact he made upon political events. From the perspective of a close personal friendship, Horace was able to describe with authority how Gandhi put into living practice his abiding faith in the final triumph of Truth. Of course, with characteristic humility, Horace in his preface to the 1969 edition tends to disavow what I have just said: None of us who knew him could see more than a limited part of his remarkable character. Each of us no doubt brings him down in some degree towards our own size or vision, however hard we try to avoid doing this. During his lifetime I recall that I would sometimes say to him, “You mean this, don’t you?” And he would reply, “No, you have misunderstood me.” Now he is not here to check what I have written, so I can only warn the reader not to assume that I have always got it right.

A fascinating feature of the book is its appendix. In the course of their 20-year friendship, Horace received between 30 and 40 letters and notes from Gandhi. Here he has brought together a rich sampling of those communications, differing widely in content and tone, and becoming gradually more intimate, as “Mr. Alexander” gave way to “Horace,” and “M.K. Gandhi” became “Bapu.”

In the preface to the 1984 edition of his book, Horace takes the Richard Attenborough film, Gandhi, as his starting point and shares a number of comments and observations. Horace says of Gandhi: “He was easy to know, but that did not mean that he was easy to move. The life he had lived had given him a quiet self-assurance that showed itself in all manner of matters, both small and large. His strength did not always show itself, but those who lived with him, even for a short time, soon discovered it.”

Further on, Horace comments that “we cannot do better than begin with his utter fearlessness. He believed that if one man attacked another, whatever the visible result of his action, even if it leads to the death of the victim of the attack, it is the aggressor . . . who is the real sufferer. And he applied this not only in the case of individuals but also in international relations.”

Finally, on the last page of the preface, we read: “If total fearlessness is to be our aim, we must study thoroughly the life of the man [Gandhi] who has already arrived at that goal. Not many of us will become Gandhis, but there is no reason why we should not learn from him . . . Absolute fearlessness may be beyond what most of us can achieve. But we can at least make serious efforts to banish some of our fears.”

When Horace was staying at the Quaker Centre in Delhi in late 1957 and early 1958, our family had the privilege of entertaining a number of his friends at the center, as well as accompanying him in calling upon others. Those with whom he conferred comprised an honor roll of India’s heroes, heroines, and saints, ranging from Pandit Nehru and Rajendra Prasad, then president of India, to many others with responsibilities in the developing life of the new nation.

One thing they all had in common was their admiration, affection, and respect for Horace Alexander. All doors were open to him, and his friends of both high and low estate always listened with careful attention to whatever concern he came to share with them. Their love for him and his for them were palpable; one could virtually reach out and feel the tenderness in the air. Affection, warmth, and esteem suffused the atmosphere, flowing in both directions between Horace and his beloved Indian friends.

To put it concisely, Horace Alexander loved Gandhi. He never ceased to care for the health and well-being of India, at the same time challenging its government and its people to live up to the loftiest insights of the Gandhian heritage. Horace Alexander cherished India.
by Barry Morley

An eleven-year-old child rose to speak in meeting for the first time. “I used to think you came to meeting to be quiet,” she said. “Now I come to meeting to listen.”

A student’s voice challenged me as I walked through the open door of my classroom. “How come if the Bible is full of God speaking to people, God doesn’t speak to people today?”

From the hall a teacher’s voice responded: “God does speak. You don’t listen.”

I remember distinctly learning not to listen. I was 15. At that time I knew nothing about leadings or openings. Though I had heard of a still, small voice in a hymn I sang (something about speaking “through the earthquake, wind, or fire”), I had no sense it had anything to do with me. I thought Quakers were equally foreign to me. I knew that they were people who settled Pennsylvania and wore funny clothes. Beyond that I thought they were all dead, except for the few who made oatmeal.

Thus I was totally unprepared for what happened as I strode across my back yard with a sandwich in one hand and a basketball in the other. A voice spoke to me inside my right ear. “You have always been,” it said, “and you will always be. And someday there will be someone who hears with your ears and sees with your eyes, but you won’t know him and he won’t know you.”

“Wow,” I thought. “This is neat.” But as I considered the contents of the message and the manner in which it had been delivered, my enthusiasm waned. “Wait a minute,” I thought. “Hearing voices is crazy. You don’t want to be crazy, do you?”

Fear had led me to reject both the message and the process. I stopped listening. Furthermore, I never mentioned my experience to parents or friends. The only lesson I learned was the precariousness of my sanity. If I had to chuck out revelation to retain sanity, so be it. I had no inkling that the issue would be reopened or that discovery by revelation could be delivered through so many conduits in so many forms.

Most of us walk screaming and kicking toward God’s gifts. We hold them at arms’ length because momentary concerns seem more urgent; we reject them through some sense of our lack of worthiness; we deny them to retain sanity.

When Sue de Veer was moved to speak in meeting for the first time, she refused. “No, no,” she thought. “This can’t be happening to me. I’m not worthy of this. Other people [one might substitute ‘older people’ here, or ‘more experienced,’ perhaps even ‘wiser’ or ‘weightier’] speak in meeting; not me.”

She squelched the message. Then a woman seated nearby stood up, looked directly at Sue, and delivered the message.

“Oops,” said Sue to herself, “I guess I was supposed to say that.”

Revelation is given freely to those who listen. It requires patience, practice, alertness, vigilance.

Thus the gift of the message was revealed to the meeting. Much more was revealed to Sue. The gift gave her permission to accept her own light. It encouraged her to grow into ministry which now reaches in many directions, especially to her students and to her staff and campers at Opequon Quaker Camp. “Sue is a light to us all,” says Nancy McIntyre, who is a light to us all.

Sue once began a message by saying, “We are of two minds: the mind for I and the mind for God; and they are in constant conflict.”

I seized the gift revealed in this message. My understanding of Jesus’ contention that we cannot serve two masters, and George Fox’s admonition that we look to the inner Judas who betrays the inner Christ every day, take power in the context of this message. It is a gift I offer regularly in talks I give and classes I teach. Over and over I give it away. It is a gift that leads me slowly away from the morass of judgment (the mind for I) into the calm of acceptance.
ABUNDANT GIFT

and surrender where peace is. "Wear thy sword as long as thee can" becomes a powerful metaphor for the laying down of the mind for I.

Revelation flows like ripples that move in concentric circles across a pond from the place where a stone has fallen. The woman who was moved to give sword as long as thee

dinary sense, as in listening to music, or

and surrender where peace is .

The secret to opening the envelope is be­

in their lamps, the revelation can arrive

back to . It requires patience, practice, alertness, vigilance .

Sue's second lay dormant. I even tried to com­

easy. Disappointment led me to tum in­

and got some nibbles, but never felt

from the place where a stone has fallen.

Quiet waiting keeps our revelation

plies being poised to accept; it requires

in their lamps, the revelation can arrive

at any time from any source. When we

least expect it or are most distracted by

the bombardment of static from the out­

ward world, the gift may be handed to

us in a plain envelope with no fanfare .

The secret to opening the envelope is be­
ing open to receive it.

Once upon a time I wrote an opera libretto and began casting about for the right composer. I fished here and there and got some nibbles, but never felt easy. Disappointment led me to tum in­
ward where I visualized the right composer being revealed to me, perhaps delivered in a basket floating on the pond amidst the cattails. But the cattails were barren and the libretto collected dust while the ideas and jottings for a second lay dormant. I even tried to com­
pose the music myself, fruitlessly sing­
ing into a dictaphone.

Five years later Bryan Seith came to

 teach music at Sandy Spring Friends School. I happened to walk past him as he sat at a piano absorbed in playing. I stopped. "What lovely music," I thought. But I couldn't place it. I frustrated myself trying to put a com­poser's name to it, or even to assign it to a musical period. Finally I said, "That's beautiful, Bryan. Who wrote it?"

"I did," he said.

"It really is beautiful," I said redundantly. But I had only listened with my outward ear. The inward ear, which receives revelation, was shut down.

So abundant is the gift of revelation that I was given a second chance. One evening, while awaiting the beginning of a rehearsal, I saw Bryan sitting at a piano absorbed in music he was playing.

"That's beautiful, Bryan," I said,

"Who wrote it?"

"I did," he replied.

This time the lamp had oil in it and
the receptors were ready. I went home, blew dust off the libretto, and took it to him. "Would you look at this?" I said. "It's an opera libretto I've written ."

He took it without enthusiasm. Two
days later he said to me, "I've been looking for this libretto for years." And so, even as a composer was revealed to me, a libretto was revealed to him.

Recently I worked on another text for
Bryan, a song cycle of six settings. Ex­cept for one line in one song, the cycle had been completed. But the one line refused to come. I wanted to capture in a few words the magic transmitted when my high school music teacher directed us. Maybe something about fire in her eyes. Nah. Too trite. Maybe a line about touching us with light. Nope. That wouldn't work either. Too cosmic.

Sue deVeer rescued me. She came to my house for no apparent reason and engaged me in conversation. Then, not quite in passing, she said, "When you conduct, your heart comes through your fingers."

My heart jumped. "What did you say?" I asked.

"When you conduct, your heart comes through your fingers."

"Thank you," I said, my receptors tuned in. "You just finished my song cy­cle."

"Good," said Sue, who understands these things.

I recall my own first experience of be­ing moved to speak in meeting. I fought it off for awhile until cold sweat and in­cipient nausea pushed me trembling to my feet. I spent much of that afternoon shaking. By now the specifics of the message have faded. Something about Moses and the burning bush, how the voice revealed itself out of the light. What does remain from that message is the power of the process, the gift of in­sight. Revelation as a continuing process had been thrust upon me; I had no choice but to accept it.

Shortly thereafter I went to graduate school. I took a job singing in a Unitarian choir, a painless way for a student to pick up a few bucks. From that ex­perience I remember only two things: the organist/choir director, a married man with teen-age children, ran off with a wisp of a soprano still in college; and the minister delivered a passionate ser­mon attacking Mary Baker Eddy. Dur-
ing the diatribe I realized Mary Baker Eddy was a secondary concern. The minister was outraged anyone could be duped by the notion she had received her teachings through revelation. Revelation itself was the target.

I was incensed. In effect his attack was directed at me. Never mind that he included by extension George Fox and four hundred years of Quakers. He was saying I had not experienced what I knew I had experienced.

Later, as I considered his sermon calmly, it merely saddened me. This edition has been spoken to through some gift of revelation. Anyone whose congregation has received and given the gift of revelation through George Fox and himself was the target.

Eddy was a secondary concern. The patient crowds understood anything revealed to them would be revealed to them through him.

Thorny Brown understood and employed this ancient process. As headmaster of Sandy Spring Friends School he was expected to speak to the seniors at graduation. Each year, late in the evening of the night before, he would sit at his office desk, stare out the window, and wait. The waiting often went deep into the night, long after the school had quieted. One year I stayed up late myself. Sometime after midnight I glanced through his half-open door and saw him sitting at his desk, still staring out the window, still waiting, still listening. Later, when I went off to bed, his desk lamp glowed through the window.

At graduation, during the period of silence, Thorny rose, faced the seniors, and said, "We have heard a good deal about rights from this class. I hope you live long enough to learn that you have only one right: the right to God's grace."

And then he sat down. I was stunned. I had never heard such a message. I suspect that many in that crowded meetinghouse assumed they were listening to his opening remarks when the message ended. I suspect that some never really heard it at all. I sometimes wonder how many members of that class hold onto the message.

