A Time to Mend

The Roots of Social Action

Soviet Pilgrim, Spiritual Friend
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?

Moving?
Let us update your subscription and address.
Write or call:
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Philadelphia, PA 19102-1497
(215) 241-7277; FAX (215) 568-1377
Features

7 Thoughts About Jesus
Irwin Abrams
Each age fashions its own image of Jesus.

8 Spiritual Roots of Social Action
Ruth Flower
Values learned in childhood undergird activism.

11 I Wish Friends Would . . .
Leonard S. Kenworthy
Here is an agenda for the future of Friends.

14 Soviet Pilgrim, Spiritual Friend
Melissa Kay Elliott
We are together in spirit with the people of Russia, according to this visitor.

18 A Taste of Homelessness
Sarah Manire and Yvonne Boeger
Are we, in our secure lives, truly separate from homelessness?

21 A Change of Heart
Joy Young
When we open the door to understanding, prejudice may leave.

22 A God Beyond Words
John Herrmann
We seek a wordless intimacy in our worship.

24 FGC Gathering Report
The gathering is a patchwork of colors, an array of choices.

30 AFSC and Friends
Ted Hermann
Through a process of queries and dialogues, the AFSC seeks clarity with Friends.
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 leisure 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.

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 current 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. Steinhardt
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

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 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 interdependency 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-Schaef.)

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)friends, and our Higher Power, refrain from these actions, day by day. The first step is admitting our own sickness.

Val Liveoak
Austin, Tex.

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,” EPA520/1-85-023.)

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
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. I believe fidelity in marriage is the right of an unfaithful spouse. 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 IPIC. 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

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.
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 there is ample evidence Jesus lived 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 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 godliness, 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 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 up the mountain by the paths of other religions.

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.
Old and New Lessons

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 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,

November 1990 Friends Journal
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 common 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, of 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 nonviolent. One member of that group, now a Quaker, spoke of how that nonviolence 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 under-funded 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

November 1990  Friends Journal
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 possibilities in every human being who lives in the Light, and therefore work assiduously 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.

... 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

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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 heart 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.

... 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.

... 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.

... 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—
... 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 heterosexual. 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.

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

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

... 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?
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

Soviet Pilgrim, Spiritual Friend

by Melissa Kay Elliott
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 sun, 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 Worral 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 lightning, 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 observed. 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

**Those Friends who met Tatiana responded warmly to her presence, her clarity, her commitment to faith.**
She loves about Russian culture is that economic well-being. Qualities of their lives in the search for money, people simply don't have money with little opportunity to make or spend. Tatiana says in the path. 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.

Ask 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."
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 troubadors 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.
A TASTE OF Homelessness

by Sarah Manire and Yvonne Boeger

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 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 shuffle. 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 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.

It might help if we all meditate on what is homeless within ourselves.
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 workmates 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.
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 from my heart.

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

November 1990 FRIENDS JOURNAL
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 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.

Friends Journal November 1990
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
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. I needed to stitch together the diverse remnants and obscure parts of my life. I needed to stitch together the 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.
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 our love of our earth and each other. These celebrations of our creativi-
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

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 keeping 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 return to the rock garden as a gathering place within the Gathering.

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 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 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.

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.
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 decision-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 non-violence 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
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 to 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 committee 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’
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 listening 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...
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 repudiation. 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. Dr. Meister Ekhart quoted: "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 demeanor. What will become of New York Yearly Meeting? Is it threatened by adult intrusiveness? 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

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's 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!
Meet me at the Handy and Welcome!

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 something that 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 in a 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 total 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 music.
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 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 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.

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 canvas! 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 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.

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Haverford College is currently seeking candidates for tenure-line faculty positions, beginning September 1991, in the following departments:

Chemistry: The department seeks a tenure-line faculty member at the assistant (or possibly associate) level with research interests in Organic Chemistry, including the interfaces of organic chemistry with bio-, physical, or organic chemistry. Apply by November 15, 1990 to Terry Newirth, Chemistry Department.

