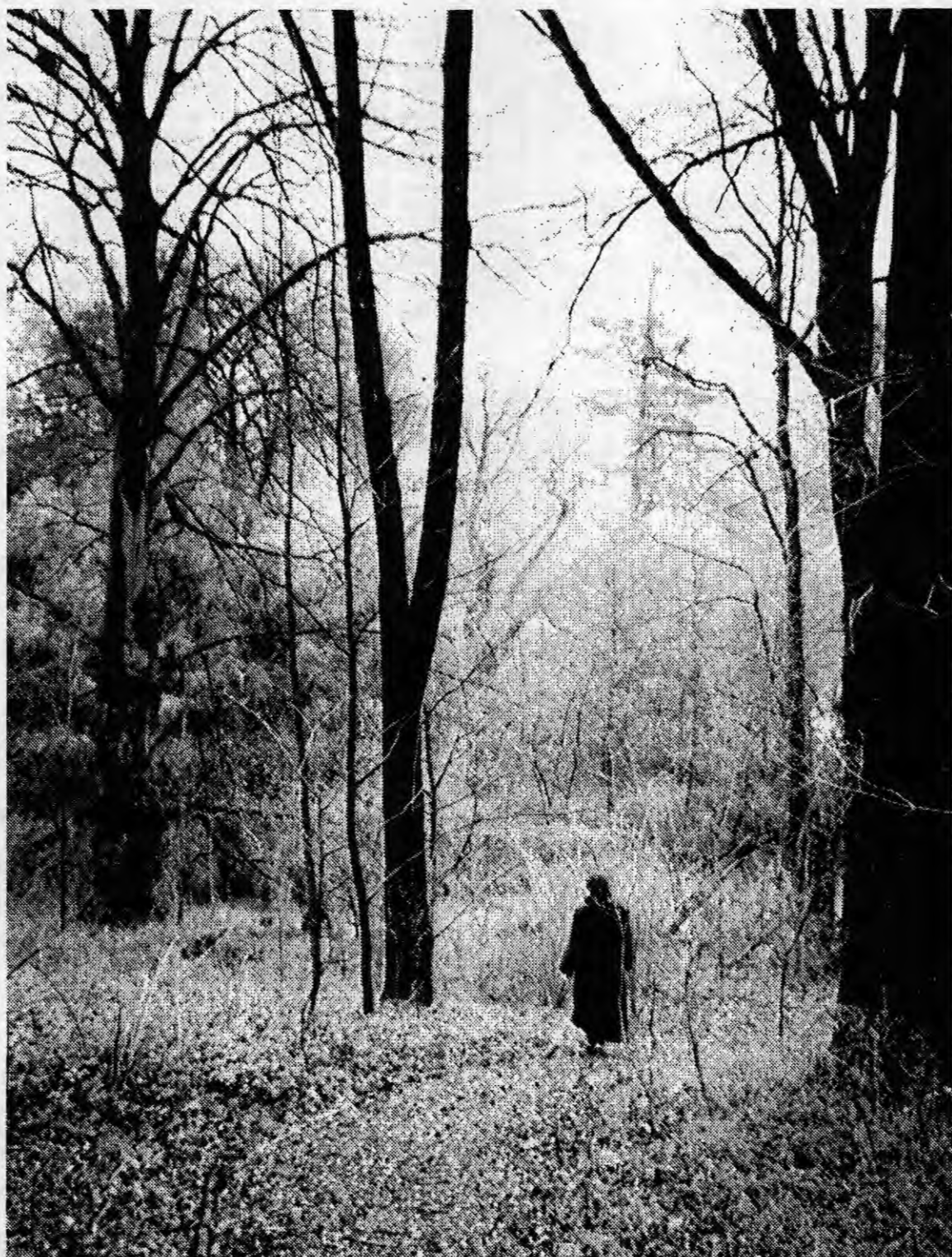


November 1990

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

**A Time
to Mend
The Roots
of Social
Action
Soviet
Pilgrim,
Spiritual
Friend**



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(215) 241-7277; FAX (215) 568-1377**Among Friends****Meet Gulen and Caitlyn**

One of them arrived from Hamilton, N.Y.,—the other from Sri Lanka via London, England. They are our two newest staff members at Friends Journal, Catherine E. Frost ("Caitlyn"), and Nagendran Gulendran (that's "Gulen," if you should ask). They handle the work of advertising, and circulation/promotion respectively.

Gulen was born in Colombo, Sri Lanka the second of 12 children—half boys, half girls. When I asked him where he grew up, Gulen smiled, "All over. My father was an electrical engineer. He was often transferred, and we tagged along: Jaffna, Negombo, many places." Gulen graduated from St. John's College in Jaffna, majoring in math and physics. In 1976 he went to London. His plan was for his wife and two daughters to come join him in time or to return to Sri Lanka. Violence against Tamils erupted the following spring, however, and Gulen was advised by family and friends not to return. If he waited a time, he thought, things would be better.

Six years later, things had not improved. Gulen's wife, Gnanal, and their daughters fled the violence and came to Philadelphia. It took another six years before Gulen could join them. He misses his mother, family, and friends. No news is getting out during this time of political uncertainty. Besides himself, I learned, five brothers and a sister are also out of the country, scattered about the globe.

Since Gulen joined our staff this spring he has handled our circulation with efficiency—learning about our computer, maintaining the subscriber list, the process of renewals and new subscriptions—also helping us with a variety of promotional projects. His business background is a valuable asset. He has a way of asking the right questions, seeing things through to completion, coming up with fresh ideas. And he's our resident expert on all things international.

Just one desk away from Gulen is our advertising manager, Caitlyn. She is a recent Earlham grad, where she majored in anthropology. Home for her is Hamilton, N.Y. Her dad is on the faculty at Colgate. She worked at the university the past year or so in the library and for the Housing Department.

When she's not handling advertising and assisting with Journal editorial projects Caitlyn enjoys visiting with family and friends and writing poetry. "I'm an avid reader," she confided, "and I love to debate theoretical issues with people . . . and when I'm feeling very domestic, I like to cross stitch!" I learned as well she enjoys modern dance and theatre. Save the dates of November 16 and 17. Caitlyn will be on stage those nights in a local drama guild performance of Paul Freed's play, *Death by Chocolate*. She takes the role of Dyslexia, a secretary. With such creativity she is sure to fill our pages with an abundance of attractive, interesting ads in coming months.

I've been asked to share a message with you from these colleagues. Caitlyn says, don't miss the ad on page 38. Gulen says, be sure to use the enclosed return envelope—look for the holiday green ink. We join in inviting you to submit a holiday gift subscription. In fact, why not give several!

Vinton Deming

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Joseph Sorrentino

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Forum

Seeing the forest

It is amazing to me that Dorothy Samuel (Forum, *FJ* July) could so focus on a single tree while forgetting the forest.

My friend, too, Bernie Kirby has read my book from cover to cover, and he did not misquote when he said the beneficiaries of 100 percent taxation of unearned income would be all of us, to the tune of \$15,000 per year each. The idea is to spread that income around, and eliminate all those classes of the poor that Dorothy Samuel is so concerned about.

With a stipend like that, all of us who are elderly would be able to live comfortably, none of us who are retired would be poor, and we would even restore the opportunity to "work your way through college" to every person who wants it and is qualified, as I was able to do 57 years ago.

Besides, the plan provides great benefits for the environment through voluntary reduction of the population and the leisured opportunity to blow the whistle on violators.

Incidentally, Dorothy Samuel also misinterprets the redistribution of income as the redistribution of wealth. I do not touch the latter, much to her surprise.

Robert Schutz
Santa Rosa, Calif.

Pressure needed

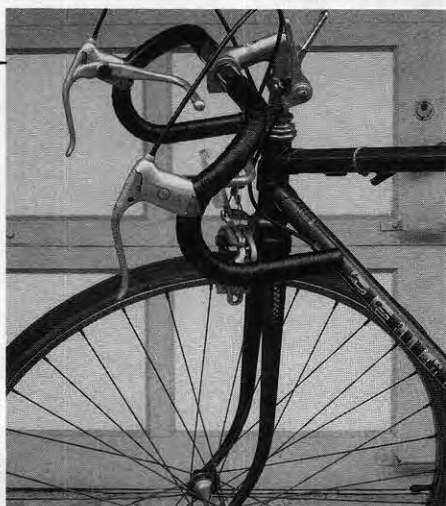
My article, "First Call for Children" (*FJ* October) can now be supplemented by the following news. The World Summit for Children at UN Headquarters in New York became a significant, conscience-raising event, with 71 heads of state or government attending.

The UN Convention on the Rights of the Child entered into force on September 2 and became law in the 22 countries which had ratified it. As of October 1, 127 countries have signed. Of these, 49 countries have now ratified the Convention and are states parties.

The United States is among only 32 UN members which have neither signed nor ratified the Convention, even though President Bush attended this world summit.

Public pressure has to continue on those countries which have not yet done so to sign the treaty. Those which have signed should be urged to ratify it.

Ingeborg Jack
Swarthmore, Pa.



Barbara Benton

Pedal power

In response to "Living an Environmentally Sound Lifestyle" (*FJ* August), I am disappointed in what I have seen of the Friends position on the protection of the environment. At the time of the gas shortage in the early '70s I began to bicycle to work and on other errands. I've persisted because this kind of biking is rewarding physically and, under many circumstances, emotionally. I have kept telling myself that people will eventually come to see how serious a threat to the environment the personal car is and will join me on the road. I expected Friends to lead the way, because dependence on the personal car is almost as opposed to Friends testimonies as slavery was—but it hasn't happened.

Where are the environmentalists who help by doing local errands on foot or bike? Among those who don't think it's safe to bike or walk, who works to improve roads, sidewalks, and drivers so it is safe? Where are the simple livers who feel one 150 lb. person in a 3,000 lb. car is wasteful and that a car that gets less than 40 or more miles per gallon is wasteful? Where are those interested in social justice who see that someone who can't afford a car hasn't got much liberty? Where are the pacifists who see the killing done by and for the car as wrong?

Doing errands by bike, in my experience, leads to an attitude beneficial to the environment. Being part of the environment, husbanding energy, and acknowledging interdependence all help to oppose the cavalier behavior characteristic of our present lifestyle.

Our culture is defined by the car, and the corresponding separation from the environment, individualism, and energy waste are key values in our general lifestyle. We are approaching an environmental crisis simply because we have those values. My suggestion for objectives of the Friends Environmental

Working Group are: to urge on Friends and others the alternative values, those associated with interdependence, unity with the environment, and sparing use of energy—and to pose among Friends questions like those above.

David Gould
Newtown, Pa.

Polygamous Quakers?

To add one more query concerning marriage and what it means (*FJ* August), consider polygamy. I lived in Salt Lake City for a year and discovered that, among a large number of Mormons, the tradition of plural marriage is still honored. I don't imagine there are many Quakers who feel that way, but it does seem those of us who are trying to determine what truly constitutes a marriage should not ignore this variation, which is so obviously wrong for us but is sacred to others.

It may be that no additional query is needed. Rima Segal posed the question, "Are there committed, enduring, mutually supportive, and caring living arrangements that might be entered into by adult members of the Religious Society of Friends that the meeting would not approve?" Perhaps she wasn't thinking of polygamy as one of the possibilities, but the words probably describe exactly what the plural-marriage Mormons think of as "true" marriage.

Otto W. Steinhart
San Francisco, Calif.

Support requested

We, with the Lord's help, are building a Christian community in service to the mentally retarded. This community will be located within an hour's drive of Austin, Texas, in a beautiful rural area.

We are issuing a "call to mission" to families and individuals who would like to share in this ministry.

The community will be called Down Home Ranch, in honor of persons like our daughter who have Down's syndrome. It will not, however, be restricted to people with Down's syndrome or to people of the Christian faith.

We will offer sheltered, meaningful employment, continuing education, and

Viewpoint

Looking at Ourselves

the chance to be a fully participating and valued member of the community.

We acknowledge that people with mental retardation are our equals in every way, wounded in ways that are visible in contrast to our own less visible wounds. We plan to frame our days in song and worship, speaking to that part of ourselves which can suffer no damage, the Christ within.

We seek to live in simplicity and grace. We will work together to take care of one another's material and spiritual needs. Although we welcome people of all faiths to serve with us, we do look to Christ Jesus as savior, healer, and the very foundation of the community.

If you are interested in serving, we will be happy to send you information on ourselves and the project. We need artisans, bakers, musicians, administrators, cooks, gardeners, seamstresses, teachers, moms, dads, brothers, sisters—and prayers.

Judy and Jerry Horton
6400 Arnold Drive
Austin, TX 78723

Some answers

Tim Back's letter (*FJ* April) closes with "three important questions." As I have happened on the answers, I am sending them along. (My sources are "The Yucca Mountain Story," DOE/RW-0224, Sept. 1989; and "High-Level and Transuranic Radioactive Wastes," EPAA520/1-85-023.)

1. How many tons of nuclear waste are produced each year in the United States? Power plants generate about 2,000 metric tons of spent fuel each year. By the year 2000 the accumulated total will reach about 40,000 metric tons. There will also be about 10,000 metric tons of high-level waste from defense programs.

2. How many millions of years will it remain radioactive? At time zero the activity is 136,000 Ci/MTIHM (whatever this unit might be); at 10,000 years it is down to 444, and over 90 percent of the activity is due to two plutonium isotopes.

3. Where are we going to put it—Nevada? By acts of Congress, the only location currently under study is the Yucca Mountain site in Nevada.

R. E. Cordray
Huntsville, Ala.

Continued on p. 6

Your June Forum gave me a lot to think about. First, the letter by Amy Weber about overpopulation and abortion inspired me to write down my thoughts on these issues. Friend Amy says her concerns about overpopulation are considered "secular, reactionary, and out of place in a discussion among Friends." I certainly hope any Friend's concerns are never treated like that—rejected out of hand. But, as one who might argue in favor of simple living and redistribution of the world's resources, I would like to present, in a friendly way, I hope, a response to her assertion that simple living and redistribution of resources "seem a little behind the times."

After being involved with peace and justice issues for almost 20 years, and living in an underdeveloped country for the last four years, I have seen the necessity for those of us from the States to face the fact it is in our country where 6 percent of the population of the world squanders close to half the resources of the entire planet. A First World child will use, and probably waste, ten times the resources of a Third World child. So population control is essential in the First World. But let's be honest. When we think of overpopulation, don't we always think of China, India, Africa, or Latin America? Of course we think of countries where people starve, or where many children die for lack of basic health care, as the ones that need help, and it may seem apparent that reducing the number of mouths to feed, or the frequency of births, is the obvious place to start.

But history shows otherwise. Family planning has been voluntarily accepted within countries where everyone can count on getting enough to eat and where basic health and sanitation measures have improved the child survival rates. It took about four generations for family planning to be accepted in the Western world. Even forced population control measures such as China's have only succeeded in conjunction with health and nutritional improvements. And vice versa, in the countries where such things are uncertain, it makes sense to have as many children as possible so one or two can survive to earn money for the others, and take care of the parents in their old age.

Each of us must ask ourselves, "What can I do?" For me, the answer lies in limiting my own offspring, living simply, and struggling nonviolently against the injustice that keeps the majority of the

world's people in abject poverty. For me this addresses many spiritual as well as political concerns. First of all, it provides me with activities that help to combat the hopelessness I might otherwise feel in the face of the nuclear shadow, the deteriorating environment, and the news of famine and war that threaten to overwhelm me. Living simply is a way to identify with the poor, as well as a way to help focus on the truly important things in life. And finding a community of people, a society of friends (or a Society of Friends) with whom to share resources, and share the struggle, is what I have come to understand as the gospel community.

Often, it seems to me that concern for overpopulation is a concern about the actions of other people. A study of co-dependency issues has led me to understand that the only actions I can really ever hope to change are my own.

Which leads me to the letter by Roger S. Lorenz, also in the June issue. Like him, I wonder where I can find the compassion to reach out to the warmakers, the exploiters, the overconsumers, and the unjust. Perhaps the answer lies in extending the 12-Step approach to these issues, as he hints. (An excellent book on this subject is *When Society Becomes an Addict*, by Ann Wilson-Schaefer.)

In our small (S)societies, perhaps we can come to a greater understanding of the disease and our own actions which enable it, and with the support of our (F)riends, and our Higher Power, refrain from these actions, day by day. The first step is admitting our own sickness.

Val Liveoak
Austin, Tex.



Jean Price Norman

An even older group

"Children in Chains" by A. H. (*FJ* July) is a moving account of the work of the London Anti-Slavery Society of which I have long been an admirer. Readers of the *FRIENDS JOURNAL*, however, may be interested to know there is an older, though smaller anti-slavery society in the United States.

Founded in 1775 largely by Quakers, the Pennsylvania Society for the Abolition of Slavery, the Relief of Negroes Unlawfully Held in Bondage, and the Elevation of the African Race has put its emphasis on work largely in this country against slavery and racial discrimination. For many years it provided legal counsel for escaped slaves, lobbied for the abolition of slavery, and conducted schools for inner city African-Americans. After the Civil War, it supported schools for newly freed slaves in the South, operating one such school in Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina, until 1955.

Today it continues to meet and to support programs such as education in this country on apartheid in South Africa, and work with inner city youth. Its records, stored at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, have become a valuable resource to scholars of African-American history.

Margaret Hope Bacon
Pennsylvania Abolition Society
1300 Locust Street
Philadelphia, PA 19107

Danger of diluting

Friends' concerns for witness have never been the most comfortable topics for discussion, have they? But I'm sure you are doing a fine service when you air what Friends are currently thinking about.

It is a little frightening, however, to wonder to what extent our current preoccupation with questions about same-sex marriage and abortion may tend further to polarize FGC, FUM, and EFA Friends. Is there a serious risk our differences may dilute our witness in matters that concern the world more generally, as opposed to problems that seem (to me) to impinge more on individuals, however vital these questions may appear to the individuals most concerned?

Let us continue to hold each other in love (until we can find ourselves confidently in the Light!)

Kathryn Parke
Black Mountain, N.C.



Victimless?

I take exception with John Ewbank's inclusion of adultery as a "victimless practice" (*Forum FJ* August). Ask anybody who has had to face the painful discovery of an unfaithful spouse. I don't think I need to go into a prolonged discourse on the sacredness of the truth and the word as a basic tenet of Quakerism. If fidelity in marriage is the dominion of "arrogant prudes" as Ewbank asserts, then I will gladly wear his scarlet letters. I hope they don't clash with the plain dress I will have to adopt to go with my conservative tastes.

Scott Brigham
St. Paul, Minn.

Now is the time

Thanks to Gilbert White for his comprehensive report (*FJ* July) on the world convocation on Justice, Peace, and the Integrity of Creation, held in Seoul, Korea, last March and sponsored by the World Council of Churches. Friends were indeed well-represented among the delegates present.

These delegates were selected by the WCC from names of candidates submitted by member churches. Friends General Conference is a member of the WCC, as is Friends United Meeting and Canadian Yearly Meeting, and the Christian and Interfaith Relations Committee is the corresponding link between FGC and the WCC. From a list of candidates recommended by CIRC, the WCC selected both Asia Bennett and Mary Link to represent FGC at Seoul.