Thorny's revelation offered us a gift from God which Christians for many centuries claimed was reserved for an elect few. Study, for instance, the front wall of the Sistine Chapel the next time you're in Rome.

I have pondered Thorny's message for what might be 20 years. I already understood that we didn't really have rights. In my history classes I had long taught that everything we call rights are actually privileges; they exist only so long as they are maintained by the people into whose care they are placed. A military coup, for example, could undo it all. As for grace being a right, I was led over and over to the story of the prodigal son who received grace simply by remembering his Father. I also accept that there is that of God in every person. Since God and love are inseparable, my leadings say, then Thorny's message follows.

My life is changed through acceptance of Thorny's revelation. The world responds differently to me because I respond differently to the world as I try to keep myself open to the gift of grace which is the birthright of us all.

In my box of personal queries is one that reads: "Do you recognize that every understanding you come to is a gift and that gratitude is the appropriate response?" I have discovered that the more grateful one is, the more abundant are the gifts.
ON SOLID SITTING

by Brian Drayton

The Friends of the 17th and 18th centuries developed a flexible and expressive language for the description and communication of spiritual conditions and processes. Though from our point of view the language can seem ornate, roundabout, and vague, in fact it reflects an interior culture based on extensive experience, and often speaks very precisely and vividly. Kenneth Leech, in Soul Friend, says that the Quaker contribution to spiritual direction was group discernment and counseling. I would rather say that the community life of Friends includes as an important feature both a verbal and a nonverbal conversation about the spiritual conditions and events of the meeting and its members. As the inward and nonverbal experience of a person is enriched, the testimony of others becomes more intelligible and accessible.

When Joshua Evans speaks of "solid sitting," he is testifying to the effectiveness of this nonverbal conversation that over and over has reached to the lives of Friends and seekers of all kinds. The content is that the person or persons observed are in a place of confidence. There is no quantifying, no claim of final answers to all questions, but merely the attitude of confident listening to a Voice from whom one has grown accustomed to receiving guidance, counsel, comfort, and reproof—regardless of the lessons still needed, one has found the inward and dependable Teacher of whom Isaiah and Fox preached.

I encourage Friends to take some of these Friends as company on their own inward explorations. After a time of pleasant exploration among Friends in my youth, I came to feel a strong sense of my ignorance and lack of experience. During this time, I read not so much in the torrential writings of Fox and his companions, but in the Journals of the next generations: Bownas, Capper, Woolman, Conran, Grubb, and others, who wielded this interior language in a way that let me understand my condition, and look towards maturity.

Yet the essence of the matter at hand is not reading, but experience, the sort of experience that so affects one's outlook that even one's sitting in meeting is a testimony to the Truth found. And in fact, it is the nonverbal testimony which in the end is the most powerful, as words are so easy to manufacture or borrow.

Perhaps you have had the experience that, after a time of settling in meeting, you find yourself, without losing the sense of inward openness, looking around the room and cherishing the faces of those you sit with. In such a clarified moment, when your own spirit is both very calm and very alert, you are most receptive to the states and wordless testimonies of the other worshipers. You can see each one clearly, and without denying anything you might know about them, good or bad, you can see how they are beloved, how they occupy their own right place in the people of God, how your own judgments of affection or disapproval are quite beside the point. Their sitting there enables your worship. At such a time, your own face shines with the sort of love we strive so hard for—though, like Moses, you do not notice the light you are contributing to this focal moment.

At such a time, your sitting is solid: you are settled in the Presence of the living Christ and under the Spirit's hand. At such a time, even our aspirations, not yet fully realized, are part of our testimony. How often, in a time of prayer, we charge against ourselves that we are "seeming to be better than we are!" Yet this is a gift of God, who sees our little tricks as well as our genuine hopes. In Christ there is no East or West, and all times are one. So, also, the many selves we are (and wish to be and have been) are present in solution, as it were, and the boundaries between one version of ourselves and another grow thin. The Light can convey us towards our hopes there, can help us redefine our commitments and our constraints, can unite the minds of people sharing the worship, can connect us in prayer with persons far off whose bond with us has been tenuous or imagined.

This is the place of gospel order, where our inward ordering is revealed and the work is done to realign ourselves, the better to contain something of the Light poured out on us. And with all our selves present, we can move more freely toward concern, toward integrity, inward to God, and outward to our brothers and sisters close or distant. From here comes ministry in word or in deed, that arises in love and serves toward abundance of life.

In this place, the possibilities of life with God amidst our daily round are confirmed. Our inward freedom can infect the meeting, and invite others to that place, even while we know that we often lose our way. We cannot let ourselves forget: The moment in worship when we feel this stillness and confidence is as real as those times of doubt or unfaithfulness, at least as real. This knowledge is for our nourishment.

This posture of hope and confidence is a place we can return to, our Exodus moment to remember. We learn good paths to it in daily worship, in our divine reading, in our conversations, and our deeds. Every time we find a new path, it adds to our inward substance and increases the drawing power of that wordless, creating Center whom we are coming to know.

And this posture, made up of a balance of trial and error, of confidence and crisis, of blessings first-hand and otherwise, of inward experience and of thankfulness—all this results, of a First-day morning, in solid sitting.
A Time to Cherish

by Janice Bradshaw

This is the third in a series of brief reports on Friends worship groups. We welcome articles from other groups as well in coming months. —Eds.

The Brainerd (Minn.) Friends Worship Group first met in December 1982 when some peace activists gathered for a deeper spiritual meeting. A couple who had stayed at Casa de Los Amigos in Mexico City and another woman who had attended some meetings back East invited some of the other activists to “try” a Friends meeting for worship. The first meeting held on a Friday evening in a couple’s home had 20 minutes of silence followed by about two hours of discussion. This trial meeting was a success and has occurred weekly in each other’s homes since.

It has been an exciting time to come together and share in this way. Out of the silence, some of our frustrations and impatience have been relieved, and we have found different perspectives on peace issues and other ways of seeing things in our lives.

Gradually, the period of silence has lengthened to 30 minutes, then 45, and now usually an hour. It has been more difficult to shorten the discussions following, as we always have a lot to share with each other. To try to hold the meeting to a reasonable time, we have evolved to an hour’s study and discussion period.

Seven years ago, we began our study with London Yearly Meeting’s Christian Faith and Practice and Rufus Jones’s The Faith and Practice of the Quakers. We have continued with The Journal of John Woolman and Friends for 300 Years by Howard Brinton. Plus, we have studied several pamphlets and guides from the American Friends Service Committee, Friends General Conference, and Friends Committee on War Tax Concerns. Many readings have come from Pendle Hill publications and FRIENDS JOURNAL. One publication we

found especially helpful in the beginning and have returned to many times for inspiration is N. Jean Toomer’s An Interpretation of Friends Worship, a 1947 pamphlet by Friends General Conference. Currently, we are studying other religions with Huston Smith’s The Religions of Man.

Our study material has given our worship group a focus to help us get through the self-consciousness of discussing deep, personal matters. By having a prepared reading, we can break through the everyday conversation to the spiritual, which is not always easy to talk about.

Contacts have been made with different individuals and with outreach and advancement committees from the large Twin Cities and Minneapolis-St. Paul meetings as well as the smaller St. Cloud Preparative Meeting. We have also learned of ten other very small worship groups that meet in other outlying rural areas throughout Minnesota. It’s a rare treat to gather with these Friends because of the distances traveled.

In seven years, our group has grown spiritually and in members. Every December at Christmas time we celebrate another year together with a potluck dinner.

Every time our group grows to 12-15 regular attenders, we start thinking about searching for a larger meeting place than our homes. But then changes have occurred where individuals or families have moved and we deeply feel the loss. The weekly meeting generally consists of eight to twelve people, although occasionally during summer vacations, there is no meeting held when there may be only one or two available. In a small worship group, it’s easy to see how each person makes a difference.

Our worship group has grown, we have had the joy of welcoming two new babies with special “Meetings for Greeting.” We have not grown to develop a First-day school yet. Parents or other volunteers take turns with the younger children in a quiet play area, and older children have felt comfortable to join in the silent worship.

Just as the size of the group has changed, the meeting has evolved as well. Besides working on peace issues, our group prepares and serves meals twice a month at the local soup kitchen.

The Brainerd Friends Worship Group now meets at 7 PM on Sunday evenings with an unprogrammed, silent worship, an hour-long study and discussion, followed by fellowship and snacks. The host for the week begins the silent worship with a reading—sometimes a quote or poem, maybe something from an article or book the person wishes to share, or even a song. Most of our meetings have been quiet ones with very little speaking, which visitors from larger Quaker meetings often remark is refreshing for them. But even though our meetings tend to be quieter than the larger ones, they are a living experience, electric with creativity and a sense of wonder. It is a time in our busy lives to wait and be expectant, a time we have learned to cherish and nurture, a time that meets our spiritual needs.

Janice Bradshaw is a homemaker, gardener, and community volunteer currently teaching yoga at a center for healing. She lives with her family in the woods in central Minnesota.
In the continuing discussion of Quaker attitudes toward sexuality and sexual expression, we must never forget the distinction between the two. Sexuality is inherent, God-given. Sexual expression involves choice, ethics, discipline, goals, and values for both the individual and the community.

Down through history, all societies and all religions have formed codes to guide human sexual expression. All peoples have recognized that sexuality can be expressed in ways that fulfill human potential or in ways that degrade and destroy both individuals and the social order with which they are inextricably intertwined. If we believe God is active in human history, we must believe God cares and tries to guide in our expression of our sexuality.

Quaker testimonies were rooted in primitive Christianity. And we must recognize that our Bible, in the Old and New Testaments and quite specifically in the Gospels, is very clear in setting values and goals for the expression of human sexuality "under God." Gospels, unlike the rest of the Bible, are remarkably silent on homosexuality per se. Certainly the Gospels assume heterosexuality, and that may or may not be definitive. If, as I personally have come to believe, heterosexuality or homosexuality is God-given, then there is no question of approving or disapproving homosexuality. We must only be faithful in the search for revelation about the expression of any God-given sexuality.

Many Friends allow their rejection of certain extreme "gay lifestyles" (human expression) to cloud their judgment about homosexuality (God-given). We might reach unity rather easily on loving and respecting those beautiful and valuable persons among us who happen to be homosexual if we were not all hung up on the possibility that "accepting" homosexuality gives implicit approval to the most extreme expressions of homosexuality. Most of us would be similarly hung up if we felt that "accepting" heterosexuality meant implicit approval of the most extreme expressions of heterosexuality, such as rape, prostitution, and pornography. Having lived as, with, and among heterosexuals all our lives, we make the distinction between given and expression automatically, without conscious thought.

Quakers have been paralyzed in responding to the presence among us of homosexual people whom we love and admire because, I believe, we failed to seek Light honestly and openly about changing sexual expression among heterosexuals whom we loved and admired. Instead of holding ever freer heterosexual expression under the Light every step of the way, we preferred to "accept" individuals we loved as if their nontraditional sexual expression had no spiritual implications whatsoever. There was, for instance, remarkably little waiting for guidance before opening housing in our Quaker gatherings to unmarried couples and mixed-sex youth groups. There was even less waiting before changing our educational emphasis from chastity/monogamy to birth control.

