

September 1991

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker  
Thought  
and  
Life  
Today

Prison work: teaching alternatives to violence

A Quaker cop responds

Forgotten Indians struggle for recognition

**Editor-Manager**

Vinton Deming

**Associate Editor**

Melissa Kay Elliott

**Art Director**

Barbara Benton

**Advertising Manager**

Catherine Frost

**Circulation and Promotion**

Nagendran Gulendran

**Typesetting Services**

James Rice and Beverly

**Secretarial Services**

Edward Sargent

**Bookkeeper**

James Neveil

**Volunteers**Jane Burgess, Carol Eresian, Anders Hansen,  
Emily Conlon, Catherine McCulley, Becky Young**Board of Managers**1989-1992: Jennie Allen (*Secretary*), Richard  
Eldridge (*Assistant Clerk*), Bernard Haviland,  
Eric Larsen, Marcia Mason, Janet Norton,  
David Samuel, Carolyn Sprogel, Wilmer  
Tjossem, Alice Wiser1990-1993: Clement Alexandre, Marguerite  
Clark, Peter Eccles, Leonard Kenworthy, Lee  
Neff, Mary Ellen Singes1991-1994: Frank Bjornsgaard, Emily Conlon,  
Nancy Cocks Culleton, Barbara Dinhofer, Dian  
Fatula, Sam Legg (*Clerk*), Parry Jones, Richard  
Moses (*Treasurer*), Harry Scott, Larry Spears**Honorary Managers**

Eleanor Stabler Clarke, Mildred Binns Young

FRIENDS JOURNAL (ISSN 0016-1322) was  
established in 1955 as the successor to *The  
Friend* (1827-1955) and *Friends Intelligencer*  
(1844-1955). It is associated with the Religious  
Society of Friends, and is a member of the  
Associated Church Press.

- FRIENDS JOURNAL is published monthly by  
Friends Publishing Corporation, 1501 Cherry St.,  
Philadelphia, PA 19102-1497. Telephone (215)  
241-7277. Accepted as second-class postage at  
Philadelphia, Pa. and additional mailing offices.

- Subscriptions: one year \$18, two years \$34.  
Add \$6 per year for postage to countries outside  
the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. Individual copies  
\$2 each.

- Information on and assistance with  
advertising is available on request. Appearance  
of any advertisement does not imply  
endorsement by FRIENDS JOURNAL.

- Postmaster: send address changes to  
FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry St.,  
Philadelphia, PA 19102-1497

- Copyright © 1991 by Friends Publishing  
Corporation. Reprints of articles available at  
nominal cost. Permission should be received  
before reprinting excerpts longer than 200  
words. Available in microfilm from University  
Microfilms International.

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER

**Among Friends**

# Passages

Well, it's about over. The true indicators are my two sons. Their faces seem more serious and they keep asking, "What day is this?" (the literal translation being, "How many more days till school starts?"). They've both had a good summer, I should say: lazy mornings, lots of swimming in a neighborhood pool, visits to New York grandparents, day camp for Sim, a week in New Hampshire for Andrew.

As a family we attended New York Yearly Meeting in July—our first trip to Silver Bay and Lake George, certainly not our last. We had a wonderful time. New York Yearly Meeting, like other meetings, has had its fair share of controversy and struggle in recent years. The issues are still there: realignment of Friends United Meeting, the closing of Friends World College, goddess worship, gay and lesbian relationships—these just as starters. Yet Friends moved beyond the disagreements and found a deeper spiritual unity during the week. I felt an enormous sense of good will and inclusiveness as Friends listened to each other. The quality of worship was deep, the silence blessed.