Economics: The department seeks a tenure-line faculty member at the assistant or associate level. While the general area of specialization is open, some preference may be given, at the junior rank, to the field of development economics. Apply by December 10, 1990 to Vernon Dixon, Economics Department.

Mathematics: The department seeks a tenure-line faculty member at the assistant (or possibly associate) professor level with research interests in any field of mathematics. Candidates should demonstrate a strong commitment to teaching a broad spectrum of undergraduate courses, and to research. Apply by December 7, 1990 to Curtis Greene, Mathematics Department.

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.

Religion: The department seeks a tenure-line faculty member at the assistant professor level with research interests in the history of Judaism, with an ability to teach broadly in Judaic Studies. Apply by December 1, 1990 to James Ransome.

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.

Haverford is an Equal Employment/Affirmative Action employer. Women and persons of color are particularly encouraged to apply.
Building projects, race relations, and celebration 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 administrators at Earlham College took part in a national conference on race relations, with a look toward improvements in U.S. education. Swarthmore College joined a consortium of colleges in reaching out to prospective 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 leadership in the crisis, many similar statements have poured in from meetings, through their newsletters, in correspondence, and in conversations by telephone and in person. Too numerous to list individually, these statements of concern affirm the traditional Quaker witness against violence and aggression 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 legislation is in the form of a proposed amendment 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 Interreligious 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 registration. The Senate and House will work out a National Service Bill to present to George Bush. Previous amendments tying draft registration to eligibility for federal employment, financial aid, and job training have been upheld by the courts. The Selective Service System estimated draft registrations increased by 67 percent in the first half of September. The increase was attributed to the crisis in the Middle East.
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 the Quaker Tapestry aired on television in Britain on three consecutive mornings in June. About five-night 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 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 these out of 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)

- 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 Jenkinson, 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., Jenkinson, 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 symbolisms 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 to 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. Augsburger 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) 867-3127; Susan Vargo, (215) 867-6429; or Bethlehem Council of Churches, (215) 867-8671.

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Books

Reclaiming a Resource
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

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

News of Friends and Meetings,
Calendar events,
Challenged social values and
Political policies,
Environmental issues,
Reports on Yearly Meetings,
Messages of Peace,
The Inner Light!
Spiritual insight,
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November 1990 FRIENDS JOURNAL
This Year, Study The Bible With FRIENDS

Are you among the many Friends who are rediscovering the Bible? If so, you'll want to read and share Reclaiming a Resource. This new book is an exciting collection of papers from the 1989 Friends Bible Conference in Philadelphia. This was the first Bible Conference for unprogrammed Friends in more than fifty years.

The Conference workshops ranged across a wide spectrum of stimulating biblical topics and issues, and so does Reclaiming a Resource. Here are only a few:

- A Quaker look at liberation theology.
- The Bible and Continuing Revelation.
- Finding the feminine side of God in the Wisdom tradition.
- Understanding the scriptural basis for the sanctuary movement.
- The book of Job as a metaphor for coping with the AIDS crisis.
- Jungian archetypes and biblical interpretation.

Reclaiming a Resource is also packed with practical information and guidance you and your meeting can put to immediate use:

- Need help with personal Bible study? Several approaches are described here.
- Is your meeting organizing an adult study group? Half a dozen models are described here; find the one that speaks to your condition.
- Need ideas for using biblical material in First Day School classes? You'll find reflections on curriculum, sexism in Biblical translations, a class outline, even a guide to biblical music for kids.
- 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.

TO ORDER: Reclaiming a Resource is $14.95 postpaid. Two copies for $25.95 postpaid; three or more copies, $12.95 each postpaid. Please enclose payment with order. Make checks to Friends Bible Conference.

Send Orders to: Friends Bible Conference, P.O. Box 1361
Falls Church, VA 22041

Milestones

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 Monroe 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, at 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, where Jeffrey is a member.

Deaths

Brinhurst—Ann Walker Brinhurst, 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. Brinhurst 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 Wide 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 objects, 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.

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, Wis. 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. 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.

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 understand 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 Rolfe, and Miriam Vuotto; one son, David Corney; and five grandchildren.

