Peace Without, Peace Within

Entrusting the Earth

There is no time for anything but to make peace work a dimension of our every waking activity.

—Elise Boulding
The Next Right Thing

The colorful banner outside our office building is clear and visible. Drivers and pedestrians flowing past Friends Center can scarcely ignore its three words: "Stop the War." Friends working inside the building have not been able to ignore its message either. Not since the heat of the Vietnam War have I sensed among Friends such clear focus and strong energy to work for peace. The desire for peace enters conversations with colleagues; it shapes our work; it underlies most phone conversations and items in the mail.

Friends’ strong opposition to the Gulf War was evidenced as well at a special Quaker Peace Consultation January 26-27 in Washington, D.C. In response to a call issued by Washington-area Friends only three weeks earlier, more than 400 Friends from across the country gathered at Florida Ave. Meeting to discuss the war and to share information, resources, and strategies for peace. There was ample opportunity as well for worship—at times deep and centered.

Following the enormous Saturday peace march through the streets of Washington (described by veteran peace activist Dave McReynolds as that city's largest winter peace demonstration to date), Friends began their meetings. A panel discussion focused upon lobbying efforts by Friends Committee on National Legislation (Joe Volk), American Friends Service Committee peace efforts (Jim Matlack), and an overview of the wider peace movement (Dave McReynolds of War Resisters League). On Sunday we heard from the grassroots. Friends discussed in smaller interest groups such issues as the draft, network building, outreach to Arab and Jewish communities, nonviolent witness, etc. I joined a worship-sharing group considering ways to be centered in this time of conflict and stress. Friends spoke deeply of their need for worship, the basis for our work for peace. As one Friend said, she seeks not to be overwhelmed by the bombardment of news, frequent calls to attend meetings and demonstrations, the enormity of the task before us. "Tune off the TV," she cautioned, "tune in to the Spirit. Seek to do the next right thing," whether that be to return books to a library, spend a few hours at a homeless shelter, be with one's children in a positive way. Make peace where we are, Friends seemed to be saying, do something positive each day for peace.

And there was no shortage of ideas for such actions. A full report from the Consultation is forthcoming, but these peace initiatives were central to Friends' thinking:

- regular prayer vigils held in public places
- statements issued in support of conscientious objection and military resisters
- outreach made to Jewish synagogues and Muslim mosques near our meetings (including worship together and opposition to incidents of racism)
- teach-ins to discuss underlying issues of the war
- support for the peacemakers in our midst: contributions of money, offer practical help answering phones, stuff envelopes, etc.
- monitor the news media: share our criticisms of poor coverage, compliment journalists for their good work, write timely opinion pieces
- trainings for nonviolence and draft/military counseling
- support for counseling centers in all meeting areas
- continuing pressure on legislators to oppose the war.

Most important, I heard, find community with others who share Friends' desire for peace—and maintain a good sense of humor through it all. A sign in the Washington demonstration brought smiles to many. It read, "What if Kuwait’s main export were broccoli?"

Among Friends

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Cover photo by Susan Winters
Speaking his peace

“Thank you!” (with a handshake)
“Good work!”
“Thank you for coming out!”
“I’m proud of you!”

These are just a few of the reactions I heard as I walked back and forth in front of the Ithaca, N.Y., post office. In early November I started daily vigils during the noon hour, wearing my two-year-old sandwich board. There are also the silent comments, like the glance two men exchange as they pass by; it says more eloquently than words, “There’s that crazy old codger again!”

I pass out Veterans for Peace flyers. I have no hesitation in calling myself a “veteran” even though I’m not a military one, having done post-war relief work in Europe after both world wars.

Often I am there alone, but Tuesdays and Thursdays there are about a dozen others, most of them from the Ithaca Friends Meeting. Once we were joined by a noisy crowd of Cornell students carrying signs and shouting slogans. Once a man called out to me, “Stop, I want to read your sign.” He read aloud, haltingly, first the front [see photo], then the back, which says: “We’re raping, polluting our planet and / Destroying its wildlife too / The arms contractors never quit / Cooking their deadly stew.”

My greatest surprise was the woman who made straight for me, gave me a big hug (which included the sandwich board) and without saying a word walked on down the street.

It is hard to tell, but I have the impression that the tide is turning, that more and more people disapprove of sending our troops to Iraq. I can only hope that my impression is correct.

M.C. Morris
Ithaca, N.Y.

Anti-Semitism

The January 1991 issue was unusually large and very interesting. I would like to comment on two articles.

Allan Kohrman complains that Friends tend to be anti-Semitic. Two points he makes are misleading. There are indeed 21 Arab states with 180 million people near Israel. But they often disagree and fight among themselves, and three half-heard wars were defeats for them. The other point is Kohrman’s protest against AFSC pronouncements because they ignore Israel’s history before 1967. I agree, but this history, if fully presented, would mention intransigent Zionism, which sometimes used terrorism; the Israeli settlements actually made the state of Israel possible; and the massive U.S. financial and military support given Israel from 1949 to the present.

I agree that Friends should “do what we do best,” and use “humanitarian pacifism” impartially.

Eric Johnson’s “Why I Am an Atheist” should, I suppose, be commended for its frankness. Personally, I prefer Voltaire, who said, “If there were no God we would have to invent him,” but that “all nature cries out that he does exist.” Johnson seems to believe in love, mystery, and human worth; why not consider them attributes of God?

What makes Johnson seek “how to make the world better”? How would he respond to the theism of George Fox and, I believe, all Quakers noted for their theological or philosophical works? I, like Johnson, do not believe in an omnipotent God, but I identify God with Fox’s “ocean of light” overcoming the “ocean of darkness.”

Both articles express views out of the mainstream of Quaker thought, but I believe it right to include them.

Ralph H. Pickett
Lima, Pa.

Allan Kohrman’s “Quakers, Anti-Semitism, and the Middle East” (FJ January) is in saying, “For AFSC, the history of the Middle East begins in 1967.” AFSC projects were active in Israel all through the 1950s and early 1960s: feeding and organization of education and communities in the Gaza Strip; technical and organizational improvement of agriculture in Tu’ran; preschool training for children and occupational training for young men in Acre; legal advice and representation for Arabs in Jerusalem.

Allan Kohrman “suggests” that Quakers express anti-Semitism by demanding higher standards of Israelis than of their Arab neighbors. I don’t think this is true, but if it is, perhaps the cause lies in our government’s financial support of Israel. Many of us pay taxes with much more of the money going to

March 1991 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Hold Fast to our Beliefs

We find ourselves deeply saddened by the need once again to defend Quakers and the American Friends Service Committee against the charge of anti-Semitism ("Quakers, Anti-Semitism, and the Middle East," FJ January). Out of our experience we feel compelled to respond. Beatrice Miller is a member of Orange Grove Friends Meeting who is Jewish. She clerks the Middle East Subcommittee of the AFSC in Southern California. Claire Gorfininkel is a Jew who is on the staff of the AFSC and has served as a consultant to AFSC on the Middle East. She also attends Orange Grove Meeting.

Opposition to Israeli government policy is not anti-Semitism. If it were, the one-third to one-half of Jewish Israelis who sympathize with the Israeli peace movement would also be anti-Semites. sympathy for the plight of the Palestinian people who call for self-determination after more than 23 years of occupation is not inconsistent with concern for the security of the state of Israel. It is consistent with calling for fairness and justice for all in accordance with the best traditions of the Jewish faith. The AFSC has been accused of being anti-Arab by some Arabs and anti-Jewish by some Jews. As an organization, AFSC sees wrong on both sides and calls for dialogue and peaceful solutions.

Security for Israel will come only when Israel is able to live in peace with its neighbors. Assigning all blame to one side for the failure to achieve peace serves no useful purpose. It perpetuates the ancient practice of demonizing the "other." The AFSC has consistently supported recognition of the state of Israel. The AFSC has not advocated cutting off aid to Israel (despite the fact AFSC opposes military aid to all countries). Many staff, volunteers, and Friends feel that aid should be reduced by the amount Israel spends on building settlements in the Occupied Territories. Israel's continuing expansion into the territories severely exacerbates regional tensions.

The AFSC calls for direct negotiations between Israel and the PLO. The AFSC and most of the rest of the world recognize that the PLO is the chosen representative of the Palestinian people. When it comes to negotiating the settlement of a conflict, parties do not choose their opponents. Adversaries must face each other.

Neither Quakers nor the AFSC support terrorism or violence of any variety. Nevertheless, it is hardly just to equate the violence and rage of a disenfranchised people with the state violence inflicted upon them, i.e., arrest and imprisonment without trial, deportation, house demolitions, school closings, and arbitrary refusal of the right to reenter. Israel's overwhelming support in the United States permits it to cover up the extent of these practices, although they are well known in much of the world and not denied by the Israeli government. Israel persists in regarding this as an internal matter (in contravention of international law). Until very recently, the United States vetoed every effort in the UN to hold an objective investigation. We cannot see that it helps the cause of the Jewish people to cry "anti-Semitism" whenever Israeli policies are criticized.

Friend Kohrman's argument that the Arab states might have absorbed the Palestinian people years ago reveals his failure to understand Palestinian culture and psychology. Some Palestinians have been "absorbed" and some have refused to abandon their status as a symbol of their determination to realize their political goals. More important, many Palestinians are deeply attached to the land of their forefathers, much as Jews cling to Jerusalem of their ancestors.

We do not deny the presence of anti-Semitism in our culture and in our meetings. Some Quakers tend to portray Christianity as an "improvement" upon Judaism. This needs to be thoughtfully confronted, but it is a separate issue.

Quakers, the AFSC, and peace-loving people of every persuasion must continue to call for an end to the arms trade and militarism everywhere. As this is written, we are at war in the Gulf, and the United States has been intransigent in refusing to link the critical issues in the region. It is terrifying to face the reality of this confrontation, the outcome of which no one can predict.

But Quakers, Jewish and otherwise, must hold fast to our pacifist testimony and to our belief that there is that of the divine in every person. We must struggle to live out these convictions in our work and in our lives.

Claire E. Gorfininkel  Beatrice Miller Pasadena, Calif.  Los Angeles, Calif.
Friends have been involved in a great variety of peacemaking initiatives since the outbreak of the war in Iraq. Recognizing the need to share peace information widely at this time, we devote these front pages to a variety of reports and notes from our meetings. We welcome news from Friends and will publish more in subsequent issues.

Peace! —Eds.

San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting has helped sponsor twice-weekly vigils at the federal building. Enormous marches and civil disobedience actions occurred in the city in January. On Jan. 15, six hundred people were arrested for blocking the federal building (see article on pages 9-10). Over 1,000 people were arrested Jan. 17. AFSC staff are working in a number of areas, such as helping with trainings in nonviolence. Their long-term work on militarism includes a call for a 50 percent reduction in the military budget. Redwood Forest (Calif.) Friends for the past 3 1/2 years have gone once a month to Concord Naval Weapons Center for a vigil and actions to block munitions trains. This round-the-clock vigil continues. Other meetings, including Strawberry Creek (Berkeley) and San Francisco, have participated. Santa Cruz Friends issued a call for a special meeting for worship to support and encourage its members. A committee is considering possible meeting actions; CO counselor training and the question of offering sanctuary are being considered. The meeting supported its long-time attendee John de Valcourt during his two-week lobbying effort in Washington, D.C., in January. Following a personal leading, John volunteered at FCNL just before the big congressional vote. (David Hartsough and John de Valcourt)

Friends at 15th Street (N.Y.C.) Meeting since August have held a vigil each Thursday outside the UN. A well-attended meeting for worship was held at the meetinghouse on the eve of the war. Members went to Washington, D.C., on Jan. 26 for the march. The meeting is co-sponsor with several peace groups of an all-day draft counseling training session in February. Several meeting members volunteer in the War Resister's League office to help with extra work related to the war. (Vince Buscemi)

Worship has been important to Friends at Mount Toby (Mass.) Meeting. Additional meetings have been called and well attended. Since the meeting is located close to
Westover Air Force Base, Friends have joined vigils there. Ten to twelve Friends were among the 81 arrested for blocking the gates at a large demonstration in mid-January. Friends have supported their member and AFSC worker Francis Crowe in her tenacious peacemaking efforts by assisting in office work, CO counseling, etc. Recent months have been "a very centered time for the meeting." (Jan Hoffman and Barbara Sheard)

Austin (Tex.) Meeting participates in a weekly vigil in the city. "A huge crowd" came together spontaneously in Austin and marched to the state capitol Jan. 16 to protest the war; many Friends participated. (Margaret Hoffman)

The Austin AFSC office has been extremely busy answering requests for CO information. It is also supporting army surgeon David Wiggins's efforts to resign his commission and to be released from the military. A West Point graduate, David Wiggins has sought release for about a year as a CO. He was shipped to Saudi Arabia despite his protest and hunger strike in December. As of Jan. 23, following his refusal to wear his uniform and his sitting down in an intersection in Riyadh, he's been held in a military hospital "for psychiatric observation." Letters of support may be sent to: Capt. David Wiggins, #080 46 8340, HHC 2-158, 6 CBAC, APO NY 09657. For more information: AFSC, 227 Congress Ave., #200, Austin, TX 78701-4021.

Houston (Tex.) Meeting joins with local Mennonites for a Monday noon weekly vigil at Tranquility Park. Many Friends participate as well in weekly Mennonite prayer services. Meeting members attended a CO counseling conference recently sponsored by Austin AFSC. (Yvonne Boeger)

Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting holds two vigils a month. After First Day worship Jan. 13, the meeting held a Meeting for Sufferings for Friends to share feelings about the war and to support one another. Following this, the meeting discussed "what do we do now?" Such meetings will be continued. Friends are active doing CO counseling, receiving letters of CO claims, and sending people to the local AFSC office for specific types of help. On Jan. 15 many members participated in a large peace walk in the pouring rain—walking to Ebenezer Baptist Church for a very moving commemoration of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s. birthday. (Perry Treadwell)

Fayetteville (N.C.) Meeting (Quaker House) is located near several large military bases. Meeting attendee Greg Sommers (a Mennonite) directs their military counseling program. He's had an enormous increase in his work during recent months. New inquiries last summer averaged 5-10 a month; in the first three weeks of January 1991 he received 43 new requests. Greg reports a very tense situation in the Fayetteville area. Specific support he could use: N.C. Friends are needed to help do counseling; office help is needed, on weekends particularly, to assist with filing, and funds are needed to help meet the increased need for literature. For more information: Quaker House, 223 Hillsdale Ave., Fayetteville, N.C. 28301; call (919) 323-3912 or (919) 485-3720. (Greg Sommers).