Planning for the yearly meeting was excellent. The meeting's clerk, George Rubin, did an extraordinary job of clerking. He kept business moving along smoothly and maintained a worshipful sense of listening and openness. His personal prayer, printed in the program, helped to encourage this tone for the week:

"God, out of our doubt and divisiveness, when words and writings open us to tears and apprehension, let the light of truth shine forth for all to see. Give us, in thoughts and deeds, assistance so we can prepare our lives for tomorrow. God, let our actions speak and help those who need food and shelter, so that none will remain hungry and cold, so that the sick and afflicted will be heard and helped. Let us announce an end to war, that freedom and justice can survive in this turbulent world.

"God, let us be an example of how men and women can live together. Let none of us suffer for what we believe. Let us find ways to make peace last for longer than posterity. Let us as human beings be Friends to all other human beings forever."

Within our monthly meetings, another sure sign of the approach of fall is that many of our young people will be leaving home soon to attend schools and colleges. I am reminded that many meetings provide gift subscriptions of FRIENDS JOURNAL to young Friends. For \$10 we send eight issues of the magazine (October through May). The October issue, I should say, will contain a number of articles on the theme of education and schools. Please send us the names and addresses of young people by September 15 to assure receipt of the October issue.

A blessed autumn to one and all.

Vinton Deming

**Moving?****Let us update  
your subscription  
and address.**

Write or call:

FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry St.,  
Philadelphia, PA 19102-1497  
(215) 241-7277; FAX (215) 568-1377

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

September 1991  
Volume 37, No. 9

## Features

---

- 8 Beyond the Bars**  
Joel Davis  
*Lee Stern and the Alternatives to Violence Program*
- 12 Working Man**  
Donna Glee Williams  
*A loving profile examines the meditation of work.*
- 15 Quakers and Cops**  
Bob Rogers  
*Finding a quiet center in the middle of violence*
- 16 The Source of Our Unity**  
Cynthia Earl Kerman  
*Business meeting is a lesson in seeking guidance.*
- 18 The Rise of Meeting**  
Anthony Scola  
*The river, too, rises at its source.*
- 19 Partners with God**  
Avis Crowe  
*"God will do what I cannot."*
- 22 The Forgotten Indians**  
Bruce G. Miller
- 25 Experiencing God**  
Howard L. Harris  
*Where do you find God?*
- 26 A Place Called Home**  
Joseph Sorrentino  
*Home is determined by emotional attachments.*
- 28 An Important Encounter**  
Patricia McBee  
*Seeing homeless people as individuals is first step.*
- 29 An Endangered Species**  
Paula Green  
*The people of Burma need our support.*

## Departments

---

- 2 Among Friends**
- 4 Forum**
- 5 Viewpoint**
- 31 Review Essay**
- 34 Reports**
- 36 News of Friends**  
**Nonsense of Meeting**
- 38 FCNL Notes**  
**Life of the Meeting**
- 40 Bulletin Board**  
**Calendar**
- 42 Books**
- 45 Milestones**
- 46 Classifieds**

## Poetry

---

- 20 Stardreams**  
Emily Appleby Grizzard  
**Sound of Ripening**  
Alice Mackenzie Swaim
- 21 Presence**  
David Pitre  
**Driftwood Fire**  
Alice Mackenzie Swaim

*Cover photo from FRIENDS JOURNAL archives,  
courtesy of Scattergood Friends School*



## Forum

### As others see us

I would like to share this little experience I had with a fellow coworker. I think other Friends might find it as funny as I did. I guess the moral of the story is to know when to quit:

When the topic of various religions came up during a discussion, I mentioned that I am a Quaker.

"They're the ones who ride in buggies and wear the funny clothes—black and purple with little white hats," commented my fellow employee.

"You're thinking of the Amish," I responded.

"Oh, right," she said. "But I love your furniture!"

*Ruth E. Lincoln  
Oviedo, Fla.*

### Grass graffiti?

When the recent epidemic of "yellowribbonitis" struck our community, I wondered how it might be possible to witness for a different point of view.

The first thing that came to mind was a photograph that appeared some years ago in *FRIENDS JOURNAL*. It showed a former classmate and a sign, *PEACE*, which he had painted on the roof of his meetinghouse.