Corney—Roseanna Crouse. Written by a woman who has found much in Subud similar to Quakerism, this book shows lives changed in unexpected ways, from the receiving of strength to make a difficult task easy to the discovery of a talent whose use contributes importantly to society.

"I found the breadth of knowledge and depth of understanding of the author amazing. She writes with clarity, honesty, and humility."

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The author is better known among Friends as Beatrice Shipley Crouse.
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Here’s what’s happening at Mohonk:

The Wonderful World of Words November 9 - 11
Craft Weekend
November 30 - December 1
Ballroom Dancing Weekend with the Sammy Kaye Orchestra December 7 - 9

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 1969-1970, she joined Radnor (Pa.) Meeting. She was active in Friends Conference on Religion and Psychology, and practiced psychiatry in Philadelphia. She retired in 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 Home in Greensboro, N.C. A native of Yanktonville, 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 Stapely 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 Woodward Mackie; daughter, Beverly Worth Herford; son, Walter Woodward Mackie; three grandchildren; and two great-grandsons.

Moger—Ray 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 extensive 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 positions 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 Montclair College) in 1912, and in 1913 graduated from the University of Pennsylvania School of Social Work. During World War I she worked with the WVCA in France and then with the American Friends Service Committee in child feeding programs in France and Germany. During the war she met Gertrude Faust, who was one of the pioneering workers of the Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom (WILPF). When she returned to the States, she taught in the Philadelphia area from 1918 and was a member of the Friends Peace Committee. In 1921 she married Allen Olmsted II, a lawyer—later judge—who supported his wife’s ideals and efforts. She was 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, “I 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.

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 the Colgate-Palmolive Co., 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

November 1990 FRIENDS JOURNAL
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 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, Oreg. 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.

Totah—Eva Marshal Totah, 94, on April 5, in Oakland, Calif. Born in West Virginia Springs, South Dakota, she studied at William Penn College and received her M.A. from Haverford College. She is survived by her husband, Robert Todd.
She centered near Newtown, Pa., and five grandchildren. She was active in the Community Concerts Association for many years and gave of her time and talents to assist with younger Friends during the meeting’s special events. 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 Monthly Meeting, plastering crew, and a formidable service, demonstrating 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 Epenhuyzen—Aafje van Epenhuyzen, 90, on May 27, at the Rosa Spier Huis, a retirement home for artists and performers, in Laren, Holland. Aafje was a concert quality singer who dedicated her life to song with a commitment that often defied personal costs and conventions. At this 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 those years before her discharge from 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 Newtown, Pa., 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 curious and adventurous spirit. She is survived by her husband, Albert Wallace; children, Edith, Gene, and Debbie Wallace; and five grandchildren.

November

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 Penkoff or Amy Weinburg at (303) 492-4174.
8-11—Pyrmont Yearly Meeting at Quakerhaus, Bombergalle 9, D-3280 Bad Pyrmont, Federal Republic of Germany.
9-11—Annual Conference of the National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty, in Washington, 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., 2nd 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, 400 Meetinghouse Rd., Jenkintown, PA 19046, telephone (215) 866-6968.
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 chairman, 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 5 p.m. on Nov. 17. For information, contact Charlotte Frantz, resident, 72 N. Park Ave., Buffalo, NY 14211, telephone (716) 892-8645.
DECEMBER
4-6—Guatemala y El Salvador Yearly Meeting at Tabacanuco Evangelico Amigos, Chiquimula, Guatemala.
would be a wonderful, last-minute gift for your favorite meeting library. Prospective available. Reservations in advance for order. George Fox Fund, Inc. c/o Douglas Garrett, 324 S. Ashworth St., State College, PA 16801.

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Westmoreland, N.H.: country home on 8 wooded acres, small stream, tennis court, top; 2-3 bedrooms; 3 full baths; 2 car attached garage; side garage; move-in condition; dirt road; fairly private; between Brattleboro, VT and Keene, N.H. Convenient to river and Spofford Lake nearby. Putney (VT) Meeting across river, artsy neighborhood; good public school; also Waldorf school in Keene; asking $175,000. Call (603) 358-7733.