The only path I can see for us now is to admit we have all feared the Light, to renounce that fear, and to open ourselves to receive the Light, whatever it may be.

Dorothy Samuel is now a member of St. Cloud (Minn.) Meeting. As a writer, speaker, and activist, she was long active in peace and social concern movements in the Baltimore area.
loving them and often needing them (so many were already our clerks and educators and valued Ministry and Council advisors), we tried to respond in the same ostrich-like manner we had adopted toward heterosexuals who expressed their sexuality in ways contrary to our early testimonies on sexual expression.

It hasn't worked. It hasn't worked for Friends who cling to traditional standards, and it hasn't worked for Friends eager to move beyond traditional restrictions. Nothing works for Friends when they can't speak honestly to each other, share with each other, labor with each other, and learn from each other.

When Friends did so labor over long months and even years, they found a sense of oneness under God on the issue of slavery. Those of us who have undergone the long process of seeking Light together on divisive issues of lesser importance know that the ultimate "revelation" is usually far broader and deeper than the original thoughts and insights of any of the parties.

Because, as a society, we refused to risk that process when faced with sharply changing forms of sexual expression by heterosexuals, we often cannot deal with homosexuality at all. We are unable to distinguish between the sexuality of homosexuals and the expression of that sexuality. If we are to do so, we must come to deal with sexual expression in both heterosexuals and homosexuals.

I am not trying here to offer a testimony on sexual expression for Quakers in the last decades of the 20th century. I do believe that if Quakerism has no sense of God's purpose and no desire to seek that purpose, it has nothing to offer any of its members.

The only path I see for us now is to admit we have all feared the Light, to renounce that fear, and to open ourselves to receive the Light, whatever it may be. We can then invite heterosexuals and homosexuals to sit down together in their meetings and yearly meetings and share their individual needs, desires, convictions, and experiences without defensiveness and without argumentativeness, without excuses and without condemnation. We must find some Quakerly way to express the old "none of us is without sin" approach to each other and before God. In this manner, we may approach that state of grace in which we sincerely want to find the Light, God's way, whatever it may mean for our own cherished preferences and practices.

Going "home" is what some of us try to do throughout our lives—although many of us are already "home": a chosen place in which we live and relate to family and friends. Yet always, that "other," almost mythical, home wraps us in memory, hints at who or what we are—and sometimes points the way. It's that other home that we must occasionally return to, and, despite our former rebellions, learn to embrace. Only then will the splinters of our many selves merge into a single strand.

I went back to that other home this summer—not a former home in Dalton or Richmond or even Onalaska, Texas—but to Ramallah, in the West Bank, where my mother and sister still live, where my brother-in-law teaches school, where a sixth-grade classmate is now a minister's wife, and an aunt, at 80, still bakes her thick, round wheat bread in the old "tabouli" and cooks for a brother, 95. That's the place I left at age 15 for college in the States, returning at 19 to teach, to marry, and to leave again.

In that other home, early morning mist drenches valleys, moves stealthily across boundaries, sometimes hides the sun. That long-ago home where my mother, in August, leaves for her early morning treasure hunt in the vineyard, returning with grapes and figs she sets before us: an offering. Where the "cleaning-engineer" of our neighborhood wheels his garbage cans to the front doorstep of my mother's house, arriving promptly at seven, the exact time when she hears the morning news from London and does not want to be disturbed. Once, in this place of memory, shops were opened mornings and afternoons, stone walls and buildings were free of politics; and instead of gunfire, the honking of cars disrupted equilibrium in the streets.

And, in those long-ago days, our Quaker meetinghouse on the main street did not yet have its land lopped off to create a street, or even widen one. My mother's house now has new aluminum screens, is white-washed, its high ceiling no longer peeling. Roses and zinnias grow in her garden; basil grows just below the waterpump, and mint under the clothes line, and the sweet-scented "Louisa" plant grows at the edge of our veranda.

But now in the front yard of our meetinghouse, no flowers bloom. Instead, a broken-off post lies on its side amid tin cans and bottles and bits of paper and left-over falafils from the falafil stand next door.

The sight of rubbish on the meetinghouse grounds arouses guilt, propels me to make amends. I dress in an old shirt and jeans and wind my way to the meetinghouse built in Ramallah, Palestine, in 1910, with chiseled stone-flooring,
Once, in this place of memory, shops opened mornings and afternoons, stone walls and buildings were free of politics; and instead of gunfire, the honking of cars disrupted equilibrium in the streets.

where once my mother’s father, Elias Audi, spoke “out of silence” and where my mother still teaches First-day school. And in this once-lovely town, boarding students from Friends schools once made their orderly Sunday trek here and occupied benches to the right and left of the center where adults sat and worshiped.

No one then talked of closing the meetinghouse or selling the property, as they do now. For in this summer of my return, a mere handful of local Quaker adults warm meetinghouse benches, their small number occasionally bolstered by a trickle of visitors from abroad.

When I get to meetinghouse grounds, I discover children playing: a girl, eight, and her brother, six, have carved out their place in the midst of bottles and cans and mounds of paper and debris and marked it with stones.

Would you help me clean? I ask, fearful of intruding, of usurping their time. As a visitor in this wounded land, I barely glance up as soldiers stand guard on rooftops, looking down at papers and plastic bags swirling in the streets.

Looking down at us.

The children do not seem to mind: this curly-headed girl who clutches a notebook possessively to her chest, or her brother with his large green eyes. This may be a game for them, and I, in my old jeans, a curiosity—newly arrived from Mars. They help me carry box after box to the wheeled trash can on the side street. My mother lives up the road a bit, I explain, as I try to establish authenticity in this place that still has its hold on my life. We establish a routine, the children and I, filling up boxes, moving gingerly with our small loads, returning, to fill again.

The children live on the second floor above the shops, across from the meetinghouse, and see everything that happens in the street. Much has been happening in the streets while I’ve been away these past two years.

Here, an intifada is still going on. But on this cloudless Friday afternoon, we make small talk and we clean as much as we can: I, a woman of fifty-something, grateful to children six and eight, who are willing to talk to strangers from Mars. The children are willing, even, to come to my mother’s house afterwards, to drink homemade lemonade, and to reluctantly accept schekels for Rukab’s ice cream cones, in gratitude.

But first they must retrieve the notebook the girl left safely on the low stone fence. “Hold it carefully,” sister admonishes her little brother. “Don’t let it touch the dirt.”

We sit on the veranda in my mother’s house overlooking flowers and vineyard and fig trees, and we sip lemonade as my young friend holds her notebook discreetly in her lap.

“Is this your homework?” I, once-teacher, ask, curious of homework in intifada country.

Children’s heads shake, eyes grow wider still. “No. Not school homework. This is our martyrs notebook.”

I hold my breath, then ask again, to clarify matters. As awkward visitor from Mars, or even Texas, I ponder children’s voices giving cryptic answers. But what does a martyrs notebook look like from the inside?

The notebook is opened, pages begin to turn. Naturally, a martyrs notebook has obituaries of those killed in the intifada. Not five or six hundred, but only those names my little friend has managed to cut out of newspapers before they were thrown away.

She points out the latest one—killed four days before my homecoming. Yasser Abu Gosh, 17 years. Martyr.

“I saw it happen,” she says softly. Afterwards, the soldiers threw his body in the jeep and drove him around the street, his head dangling, almost touching the dirt. . . .

Her eyes do not blink in her tiny grown-up face. Her brother’s green eyes remain intent on hers.
Here in this tiny Buddhist kingdom where rebirth is accepted as simple fact, my soul feels comfortably at home.

by Carol Reilley Urner

From my window I can see, high on the mountainside, a tiny, white house surrounded by dozens of Buddhist prayer flags. They flutter everywhere perpetually in the wind, sending out blessings for all creatures everywhere.

I like to think, though I do not know, that the house is one of those retreats I've been told about, where old people go to pray. They are preparing not for death, but for the next rebirth.

I find the thought oddly reassuring. I personally long ago gave up trying to understand what salvation system has been designed for us, or what, if anything, comes after death. For such “last things” I sense that I can trust only to that which is God. It is enough for me in this life to feel the Holy Spirit at work within, and to sense myself being shaped, molded, and used—imperfect as I am—again and again for God's work in the world.

Still, here in this tiny, isolated Buddhist kingdom, where rebirth is accepted as simple fact, my soul feels comfortably at home.

Perhaps this is, at least in part, because this life for me has been like a long series of deaths and reincarnations. This sense of dying and rebirth must exist to some extent for almost everyone, for all must pass through life's inevitable transitions. But for our small family the process has been exacerbated by frequent moves, not from house to house, or city to city, but from one country and culture to other, entirely different ones. For almost 25 years I've followed my husband around the world as he's served as a planning consultant to developing countries. Each move means a new language to be learned, another religion to be understood, new customs, new friends. We have moved from one military dictatorship to another, and now to one of the world's last remaining absolute—and theocratic—monarchies. We have moved from Catholic cultures to Islamic ones, from the poverty of Manila to the deeper poverty of Bangladesh. We have moved from crowded urban Cairo with its multi-millions to the small semi-rural town of Thimphu, and from Rome's treasure house of Western civilization to the tantric Buddhist culture of this tiny, isolated Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan.

In each new life I must pray and seek for the opening path to usefulness. I never know just how that way will open, but it always does: whether I'm led to work with outcast scavengers in Egypt, or squatters and tribal peoples in the Philippines, or impoverished and abandoned women in Bangladesh.

Carol Reilley Urner and her husband, Jack, recently completed their stay in Bhutan. They have worked in many parts of the world, with Jack involved in international development consultation and Carol in community service projects. They are members of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.).
The tears flow. I pray, "Please let us stay!" and then, when I know the door is finally closing, "At least let us come back again!" But in the end, parting must be accepted, just as death itself. "Take care of them! Surely your love for them is even greater than my own!" And then, at last, the simple and final, "Your will be done."

Of course I savor each new "incarnation" in a new land with new problems and challenges to be met, but the departures are always like harsh amputations. Death is never easy for those of us in love with life, and with many tasks left still undone. It's ever harder when we're not quite sure God has anyone else in mind to do the work we must leave behind.

In this "incarnation" I am a public school teacher. Six mornings a week I wrap a long handmade cloth around my body—a woman's kyra—and fasten it with a buckleless belt and two crude local brooches that press painfully into my flesh. Then I walk down the mountainside to my school, and my children: this year, 36 lively third graders ranging in age from 8 to 15.

The age spread is due to the large number of "repeaters" in Bhutan. The syllabus is taught in English, a totally foreign language to most entering students, and the texts and methods are still most often 19th century British-Indian. The frequent beatings and ear pullings seem to do little to enhance the learning process.

It's a rather primitive public school. It has almost a thousand students, speaking a dozen different native languages. There is no water supply, no electricity, and no heat during the cold seasons. Most teachers are undereducated and untrained, and there are few material resources. Every day is a constant series of challenges. Sometimes I cope nicely, and sometimes not. Sometimes I lose my temper in most unQuakerly (and un-Buddhist) fashion, and every night I fall into my bed exhausted.

We are asked by the Spirit within to become clear channels for the love that God would pour into the world. We are not to work for rewards. (Sometimes persecution is the reward, but even then we are assured the Spirit will sustain us.) Yet I find myself savoring every precious gift of love my children bring. Apples and peaches, a half eaten ear of corn, drawings and stories, hugs and laughter, a small hand slipped into mine.