Unfortunately, my formerly rustic retreat has been completely surrounded by Upscale Yuppieville, and signs are not permitted.

Pondering the problem as I mowed my lawn, I became so preoccupied that I neglected to cut certain portions of the grass, with the results shown on the enclosed photograph.

Should this be called "grass graffiti" or "lawnmower calligraphy"?

*Moreland Smith  
Kingston, N.J.*



*Jane Addams Papers/Swarthmore College Peace Collection*

### Changing the race

In her article, "Quakers and the Women's Movement" (*FJ* March), Laurel Childe Kassoff passes rather lightly over the central dilemma of the women's movement.

Near the end she refers to "... the linkage between Quakerism and feminine values, such as peace, equality, and community, all necessary for the very survival of the earth." Do Friends agree that building these three values requires us all to become less addicted to "getting ahead" and earning lots of money? Is it not true that the fiercely competitive spirit of the marketplace nourishes disrespect for human values, thus making peace, equality, and community harder to attain? Is it not true that the same can be said of the worker's drive to move up the ladder?

Given the high value society now places

on "earning capacity," one has to agree with Laurel Kassoff's statement, "As long as they work in low-paying jobs and make less than men for comparable work, women will continue to be undervalued." But should society stamp a price tag on people by measuring them according to earning capacity? Is our goal to make certain that women succeed in a race that is leading toward environmental and social disaster? Or is our goal to change the race?

I am certain that the race must be changed. Human values must be given a higher priority than earning capacity. In the world I dream of, homelessness, for example, would be eliminated by citizens who no longer resist the modest tax increases needed to solve the problem. None of us living now can foresee how the future will look. However, it is worth working for one that places a higher value on peace, equality, and community and no longer undervalues individuals because they have low-paying jobs.

*Irving Hollingshead  
Boyertown, Pa.*

### King James is best

The July 1991 issue devotes two pages to non-sexist language in Bible translations. The author of the article was no doubt a recognized professor of philosophy and religion at a state college. It is believed that he is also an authority on the use of the English language.

He has apparently been influenced by the tenets of the women's movement that received so much attention several years ago. Now they have removed men from the Bible. I believe they are going much too far.

I prefer the King James version of that most popular book.

*H. Clarence Jones  
West Chester, Pa.*

### The hard questions

The companion articles, "... Become a Peculiar People" by Priscilla Berggren-Thomas and "Asking the Hard Questions" by Marnie Miller-Gutsell (*FJ* July) speak to all Quakers with the clearest thinking and most loving expression that I have read anywhere. If I could find a meeting devoting itself to these "queries," I could feel George Fox among us again, challenging the very depths of my faith and practice.

The adjoining article, "Unitarians As Friends," by Mary Barclay Howarth



*Moreland Smith*



## Viewpoint

# Over Troubled Waters

The close tie between peace and environmental concerns has been evident in the war-ravaged Middle East. But spreading oil slicks and flaming oil fields are more than unfortunate side-effects of military action; they are symbols of humankind's basic spiritual alienation, in which violent and destructive means are justified to achieve narrow, selfish ends.

Healing the suffering Earth by addressing this alienation is the goal of Friends Committee on Unity with Nature (FCUN), an association of North American Quakers and like-minded persons who are exploring the spiritual basis of environmental concerns. FCUN's educational efforts are part of an emerging Quaker "earth testimony" that parallels Friends' historic peace testimony; both concerns arise out of the depths of the same spiritual experience, which affirms the ultimate interconnectedness of all living things.

If "We are the world. . .", we are the Middle East, too; we are *all* the people who are suffering or facing danger and hardship in that deeply scarred region.

Gulf War protestors' futile pleas for adopting more enlightened government energy policies or curbing energy-wasting lifestyles were, in fact, moot points. Reduced dependence on imported oil could have prevented the war, but wouldn't have brought the troops home once the decision to deploy had been made. More relevant at this point is the general lack of moral insight about the roots of war, without which there is little hope of heading off the next one or preventing further environmental destruction.