University Meeting (Seattle, Wash.) has formed a committee to lay before the meeting what Friends might be doing in response to the war. The first two things being looked into: military and draft counseling, and sanctuary for resisters from the military. Friends have participated in numerous vigils and marches held locally. (John Sullivan)

Orange Grove (Calif.) Meeting has participated in noontime vigils (now weekly) since August, sponsored by the Pasadena AFSC office. The AFSC ran a TV commercial on Cable News Network offering information on peace. To respond to the added requests for information, the office stays open evenings. Many Friends attended a large interfaith service held at a mosque in Los Angeles in mid-January, "a very moving event." (Beatrice Miller)

Denver (Colo.) Meeting is holding a special mid-week meeting for worship, which has a focus on peace. Many new individuals are coming to meeting. The meeting made a special $3,000 gift to the local AFSC office to assist with Gulf response program work. AFSC there has published ads locally: requests for military counseling have been extremely heavy in January. (Eric Wright)

Boulder Meeting has held a weekly peace vigil for several months. A young reservist (not a Friend), who has been seeking CO status, has requested support from the meeting. His unit has been shipped to Saudi Arabia, and he is AWOL. On Jan. 13 the meeting approved a minute granting sanctuary (see box below), and the young man is currently living in sanctuary among Friends of the meeting. (Martin Cobin)

Minute on Sanctuary

"... As the possibility of war in the Persian Gulf approaches, it is likely that men and women on active duty in the military and those who face call-up through the reserves or a reactivated draft will seek sanctuary.

The Boulder Meeting of Friends feels that providing sanctuary for those who ask for it in this situation is consistent with our Peace Testimony. We will therefore respond affirmatively to any such requests by openly providing information, moral and spiritual support, and, where appropriate, a place of physical shelter..."


Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting is fielding numerous requests for CO information and materials. Friends work closely with the local AFSC office. An ad has been published in the local paper. There is a mid-week meeting for worship followed by worship-sharing. Hymn singing has become more important to Friends. There is often singing after meeting on Sundays. Efforts are being made to reach out to the community, and a letter is being prepared to send to mosques, synagogues, families of soldiers in Iraq, etc., inviting people to come worship with Friends, offering to be of assistance, etc. As one Friend expressed, "A message of hope and healing may be the most important thing Friends may offer at this time." (Mark Conley)

57th Street (Chicago) Meeting's Wednesday night study groups have focused on the war. The meeting helped pay for Cathy Kelly (from the local Catholic Worker) to participate in the Iraq Peace Encampment. A CO
workshop is planned for February. One meeting member has planned weekly silent vigils. (Brad Lyttle)

Friends in Baltimore Yearly Meeting have been active: Langley Hill and Washington, D.C., area Friends issued a call and organized the Emergency Quaker Peace Consultation in Washington Jan. 26-27. More than 400 Friends attended. A panel discussion, interest groups, and opportunities for sharing involved Friends from across the country. A written report is anticipated. Homewood Meeting (Baltimore) is holding vigils in front of the meetinghouse at evening rush hour. Starting in December, for just one night a week, the vigils occur Monday through Friday with as many as 200 people attending. Stony Run Friends participate as well. Many monthly meetings did hard work contacting representatives before the vote by Congress; many are holding vigils at federal buildings. A new meeting at Lexington (Va.) held a vigil one evening in January; it was called hastily and had a good turnout. Richmond (Va.) Friends similarly have been active, holding a regular vigil. (Frank Massey)

Twin Cities (Minn.) Meeting is supporting its member, John Martinson, who directs Friends for a Nonviolent World, the peace center for the city of Minneapolis. The center is hearing from 50-60 people a day and has sent out hundreds of information packets to young people and parents. They have trained 120 CO counselors; three more trainings are scheduled. The program’s counseling service has been accelerated; one staff member is available 8-9 hours daily. Friends may send contributions to: Friends for a Nonviolent World, 2025 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55404. (Dorothy Ackerman and John Martinson)

Burlington (Vt.) Meeting is supporting its member John Rogers, who is a participant in the Gulf Peace Team in Iraq, an international group of peace activists encamped near the Iraq-Saudi border. Rogers joined the project in early January. He carried with him letters from Burlington school children addressed to children in the Middle East. Of his participation, he writes: “I felt that talking to people, handing out literature, writing to senators is certainly valid for some, but for me it wasn’t enough. I needed to do more.” By placing themselves between the armies, peace campers hope to bring to the attention of leaders the insanity of the war, and to stimulate all sides to pursue a peaceful solution. (Marcia Mason)

News from the Colleges

Students at Earlham organized to go to the Jan. 26 peace march in Washington, D.C.; 250 went. Discussions were held prior to the trip about why people were going. Daily meetings have been held on campus to discuss what actions might be planned locally. A teach-in was held, which was very well attended. A Palestinian student spoke, as did professors experienced with Middle East issues, and others. The Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (CCCO) trained draft counselors last year; 30 people are now trained and available to work with students. A program is being planned for outreach to local high school students. A Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR) group was formed on campus following Professor Tony Bing’s trip to Iraq in December (FOR-sponsored), which has become “a good forum for involving students and community people together.” The challenge for many of the students: “how to support the troops in Iraq, yet oppose the war ...” (Kim Shellenberger)

At Bryn Mawr, there was an all-day college teach-in Jan. 21; perhaps 200 students and faculty participated. At Haverford, marking the opening of winter sessions just after the outbreak of the war, a special collection was held Jan. 22, attended by 500 people. An all-day opportunity was scheduled for students to participate in small groups with tables set up, information on peace activities, etc. Buses to the marches in Washington, D.C., were organized. (Steve Cary)

At Swarthmore, a collection was held to discuss the war; it was attended by over 300. An “interactive monument” was unveiled Jan. 23 to promote student dialogue, followed by a candlelight vigil and walk through the local community. Many students went to the marches in Washington, D.C. The dean’s office has been arranging for speakers to come onto campus. Student opinion “is heavily against the war—for a cease-fire with real negotiations. ... Also, some students have been speaking for support of Israel, and of our troops.” (Marcia Mullen)

At Guilford: Community teach-ins and panels have been held. A “prayer board” has been set up in Founder’s Hall with the words “We Hold on the Light ...” followed by space for people to tack up their thoughts and concerns. A room on campus is left open 24 hours a day as a place for quiet reflection. A CO support group meets weekly and is well-attended. A town meeting was scheduled to discuss possible polarization on campus, how to handle thoughts and feelings about the war, etc., followed by a teach-in. From 40 to 80 students attend the daily vigils held in Greensboro. Three buses, plus cars, went to Washington, D.C., for the Jan. 26 march. (Max Carter)
PEACE WITHOUT, PEACE WITHIN

by Robert Levering

As we work for peace in the world, are we nourished by peace within ourselves?" This query from my yearly meeting's Faith and Practice crossed my mind repeatedly as I found myself sitting on the street near San Francisco's federal building the morning after the U.S. launched its war against Iraq. I was in the middle of a big crowd of hundreds of people who had shut down the building for the second time in three days. The scene was reminiscent of many I had witnessed during the Vietnam war—hordes of angry people making lots of noise; rows of threatening-looking police in full riot gear, with helmets and long batons at the ready; and a handful of media people with cameras, hoping to record confrontations.

Earlier in the morning several members and attenders of the San Francisco Meeting had gathered across from the federal building behind a banner reading "Quakers for Peace." Quakers were soon joined by people from other religious groups. When I got there about 9:30 (after taking my six-year-old son, Reuben, to school), the religious contingent was in the middle of the street listening to a recording being broadcast through a bullhorn of one of Martin Luther King's speeches explaining why he opposed the war in Vietnam. After King's speech, more than one hundred of us—most of us strangers to one another—joined hands and started walking toward the police lines singing songs such as "We Shall Overcome." Hundreds of others were already standing in the crowded street. About ten minutes earlier squads of police had rushed into the crowd from an alley to split the people into two groups. Emotions were running high, and the scene was loud and chaotic, with constant shouting, sporadic chanting, and a background din of whistle-blowing and drum-beating. People in the crowd let us move close to the police lines, apparently because we appeared to know what we were doing as we were singing and had our hands linked. After slowly making our way through the crowd, we found ourselves sitting down at the feet of the helmeted police.

The standoff lasted more than two hours. Tensions kept rising. People were saying they thought the police would eventually arrest those of us who refused
to move, because we could see other squads of police arresting people behind the police lines. But I, for one, didn’t rule out the possibility that they might force us to move by lobbing tear gas into the crowd and swinging their batons at anyone who didn’t move. That was a favorite tactic of many police departments I’d seen during the Vietnam War. At any rate, it was clear that something was going to happen, because the police were in no mood to let us continue to blockade the federal building (which normally houses several thousand government workers) and disrupt traffic along a normally busy city street.

I paint this scene in some detail because that was where I found myself challenged by the Quaker query: How do you maintain some internal peace when you are trying to make a witness for peace in the midst of chaos? In recent years I have become increasingly convinced that peace has an internal and personal component and starts from within. As I have again become involved with Quakers, after a 15-year absence, I have felt the peaceful, calming power of Quaker worship. I have observed that many long-time Friends exude a centeredness and joy that appears to flow from an inner peace of mind. And, the longer I go to meeting, read Quaker and devotional literature, and practice daily meditation, the more peaceful I find myself becoming. I have begun to understand how the Friends peace testimony is a natural outgrowth of belief in the power of the Inner Light. It is inconsistent to live according to the Light and make other human beings into devils who can be killed, as our country is now doing in the Middle East.

In reflecting on my years as a full-time antiwar organizer with the American Friends Service Committee and other Quaker and pacifist groups, I recall how unpeaceful I felt within—even as I was teaching others the principles and techniques of nonviolence. I don’t mean to denigrate that work or the work of others during that period, because I believe the Quaker/pacifist contribution to the anti-Vietnam war movement was extremely positive. Still, for myself, I know my belief in nonviolence came largely from the head, not as a natural extension of peacefulness within. Nonviolence worked as a tactic to help me know what to do in confrontational situations, but all my training wasn’t enough to make me feel truly nonviolent and peaceful.

Now, in the middle of Polk Street, I felt the turbulent scene around me disturbing my own peace of mind. Singing old peace movement songs served as an antidote to the random noise around us. The songs had a calming, even unifying, effect on everyone around us as well. The music was infectious, spreading a nonviolent spirit to everyone within earshot. It quickly became unclear who was part of the original religious procession and who was not. To me, singing, holding hands, and linking arms were familiar nonviolent tactics that I knew worked. And they certainly helped me feel more tranquil as I gathered strength from knowing that I was not alone. I was with people who were unified on a deeper level than anger and outrage.

Yet the singing was not enough for me because we could not sustain it for two-plus hours and because it couldn’t completely calm my own fears in the increasingly tense situation. As I looked nervously around me, I found some answers from the example of my fellow Quakers. I was seated behind Seija Surr and in front of Barbara Graves. (Seija, a recent graduate of Swarthmore College, is an attendant at San Francisco Meeting and a member of Langley Hill Meeting in Virginia. Barbara, 75, a member of Strawberry Creek Meeting in Berkeley, is a longtime AFSC/Quaker/social activist.) I noticed on more than one occasion that each of them had bowed her head and closed her eyes, apparently centering down, much as one does during meeting for worship. I soon discovered that I, too, could withdraw into that familiar quiet place within, to look for guidance from the Light, even there in the middle of that external uproar. As I continued to check into that quiet place, I found myself feeling calmer about the situation. I began to feel at one with others, not just people in the crowd, but with the menacing men and women in the blue jumpsuits and batons.

At one point, a group of lesbian and gay activists started a spirited chant decrying the war and insisting that the money should be spent for AIDS research. I initially felt a little uncomfortable about the tone of the chant, feeling it diluted the purity of our peaceful protest. Just then I heard Barbara say, “I like those words,” in the same manner that I could imagine her saying in a business meeting, “That Friend speaks my mind.” Then I heard her join in the chant, and I did, too. Rather than judge them because of their style of presentation, I felt at one with them. These gay brothers and sisters were pointing out a bitter truth about this war. Their message is in some ways the most important one that needs to be heard in the midst of this madness.

Just before the police started to move in to arrest us, David Hartsough (a fellow meeting member and AFSC staffer) stood up with a big smile and said, “Let’s all give a round of applause to the police for joining our demonstration today”—a remark that even got smiles from some of the police officers. When it came my time to be arrested and handcuffed, I felt at peace with myself, and I felt genuine sympathy with my arresting officer, who told me his brother was a marine fighter pilot presumably flying bombing missions over Iraq as he was escorting me to the paddy wagon.

About five hours later, when I was about to be released from jail, a Jesuit priest I had met there said, “This is the right place to be today.” That friend spoke my mind. I felt a serenity being in jail on January 17. It felt far from the turmoil of the street scenes we had come from, and further still from the TV sets that were bringing the disturbing news from the Persian Gulf. Getting arrested may or may not have made a difference in the short run. But I felt like I’d done my job for peace that day—and I felt at peace with myself as I picked up Reuben from the babysitter and went home to play checkers with him.
Issues of subordination and inequality still exist.
Awareness of earlier movements for change may help to point the way.