"Madam," one of my young girl pupils says, "when I die and am born again I'm going to be a boy. Then I can marry you!"

So taken for granted! Yet this certainty of rebirth, here on this same soil among these same towering Himalayas, clearly reduces death's sting. But one must prepare. Old people, it seems, are always praying, getting ready. The women, especially, carry constantly turning prayer wheels. Almost always, when I pass an old man or woman hiking on the mountainside I hear that deep and sonorous "... Om... Om... Om..."
My own favorite Old Testament book is Job, and especially those verses—all 122 of them—where God scolds a good and upright man for trying to understand what humans simply cannot comprehend. "Were you there when I laid the foundations of the earth? . . . Do you give the horse his might? . . . Is it by your wisdom that the hawk soars?"

There is no better antidote for a touch of human hubris than those passages of Job. Who are we to know the ways of God? We tremble before the awesome-ness of That which created all that is. Ours in this life is to seek the Light and do God’s will, but final answers are not ours to know.

Buddha said much the same thing, though in human humility rather than Godly eloquence. One of his disciples complained that the master had not answered the deeper metaphysical questions: Is the world eternal or not eternal, does the saint exist after death or not, are the soul and body identical or not identical?

The religious life, Malunkyaputta, does not depend on the dogma that the world is eternal: nor does the religious life, Malunkyaputta, depend on the dogma that the world is not eternal.

The important thing, the Buddha tells him, is not to ask or understand "final questions" or to devise theories about them and insist that others believe. It is to live this life now in such a way that misery is lessened for all creatures. Guatama hated ignorance and taught us to seek the truth we can empirically know—cause and effect relationships—but to leave the unanswerable aside. There is much we cannot know, but the Way itself is clear.

And how familiar that way sounds! Do not kill or cause slaughter. . . . Let a man overcome anger by love; Let him overcome evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth. . . . Take nothing that is not given to you. . . . Do not oppress others. . . .

I like this Buddha: compassionate, practical, sensible, clear-headed, seeking whatever can be known of the truth. He is a teacher to be trusted. But I must admit it is not he who has firm hold on me. Even here, in this tiny Himalayan kingdom, it is Christ Jesus who challenges my life with urgency; it is the Gospels to which I cling. I’ll admit I skip over the eschatological passages and the apparent messianic claims. I don’t understand these things. But this Christ Jesus is bread of life for me, and I devour his words. Go to the poor, go to the broken. Be willing to be least, to serve at the bottom. Speak truth. Do truth. Love. I read over and over Matthew’s Sermon on the Mount, and Luke’s parallel but more pointed (for me, at least—it cuts home, it wounds, it heals) sermon on the plain. I read the parable of poor Lazarus, the feast for the poor, the calls to complete commitment without turning back. I read John thirstily, recognizing the mystic’s powerful sense of the reality of the Living God. I love the Buddha, Siddhartha Guatama, for his clear-eyed, common sense practicality. He is a good antidote for mystic excesses. Yet I, too, am unavoidably a mystic. “Abba! Father!” I cannot live without the sense of God’s presence. That presence is the most real of realities, more real than Jesus himself. Jesus for me affirms that reality with his life and his passion, and, in his words and example, sets forth the way into which each of us is called.

It was the powerful, practical mysticism of Fox, Woolman, and Penn that drew me into Quakerism. “Let your lives speak.” “Ye have no time but this present.” “True religion does not take us out of the world but requires us to mend it.” “In whatever islands, lands, places ye may come, let your life and carriage be an example. . . .”

At school my third-grade children, far removed from the Western world and its concepts, must study ancient history from a textbook that might have been written for British school boys 75 years ago. In the dreaded final exams (the only marks that count during the whole year), teachers often ask questions such as "Who carried the message from Marathon to Sparta?" and "What was the name of Alexander’s favorite horse?" Many a child has failed for not knowing or misspelling answers such as "Phedippides" and "Brucellus." Never mind that the youngster is just learning English and struggling to remember and spell words such as bench, desk, blackboard, and chair.

In one attempt to increase their understanding, I helped my children make a time-line which stretched across the top of one wall. Below the appropriate centuries, they taped, glued, or nailed photos and their own drawings of the Egyptian pyramids, the head of Nefertiti, the wooden horse and the battle of Troy, the face of Homer, Romulus, and Remus suckled by a wolf, and the hills of Rome. This history book makes no attempt, by the way, to distinguish what is legend or myth from what is reasonably well established fact about the past. Often I talk with the children about what is true, and what is a "magic story," and how we know the difference. I try to walk gently, encouraging

Jesus calls us to turn about and become seed, and yeast, and healers, and hands and feet for God in the world.

not identical?

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to history and into our lives: Jesus of the broken heart weeping tears of blood at our crimes and foolishness, calling us to turn about and become seed, and yeast, and healers, and hands and feet for God in the world.

But I cannot say to my children, “Follow him!” For them it is their Buddha, not Christ, which has the most powerful grip on their lives. All their customs, their culture, their religious practices, their very identity, have root in his life and teachings. And I trust that if they will truly follow this Buddha—truly find him and his message beneath all the black and white magic, the superstitions, the pujas, the terrifying deities, the frightening masks, and the metaphysical claims that overlay their own faith—then they will come to the same Truth, the same love, the same God that years after all and needs us all: The God Jesus knew and revealed in his own short, intense life, ministry, and death.

Again and again I look out my window and see the little, white house surrounded by prayer flags. I see them there, high on the mountainside, and am reminded that this time, too, there must be another parting, another rude death. Can I finish the tasks that are set before me, before the time for leaving comes?

I fear I won’t go gracefully. I have never learned the Buddha’s detachment. I am deeply attached to those I love. I know the tears will come. But I also know, now, after so many “deaths” and “reincarnations” that the same Spirit I feel in me moves actively in others as well, and often with better result, for many are more worthy instruments for God’s use! The building goes on when I am gone. God continues at work, using other voices, other hands and feet, other often wiser hearts, to love.

I think this is really enough to know. I think it will be enough for the final death as well. Not that I expect to go gracefully if there are still tasks undone. I suppose I will pray, “God, don’t take me now. Please let me stay. Don’t you still need my hands to help build your kingdom?”

And then I may slip in another plea, “Please let me come back. Let me do your work right here on earth! Let me endure to the end.”

But when the door closes, at last there is really only that one little prayer, after all.

“Lord, I’m ready. Whatever it is, Your will be done.”
Twenty-five years ago in March, James J. Reeb—American Friends Service Committee worker and Unitarian Universalist clergyman—became a civil rights martyr at Selma, Alabama. This one white activist became a catalyst for visible racial progress in the 1960s.

On March 7, 1965, television viewers on the ABC network watched the Sunday night movie, Judgment at Nuremberg. The show was interrupted for news scenes of “Bloody Sunday” as...
Alabama state troopers on horseback, armed with bullwhips, brutalized 500 black marchers crossing the Edmund Pettus Bridge outside Selma. Martin Luther King, Jr., immediately sent out telegrams calling on “clergy of all faiths . . . to join me in Selma for a ministers’ march to Montgomery on Tuesday morning.”

James Reeb on Monday morning received a telephone call, asking if he could join the march at Selma on Tuesday morning. Reeb, then community relations director of the Boston Metropolitan Housing Program of the AFSC, asked Unitarian Universalist headquarters in Boston if he were badly needed in Selma. “Badly,” came the reply. Reeb asked his wife, Marie, about his going South. She preferred that he not go. Reeb declared that he “had to go.” The next morning he was in Selma, along with hundreds of clergy from many denominations from all over the country.

There was a long wait through lunch at Brown A.M.E. Chapel, while Martin Luther King, Jr., and his associates negotiated with federal, state, and local authorities. Then King, followed by priests, ministers, and rabbis, led the delayed march. Reeb, as the other marchers, repeatedly sang, “Ain’t Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Round.” Nobody did, and they got across Pettus Bridge and, in a compromise with officials, then returned to Selma.

The hundreds of marchers then went to whatever restaurants they could find for their postponed lunch. A number crowded into the black Walter’s Cafe. When Reeb and two other Unitarian Universalist clergy left the restaurant, they were chased by white thugs and called “niggers.” Reeb was hit by a pipe or club and soon became unconscious. He was taken to a nearby funeral home, where its ambulance took his body did, and they got across Pettus Bridge, while Martin Luther King, Jr., delivered two eulogies.

That evening 70 million Americans watched President Johnson as he presented a carefully negotiated voting rights bill to a joint session of Congress. The president mentioned Reeb and then said the previous week in Selma was, like Lexington, Concord, and Appomattox, “a turning point in man’s unending search for freedom.” He declared that he wanted “to be the president who . . . protected the right of every citizen to vote in every election.” Johnson then surprised everybody, perhaps even himself, and brought tears to many, by uttering the movement’s slogan: “We shall overcome.”

James Reeb’s death made a difference. The movement led by Martin Luther King, Jr., triumphed. By August, President Johnson signed the Voting Rights Act of 1965, providing federal protection for all who wanted to register to vote.

Who was James Joseph Reeb? Born on January 1, 1927, in Wichita, Kansas, he moved to Casper, Wyoming, then graduated from St. Olaf’s College in Minnesota. He finished Princeton Theological Seminary in 1950 and then became a Presbyterian chaplain at Philadelphia General Hospital. Reeb left Presbyterianism to become a Unitarian Universalist clergyman and worked as assistant minister of All Souls Church in Washington, D.C. There he founded the University Neighborhood Council, bringing together representatives from All Souls Church and Howard University. Reeb wanted to establish an inner city ministry of his own, but the Unitarian Universalists at the time had neither the imagination nor the money. The Quakers did, and in September 1964 Reeb and his wife and four children moved to the run-down Dorchester section of Boston, while his Quaker office was a store-front on Blue Hill Avenue in all-black Roxbury.

Reeb’s death energized the Unitarian Universalist denomination to give race relations higher priority and hire additional staff for this purpose. It may even have led to the formation subsequently of the Black Caucus in that denomination. Reeb’s selfless life and death inspired a whole generation of laypersons and clergy—Unitarian Universalist, Quaker, and beyond. Reeb became one of the post-1960 models for the development of clergy who unapologetically work outside traditional church structures for social justice.

Immediately after Reeb’s death, his friends tried to answer the recurring question: why the public focuses on the white martyr, Reeb, when black martyrs have been neglected for centuries? At the time, Jimmie Lee Jackson, a black man killed in Marion, Alabama, never received the recognition given Reeb. Racism, ironically, is one explanation. Reeb was white, yet he identified with the black poor, as well as trying—with great difficulty—to prod his fellow whites, including white clergy.

In September 1962, James Reeb said that “we must all be surprised from time to time by those who have suffered from the greatest inequities bringing forth a faith and an energy into life for which one can find no reasonable explanation.” Jim Reeb suffered martyrdom “for which one can find no reasonable explanation.” Yet a quarter century later, his story and his memory still bring forth “a faith and an energy” into the life of many U.S. citizens. However, they find racial justice in inner city or outer suburb just as elusive today as in the brief years of James Reeb.
Summer Opportunities for Young Friends

by Amy Weber

Interest in summer opportunities for our young people grows each year. Young people, or their parents (or perhaps it's their grandparents, or aunts, or uncles, or concerned friends), find something of great value to which the young should be exposed. What is it that rubs off? At best, a deep concern for humanity. At the least, an awareness of different ways of living than their own.