The real cause, FCUN members suggest, is not just competition for nonrenewable resources. It is about deeply rooted patterns of thinking, especially about meeting human needs:

**Consumerism and materialism** are assumed to be so essential to well-being that their

degenerative effects on individual, family, and communities are discounted.

**Competition** is considered the only appropriate method of distributing resources, although growing disparities in wealth and power are contributing to tensions.

**Progress** and growth are seen as sacrosanct laws of survival, even to the point of oppressing the poor and wreaking havoc on the habitats of other creatures.

**Prevailing economic laws** make no allowance for the finiteness of resources.

**Artificial social and political categories** that separate people into "us" and "them" needlessly obscure our common humanity.

Outmoded patterns of thinking are taking our civilization, like the Titanic, on a collision course with obstacles we can't avoid—because those obstacles aren't even on our charts. A new course will require new charts, or new thinking. That new thinking might begin thus:

- Technology and economic activities regain their moral compasses, as those working in the fields of science, arts and religion realize they are dealing with different dimensions of the same reality.
- Heightened awareness of the mysteries of Creation—from the subatomic to the cosmic—tempers human vanity and increases respect for all life.
- Integrity of the Earth's intricate life-support system becomes the highest good. Interacting creatively with the natural world becomes the highest pleasure.
- Material consumption is subordinated to caring for the right sharing of resources.
- Sustainability and justice are basic yardsticks for measuring social, technological, political, and economic activities.
- Balance and cooperation are the basic tools for achieving sustainability.

There are signs that a kind of paradigm shift is already taking place in the world:

widespread disillusionment with conventional wisdom and stale political ideologies; strong interest in new ideas and living skills are occurring.

Friends can play an important role in this shift. In witnessing for peaceful solutions to ongoing conflicts in the Middle East, it is important to emphasize: that all living things embody the divine and are sacred; that the long-range harm done by violence is greater than the good it may appear to do; that individual actions can make a difference by leading lives that "take away the occasion for war."

This is not a simple task, and we may expect stiff resistance as we try to directly influence other people's basic assumptions and values. Yet history teaches us that societies and individuals can change. Such changes usually occur during times of crisis, when people have lost faith in conventional answers and seek new ideas that "speak to their condition."

To speak to people's condition means going beyond practical urgencies and addressing our common spiritual identity. It means affirming that world peace is not simply that we *ought* to love one another to avoid a holocaust. We *are* children of the Creator. We are diminished by the suffering and injustice borne by others. It means affirming that the question of environmental health is not simply that we ought to reduce waste and destruction to avoid ecosystem collapse. We are already united biologically and spiritually with the natural world. In its health and fulfillment we find our own.

Louis Cox  
Springfield, Mo.

(Revised by the author from an article that appeared in *Befriending Creation*, December 1990)

describes more what I do find—not Unitarian Friends, but Unitarians who have adopted the psychological advantages of shared silence from Friends. Such gatherings certainly can develop a real sense of loving, accepting family. They offer seeking dedicated to an exchange of opinion and human knowledge that tactfully makes no demands upon me. Such groups provide delightful, if elite, game-playing for enlightened intellectuals.

But, oh, how this intellectual hunger for a shared seeking for truth and

wisdom through the hard questions raised by Berggren-Thomas and Miller-Gutsell.

Dorothy R. Samuel  
St. Cloud, Minn.

## Powerful art work

Thank you so much for using an image by Käthe Kollwitz to illustrate the article "We Own the Night" by Anthony Bing (FJ June). Her works are powerful anti-war visual statements; I'm surprised they

are not reproduced more often.

During the recent bombing of Iraq back to a preindustrial state, I was especially reminded of Kollwitz's 1942 lithograph of a mother shielding her three children: *Saafrüchte Dürfen nicht vermahlen werden. . .* "Seed corn must not be ground!" Truth universal.