QUAKERS AND THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT

Today Quakers seem confused about the women's movement: where it has been, where it is going, and its place in the politics of society. I noticed this after my recent talk to a Quaker group on "The Politics Between Men and Women: Toward a New Partnership." I was surprised by a question from a weighty Quaker, "Didn't women make such headway in the '60s and '70s that the issues of subordination and inequality are over?" The answer is clearly no. As Margaret Hope Bacon pointed out in the June 1990 FRIENDS JOURNAL ("Traveling Among Friends"), Friends seem only verbally but not viscerally committed to making gender equality a reality. Yet sexual equality is no casual item on a list of Quaker testimonies but a fundamental approach to social change. It was the vision of George Fox and Margaret Fell in the 1600s that with love instead of force as a guiding principle of the universe, men and women could be equal partners.

It might help to review how important Quaker women were to both the women's rights and anti-slavery movements and how we can carry on that tradition.

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by Laurel Childe Kassoff

of seeking equality.

Three great progressive movements, the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and the Industrial Revolution, surprisingly did not much change the relative status of women. Perhaps women were not yet ready to work for their own representation because of centuries of repression. Instead, they turned to the moral issue of slavery, something outside themselves.

In 1839, two sisters, who in adult life became Quakers, Angelina and Sarah Grimke, along with Angelina's husband, Theodore Weld, published American Slavery As It Is: Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses. The Grimkes were born on a South Carolina slaveholding plantation. They were particularly outraged by the status of black slave women who were often used by white male masters for sexual purposes, humiliating both the slave and the master's wife.

The slave woman was considered both a worker and a reproducer, so her children became the property of the master. Sometimes a female was arbitrarily assigned a mate, though forbidden to marry, and was scolded or whipped if she produced no children. After the ban on African slave trade in 1807, slave babies were frequently sold to other states. Slave children were put to work at about age six.

Outraged with this information, the Grimkes and other women created the Anti-Slavery Society. With another Quaker, Lucretia Mott, as their leader, they set up the underground railroad, a system of getting the slaves out of the South and into the North, where they could be free. The abolition movement
took about 30 years to reach its goal of abolishing slavery.

Because women encountered so much opposition working for abolition, the abolition movement and women's rights came to be linked together. Women took on a new and unfamiliar role as lecturers on the moral corruption of slavery and the immorality of the inequality of women. At that time Quakers were the only religious group that allowed women to speak in church. Quaker women also were unique in having experience running their own monthly meetings for business, keeping accounts, and writing epistles. Although women who spoke in public were considered "promiscuous," large audiences of men and women, Quaker and non-Quaker, came to hear such lecturers as the Grimkes, Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelley Foster, Sarah Pugh, and others. Lucretia Mott, 140 years ago, came up with a statement that is even now repeated in Quaker weddings:

"In the true marriage relationship, the independence of the husband and wife is equal, their dependence mutual, and their obligations reciprocal." Abby Kelley Foster was well known for her statement, "All human rights are bound up in one great bundle." Often these women were jeered and heckled. Yet they were speaking on two of the most fundamental of human relationships—those between the races and between the sexes.

In 1840, Lucretia Mott and another Quaker, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, represented the United States at a worldwide antislavery conference in London. Ironically, before the convention opened, the women witnessed a debate about whether or not women could vote at the convention. When it was determined they could not vote, the women watched the convention from a balcony. Men decided issues that women had brought to their attention.

This segregation so incensed Mott and Stanton that when they returned home, they and three other Quaker women decided to call a women's rights convention. Held at Seneca Falls, N.Y., in 1848, the Seneca Falls Convention marked the launching of the U.S. women's rights movement. Its goals were to obtain property and voting rights for women.

Over the next decades, many such conventions were attended by prominent men and women, and were often derided by the press. Women began to talk more about property rights, divorce equity, and opportunity for education and employment.

Another Quaker, Susan B. Anthony, reminded them that they would have no real rights without the right to vote. In order to be heard in the legislatures, she and her volunteers laboriously collected thousands of signatures on petitions. As a result, Elizabeth Cady Stanton was allowed to address the New York legislature in 1860. At that time in New York state, women were given the right to own their own property, receive their own wages, and to sue in a court of law. Women believed the right to vote could not be far off, but they had to wait another 60 years.

A major interruption was the Civil War, 1861-65. Like all wars, it caused a shake-up in priorities. Perhaps the anti-slavery movement, organized in part by women, led to the Civil War, yet the tightly intertwined women's movement was put on hold. After the war, the 14th Amendment to the Constitution at last abolished slavery, and the 15th Amendment gave the right to vote to citizens of the United States, regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude—but not regardless of sex.

Two women helped revive the women's suffrage cause. One was Carrie Chapman Catt, who led the Women's Suffrage Association and later went on to form the League of Women Voters. (Indeed, Anna Lord Straus, a great-granddaughter of Lucretia Mott, became national president of the League in 1944.)

The other woman suffragist was a Quaker, Alice Paul, who first proposed the Equal Rights Amendment. She and other women picketed the White House, were jailed and denied legal counsel. Just as they were beginning to make progress, World War I intervened. Women substituted for men in jobs in munitions plants, industry, public service, railways, and foundries. Women's contribution to society could no longer be ignored. Shortly after the war, in 1920, the 19th Amendment (known as the "Anthony Amendment") passed the House and Senate and was ratified by the states. At last women could vote. Susan B. Anthony had earned her right to be immortalized.

Again in World War II, women moved into the labor market. Given the nickname of "Rosie the Riveter," women changed the rules defining what was men's work and what was women's work. For the first time in U.S. history, women made up a sizable share of the working population. But after the war, the government made an intense effort to get women out of the labor force. Women were urged to go home and look after their children, which they proceeded to do in droves, creating a baby boom.

Twenty or so years later those babies boomed into another turbulent time: the civil rights movement in the South, as well as the anti-war movement. Many of the civil rights workers were women who risked their lives going into the Southern states to help register blacks to vote.

As long as they work in low-paying jobs and make less than men for comparable work, women will continue to be undervalued.
Again working for a moral cause, women also looked critically at their own lack of rights: unequal treatment in education, marriage, credit, and the workplace.

Once again middle-class women, including Quakers, picked up the struggle for equality. They formed consciousness-raising groups, lobbied Congress, and helped insure passage of the Civil Rights Act, the Equal Pay Act of 1963, the 1964 Credit Law giving women more credit equity, and the Education Act of 1972, which prohibits sex discrimination in schools.

First proposed by Alice Paul in 1923, the Equal Rights Amendment was reintroduced into Congress. The words themselves of this amendment are not controversial. They read: “Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.”

Surely George Fox and Margaret Fell in the 1600s would have approved in principle such a text, long before the United States as such existed. Yet, as with all women’s issues, emotionalism and controversy intervened in its acceptance. Not enough states ratified the amendment by 1982 to cause it to become law.

Most histories of the women’s movement stop here. Somehow, with the fallure of the passage of ERA, steam went out of the movement until recently. Perhaps the anti-abortion controversy will get it going again; the membership of the National Organization for Women has almost doubled since the Supreme Court decision allowing states to decide abortion issues.

Women can now vote, and are slowly making progress, but let’s remember that in many ways women are not doing well. A recent report “Women: A World Survey,” sponsored by the Carnegie, Ford, and Rockefeller Foundations, states, “There is no field of activity and no country where women have attained equality with men.” While the number of women employed has increased since World War II, the pay gap has widened, rather than narrowed in the years since federal pay laws were enacted. Women’s wages now average 57 percent of men’s, compared with 63 percent then. Even college educated women, such as lawyers and doctors, earn only 61 percent of men’s earnings.

After the Sexual Revolution, a 1987 ABC documentary, declared that 70 percent of all working women are either single, divorced, widowed, or married to men making less than $15,000 a year. Most women work because they have to. In a society where women’s work is valued, women themselves would be more valued and respected. As long as women work in low-paying jobs and make less than men for comparable work, women will continue to be undervalued, and true partnership will be that much further off.

What can we learn from the progress, or lack of it, in women’s rights? Women can bring about change when they get fired up about a moral issue, are willing to endure noisy resistance to change, and join with (but not be led by) like-minded men in a partnership for justice. When women get complacent or passive, not much happens.

We can only guess what the next issue will be that ignites Quaker women. Even a few charismatic women can make a difference, as our own Quaker ancestors have shown. Perhaps the next moral issue will be the tragedy of what is happening to poor women and their children in our country. Perhaps it will be concern for the fate of the earth. Elise and Kenneth Boulding, both Quaker scholars and futurists, have pointed out the linkage between Quakerism and feminine values, such as peace, equality, and community, all necessary for the very survival of the earth. This, they maintain, is not just a feminist issue, but a necessity for all of humanity.

One bright spot is the increasing acceptance of the idea of women in public office. A recent Los Angeles Times poll showed that, other qualifications being equal, 70 percent of the voters would prefer to vote for a woman. Yet it is difficult to elect women, because not many run for office, and people do not contribute as readily to a woman’s campaign. Money wins elections. No wonder only 2 percent of the 100 U.S. senators and 5 percent of U.S. representatives are women, a sorry imbalance.

What can an individual do to redress the current languishing of women’s rights?

1. Express moral outrage at what is happening to poor women and children in our affluent society.
2. Campaign personally for comparable pay.
3. Work for women’s political candidates at all levels, including contributing money.
4. Support women’s organizations, such as the National Organization for Women, the National Women’s Political Caucus, and the League of Women Voters. The League has a special record of members moving into political office.
5. Join with others who are discussing and working toward “Transforming the Patriarchy” (the title of a well-received workshop at the last Gathering of Friends General Conference).
6. Do not be swayed by anti-feminist and pro-male backlash. It is a built-in reaction to anyone making noise about the status quo between men and women. Remember, as did our Quaker foremothers and forefathers, change is difficult.
Entrusting the Earth

by Mary J. Hartman

Planting
I'm starting a garden today. I'm spading a section of earth, saying hello to the worms, and planting potatoes and peas. Tomorrow, carrots and radishes. It strikes me that I am doing a very foolish thing, dropping little potatoes and peas into the ground and burying them in hopes that they will turn into plants and make more potatoes and peas.

I know a Buddhist prayer for planting, and I repeat it softly as I tuck the seeds into their beds: “I entrust myself to earth. Earth entrusts herself to me. I entrust myself to Buddha. Buddha entrusts herself to me.” In these moments I am seed as well as sower. I am the object and bearer of hope.

Waiting
Every morning I go to the window and survey my garden, although I know it’s much too soon to see any green. Sticks bearing the empty seed packets lend encouragement to the plain, brown earth, but if there’s anything going on beneath that placid surface, it’s not talking. I often step outside for a closer look. It’s cold, these spring mornings. Did I plant too soon? Will a late frost shrivel up the tiny roots that have begun underground? Patience and hope seem hard to come by.

Hoping
As I do my early-morning things, I see something long and thin on my carpet. A stick? A blade of grass carried in on my shoe? I look closer, squinting with sleep-starved eyes.

It is an earthworm!

A moist, red, smallish earthworm, very much alive, traversing the living room quite calmly. I am repulsed at first, having to handle a worm before breakfast, but then I realize—a worm! And worms

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live in gardens. Therefore, I am living in a garden! I am seed, I am potential growth! I scoop up my worm almost lovingly and carry him (and/or her; earthworms are hermaphroditic, aren’t they?) outside. I release him where the potatoes will grow, and I whisper, “Do your stuff, worm. Do your worm stuff.”

**Growing**

Mary, Mary, Ordinary, how does your garden grow? With red potatoes and blossoming tomatoes, and carrots, all in a row!

I am thinning carrots. I put my gloved fingers in amongst the rows of feathery green tops and pull out the tiny carrots, one at a time. Shaggy, orange carrots, thin as strings. They already smell like carrots, sweet and spicy and earthy all at once. I hate pulling them out of the earth and throwing them atop the compost heap, but this too is necessary for growth. I breathe my Buddhist prayer as I thin carrots, and try with all my might to entrust myself and my tiny roots to the earth.

**Harvesting**

I checked out a potato hill just a week ago and the tubers were like the tips of my toes—pink, small, and tender. I carefully covered them up again. Tonight I check another hill, chastising myself for being too impatient ... but I find potatoes! Potatoes the size of golf balls, potatoes the size of palms, and every size in between. I am excited beyond all rationality. I greedily dig for my buried treasure, all in a rush to unearth those miracles that came from the shrivelled, shrunken tubers I stuck in the cold ground that day last spring. I scold myself, “Don’t be such a glutton! Leave some for later!” But my gloved hands are in a frenzy, burrowing around each hill, rejoicing each time they touch something that comes from the earth but is not earth. I pull a few carrots and pick the last of the snow peas, then wash the lot with the garden hose, and fairly dance for joy.

I think of the movie *Tin Men,* where a guy is standing by a big smorgasbord, looking at cauliflower and carrots and broccoli and tomatoes: “All this stuff came outa the ground,” he says. “It came outa the ground. There must be a God!” Amen, say I. He came outa the ground too.

I am overcome with the desire to give garden to all my friends and neighbors.

I fill a small paper bag with the glistening vegetables and carry them across the road to a neighbor I have seen but never met. When she sees me, she laughs, and for the first time I realize I am covered with dirt and sweat. I blush beneath my grime, but I smile and introduce myself, holding out the bag. Her name is Ann Watts, and she thanks me over and over, and tells me about gardens she used to have. But not this year. Her husband died in early spring, and she just isn’t up to it. We talk until dark, then I walk home and wash garden off my face, arms and neck. I whisper my beautiful Zen prayer, and I change it just a bit for my Christian lips as I think about my potatoes and me and Mrs. Watts and her husband: “I entrust myself to God . . . God entrusts herself to me.”

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**Environmental Queries**

*Adopted by Illinois Yearly Meeting 8/15/89*

With reverence for God’s continuing creation and with awe for the delicate balance of nature and the interdependence of all things in the web of life, we pose these Queries for Friends.

1. Are we aware of the spiritual basis of our concern for the environment? Do we seek to be aware of God’s love and energy in all of creation? Living in that spirit, do we strive to relate with love and respect to ourselves, other people, other creatures, all living and inanimate objects and materials that we meet each day? Are we aware of and sensitive to our present consumption patterns? How do we identify, understand, and resolve our fears of what we might lose with a change of our present lifestyle? Are we formulating and implementing an ethic for responsible stewardship of our planet?