The final document from the convocation is now available. Titled *Now Is the Time*, it contains substantive materials in addition to the final document—including a list of resources on JPIC. Of particular interest to Friends may be the section, "An Act of Covenanting," which focuses on four specific "concretizations:" the debt crisis

and world economic order; demilitarization and nonviolence; preserving the world's atmosphere; and racism and discrimination.

Now Is the Time may be ordered from the U.S. Office: World Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Dr., Room 915, New York, NY 10015. The cost is \$3.

Laura Nell Morris
Washington, D.C.

Plainly speaking

I am grateful for Heather Anne Paxson's article "I'm a Thee, Too" (*FJ* June). Reading her words helped to ease the pain of exclusion which has, at times, resulted from the use of plain speech by fellow Quakers to each other while in my company but not speaking to me.

I strongly agree with Paxson's assertion that "the meanings of plain language are predicated by different social situations, but the underlying consideration has therefore remained an illusion to the presence of 'that of God' within everyone."

Audrey Tucker
Philadelphia, Pa.

Measuring the cost?

Was I supposed to notice the difference between the Vinton Deming editorial and the article by Kathleen Geist and Amy Weber (*FJ* August)? Deming shows us that a child's desire for nickels "can help build a safer, healthier environment." Geist and Weber say, "To live a truly environmentally sound lifestyle, we must be constantly aware of why we are living this way. . . . When we decide to walk instead of driving our cars, we are not thinking of saving money, we are thinking about saving the earth."

William M. Alexander
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

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.

Thoughts About Jesus

by Irwin Abrams

Albert Schweitzer suggested that each cultural age has fashioned its own image of Jesus in accordance with its own Zeitgeist and that each author of a life of Jesus reveals a great deal about himself. My own image of Jesus derives from my being a historian by profession and a Quaker by conviction.

I am no biblical scholar, but I have studied early Christian history with care, and I find it difficult to accept the Jesus of church orthodoxy. This doctrine owes much to Paul, who interpreted his own vision of Jesus in terms of the Hellenistic mystery religions of his day, whose followers believed in a God who died and was reborn. They participated in various rituals that gave them promise of their own immortality.

The Jesus of history is, for me, an ongoing historical inquiry, an effort to separate fact from fiction in gospel accounts that were written long after the events described by authors who had access to earlier documents and an oral tradition, but whose purpose was not to write biography, but to teach and preach. There are even skeptics who declare that the Gospels are so lacking in credibility that probably Jesus was just a myth. Actually there is ample evidence Jesus lived and was executed by the Romans, probably because his teachings threatened the Jewish priestly establishment and his actions seemed to the Romans to be provoking disorder.

Jesus was a charismatic leader, whose

Irwin Abrams is an emeritus professor of history at Antioch College and a member of Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting, where he moderated a series of discussions on Friends' beliefs. He writes about the Nobel peace prize and has just published Words of Peace, selections from the Oslo speeches of the prizewinners.

influence over his followers reasserted itself so powerfully after his death that they came to believe he had reappeared. In the four Gospels the apostles see him both in physical form and in visions, but it is the belief in the physical resurrection that becomes the cornerstone of Christian orthodoxy. Other early Christians, considered heretics, treated the Resurrection symbolically.

Among these were the gnostic Christians, many of whose scriptures were discovered only in 1945. As Elaine Pagels has described them, they "could not accept on faith what others said," but insisted on "the primacy of immediate experience," an approach which she notes was similar to that of George Fox. Pagels also reports that many of the gnostic texts speak of God as embracing feminine as well as masculine elements.

In the first and second centuries there may well have been many diverse accounts of Jesus and his beliefs that could not be accommodated to orthodox church doctrine and failed to survive. As to the four accounts the church did recognize, although I have many questions as to their overall historical authenticity, they convey to me a compelling sense of a life of love and compassion, a life of beauty and integrity, a life filled with the spirit of the Divine, divinity breaking into history, love come to earth.

The Little Flowers of St. Francis, a collection of delightful contemporary tales about the saint of Assisi, includes many incidents that are unlikely to have happened, but which give us a vivid sense of his spirit. Just so do many of the stories of Jesus in the Gospels. There is a truth in poetry beyond the rules of historical evidence.

The style and content of many of the parables of Jesus have a cogency and a unity which has the ring of truth. It is not so important to me whether Jesus gave the Sermon on the Mount as depicted, or whether an editor collected sayings from the oral tradition and placed them all together. I find truth in the ethical teachings, in the vision of the life lived according to these insights. Quakers are fond of saying about a statement attributed to Jesus, "It is not true because Jesus said it; Jesus said it because it is true." Might we say it could be true even if Jesus did not actually say it?

How can I be so sure? Because of my experience of the "Christ within," the spirit with which Jesus in my image of him was filled to the fullest, of which he was a supreme manifestation. We are

all children of God, each with that spark of divinity that connects us all with one another and with utmost reality; it is at the same time our potential for godfulness, our capacity to develop our creativeness, to engage in the search for truth, to become messengers of love.

This we know experientially. It is our experience of the Divine that validates the sayings of Jesus, the image in the Gospels. As we open ourselves to this spirit, we can sense our human unity, the foundation for the ethic of Jesus, we can experience that overpowering love and compassion which breathes through the life portrayed in the Gospels.

While I seek to make manifest in my own life this divine spirit, trying to

*There is an
overwhelming love
and compassion
which breathes
through the
life of Jesus
portrayed in
the Gospels.*

Free Library of Philadelphia

follow the example of Jesus, I know others are making their way up the mountain by the paths of other religions. When I met the Dalai Lama last December in Oslo, I felt he was just about at the summit, having followed a very different path from mine. For me, it is the image of Jesus that lights my way upward, that helps me comprehend something of divinity—giving it a human face—and that inspires me to make the climb.

The Christ Jesus that speaks to my condition is both the divine spirit, within and beyond, and the human being whom it filled to overflowing. □

Spiritual Roots of Social Action

by Ruth Flower

Four essential strengths may sustain us as we work to improve the world.

Spiritual roots reach deep into our childhood encounters with Spirit. My first tender roots were nourished in childhood with rich, old truths and ancient teachings. I was taught, among other things, to reach for faith, hope, and love as three major virtues that should be woven into my life.

My growing up has been a process of learning to merge those spiritual teachings with my own yearnings for justice and beauty in a very unbalanced world. I believe that these three strengths—faith, hope, and love—together with an essential fourth—imagination—can support and inspire effective, caring, and sustained action

Ruth Flower is a lobbyist with the Friends Committee on National Legislation, and a member of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting. Her article is from a talk she gave at the Legislative Conference earlier this year sponsored by Friends Peace Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

for social justice and peace. I propose here to look at these four—faith, hope, love, and imagination—in the light of some struggles that have deepened their meaning for me.

FAITH

Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. When I was a child, faith was the prescribed antidote to curiosity. When something didn't make sense to me, I was urged to "take it on faith," and to stop asking so many questions. But faith has very little to do with questions and curiosity. Faith has to do with being centered in a reality that might be different from the one we can see. At a recent retreat with Jim Wallis of the Sojourner community, we were asked to consider whether we have faith to align our lives with the future we've been promised. Do we live our lives now in the assurance of things hoped for, in attunement with the kingdom where spirit reigns? Do our own lives reflect a world ruled by justice and respect for all creation—even if that world is not one we can see yet?

This call to faith—to live "as if"—is a profound challenge. It reaches deeply into the way we conduct our family and home lives, the way we raise and teach our children, the way we participate in meeting together, the way we work together on committees, in programs, in offices and on our jobs. The challenge is no less than to live consistently with the ideals we strive for. And how difficult that is.

When we are trying so hard to help others in our meetings and communities to understand the urgency of a social problem, it's so easy to lose sight of the dignity of others who might choose actions other than the ones we've suggested (especially if they choose inaction).

When a mailing *has* to go out, the time pressures can call up unworthy thoughts among us, and can leave us feeling "disloyal" if we or one of our co-workers leaves the work behind in favor of an opportunity to be with family or friends.

Can we possibly have time to recycle reusable products, opt for public transportation or bicycles over a car, shop politically for nutritionally sound and organic meals, and live lightly on the earth, when our important social action work awaits us?

Do we share our possibly meager salaries and program budgets in an equitable way with any who help us at home or at work? Faith might mean paying the babysitter a living wage, even when we can't afford it.

Giving ourselves and giving each other the space and time to live "as if" is an affirmation of our faith as one strong tendril of our spiritual roots. Faith calls on us to begin living as if the world we seek had already begun. Faith moves the mountain by rebuilding it—piece by piece—where we stand.

HOPE

Hope was always one of my favorite virtues. It was the one I was good at. Hope was what you do just before Christmas,



or before your birthday. I could hope in technicolor. I could visualize my future with a particular present. I could almost taste it.

But when the things I wanted were no longer the things offered in catalogues, I started having trouble with hope. How can we look at the world as it is and have hope? Studying history in college was the biggest hope-killer of all. History was little more than a catalogue of wars and conquests, each century offering more of the same.

If we project forward from the past that we've laid, destruction of the planet is virtually inevitable. The only real

debate we could have would be about means and schedules. Will it be nuclear holocaust, starvation due to overpopulation, the widening hole in the ozone layer, or a massive super-virus that we cannot combat? Will the end come just years from now, or decades, or generations into the future? If we project forward from the past, there is little room for hope. Fear overtakes all possibility of action; fear paralyzes us.

So hope is really about handling fear. Hope is the ability to look at and understand the past and the present, but to unhook it from the future. Hope allows us the confidence to put a com-

ma in history, and then to put our energies and imagination to work for new directions. Hope makes room for imagination and allows us to look for and expect change—in individuals, in communities, in nations, and in political systems. Hope allows us the confidence to build on that change and not on the past.

It is also important to think about hope as allowing us to look for and expect change in ourselves. Our view of the world and its people need not always be restricted by the narrow and twisted windows of racism, classism, sexism, and all the "-isms" that so many of us were handed. Hope allows a separation from "the way things always were," a letting go of the little and big fears that can otherwise envelope and stifle us.

LOVE

Of all the tendrils of our spiritual roots, we probably hear the most said about love. For generations, the American Friends Service Committee has put out the clear call, "let us then try what love can do." Yet love is probably the most fragile and elusive of these four major spiritual roots of social action.

Stirrings of love and compassion have probably lured most of us into social action at one time or another. And most of us have probably felt the pain that comes when those fragile bonds of love are broken. Before it can sustain us in social action, love must be nurtured, tested, and strengthened.

In its infant stages, love is often encumbered by reciprocal expectations. If I love you, I want you to love me back (the basic formula for most country music and romantic novels). This expectation carries into most human relationships, not just romantic ones. In the social action context, it carries into the caregiver/care receiver relationships. But as with many chance encounters—for all kinds of reasons—sometimes the love is not reciprocated. Sometimes the love is greeted with further demands, or with mistrust, or even with scorn. In our minds, we can explain these reactions to ourselves. But in our hearts, we may carry deep wounds for years.

If this fragile love is to become a spiritual root for sustained social action, it must be developed beyond its infant stages. It must be relieved of its burden of expectations, and then—like taffy—it must be pulled and stretched to strength-

en it and bring out its flavor.

Friends have helped me with this "taffy pull" many times. Once when I was working in California, I was involved in a project that required me to visit some of the most violent prisoners in Folsom Prison. In a small worship-sharing group at our yearly meeting that summer, I was congratulating myself—humbly, or course—for having overcome my fears of the prisoners and having learned to see them as people, held in the jaws of an overbearing and oppressive system. An elderly Friend, who, I later learned, had spent some time in a German prison camp during World War II, said quietly: "You have come a long way to learn to love the prisoners. Now I wish you the courage to learn to love the guards."

"Learning to love the guards" has been a hallmark of Friends' social action, a strength that sometimes permits Friends to make progress in an otherwise paralyzed and polarized situation. This hallmark carries through also in direct actions that include civil disobedience. In 1981, a group of women chained themselves to the White House fence on the anniversary of the passage of the 19th Amendment, to demonstrate support for the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment. The group had agreed that the action was to be non-violent. One member of that group, now a Quaker, spoke of how that non-violence was intended to include "not only nonviolence to the body, but also to the spirit. We respected the police as people and not as stereotypically enemy. . . ." That extra step, visible only in attitude and perhaps in language, can transform a demonstration into a soul-changing event. The spiritual root of love, tested and stretched, is a root of power.

Love also has a flip-side that has become distressingly visible in the last few years. That flip-side is hate. As love gathers its strength from faith, hope, and imagination, hate can gather considerable steam on the basis of fear, cynicism, and ignorance.

"Let us try then what love can do." What does love have to say about crimes based purely on hatred, domestic terrorism against Native Americans, blacks, Asians, Latinos, gays and lesbians, or any other group that has the misfortune to be targeted for special attention?

Racism and other hatreds tend to draw lines, push away, and exalt one section of society at the expense of the

others. Love would look to build bridges over these chasms.

Love calls us to a complexity of tasks when it meets its enemy, hatred. On the one hand, there are the lines drawn by hatred. These are not chalk lines drawn casually for play. These lines are *etched* into our own souls. Unless we turn the light just right, sometimes we can't even see the etching. But it's there, in all of us, and we face a lifetime task of filling in and polishing over those etchings.

In my own life, it has been easier for me to catch sight of the deep etchings of sexism than of racism. Again and again, I catch myself *assuming* a duty, a wish, an adjective, a fact that has no basis other than gender. If it's that hard for me to find and root out sexism from my own life, how much more deeply must the unchallenged teachings of racism run?

I'm finding that one cannot *just* erase the lines. It is important at the same time to counter the other aspects of hate, such as the *pushing away*. Our society has so incorporated racism that it is possible to live in a city like Washington, D.C., with a 40 percent minority population, and never mix socially outside one's own race. We have a social apartheid in this country that is as tangible in practical effect as the system we abhor in South Africa. Love calls on us to bridge those distances that have been so artificially created.

Finally, love would not have us tolerate the exaltation of one group at the expense of another. How many privileges does my skin color give me that would not be available to a person of another color? Am I willing to live in that privilege while it is denied to others? Is there a way to move that mountain a little closer, to live as if the just kingdom were already among us?

IMAGINATION

Sometimes the biggest hurdle is being able to picture a world, a society, that is *not* what we have now. The release of imagination can allow us to build and move toward such a picture.

Imagination can take us to many places we'd never get to otherwise. Among other things, imagination can bring people together from different points in history who would be very pleased to know one another. Paul talked about this aspect of imagination in Hebrews 11, when he described the

"cloud of witnesses" who had acted on faith down through the history shared by the people to whom he was writing. When we explore women's history, black history, Quaker history, and the stories of oppressed groups around the world, we uncover other clouds of witnesses. Imagination can even supplement underfunded travel budgets, so that we are able to hear and understand voices from South Africa, from Central America, from the Pacific Islands and the Caribbean, from sub-Saharan Africa and from Romania.

We can ask ourselves: If I were there, if I lived in that time, would my voice sound like these voices? Would I be standing with those who are struggling? And sometimes we know the answer is yes—I would be there. I would raise my voice as they raise theirs. I could do no other.



When we know that answer, our imagination allows us to meet together with people from all these times and places, to encourage one another, to consult with one another, and to plan together.

Imagination can teach and stretch and challenge us. It can help us align our spiritual postures so we stand with the saints that we would name: Foremothers and forefathers who have given profound meaning to the virtues we value, people who can name and draw a picture of a new world they are helping create. When we know our answer—as to where we would stand—then we will know how far from alone we are. We stand in a stream of saints.

The psalmist knew of this stream so many hundreds of years ago, when he wrote:

There is a river whose streams
Make glad the City of God,
The dwelling place of the most high.
God is in the midst of her,
She will not be moved.
God will help her when the morning
dawns.

Ps. 46, 4-5.
American Standard

I Wish Friends Would . . .

by Leonard S. Kenworthy

As Quakers, we often look back on the history of our Society and revel in its past, even though we frequently idealize or glamorize those earlier periods.

Of course, there are merits in such backward glances. But there are also demerits or dangers in lingering too long on what has gone before us. Important as it is to know from whence we came, it is even more important to consider whither we are going. Hence these thoughts on the future of the Religious Society of Friends—my dreams, my hopes, my expectations for the present decade, and even for the first years of the 21st century. My list is long, but individuals and meetings can decide on which points they want to concentrate, realizing that deserts are not brought to life by sponges but by irrigation canals.

Here, then, is my agenda for the future of Friends in the years immediately ahead of us.

I wish that Friends would . . .



. . . realize the enormous potentialities in every human being who lives in the Light, and therefore work assiduously

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and creatively to release such possibilities in themselves and in others.

In my life I have heard scores of sermons and messages on loving God and one's neighbors, but precious few on the other part of that glorious text—"as thyself."

It was the release of their full potentialities that turned the Galilean fishermen from ordinary people into the extraordinary disciples of Jesus, and it was the release of their full capabilities that transformed William Penn, Elizabeth Fry, and John Woolman from insignificant to significant individuals, from lightweight Quakers to weighty Friends.

Surely the release of the full potentialities in people should be our top priority in the years ahead—starting with ourselves.

. . . consider seriously and prayerfully our desperate need for a vital vocal ministry.

It is crucially important to the future of Friends that we examine earnestly the role of vocal ministry in our meetings for worship on the basis of expectant silence, realizing that the pastoral system developed among Quakers in the United States in the 19th century chiefly because of the lack of a vocal ministry that spoke to the condition of most members and attenders in large parts of our country at that time.

Somehow we need to put into practice our assertion that we have not abolished the ministry, but have eliminated the laity, making all of us ministers.

Undoubtedly there will always be a few individuals who speak more frequently than others in meetings for worship, but ideally everyone should have messages to share from time to time over the years.

This view of the vocal ministry does not diminish our concern about the expectant silence in which we worship. Actually, it enhances that concern because we believe that out of our direct

dialogue with the divine, individually and collectively, inspired and inspiring messages will frequently arise.



Barbara Benton

. . . experiment with ways of helping Quakers and non-Quakers to worship more effectively in silence.

Probably the original Quaker method of group worship is the most rewarding form there is for many people. But it is extremely difficult for many, too.

Consequently, a few people seem to grasp immediately, and possibly intuitively, how to conduct themselves in such worship and need little or no instruction. But many others need to learn, at least initially, some techniques. It seems curious—and sad—to this writer that Quakers have ignored the education of their worshipers for nearly 300 years.

Fortunately some such experimentation has gone on in the last few decades, especially in Quaker schools. But even more needs to be done in those institutions, in meetings with a large percentage of new attenders, and even in those with a large percentage of long-time Friends.

. . . recover our knowledge of the Bible, rediscover the centrality of the life and teachings of Jesus, and appreciate the

power of prayer in their lives and the place of public prayer in Quaker meetings for worship.

It is relatively easy to understand the aversion some people have to the Bible because of the misuse or abuse of it by many Christians. It is also easy to understand the revulsion of many people against the figure of Jesus, largely because of the portrayal of him in their childhood. And it is comparatively easy to understand the inhibitions many individuals have about public prayer.

Nevertheless, these approaches to religion lie at the center of Christianity and of Quakerism. Consequently we will never attain the vitality and authenticity we covet without the discovery or rediscovery of these major sources of spiritual power.

So these three facets of Quakerism need to be aspects on which we work diligently, intelligently, creatively, and prayerfully in the years ahead.