New! Woman and Her Symbols. Three videotapes, written and narrated by Mary R. Hopkins and produced by Claire Simon. Tape 1, The Great Mother. Tape II, From Earth Mother to Love Goddess. Tape III, Women Revisiting Ourselves. $18.50 each, $57.95 for discussion group, the subject of art, environment, health, history, psychology, and women's spirituality. $50 per tape or $135 the set of three. Also, still available: Crones: Interviews with Elder Women (Price: $18.50). Write: Quaker Video, Box 292, Maplewood, NJ 07040.

Limited edition of Edward Hicks's famous Quaker painting. Pages 55-31. $250/month, one-threethirds of profits to charity. Write 346 Seven Acres Rd., Box 117, Tewksbury, MA 01876, or call Sheila Pechia (508) 236-8108.

New Quaker Video
Woman and Her Symbols

Seeking Friends and like-minded people interested in starting a meeting in Danville, Martinsville, Stuart, Virginia area. Contact Anne Zirkle, Rt. 1, Crfx, VA 24062. (703) 694-3017.

Consider a Costa Rican Study Tour February 7-18, 1991. or July 16 to August 5, 1991, in combination with attendance at Friends World Conference in Tala, Honduras. Call or write Roy Joe, College of William and Mary, 115 Hornbeam Road, Sabina, KY 40459. (513) 584-2900.

Personal

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange—Nationalwide link between unattached music lovers. 1 (800) 239-CMLS, Box 51, Patuxent, MD 20672.

Concerned Singles Newsletter (rsc) compatible singles concerned about peace, justice, environment. Free sample: Box 555-F, Stockbridge, MA 02076.

Positions Vacant
President - The Board of Directors of Bread for the World and Bread for the World Institute on Hunger and Development invite nominations and applications for the position of President of the World Institute on Hunger and Development. Christian citizens lobby and the institute is a non-lobbying policy research and educational group. The President, as Chief Executive Officer, is responsible for: public speaking and writing to further the mission of each organization; leadership in planning and implementing goals regarding policy agendas, programs, growth and finances. Qualifications include: strong public speaking, writing, research, and ability to work with all segments of the Christian community. Send resume or apply, no later than October 31, 1990, to: Search Committee, Bread for the World, 82 Rhode Island Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20018.

Friends General Conference seeks secretary for Gathering of Friends, see display ad page 34.

French: full-time, tenure-track position, rank open, to begin September 1991. Responsibilities include teaching intensive, proficiency-oriented, first-year sections as well as upper-level literature courses, supervision of the French House and leading study abroad programs. Qualifications: prefer Ph.D. with teaching experience at all levels of French language and literature. Specialization in Francophone literature a plus. Earlham College is a Quaker, liberal arts institution known for its numerous international programs and for providing courses leading to proficiency in three languages. Autumn 1991. Write: Earlham College, One University Avenue, Richmond, IN 47374. Applications will be reviewed beginning November 19.

Positions Wanted
Vassar Handyperson—experienced in restoration and care of older buildings, seeks on-site position with conscientious organization or estate. Jim Earl, P.O. Box 37, New Lebanon, New York 12125.

Woman artist seeks housing, moderate rent, in Toronto, Vancouver, Victoria, or Northwest/Southwest United States. Would welcome resident Friend position. Will consider casual, secretarial, sales skills. Good with children. Short or long term. E. Williams, 311 W. 24th Street, APT. 2H, New York 10011. (212) 627-2533.

Wanted: A place to live— a pleasant room or apartment with family or individual who can provide friendship, activity, support, and limited direction to single, active woman, retired school teacher, in mid-sixties. Prefer Eastern United States or Toronto area, Canada. Please write to Esther Register, Spring Creek Farm, RR4, Orangeville, Ontario, Canada L9W 2Z2.

Rentals and Retreats
Montego Bay—Unity Hall. Stunning view. Bed and breakfast accommodation with single Quaker woman. Couple or two people to share room. Hot and cold water. Contact Alice Rhod, Radio Waves, Montego Bay, Jamaica.