2. In our homes and in our daily lives, do Friends live in a manner which reflects care, respect and unity with the environment? Do we live simply, separating ourselves from thoughtless consumerism and avoiding waste of food, water, and all natural resources? In our homes and workplaces, do we conserve and recycle whenever possible? How do young Friends grow within the family sphere in peace and unity with nature? How do we foster the spiritual growth and reverence for life of young Friends?

3. Do we educate ourselves and help educate others about local, national, and global problems of conservation and the environment, such as: Threats to various species of plants and/or animals from development of wetlands and other fragile ecosystems that are important to food production? Sound practices of agricultural and forestry land use to prevent an imbalance in the oxygen/carbon dioxide ratio, causing the greenhouse effect, warming the atmosphere and raising the level of the oceans? Solutions to the disposal of solid waste, toxic and hazardous waste? Threats to the ozone layer? Restoration of clean air and water?

4. Do we work with others for environmental legislation such as: Legislation on clean water supplies and clean air, including acid rain? Recycling legislation? Laws prohibiting manufacture and use of non-biodegradable pesticides and carcinogenic chemicals? Laws to protect national parks, national forests, and wilderness areas? Laws prohibiting manufacture of nuclear war devices and chemicals for warfare?

5. Do we support national and international organizations which are working to protect the environment, prevent overpopulation, and address political and economic problems which force the poor of the world to destroy the environment in order to survive?
The Green Movement

by Elizabeth Cattell Bronson

Just as the Religious Society of Friends emerged in the political and ethical unrest of 17th century England, the Green movement is developing due to the political and ethical unrest prevalent today. Many U.S. Friends, like most others in our country, have refrained from seeing the flaws of capitalism, because free enterprise, based on the freedom to make a profit, has been very successful in increasing production and consumption. And now in the USSR, because the Russian people want what we have, the Communist party seems to be preparing to replace its dictatorship with a democratic market economy. The Greens see neither capitalism nor communism as what we need for a meaningful life. As they stated when the Green movement started in West Germany, “We are neither right nor left; we are in front.”

Today, in the most highly developed nations, we are at a crisis point, which is requiring us to discard outdated paradigms. One such example is that security can be based on military power, when in the nuclear age security requires collective security and the abolition of war. (And yet we are still stockpiling nuclear bombs!) Another outdated model is that industrial expansion is an unquestionable goal, when our industries, including our military-industrial complex, are polluting air, earth, and water, depleting the ozone layer, and using up renewable resources. The former head of the United Nations Environment Programme warned that the ecological damage we are causing could be more dangerous than a nuclear holocaust. Another outdated paradigm is that in our democratic capitalism, wealth will “trickle down” to the poor. Actually, the gap between wealth and poverty is growing, not only in the Third World, where it is overwhelming, but in the United States, where one half of one percent (millionaires and billionaires) are said to own more than 90 percent of our population. In New York City, the “financial capital of the world,” there are 90,000 homeless and unemployed. Another outdated belief is that acquisition of money and possessions can provide a happy and worthwhile life. Psychologist Paul Wachtel points out in The Poverty of Affluence, all the rich know to do with their money is buy more and more. As Thoreau said, “We are as rich as our ability to do without things.”

Recently in the United States, which considers itself to be the number one nation, there has been a degradation of life evident in the increase of child neglect and child abuse, drug addiction, gambling, pornography, crime, and suicides (including millionaires and children under ten). John Kenneth Galbraith labels our wealthy, “affluent slaves.” And murder is said to be the fastest growing cause of death in the country. When the old is breaking down, there needs to be the emergence of new possibilities, and a transformative perception. This is what the Green movement is offering.

The Green movement started in Europe in the late 1970s, and made the headlines in March 1983 when, in West Germany, 27 people carrying a globe and the branch of a tree from the Black Forest, which was dying of pollution, entered the Bundestag as the first new party to be elected in more than 30 years. “Die Grünen” is founded on four pillars: ecological sustainability, social responsibility, grassroots democracy, and nonviolence. The Green movement has spread to many countries, including Belgium, France, Sweden, Austria, England, Ireland, Finland, East Germany, Spain, Greece, Portugal, Canada, the United States, Japan, the Soviet Union, and the Philippines. More recently, Green groups have started in Argentina, Brazil, and Australia.

In the United States, a group gathered in St. Paul, Minnesota, August 1984, to...
formally establish a U.S. Green movement. They founded the Green Committees of Correspondence (GCoC) “to provide a focal point for local and autonomous Green groups,” and have opened a clearing house in Kansas City, Missouri, which some describe as “a lamp to provide a new, creative vision, that will take us to a fuller, deeper way of life.” The first national conference was held in Amherst, Massachusetts, July 1987, at which Charlene Spretnak urged that Green programs contain spirituality as a priority value. Just as decisions are made through consensus.

6. How can we restore power and responsibility to individuals, institutions, communities, and regions?

5. Decentralization: How can we restore power and responsibility to individuals, institutions, communities, and regions?

Community based economies: How can we redesign our work structures to encourage employee ownership and workplace democracy?

7. Postpatrarchal Values: How can we replace the cultural ethics of domination and control with more cooperative ways of interacting?

8. Respect for Diversity: How can we honor cultural, ethnic, racial, sexual, religious, and spiritual diversity within the context of individual responsibility for all beings?

9. Global Responsibility: How can we reshape the world order and provide genuine assistance to people around the globe?

10. Future Focus: How can we encourage people to develop their own visions and move effectively toward them? . . . How can we make the quality of life, rather than open-ended economic growth, the focus of future thinking?

My husband and I had been connected with the New York Greens and the Garden State (New Jersey) Greens, but it was only after John Rensenbrink, a spokesperson for the National Greens, led a weekend workshop at Pendle Hill on Green politics that we decided to start a group in our area. John Rensenbrink stressed that “to go forward, we must move on two legs—one political and one spiritual.” William Penn brought the political and spiritual together, when he set up his “holy experiment” in Pennsylvania, which became the forerunner of our nation’s democracy. As with Quakerism, two of the West German Green party leaders, Petra Kelly and Rudolph Bahro, emphasized that “true commitment to Green values requires inner growth.” Bahro, a former Communist, is quoted as having said, “I am interested in the forces of cultural revolution that lie in no small way in Christ, Judaism, and Lao Tzu, forces that made history. Taken realistically, mysticism, at least clear-headed mysticism, means a profound mobilization of emancipating forces in the psyche.”

There are now more than 270 Green groups in the United States, and they have many different projects. A Detroit Green group, as reported in Green Letter last year, took on the goal of planting 6,000 trees. A New Hampshire group has drafted a Toxics Transition Act to phase out the use of toxics in the economy by the year 2000. Green activists met in Sacramento to launch a Green Party in California, which will fund candidates in elections. Although only some Greens are vegetarians, in the leading article in Green Times (Summer of 1989), a member of the North Texas Greens interviewed John Robbins, author of Diet for a New America, and only son of the founder of Baskin-Robbins Ice Cream Co. Out of conscience he walked away from a $20 million inheritance to try to awaken people to the fact that “the single most powerful driving force behind the devastation of the hemisphere is addiction to meat.” In the United States, he says, “over four million acres of cropland are being lost to erosion every year, 85 percent of which is directly related to livestock raising.” When our local group, Earthrise Greens, started, one of our founding members, Quiet Spirit, an American Indian spiritual leader, was carrying an Earth Prayer staff and leading children and adults to protest a nuclear power plant on the Delaware River. Now Earthrise Greens hopes to establish a Green Publishing Co-operative and a Spiritual Green Network to bring together people of all religions and spiritual paths to spread and implement the Ten Key Values.

Albert Einstein declared, “The problem today is not of the head, but of the heart.” And E. F. Schumacher warned, “Modern civilization can survive only if it begins to educate the heart, which is the source of wisdom.” The Ten Key Values of the Greens are both heartfelt and wise. As Richard Myers, previous co-ordinator of the Delaware Valley Greens says, “The Greens seek to politicize the spiritual and spiritualize politics . . . a path toward a transformative culture.” The Greens are presenting a new vision and new applications of the values taught by all the great religions—compassion, love, nonviolence, responsibility, forgiveness, reverence for life.

There are several excellent books on the Green Movement, including Green Politics, The Global Promise by Fritjof Capra and Charlene Spretnak; Seeing Green by Jonathon Porritt; and The Spiritual Dimensions of Green Politics by Charlene Spretnak. Anyone interested in reading the full version of the Ten Key Values, or knowing of a Green group in a particular neighborhood, can write to the Green CoC Clearing House, P.O. Box 3020, Kansas City, MO 64112.
Fox at Lichfield

by Robert Kunkel

In October 1651, not long after the final battle of the English Civil War, George Fox emerged from almost a year's imprisonment in Derby. For the last six months of this imprisonment he had been confined in a dungeon, in what he described as “a lousy, stinking, low place in the ground without any bed.” Far from being subdued by this harsh treatment, he had decided that “when the Lord should bring me forth, it would be as the letting of a lion out of a den...” Accordingly, upon his release he immediately resumed the itinerant ministry that had led to his imprisonment in the first place. When he came to the nearby town of Lichfield, in Staffordshire, an incident occurred that has never been satisfactorily explained. You are now invited to consider that incident in some depth.

Before we examine Fox's own account of what happened at Lichfield, you may find it helpful if I sketch in some of the background.

Fox at this time was 27 years old. After a protracted adolescent crisis, during which he had vainly sought help from ministers, priests, and other religious “professors,” he had come to experience an inward divine presence that he called by various names, such as the light within, the inward Christ, the divine light of Christ, the Seed of God in man, and that of God in everyone. These experiences convinced him that all existing organized religions, and indeed, many aspects of the existing social order, were incompatible with true Christianity. Since 1646 or 1647 he had been preaching his controversial views publicly, often contentiously, in his home county of Leicestershire and adjacent counties in central England. This ministry had brought him some notoriety but little enduring success. Although the name “Quaker” had been bestowed on him, there was as yet no organized Quaker movement. When he left prison in the early winter of 1651 he had few staunch adherents.

To comprehend what happened when Fox reached Lichfield, one also needs to know something about Lichfield itself. Lichfield, in Staffordshire, is only about 15 miles from Fox's home village of Drayton-in-the-Clay, in Leicestershire. Lichfield is very old, and there is a legend that a thousand British Christians were massacred there by the Romans during the reign of the emperor Diocletian (284-305 A.D.). On one view, the horror of that ancient atrocity lingers on in the very name of the town: “Lich-” is said to derive from Old English lie, meaning “corpse,” and “Lichfield” is taken to mean “corpse field” or “field of corpses.” Lichfield also boasts other, more recent martyrs. In 1557, Joyce Lewis, from whom George Fox may have been descended, was burnt for heresy there; and in 1610, 14 years before Fox's birth, so was one Edward Wightman. Indeed, Wightman was one of the last persons to be burnt for heresy in all of England.

To understand Fox's visit to Lichfield, you will also need to know something about Lichfield's Gothic cathedral, referred to in Fox's narrative as the “minister.” Constructed of red sandstone in the 12th to 14th centuries, Lichfield Cathedral is unique in having three spires—known locally as the “Ladies of the Vale.” At the time of Fox's visit, this impressive edifice sat derelict. In 1643 and again in 1646, during England's Civil War, Puritan armies had wrested the cathedral from defenders loyal to King Charles I. Gunfire during these bloody battles damaged the building, and the victorious Puritans vandalized it and sacked its contents. They destroyed the medieval statuary, broke up the bells, smashed the windows, and stripped the lead from the roof, all but reducing the structure to a ruin.
Virtually our only evidence of Fox’s visit to Lichfield is his own account in the autobiography he dictated more than 20 years later, when he was 50 or 51 years of age. (It is reproduced in the box below.)

If Fox himself was at something of a loss to explain his behavior at Lichfield, later commentators have done little to clarify matters. Macaulay cited the Lichfield incident in an essay in which he declared that Fox’s intellect was “too much disordered for liberty, and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam.”

William James, generally sympathetic to Quakerism, was even harsher, stating that Lichfield showed that “from the point of view of his nervous constitution” Fox was a “psychopath or détraqué [deranged person] of the deepest dyes.” Quaker historians, too, have found it impossible to empathize with Fox on this occasion. Rufus Jones, for example, said that at Lichfield, Fox was suffering from “mental instability” and yielded to “an abortive impulse.” And what happened that day may have been of greater importance than most histories of Quakerism would lead us to suppose.

"Woe unto the bloody city of Lichfield!"

And as I was one time walking in a close with several Friends I lifted up my head and I espied three steeple-house spires. They struck at my life and I asked Friends what they were, and they said, Lichfield. The word of the Lord came to me thither I might go, so, being come to the house we were going to I bid friends that were with me walk into the house from me; and they did and as soon as they were gone (for I said nothing to them whither I would go) I went over hedge and ditch till I came within a mile of Lichfield. When I came into a great field where there were shepherds keeping their sheep, I was commanded of the Lord to pull off my shoes of a sudden; and I stood still, and the word of the Lord was like a fire in me; and being winter, I untied my shoes and put them off; and when I had done I was commanded to give them to the shepherds and was to charge them to let no one have them except they paid for them. And the poor shepherds trembled and were astonished.

So I went about a mile till I came into the town, and as soon as I came within the town the word of the Lord came unto me again to cry, “Woe unto the bloody city of Lichfield!”; so I went up and down the streets crying, “Woe unto the bloody city of Lichfield!” Being market day I went into the market place and went up and down in several places of it and made stands, crying, “Woe unto the bloody city of Lichfield!”; and no one touched me nor laid hands on me. As I went down the town there ran like a channel of blood down the streets, and the market place was like a pool of blood.

And so at last some friends and friendly people came to me and said, “Alack George! where are thy shoes?” and I told them it was no matter; so when I had declared what was upon me and cleared myself, I came out of the town in peace about a mile to the shepherds: and there I went to them and took my shoes and gave them some money, but the fire of the Lord was so strong in me and all over me that I did not matter to put my shoes on any more and was at a stand whether I should or no till I felt freedom from the Lord so to do.