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... provide a larger place for music, art, and drama in the lives of Friends and of Quaker Meetings.

I trust we can forgive early Friends for their yielding to the puritanism of their times and their locality. But that decision deprived many generations of the enrichment they could have achieved otherwise as individuals, families, and meetings.

Fortunately, modern Quakers have progressed far in removing those shackles. But much remains to be done to release fully the creativity of individual Friends in these areas and to enrich meetings.

This is another aspect of contemporary Quakerism which needs exploration, especially with children and young people.



Barbara Benton

... concentrate on the revitalization of our local meetings.

In the years ahead we will probably be concerned increasingly with the Religious Society of Friends nationally and internationally. Yet the local meeting is the place where we need to work most effectively.

As Rufus Jones once wrote, that group is "the vital cell," "the laboratory of our faith," "the real experimental station of the spiritual life." Surely the top of our pyramid cannot be supported unless it has a strong base.

How much we need to concentrate on those local groups so that they become more truly fellowships of Friends, caring communities, vital cells, and holy experiments, as well as launching pads for social concerns.

... continue to examine the functions of quarterly meetings.

For a long time quarterly meetings served several functions in the life of the Society of Friends—including social as well as organizational and spiritual needs. But with changes in society, some people wonder if those units have outlived their usefulness.

Probably we need to continue to explore the possible functions of quarterly meetings. Perhaps all or nearly all Quaker schools and boarding homes need to be under their care rather than of monthly meetings, providing a larger pool of personnel to support and run them. Perhaps many gatherings for young people need to be arranged on this broader basis rather than by monthly meetings. Possibly we need more quarterly meeting newsletters and secretaries.

Indeed there may well be important functions for these units in the years just ahead.

... narrow the gap between the so-called Christocentric Friends and the so-called Universalist Quakers.

For those who know Quaker history, there can be no doubt about the Christian foundations of our faith. But there is also a universalist theme in our history, and it is one which needs to be fostered even more in the future than in the past.

Surely those two approaches can be combined, emphasizing a Christian-based Society, reaching out to those of other faiths or religions.



Friends World Committee for Consultation

... reach out to other groups of Friends in the United States and abroad.

One of the tragedies of the Society has been our divisions, primarily in the United States, but exported by us abroad.

Organizational unity does not seem feasible in the foreseeable future, but increased understanding and cooperation should be possible. Perhaps we need to recognize most of all that each branch has taken some parts of the original total message of Friends and stressed those tenets and practices, and that different segments of our Society speak to the needs of differing groups of people—

economically, educationally, psychologically, and spiritually.

... resist the temptation to create larger and larger units.

An analysis of Quaker beliefs and organization throughout our history seems to indicate that Quakers function most effectively in relatively small groups.

Yet Quakers in the United States have found it difficult in recent decades to resist the temptation to grow larger and larger, with the result that the Quaker atmosphere has often been lost. Such has been the story of Quaker-run hotels and summer resorts, Quaker-run schools and colleges, and some think of the American Friends Service Committee.

Perhaps we need to realize that small is often beautiful.

... increase our efforts to interpret Quakerism to a wider public than we have done in the recent past.

It is comparatively easy to understand the inhibitions of some Quakers to proselytize, in view of some of the tactics used by many evangelical Christians. However, it might be rewarding and provocative to examine the early history of Quakerism and to realize how zealous those Friends were in "spreading the Truth" as they saw it. Having had their lives transformed, they felt compelled to share the good news with others.

Some of the inhibitions regarding outreach have been removed in recent years among silent meeting Friends. But certainly much more needs to be done in the foreseeable future to interpret our way of life, our method of worship, and our basic concerns to others, including blacks, Hispanics, Asians, and others in the vast reaches of our country.

... tackle realistically and creatively some of the major problems of our time—locally, nationally, and internationally.

Over the decades, Quakers have often been leaders, even more often strong supporters of various movements for human betterment.

But new times bring new or intensified problems, and our current period is no exception. Today we are confronted with such baffling problems as AIDS, alcoholism, crime, drugs, misuse of the

environment, spouse and child abuse—and above all, poverty. (See Leonard Kenworthy's article "Are Quakers Concerned About Poverty?" *FJ* October 1989.)

Of course Friends will not be able to speak clearly, constructively, and creatively on all of these current issues, but they can concentrate on a few on which they can achieve unity and on which they have something especially pertinent to say.

... would recognize the diversity of sexual preference and apply the Quaker belief in that of God in every individual to people of divergent sexual lifestyles.

Certainly some progress has been made in recent years among silent meeting Friends in their recognition of the widespread existence of homosexuality and bisexuality, alongside heterosexuality. But much education needs to be fostered in the foreseeable future, with help from such Quaker pioneers in human sexuality as Mary Calderone, Eric Johnson, and David and Vera Mace.

Similarly, we surely need to curb our strident voices as we seek unity in our attitudes toward abortion.



Canadian Yearly Meeting

... expand our horizons to obtain a spaceship view of the world instead of a porthole view of our planet.

Throughout their history Friends have had a credible record in this regard, especially in recent decades. Outstanding as that history is, Quakers now need to increase their efforts to gain a planetary perspective and to wrestle with prob-

lems on a worldwide scale, as well as locally and nationally.

That, too, can be difficult, but it can be exciting and rewarding as well.



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... reflect in our outer lives as well as in our inner beings joy, humor, and a zest for living.

It was Tom Kelly who wrote that "Christians who don't know an inner Pentecostal joy are living contradictions of Christianity." In another passage he expressed that idea more humorously, saying, "I'd rather be St. Frances hymning his canticle to the sun than a dour, sobersides Quaker whose diet would appear to have been spiritual persimmons."

Few of us probably picture early Friends as joyous individuals. Yet Elfrida Vipont Foulds has written, "The spirit of the early days of Quakerism will not be fully renewed . . . until the secret of their joy is rediscovered and expressed anew. . . ."

So I covet for myself and for others an inner joy which reflects itself in an outer joy, humor, and a zest for living.

Such are my hopes, my dreams, my expectations for the future of Friends in this decade and in the opening years of the 21st century. It is an ambitious agenda but an achievable one.

What are your dreams, your hopes, your expectations, and those of your meeting, for the future? On which do you and your meeting hope to concentrate? □



Melissa Kay Elliott

Soviet Pilgrim, Spiritual Friend

by Melissa Kay Elliott

Tatiana Pavlova, a Soviet citizen who visited Quakers in the United States this year, brought a prophetic message with her: We are together in the Spirit with people in Russia, and those bonds are the strength that can heal this world. To those who met her, Tatiana's presence brought a taste of the excitement generated when two nations who have confronted each other nose-to-nose for decades begin to open themselves through the heart-to-heart connections of their citizens.

Sitting with her under a tree at Pendle Hill one spring day, I had the chance to talk to her about her experiences and ask her to share her observations. Our talk covered a lot of ground, from comparing landscapes and shopping opportunities to sharing insights about the character of her people and mine. No matter what the subject, she kept coming back to these basic themes: people's need for each other and the spiritual center that binds us all in spite of differences.

Tatiana is a moderately tall woman, with short, brown hair and translucent, green-blue eyes that can search her listener's face or peer into the distance as she talks. Warm and welcoming, she is more likely to ask about her visitor's spiritual life than to talk about her highly professional position as a historian in the Department of Social Ideas and Utopian Socialism at the Moscow Institute of General History. Her unlikely path to Quakerism began years ago while studying the Second Republic in England (1658-1660). During those years, Quakers were coming into their own politically and religiously, taking courageous stands at the leading of their newly formed faith. Tatiana was particularly moved by the story about 164 Quakers who signed a petition saying they wanted to take the places of those who were imprisoned for defending religious freedom. She eventually researched and wrote about John Bellers, a Friend whose socialist Utopian ideas brought him to the attention of Karl Marx. Because Marx had approved of Bellers, as recorded in *Das Kapital*, it was allowable for Tatiana to pursue the subject. Her book about Bellers's life and thinking was published in 1979.

Several British Quakers heard of the Soviet interest in early Friends, and in 1983 two of them, William Barton and Peter Jarman, arranged to give a talk at the institute where Tatiana works. At

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that occasion, when the subject of John Bellers came up, William Barton spoke glowingly of Tatiana's book, which, much to Tatiana's surprise, he had read in Russian. "If you can imagine how it felt to hear that," she exclaimed to me under the tree, sunlight dappling her enthusiastic face.

That was one door opening to the outside world for Tatiana, because, although Soviet scholars received substantial financial support from their government, they had been isolated from their worldwide community of colleagues. At first, British Friends sent Tatiana literature about Quakers, including a *Faith and Practice*, "so friendship developed gradually, like a string going along, a line of connections," she related to me, her fingers stretching an imaginary string in front of her as her eyes followed it, remembering.

Her new acquaintances returned to visit her periodically, and, at considerable political risk, Tatiana invited them to her apartment. At that time, asking foreigners into one's home was strictly forbidden. Yet Tatiana wanted her new friends to share in her hospitality. "It seemed so natural."

Then she took it a step further. When Peter Jarman visited on a later occasion, she asked him to tell her about Quaker worship. He suggested they try it on the spot. Now she reaches for words to describe that first experience: "So it was very, uh, easy, and I can't tell you why it feels so *close* to me."

Her associations with Quakers began to include friends from the United States when she became part of the joint literary project coordinated by the Quaker U.S./USSR Committee. In 1985, she met Janet Riley and Jay Worrall II when they came to Moscow as representatives of the committee. The project involved writers and editors in the United States and the Soviet Union and resulted in the book, *The Human Experience*. Published simultaneously in the United States and the Soviet Union in 1989, the book contains short stories and poems and stands as a pioneering effort between the two countries. During the years of work, friendships deepened, and Tatiana's visit to the United States this year grew out of that.

Getting here wasn't all that easy, though. Her first invitation to visit Friends came from the British in 1986. It took much work on her papers to qualify. Since it would be a most unusual trip, and perhaps questionable, some of

her friends and colleagues discouraged her from going. One even suggested she might be "lured into their (the Quakers') sect," she said, laughing at the improbable memory.

There was little humor in the outcome, though. Two days before she was scheduled to leave, Soviet officials told her the trip was "inexpedient," and she ended up staying home.

It became a test of Quaker tenacity, she was soon to discover. "Friends really are persistent. Friends really are *friends!*" The British folks invited her back the next year, and this time she made it, spending a month. She returned in 1989, spending two months.

During that time, she received repeated invitations from U.S. Friends, but she did not think a trip to the United States would ever be possible. "I have no connections with top officials in my country. I am not a Party member. I am a very simple, a very plain person," she said, shaking her head.

As with her English connections, however, things eventually fell together—with persistence and a little help from perestroika—and she came to Pendle Hill in January. It was the first time she had ever been to a religious study center where people live in community for the purpose of sharing their work and their spiritual searches. "I felt that this is the place for me. Always my heart was seeking this kind of place. Everybody feels it when they come. I believe it is alive with the Spirit here."

Living at Pendle Hill was an example of "how all of us can be closer together." One day, as she was thinking of her experiences there, "I saw the sky all over America full of diamonds—like lightening, like a flash. . . . Pendle Hill is a blessed place. I ask myself, what is so wonderful there? What is the mystery? I think it is love. . . . To build a perfect society with imperfect people is, I think, impossible. Pendle Hill is not a perfect place, but it is a leading example of all kinds of people living together in love. I know now we Americans and Russians can live together."

She used Pendle Hill as her base for travel to Washington, D.C., to Los Angeles and San Francisco, Calif., and to Earlham College in Richmond, Ind. She met wonderful people on the West Coast and felt a sense of familiarity and connectedness at Earlham. People in the United States share some surprising characteristics with Soviets, she ob-

served. She found us to be emotional, open, loving, and honest. "The Spirit is really alive among American Friends."

Across this expansive country, she traveled with perceptive eyes. "I don't think in political terms, that I'm Soviet, that you are American. I come wanting to know, what are you thinking about? What is your life like? What are your dreams?" She saw beautiful, widely varied landscapes, which, along with living among the trees and pathways at Pendle Hill, drove home the oneness and beauty of this earth. At the same time, she couldn't miss seeing the pollution—the murky air, the trashy streets. Entering this country, she saw foreigners having difficulty getting their papers stamped, "a very familiar sight," she told me with a nod and a knowing smile. Encountering homeless people in the streets of San Francisco and Philadelphia brought her face-to-face with the misery of failing social systems. In talking about this, her voice was gentle and



Anthony Manoussos

Those Friends who met Tatiana responded warmly to her presence, her clarity, her commitment to faith.

a little apologetic, as if she were sorry to have noticed such a thing. But her words cut through the problem, leaving little doubt how it looked to someone from her background. "I think there is a focus on profit here, rather than on long-term health."

She saw the good things, too—material well-being for many people and the chance to pursue individual interests, to mold our lives the way we want. Yet, coming from a system where workers are seen as resources and the state has plans for everyone, she detects difficulty and risk in establishing oneself in a career here and holding onto it. Perhaps, she said, this contributes to a lack of self-confidence in one's future, a need for more and better things, and a feeling of isolation.

As the Soviet Union opens its markets and its doors to the world, Tatiana worries people there may be prey to the same pitfalls of materialism. Things in the Soviet Union are very difficult economically. "Even a tiny little piece of soap is precious," she said, squeezing her fingers together as if trapping a small, slippery sliver. In contrast, she talked about shopping for shampoo in the United States and finding shelves loaded with more than 40 brands. Someplace in between would be better for all.

Many people in the United States would agree our materialism is an obstacle to the spiritual path. Tatiana says in the Soviet Union, neediness may be an equal danger, causing people to leave behind the good qualities of their lives in the search for economic well-being. One of the things she loves about Russian culture is that with little opportunity to make or spend money, people simply don't have money on their minds all the time. Consequently, they spend more time thinking and

talking about other values, such as friendship, religion, art, and literature. Now, after years of privation, "ordinary people want to consume; they want to have goods and eat normally."

People in the Soviet Union are tired of struggle and its continual tension and irritation. They are ready to reach out to the rest of the world. Tatiana came to the United States "as a disciple." The role of such a pilgrim is to come in poverty, to not be overburdened by money, to come with simple possessions, "like a monk, to bring people your spiritual gifts, and to learn about their spiritual experience. Everything, even eating together, is special, . . . like a communion."

Although there's little likelihood of a religious study center such as Pendle Hill being built in the Soviet Union, the Soviet people are hungry for spirituality because religious expression has been closed to them for years. Tatiana talks about a religious revival going on now, with people standing for hours during worship services, and much baptizing. This all takes place in old, unpainted churches, their walls cracked and windows broken from years of disuse.

Tatiana's religious background is Russian Orthodox, and she sees many similarities between the spiritual values she was taught as a child and those of Quakers. "They both believe the kingdom of God is not the kingdom of this material world." There is a similar beauty of worship, she notes, as Russian Orthodox worshipers stand silently, focusing on burning candles to open their hearts and minds. Through our separate routes of meditation and prayer, we hear the same divine Voice.

Rudolf Steiner once predicted Russia would inflame the Western world with its spirit, she told me. Russians are a

mystical and spiritual people, living as they do where Eastern and Western religions meet. This rich tradition and depth of spirituality has much to offer people in the United States, Tatiana discovered. When she came to this country, she felt herself to be in a humble position, expecting to be in the role of only receiving. The people she met taught her differently as they responded to her presence, her clarity, her commitment to faith. "I was not only receiving, but giving. I felt myself not only a disciple, a pupil, but also a teacher." She found herself answering her question of what she, as a Russian, could give to the people in this most developed country. Sharing the Soviet people's deep sense of spirituality is a gift she now sees the world needing.

Asked what we in the United States can do to help bring about better relations, she offered simple advice: pray, read, allow time for contemplation, emphasize the spiritual, find ways to visit her country and talk with ordinary people there. "And then we shall see we are not a lonely people, we are not isolated."

Simple words, and, as she spoke them to me under that tree, I felt the fullness of her vision, a sense of the gifts she brought. I wanted to embrace her, to keep her with me, with us, a little longer. A chilly spring breeze cut through our jackets, and the Pendle Hill dinner bell rang. In just a few days, she would board a plane to go back to her home, oceans away, to think about the people she met, to cherish the friendships, and to be missed by many. She would leave behind new ideas, new hope, and, for some of us, a new face of Russia. I would remember her words: "All of us, we are similar. All of us are people. We are all the same." □



Melissa Kay Elliott

She stresses these central themes: people's need for each other and the spiritual center that binds us all in spite of differences.

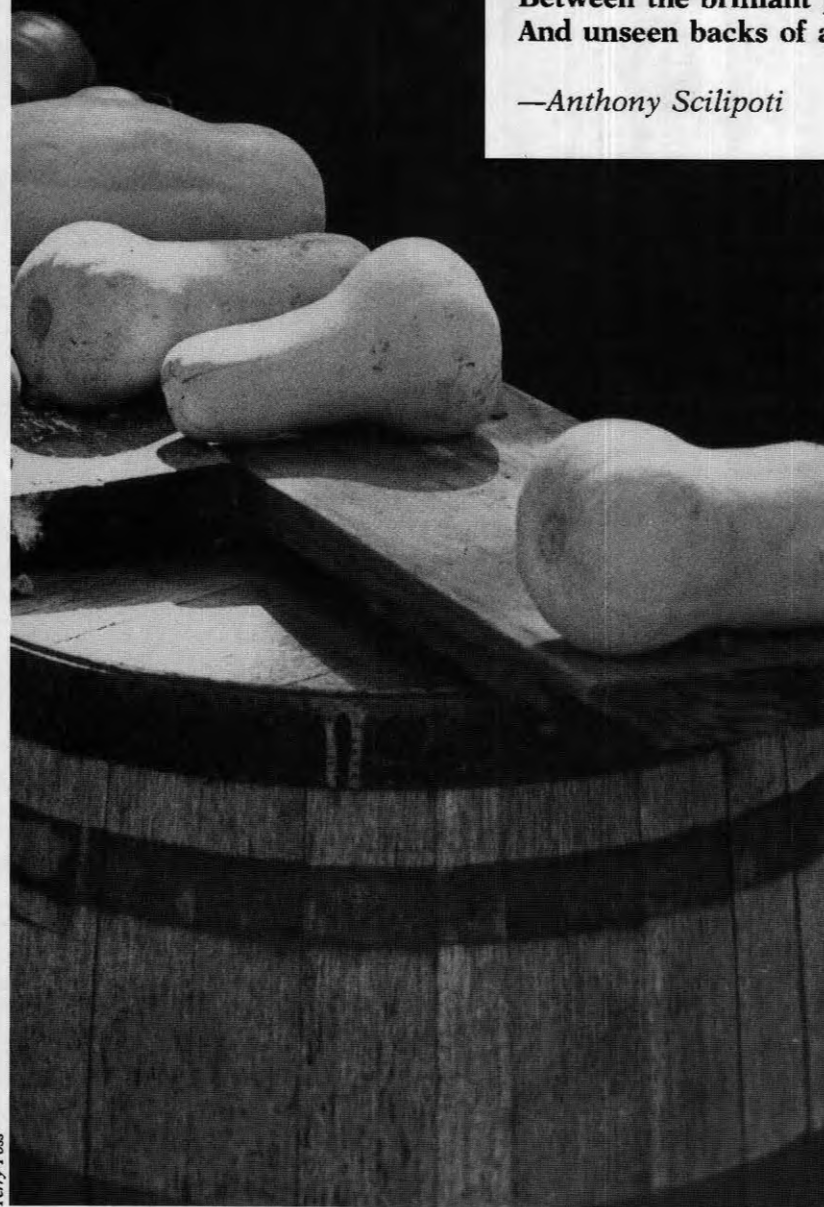
CATCHING SIGHT

Nearer death with each dawn's chill,
All the illuminated fruits of fall have voices:
Grotesque and visionary, gourds are counter-tenors;
Turnips krummhorns; the giant blue Hubbard
Squash can only be the bass shawm;
Wounded apples' mad bees the drone.