The Berkshires—Massachusetts. Baldwin Hill Farm Bed & Breakfast Box 125, FBCL, Lakeville, Mass. 01230. (413) 528-4092. Friends farm hosted in Berkshire shires on 450 acres. One mile from Route 71, two miles from Great Barrington. Phone: 7. Near all fall, winter, summer attractions and activities. Dining nearby. Marvelous views, pool, full country breakfast.

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The Meeting School celebrates the transition from youth to adulthood by encouraging students to make decisions in their own lives. A boarding high school in southern New Hampshire. We emphasize experiential education, striving for innovative and challenging academics while working within a framework of respect and care regardless of age. Teenagers live on campus in faculty homes. The school is based on simplicity, honesty, the peaceful resolution of conflict, the dignity of physical labor, mutual trust and respect, and care for the earth. Admissions: The Meeting School, Rindge, NH 03461. (603) 699-3366.

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

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General Contractor, Repairs or alterations on old or historic buildings. Storm and fire damage restored. John File, 11147 Bloomdale Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19115. (215) 464-2207.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1908 Pineawood Dr., Greensboro, NC 27404. (919) 294-2095.

Family Relations Committee's Counseling Service (FYM) provides confidential personal counseling to individuals and families. Contact the meeting of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. All counselors are Quakers. All Friends, regular attenders, and employees of Friends organizations are eligible. Sliding scale fees. Further information: Write to Hayetan Kiley, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 988-0140.

SCHOOLS

Schools

Friends Journal
November 1990

44

Page 1
HOLIDAY GIFT OFFERINGS FROM THE FRIENDLY BOOKSHELF

NOTE: THESE PRICES INCLUDE SHIPPING

Here are the words and guitar chords to over 1100 songs, at a cost of less than two cents per song! 35 song categories:
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TO ORDER: See Next Page

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November 1990 FRIENDS JOURNAL
MORE GIFT IDEAS FROM THE FRIENDLY BOOKSHELF

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With Child of the Nuclear Age and Rainbow People Susan Stark has shown that without doubt she has one of the loveliest voices you can find. The songs on Child of the Nuclear Age include “Live Up to the Light,” “Jessica,” “Meditation on Love,” and eight others. Rainbow People opens with “All God’s Children Got a Place In the Choir,” and closes with a lullaby, “Ship In The Harbor.” Other songs, about hiking, gardening and peace, will delight both children and adults. We were especially taken with her sensual version of “Simple Gifts.”

#89-47. New Moon, cassette, $12.95.

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#89-42. Go Cheerfully, cassette, $12.95.

Here are eighteen songs that “tell the Quaker story,” played and sung by Friends from Richmond, Indiana. The titles give you an idea of its range: “As Still As A Tree and As Pure As A Bell,” “I’m Going Fishing In the Ocean of Light,” “There Is a Spirit,” “So Quietly We Wait,” and fourteen more.

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Elfrida Vipont Foulds

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Central America and the United States. These are striking portraits of faces seeking peace, justice and economic self-sufficiency. Each photo is accompanied by a brief explanation and an inspirational quote. With respect for other faiths, the holidays of all the major religions are shown. The calendar allows enough space to write in daily reminders when opened to its full 11" x 17" size. The cost of each 1991 AFSC Wall Calendar is $8, including postage.

This holiday season, please purchase a card that helps "break the hold of winter on a frozen world" and lifts the human spirit with a gentle song of joy.

AFSC's 1991 Wall Calendar is a gift that will be appreciated by family and friends all year long. Each month's black and white photo portrays people served by AFSC in Asia, Africa, the Middle East, and Central America and the United States. These are striking portraits of faces seeking peace, justice and economic self-sufficiency. Each photo is accompanied by a brief explanation and an inspirational quote. With respect for other faiths, the holidays of all the major religions are shown. The calendar allows enough space to write in daily reminders when opened to its full 11" x 17" size. The cost of each 1991 AFSC Wall Calendar is $8, including postage.

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