And so at last I came to a ditch and washed my feet and put on my shoes; and when I had done, I considered why I should go and cry against that city and call it a bloody city; for though the Parliament had the minster one while and the King another while, and much blood had been shed in the town, yet that could not be charged upon the town. But as I went through the town there ran like a channel of blood down the streets and the market place was like a pool of blood; this I saw as I went through it crying, “Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield.”

But after, I came to see that there were a thousand martyrs in Lichfield in the Emperor Diocletian's time. And so I must go in my stockings through the channel of their blood in their market place. So I might raise up the blood of those martyrs that had been shed and lay cold in their streets, which had been shed above a thousand years before. So the sense of this blood was upon me, for which I obeyed the word of the Lord. And the ancient records will testify how many of the Christian Britons suffered there.

And much more might I write of this thing and of the sense of the blood of the martyrs that hath been slain in this nation both in and under the ten persecutions and since, for the name of Christ’s sake. But I leave it to the Lord and his book out of which all shall be judged: for his book is a true record, and his Spirit is a true register, or recorder. And then I passed up and down and had meetings amongst friendly people in several places. And my relations were offended at me.

(Excerpted from the revised edition of The Journal of George Fox, edited by John Nickalls. For an unrevised, verbatim printing of the original document written at Fox's dictation by his son-in-law, Thomas Lower, see the 1911 Cambridge edition of Fox's Journal, edited by Norman Penney.)
tingham in 1649, when the sight of a "steeplehouse" also "struck at [his] life"—but no other when he acted as he did at Lichfield. And if his explanation was a belated "rationalization," why should it have seemed "rational" to Fox when it seems so irrational to us? Or are we to suppose that he was still in a "fever of spiritual exaltation" when he dictated his autobiography more than 20 years after the event?

While no doubt some aspects of the incident at Lichfield will forever remain obscure, I believe I can point to a number of clues that help to make it more intelligible. Moreover, I will suggest that what happened at Lichfield may have been of greater importance than most histories of Quakerism would lead us to suppose.

To begin near the beginning, take Fox's statement, "They [the cathedral spires] struck at my life." The phrase "struck at my life" appears a number of times in Fox's Journal and has nothing to do with attempted assassinations. In Fox's vocabulary "life" commonly meant "spiritual life," the operation of the inward Christ, as in these examples from his Journal:

Christ opened the door of light and life. This inward life sprang up in me, to answer all the opposing professors and priests. The knowledge of God in the spirit is life, but that knowledge which is fleshly works death.

People and professor did trample upon the life, even the life of Christ was trampled upon...

... the life in which the prophets and apostles were. They that . . . lived not in the life. I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars.

Similarly, for Fox "death" commonly meant spiritual torpor or alienation from the divine, as in the third example above, and when he speaks of the "ocean of darkness and death" in which he at times felt himself submerged.

We also know that for Fox "steeplehouses" were portents of spiritual death. He believed in a living God who dwells in us: not in "houses made with hands," but in a church consisting of human beings. Consequently, the idea of a consecrated building designated as a "house of God" was blasphemous, and he saw such buildings as manifestations of a "dead" pseudo-religion that "trampled upon the life of Christ."

It will be seen from Fox's narrative, however, that it was not merely the sight of the Ladies of the Vale that aroused him to action, but the word "Lichfield." Here, I think, we are justified in supposing that for Fox "Lichfield," like steeplehouses, had profound associations with death. Braithwaite and others have assumed that Fox learned about Lichfield's thousand martyrs only after his visit, because of his statement, "But after, I came to see that there were a thousand martyrs in Lichfield in the Emperor Diocletian's time." But this seems unlikely, since he had grown up in a town only 15 miles away. It is more probable that the story of the thousand martyrs had been linked in his mind since childhood with the stories of the more recent martyrs, Joyce Lewis and Edward Wightman, and very possibly that he also knew that "Lichfield" was supposed to mean "field of corpses."

The incident reveals something of Fox's best qualities—his courage, his unswerving obedience to what he took to be the will of God.

His statement would then mean that what happened after was not that he learned about the legend of the thousand martyrs for the first time, but that he "came to see" the relevance of a legend he had known about all along. By the swift logic of unconscious association, Lichfield had that day loomed as an ominous symbol of the "death" that everywhere sought to trample upon "life."

For the "lion let out of a den," the moment of combat was at hand.

In removing his shoes, Fox may well have had in mind the example of Isaiah, who "walked naked and barefoot for three years as a sign and a portent against Egypt and Ethiopia" (other Friends were later to walk naked "as a sign" without incurring Fox's disapproval, and Fox elsewhere remarks, "I had been in spiritual Babylon, Sodom, Egypt, and the grave"). In crying "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" it is more than likely that he was influenced by the examples of the prophets Nahum and Ezekiel, who had cried "Woe to the bloody city!" in Nineveh and Jerusalem in the Seventh and Sixth centuries B.C.

Fox's vision of blood in the streets, which may have been precipitated by his cry of "Woe to the bloody city!", should not be confused with an hallucination. It seems clear he did not suppose the blood he saw to be real in an everyday sense; that is, to be blood others could see or that would have stained his stockings (also note his statement that "there ran like a channel of blood down the street, and the market place was like a pool of blood"). Fox, like the prophets of the Old Testament, or for that matter, many American Indians, was susceptible to visions and interpreted them as divine revelations. Visions are often occasioned by fasting or malnutrition; for example, in reporting his vision on Pendle Hill six months later, Fox specifically notes that he had eaten and drunk little for several days. At Lichfield, he may still have been suffering from his harsh imprisonment at Derby. While visions may today seem "abnormal," in Fox's day and culture (as in many others before and since) they were widely deemed an acceptable form of religious experience. I therefore believe Fox's vision of blood in no way justifies William James' conclusion that he was a "psychopath or détraqué of the deepest dye."

A far more important question is, what was the significance of Fox's vision of blood? To grasp the answer to that question, one must first understand that for Fox the redemptive "blood of Christ" (an essential element of traditional Christian communion) was shed by the inward Christ. Since the "inward Christ" was also the "light within," for Fox the welling (or drying) up of the blood of the inward Christ was equivalent to the shining (or dimming) of the light within. Moreover, for Fox the inward blood of Christ was not a mere metaphor, as may be seen in this excerpt from the Journal:

And as they were discoursing of it, I saw, through the immediate opening of the invisible Spirit, the blood of Christ. And I cried out among them, and said, 'Do you not see the blood of Christ? see it in your hearts, to sprinkle your hearts and consciences from dead works to serve the living God?' For I saw it, the blood of the New Covenant, how it came into the heart. This startled the professors, who would have the blood only without them and not in them.
He similarly equates blood with life in a “testimony” of 1671 in which he says: “[T]he blood of the new and everlasting covenant is the life of Christ, which all the believers in the light are to walk and be cleansed by.”

Conversely, consider Fox’s account of what happened when an attempt was made to relieve his adolescent despondency by the then common procedure of bleeding. Then, he tells us, “They could not get one drop of blood from me,... my body being, as it were, dried up with sorrows, grief, and troubles....”

Thus, Fox thought of the blood of Christ as vital to our spiritual life, and associated the drying up of blood with spiritual as well as physical debility and “death.” The blood he believed he had “raised up” in Lichfield was therefore not a mere physical commodity such as we are now able to store in blood banks, but the eternal blood that had entered the hearts and consciences of Lichfield’s martyrs and must enter all our hearts and consciences if we are to turn “from dead works to serve the living God.”

Here it may also be appropriate to recall Tertullian’s maxim, quoted elsewhere by Fox in its traditional English form: “The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.” In the context of Fox’s theology this could be taken to mean that the “blood of the new covenant,” which was in the ancient martyrs, did not differ from the Seed or inward Christ that still flourishes in members of the true “church.”

Before we leave Fox’s narrative, a few other points deserve mention. One is that the legend of Lichfield’s thousand martyred Britons is probably unhistorical, and in any case did not depict the massacre as occurring in the streets or marketplace where Fox walked in his stockings, but in a field some distance away. Also, the “Lich-” in Lichfield is now believed to derive from Celtic words meaning “gray forest” rather than the Anglo-Saxon word for “corpse.” (The Anglo-Saxons, of course, did not reach Lichfield until after the Romans left Great Britain, well after the reign of Diocletian.) And finally, from 1643 to after 1660 the spire on Lichfield Cathedral’s central tower was missing, having been toppled by Puritan cannon fire. Fox therefore erred when he thought he recalled more than 20 years later having seen three spires in 1651—which serves to remind us that even the most truthful witness is sometimes led to report what “must have been” rather than what really was.

Soon after quitting Lichfield, Fox also quit the midland counties in which he had labored so long, and traveled north, to Yorkshire, Westmorland, Cumberland, and Lancashire. There he established the enduring base from which the Quaker movement spread. Indeed, within a few months after leaving Lichfield—and well before his vision on Pendle Hill of “a great people to be gathered”—he had made Quakers of some of the most important “first publishers of truth,” including James Nayler, Richard Farnworth, and William Dewsbury.

Fox’s reasons for departing the English midlands can only be conjectured. Historians think it likely he had been in correspondence with Seekers in Yorkshire while he was still in prison at Derby; but however that may be, on leaving Derby he first traveled southward, not northward. Perhaps the “sense of the blood”—the powerful sense of communal spirituality—that he experienced at Lichfield gave him the resolve to carry out a plan he had already formulated. Or perhaps he concluded he might do better in an area where he had no “offended” relations or bewildered friends. In either case, whether we regard Lichfield as the end of the first phase of his public ministry or the beginning of the second, it appears to have marked an important turning point in his life and in the history of Quakerism.

What, then, in the end, ought we to make of this incident? It reveals some of Fox’s best qualities: his courage, his unswerving obedience to what he took to be the will of God and his sometimes startling faculty for experiencing what for others were empty abstractions (or “notions,” as he contemptuously called them). It would also seem that at Lichfield he experienced an inward crisis and emerged the stronger for his experience. On the other hand, all that he accomplished outwardly was to strengthen the impression, already current, that he was at best eccentric and at worst mad. In the years that followed, the outlandish behavior of some recruits to Quakerism—most notably, Nayler’s entry into Bristol on a donkey, mimicking Jesus’ entry into Jerusalem—had untoward results for the Society of Friends as a whole, and the conviction grew that the leadings of individuals needed to be tested against the wisdom of the group. While Fox remained, in Penn’s words, ever “an original, and no man’s copy,” none of his later actions was so seemingly bizarre as his visit to Lichfield.
One of the advantages of living beyond one's useful years is to be able to look back over the lives of one's friends and reflect on how they turned out, taking the customary liberties with the truth that aging permits, and, to a great extent, encourages. In this spirit, I would like to write about a Quaker woman I once knew.

She gave me permission to tell her story, with one provision: that I would not use her name. I told her I was willing, but that I would need to call her by some name or other, and I asked her what it should be.

She thought a while, then said: "Call me Rebecca."

"But that's my name," I said.

"So it is," she conceded, graciously. "It will be very confusing," I said.

"So it will," she admitted, then added, "Sometimes a little confusion is a good thing, you know. Makes people think."

"If they are so inclined," I said.

"No," she replied, "that's the beauty of it. When you confuse people they have to think."

And so it was that I came to write this account of Rebecca's experiences growing up as a Quaker.

As a little girl, Rebecca told me, she went every week to one of the opposing meetinghouses in her small town, one being Orthodox, the other Hicksite. The difference in the two, as her young mind saw it, was the difference between looking into the solemn faces of the elderly on the facing benches at one meeting or looking through windows with small panes onto an old cemetery at the other. She preferred the latter where, thanks to a number of acrobatic squirrels and exploratory rabbits, there was considerably more life and action.

Rebecca told me she had always tried to be a good little Quaker girl. She believed that adults, on the whole, found her quiet and agreeable, not precocious, and generally well-mannered. She said that she kept her elbows off the dinner table (away from home) and always said, "Please" and "Thank you" (away from home). To her sisters, she confessed, she was obnoxious, as such "good" children usually are. There were numerous squabbles (a polite term for what actually took place) and layers of guilt as thick as peanut butter on bread—especially following the Sunday school lesson (she corrected herself, "First-day school!" lesson) on the Good Samaritan. She added that, interestingly, 30 years later her oldest daughter had had the same experience after she came home from learning the same First-day school lesson.

At this point in her story, she digressed a little.

"You know," she said, "I never quite mastered that."

"Being a Good Samaritan?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "giving numbers to the days of the week. Somehow I could never think of First Day as any day but Monday, that being the first day of school every week. Not being able to think of First Day as any day but Monday, I got all of the rest of the days wrong, believing Tuesday to be Second Day and so forth. By Thursday, any accurate calculation was out of the question."

She said the whole matter still puzzled her. She had, as a child, understood that these numbered days had a great deal to do with the Roman gods of war (and love?), and, that while it was O.K. to read about the Roman gods in school and to be amazed that the Romans believed in them, it was not O.K. to refer to them by name (or any part of their name) among Quakers. She had tried to stick with the numbers, but never trusted herself to do it right.

She got out her King James Version of the Old Testament and read the evidence for her numbering of the days of the week: "And on the seventh day God finished his work which he had done, and he rested on the seventh day . . . . God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it . . . . " That, she pointed out, would make the First Day Monday.

"Oh, well," she concluded, "it very possibly isn't of much importance, but whether she was referring to the Quaker practice of numbering the days or to her getting them all wrong, I cannot say.

She told me she was reminded of another Quaker tradition—the use of plain language.

"What's that?" I asked.

"You don't know?" she marveled. "Where were you raised? Not in Philadelphia, I'm sure—or on the Main Line, either."

I conceded the point.

"Well," she said, "plain language was something used by George Fox back in the 1690s and by every Quaker for some time after that. To put it simply, it means saying 'thee' instead of 'you' and 'thine' instead of 'yours.'"

"Why did they want to do that?"