In consort at the farm stand, ranged on risers
Under the same hard-edged, gold-leaf light
In which troubadours played for martyrdoms
And coronations, theirs is a lay of contrast
Between the brilliant pinions
And unseen backs of angels' wings.

—Anthony Scilipoti

*Anthony Scilipoti attends
Burlington (Vt.) Meeting.*



Terry Foss

A TASTE OF Homelessness

by Sarah Manire and Yvonne Boeger

Photos by Joseph Sorrentino



The shadows fall. The stars appear. The birds begin to sleep. Night embraces the silent half of the earth. A vagrant, destitute wanderer with dusty feet, finds his way down a new road. A homeless God, lost in the night, without papers, without identification, without even a number, a frail, expendable exile lies down in desolation under the sweet stars of the world and entrusts himself to sleep.

—Thomas Merton,
“Hagia Sophia,”
Emblems for a Season
of Fury

Remember not to eat breakfast next Sunday,” Sarah told us. “I’ll feed you. And I’d really prefer that you not shave, shower, or brush your teeth, though that may be asking a lot.” With these words, Sarah Manire prepared members of Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting for a First-day class, “Experiencing the Homeless,” which she had volunteered to lead.

When we arrived the following Sunday we found the meetinghouse securely locked. In a few minutes, however, Sarah unlocked the back door and requested we all line up so she could search us for knives and guns. On passing inspection, we were admitted to the meetinghouse, with instructions to enter the main room immediately. There we found a circle of chairs, with a paper

Yvonne Boeger and Sarah Manire are members of Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting. Yvonne is clerk of the Outreach Committee and works with welcoming newcomers to meeting and nurturing small worship groups. Sarah is a clinical psychologist at a children's crisis center in Houston, Texas.

towel and a cup on each chair.

I had been up for several hours and was surprised to discover how much I was looking forward to that first cup of hot coffee. When it appeared, the coffee proved to be not very hot, but still welcome. After serving the coffee, Sarah appeared again from the kitchen with the rest of our breakfast, a black plastic trash bag filled with chunks of bread and crumbled doughnuts.

As we munched our bread, Sarah announced it was time for the sermon, which so often accompanies meals served to the poor and homeless. “Instead of a sermon this morning,” she told us, “I would like for each of us to share, in the context of worship, any experience we may have had in being homeless ourselves or knowing someone who is. In my work as a psychotherapist, I may have had more opportunity to know homeless people than some of you, so I will begin by letting their voices speak through me. Listen to them as though they were here with us, sharing our breakfast and Quaker dialogue.”

“You probably think the homeless are different from you. I used to think so, too, until last night, when I saw my friend Bob on TV. Bob worked in the office next to mine until last year when he got fired during a management reshuffle. I saw Bob on TV because the news reporter was interviewing a homeless person, and the homeless person was Bob. Last year he had a job, a house, a family; on the TV screen he had nothing but a piece of cardboard under a bridge for shelter. It makes you think, you know. It could happen to us. It does happen to us.”

“You’d better have a car if you’re going to live in those shelters. That way you’ll have somewhere to sleep when they kick you out. See that field over there? We sleep there sometimes, me and my parents and my two little brothers. It’s not too bad unless it rains. Then we all try to huddle under that tree together. It’s hard to get five people under a scrubby oak tree, even if three of them are just little kids.”

“They tell me when I was small my daddy used to hurt me. He used to get mad and slap me so hard he left fingerprints. The child welfare people took me away and gave me another family. But sometimes I feel so bad it’s like he’s still hitting me and nothing stops it but to



scream, bite, and kick so someone else hurts, too. Then the family says they can't keep me, and the child welfare comes and gives me another family. I'm three, now, and I've had five families—but I don't think I've had a home. I don't think I will, but I don't care anymore."

"I've spent my whole life running. I ran away from my family in El Salvador because they beat me, and I left El Salvador because of the killing. I came to the States and got married and had two girls, but my husband beat me. So I left him, but I don't have any papers, so I can't work. The government says I could get papers if I go back to him, but I can't do that. We live with friends who take us in. When they get tired of us, or when they beat me up, we leave for someplace else. I'm afraid we'll come to a time when nobody will take us anymore, and then I don't know. . . ."

"I was going to try to sell my baby, but my friends told me I ought to bring her to you. Isn't she cute? I never had a real family; I was on the streets when I was 11, and I've been there for six years. I work full-time as a prostitute—but I don't have AIDS! I just don't have anywhere but the bushes to keep her while I work. So my friends said to bring her here, you'd take care of her for me."

"I worked in the restaurant business for years, had good insurance, so when

Some live so close to the edge, any small emergency can plunge them into homelessness.

I began to be sick there was no problem. Then I was diagnosed as having AIDS, and pretty soon my insurance company wrote to tell me they were cutting me off. The insurance stopped, but the illness didn't, nor did the trips to the hospital, the tests, the doctor visits. I lost my house, my car, my possessions. I switched from my private doctor, my private hospital to the public facilities. Luckily I found a space in a free hospice, or I don't know where I'd have gone. Every week I go to the clinic, where a

different doctor looks at me and gives me a pain prescription. I have a lot of pain now. They never suggest any treatment, even to just delay things for a little. Treatment costs money, and I don't have any. They don't talk to me much at all. I know I'm going to die. I just wish they would speak to me, person to person. After all, we do speak the same language."

As Sarah continued her litany of harrowing stories, the amorphous mass referred to as "the homeless" coalesced into real people, people down the street, our next door neighbor, even ourselves. A somber silence fell over us as we pondered the enormity of this tragedy. How had homelessness on this scale come

It might help if we all meditate on what is homeless within ourselves.

about in this country of abundance? What can be done? Where does one start?

A Friend asked the painful questions: "Do we, in fact, speak the same language as the beaten spouse, the abused child, the indigent with AIDS? Is it possible for an affluent Friend to really understand how it feels to be homeless?"

"Probably not," answered Sarah, "but it might help if we all meditate for a few minutes on what is homeless within ourselves."

This proved to be a fruitful exercise. One Friend spoke of her experience of having to move a number of times because of her husband's profession, and the feelings of anxiety and dislocation that she experienced when she was "between homes." Another Friend spoke of the trauma of being fired from her job and feeling her security suddenly swept away.

We reflected on the fact that many people live so close to the edge that any small emergency can plunge them into homelessness. "And once you're in the hole," someone remarked, "it's almost impossible to get out by yourself. We like to think that there are many services for the poor, but the poor are often unable to take advantage of them. For

instance, the place to apply for food stamps may be across the city. You don't have a car or bus fare or any place to leave the baby while you go to apply for assistance. You want to apply for a job, but your clothes are wrinkled and dirty. Forget about medicine if you get sick. Sometimes you don't have even a quarter to make a phone call. It goes on and on."

As our class drew to a close, one Friend spoke the thoughts of many. "Let's don't stop with talking about the problem. Let's *do* something!" We had already made a small beginning by volunteering to prepare and distribute sack lunches every Saturday at the S.E.A.R.C.H. Center, a day care center providing a variety of services for the Houston homeless.

Although handing out a sandwich on Saturday seems a Band-Aid, it does fill a need, since none of the shelters currently serves a meal on Saturdays. It fills a need for Live Oak Friends, too, a moral necessity to stand closer to the victims of our society's greed and wastefulness. As we continue our small efforts at S.E.A.R.C.H., we hope the way may open for us to become a part of creative solutions to our shared problem of homelessness. □



Joseph Sorrentino

A Change of Heart?

by Joy Young

Recently on a visit to a nearby city I attended meeting for worship. A young man said that the day before he had been collecting for AIDS victims. Some people, he said, had hurried by: others passed, paused, turned back, and contributed. There were two

bowls; one for the children in Romania, and one for patients here.

One middle-aged woman, dropping coins into the bowl for the children, said that she would not give to the other as "it was their fault."

The young man said he felt so angry at this judgmental statement he wanted to throw the money back at her. He still felt angry and wondered how to overcome this response. Several helpful contributions followed, but none probed the underlying problem, the lack of understanding and charity.

Pondering this thought, I recalled my own anger and sadness at finding a similar attitude in the charitable social work agency in which I worked in the mid-'60s. A hard line divided the "deserving" from the "undeserving."

A regular caller at the agency, a wizened little man in a bundle of ill-fitting and often ill-smelling clothes, was obviously categorized as "undeserving." "He's here again" would go round the agency, and there would be a sudden concentration on work. Newly appointed and running the family social work department, I decided to see him myself. It was near Christmas, and he wanted help to buy a few extras for his six children. It was a difficult interview. He was on the defensive, suspicious of me and sensitive to being thought a scrounger. I did, however, discover he was not getting his full national assistance entitlement. He was, he said, fed up with

complaining; no one would listen. So I determined to find out why. I visited the social security office and saw the manager.

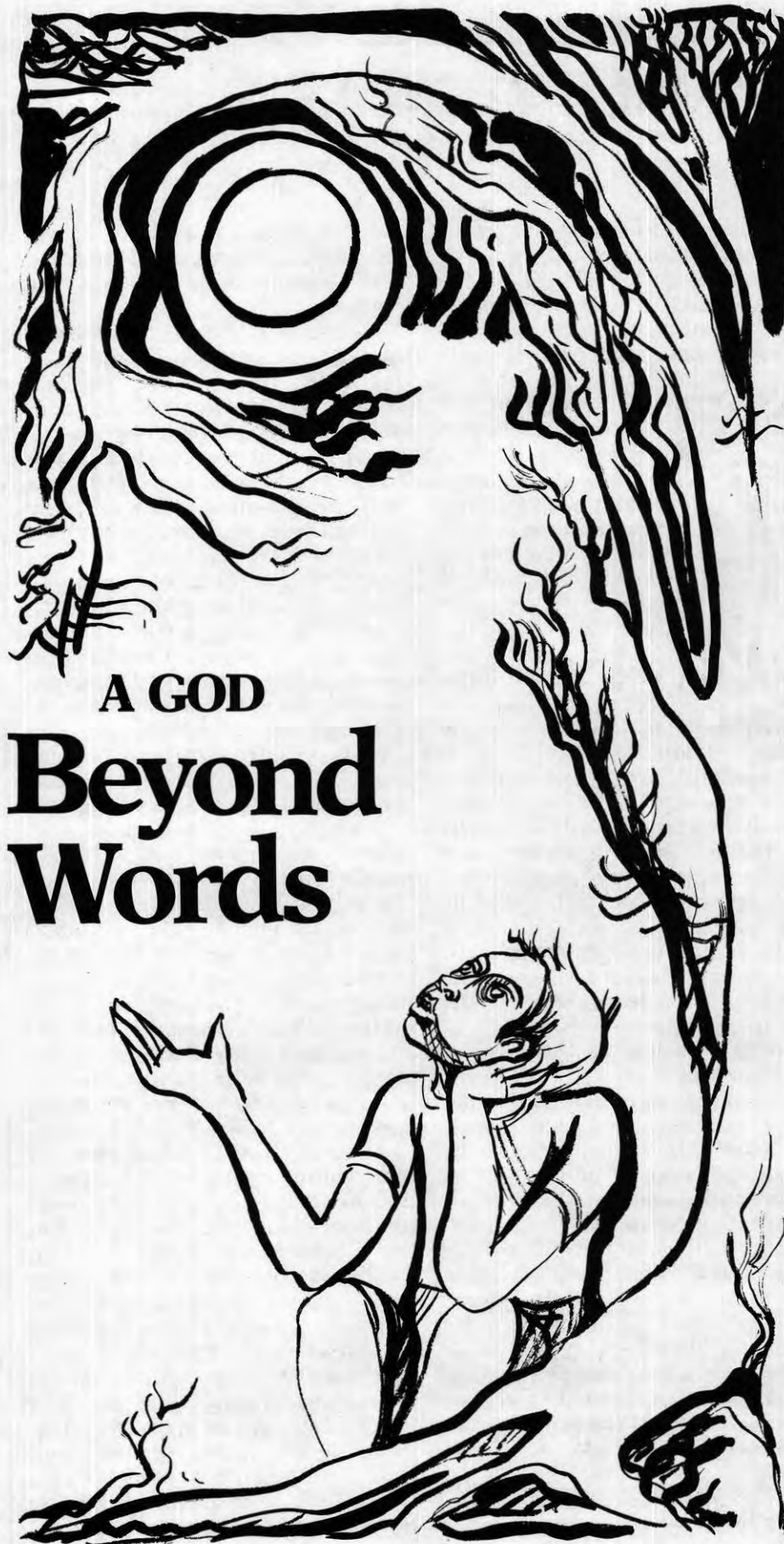
Yes, Mr. D was not on the full allowance. Why? He had failed to find work over a long period and was written off as "work-shy" and penalized accordingly. However, the manager agreed full payment should be restored on the understanding that social work help should be offered to the family. This was easier said than done. Mr. D was fiercely protective of his handicapped wife and family. He was afraid of the outside world and tried to keep his little world intact within the four walls of his home. It took months of patient work and effort to get the door open. Then what a surprise! Five wide-eyed children and a baby regarded me curiously. Mrs. D, unused to callers, was uneasy at first and conscious of her club foot, which made walking difficult. A large pot of appetizing stew was boiling on the stove, and the room, although very bare, was clean, and so were the children.

This was the beginning of five year's work with this family. Very, very gradually, Mr. D allowed his children to come out into the world, though he always hovered in the background. We organized children's parties, visits to the zoo and the country. Successive social work students were allowed into the home, continuing the work of understanding and befriending. The family had their first view of the sea when the rotary club offered them a caravan holiday. And finally I got Mr. D to agree to attend a rehabilitation assessment center where he was offered a place in a sheltered workshop. Far from being "work-shy" he quickly gained a proficiency allowance and eventually became the caretaker. The crowning achievement was when he took one of his work mates home for tea!

And what happened at the agency? A change of heart? Well, certainly prejudice gave way to knowledge, and understanding brought about greater charity. □

Joy Young's article appeared in the June 15, 1990, issue of *The Friend*.

*Sometimes
prejudice may
give way to
knowledge
and greater
charity may be
the result.*



A GOD Beyond Words

by John A. Herrmann

One Saturday morning when I was about 12 I learned of the inadequacy of technical perfection. Having practiced the opening movement of Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* till the cows came home, I had every note right. The timing was impeccable; in contest with a metronome, I would win. My father drove me to Mrs. Peterson's, a lovely stone home formerly a carriage house. She met me at the door with unpracticed elegance casually worn over her 70-odd years while I marched triumphantly to the Steinway with barely a nod. Exercising a technical virtuosity rarely seen on earth, I did Beethoven proud. As the final notes died away, I sneaked a glance at Mrs. Peterson in her accustomed armchair, her eyes closed, her shawl about her shoulders. I awaited her applause. She looked at me with the compassionate eyes of a mother whose son was trying too hard, and said only, "John, have you ever listened to the moon?"

At the time, I was crushed, doubly crushed, actually, because not only was the comment negative in tone, but I didn't understand what she meant. "Have you ever listened to the moon?" But defeats don't last forever with a 12-year-old, so in two weeks, on an apple-crisp autumn night, I stood in our back yard preparing to listen to the moon. Fearing neighbors would think me odd if I were observed staring moonward, I chose a spot shielded by some pines and turned my face to the heavens.

Not a sound. Only the Fergusons' squeaky storm door. Although restless, yet still I stood in the enveloping silence, the cold earth seeping through my shoes, a pine branch brushing my jacket like a snare drum. The moon and I in a childish staring contest—who would flinch first? Somehow I knew it would not be me for I was growing more comfortable here on my moon watch, more peaceful. I could wait all night if need be, I boasted; but it was not necessary, for the moon music gradually began. It began for me, that is, because the symphony had started long before, nights before, ages before. The music was moist, dark, and gently throbbing, sending a pulse through my body indistinguishable from the blood flowing to and

John A. Herrmann is an ordained Presbyterian minister not currently serving a parish. He has enjoyed attending both Trenton and Princeton (N.J.) meetings.

Toni Truesdale

from my heart. If the Fergusons' door squeaked, I never noticed, for my blood's tide was coaxed moonward in a rhythmic celebration of the eternal cadence of life and death, of waxing and waning. A tremendous solace, this throbbing silence, this voice of God.

Years later when I read the Psalmist's line about deep calling to deep, I knew what he was talking about. I also knew how to play the opening movement of the *Moonlight Sonata*.

Sunday mornings in the church sanctuary rarely measured up to the moon in my back yard 30-odd years earlier or to the moon which appears in my back yard now. Sunday mornings were normally dull, bland affairs fevered with words covering a palpable emptiness. Words of prayers, sermons, announcements, mission notes. Chatty words of the congregation as they entered and left. What's the matter, my Lord? Words, words, words. No wonder people drifted away in boredom. Sunday was more of the same—the same barrage of words we heard all week on the television or at work, the words we saw all week in newspapers or on computer screens. Sunday morning had become an editorial and a bad one at that. We do not need more words; we require fewer words to allow the true Word to touch our soul. For having our souls touched is what Sunday mornings should be about. And when that doesn't happen, people leave. They stand in their back yards listening to the moon instead, for they are a spiritual people, and their souls will be touched. Deep will call to deep despite the church.

It took visits to a Quaker meeting to remind me of the beauty of silence and my childhood moonwatch. The silence began yards before an unlatched wooden door belonging to a small stone meetinghouse constructed in the 18th century. Worshipers entered with respect, anticipating, or at the very least not ruling out, a divine encounter, knowing that this special time of openness to the Spirit was radically different from the rest of the week. A fire crackled, hissed in the meeting's hearth; sweet smoke smell perfumed the plain wood interior. Outside, a biting wind slashed windows. Trees stretched and groaned. Birds grackled. Inside, feet shifted. Benches creaked. Sighs escaped—settling into the depths of silence and Spirit. Sometimes carefully chosen, simple, heartfelt words were spoken, but words which didn't break as much as deepen the silence.

Deepened thought, associations. Clarified, illuminated, healed. Touched the soul. Deep to deep.