To follow up on last year's report in Friends Journal, here is another sampling of opportunities for the spring and summer of 1990 which have come to our attention.

Among them are two new developments. One is the new Friends in Youth Work Directory to be published as a result of a 1988 consultation among a broad spectrum of Friends, containing a wide range of opportunities. A second is the innovative Quaker Youth Exchange initiated by Sally Rickerman of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Both are described below.

* * *

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

National Quaker Youth Seminar
March 28-April 1
Deadline for registration: March 9, 1990

This year's seminar, to be held in Washington, D.C., will explore the growing national trash problem. Participants will be asked to bring the "trash facts" of their local community to the seminar. Together with resource people, they will design personal plans to alleviate the trash burden and will learn about the role of government and grassroots efforts to deal with solid waste management. Write to Barbara Silverman, William Penn House, 515 East Capitol St., Wash., D.C. 20003, or call (202) 534-5560.

Quaker Youth Exchange
Deadlines for application: April 30 for North America; March 15 for Europe; five months in advance for all other visitations abroad (e.g. New Zealand)

This program provides opportunities for young people to visit Quaker families in other countries in their own homes. The idea for the program is taken from the early Quaker tradition of traveling in the ministry to visit other Friends. The purpose of the program is to strengthen bonds and increase understanding among Friends of different persuasions and nationalities. The program fee is $75 for visits in North America, $150 for visits abroad. Participants must pay for their transportation and provide their own spending money. Write to Sally Rickerman, QYE, Box 201, RD 1, Landenberg, PA 19350.

Partners in Compassion
Deadline: Apply as soon as possible.

Established as a living memorial for Penny Thomas, this program offers short-term service projects to learn about the poor and disadvantaged, both locally and worldwide. Started in 1989, it is sponsored by the Young Friends Activities Committee of North Carolina Yearly Meeting. Service work is combined with Bible study, education about the causes of poverty, and discovery of gifts for ministry. The program is staffed by Friends United Meeting's Quaker Volunteer Witness Program. Participants are paid a
Deadline: Apply as soon as possible.

**Inner City Philadelphia Workcamp**

**August 12-26**  
Deadline for application: June 1

This program will focus on practical work projects. It is open to six participants from North America and six from abroad for the two-week session. Volunteers are welcome for any number of weeks throughout the summer. Cost for the formal program is $150. For more information or to apply, contact Michael Van Hoy, c/o Friends Work Camps, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

**Baltimore Teen Adventure**

**July 14-August 5**  
Deadline: Apply as soon as possible.

Thirty campers, ages 15-18, will take two or three trips into the wilderness, including ten days of hiking, four days of canoeing or rafting, three days of community service, and visits to each of the four camps affiliated with Baltimore Yearly Meeting. The group will depart from a farm in Emmetsburg, Md. The program is sponsored by Baltimore Yearly Meeting. Cost is $750 for three weeks. Write to Rex Reilly, 11242 Cherry Hill Road, Apt. T2, Beltsville, MD 20705, or call (301) 937-4239.

**John Woolman School Workcamps**

**June 24-July 8**  
Open deadline until 30 places are filled for each two-week camp.

Located on 320 rural acres of rolling woodland and pasture in the foothills of the Sierra Mountains, 60 miles northeast of Sacramento, California, near Nevada City, these workcamps offer a chance to work in a group on construction, painting, farm chores, and maintenance. Participants will camp by the campus lake and eat in the nearby Quaker meetinghouse. Cost: $40/week for age 15 or older; $35/week for ages 11-14; $25/week for those 10 years or under. Apply to Russ and Mary Jorgensen, 7899 St. Helena Road, Santa Rosa, CA 95404.

**Opportunities Abroad**

**CUBA**  
**July 7-31**

Deadline for application: April 1

Participants will spend two weeks working on small farms outside Havana, helping with planting and care of food crops. One week will be spent in Havana attending a youth conference organized by Baptists, featuring discussions with Christian and non-Christian young people. Participants may be asked to make presentations in Spanish on weekends and join or lead tours in Havana. Cost: $250, plus transportation. Write to American Friends Service Committee, 301 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

**KENYA**  
**Mid-July through August**

Deadline for applications: June 1

These work projects with young Quaker teachers in Kenya will possibly involve such things as building a dispensary, a school, or a water system. Sponsored by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, the program will be located in the Western Province of Kenya. Participants will live and eat with Kenyan Quaker families. There will be possibilities for travel. Cost will be approximately $2,000, including air fare. For more information or to receive an application, write to Michael Van Hoy, c/o Friends Work Camps, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

**Directory of Friends in Youth Work**

A directory of ongoing programs and opportunities for young Friends is being compiled by Friends in Youth Work (formerly called Friends Interim Committee for Youth Opportunities). As of October, more than 80 entries were received in response to an invitation to more than 220 Quaker groups and organizations. Friends in Youth Work arose from a consultation at Pendle Hill in May 1988, which included members of Evangelical Friends Alliance, Friends General Conference, Friends United Meeting, and representatives of Friends World Committee for Consultation (Section of the Americas), Pendle Hill, Friends Council on Education, and the American Friends Service Committee. FRIENDS JOURNAL will print notice of the directory as soon as more information is available.

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For comfort and hospitality in an unspoiled natural setting, come to Mohonk in the heart of the Shawangunk Mountains. Our lake, cliffs and miles of mountain trails are perfect for activities like golf, tennis, swimming, riding and old-fashioned carriage rides. Too. Hearty meals. And special theme programs that let you learn while enjoying the peaceful surroundings. We're not artificial, just down-to-earth. In the Hudson River Valley, Exit 18, N.Y. State Thruway.

Here's what's happening at Mohonk:

**Craft Day**  
**March 3rd**

**Pioneer Weekend**  
**March 9-11**

**Country Square Dance**  
**March 30-April 1**

**Director of Campus Ministry**

**Friends Center at Guilford College**

**Position Available June 1, 1990**

Friends Center at Guilford College seeks a Director of Campus Ministry for a 3rd position. The candidate should possess an ecumenical and interfaith interest in the development of college students and have a college-style rooted in an appreciation of the liberal arts and sciences. The Director of Campus Ministry reports to the Director of the Friends Center and works closely with the Vice President for student development and the student development staff.

**Responsibilities:** coordinate campus life services and programs; implement the religious life council; provide staff assistance to Quaker students, the student Quaker concerns group, and the campus South Africa committee; attend to community and individual spiritual needs including faith development, social action, and moral and ethical growth; assist Friends Center Director in planning outreach and fundraising programs; coordinate Friends Center summer activities.

**Qualifications:** BA degree, masters degree preferred, skill in program design and development. Preference will be given to a candidate who is a member of the Society of Friends, or has had ecumenical campus ministry experience in Quaker institutions. Candidates with academic expertise may have options for additional teaching position.

**Salary range:** $15,000-$18,000 for 3rd position. Applications from women and minorities encouraged. Send resumes to: Friends Center, Guilford College, 500 West Friendly Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27410. Applications will be accepted until position is filled. AA, EOE.
WOODS COURT

One bedroom apartments available for people age 60 and above. Applications to be put on waiting list are being accepted.

Robert L. Hawthorne, Administrator
Friends Home at Woodstown
Woodstown, NJ 08098  Telephone (609) 769-1500

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MEXICO AND LATIN AMERICA
Late June to mid-August
Deadline for applications: April 1

This program is open to 30 volunteers, 18-26 years old, in good health and able to communicate in Spanish. Groups of 15, with two leaders in each group, will participate in community service projects in Mexico, co-sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee and local organizations. An equal number of volunteers from Mexico will be chosen to join the group. Projects will include work on construction and repair of schools, clinics, roads, houses, and irrigation systems, as well as reforestation, gardening, health and nutrition, and youth recreation. Groups will live together in rural villages under local conditions. Cost: $700, plus transportation. There are also usually a few openings for project leaders. Write to Hilda Grauman, AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Phila. PA 19102.

SWITZERLAND
July 1-17
Deadline for applications: March 5

The Quaker United Nations Summer School is for young people, ages 20-25, of all nationalities and beliefs. It provides an introduction to the work of the UN and its contributions toward a more peaceful world. The summer school program includes visits to specialized agencies, films, discussions, and outings. Cost is $250-$300, depending on exchange rates, plus travel expenses. This program is organized every year by the Quaker United Nations Office in Geneva and Quaker Peace and Service in London. To apply, write to Personnel Department (QUNSS), Friends House, Euston Road, London NW1 2BJ, England.

SOVIET UNION
August 24 - September 10
Deadline: Applications open until spaces are filled.

The Friends Peace Tour of the U.S.S.R. is open to all ages, but young people are especially encouraged to apply, and there is some financial assistance available for them. The tour will visit Leningrad, Novgorod, Tallinn, Kiev, and Moscow. Participants will meet other Quakers, environmentalists, artists, feminists, sociologists, mental health professionals, educators, and people operating the country's new cooperatives. Cost is $2,800 and includes food, lodging, and transportation, as well as workshops before and after the tour. For information, contact Melissa Lovett-Adair, 1570 Lena, Arcata, CA 95521, or call (707) 826-0156.

March 1990 FRIENDS JOURNAL
European Christians plan united responses

For the first time in their 45-year history, the Council of European Churches brought together all the Christian churches of Europe, from all the countries (with the exception of Albania) to discuss "Justice, Peace, and the Integrity of Creation." The assembly took place in Basel, Switzerland on May 15-19. Quakers had not been involved in the past because of their objection to the credal basis of membership, but they were invited this time to send three delegates and others to participate. Catholics, too, joined in for the first time.

Despite the historic uniqueness of the event, the focus of attention was not on the churches or their common Christian faith, but on the troubled world of our time and the threefold threat from mounting injustice, violent conflict, and the degradation of our natural environment. Bringing the different churches together for the first time to discuss these difficult problems might seem like an invitation to disaster. How could they possibly come to significant conclusions? I was greatly surprised to find they did.

One conclusion I drew is that unity between Christians and other faiths is more easily realized in responding to basic human problems than in trying to formulate a common basis of belief. The main business of the assembly was to produce a document that represented the common mind of the churches in response to these worldwide problems. The work was difficult. We had problems of communication. We were an extraordinary mix of denominations, politics, and cultures. It was difficult to make a point that everyone else would be able to appreciate, if not actually agree on.

But, again, the problem of communication was not nearly so difficult when we moved away from discussing Christianity to a consideration of the contemporary world. On a number of crucial issues there was a remarkable convergence of ideas. Our various experiences of conflict, for example, though very different, disposed us toward non-violence as a means of struggle. This new tendency shows up clearly in the document, which reads: "We strongly affirm the importance of nonviolent, political means as the appropriate way to bring about change. There are no situations in our countries or on our continent in which violence is required or justified."

Few people who now read the document for the first time could possibly guess the amount of conflict and questioning and compromise that went into its making. It reads so clearly. That is a tribute to the effort put into it. Because it covers the cracks of our serious disagreements, it gives no indication of the issues that still have to be worked through. However, I felt that, along with the results, the tension should somehow be expressed in the document as well.

It did seem important, since we were committed to agreeing, to affirm the result quite emphatically, even if there were parts we couldn't agree with. The decision to accept the whole document was made by 95 percent of the delegates. It struck me that a willingness to compromise could be as much in the interest of truth as an insistence on what we believe to be the truth.