"Well," she said, thoughtfully, "I can tell you why George Fox did it or I can tell you why my mother did it."

"Both," I said.

She set about explaining the historical reason for the use of plain language. Its purpose was to treat everyone as a social equal. It was like the refusal of Fox and his followers to take off their hats in the presence of the king, believing him no more to be honored than any other person and probably a little less than many. 

"And your mother?" I asked. "Why did she use plain language?"

"My mother," she said, "used plain language to clarify the distinction between those she loved and everyone else."

"Oh," I responded. It was about all I could think of to say.
"I suspect," she added, "that it was also a mark of respect for all Quakers."
"But wasn't that almost a reversal of the original idea?"
Her eyes twinkled. "I'll leave that up to you to judge."
I asked Rebecca what it was like to attend silent meetings for worship in those days.
She said things hadn't changed much. It wasn't much different from the way it is now. In many meetings there are still maroon-colored cushions filled with horsehair, and children still pull out the horsehairs and curl them in their fingers. Those old cushions, she said, taught her two things: a valuable lesson in how to deal with pricklies (especially prickly people) and a life-long admiration for the patience of holy men in hair shirts.
To be honest, she said, she did not really sit very long in silent meeting because there was always Sunday school, i.e., First-day school. And, to be completely honest, First-day school didn't occupy much of her time, either, because she left it and joined a Sunday school class at the local Presbyterian church. When she said that, I recalled that was where we had first met.
I went to Sunday school there, in part, because I was told I had to and, in part, because I liked it. We had regular classes and could win the red (or was it blue?) banner for the best attendance of any class that week (or was it that month?). I liked the teacher and the way she talked about whatever we wanted to talk about. The superintendent talked to us every Sunday and tallied our attendance records on a big board at the front of the room. He acted as though he thought what we were doing was important. Every week he handed out a magazine called Forward with good stories and jokes that were easy to remember, and, at Christmas, there was a little box of chocolates for each child.
(What child ever got a box of chocolates just for herself in those days except from

Those old cushions taught her a valuable lesson in how to deal with prickly people and a lifelong admiration for the patience of holy men in hair shirts.
that is—but she told me it was true and could name the place and even tell me how old she was at the time.

Later, she said, when she outgrew banners and could buy chocolates on her own, she came back to the Society of Friends.

"Being a Quaker wasn't all bad, you know," she said, with a twinkle in her eye. "We had silent grace before meals. It was a Quaker tradition and much appreciated when you were faced with a meal that included turnips or the tough ends of asparagus and ended with Rice Pudding or Floating Island—one of those meals for which you knew you weren't really going to be thankful. Besides, the silence didn't last long and you didn't have to 'say it,' the way other kids were always made to do by their parents."

I thought for a moment. "Am I right in thinking that Quakerism was a kind of an easy way out for you? I mean, a way out of rituals and creeds and things?"

Rebecca looked at me and the look she gave me made me want to bury my face in the nearest horseshair pillow.

"No," she said, firmly. "You are not right. Not at all right."

"Then, what—" I began, limply.

"I told you I preferred rabbits and squirrels to sober-faced Friends on the facing benches when I was a child, but that wasn't the whole story. I couldn't help seeing the expressions on those old faces—the calm, intense concentration. I knew they must be hearing something I wasn't. Why else would they return week after week to those hard wooden benches with their horseshair cushions?

She was silent for a long time, as if making up her mind whether or not to go on. Then she did.

"Many years later," she said, "I sat on the edge of a metal cot in a small room in a mental hospital, alone. I was too depressed to cry. I just sat still, waiting. And then I heard it. And I knew, at last, what people waited for in silent meeting. What I heard restored my sanity. Do you believe that?" she asked me.

"I do," I said, "but I'm not sure others would."

"People," she replied, "believe what they want to believe, isn't that so?"

"I am beginning to believe it," I replied.

"And what they believe about others is, in the last analysis, what they believe about themselves. In the last analysis," she repeated, "I like that."

We both smiled.

Years passed before I visited again with Rebecca. She had grown much older. Finally, her time had come to depart this earth. I was with her at the end.

She had been napping when I came into her room. Now she opened her eyes, and, seeing me (dimly, I suppose) she began to smile.

"You have come just at the right time," she said. "I want to tell you my dream—a dream I just had."

"What was it?" I asked.

"I dreamed that I met the Lord and that I asked him what he thought of us Quakers."

"What did he say?" I asked, eagerly.

She paused a moment.

"What he mean by that?" I asked again.

"That," she said quietly, with her next-to-last breath, "you will have to decide for yourself."
AN INFINITE OCEAN OF LIGHT

A Friend shares personally from his long association with the American Friends Service Committee. From war-torn Europe of the 1940s to the present day, the opportunities for peacemaking remain.

by Stephen G. Cary

When Steve Cary retired this winter after 12 years as clerk of the American Friends Service Committee Board and Corporation, he concluded nearly 50 years of service with the AFSC. Following graduation from Haverford College, he entered Civilian Public Service in 1942 and became a CPS camp director for AFSC. He served as commissioner of European relief for AFSC after the war and later worked in a variety of assignments. His travels have taken him to all parts of the world, most recently as leader of an AFSC delegation to China in the interests of international understanding. At Haverford College, he was vice president for years, and in retirement remains active in the life of the college, valuing its close Quaker ties and his many friendships with students.

In introducing Steve at the Nov. 17, 1990, AFSC Annual Gathering in Philadelphia, executive secretary Asia Bennett described him this way: "Steve is a prodigious worker . . . generous with his time and attention, a good colleague, a centered Friend whose tender heart and spiritual depths inform all his interactions. And best of all, I think, is Steve's gusto for life and his uproarious sense of humor."

What follows is a portion of his address delivered at that November gathering.

I'd like to say something personal, something that will help you better understand the American Friends Service Committee and the gifts it has given to me. I take as my text for this exercise a familiar passage from George Fox's Journal, which all of you will immediately recognize. I choose it because my life at the AFSC has served to illuminate and make real to me Fox's words, written in 1647:

I saw also that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but an infinite ocean of light and love that flowed over the ocean of darkness, and in that also I saw the infinite love of God and I had great openings.

Friends, the AFSC has shown me the ocean of darkness and it's been a gift, which may seem odd. I want to say a few words about some of my encounters with it. I think the first time I really came in contact with the face of massive evil was in that period when I wandered across Europe in those terrible years just after the end of the Second World War. The appalling destruction, the total breakdown of community, but most of all the suffering of multitudes of men, women, and children—the bereaved, the homeless, the cold and hungry, the sick—millions existing with their lives in ruin. I recall especially the day in 1946 when I walked alone through the death camp at Auschwitz, and stood looking...
up at the ceiling at the shower heads which only months before had spewed forth not water, but deadly gas to destroy the helpless, naked souls below. One does not forget that kind of exposure to evil.

Or I think of the killing fields of Cambodia. I remember one village where I came upon a half-opened grave, half filled with water, and I looked down into it, and there were the crushed skulls of six little children. A lone child’s sandal floated on the water. . . . Unbelievable, unfathomable evil . . . .

Finally, I remind myself also of those pitiful province hospitals in Vietnam where children, sometimes three to a bed, stared silently at the ceiling, their bodies racked with the searing pain of napalm, or their limbs shattered or blown off by bombs hurled from the battleship New Jersey—lying safely in its off-shore sanctuary, hurling death and destruction into defenseless villages 30 miles inland. That, too, was the face of evil.

I don’t recount this last because I equate my country’s involvement in Vietnam with the atrocities of the Nazis or the Khmer Rouge, but to illustrate what my beloved friend Milton Mayer was fond of saying: “The devil is not a traveling man, living yesterday in Germany, tomorrow in Cambodia, and the day after that somewhere else. The devil is in the hearts of men and women the world over, and if we would deal with the devil we have to exorcise him from the hearts of the human family.”

I’m grateful for having had the opportunity to see and experience the enormity of evil because it has served to enhance the sense of awe and wonder that I’ve felt when I have encountered the ocean of light, for this too has been a gift to me from the AFSC. It has shown me miracles—miracles where hatred has been exorcised, the estranged reconciled, the depraved reborn, and the violent made peaceable. Through it, I know beyond disputation that there is an ocean of light. I want to share three or four of my encounters with it.

The first involves an experience that taught me something about caring and about integrity. It concerns a young man of 19 who was driving a truck in the Abruzzi mountains in central Italy, where destruction was almost total because of the fighting that raged there toward the end of the Second World War. Art’s job was to drive his truck up in the mountains, load it with limestone, and carry the limestone down to the villages in the valley where he traded it for lumber needed by the villages in the mountains. The idea was that this kind of barter would end the paralysis of confidence and allow rebuilding to begin.

One day I had been with Art while he did his job, when on the way home just at dusk we had a flat tire. It was the second one of the day and there was no spare, so we had to leave the truck beside the road and walk home. As we were getting supper at his little cellar a dialogue ensued:

“Steve, I have to go up to Lettapalena tonight to see the mayor.”
“Gee, Art, isn’t that the village way up on top of the mountain?”
“Yeah. I have to tell the mayor I can’t deliver the wood I promised him.”
“But can’t it wait until tomorrow morning, when we get the flat fixed?”
“No, it can’t. These people have been lied to and given false promises and been manipulated and misled for years. All I’ve got going for me is my word, and I have to either keep it or explain why I can’t.”
“OK. If you’re going, I’m going with you.”

So, after supper, we set out to walk up the mountain. It was a beautiful, warm, and moonlit night. We arrived at the shell of Lettapalena about 9 o’clock in the evening and we went to the mayor’s little house and knocked on the door. The mayor peered out into the darkness: “Arturo, what are you doing here?” And Art said, “Well, I promised you I’d deliver some wood to you tomorrow, and I can’t make it because my truck broke down.” “Did you come all the way up here to tell me that?” “Yes,” said Art, “I thought you might have promised it to a lot of your friends here in town, and if you didn’t deliver they’d be mad and you’d be in a tough spot.” A look of incredulity crossed the man’s face; he burst into tears and threw his arm around Art, and invited us in.

Once inside, he whispered to his son, and in a few minutes people began arriving in his little cellar—about 20 jammed into that small space—all those to whom he’d promised wood. Some brought sausages, some brought home­pressed vino, one brought an old accordion, and we had a wonderful party—laughing, singing, munching on sausage, sipping dreadful vino. Finally about midnight we said we had to go, and the mayor said, “You guys can’t walk down the mountain by yourselves. We’ll show you the shortcuts so you don’t have to walk the long road. We have all kinds
started walking alone, and Art said, "Maybe you can understand now why I love these people." And I said, "Yes, Art, I can, and I can understand why they love you."

I went back a year later, and there was a miracle. Roofs were on houses, but more important, there was a new sense of community reborn where there had only been hatred and suspicion. The ocean of light was seeping over the ocean of darkness.

The next little incident I want to talk about taught me something about diversity and community. It occurred during one of the richest weeks of my career with the Service Committee—a week I spent at Haverford College with a devoted and gifted group trying to write a little book about the relevance of pacifism in the modern world, a book which later became known as Speak Truth to Power. We had a wonderful time of fellowship and worship and lively argument that always went on until two or three in the morning, and the central figure in the whole scenario was Bayard Rustin. He was the only person, with the exception of A. J. Muste, who could keep up with the sheer intellectual brilliance of Milton Mayer and Bob Pickus, who throughout the week were locked in a titanic struggle over how communism and the Soviet Union should be portrayed in our study. Bayard could quote Aristotle and Locke and von Clausewitz as easily as they could, only he was the reconciler, he was the one who built a bridge between them. Without him the study could never have been concluded.

Bayard had to leave a day early, and on the last evening he said, "Well, fellows, it's been a wonderful week. I have only one request. When we publish this booklet my name should not be listed as an author." We said that was impossible. Bayard's problem was that he was gay. In those days being gay was an offense that in many states was punishable with prison. Bayard had been in jail, with resulting publicity, and he argued, "My name will hurt the sale of this booklet, and it is too important for it to have a handicap." We wouldn't agree, but it was left there for the night.

The next morning we had a meeting for worship before Bayard left. It was a marvelous meeting because we were all close to each other, and we had shared a great experience. Truly in that meeting there was a Presence in the midst, and out of the silence Bayard rose and began to sing in his God-given tenor voice: "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen, nobody knows but Jesus." Then he sang the haunting spiritual: "There is a balm in Gilead that makes the whole world free." When he finished he said, "Dear friends, I am at peace. I ask you to leave my name off." And we did.

But from that day on Bayard was my brother—a whole, beautiful human being. From that day on I have never been able to assign a moral dimension to people's sexual orientation. And I can never demean the integrity of my brothers and sisters who are gay and lesbian by referring to their lives as following "a chosen lifestyle." Bayard gave me a sense of the meaning of diversity and community, which I treasure.

Third, I had another glimpse of the ocean of light in an incident that involves peacemaking. It happened only a few years ago when I was in El Salvador on a Service Committee mission. I had a call from Charlie Clements, the ex-Air Force pilot who ended up a Quaker doctor ministering to 10,000 villagers in the hills of Salvador. Charlie also
happened to be in town, and he said, "Steve, I've learned that some of my former patients have fled, and they're in a refugee camp on the edge of the city, and I'm going to go visit them later this afternoon. Would you like to come along?" I said I would and I arranged to meet him.

On the way I passed the American embassy in San Salvador. I stopped and got out. Some of you may have seen this structure. The only way I can describe it is to compare it to one of King Arthur's castles: a great stone pile, virtually windowless, surrounded by double walls 12 or 15 feet high, with pillboxes on all four corners manned by armed marines. The only entrance is a serpentine path through steel posts embedded in concrete. In between the posts are 55-gallon barrels filled with cement. Embassy cars are equipped with one-way glass—passengers can see out, but no one can see in—and vehicles that leave the embassy are followed by a station wagon filled with soldiers riding shotgun. This in a country which is our ally, and to which we have given hundreds of millions in aid, and yet we must make our embassy an impregnable fortress.