As a former parish pastor I should not have been surprised. For when, with the elemental wind and fire and silence carrying the Spirit deep within parched souls, I drifted back to services which had touched, stirred, moved the people of God most assuredly, they were services where words were but an asterisk. Services where darkness and candlelight were the true speakers, where the sonorous pipe organ intoned God's presence, where a

**We need within
this technological
age an intimacy
beyond words
which will warm
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challenge our
values.**

lone soprano questioned "Were You There When They Crucified my Lord?" from the blackness. These were times when deep spoke to deep. Not with the cleverness of our words, a meretricious pyrotechnic display, however beautiful, forceful or stirring. Rather it was the unpretentious silence, the lovingly placed candle, the black-draped cross, the voice in the darkness that opened our souls to the deep. Simple things performed with care, in awe. Like ritually approaching a sanctuary door in humble, unhurried silence. Jung, the Swiss psychoanalyst and explorer of the soul, said in "Transformation Symbolism in the Mass" that "the beauty of the ritual action is one of its essential properties, for man (sic) has not served God rightly unless he has also served him in beauty."

But instead of allowing beauty to speak for itself, we haughtily churned out word after word. We were so busy explaining every nook and cranny of the universe, so assuredly espousing God's

every intention, that we no longer marveled at the Mystery. And that was the matter. We talked God to death. We xeroxed God to death, and if we had not done so yet, we would inevitably have faxed God to death. In services we buried God under verbosity and sheafs of meaningless paper. We could get this at the office. What we needed on Sundays was to touch, see, smell, and taste God, to feel God stirring within each human soul. Instead we were provided with words, words sometimes fixed into neat doctrinal statements, soporific systems packaging God for the "consumer."

Today's consumers, however, are smart. They read labels. They compare products. They shop around until they find what they're looking for. And they're not looking for words, however beautiful, stirring, or forceful. They are looking for and need in this technological age an intimacy beyond words which will warm their hearts, touch their souls, and challenge their values. A silent oasis amidst the noise. A ritual action lovingly performed. They don't want to attend a lecture on Sunday; they want to stand on holy ground awaiting the presence of God. Of course, holy ground can be anywhere (the incense of the pines in the sanctuary of my moonwatch), yet that which purports to be the house of God must radiate God's presence in ways of wordless beauty and silence, must radically stand apart from the clamor of the age.

Thus, "empty" houses of God have inspired me from childhood. Whether the wordlessness was encased by walls which were Gothic or white New England wood make little difference. Stillness counted. Quiet holiness washed over the suppliant, cleansing, renewing. Anxieties drained from bodies as we were enveloped by Mystery beyond explanation. We could just slip into a pew, close our eyes, and bow our heads before the Holy. God was God's own interpreter. And ours.

The Quaker meeting, it seems to me, allows God to be God, to be the eternal Interpreter and to interpret from within the souls of each waiting worshiper. To be both noun and verb, alpha and omega, beginning and end. The beauty of silence, unhurriedness, and waiting upon the Holy celebrates the mystery of a God ultimately beyond words, yet as close as the blood coursing through our veins. It pleases me to have washed up on your Quaker shore. □

A Time to Mend

As we heal ourselves and reach toward God, we mend the web of life and are able to embrace each other with new wholeness. This message was discussed in countless ways at the 1990 Gathering of Friends General Conference at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota, June 30 through July 7. The theme, "A Time to Mend," set the scene for numerous workshops dealing with the environment, personal relationships, the spiritual search, and political issues.

Plenary speakers also brought forward messages of healing. Anne Thomas, keynote speaker, talked about miracles and healing. Joe Volk and Ed Snyder, present and past executive secretaries of Friends Committee on National Legislation, gave a joint talk about passing the torch and following our beliefs to make the world a better place. Rustum Roy, Cadbury Event speaker, spoke about taking back from the monster of technology our right to make moral and ethical decisions. John Calvi, who is a healer, gave the closing address on finding a place of softness and working only from tenderness in healing ourselves and others. Patricia McKernon, a singer from Minneapolis (Minn.) Meeting, presented an evening of music.

In the background, a large section of the AIDS Memorial Quilt spread its arms out to us, inviting us to hear its message, to listen to each other while we have the opportunity, to join in a patchwork of color and caring and purpose. For each of the 1,484 people who attended the Gathering, the experience

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was a different one, a challenge to make choices from an array of activities. The Gathering is a coat of many colors, and FRIENDS JOURNAL presents here a few swatches of the cloth, asking readers to squint their eyes and imagine the richness of the whole.

The Quiet Room

The Carleton College language lab was one of my favorite destinations at the FGC Gathering because it was a room transformed into a sacred space. As the quiet room it became a place to experience the language of the Spirit, to commune with God, to soak in a tub of silence. One could walk, read, write, draw, sit, or meditate. It was a place to be gathered or to be alone, but never to speak aloud.

For me, the mother of two preschoolers, the quiet room was an escape from a noisy life to an uninterrupted peace. Imagine how puzzled I felt when I had a persistent urge to share this special spot with my family. I followed this nudging and took my husband and children to my sanctuary. How could I *not* share this rich experience with my own noisy clan? I explained to my eldest child why he needed to be quiet and took him in briefly. No one else was there when he broke the silence with whispers just before I led him out. I took my toddler in later and let him stay a couple minutes before we left.

Upon reflection I am no longer puzzled about why I needed to take the children onto sacred ground and lead them into the silence. I wanted to bridge the busiest and most active parts of my life with the quiet, centered, and often hidden part of my life. I needed to stitch together these diverse remnants and offer them to God. I immersed my "little noisemakers" in the blessed quietness, and together we made our joyful noise unto the Lord. It was simply a Quaker baptism.

Nancy Scott
Noblesville, Ind.

An emerging earth testimony

As population growth, pollution and resource depletion continue on their grim exponential curves, numerous 1990 FGC workshops and interest groups sought guidance in mending modern culture's

broken spiritual bond with the earth.

Groups focused on energy, population, and lifestyle issues. Some explored the personal and cultural sources of the human species' tragic alienation from other living beings. Others examined the contribution Friends values and practices can make in planetary healing.

Environmental and related spiritual activities included early morning outdoor worship and nature walks. A Council of All Beings session sharpened awareness of the sufferings of fellow creatures. An evening sweat lodge experience helped participants understand the profound spiritual identification with nature central to native American religions. A Unity with Nature Center, sponsored by the Friends Committee on Unity with Nature (FCUN), was open all during the conference. The volume of literature on display testified to the growing realization that religious values are just as important as technical solutions in dealing with the environmental crisis.

Through the influence of FCUN, aluminum, glass, and paper recycling stations were set up at numerous locations on the campus, and use of non-recyclable materials was kept to a minimum.

The concept of an "earth testimony"—emerging from the same spiritual consciousness as Friends' historic peace testimony—has generated a lot of discussion and activity for several years. The FCUN came out of a special interest group at the 1987 FGC gathering at Oberlin College, where Marshall Massey's keynote address articulated the spiritual basis for Friends' environmental concerns. Since then FCUN has evolved into a network of hundreds of Friends and non-Friends around the globe. A monthly newsletter, *BeFriending Creation*, shares information about Friends' environmental activities, while its companion magazine,

Earthlight, explores the inner resources that sustain and guide our practical involvements. For more information, contact FCUN clerk, Eric Maya Joy, The Meeting School, Rindge NH 03461; phone (603) 899-5497.

Louis Cox
Springfield, Mo.

"Everything bright shines stronger"

I walked into the white house, and peered hesitantly around the wooden door, not knowing quite what to expect. Living with some 20 assorted young adults for a week could have been thoroughly forgettable, yet it was an entirely interesting and entertaining experience.

A recent article in *Time* about my generation was depressing and insulting. Not only did it attempt to find some all-encompassing label for us—like the "baby boomers" who have gone before us—it criticized our apparent lack of idealism. It portrayed us as hesitant, uncommitted, and skeptical, based on a comparison made to the '60s generation.



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The AYF group provided an alternative view of my generation, one of realistic, concerned individuals. We are a new group; the standards of the past are incompatible because the problems of today are vastly different. The AYF house gave us the chance to explore our personalities, our spirituality, and our thoughts.

We were an odd mix, college students, past and present, and working people, artists, athletes, and bankers, ten-year FGC attenders, and newcomers (such as myself). It is not the differences I will remember, it is what we shared. We all believed in the excitement of life. Despite the myriad crises assaulting our nation, we are still thrilled to be alive, thrilled not only because we can feel the wind caress us, or the sun kiss us, not only because we have friends and family, but because there are others who are loving, thoughtful, and concerned.

I found the picture of the quilt as the logo for the Gathering to be very appropriate. We are all threads, bound to many places and many people, and each one has more colors than one of those big boxes of Crayola crayons. When we came together at Carleton, a design was woven, an irreplaceable pattern, a weave

that quietly shimmered with strength and beauty. That discovery gives me hope my generation is not lost to apathy. From this, everything dark is less gloomy, and everything bright shines stronger.

Jordi Comas
Knoxville, Tenn.

New traditions, ancient celebrations

The Friends General Conference Women's Center has meant many things to many Friendly women for many years. Most interesting to many of us are the rituals we have developed. Sunday afternoon, every woman is encouraged to speak about what she needs or has to offer, or both. These topics, and there may be more than 40 or 50 of them, are written on a large chalkboard. The subjects are melded into constellations of interests. A count of hands sets priorities for afternoon and evening activities. Meeting for worship is 3 p.m. to 4 p.m. The evenings are usually filled with ritual song and dance.

It was these women's rituals that drew the most attention, with four hours devoted to worship-sharing about how Quaker women can meet our spiritual needs. First on our list comes unprogrammed meeting for worship with gender-free language. Other experiences have included neo-pagan expressions.

The two leaders for the first discussion had never met before, and they quickly outlined to each other possible procedures. Each leader gave a summary of her thinking on the topic, and then each woman introduced herself. We then settled into worship-sharing. When the end drew near, each leader summed up her sense of the meeting. We all seemed to leave feeling stimulated and satisfied. As the week wore, we were able to go forward without leaders and agree we have tradition in place for Quaker women to use when gathering. The real chore may now be to get in touch with what our true needs might be.

Beyond these formal discussions many women gathered indoors and outdoors to raise their voices with unladylike volume and energy as they sang and chanted their love of our earth and each other. These celebrations of our creativi-

ty, deep intuition, and unity with nature empowered us to meet the challenges to our womanly ways the rest of the year.

Mary R. Hopkins
Media, Pa.

Sound and silence

The final meeting for worship at the Gathering was influenced by a written handout reminding us to respect those "brief moments of deep stillness (that) can penetrate our hearts and heal our souls" with its "surging of incredible power." Such indeed was the setting for a potential "Chicken Little" experience, but we were so fully gathered that the explosion of sound caused by a loudspeaker cover dropping from the ceiling to the center aisle floor caused barely a ripple of response. Its shattering sound was unable to penetrate our stillness. What a testimony for centering down!

Shortly thereafter our stillness was

broken by a remarkable baying sound that reflected off the walls of our silence. The "speaker" then evolved her sound into the lyric of a song, perhaps in response to her own calling.

This final scene of our Gathering was perfectly suited to my latest annual personal experience in renewal. The noise of the loudspeaker panel reminded us of the cacophony of sound we live in. And the baying was for me a soulful response to the liturgy of the silence we were enjoying together. Meanwhile I had just concluded a week of intense daily experiences in a workshop led by Ruth Shilling that explored the potentials of healing with sound. The modern label for such activity is *toning*.

Toning is an ancient method of healing. It is available to each of us: if you can groan you can tone. It is a method of consciously identifying with the inner power of life itself. It involves the ability to utilize vibration (i.e., sound) to cause molecular structure to change. Our workshop put us in touch with utilizing various healthy sounds for

spiritual and physical health.

When we enter into our daily moments of meditation or thoughtfulness we experience a cleansing. Tonal vibration is but another way to accomplish this. We



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RELIGION AND TECHNOLOGY: PARTNERS OR FOES?

International technology is the new religion of our time and the most powerful one in the world, according to Rustum Roy, who spoke at the Cadbury Event, sponsored annually by FRIENDS JOURNAL. He is director of the Science, Technology and Society Program at Pennsylvania State University and professor of geochemistry. He is an eminent scholar, and his career spans the fields of technology and religious faith. International technology finds wide acceptance, he said, because "it delivers." It promises the good life with its gimmicks, and it crosses international boundaries and persuasions with its universal appeal.

"You know, if your mother's dying and you set up a prayer chain and everybody's emotionally connected, Mother dies two weeks later anyway. But technology can save lives. You want to go to the moon, technology can send a person to the moon. Impossible tasks are achieved." Even though such exploits take vast chunks of our resources, technology goes unchallenged and is gaining momentum in countries that have previously been relatively untouched. Thus, technology

becomes the faith that joins us together.

Contrast this with the traditional place of religion in cultures, which was to give life meaning, set parameters, and determine values, Rustum Roy suggested. He read excerpts from scientific journals in which the glories of technology were described in religious terms, as though it were the new evangelism, to be spread for the good of all. As technology has taken over, religion, as the setter of values, has stepped aside. The result is that we relinquish decisions in our personal lives to this new faith, giving it power over us in everything from the food we eat to the settings in which we die.

Conversely, religion is the one force that could keep technology in line by insisting decisions be made in accordance with religious values. "International technology is without guidance, and it cannot supply its own, because it is microscopic, it is little pieces of glass, and little pieces of glass don't go and fall into a pattern. Somebody makes a pattern out of it." It is up to religion to provide the pattern, the broader framework.

In this regard, he said, Iran is a

bright spot, because its people have returned the country to religious values and are refusing to buy into Western thought—and technology. The Amish communities in the United States reflect a similar decision, and coincidentally, Amish farming techniques are being discovered to be the most efficient in the world.

So where can the mending come from? It will come when people of faith realize that enough's enough, that we must reclaim our power and exert our values over the crush of technology. This begins with local action, making choices to live more simply, to cut our use of energy, to be willing to conserve. It extends to the global stage when we look for ways to join with people of faith all over the world, treasuring and protecting our diversity as we look for common values.

"I think the best thing any one of us can do is to go back to our traditions and find those quintessential statements that can be translated into guidance for our technological world."

Melissa Kay Elliott
for FRIENDS JOURNAL



need to stretch those moments in whatever way we can. One fine similar example at the Gathering was a daily hour of shape note singing. We came away from those sessions and our toning sessions with an exhilaration that will be sorely missed upon return to our old daily habits.

Brett White
Mt. Dora Fla.

Note from the center

It came as a surprise that our three-year-old son was not delighted to be at our first FGC Gathering. The first night in the dorm he tossed and turned, wide-eyed, wary, unable to sleep. When the usual comfort measures didn't help, I told myself it might be a long week.

The next morning, Haldan was reluctant to join his Junior Gathering group despite welcoming adults, playmates his own age, and a tempting array of toys. He wanted his parents there, too. Finally we arrived at an uneasy truce. We would attend our workshops in the mornings while Haldan played. After that he could be with his dad or me. No more child care.

Crossing the campus that morning I tried to see things from Haldan's perspective. The buildings were huge, imposing, and far apart. Among the hundreds of people at the conference I'm sure he recognized no one, although several people knew him. It was a scary place for a little person. No wonder Haldan clung to the only two pairs of legs that were familiar. I began to feel guilty.

That evening Haldan and I walked around the campus. Few people were about. Most adults were at the plenary session, and the children were in their various groups. I was busy wondering how I could possibly feel fully present at the Gathering and still attend to Haldan's needs when, with a shout of joy, he discovered part of the answer.

In the center of the campus, near the chapel, was a rock garden with a grassy ridge, and an arrangement of boulders and weathered planks. In one corner of the garden, rocks formed a narrow cave with walls suitable for climbing. There was no roof, so light could pour in.

Oh, how the Light poured in.

Haldan's earlier tension dissipated as he gave himself to this wonderful place. He climbed the rocks. He strode up and down the slanting planks. He ran over the grassy ridge and back again. He scooped up pebbles and presented them to me with all the overflowing generosity of a small child. He greeted folks as they walked by. He made friends of Friends.

We returned to the rock garden as a family several times, visiting there with old friends and making new ones. It was a gathering place within the Gathering. I felt fully present. And Haldan thrived. From this safe and recognizable center he could leave us: to run in wide circles, to join in games with other children, to lie in the grass gazing at the sky, to discover. He could stretch himself and grow once he knew where the secure center was.

Isn't that, after all, the way of Friends?

Deborah J. Rasmussen
Jacksonville, Fla.

Confessions of a responsible Friend

Now, I am a highly responsible Friend. I have been on the Executive Committee of my yearly meeting, and have been sent as a representative to international conferences. I've even been to seminary. I take the challenge of faith seriously. So what on earth would induce me to sacrifice every morning of FGC Gathering to be with a bunch of kids?

At the 1989 Gathering I felt awkward with children. I've never been trained to teach. I don't know what activities are appropriate to what levels of child development. But, being irredeemably responsible, I had to do something.

I knew that year I had two abilities that might work with kids: telling stories and making simple hand puppets. I figured if each of the other adults were similarly armed, and the coordinator had a plan, we could probably limp our way through the week without doing too much damage to other people's children. So I signed up. And sure enough, each of the other adults had one or two tricks up their sleeves, and the coordinator had a plan, and plenty of flexibility to go with it. And then there were the kids! They were actual people to get to know, with their own ideas. I found I not only was able to tell stories, but I really loved it, and the kids liked it, too.

When the registration information for the 1990 Gathering came in the mail, I wasn't sure I could go at all. Money was tight, and I was feeling pretty bruised after a difficult year. I wasn't sure I could keep myself together for a week with kids. But as the time approached, I found I really wanted to be at the Gathering, and I thought I would give Junior Gathering another try this year.

This is what happened! There were only three of us adults each morning for the 21 nine-year-olds, with part-time, loving help from an 18-year-old young Friend. Sometimes we were all in a large group taking turns in group discussion. Sometimes each adult took a small group of the kids. Then I began to notice when one adult was especially tired or uncertain, another would tell a story or lead a discussion. And we had wonderful visitors to talk with the kids about AIDS and the Names Project Quilt, to tell stories, or to go with the kids on a field trip. These visitors were a gift of love and rest to those of us who were with the kids each day. I felt a mi-

raculous ebb and flow. I found myself noticing the times when it was okay for me to slow down, to enjoy someone else's special skills, to be taken care of. None of us had to be "on" every minute. I saw clearly in worship one morning how important it was not to try so hard, but just to be there. And I understood that the Spirit was moving—this was the real thing, seat-of-the-pants discernment, experimental faith, and the unending tidal ebb and flow of gifts.

Every day began with worship with other Junior Gathering staff. And every morning I got to play hopscotch. And the children taught each other their regional versions of the games we played. I got and gave countless hugs, and I had the unexpected and touching experience of children expressing their trust in me. In addition, because it was important to me to be available to the kids, I took better care of myself than I might have otherwise—I slowed down and didn't run myself ragged; I ate what was good for me; I accepted (and could even bring myself to ask for) lots of support, affection, and help. It turned out to be a time to mend for me, too.

My reflections would not be complete without telling what a special privilege it was to take two groups of children to see the AIDS Memorial Quilt. I went with our nine-year-olds and with the children who had just completed kindergarten. Each group was able to understand the quilt in a different way. The coordinator of the six-year-olds asked me to tell a story that would relate to the quilt. I only tell a few stories, mostly from the Bible, and I didn't think I had anything like that in my repertoire. Then I realized that in the story of Samuel, after Samuel's mother left him to live at the temple, she made her little boy a new robe every year and took it to him when she got to see him. While she was separated from him, she would think of him and love him with each stitch on his little coat, and imagine what he looked like. And that's what we told our six-year-olds about how the Quilt was made, by friends and family who loved someone and remembered them with every stitch.