It was often urged during the week that we cannot afford to wait until we agree on all the fundamentals. We have to find common ground, however small, on which we can act and witness together. Speaker Annemarie Schonherr said: "What is needed in the discussion of survival is to translate the insights acquired as believers into the language of secular reason without betraying them." The conservative Archbishop Kyrill of Smolensk and Kaliningrad said, "In their pastoral response to the issues, the churches must not use a language that is understandable only for Christians." We have clearly some way to go before meeting that challenge.

Yet the task is already being made easier. The crisis in our world is calling for a spiritual response. The move toward non-violence is an example of this: the older postures of power and violence must give way to gentler, more sensitive relations. Otherwise, we put ourselves, as well as others, at greater risk. This then is another good reason for translating the insights of people of faith into language everyone can understand. The relationship between the church and society is therefore changing, as society looks for new and profounder values and the church looks for a new role and relevance.

There is a call to all Christians of Europe to think and act in a fundamentally new way: to reject the old European habit of seeking progress and security at the expense of others and of nature, and to find ways of developing that enhance people's lives and show respect for nature. We are familiar with these values in the conduct of our personal lives. What is startlingly new is that churches should now be urging these values in public and political arenas.

Rex Ambler
German Friends Meet Jointly

The thaw in the Cold War is bringing families, governments—and Quakers—together. Separated into two yearly meetings for more than two decades, Friends in the two Germanys have been buoyed by the political changes sweeping the two countries, and they haven't wasted time in taking advantage of the new situation.

"In the last two months, so much has changed here that sometimes we have to pinch ourselves in the leg to be sure we're not dreaming. . . . No one expected that the Wall would be getting holes in it (more and more of them)," wrote an East German Friend. "I am enclosing a little chip with this letter with greetings." On December 17, in the midst of the tremendous popular euphoria shortly after the Wall became passable, Quakers from East and West Berlin celebrated the way Quakers frequently celebrate—in quiet worship. It was the first joint meeting for worship in West Berlin in nearly 30 years.

"For 28 years we have had to live our Quaker lives more or less apart from each other in the same city," Berlin Friends said in a joint statement signed by those who participated. "All of this is a huge change for us, and although we are happy and thankful about the course of developments, we are aware that there are still very many problems to be mastered in both parts of Germany and that cooperation between the two German states cannot start to function overnight."

The changes are especially significant for the East German Yearly Meeting, which has approximately 50 members, and which has developed its own identity through the years. Since the division of Germany, Friends in the German Democratic Republic (GDR) have built bridges over the wall and chipped away at it at the same time. Acting at times individually and at times collectively, they have used a unique Quaker mix of quiet diplomacy, dialogue with their often disapproving government, work with the broader church peace movement, reconciliation, and forthright public statements. They have listened, pushed and prodded, and kept lines of communications open. They have provided a "window" on East Germany for the American Friends Service Committee and other Friends in the United States. They have practiced hope in dark times.

This past November in the wake of mass demonstrations, GDR Friends circulated a public statement calling on the East German government to stop the torture and mistreatment of prisoners and requesting access to the country for Amnesty International. Since then, both Germanys have been caught up in a tide of rapid change. "We are simply overrun by the speed of developments," remarked a West German Friend.

How are the political realignments affecting Quakers in the two Germanys? What does the future hold?

In the January issue of Der Quäker (the West German Friends periodical), two West German Friends called for more humility in the West and challenged West Germans to reflect about the real chances for change: "It seems to us as if those in power in our country are paralyzed in their euphoria, paralyzed in their thinking and actions, so that there is no place for questioning and doubts." They argued that open borders and democratization in the East should be accompanied by an end to the policy of nuclear deterrence and real tolerance of political and ideological differences. "Let us not lapse into smugness... ." they challenged Friends.

Quakers in East and West Germany continue to make use of the new opportunities to travel and meet together. Late in January the West German Yearly Meeting Peace Committee convened a weekend-long discussion session at which several East German

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Friends reported on recent events. Individual Friends are crossing the border for visits and meetings for worship in Erfurt-Kassel and Magdeburg-Braunschweig, East and West Berliners have stepped up their contacts. While some Friends have begun to think about a possible reunification of the two yearly meetings, others feel this is not a priority in the current situation. This is not the time for quick decisions or grand pronouncements on the future of the two groupings. Friends in both Germanys need time—time to be engaged, to reflect, to experiment, to incubate new ideas.

Tom Conrad

Tom Conrad works with the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia and is a member of Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting.

In Brief

The new executive secretary of Friends Committee on National Legislation will be Joe Volk, who succeeds Edward F. Snyder, who is retiring after 35 years of service with the organization, which is in Washington, D.C. The first executive secretary was E. Raymond Wilson, when FCNL was established in 1943. Edward Snyder took the post in 1962, after working for the agency since 1955 as a lobbyist. Joe Volk is currently the National Peace Education Secretary for the American Friends Service Committee, where he has served in various roles since 1972. During the Vietnam War, he was court-martialed for his conscientious objection to participating in warfare training. He was assisted by Quakers during that time, and afterward he became involved in the anti-war movement and in nonviolence counseling, which led to his work with the AFSC. He studied religion at Miami University in Ohio. Joe Volk will assume his new job on April 1. Edward Snyder, whose experience and leadership earned him a distinctive role in Washington's religious advocacy community, will move to Maine upon retirement. He has been named executive secretary emeritus, the title held by Raymond Wilson from 1963 until his death in 1987.

Carol J. Ramsey, 37, is the new head of Wilmington Friends School. Her appointment makes her the only black woman to currently head a pre-kindergarten through 12th-grade school among the 988-member National Association of Independent Schools. She comes from a background of work with independent schools, with work in student recruitment, management, alumni administration, fund raising, and communication. She replaces Dulany Bennett, who will leave with her husband to live in Portland, Ore. Wilmington Friends School was founded in 1748 and is the oldest educational institution in Delaware. Enrollment is currently 701 students.

Elise Boulding is the American Friends Service Committee's 1990 nominee for the Nobel Peace Prize. Elise, a leading scholar and advocate in international peace research, is a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting. She is currently secretary-general and a founder of the International Peace Research Association. Professor emeritus of sociology at Dartmouth College, she has had four books published on the human rights of women and children. She is also author of the recent groundbreaking book on conflict resolution, Building a Global Civic Culture. The International Peace Research Association is a product of the peace research movement that began in the 1950s. Besides establishing numerous research centers in the Western world, the peace research movement has strengthened official and unofficial mediation services around the world, notably at the United Nations and in local communities. The AFSC, as co-recipient of the Nobel Prize in 1947, is entitled to make one nomination for the award each year.

Providing sanctuary to Kurdish and Turkish refugees has united Christians of many denominations in Switzerland. The action is backed by Swiss Friends and functions through the ecumenical Yokefellow-House (Jochgruppen-Haus) in Lutzelfluh, Switzerland. Some of the refugees join in the daily silent meeting for worship in the house.
FCNL Notes

Promoting Progress on the Path to Ending Poverty

Early in 1989, Friends Committee on National Legislation joined forces with the World Development Movement in London to advance proposals strengthening efforts to eradicate poverty in the world’s poorest countries.

The first proposal was that the World Bank’s policy discussions with the poorest developing countries should center on each country’s efforts to eradicate poverty and how the World Bank could strengthen that effort. In recent years, discussions with developing countries have instead concentrated almost exclusively on whether the country was pursuing certain free market economic policies.

The second proposal was that the strength of a developing country’s effort to eradicate poverty should be a major criterion in determining how much aid it receives from the World Bank. The more a country is doing to eradicate poverty, the more aid it would receive from the World Bank. This criterion would be in addition to other criteria currently used in determining how much aid a country gets, such as the size of its population, its average income per person, and its economic performance.

FCNL worked with congressional staffs to craft a bill which articulated the aims of these proposals. The bill, H.R. 3148, was introduced on August 4 by Doug Bereuter, representative from Nebraska, for himself and Walter E. Fauntroy, and Jim Leach, representatives from the District of Columbia and Iowa, respectively. The legislation directs U.S. representatives to the development banks (the World Bank and regional development banks in Latin America, Africa, and Asia) to advocate the above-mentioned proposals. Friends around the country were effective in pressing their members of Congress to sponsor the bill. H.R. 3148 was ultimately rolled into a larger banking authorization bill, passed by both houses of Congress, and signed into law this fall.

Bulletin Board

- What is the purpose, the ministry of a meeting newsletter? How can it be used as an instrument to energize and gather Friends? These are some of the questions to be addressed at a workshop for newsletter editors to be led by Vinton Deming, editor, and Melissa Elliott, associate editor, of FRIENDS JOURNAL. The workshop will be held at Pendle Hill (near Philadelphia) on May 11-13. All those interested in spending a weekend searching and worshiping together, sharing information, and making connections with like-minded Friends, are encouraged to join us. The conference is co-sponsored by FRIENDS JOURNAL and Pendle Hill. Cost is $115, including meals and lodging. Some scholarship money is available from Pendle Hill. For information, contact Peter Crystdale, Extension Secretary, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086, or call (215) 566-4507.

- Why have people risked their jobs, their homes, their families, and even spent time in prison to take a stand for peace? The Standing Up for Peace Contest invites young people, ages 15-23, to talk face-to-face with people who refused to fight in war, pay taxes for war, or build weapons for war. To enter the contest, participants express their percep-

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Both these proposals were endorsed as part of the final policy adopted in negotiating allocation of funds for international development. Thirty-five governments participated in the year-long negotiations, which concluded just before Christmas. As well as requiring adoption of several poverty and environment proposals, the governments agreed to contribute $15 billion over the next three years to the International Development Association, the part of the World Bank that lends to the world's poorest countries.

The success of these proposals in Congress and in international negotiations is encouraging, but words on paper are cheap. The challenge is now to see that the development banks are encouraged by the Treasury Department to make the requisite changes.

For information, contact Nancy Alexander, FCNL, 245 Second St., NE, Washington, DC 20002 or call (202) 547-6000.

Nancy Alexander

For information, contact Michael Trokan or Judy Mann, 1360 N. Prospect Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53202, or call (414) 276-7920.

- A workshop about options for draft registration will be offered to high school age Friends at the 1990 Gathering of Friends General Conference in Northfield, Minn., in July. Older people who have faced registration, draft, and enlistment will be asked to meet with young Friends. Speakers will be chosen to represent a broad range of experience and choices, to give young Friends an understanding of the options, the motivations, and the consequences, and to empower them in making their own decisions. Those interested in participating may contact Paul Buckley, 2137 W. 110th St., Chicago, IL 60643, or call (312) 445-2391.

- Roomy, durable bags of canvas, not plastic or paper, are being sold by the Friends Committee on Unity with Nature. They are designed by individuals in Homewood (Md.) Meeting. Cost is $10 apiece, plus $2.50 postage. There is no charge for postage for orders of ten or more. To order, write to Robert Pollard, 801 Homestead St., Baltimore, MD 21218. Make checks payable to Friends Committee on Unity with Nature.