Tom Vaughan  
Mancos, Colo.

*continued*

## Quaker Cops

I am responding to Rheta Molleran's letter (FJ June) about police officers who are also Quakers. If you include Gurneyites in the asking, then I can tell you of at least one. His name is Mike LeMaster.

Mike is a lifelong member of our meeting. For the last 20 years, he has served as an officer of the Portland, Indiana, Police Department and is currently assistant chief of police. He has been, when the local politics were more favorable, chief of police.

Mike is not a "renegade Quaker" attempting to tweak the noses of those of us who are more of a pacifist mind. He approaches his service to our town as a calling, very much a ministry as much as a role in law enforcement.

The examples of Mike's impact on community affairs are numerous. In connection with the local Optimist clubs, Mike heads a very lively drug education program in the local schools. He works with children in various ways through the police department and has a great deal of compassion for the people he must serve by duty. Who needs more compassion than a police officer who has just walked in on a man beating his wife? Or on teenagers abusing drugs? Or on drunks being removed from the streets and highways?

The compassionate care for people extends beyond Mike's on-duty responsibilities. He is an active volunteer with our basketball program for mentally and physically handicapped people. Mike is a Gideon, a member of the Optimist club, and a frequent speaker at Boys Club, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, 4-H, and other programs in town.

Most significantly, Mike is a deeply committed Friend and Christian. His convictions (spiritual ones) have earned him respect in a field where working conditions are far from ideal, where the dross of society abounds, and where many who benefit by his work have little appreciation of the degree of difficulty

keeping us safe entails.

FRIENDS JOURNAL might also be in touch with Western Yearly Meeting. I am aware that several Friends there are either attorneys or somehow involved with the Indiana General Assembly.

Brian Daniels  
Portland, Ind.

I was a crossing guard/special cop for the local town before I became a Friend. Even then I was uneasy with the required oath and I refused to even consider training for any position which might require me to carry a gun. A scheduling conflict in my college courses required me to leave my cop job about a year before we held the first of the revived series of meetings for worship in Chestertown, Maryland. (Quakerism died out almost completely here in the Eastern Shore in the 1850s.)

I would think being a cop must be a little like William Penn carrying his sword. (I still do direct traffic on occasion.)

Barbara Harrison  
Chestertown, Md.

This individual was not really in the legal system but nevertheless of great interest: Major General Smedley D. Butler, U.S. Marine Corps, was, throughout his long and active career, a dues-paying, Philadelphia Quaker! After his retirement he became a vociferous—it would be more accurate to say loud-mouthed—peace advocate.

His own summary (1935) of his career: "I spent 33 years and four months in active service as a member of our country's most agile military force—the marine corps. I served in all commissioned ranks from second lieutenant to major general. During that period I spent most of my time being a high-class muscle man for big business, for Wall Street, and for the bankers. In short, I was a racketeer for capitalism. I suspected I was just part of a racket all the time. Now I am sure of it. Like all members of the military profession I

never had an original thought until I left the service."

Those few sentences certainly step on a lot of toes!

There is an excellent recent biography: *Maverick Marine, General Smedley D. Butler, and the Contradictions of American Military History*, by Hans Schmidt (University of Kentucky Press, 1987). It's well worth reading!

We certainly do have our full share of characters, don't we?