I went on down and met Charlie. He had a couple of guys with him. One was carrying a folded wheelchair. We entered the dusty, ramshackle, rundown camp, teeming with men, women, and children in rags. We were barely in the gate when someone spotted Charlie, called his name, and we found ourselves engulfed in a tidal wave of humanity. People were shouting and laughing, and everyone was trying to hug him at the same time. Women were handing him their children. He never had less than three in his arms at the same time. It was pandemonium. Finally when things calmed down a little bit Charlie asked for a little boy that he'd cared for when the child was a baby and a polio victim. He'd heard he was there, and sure enough his mother produced the little fellow, now five, and gave him to Charlie. Charlie put him down in the wheelchair and told him to "put [his] hands on the wheels and push." The child did and moved forward a few feet. Charlie said, "Do it again," and he moved forward another three or four feet. The little kid was laughing, but when he turned around, a look of wonder came over his face, and he burst into tears. It was the first time in his life he had ever propelled himself. Charlie cried; I cried; everybody cried, and the little fellow wheeled around the camp with about 100 urchins running after him. I thought to myself—my God, my God—what is the path to peace? Is it in those cars with their one-way glass and their shotgun escort, or is it in Charlie's wheelchair. Friends, the American Friends Service Committee bets its life on Charlie's wheelchair.

I was going to go on and tell you another story about a poor derelict, a drifter, a life-time loser who was my companion for a season in the Washington jail, whence we both had repaired at the request of a Washington judge, but my time is running out. Perhaps I've said enough to make clear why for me the ocean of light is real. The only question is whether Charlie's wheelchair, and Art's integrity, and Bayard's gentle spirit are a match for those six little crushed skulls in the pool of the killing fields. That's where faith comes in.

But I would remind you that we have something going for us that we often don't think about. I want to tell you what it is. The scene is Amsterdam. The time is 1947. The occasion is the annual gathering we used to have in which we invited one representative from each of our relief teams on the continent to come together for two or three days to talk about our prob-
lems. This particular meeting had been a gloomy occasion. We had team members who couldn't get along with each other. Our trucks were breaking down, and we couldn't find spare parts. Our supplies were lost on the malfunctioning railroad systems of Germany and Poland, and of course if there was nothing else to talk about we could always bring up the incompetence of Philadelphia. In the midst of our review of this catalog of catastrophe a Dutch Friend burst into the room, holding up a newspaper with black headlines, “Quakers Win Nobel Peace Prize ... honored for relief service.” As Friends do on these occasions we immediately fell silent in a spontaneous meeting for worship. After a time a young woman rose and said, “All I can say is a little love sure goes a long way.” It does, friends. And that’s our hope. Even though we are tiny, and even though there is a vast world to mend, it’s important that we keep on witnessing to what love can do.

In that context I’ll close with a little story that for me encapsulates what the AFSC is all about. It’s a story about a man riding along a dirt road in the country, and he looks down from his horse, and he sees a little bird lying in the dirt on his back with his feet in the air. He’s so curious about this that he gets off his horse and walks back and says, “Little bird, what are you doing lying there in the dust on your back with your feet in the air?” And the little bird said, “The sky is falling and I’m trying to hold it up.” The man bursts out laughing: “Why that’s the dumbest thing I ever heard in my life. What does a little bird like you think you can do about the sky falling?” And the little bird looks up and says, “One does what one can. One does what one can.”

Friends, the American Friends Service Committee did what it could in 1918. It was doing what it could when I first encountered it in 1940. It’s doing what it can today, and I can assure you it will keep on trying to keep the sky from falling because, despite its feet of clay, despite its sins of omission and commission, despite the fact that it stumbles and falls and that its reach falls so far short of its grasp, it remains for me a lustrous little puddle in the great ocean of light and love. That’s why as I leave it after almost half a century I say to all of you in this room, and I say it to all Friends everywhere, “Thank God, thank God Almighty, for the American Friends Service Committee.”
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FCNL Notes
Rescuing Kuwait: At What Cost?
As Quakers, we oppose all war. No matter what the question, war is not the answer. We embrace the precious lives that are being sacrificed on both sides of the war in the Gulf. We embrace the terrified children on both sides of the conflict. We embrace the troops that have been sent into these battles by their governments; we want them all to return home safely—now. We urge the governments to work out a solution that will not sacrifice more lives.

(This statement and the following information were prepared by the Friends Committee on National Legislation as part of its material on the Gulf War.)

When the United States decided to commit almost half a million troops to waging war on Iraq, it communicated to poor and oppressed people at home and around the world that this war has a prior claim on the U.S. budget. For years, the U.S. government has claimed to lack adequate resources to engage the forces of poverty and hunger. Now, overnight, the U.S. government apparently has billions to spend on sophisticated weaponry to engage the forces of Iraq.

What will this war cost?
On the first day of the war, Defense Secretary Richard Cheney told congressional leaders that maintaining troops in Iraq had already cost $10 billion by December 31. Actual combat increases the cost geometrically. Recently, Charles Bowsher, head of the General Accounting Office (Congress’s accountant), has estimated that the war will cost “several hundred million dollars a day in the early part of the war.”

Other military analysts' estimates range at high as $1 billion a day, with cost escalating as a ground war drags on.

But no one will really know the cost of the war until it is ended. Congressional hearings have served to demonstrate that even the most expert estimates depend on assumptions about many variables, including the length of the war, the resistance of Iraq, the assistance of allies (on either side), the involvement of Israel, and other factors. After the war, there will be new costs—some of them long-term obligations—as the complex task of rebuilding in this war-torn region begins. Given the many uncertainties, it is troubling that Congress gave President Bush a “blank check,” both financially and politically, to commit this nation's resources to war.

What will we have to give up to pay the price of war?
The scope of the snap-of-the-fingers spending in the Gulf is massive in comparison to the dollars that have been denied to needy people and programs in this country. The United States continues to lose more than 20 percent of its children to poverty, ill health, malnutrition, disability, and school failure. Yet all funding for income assistance, health, food, education, and job programs has been severely limited in the last decade.

The federal government allocates only about $200 million to all the emergency programs for two million homeless people in this country. Operation “Desert Storm” probably spent that amount in the first few hours of operation.

U.S. military power is number one in the world. The U.S. rate of infant mortality is 20 times lower than in the world. The entire WIC program, the supplemental food for malnourished women and children, costs about $2 billion. Will the government choose to end that program to pay for Days One and Two of the Gulf War?

In the United States alone, 40,000 children a year do not survive infancy. Yet the federal government has not been able to find the half billion dollars that would be needed to save about 10,000 of these lives each year.

Hospital and medical care for veterans injured and damaged in previous wars costs about $12 billion. That's equivalent to the cost of the first two weeks of the war. How will we find money to take care of those injured or left fatherless or motherless by this war?

Even a few weeks at war will cost billions of dollars that we don’t have. Six weeks at war would cost more than we spend in a year for Medicaid, the national program that provides health services for about 25 million poor women, children, elderly, and disabled people in this country.

How will the U.S. pay the bills for Desert Shield and Desert Storm?
There are no funds for these operations in the fiscal year 1991 budget (already adopted) or planned in the 1992 budget. Funds for Desert Shield and Desert Storm are not part of the $295 billion allocated for military spending. Nevertheless, when Congress approved of these two military operations, Congressional leaders promised to finance them through special “supplemental appropriations” in the early spring. This “special appropriation,” however, will not make the money magically appear.

March 1991 FRIENDS JOURNAL
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The government could borrow the money; but with an annual deficit approaching $300 billion, that seems unwise, even dangerous, given the shaky economy. The government could cut even more social programs to pay the bill, passing the cost on to the most vulnerable people in the country. Or, the government could seek a new tax. Since gas taxes and telephone taxes have already been spoken for in the recently approved federal budget, Congress will have to be somewhat creative in finding a source of revenues for this war. Perhaps Congress will finally consider a progressive income tax, leaning heavily on the shoulders of the millionaires who still benefit from the Reagan-era tax cuts. A separate, clearly identified war tax, however, would have the advantage of highlighting the ongoing costs of the war.

**Did we have a choice about going to war?**

There was a clear opportunity to choose not to go to war. The debate in Congress was heavy. Last week, 46 percent of the Senate and 42 percent of the House favored the international strategy of isolating Saddam Hussein by enforcing economic sanctions and pursuing further negotiations. A very slim majority of congressional representatives was able to authorize military action. The question remains whether such a divided country should commit itself to the immeasurable tragedies of war.

**Do we have a choice now?**

The Bush administration never pursued the kinds of conflict-resolution procedures recommended by many experts in that field. Although President Bush has said “it is never too late for a peace proposal,” he has been unwilling to act on such proposals. There is still hope he might accept such a proposal from the United Nations Security Council. There is a move within the General Assembly of the United Nations to press the Security Council to call for a “cease fire,” and to renew intensive diplomatic efforts while continuing the enforcement of international economic sanctions.

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Leaders: Paul and Margaret Lacey

July 8-13, July 15-20: Two complementary summer sessions—
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Alaska Yearly Meeting joined Evangelical Friends International in January. This latest addition brings the number of members in EFI to approximately 26,000 in 250 churches, with a constituency of 35,000. There are 12 churches in Alaska Yearly Meeting, with 1,000 members. EFI’s budget for 1991 is $802,631 and provides funding for Christian education ($102,620), publications ($81,950), youth ($5,050), missions ($609,011), and memberships and promotion ($4,000).

Earlham’s scholarship program for low-income black and Latino students may be illegal, according to a recent advisory of the U.S. Department of Education. The advisory states that awarding scholarships based on race may violate federal civil rights regulations. The Department of Education’s Office of Civil Rights “has interpreted the law [34 C.F.R. 100.3(b)] to prohibit, in most cases, race-exclusive scholarships.” Earlham College meets full financial need of all students without regard to race and also offers a special program of scholarships to black and Latino students from Indiana who qualify for admission but cannot afford to attend.

Earlham College officials strongly objected to the federal advisory, pointing to the direction education and other segments of society have taken in the past 35 years in trying to “level the playing field” for minority citizens. Earlham President Richard J. Wood said the new interpretation could affect hundreds of colleges and universities that, like Earlham, provide versions of minority scholarships. His hope is that the interpretation will be challenged in Congress or in court.

The numbers of low-income black and Latino students attending college have increased significantly in recent years, according to a study by the American Council of Education released in early 1990. Programs such as the one at Earlham aim at reversing this trend, particularly in the last two years, according to Richard Wood, who is also co-chairman of the Task Force for Minority Opportunities of the National Association of Independent Colleges and Universities.

A. Alexander Morisey will resign as executive secretary of Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, as of Aug. 1. Alex has led the section since August 1988. He served as associate executive secretary from 1985 to 1988, under Gordon M. Browne, Jr. Alex came to FWCC with extensive experience in Latin America, which increased and strengthened FWCC’s ties with Friends in that part of the world during his tenure. His concern for young Friends was reflected in formation of Friends in Youth Work, which has brought together broad segments of Friends in cooperative efforts. He will continue his instrumental role in planning and organizing the FWCC World Conference, which will take place in three locations throughout the world this summer. His careful fiscal management has been a key factor in preserving FWCC’s financial strength during trying economic times. The Executive Committee of FWCC is forming a search committee to locate a successor.

Vinton Deming, editor-manager of FRIENDS JOURNAL, will lead a retreat March 9-11 at Mountain View (Colo.) Meeting, entitled “The Way of Friends: Contemporary Currents.” The retreat is the meeting’s annual gathering, which is called “The School of the Spirit,” and is planned to draw Friends together in exploration and challenge.

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An exhibition of Quaker dress, “Style and Choice: Quaker Clothing in the Delaware Valley,” at the Chester County (Pa.) Historical Society (FJ Jan.), inspired comments from syndicated fashion columnist Patricia McLaughlin on the reemergence of plain dress in the 1990s. It seems Calvin Klein’s new spring collection was a model of simplicity and a stark contrast to the glitz of the 1980s. McLaughlin suggests that the current decade, in reacting to the excesses of the recent past, mirrors what might have been early Quakers’ response to the exuberance and excess of the baroque. Although she admits Friends’ dress was a sign of their beliefs in simplicity, equality, and peace, she also feels this “egalitarian aesthetic” may be “worth another look ... at a time when people are being murdered for their Roleses and Air Jordans.” Perhaps in another few years simplicity, equality, and peace will be in vogue as well.

Teenagers caught in domestic problems—drug abuse, gang conflicts, crime, or family violence—may have quite a bit in common with those whose lives have been touched by war. That’s the premise of a pilot program in New York City, with an opening presentation at Friends Seminary. The program is part of the organization Children of War, sponsored by the Religious Task Force, an interfaith coalition. The program features 45 young people ranging in age from 13 to 20. They come from 15 foreign countries, as well as from seven cities in the United States. In public speeches and private conversations, they describe how they lost parents and friends or had to flee for their lives from battle scenes. Those from the United States tell about seeing the effects of crack and poverty. Three from that group are homeless. Sharing such experiences with other youngsters can often lead to healing and offer models of courage. Sometimes the young speakers become coaches, helping others see a way through difficulties. The goal is to train 400 leaders and set up chapters of Children of War in all the schools on the five-city tour.

Friends were represented at the Irish presidential inauguration in Dublin Castle on Dec. 3, 1990, by Muriel Cameron of Lisburn Meeting. She is assistant clerk of Ireland Yearly Meeting. She and six other church leaders took part in the interdenominational service before the ceremony. Her part was to read a prayer. She was the only woman among the church leaders. The new president of the Irish Republic is Mary Robinson.

Women for Meaningful Summits, a group founded in 1985 to present a woman’s perspective at the time of summit meetings, gained access to the Iraqi embassy in Washington, D.C., on January 15. Four women (including a Friend, Alice Wiser from Vermont, a FRIENDS JOURNAL board member) presented embassy staff with bread and roses to symbolize their desire for a peaceful, negotiated settlement. The group also lobbied senators and Congressional representatives.