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John Bellers: His Life, Times, and Writings


In most accounts of Quaker history John Bellers receives only a brief mention, even though he was the most radical of the 17th and early 18th century Quaker social and economic reformers. He deserves better, and now we have a splendid account of his life and, thanks to a number of groups in England, access to his many books, and epistles. Most readers will be satisfied with the clear, concise, and yet comprehensive account of his life, written by George Clarke in a 30-page introduction. Scholars should welcome the reproduction of nearly all Bellers's writings in the remaining 250 pages of this volume. A few individuals will want to own this book, and meetings with substantial libraries will certainly want to obtain a copy of this account of a man who is sometimes called "the father of socialism."

Leonard S. Kenworthy

Leonard S. Kenworthy is the author of many books on Quakerism, world affairs, and teaching. He is a member of Brooklyn (N.Y.) and Kendal (Pa.) meetings.

At the Pool of Wonder


This is a book of many dimensions. Alone, the art is inspiring and adds a spiritual dimension to our everyday awareness. Deborah Koff-Chapin works in a medium she invented and finds the trance state most conducive to her creative process. It works. She will be included among the emerging group of women artists who are bringing new archetypes to life in our post-patriarchal world.

Marcia S. Lauck records her dreams and includes here 21 of them from the last decade. By setting her first one at the end and the last one at the beginning, she has presented us with a mandala of experience. Both women must be given the highest honors for courage. They trust their inner processes to the point of wonder. How can Marcia Lauck, mother of two, sleeping beside her husband, allow herself to be taken so far from her mortality as she leaves this world night after night? In “going into the dream,” her physical body and ego are shattered. At these points you and I would wake screaming for protection against these forces. In our unprogrammed meetings for worship, Friends have similar minor experiences of this process when we begin to become “gathered.” How often someone, or the entire group, loses courage, and we break out of the sacred. Not Marcia Lauck. The images and messages which she brings back to us are full of spiritual resources. Everyone who remembers their dreams will connect with at least one experience she describes here.

In his Journal, George Fox wrote: “I came among a people that relied much on dreams. I told them, except they could distinguish between dream and dream, they would confound all together; for there were three sorts of dreams: multitude of business sometimes caused dreams, and there were whisperings of Satan in man in the night season; and there were speakings of God to man in dreams. But these people came out of these things, and at last became Friends.” [1647]

Both of the women who have brought these visual and verbal descriptions of our irrational and poetic selves to our awareness have been spoken to by the Divine. That they have brought their most female selves to this task gives the work a flavor of newness and adventure which many don’t find in the old, more male-oriented, texts and pictures. For those who dare, buy several copies and give them as gifts during the year. You will know whom to give them to, and the recipients will be deeply grateful for the journey.

Mary R. Hopkins

Mary R. Hopkins is a member of Radnor (Pa.) Meeting, clerk of the Women’s Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and an essayist, critic, and workshop leader.

Handbook of Preschool Religious Education


This book describes the preschool child in depth. It is a concise and well-organized source book on the educational development and awakening which take place during these years. Conceptual development is essential for grasping the idea of God, of faith, of prayer, and of most other abstract ideas. This is not a how-to book of lesson plans or discipline control.

The book is divided into three sections. The first addresses the general development of the young child’s mental, social, and physical characteristics. The second section,
and probably the most interesting to Friends, covers the area of development which is most directly related to religious concepts. The third section deals with methodology and the evaluation of religious teachings.

The list of contributing authors is impressive. There are 14 knowledgeable professors and educators, specialists in the fields of pedagogy, psychology, sociology, nursing, theology, dentistry, and special education. There is a helpful, complete index, and there is an exhaustive reference bibliography at the end of each chapter.

It is, instead, an excellent resource for curriculum developers or for others professionally responsible for teaching religion to preschoolers.

Although it would be a valuable addition to libraries of large meeting First-day schools, it would not, in my opinion be helpful for busy parent volunteers searching for methods to control and attract groups of children (which all too often turn out to be mismatched) to once-a-week religious lessons.

Audrey Snyder

Audrey Snyder is a retired speech therapist of 50 years' experience. She is hostess and recorder of Cosbuck Meeting. Meeting and Doing research on issues of 18th and 19th century Friends.

A Reader's Companion to George Fox's Journal


Joseph Pickvance, a regular contributor to the New Foundation Papers and very knowledgeable about George Fox, has written a book which is both more and less than a glossary and concordance to Fox's Journal. It begins with two helpful essays: one on George Fox and his times, and one on the legacy of Fox's writings. A time line of British history covering Fox's lifespan is included. Appendices contain a chronological bibliography of works about Fox's teachings, the various editions of Fox's Journal, and a chart matching the numbers of Fox's Epistles with the pages on which they appear in Tuke's 1858 Selections from the Epistles of George Fox. The glossary of words whose meanings have changed since the 17th century is straightforward and helpful. For example, own meant "to acknowledge, admit to, agree with, accept, have unity with." This helps us understand, then, Friends' use of the terms to "own" or "disown" someone as a member.

The heart of the book, however, is the "Annotated Word and Phrase List," the concordance. I suspect most Friends will not use it in the way the author hopes they will. By listing key words of Fox's teachings, the author tries to display the connected ideas in Fox's teaching. It is intended as a shorthand reference to Fox's key ideas. One can look up, for example, perfection and read Fox's understanding of the term, and find cross references to related ideas. There are short phrases which include the word, with page citations, as in a Bible concordance. But some terms do not have a clear definition; for example, atonement, baptism, Light. The author expects the reader to look up all the references and cross references, and in that way learn what Fox meant. So the reader who is using this book to help explain Fox's sometimes difficult language will find the book a mixed blessing. Sometimes it has very helpful and concise definitions; sometimes they are needlessly repetitive. However, the reader who wants to find the complete citation for a quotation from Fox will find the book very helpful, as will the reader who wants to explore the connections among Fox's many insights. But I suspect most Friends who buy the book will use it more for defining words and concepts than for tracing connections among various ideas, as the author intended.

Marty Grundy

Marty Grundy is a member of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting and is doing research on issues of 18th and 19th century Friends.

In Brief

... and Orion


John Barnes has been a civil engineer, a Methodist preacher, and an active Quaker. Written over four decades, this selection of poems examines the inner world of one Quaker's human experience and the outer world of community, universe, and God. Whether speaking of the sacramental in the world of nature or the unexpected inspiration of a tennis ball and two worn slippers, these poems express a reverence for creation.

Taking a Chance on God


John McNeill sees that there is an experience of God unique to gays and lesbians which includes a god-given right to sexual love and intimacy. This book formulates a theology from a gay perspective that overcomes fear,
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Books in Brief continued

guilt, and self-hate to allow all persons to enter into personal relationships of love and to mourn and face the fear of death in this time of AIDS. His very personal work contributes a new dimension to liberation theology and its talk of humanizing the oppressed within a community dialogue. McNeill, an expelled Jesuit and practicing psychotherapist, helps gays and straights accept nontraditional sexual orientations without anxiety and to live in a way consonant with Christian values.

Wisdom’s Feast:
Sophia in Study and Celebration

By Susan Cady, Marian Ronan, and Hal 

“Sophia” is a divine feminine figure mentioned in the Bible almost as often as Jesus or God but recognized by few except as her Greek name, “wisdom.” When her presence is brought to light in this well-researched text, she strikes a chord in those who seek models of powerful womanhood in the Bible. Mirroring the ecofeminism of recent years, the authors see she can be a vital resource in development of a more inclusive spirituality, celebrating the feminine images left out by more patriarchal Christianity. Wisdom’s Feast introduces her in theory and then in practice by offering over 50 exercises, liturgies, sermons, study guides, prayers, and meditations on Sophia. Fraught with material for discussions and controversy, this book may change the way you read the Bible.

The Amish Quilt

By Eve Wheatcroft Granick. Good Books, 
Intercourse, Pa., 1989. 192 pages. $45. Colorful illustrations and interesting text show the folklore of Amish communities as expressed through quilting. Historical and cultural traditions are detailed through the author’s conversations with Amish families and her research of county courthouse records. Discussion of this cultural inheritance is interwoven with accounts of the evolution of textile materials. The book includes a fabric glossary and many other useful references.

Resources

- In the summer of 1987, Jack Powelson traveled to seven Quaker gatherings from coast to coast to listen to Friends’ thoughts on the major international economic issues of the day. Dialogue with Friends is his journal of this journey. It can be used as a companion to his earlier work, Facing Social Revolution, and includes responses to the letters he received concerning the former publication. Each volume is $6.95, or both for $12 postpaid. Send a check to Horizon Society Publications, 45 Bellevue Dr., Boulder, CO 80302.

- Skipping Stones is a nonprofit, multi-ethnic children’s magazine which offers writing, artwork, and photography by children of all ages and backgrounds, and writings by adults which are of interest to children. A quarterly journal, subscription rates are $15 per year. To subscribe, write to Skipping Stones, Aprovecho Institute, 80574 Hazelnut Road, Cottage Grove, OR 97424, or call (503) 942-9434. Donations to the same address would make it possible for children from low income homes and children from other countries to receive free or reduced rate subscriptions.

- Teddy Milne, author of the children’s peace books Peace Porridge and Shambala Warriors, has produced War is a Dinosaur, a book of her original songs. Song titles include: “Greenham Common’s Gone,” “Decade Shock,” “Dear Senator,” and “Teach Me.” Musical notation is provided for piano and guitar. Cost: $9.95. For this and other titles write: Pittenbrauch Press, 15 Walnut St., P.O. Box 553, Northampton, MA 01060.

- Womens Speaking, written by Margaret Fell in 1666, has been republished. Written during one of her many prison terms in Lancaster Castle jail, Fell argues passionately for the ordination of women. The 26-page pamphlet includes a brief biography of her extraordinary life. Contact Cecilia Boggis, Pythia Press, 96 Mansfield Rd., London, NW3 2HX, England. Price: £1.95.
Deaths

Franzen—Ethelyn (Lynn) Elaine Lotz Zimmerman Franzen, 75, on Nov. 24, 1989, in Mesa, Ariz. Born in Kalama Zoo, Mich., she attended Antioch College and worked in positions of social and political action. She served with the League of Women Voters in Dayton, Ohio, and, with her first husband, Giles Zimmerman, was on the staff of Scattergood Hostel in Iowa, where they helped refugees from Germany and Austria adjust to the United States during World War II. She went on to serve as assistant to the director of public relations for the American Friends Service Committee and later as director of public relations for William Penn Charter School, from which she retired in 1979. She and her second husband, Max Franzen, were active members in Ashington (Pa.) Meeting and Tempe (Ariz.) Meeting, where she was treasurer. She is survived by her husband, Max; three children; seven grandchildren; her former husband; and two sisters, Winona and Lucile.

Frissei—Bernice Osler Sturgis Frissei, 81, Oct. 2, 1989, in St. Petersburg, Fla. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., she was a graduate of Temple University and Drexel Institute, where she studied library science. At one time she was an editor at McMillan Publishers in New York and won the Mark Twain Award for a child's book showing a black child taking the lead in playground games. In 1950 she married William J. Sturgis. They lived in Charleston, W. Va., and Palm Beach, Fla., where they were members of Palm Beach Meeting. After her husband's death, she was a member of Frankford (Pa.) Meeting, St. Peters burg (Fla.) Meeting, and Middletown (Conn.) Meeting, with her second husband, Frank Frissei. After a divorce, she returned to St. Petersburg, where she answered calls for the meetinghouse, gave information, and handled emergencies until her poor health interfered. She is survived by her sister, Mildred Osler.