My heart is full. I'm very glad I was part of Junior Gathering. I recommend it highly to all of you who think you might not have enough to offer to the children. They sure had enough to offer me.

Ellen Armontine Hodge
Indianapolis, Ind.

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FJ17

AFSC and Friends: Building Closer Ties

by Ted Herman

In an effort to strengthen ties between the Religious Society of Friends and the American Friends Service Committee, monthly and yearly meetings have been encouraged to hold dialogues with AFSC staff and committee members. The process continues, and in an effort to aid the discussion, FRIENDS JOURNAL presents this report from one such dialogue. Written by Ted Herman specifically for his meeting, the report explains the concerns under discussion and offers some worthwhile insights. Also included are a group of queries drawn together after consideration by the AFSC Corporation. FRIENDS JOURNAL invites other groups to share their work on this issue with our readers. —Eds.

How to build a closer understanding between the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) and the Religious Society of Friends was the subject of discussion at a May 5 meeting at Friends Center in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Such dialogues are taking place in all nine of the AFSC regions in the United States. This particular dialogue involved members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and AFSC representatives from the national office, the AFSC Corporation and its Board of Directors, AFSC national committees, the executive secretary of the Middle Atlantic Region, and a few committee members-at-large from the Middle Atlantic Region.

Some criticisms of AFSC

The need for closer understanding has been growing for at least the last five or six years as various Friends around the United States have expressed criticisms of the AFSC. Such objections have touched on various policies, activities at home and abroad, procedures in deci-

sion-making and committee appointments without consideration by yearly meetings and monthly meetings, the role of staff who are not members of the Religious Society of Friends, the lack of positions and work projects for Friends, and the sparseness of certain religious references in AFSC publications and news releases. Frequently mentioned is the Affirmative Action Plan that began in 1978 at the insistence of some staff members of ethnic minority heritage. This plan as it has developed aims to bring more people of various ethnic and racial heritage, those who are physically "differently abled," those of different religious faiths or none, and gays and lesbians into the AFSC as they are qualified to serve on committees, as staff members, and as participants in programs that attack discrimination in U.S. society. In short, the plan seeks to promote equality in diversity.

Because criticisms of any of these practices have been expressed by several yearly meetings, it has become clear we must listen carefully to the views and explanations on all sides so we can grow together as Friends.

The impact of changes

One of the most obvious problems lies in the many changes, both at home and abroad, that have touched all of us since the AFSC was formed in 1917. There is now much more diversity in Friends membership, in the tasks that the AFSC and other Friends groups are addressing. An important change is the AFSC's intention to develop *partnership with* rather than *assistance for* people everywhere to develop the talents with which they have been endowed by their Creator.

Funding sources are also changing from the traditional wealthy Quaker family and foundation donors to a much wider base that often responds to dramatic appeals rather than to sustained support for the AFSC. More than half the annual budget of \$23 million comes from non-Friends, a mark of approval

that stands out among the countless organizations dedicated to good works here and abroad.

To extend the worldwide AFSC staff of approximately 400 people, there are hundreds of unpaid committee members, many not Friends, who propose projects, share in decision-making, and strive to express Friends' mission to "speak to that of God in every person." As I see it, what seems to many Friends to be a closed shop can easily be expanded by those who will join in the effort.

QUERIES TO STIMULATE DIALOGUE

The following queries were composed by the AFSC Corporation for the purpose of furthering dialogue about the relationship of AFSC to the Religious Society of Friends. —Eds.

Nonviolence

What are the essential elements of Friends commitment to nonviolence?

What does our commitment to nonviolence require of us as we live and work in a world marked by injustice and poverty?

Is part of Friends' and AFSC's mission to help others create conditions that all may live in peace?

What might be the components of non-violent action toward that end?

Are we called to address root causes of violence as well as its outward manifestations?

Are there instances in which we are called to accompany those who, in seeking justice for themselves and for their loved ones, do not share a commitment

Ted Herman is director emeritus of the peace studies program at Colgate University. He is a member of Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting and is a member-at-large of the Middle Atlantic Region committee of the AFSC.



Lucy Sikes

Organization of the dialogue program

The dialogue in Philadelphia began with groups of three sharing their expectations. After a period of worship, they formed into groups of eight to consider these issues: Friends' commitment to nonviolence, the nature of service, and accountability to the wider body of Friends.

In the afternoon, participants divided into three larger groups to engage in simulated confrontations to apply Friends'

to nonviolence as we define it?

If AFSC begins a nonviolent journey with those who later adopt strategies that include violence, what are our moral responsibilities?

Are there instances in which Friends or AFSC are called to interpret to others our understanding of the background of violent conflicts? Are there instances when we are called to support the objectives of those seeking change even when we cannot support their means?

What should be the nature of such relationships, support and interpretation?

As Friends and AFSC seek to be teachers of peace, do we humbly seek what other groups and cultures may teach us?

Are we mindful that, despite our early history as a persecuted people, today it is not usually Friends whose "feet are held to the fire"?

Service and Advocacy

Do Friends' beliefs and practices necessarily lead both to direct service to those in need and to advocacy of changes in social structures, policies and institutions?

Does Friends' and AFSC's advocacy grow out of direct experience based on a search for the leadings of the Spirit?

Is our advocacy grounded in respect for all parties?

Do we regard oppressors as children of

God, and are we willing to be respectful of them?

How do we balance the need to be open to communication with all sides in a conflict situation with the need to remain engaged with the oppressed?

Are there forms of advocacy that are in tension with fundamental Friends testimonies?

How can Friends share with AFSC their understandings of Quaker service as well as their experience in service and advocacy projects in their own communities and meetings?

How can yearly meetings and AFSC more frequently work together in service and advocacy?

Accountability

Do Friends share a common vision of the American Friends Service Committee's mission and functions?

Do Friends expect that AFSC programs may lead AFSC to new perceptions and spiritual understandings?

If AFSC committees and board arrive at unity regarding new policies or programs based on such understandings, should they be constrained by lack of unity within the wider Religious Society of Friends?

Should either AFSC or the wider Religious Society of Friends expect all Friends will endorse all or nearly all AFSC programs?

As AFSC programs reach out to

groups whose rights and personhood have been denied by the larger society, should Friends and AFSC expect the Service Committee to be open to those groups' values and experience?

What expectations regarding AFSC as a Friends institution should accompany participation in AFSC—on committees, on the corporation and board, on staff?

What should be the nature of initial orientation?

What should be the continuing expectation for people's relationship to the wider Religious Society of Friends?

As the AFSC involves in its work and learns from people from many faith and ethical traditions, what is the distinctly "Quaker character" of the organization Friends wish to see preserved?

What of Friends' expressions, practices and values are essential and living, and what elements are conditioned by particular social experience and thus open to change?

What have been the barriers in communication between AFSC and the wider Religious Society of Friends?

How might AFSC better fulfill its obligations in this relationship? What is required of the wider Religious Society of Friends, if there is a desire within it for stronger connections with the AFSC?

Do AFSC staff and board members listen to and labor, in love and respect, with Friends who are not in agreement? Do Friends who disagree approach AFSC in the same spirit? □

principles. Our group explored a growing community confrontation over a disagreement between a white teacher and a black student. Many views were expressed with passion. As a result we discovered that AFSC or any other well-meaning mediator cannot be imposed on disputants, that mediators, while listen-



Lucy Sikes

ing to both sides, cannot be neutral to injustice, and that it might be much more effective to bring the original parties together quietly before outside pressures grow out of hand. This last would, of course, minimize the public role of the AFSC and the ego satisfaction of its members (me). I found this to be learning at its best.

Next steps

We then huddled in small groups to suggest the next steps for both Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and the AFSC. There was general agreement on the need for both sides to keep informed about the work and perceptions of the other and to inform their constituencies, to put more emphasis on nonviolence in practice and its spiritual roots, and to enlarge opportunities for Quaker service, especially among young people, as a way to strengthen the next generation of AFSC supporters. It was pointed out that since the Religious Society of Friends has no Vatican to speak for all Quakers, the AFSC often serves as the Quaker voice to the general public, as well as to many Friends. This is a heavy

responsibility that deserves continuing understanding by Friends everywhere.

Everyone agreed that the day's dialogue had generated much open discussion and should be continued. I kept wondering why such meetings aren't more frequent in Philadelphia, since AFSC and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting offices are in the same building, until I recalled that the staffs, no matter how talented, cannot speak for the larger body of Friends and their supporters. It is this larger, equally creative, and concerned population that the dialogues must reach.

Keeping Friends informed

One suggestion was that the AFSC Information Services should keep information flowing to all monthly meetings throughout the U.S., until it was pointed out that the overworked staff in Philadelphia already produces many kinds of printed material and news releases for the public which Friends do not always read. To keep at least some Friends informed, those present were urged to report on the dialogue in their own monthly meetings and elsewhere and thus help spread the information.

Semantic problems

From a long habit of reading materials produced by many religious groups, I am convinced that part of the problem for some Friends lies in semantics. The ecclesiastical English possibly derived from John Woolman used by some Friends often leaves those from different backgrounds both uncertain and excluded. In contrast, AFSC uses language with much more social content based on implied religious belief, and directed to action. For those who question the importance of this linguistic distinction, I suggest that both versions of contemporary Quakerese be tried on a cross-section of English-speaking people to see the levels of comprehension.

What should we know about AFSC?

It seems to me that the continuing dialogue needs a sharper explanation than the dialogue booklet provides. We need to know how AFSC's two governing bodies are chosen, their size, and members' qualifications, the provision for newcomers, and how the many committees are selected. Here is where accountability between the AFSC and the Religious Society of Friends operates

most directly.

The often complex working relations between AFSC national and regional offices is explained about as well as possible, but there is no reference to raising and allocating funds, or of regional publicity to support fund-raising. This touches on the general lack of awareness by Friends and others of the existence of the regions and their local projects. Yet these are often the closest activities of the AFSC to Friends at the grassroots level.

Recognizing activities by AFSC and other Quaker groups

Another matter worth exploring is the connection, if any, between AFSC projects and those of other Quaker groups, including those of yearly meetings and monthly meetings. Is there overlap, competition, or even disagreement on aims and programs, or is the vineyard so large that any and all hands are needed for the tending? Those who are asked to contribute funds must certainly wonder who is doing what in the name of Friends.

Need to develop an understanding of nonviolence in the U.S.

Finally, I come back to my own wish to have the AFSC be more directly involved in spreading an understanding of nonviolence. Since "nonviolence" has so many meanings, even to the same person, the phrase "alternatives to violence" is more easily understood and covers most AFSC actions. Just as we are coming to name oppression and injustice as "violence," so we are enlarging our understanding of forms of nonviolence for healing and taking away the occasion for wars. Surely AFSC and Friends at all levels can come together to learn about and spread an understanding of nonviolence. We have many outstanding instructors.

Suggestions to improve communication between AFSC and Friends

The dialogue between AFSC and the wider body of Friends emphasizes informing the latter about the former. While this is important and can be improved, I believe the operation in reverse may be just as useful and could be improved by the following:

- Designated representative of Quaker groups to AFSC meetings at all levels should be backed up by substitutes in

case the first representative is unable to attend.

- AFSC Board and Corporation meetings not specifically restricted should encourage all Friends to attend as observers, but not to ask AFSC for funds, accommodations, etc.

- Representatives of Quaker groups to AFSC meetings should be prepared to report briefly on any policies and activities of their group that are related to AFSC policies and activities, especially in fund-raising, community projects, policy statements, and service opportunities. The purpose is to explore how each side can reinforce the goals of the other and keep interest alive.

- Also, such representatives should expect to report back to their own Quaker groups on the AFSC meeting attended. This requires familiarity with AFSC, a knowledge usually acquired through regular attendance, careful reading of AFSC minutes and reports, and possibly service on AFSC committees.

- Ideally, information about AFSC delivered to Quaker groups should be condensed into short minutes giving background and decisions. Each representative might be expected to do this, but not everyone has such skill, and sometimes AFSC meetings divide into smaller groups. One idea might be for the representatives of Quaker groups to share the minute-making among themselves. Another might be to employ an experienced Friend to serve as a special recorder and then send out the finished short minutes to representatives for revision, and distribution. Fuller background documents are always available in the AFSC mailings.

Acknowledging suggestions promptly

Perhaps one of the easiest and most important ways to change the perceived distance between AFSC and the wider body of Friends is for AFSC staff and committee members, both at the national and regional levels, to acknowledge suggestions and other letters promptly and with some indication of action taken. Since contributions of money are acknowledged promptly, the same practice should apply for contributions of time and thought. In fact, the two may be connected. Over the years I have found that, with one exception, AFSC can improve on this habit greatly despite everyone's extreme busyness. It is important! □

Reports



Lucy Sikes

Feminine aspects of Divine challenge New York YM

Friends at the 295th session of New York Yearly Meeting were blessed with a feeling of international fellowship, increased environmental consciousness, and true spiritual fellowship. Nevertheless, this year's meeting, held July 22-28 at Silver Bay Association, was also one of mixed and strained emotions. Many Friends, seeking to free themselves from the historically dominant male symbolism of Christianity, seek a relationship with the feminine aspects of the Divine. There was much pain and anguish as Friends struggled over the issue that ensued: Regarding religious orthodoxy as contrasted to the "goddess" in the divine, how far can the boundaries of religious self-expression be stretched and still be called Quakerism?

We experienced real anger and fear, but we also labored as Friends, and there were many expressions of joy as we heard ourselves speak plainly to each other and to the issues, and deal with the concern in a way that has been needed for many years. Like a festering sore, the issues rose to the surface, and, being dealt with in true Christian spirit, many friends now look to the future of New York Yearly Meeting with joy; some, however, with trepidation. Our children, reports of our corporate witness, and our seeking of the Light together, allowed many of us to leave with hope in our hearts. Carol Holmes, our clerk of Ministry and Counsel, observed that the devil is present and working hard at New York Yearly Meeting, because he is so desperately afraid he is losing his battle. A Friend in this writer's worship sharing group quoted Julian of Norwich: "He did not promise that we would not be tempted: but that we would not be overcome."

Our sessions began with our children reading to us the story of the Good Samaritan. Louise Wilson, clerk of North Carolina Yearly Meeting (Conservative), spoke to us on the topic "Standing Still in the Light." She warned us of the distractions from spiritual

growth that she perceives in "new age" involvement. Instead of standing still and "knowing that I am God," some seek answers through tarot, astrology, and self-help books. Even Quaker committee involvements and Quaker causes, she told us, can be a distraction. She quoted Meister Eckhart: "The process of soul-building has much more to do with subtraction than it does with addition." Later in the week, a Friend presented a different perspective, pointing to three major Quaker approaches to spiritual growth: Jesus and the Bible, individual experience of the Divine, and Quaker history and tradition. The emphasis depends on the individual.

Many of the reports we heard spoke to us of the past or of the future: of our Quaker heritage, or of our hopes and plans. M. Kay Harris spoke on "Restorative Justice," telling us of the problems inherent in various approaches to criminal justice over the years, an area long a concern of Friends. One Friend noted the devastating feeling of unending waste of humanity in a system that has repeatedly failed us for years. Where is the answer to this massive problem? We must continue to strive until we find it.

We heard a report on Friends World College, one of the wonderful institutions that Friends can take joy in, and one that speaks well to the future. From our own high school children, we received and endorsed a minute noting the need to establish a task group to tackle the AIDS issue: recognizing the great need to create a network to combat ignorance. We were grateful for the input from our children, beacons of hope in a world that is often filled with despair.

Seven hundred Friends, including nearly 200 children, attended yearly meeting. Friends dealt with the sometimes painful diversity among us, and we reflected on the split of the yearly meeting before the branches reunited in 1955. At that time, merging was accomplished with great urging of young Friends. To some of us at this annual session, it was the children most of all who spoke to us with actions, eyes, and songs about the values and future of Quakers and all of us within New York Yearly Meeting. The Quaker values we cherish are very much alive among our young people. When they heard our wrangling and observed our struggles over words and Quaker process, they wondered and at times feared the implications of our solemn words and demeanors. What will become of New York Yearly Meeting? Is it threatened by adult intransigence? Perhaps it is now the children's turn to lead us back to the Light, if we can allow ourselves to be led.

Jeffrey Aaron

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Reports *continued*

Yearly Meeting Clerks' Retreat at Pendle Hill

Clerks from 12 yearly meetings across the country, plus outgoing and incoming clerks of Friends General Conference met for an extended weekend on the hospitable Pendle Hill campus. Paul Lacey and Paul Buckley facilitated discussions of "the good, the bad, and the silly." A rich anecdotal store of problems, suggestions, and solutions was shared. Common needs were identified. These included such things as improving children's programs and religious education, increasing the understanding of the reasons behind our "peculiar" business and worship practices, deepening the life of the Spirit in individuals and corporately, and beginning to understand and embrace "gospel order."

As we struggled with the nitty gritty problems of quarterly and yearly meetings, it was helpful to remind ourselves of the underlying purpose of these organizations. First, they are for worshiping God in a larger corporate group, and second to encourage and nourish spiritual growth. They provide the structure for allowing a concern to season in a widening circle of Friends. They make possible corporate action within a larger group. They tie together smaller groups to present a common face to Quakerdom and to the world. Not least important, they help fill the yearning for fellowship with other Friends beyond the monthly meeting. They provide for larger social, educational, spiritual, and business opportunities.

If you serve on a nominating, finance, or religious education committee, ask your yearly meeting clerk for suggestions that arose during this retreat. Part of the job of any committee or meeting clerk is to encourage future leadership, not just to get the job done as expeditiously as possible. The means determine the end.

Each yearly meeting has its own distinctive variations and beloved traditions, and each clerk has his or her unique combination of personality and resources. We share and learn, but must remain true to what has been given to each. We need to continue to learn how we are held accountable to God and to Friends for the use of our gifts and the care of our yearly meeting; we will hold others equally accountable.

Marty Grundy



A. Michie Shaw

Notes Between M

Meet me at the

by Rebecca Martin Young

This column came about in a most serendipitous way. I first met Vint Deming and Melissa Elliott at Pendle Hill. I was attending the FRIENDS JOURNAL's newsletter editors' conference, which they coordinated. It was my first experience at Pendle Hill, in itself a magic sort of place. After lunch on the first day, as I left the Main House dining room, I heard someone singing and playing what sounded like an old-fashioned pump organ. Sure enough, in the next room I found Melissa pedaling away at the harmonium. She asked me if I could play.

When Vint found us, I was playing and Melissa was singing. Vint joined in, and, by the time it ended, we were singing three-part harmony to the organ accompaniment. When I stopped playing and stood up, we all beamed at each other, and someone said, "Yes! Three-part harmony!" Then suddenly we were laughing and in an incredible three-way hug!

At some level, these two people, who had been virtual strangers to me a short time before, had a deeper sense of me and I of them than one sometimes has of people one has known for a very long time. And it had happened through our sharing music—the music of the harmonium, of our voices, and of our spirits.

Since then, Melissa and I have shared stories of our experiences with music. She has cherished the idea of this column for several years. As we've talked, the seemingly limitless possibilities of what we can share with you have come pouring out. We are hoping to bring to you a great deal of variety. We want to talk about and review the works of Quaker musicians, composers, and lyricists. We want to talk about both music that's just come onto the market and music that's been around for awhile. We'd like to find out what music Friends

Rebecca Young is a freelance writer, editor, and researcher. She is the newsletter editor at Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting.