“Peace cards” for the children of Iraq were made and mailed by children in DesMoines, Iowa. The cards included drawings and words, translated into Arabic, expressing concern for peace, friendship, and understanding. The activity was organized by Ed Fallon, director of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in DesMoines. He expressed hope that this activity would teach the children “that Iraq is more than Saddam, that it is not a new ‘evil empire.’ Iraq is people like us, many of them children, many of whom would be killed in a war.”
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**Bulletin Board**

- A special fund for victims of the Persian Gulf War has been set up by the American Friends Service Committee. Money will be used for humanitarian needs, for emergency relief, and eventually for reconstruction projects. Contributions may be addressed to the American Friends Service Committee, Gulf Assistance Fund, 1501 Cherry St., Phila., PA 19102. For information, call (215) 241-7142.

- “Worship and Witness for the Peacable Kingdom” is the theme of a weekend event focusing on the Nevada Test Site, to be held March 22-24 at St. James Church, Las Vegas, Nevada. The program begins at 5:30 p.m. on Friday and features speakers Bob Vogel, Albert Jones, Ellie Foster, and Peter Ediger, as well as worship-sharing groups, an update on conscientious objectors, and a Saturday noon vigil at the Federal Building in Las Vegas. On Sunday morning, there will be a worship and witness at the Nevada Test Site itself, which is 65 miles northwest of Las Vegas. The event is sponsored by Pacific Yearly Meeting and PYM Junior and Young Friends. Cost is $35, including meals and floor space for sleeping bags, payable to Linda Dunn, 250 E. Blaine St., Riverside, CA 92507. For more information, call Linda at (714) 682-5364 or Jane Badalato at (213) 851-9907. Motel lodging is available nearby.

- Spiritual practice as a motivating force in social action will be the subject of a retreat at Woolman Hill Quaker Center in Deerfield, Mass., on March 15-17. Entitled “Meditation and Social Action,” the retreat will explore ways to help spiritual practice feed activism, as well as ways to deepen spiritual life through committed actions. The leaders—Paula Green, Eric Kolvig, and Jim Perkins—have each practiced Vipassana Buddhist meditation for at least ten years or more and combine the practice with other professional concerns and activism. Cost is $70. For information, call Woolman Hill at (413) 774-3431.

- Earth Day 1991 will be celebrated on March 20 and 21, to coincide with the arrival of spring equinox in the Northern Hemisphere and fall equinox in the Southern Hemisphere. That will be at 10:02 p.m. Eastern Standard Time on March 20 in the United States, or 0302 Greenwich Mean Time on March 21. The day is planned as a global celebration dedicated to the peaceful care and protection of the Earth. More information and material is available from The Earth Society Foundation, 585 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017, or by calling (212) 935-9423.

- For a thorough leaflet on how to prevent withholding of tax from wages, send two stamps and a self-addressed envelope to P.O. Box 85810, Seattle, WA 97145. Ask for the pamphlet, “Practical War Tax Resistance: Controlling Federal Tax Withholding.”

- “Literacy and Power: Exploring the Connections,” is the theme of the 1991 National Quaker Youth Seminar on April 3-6 at the William Penn House in Washington, D.C. Participants will explore how a person’s level of reading skills can affect one’s personal, economic, and political life. They will meet with adult learners in literacy programs, with those who provide such programs, and with government officials to discuss the connections between literacy and power. There will also be a chance to work with a local literacy program in providing books to low-income children, to work in a soup kitchen, and to speak with one’s own senators and Congressional representatives. There will be time for worship-sharing and for exploring Washington, D.C., as well. Cost is $35, including lodging, breakfasts, and dinners. Deadline to register is March 3. For information, contact Leah Langworthy or Pete Fairman at the William Penn House, 515 East Capitol St., Wash., DC 20003, or call (202) 543-5560.

- The Fellowship of Reconciliation offers programs for high school and college-age youth interested in peace, justice, and social change. Opportunities in 1991 include international projects in Russia, Lithuania, and the Middle East; internships; and organizing and leadership training. For more information and a free brochure, contact: Youth Activities, Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960, or call (914) 358-4601.

- Resources are available from the Central Committee on Conscientious Objectors (CCCO) for anyone interested in sorting out fact from fiction in military matters. Youth & Militarism Directory 1990 lists counselors and activists; Delayed Entry Program Self-help Guide is a booklet for young people.
Teaching Staff

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Births

Goebel—Andrew Joseph Goebel, on Dec. 21, 1990, to Thea K. and W. Kirk Goebel, who is a member of Old Haverford (Pa.) Meeting, as is the paternal grandmother, Martha Kirk Goebel.

Marriages

Askonas-Jones—Charles G. Jones and Carla M. Askonas, on April 7, 1990, in Harrisburg, Pa. She is a member of Harrisburg (Pa.) Meeting. He is a former member of Chattanooga (Tenn.) Meeting and now belongs to Harrisburg (Pa.) Meeting.

Davis-Erickson—Mark Daniel Erickson and Patricia Lorraine Davis, on Sept. 29, 1990, in Chicago, Ill., under the joint care of Downers Grove (III.) Meeting and the Evangelical Covenant Church. Patricia is a member of Downers Grove Meeting.

Davis-Knake—George Knake and Sarah Davis, on June 16, 1990, under the care of Downers Grove (III.) Meeting, where she is a member.

Deaths

Broome—Laurence Broome, 85, on Nov. 5, 1990, at the Friends Home at Woodstown, N.J. A graduate of Woodstown High School, class of 1924, he was a member of the school's first football team. He attended Rutgers University, where he took a course in agriculture. He was a 70-year member and past master of the Woodstown Grange and an active member of Woodstown (N.J.) Meeting, where he served as trustee for many years. He was also a member of the board of directors of the Friends Home at Woodstown, which he helped build in 1976. A lifetime farmer in Pilesgrove Township, he was a member of the Salem County Board of Agriculture, receiving its Distinguished Service Award in 1964. He is survived by his wife, Anna (nee Moore); two daughters, Laura Ann Gardiner and Doris Broome; one sister, Gladys Cheeseman; six grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Dorman—Essie Cleo Dorman, 82, on July 19, 1990, in Los Angeles, Calif. Born in Canton, Ill., she dropped out of school at 15 to help herself and her family financially during the Depression. After a series of jobs, she studied the work of Renoir, Degas, Lautrec, Goya, and Raphael, and devoted herself to modeling. For nearly 60 years she served as a
model at such distinguished institutions as the Art Institute of Chicago, the Art Student's League in New York, the Pennsylvania Academy of Art in Philadelphia, Otis Art Institute in Los Angeles, and numerous colleges and universities throughout the country. Earning the respect and appreciation of art students and teachers everywhere, she was given original works by many notable artists. These were her most prized possessions. During the final year of her life, she arranged for these works to be auctioned off to establish a scholarship fund for minority art students. Her deeply felt concern for others was the hallmark of her life. During WWII she enlisted in the WACS medical corps. After witnessing firsthand the horrors of war, she became a pacifist, joined the Religious Society of Friends, and devoted herself to peace causes. A member of Los Angeles (Calif.) Meeting since 1951, she had a large following of Friends, both young and old, who were inspired by her generosity, courage, and enthusiasm. Quick to laugh and even quicker to show sympathy, she left a legacy that will be preserved in the works of innumerable artists and in the hearts of innumerable friends.

Eichenberg—Fritz Eichenberg, 89, on Nov. 30, 1990, at his home in Peace Dale, R.I., after a long course of illnesses. Artist, educator, and public Friend, his work was directed to all peoples. His message was the meaningfulness of human existence and the pervasiveness of divine Truth. Turning his back on current art, which he found to lack meaning, he created through lithography and wood engraving an art of deep spiritual and social significance and endowed it with compelling vigor and force. Born in Cologne, Germany, in 1901 and educated at Cologne's School of Applied Arts, he began his work as a writer and illustrator in pre-Hitler Germany and transferred it to the United States, where he settled in 1933. There followed a remarkable outpouring of illustrative art for books ranging from the great Russian novelists through Swift, the Bronte sisters, Erasmus's The Adventurous Simplissimus and Erasmus's In Praise of Folly, which he translated himself. His many individual prints are typically assaults on violence, oppression, and pretension. Always he was at the call of Quaker groups to create colophons and titles. He gave freely of finished prints for FRIENDS JOURNAL and for Pendle Hill's pamphlet series, of which he wrote and illustrated three. In true outreach, he created wood engravings and lithographs for Dorothy Day's Catholic Worker. His final illustrative work was for the Dance of Death, of which he was author as well as illustrator, and, in 1986, George Bernard, Diary of a Country Priest. His final illustrative work was for the Dance of Death, of which he was author as well as illustrator. And, in 1986, George Bernard, Diary of a Country Priest. His final illustrative work was for the Dance of Death, of which he was author as well as illustrator.
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Pendle Hill is seeking student intern applicants for the 1991-92 Resident Program year. Student Interns receive the same opportunities and privileges as other Resident Program students in exchange for 25 hours of work per week for 10 months. Please apply to Linda Lyman, Pendle Hill.

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MARCH
7-10 — Lenten Desert Experience at the Nevada Test Site, 65 miles northwest of Las Vegas. Speaker: Olszaz Suleimenov. Workshops led by Daniel Berrigan, Dale White, Jim Wallis, and others. Services also to be held on Palm Sunday, March 24; Good Friday, March 29; and Easter, March 31, contact Nevada Desert Experience, Box 4487, Las Vegas, NV 89127, or call (702) 645-4814.
8-11 — “The Way of Friends: Contemporary Currents,” led by Vinton Deming, editor-manager of FRIENDS JOURNAL, at the School of the Spirit, which is the annual gathering of Mountain View (Colo.) Meeting.
13-17 — Alaska Yearly Meeting, at Kotzebue, Alaska. Contact Robert Sheldon, Box 687, Kotzebue, AK 99752, or call (907) 442-9206.
14-17 — Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas Annual Meeting, at Double Tree Hotel, Houston International Airport, Houston, Texas.
15-17 — Meditation and Social Action retreat at Woolman Hill, a Quaker Center. Focus will be on finding ways to help spiritual practice feed activism, as well as allowing activism to deepen spiritual practice. Leaders will be Paula Green, Erica Kolvig, and John Perkins, each who have extensive experience in vipassana meditation, as well as involvements with activism. Cost: $35. For information, contact Woolman Hill, Deerfield, MA 01342, or call (413) 774-3471.
20-21 — Earth Day observance, an international holiday to be celebrated on the spring equinox in the Northern Hemisphere and the fall equinox in the Southern Hemisphere, which arrives in the United States at 10:02 p.m. EST on March 20, or 03:02 Greenwich Mean Time on March 21. The event is independent of national, racial, or religious affiliations, and dedicated to the peaceful care and protection of our planet. For more information or to report your Earth Day plans, contact The Earth Day Foundation, 585 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017, or call (212) 935-9423.
22-24 — Nevada Test Site Vigil, at St. James Church, Las Vegas, Nevada. Includes speakers, noon vigil, worship-sharing, and worship and witness on Sunday at the test site. Cost: $35, includes meals, sleeping bag space. Contact Linda Dunn, 250 E. Blaine St., Riverside, CA 92507, or call (714) 682-5364.
28-31 — South Central Yearly Meeting, at Green Family Camp, Bruceville, Texas. Contact Gary Hicks, 1607 Morgan Lane, Austin, TX 78704, or call (512) 442-5623.
28-31 — Peru-Inca Yearly Meeting, at Jiron San Sebastian 249, Ilave, Puno. Contact Ramon Mamani Chipana, Apartado 369, Puno, Peru, or call 35-12-22.
29-April 1 — Ireland Yearly Meeting at Friends School, Lisburn, Northern Ireland.

APRIL
3-6 — “Literacy and Power: Exploring the Connections,” the 1991 Quaker Youth Seminar, at William Penn House, a Quaker seminar and hospitality center in Washington, D.C. For high school juniors and seniors. Participants will explore how reading skills affect personal, economic, and political lifestyles. Cost: $35, including breakfasts, dinners, and lodging. Deadline to register is March 3. Contact Leah Langworthy or Pete Fairman at William Penn House, 515 East Capitol St., Wash., DC 20003, or call (202) 543-5560.
3-7 — Southeastern Yearly Meeting, at Lakewood Retreat Center, Brooksville, Fla. Contact Vicki Coca, 2112 Via Dos, Orlando, FL 32817, or call (407) 678-1429.
12-14 — FWCC Midwest Regional Conference, at Canton, Ohio. Theme is “In Spirit and in Truth,” focusing on preparation for the FWCC World Conference, to be held at three separate sites worldwide this summer.
12-14 — Nevada Test Site gathering in Las Vegas, Nevada, to stop nuclear testing. Features dozens of international speakers and world class musical artists. Contact Nevada Desert Experience, Box 4487, Las Vegas, NV 89127, or call (702) 646-4614.
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Executive Secretary, Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas. Based in Philadelphia. Administrators programs of the Section, manages office and field staff at several locations, coordinates a variety of the world Society of Friends, participates in fund raising. For application information, write Miriam K. Bruch, clerk of Southeastern Committee, 101 East Chestnut Rd., Piscataway, NJ 08854. Early application is encouraged.

Legislative Interns. Three positions available assisting F&C/L's lobbyists. These are eleven-month paid assignments, usually filled by recent college graduates, beginning September 1, 1991. Duties include research, writing, monitoring issues, attending hearings and coalition meetings, assistance of maintaining legislative database. Close March 15, 1991. For information and an application, write or call David Boyton, Friends Committee on National Legislation.
Quaker Hill Conference Center in Richmond, Indiana, is seeking a Director to begin summer 1991. Quaker Hill offers the ministry of leadership and hospitality for the development of personal and corporate life in Christ. We are seeking a mature Quaker leader with a living experience of Christ’s Kingdom. This position involves: 1) Oversight of center, staff, and the facility; 2) Working with the Board in developing programs that carry out the vision of the Center. Applications: resume and letter of interest should be sent to Curt Shaw, Clerk of the Search Committee, 10 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374. Applications will be reviewed as received and interviews conducted on a rolling basis. To be considered, an application must be in hand by March 15.

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