Giguere—Gisele (Gigi) Gyorkey Giguere, 65, on Nov. 12, 1989, in Tampa, Fla., after several years of struggling with cancer. A memorial service was held at Tampa Friends Meeting, and burial was in Cleveland, Ohio. Gigi was one of the original members of Tampa Meeting when it was organized in 1979.

Hadley—Loren S. Hadley, 89, on Jan. 6, at Lakeview Terrace in Altocoma, Fla. He was a birthright member of Springfield (Ohio) Meeting and also was a member for many years of Orlando (Fla.) Meeting. He received degrees from Wilming ton College and Ohio State University. Loren served with the American Friends Service Committee in 1919 and taught at George School from 1923-1925. He also taught at Whittier College, Bucknell, Rollins, and Kent State universities. He is survived by daughters Pat Orr and Genevieve Waring, four grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

Mcfarland—George McFarland, 86, on Aug. 29, 1989, in Las Cruces, N.M. George worked for the U.S. Forest Service and later operated the Mogollon Mountain Telephone Company and radio station KNFT. George and his wife, Elizabeth, were regular contributors to the American Friends Service Committee since the 1930s, when there was no meeting in their area to attend. In 1971 they took a trip around the world, sponsored by Friends World College. They were active members in Pima (Ariz.) Meeting, with a special interest in peace and social concerns and in establishing an area office for the American Friends Service Committee in Tucson. In 1982, they became members of Las Cruces (N.M.) Meeting, where George served as treasurer and was warmly aware of the children of the meeting. George was a man of courage and strength during his serious illness. He is remembered for his humor in meeting and for the example his marriage set of love that spanned many years. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth; a son, Ralph McFarland; a daughter, Ellen Saige; five grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Mitchell—Elizabeth Moore Mitchell, 95, on Jan. 4, 1989, at Pansy (Ariz.) Meeting. A birthright Friend, Betsy was born in Sandy Spring, Md., graduated from George School, and received her degree in nursing in 1921 from Johns Hopkins School of Nursing. Her first position was on the staff of the Visiting Nurses Association in Washington, D.C., where she extended the organization's area of service by being the first staff member who could drive an automobile. She also worked as assistant superintendent of nurses at Piedmont Hospital in Atlanta, Ga., and Chester County Hospital in West Chester, Pa., where she was superintendent of nurses for ten years. She was married to Joseph Mitchell, and they lived on the Mitchell family farm, "Woodside," in Hockessin, Dela. He died in 1976, and she moved to Kennett Square, Pa., in 1980. She was an active member of Hockessin (Del.) Meeting and the Needlework Guild. She is survived by several nieces and nephews.

Smith—Mary Emmoss Smith, 87, on Sept. 18, 1989, at Friends Home in Greensboro, N.C., where she was a member of Friendship Meeting. She was born near What Cheer, Iowa, and lived there most of her life, farming with her husband, Irving Smith. She attended Coal Creek Friends School, Scat torgood School, Olney Friends Boarding School, and graduated from Penn College in 1931. She met her husband while both were on staff at Olney Friends School. After raising their children, they served as resident caretakers in Quaker meetinghouses in Honolulu and Denver. They spent part of a year traveling and speaking for the Friends Committee on National Legislation. She was an inspired gardener, a graceful ice-skater, and a vigorous hiker. She made the world's best applesauce and had a gift for home repair. During her years at Friends Home, she took up painting with considerable success. She was a wonderfully sweet soul and fine company. She is survived by her husband, Irving; a son, Steve Smith; three daughters, Carolyn Treadway, Margaret Lacey, and Evelyn Mavoroczai; ten grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.
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Snipes—Howard Taylor Snipes, 26, and Susan Durnford Snipes, 26, on Nov. 14, 1989. Married on Sept. 16, 1989, at Falls (Pa.) Meeting, they died together when their car hit a snow plow in a storm south of Laramie, Wyo. They were traveling across the country on their honeymoon at the time of the accident. The couple met in 1986 while teaching at Friends Central School in Overbrook, Pa. They planned to start work for Habitat for Humanity in Georgia in March 1990. Howard was educated at George School and graduated from Haverford College in 1985 with honors in history. He was a strong student, a gifted athlete, and a community leader. In 1983 he accompanied a group of George School students to Botswana for a work camp, and, in 1985, he traveled as one of five delegates from Haverford and Bryn Mawr to South Africa to lobby for the abolition of apartheid. He taught at George School from 1987 to 1989. His friends remember his radiant smile and picture him driving a horse-drawn carriage, singing the “windmill song” while playing banjo, and contra dancing with his wife, Susan. He is survived by his parents, Samuel and Barbara Taylor Snipes; his sisters Deborah Snipes Hale, Sally Snipes Wells, and Susan Snipes Wells; and his brothers, Samuel, Jr., and Jonathan. Susan graduated cum laude from the University of Toledo in 1986. She was a gifted musician and athlete. She taught biology at Friends Central School from 1986 to 1989, where she enriched the lives of many students and faculty. She was committed to serving others, and she spent two summers working with Habitat for Humanity in Trenton, N.J., and Philadelphia, Pa. Susan was self-assured, deeply religious, and shared her love of God freely. Susan’s father recalls her enthusiasm for going on family trips, visiting hardware stores, and learning automobile maintenance. One summer she journeyed to the high country by mule while working as a cook for a Wyoming outfitter. She is survived by her parents, Nancy and Thomas Durnford; brothers Timothy and Jonathan; and a nephew. The couple is buried at Falls Meeting among Howard’s ancestors, who helped settle Bucks County, Pa. in the late 17th century.

Woodrow—Joan Kennedy Woodrow, 70, on Nov. 8, 1989, at Kendal-at-Longwood, Kennett Square, Pa. She was born in Rochester, N.Y., and graduated from Florida State College for Women in 1941. She obtained a degree in nursing from Columbia University and worked as a nurse for 40 years. In 1946-47 she served as a volunteer for the American Friends Service Committee in China. While there she married another volunteer, W. Park Woodrow. The couple had one son and divorced in 1948. Joan earned a certificate in public health nursing from the University of Pennsylvania and worked at Children’s Hospital, Chester County Department of Health, and Visiting Nurse Association of Chester, Pa. She later turned to school nursing, working at Ellis School, Westtown School, and Friends Select School. Before retiring in 1983, she worked at the Delaware County nursing facility in Lima, Pa. She became a Friend in 1944, joining 15th Street Meeting in New York City, and she later transferred to Westtown (Pa.) Meeting. At the time of her death she was a member of Media (Pa.) Meeting. She is survived by her son, Peter J. Woodrow.
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Calendar

MARCH

2-3—"The Seeds of Peace: Economics, Equity, and Ecology, a Working Symposium for a Sustainable Future," presented by the American Friends Service Committee, Arizona area office. Program will be held in Tucson, Ariz., at the downtown Ramada Inn. To register, send $35 to Arizona AFSC, 931 N. 5th Ave., Tucson, AZ, or call (602) 623-9141.

6-12—Word Convocation on Justice, Peace, and the Integrity of Creation in Seoul, Korea. Conference participants will identify threats to life and propose acts of mutual commitment by churches in response to those threats. Information and resource materials available from World Council of Churches, Program on Justice, Peace, and the Integrity of Creation, P.O. Box 2100, CH 1211 Geneva 2, Switzerland.

14-18—Alaska Yearly Meeting at Kiana, Alaska. Contact Robert Sheldon, Box 687, Kotzebue, AK 99752, or call (907) 442-3931.

29-April 1—Philadelphia Yearly Meeting at Arch Street Meeting House in Philadelphia. Contact Samuel Caldwell, 1515 Cherry St., Phila., PA 19102, or call (215) 241-7210.

30—April 2—German Democratic Republic (East Germany) Yearly Meeting. Contact Hans-Ulrich Tschirner, Planckstr. 20, Berlin 1086, or call 491.63457.

30—April 2—Ireland Yearly Meeting. Contact the yearly meeting office, Swanbrook House, Bloomfield Ave. at Merchampton Road, Dublin 6, Ireland, or call 1-68-3646.

APRIL

through April 15—Lenten Desert Experience, with weekends of prayer, action, and reflection in Las Vegas and at the Nevada Test Site. Theme is "When Stones Cry Out." For information, contact Nevada Desert Experience, P.O. Box 4487, Las Vegas, NV 89127, or call (702) 646-4814.

5-8—Southeastern Yearly Meeting, in Brooksville, Fla. Contact Vicki Carlie, 3112 Via Dos, Orlando, FL 32187, or call (407) 678-1429.

8-15—Holy Week, Holy Walk, Holy Wake, a walking pilgrimage beginning Palm Sunday, from Las Vegas to the Nevada Test Site (60 miles). Easter weekend services at the test site. For information, call (702) 646-4814.

12-15—South Central Yearly Meeting, at the Christian Youth Foundation in Athens, Tex. Contact Gary Hicks, 1607 Morgan Lane, Austin, TX 78704, or call (512) 442-5623.


16—Cry of the Earth, a music drama by Tony Begin and Alec Davison, staged at London's Royal Festival Hall by the Quaker Orchestra and Chorus. Sponsored by Friends Provident insurance company.

March 1990 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Unique opportunity at the Meeting School to be of service at a Friends (Quaker) boarding high school in rural New Hampshire. Enjoy a family setting with teenagers where leadership and responsibility is integrated and Friends values practiced. We are seeking three faculty as well as interns to help in the following areas: houseparenting, sciences, English, math, writing workshop, administration, secretarial skills, gardening, farm, housekeeping, art, music, guidance, food buying, and maintenance. Experience in Quakerism, secondary teaching, and community living is helpful. Email cross@monteverde.org. The Meeting School, Rindge, NH 03451. (603) 899-3966.

Intern. Spend a year in Washington living at William Penn House, dividing work between WPH and an issue-oriented Washington organization. Stipend, room and board included. One year commitment beginning in September. Apply to Director, 515 East Capitol Street, Washington, D.C. 20003 by May 15. Contact: Friends Music Camp seeks staff person(s) to teach brass instruments and voice and to coach band. Write or call FMC, P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (513) 767-1311, or (615) 767-1316.

Trottle, Atardio 10158, 1000, San Jose, Costa Rica. Position available March 1, or earlier.

Monteverde Friends School seeks a cook, assistant cook, and cleaning person to work in small, multi-grade classes. While our salaries are low, the position is rich in experience. Please contact: Jean Stuckey, Montevverde Friends School, Ap do 10185, San José, Costa Rica. Telephone 61-11-67.

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General Secretary

Friends World Committee for Consultation

The position of FWCC General Secretary in the FWCC World Office in London, England, becomes vacant with the resignation of Val Ferguson, effective from the end of 1990. FWCC seeks to further communication and cooperation among Friends around the world, and encourage growth and depth in our religious society. Friends who apply should have experience of the life and work of Friends over a yearly meeting or group. A sense of Quaker faith and practice among Friends of varying backgrounds in different parts of the world would be a significant advantage. Familiarity with languages other than English would be helpful, but is not essential. The appointment is for three years in the first instance, and would commence not later than January 1992. The job description is available immediately from FWCC, Drayton House, 30 Gordon Street, London WC1H OAX, England. Applications in writing, with names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the clerk of the search group: Erica Vere, 13 Lawnaton Road, Heath Chapel, Stockport, SK4 2RG, England, by 30th June 1990.

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