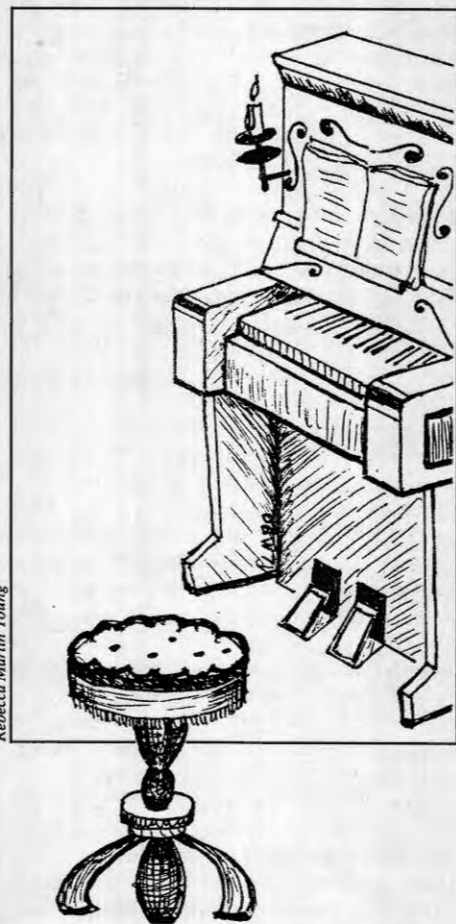
harmonium

do use and how—which means we will be asking for input from all of you who care to share with us. We want to discuss music used for healing, for meditation, and as food for spiritual growth. And we would like to share “peak” experiences we and others have had involving music. We may even include a

At one time I was in one of those hideously numb states when my soul felt dead and I was moved to ask if this was all there was to life. A friend took me to Longwood Gardens, a beautifully landscaped, formal garden in southeastern Pennsylvania, for a summer evening of “Mozart on the Terrace.” The concert was to be followed by a light and fountain show, set to music. After Mozart, we rested on the cool, green grass below the terrace to be at eye-level with the fountains for the show.

As the music began, I recognized the haunting opening strains of Saint-Saëns *Symphony No. 3*, more commonly known by the nickname *Organ Symphony*. By the time the music reached the so-called second movement (actually the third and fourth movements are linked by a connecting passage), I was no longer numb. For the first time in weeks I was *feeling* with every cell of my being! the first grand organ chords poured through me, and the fountains erupted into glorious fan-shaped patterns of intense red, orange, and yellow. As the piano passage rippled against the organ chords, I felt I was being drawn into the center of a gigantic, pulsing, Georgia O’Keefe canna! My friend swears I stopped breathing. I wouldn’t know. I was too busy *feeling*! And I knew then that, even with all that is wrong in this old world, the creative “voices” of humanity could not be stilled, and I wanted to be around to experience the products and process of that creativity.

I have heard a number of performances of this symphony since. My personal favorite is the 1982 vinyl release on Polygram Classic’s London Records label, with Charles Dutoit conducting the Montreal Symphony Orchestra and Peter Hurford at the organ. The organ tone quality and voicing stand out with particular brilliance against the myriad textures produced by the other instruments. If you are lucky enough to find a vinyl copy, it can be had for around \$4.99. The compact disc version is currently available (1983 release on the London label) for \$13.99. □



discussion of what Young Friends mean when they talk about music that is “alternative,” “post modern,” “new wave,” or “new age”! But most of all, we hope to have *fun* doing this column, and we hope you will enjoy the outcome.

Speaking of “peak” experiences, as we talked about music to aid spiritual growth, immediately gentle waves of ethereal-sounding instrumental and environmental music came to mind. But, boosts to my own spiritual growth have often come from very different music.

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Physics: The department seeks a tenure-line assistant professor in experimental physics. Applicants from any field of experimental physics will be considered, with preference given to candidates who can establish research programs conducive to undergraduate participation. Apply by November 15, 1990 to Lyle Roelofs, Physics Department.

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Spanish: The department seeks a tenure-line faculty member at the assistant professor level with research interests in colonial or nineteenth-century Spanish-American literature, with the training or interest to contribute to an interdisciplinary Latin American and Iberian Studies Program, and a commitment to language teaching. Apply by December 15, 1990 to Israel Burshatin, Spanish Department.

Interested candidates should submit a curriculum vitae, a letter describing research and teaching interests, graduate transcripts and three letters of recommendation to the person listed above, Haverford College, Haverford, PA 19041. A sample of scholarly work would be welcome.

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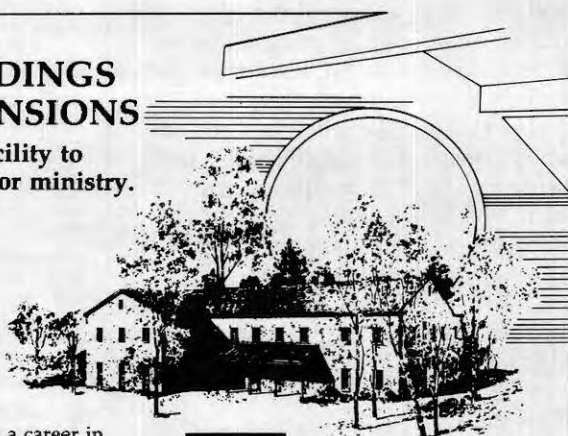
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News of Friends

**Building projects, race relations, and celebra-
tion** are occupying several Quaker colleges
this year. Volunteers at Barclay College
(formerly Friends Bible College) joined in a
10-day barn raising project to provide a
multi-purpose building for an impoverished
area of Houston, Texas. Educators and ad-
ministrators at Earlham College took part in
a national conference on race relations, with
a look toward improvements in U.S. educa-
tion. Swarthmore College joined a consor-
tium of colleges in reaching out to prospec-
tive African-American and Hispanic students,
with a commitment to help such students
meet financial needs of college. At George
Fox College, plans are underway for the
100-year anniversary of the college on June
1, 1991. The theme will be "A Heritage to
Honor, a Future to Fulfill."

Friends meetings across the United States are
drawing up minutes and examining beliefs
in relation to the escalating military situation
in the Middle East. Since FRIENDS JOURNAL
in October ran notice of a minute by North
Carolina Yearly Meeting asking support for
nonviolent sanctions and thoughtful leader-
ship in the crisis, many similar statements
have poured in from meetings, through their
newsletters, in correspondence, and in con-
versations by telephone and in person. Too
numerous to list individually, these state-
ments of concern affirm the traditional
Quaker witness against violence and aggres-
sion and testify to our ongoing desire to seek
avenues to peace during confrontations.

**Legislation requiring male participants in
federally supported volunteer programs** to be
registered for the draft is being proposed by
Rep. Gerald Solomon of New York. The leg-
islation is in the form of a proposed amend-
ment to the National and Community Service
Act of 1990. Its sponsors describe it as an
attempt to encourage volunteerism, rather
than an attempt to make service mandatory
for young people. However, Dave Treber,
associate director of the National Inter-
religious Service Board for Conscientious
Objectors, says the amendment "will turn
the meaning of service on its head." A Senate
version of the bill does not require registra-
tion. The Senate and House will work out
a National Service Bill to present to George
Bush. Previous amendments tying draft reg-
istration to eligibility for federal employ-
ment, financial aid, and job training have
been upheld by the courts. The Selective Ser-
vice System estimated draft registrations in-
creased by 67 percent in the first half of
September. The increase was attributed to
the crisis in the Middle East.



Hilda Jenks and Selly Oak Meeting/
Quaker Tapestry

Film clips of the Quaker Tapestry aired on television in Britain on three consecutive mornings in June. About 20 of the panels were shown in the five-minute segments. Filming took place at Jordans, Buckinghamshire, and included Anne Wynn-Wilson, creator of the tapestry. The program on which the tapestry was shown is a regular morning feature, called *Five to Eleven*, and features a reflective presentation of issues, sometimes drawing from Christianity, Islam, and other religions. The Quaker Tapestry is a series of crewel-embroidered panels depicting significant insights and experiences in Quaker history.

Remember 'Popeye, the Quaker Man'? The violence of this advertising campaign by Quaker Oats and its inappropriate representation of Quakerism stirred young and old Friends across the country to write letters of protest to the company. At least one woman, Flo Tatum of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting, received a reply. Here are some excerpts: "... We would like to . . . let you know the changes we are making. . . . Please be assured that we would never want to intentionally offend any group through our advertising. . . . [Here are] the steps we are taking. First, each of the three Popeye cartoons has finished its airing on television. If they are used at anytime in the future, we will delete the reference to, 'I'm Popeye the Quaker Man.' The inventory of Popeye comics have all been inserted into packages of Quaker [Oats] products, and it will take time to move through distribution channels. If these are to be used again, changes similar to those in the television advertising will be made before reprinting." (taken from the *Haddonfield Meeting Newsletter*, October 1990)

Bulletin Board

- Experiences in listening will be the focus of the fall gathering of the Quaker Universalist Fellowship, to be held Nov. 10, from 9:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. at Abington Meetinghouse in Jenkintown, Pa. The theme will be "What Canst thou Hear—Adventures in Listening." Herb Walters, founder of the Listening Project of Rural Southern Voice for Peace (*FJ* June 1988), will be the evening speaker. The day will include worship, listening within, listening to other participants, and listening to a panel of Friends of diverse beliefs. There will be singing, dancing, sharing of resources, and tables of literature. Vegetarian meals, child care, and overnight hospitality can be provided if requested in advance. Cost for registration and meals will be under \$20. Scholarship help is possible. For information, contact Emily Conlon, 600 Meetinghouse Rd., Jenkintown, PA 19046, or call her at (215) 886-6968.

- The National Council of Churches (NCC) will sponsor Ecumenical Sunday on January 20, 1991. The 1991 theme, "Hallelujah! Praise God All You Peoples!" will focus on the aspects of ecumenical and interfaith agencies that work in the middle of great racial, ethnic, and religious diversity. Sample packets featuring plans for celebrating Ecumenical Sunday, bulletins, and a list of organizations providing resource material are available by contacting NCC Communication Unit, Room 850, 175 Riverside Drive, New York, NY 10115, telephone (212) 870-2227.

- Understanding symbolism by reenactment is at the heart of the Christmas Peace Pilgrimage, a 10-mile walk from Nazareth to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The pilgrimage, in its 31st year, will take place on Dec. 15. The proclamation establishing the pilgrimage, signed by mayors of the two cities, refers to the journey of the Holy Family as a time of dedication and purpose, anticipating the birth of Jesus as personification of God's desire to bring peace to Earth. The pilgrimage begins at 12:30 p.m. in Nazareth, includes three rest stops, and ends with a candlelight procession into Bethlehem, where a simple supper will be served. At that time, Myron S. Augsburg will speak. He is a 25-year veteran of preaching for peace in the United States, Canada, Europe, Africa, and Latin America. He is president of the Christian College Coalition and adjunct professor of theology at Eastern Mennonite Seminary. For information, contact Joseph C. Osborn, (215) 866-3127; Susan Vargo, (215) 867-6429; or Bethlehem Council of Churches, (215) 867-8671.



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Books

Reclaiming a Resource

Edited by Chuck Fager. Kimo Press, Falls Church, Va., 1990. 278 pages. \$12.95/paperback.

Some Friends may be surprised that many other Friends are finding new and exciting treasure in an old resource, namely the Bible. In *Reclaiming a Resource: Papers from the Friends Bible Conference*, 25 Friends write about their discoveries. The depth of their exploration, the variety of their approaches, and their enthusiasm are compelling. It is impossible to read part of the book without being drawn to read more. This in turn leads the reader to hurry to the Bible for more information and inspiration.

Chuck Fager served unprogrammed Friends well when he initiated the Friends Bible Conference in November 1989. Now he has served them again by publishing this outstanding collection of papers from the conference. Those who attended could participate in only three workshops, but through this book everyone can sample many. The book will, as Chuck says in the introduction, "serve many purposes, some practical, others more

reflective." His own paper, "From Detoxification to Godwrestling" (republished as an article in *FJ*, July), is a must for those who stopped reading the Bible because of negative experiences in Sunday school or at the hands of fanatics. He encourages a new relationship with the Bible.

Carol Conti-Entin worked with Chuck Fager to plan the Bible conference. Her paper, "Using the Written Bible to Hear the Bible Within," states that some present-day Quakers who rediscovered the Bible, "found that the divine guide which we had already encountered dwelling within us suddenly had a most remarkable ally. Not only were we reading the Scriptures, but they were reading us!" She goes on to suggest how we can allow the Spirit that inspired biblical authors to inspire us. In addition she gives guidance to those who are being asked to lead others in Bible exploration.

Elizabeth Watson, whose paper "The Bible and Continuing Revelation" was a plenary address at the conference, shares her experienced insights as a gifted theologian. She looks at the Bible through four contemporary lenses: liberation theology, making a

"preferential option for the poor" and oppressed; creation theology, assessing the Bible's role in our deepening ecological crisis; feminist theology; and mythology. As she expertly focuses these lenses on the story of Jacob in Genesis, new discoveries are made. We learn about the Bible, but more importantly we learn about ourselves. What challenges us? What makes us uncomfortable? What calls us? What tells us who we are? The possibilities are unlimited.

In the paper "How Early Friends Understood the Bible," Martha Paxson Grundy sharply questions our reluctance to face the tensions between the authority of the Spirit within, on one hand, and Scripture and tradition on the other. Given as the opening plenary address, the paper urges us to use the tensions like a stringed instrument, to make new music, new harmony.

This is only a small portion of the riches to be found in this book. On the last page, this question is posed: "What is the Bible?" Diane Bonner Zorowin answers this in her meditation: "The Bible is the story of our search for God. . . . The Bible is the story of God's love for us, is God's whispered call

On the twelfth day of Christmas a loved one gave to me:



John Davis Gummere

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of remembrance. . . . Above all the Bible is a guide to life." *Reclaiming a Resource* calls us to that story, that guide.

Mary Wood

Mary Wood, a former member of the FRIENDS JOURNAL Board of Managers, is retired head resident of Pendle Hill and is a member of Media (Pa.) Meeting.

In Brief

Bridging the Global Gap: A Handbook to Linking Citizens of the First and Third Worlds

By Medea Benjamin and Andrea Freedman. Seven Locks Press, Washington, D.C., 1989. 338 pages. \$11.95/paperback. Internationalism, as defined by the authors, is a collection of efforts to move people to involvement in international issues. Nine types of participation provide specific paths for ordinary people. The vision is that we are the world. It is our responsibility to be alert and to ex-

Pat Morrison/
Bridging the
Global Gap



pand our influence as consumers, workers, shareholders, and voters. The clear vision, goals, specific steps, and resource list of groups, make this book a valuable tool for internationalism.

The Heart of the Global Village: Technology and the New Millennium

By William A. Charland, Jr. Trinity Press International, Phila., Pa., 1990. 122 pages. \$9.95/paperback. Most discussions of economic development and technology brim with statistics and use vocabularies best suited for computer manuals. In this book, however, the author addresses economy and technology while narrating a personal journey through Colorado, Canada, and Kenya. The countries of our world are economically interdependent and joined by space-age communications technology. William Charland's

travels provide the basis for the book's assertion that there can be a joining of spirits and growth of community on a global level.

Children and the AIDS Virus: A Book for Children, Parents and Teachers

By Rosmarie Hausherr. Clarion Books, New York, N.Y., 1989. 48 pages. \$13.95. With appealing photographs and a minimum of words on every page, the author describes our body's immune system, how it can fight the common cold virus, and how it can't fight AIDS. She explains in simple terms how AIDS is spread and introduces us to Jonathon and Celeste, two children living with AIDS. There is a main text in large print to read aloud to young children and a parallel one in smaller print to give adults and older children more detailed information. This book is realistic about a grim subject yet maintains a hopeful tone, allaying children's fears about going to school and playing with friends infected with the disease. An extensive bibliography of educational resources and service organizations is included.

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- *Want to delve further into Bible study?* There are several bibliographies, profiling dozens of other Bible resources.

Reclaiming a Resource is a 300-page quality paperback, edited by Chuck Fager and published by Kimo Press.

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RECLAIMING a RESOURCE

*Papers from the
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Milestones



Bonnie Acker

Births

Lamar-Palmer—Brya Lamar Palmer, at home, on July 10, to Pamela Palmer and Tom Lamar in Moscow, Idaho. Pamela and Tom are members of Pullman-Moscow Meeting.

Souders—Peter Francis Souders, on May 1, to Margaret Hopkins Plank and David Monro Souders of Silver Spring, Md. Margaret is a member of Storrs (Conn.) Meeting, where her parents, John and Eleanor Plank, are also members.

Spears—Matthew Stephen Peter Lafferty Spears, on July 14, to Beth Lafferty and Larry Spears. Larry is a member of the FRIENDS JOURNAL's Board of Managers and attends the North Meadow (Ind.) Circle of Friends.

Marriages

Harton-Oldham—Robert W. Oldham and Clarice T. Harton, on August 11, under the care of Richmond (Va.) Meeting, where both are members.

Fitz-Hugh-Grendon—Kevin Grendon and Lynn Fitz-Hugh, on June 14, in Monroe (Wash.).

Rickerman-Rizzo—Jeffrey Rickerman and Teal Rizzo, on July 28, at Centre (Del.) Meeting, under the care of Mill Creek (Del.) Meeting, where Jeffrey is a member.

Deaths

Bringhurst—Ann Walker Bringhurst, 81, suddenly, on Jan. 29. She was born in Richardson Park, Del., graduated from Wilmington High School in 1925, and from the University of Delaware in 1930. She taught high school English prior to her marriage to Louis S. Bringhurst in 1936. She received a master's degree in English from the University of Delaware in 1952, and later was an instructor in English at the Wilmington campus of Brandywine Junior College. Ann and Lou were residents of Crosslands, a retirement center in Kennett Square, Pa., since its opening in 1977. She was a birthright member of the Religious Society of Friends and belonged to Westtown (Pa.) Meeting at the time of her death. She was active both in her local meeting and in Wider Quaker Fellowship. She will be best remembered for her beautiful smile, generous spirit, and her capacity for friendship. She is survived by her husband, Lou; daughter, Patricia Reed; two grandchildren; and three great-granddaughters.

Champney—Horace Champney, 85, on Aug. 31, after nine months of failing health. He was born and

reared in Cleveland, Ohio. He went to Yellow Springs in 1922 to attend Antioch College. While a student, he helped lead a group advocating racial integration of the student body, full student participation in campus governance, elimination of restrictive women's rules, termination of intercollegiate athletic competition, and abolishment of the traditional system of grades and credits. He was the chief architect of Antioch's system of community government. In 1936 he earned his Ph.D. in psychology from Ohio State University and joined the staff of Fels Research Institute at Antioch, where he devised the Fels Parent Behavior Rating Scales, an instrument to scientifically measure the home environment of children. World peace became a central concern of his during World War II. He supported Antioch students who were conscientious objectors, as well as the effort to stop Nazi Germany. After the war, he helped organize a national pacifist group called Peacemakers, which advocated non-registration for the military draft and non-payment of war taxes. In 1967, he protested the Vietnam War by helping organize the voyage of the *Phoenix*, a sailing vessel that carried medical supplies to North and South Vietnam. At age 61, he was the crew's oldest member. He was a member of Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting. He is survived by his wife, Beulah Champney; sons, Ken and Tim Champney, and Prentice Tomas; brother, Freeman Champney; ten grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Corney—Glenn Corney, in December 1989, in Wilmington, Ohio. A former clerk of Clifton (Ohio) Meeting, he committed much time to working for peace in the wider Religious Society of Friends during the years he belonged to Cincinnati, Campus, and Clifton meetings in Ohio. A conscientious objector during World War II, he served as a smoke jumper and as a volunteer for the Boston Memorial Malaria Experiments. While he served as chairman of the Wilmington Yearly Meeting's Peace and Social Concerns Committee, the annual peace lecture was established. His wife, Silvia Corney, accompanied him while he traveled in Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting to further understanding and support for the work of the Indian Affairs Committee. In the last few years he was unable to be active because he developed Parkinson's disease. He is survived by his wife, Silvia; three daughters, Deborah McMahan, Elisabeth Rolfes, and Miriam Vuotto; one son, David Corney; and five grandchildren.

Fredendall—Gordon L. Fredendall, 80, on Sept. 5, in Newtown, Pa. He was born in Kettle Falls, Wash., but spent most of his childhood in Janesville, Wisc. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin, receiving his Ph.D. in 1936. In 1936 he joined the RCA Manufacturing Company in Camden, N.J., where he received two RCA Laboratories outstanding achievement awards and numerous patents. He was one of the founding residents of Bryn Gweled Homesteads, a nationally famous, cooperative, residential community in Pennsylvania. He distinguished himself by convincing the Bell Telephone Company and Philadelphia Electric Company to deliver power to the homesteads by underground cables. He was a highly respected supervisor in his local township for 18 years, where he volunteered his time to work on the township library and youth center. He was instrumental in the purchase and development of a park. He and his wife became members of the Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting. In 1939 he was one of the founders of the Southampton (Pa.) Meeting, and became its second clerk. He is survived by his wife, Pearl Dockhorn Fredendall; son, Bruce Fredendall; daughters, Marilyn Fredendall and Jane Nolder; and seven grandchildren.



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Roseanna Crouse

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Jacobs—Elizabeth Faust Jacobs, 64, on Aug. 24, in Jasper, Ark. She entered medical school at 19 and was an M.D. and married at 22. During her service as a psychiatrist at Haverford (Pa.) State Hospital from 1963-1970, she joined Radnor (Pa.) Meeting. She was active in Friends Conference on Religion and Psychology, and practiced psychiatry in the Philadelphia area from 1970-88. She married Harold Jacobs in December 1988 and moved with him to Arkansas. She is survived by her husband; sons, Steven Faust, James Faust, and Larry Faust; and four grandchildren.

Mackie—W. Worth Mackie, 86, on July 4, at Friends Homes in Greensboro, N.C. A native of Yadkinville, N.C., he attended Guilford College and received his master's degree from Haverford College in 1928. He taught, first at Oakwood School, then in Oregon and Ohio. The last 17 years of his career he and his wife worked as administrators of Stapeley Hall, a retirement home in Philadelphia, Pa. During this time they joined Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting. He was a member later of Friendship (N.C.) Meeting. He is survived by his wife, Edith Woodard Mackie; daughter, Beverly Worth Herford; son, Walter Woodard Mackie; three grandchildren; and two great-grandsons.

Moger—Roy W. Moger, 83, on Aug. 17, at St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, while attending Canadian Yearly Meeting. As a young man he attended Amherst College and was a graduate of New York University College of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance. During World War II he worked, with increasing misgivings, in a defense plant. Afterward he took intensive teacher training through SUNY New Paltz and taught in the Roslyn (N.Y.) Public Schools from 1950 until his retirement in 1972. In 1936 he married his high school sweetheart, Charlotte A. Moore, and they had two children, Susan and William. Charlotte died in 1951. In 1954 he married Elizabeth E. Haas, and they had one daughter, Patricia. In 1953 he joined Westbury (N.Y.) Meeting, where he served on the Peace and Social Order Committee, the Nominating Committee, and Ministry and Oversight. He also was clerk of Long Island (N.Y.) Quarterly Meeting. He served as well on many committees of New York Yearly Meeting. For more than 40 years, he was a trustee, historian and held other civic offices in Roslyn, N.Y. He was active, particularly during the 1960s, in peace and civil rights concerns. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth H. Moger; daughters, Susan Moger and Patricia Moger; son, William Moger; and two grandchildren.

Moore—Helen Clarke Moore, 80, on Mar. 30, after a brief incapacity. She was born in LaGrange, Ill., and attended New Jersey College for Women (now Douglas College). There she met her future husband, W. Lee Moore, on a blind date. They were married 61 years. Helen came to Friends through Lee. She was long active in Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting before joining Cornwall (N.Y.) Meeting, where, she served for years as treasurer. When Friends World College was being established, she and her husband met with other dedicated persons to make that dream a reality. In recent years, she worked to have Cornwall Meetinghouse placed on the state and national historic registers, and to obtain financial assistance for essential repairs to the meetinghouse. For a time, she was director and manager for the New York State Unemployment Agency. She later worked for Orange County Community College, assisting with development. She eventually served as director of personnel. When she began work at the college, enrollment was 121 students. With her efforts, enrollment is now in the thousands, and a satellite campus in Newburgh has been established. She is sur-

vived by her husband, W. Lee Moore; a son, David Clarke Moore; and a granddaughter, Lisa Moore Streb.

Olmsted—Mildred Scott Olmsted, 99, on July 2, at her home in Rose Valley, Pa. She was a pioneer in the peace, suffrage, and planned parenthood movements. She was born in Glenolden, Pa., graduated from Smith College in 1912, and in 1913 graduated from the University of Pennsylvania School of Social Work. During World War I she worked with the YWCA in France and then with the American Friends Service Committee in child feeding programs in France and Germany. During the war she met Gertrude Baer and other pioneers of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (WILPF). When she returned to the States, she sought out and joined WILPF and became thoroughly involved. In an interview, she once said, "It's the war itself that is the destructive thing. . . . The people on both sides are the victims, and they are never told the truth. . . . I will never take part in any war." In 1921 she married Allen Olmsted II, a lawyer—later judge—who supported his wife's ideals and efforts. She has been an official of the League since 1934, served as its first executive director for 20 years, and was an active board member since her retirement in 1966. In her forties she suffered a heart attack, and was warned by her physician that she must choose between work and family or face only six months to live. She turned to her husband and said, "we have a lot of work to do in six months," and never stopped working. Her awards and honors include a WILPF Lifetime Achievement Award in 1986, a Lifetime Achievement Award from the city of Philadelphia, and the 1972 peace award from the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy (SANE). She was on the board of ACLU and SANE and was a member of the Friends Peace Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. At a 1977 WILPF dinner in her honor, she said of her work: "It has kept me aware of what is really happening all over the world. It has provided me with a chance to take action. Most important of all, it has given me the joy and the satisfaction of feeling that my time has been well spent, that I have made whatever contribution I could toward a better world. May it go on into the 21st century offering that same opportunity to others." She was a member of Providence (Pa.) Meeting and is survived by her son, Anthony Olmsted; daughter, Enid Olmsted Burke; eight grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.



Bonnie Acker

Picker—Jean Sovatkin Picker, 69, on May 4, at her home in Camden, Maine, after a long illness. She was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., and graduated from Smith College in 1942. She began work as a researcher at *Life* magazine, where she eventually became a member of the editorial board and a correspondent. In 1947, she married Harvey Picker, and had two daughters. Looking for a spiritual home in which to

raise their children, Jean and Harvey joined Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting in 1954. Jean became a volunteer lecturer at the United Nations, which led to a long association with that body as both volunteer and professional. In 1955, she collaborated with Eleanor Roosevelt on *The United Nations: What You Should Know About It*, and in 1973, she paid tribute to their friendship in *Eleanor Roosevelt: Her Day*. An activity particularly dear to her was the UN Committee of Correspondence, which focused on helping women in less developed countries learn to take leadership roles. During Jean's time, this committee reached out to some 5,000 individuals. She was a director of this committee from 1958 to 1966 and chairman of the board, 1965-1967. She was appointed to the United Nations by President Lyndon B. Johnson in 1968 as delegate with the rank of ambassador and was reappointed by presidents Nixon, Ford, and Carter. After serving as a delegate to the UN General Assembly in 1968, she was made a special senior advisor to the U.S. Delegation and a permanent U.S. representative to the UN Commission for Social Development and to the Economic and Social Council. During those years, Jean Picker also worked with the Quaker UN Office. In 1988, she was the first person to be honored with the United Nations Association-U.S.A. Eleanor Roosevelt Leadership Award. She was a member of the Executive Committee of the U.S. National Committee for UNESCO, and on the boards of the Council on Religion and International Affairs, the Institute for World Order, the Fund for Peace, and the Foreign Policy Association. She served on the board of overseers of Friends World College, as well as on the advisory council of Hampshire College, and on the boards of trustees of Colgate University and of Smith College. She is survived by her husband, Harvey Picker; and two daughters, Frances Mrachek and Gale Picker.

Scott—Robert L. Scott, 79, on May 14, at Underwood-Memorial Hospital in Woodbury, N.J. He was born in Portland, Ore. He worked as an accountant for Mobil Oil in Paulsboro, N.J., and after 30 years he retired in 1975. He was active in the community and had served as president of Haddonfield Plays and Players; member of the board of directors of the Gloucester County United Way, and as a member of the Retired Senior Citizens Volunteer Program. He was a valued and active member of Mickleton (N.J.) Meeting. He served as clerk for eight years as meeting treasurer, and also as treasurer of donations. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth T. Scott; son, Robert L. Scott, Jr.; and two grandchildren.

Todd—Esther Todd, 90, on April 15, at Chandler Hall, a retirement center in Newtown, Pa. A valued member of Princeton (N.J.) Meeting for many years, she recently moved to Chandler Hall and attended Newtown Meeting. She is remembered by many as being always cheerful and devoted much of her life to helping other people. In 1949 she moved from Philadelphia to become executive director of the Princeton YWCA, where she created the Newcomers Club and inaugurated the YWCA International Club to foster integration. She was also employed by the North Princeton Developmental Center and by the New Jersey Department of Youth and Family Services. She was a member on the board of trustees of Mercer Street Friends Center in Trenton from 1974 to 1983 and served on committees of Princeton Meeting and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. She is survived by one nephew, Robert Todd.

Total—Eva Marshal Total, 94, on April 5, in Oakland, Calif. Born in Wessington Springs, South Dakota, she studied at William Penn College and received her M.A. from Haverford College. She

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married Khalil Abdallah Totah in 1928 and lived in Ramallah, Palestine, until 1944, when they emigrated to the United States. She taught English, drama, dance, speech, religion, and other subjects at Friends schools and elsewhere. Her piano playing gave pleasure to her family and friends, and she passed on to her children her love of music. In her later years, she studied painting and the spiritual meaning of color. Her wit and cheerful, loving nature endeared her to all who knew her. She is survived by her children, Nabil Marshall Totah, Sibyl Belmont, and Joy May Hilden; and five grandchildren.

Trimble—*Solvey Alicia Trimble*, 18, on June 15, in an automobile accident. She was a member of Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting. Testimony, during a memorial service, demonstrated that she practiced and lived her Quaker principles and teachings in school and in her everyday life. Her teachers and young friends remember her calm, quiet manner and her willingness to assist with younger Friends during the meeting's special events. She is survived by her parents, Philip and Ruby Trimble; sister, Leah; and grandparents.

van Epenhuysen—*Aafje van Epenhuysen*, 90, on May 27, at the Rosa Spier Huis, a retirement home for artists and performers, in Laren, Holland. Aaf was a concert quality singer who dedicated her life to song with a commitment that often defied personal ease and social convention. At an early age, she married a physician from an eminent Dutch family. She and her husband had four sons, but her gift of song and music was in contention with the demands of conventional Dutch society. Eventually, she found no other way to be true to herself and her art, but to leave Holland. She came to the United States with courage and conviction, leaving behind her life of security and the disgrace her actions had brought about. She began earning her living as a cook or housekeeper, but found in the States the freedom of thought, self-reliance, and independence that allowed her to flourish. She was one of the earliest members of Wilton (Conn.) Meeting. There are few from those years who do not recall the strength of her deeply ingathered presence on the front benches, a presence that seemed to make others look just a little deeper. As a Friend writes, "Those who remember her from the years before she moved back to Holland were blessed, but even those of us who arrived after she left will greatly miss her visits to our meeting." She is survived by four sons in the Netherlands, and various nieces and nephews.

Wallace—*Susan Tatum Wallace*, 74, on Aug. 29, in Newtown, Pa. After graduating from George School in 1933, she attended Banks Business School and began work as a secretary in the real estate department of Provident Trust Co. She later joined the American Friends Service Committee, working as a secretary for Hugh Moore from 1940-1942 and in the finance department during the 1960s. She was a lifelong Friend who became a member of Providence (Pa.) Meeting in 1940, transferring her membership successively to Haddonfield (N.J.), Seaville (N.J.), and Yardley (Pa.) meetings. At Haddonfield she was a greatly loved superintendent of First-day school; at Seaville she was clerk for five years, and later, clerk of Salem Quarterly Meeting. She recently lived at Friends Village, a retirement center near Newtown, Pa. She was a member of Singing City Choir in Philadelphia for many years and was active in the Community Concerts Association in New Jersey. Susan was remarkable for the energy and generosity she devoted to the happiness of others, and for her courageous and adventurous spirit. She is survived by her husband, Albert Wallace; children, Edith, Gene, and Debbie Wallace; and five grandchildren.

Calendar

NOVEMBER

Oct. 19-Nov. 5—"The Drug War: New Strategies of Racism and Imperialism," national activist conference about the drug war, to be held at the University of Colorado in Boulder. For information, contact Robert Perkinson or Amy Weinburg at (303) 492-4174.

8-11—Pymont Yearly Meeting at Quakerhaus, Bombergalle 9, D-3280 Bad Pymont, Federal Republic of Germany.

9-11—Annual Conference of the National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty, in Wash., D.C. Activists will share and develop strategies for the 1990s. For information, contact Pamela Ayo Yetunde, conference coordinator, NCADP, 1325 G. St., N.W., Lower Level B, Wash., DC 20005, or call (202) 347-2411.

9-11—"Incest: A Few Quakers Respond," a workshop sponsored by the Task Group on Family Trauma of New York Yearly Meeting and Incest Survivors Network International. To be held at Powell House in New York state. Not a personal therapy weekend, but intended for professionals and members of Ministry and Counsel committees. Address inquiries to Powell House, RD 1, Old Chatham, NY 12136, or to the Task group, telephone (212) 246-5440 or (516) 935-3031.

10—Quaker Universalist Fellowship fall gathering, "What Canst Thou Hear—Adventures in Listening," an experiential day at Abington (Pa.) Meeting, 9:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Herb Walters, from the Listening Project of Rural Southern Voice for Peace, will be evening speaker. For information, contact Emily Conlon, 600 Meetinghouse Rd., Jenkintown, PA 19046, telephone (215) 886-6968.

17—American Friends Service Committee Annual Gathering at Arch Street Meeting House, Phila., Pa. Theme is "Challenges of a New World." Gathering begins with a reception at 1 p.m., followed by four concurrent panel discussions on the criminal justice system, boundaries and movement of people, superpower relationships and conflicts in less developed nations, and recent changes in U.S. military policies. Stephen G. Cary, AFSC board chairperson, will speak at 3:45 p.m.

17-18—Buffalo (N.Y.) Meeting's 50th anniversary celebration. Open house and homecoming, with informal reminiscences and sharing. Shirley Chisholm, former New York state congresswoman, will speak at 8 p.m. on Nov. 17. For information, contact Charlotte Frantz, resident, 72 N. Parade, Buffalo, NY 14211, telephone (716) 892-8645.

DECEMBER

4-6—Guatemala y El Salvador Yearly Meeting at Tabernaculo Evangelico Amigos, Chiquimula, Guatemala.

15—Christmas Peace Pilgrimage, a 10-mile walk from Nazareth to Bethlehem, Pa. Evening speaker will be Myron S. Augsburg, 25-year veteran of preaching for peace. Pilgrimage ends with candlelight procession into Bethlehem and simple supper. For information, contact Joseph C. Osborn, (215) 866-3127; Susan Vargo, (215) 867-6429; or the Bethlehem Council of Churches, (215) 867-8671.

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Washington, D.C., Accommodations for sojourners/seminar groups. Capitol Hill location, reservations advisable. William Penn House, 515 E. Capitol St., SE, Washington, DC 20003. Telephone: (202) 543-5560.

Books and Publications

Thomas and Eliza Foulke of Gwynedd Meeting: What Love Can Do, by Norma Adams Price and Barbara Sprogell Jacobson. "It not only captures the warmth brought to those around them by the couple's devotion to God and to each other but offers rich information on Gwynedd Meeting, the Young Friends Movement in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and Friends' concerns with Japan in the twentieth century." Quaker History (Spring 1990). 2nd printing remainders. Reduced to \$4.99 from \$20. Pendle Hill Bookstore, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086.

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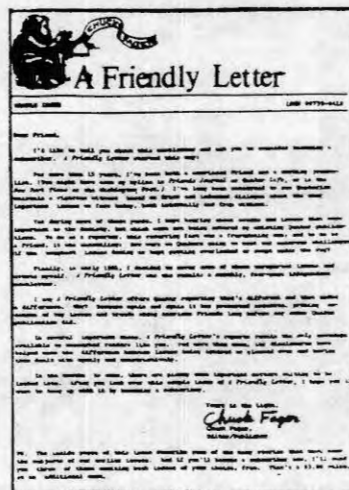
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The Magic Quilts is a thrilling full-length fantasy which features strong female characters, plenty of suspense, magic, and nonstop adventure without violence. "I couldn't put the book down," said one young reader. A mother recently discovered her child reading it under the covers by flashlight after bedtime, spellbound by the narrative. With eight full-page illustrations. For ages 7-12. #89-60, 195 pages, paper, \$15.95.



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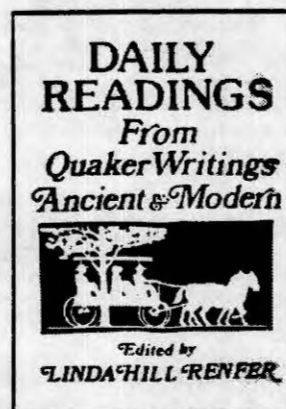
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#89-48. **Rainbow People**, cassette, \$12.95.

#89-49. **Child of the Nuclear Age**, cassette, \$12.95.

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The 1990 Holiday Gift Card of the *American Friends Service Committee* is a fitting way to remember family and friends. Because each card is a cheerful greeting and loving gift all wrapped up in one.

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Elfrida Vipont Foulds

The card's window on a winter world has an apple, lemon, plum and daffodils in

the foreground . . . three sheep in the snow outside. This unique, four-color card is based on an original watercolor painting by New Hampshire artist Kate Emlen Chamberlin.

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