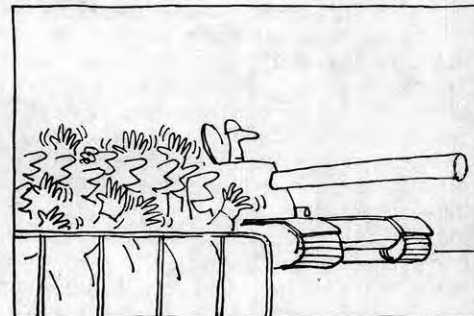
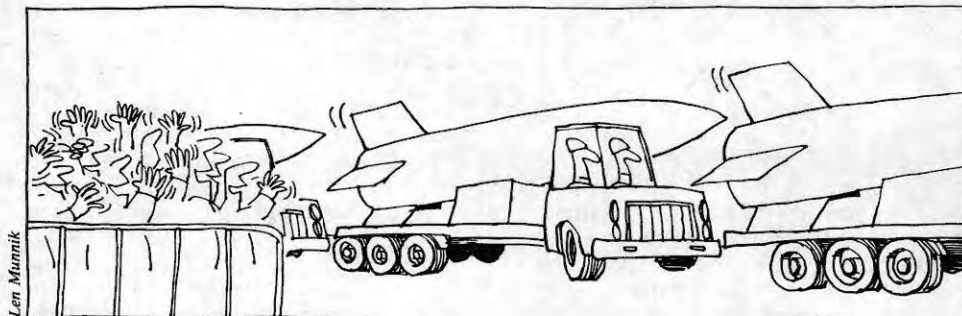
Roland Maston  
Bowdoinham, Maine

## Seeing that of God

This is not an apology for the letters I have written in the past about gays and lesbians in the Society of Friends. I honestly believe that I was led by the Holy Spirit to write those letters despite the fact they were condemning. She moves in mysterious ways, and I have learned my lesson from them. I was led then to publicly expose my self-hatred and bigotry.

Gays and lesbians are children of the Light just as much as heterosexuals and those who are celebrate. We are all one under Christ Jesus. My faith in Jesus has strengthened since I have acknowledged the leadings in my soul which tradition in the larger church and the world formerly made me fight. I have acknowledged that the Holy Spirit is more feminine than masculine, that Christ is the Light, and that God is Love (in my experience). I have seen that of God in the evangelical Friends even though I disagree with their often fundamentalist beliefs and reliance on pastors. I see that of God in those who try to sweep the Christian foundation from underneath Friends General Conference.

As a student at Guilford College, I have been forced to examine my spiritual life, which is good. I have come to see that only I can choose to follow my leadings, to walk squarely in the Light, to not outrun the Guide. I have come to see, from experiences at this college, that





I must look for that of God in people. I have come to see that I have to seek Christ, that he does not always make himself easily known. I have come to learn that Friends will deny me for my sexual preference whatever their persuasion. Most importantly, in the Guilford community, I have come to feel security in knowing that I am valued not because I have a relationship with the Christ Spirit; not because I have accepted my sexuality; not because I am a Friend; but because I am a person. That's all. The faith and practice of evangelical and universalist Quakerism (both of which stem from the gospel of Jesus) is carried out as diligently and honestly as possible at Guilford. I am thankful to the Society for supporting this college. In doing so, you support the work of the Spirit. In supporting this work, you help young Friends like me to look to the Light and try to follow it.

I was blind, but now I see. Thank you, Friends.

Kevin Olive  
Knoxville, Tenn.

## Ignoring the problems

On War Glorification Day I stood with some 25 others near the Mall in Washington, D.C., behind a banner that read, "We Mourn ALL the Dead." We stood silently, and as the killing machines rumbled past and the even more fearful ones flew deafeningly overhead, tears rolled down my face. I heard the marching bands and the surging cheers, saw the flag-waving, and feared for my country. I remembered the pictures of Nazi Germany's and Mussolini's parades, and I remembered the history of Rome and it's "circuses." I knew that might and military power are used as entertainment when there are terrible, tragic problems at home that leaders ignore and make worse by their domestic and foreign policies.

Some people took pictures of us as we vigiled. Some gave the peace sign and

nodded approval and some said, "Keep up the good work." But most people who passed by did just that—they took a quick look and passed by. But not their children, who stood and slowly read our words, moving their lips as young readers do. Then they looked at us—thoughtfully and perhaps with puzzlement.

I felt better.

Judith Simmons  
Rockville, Md.

## In a word

One of the differences between now and the Vietnam era is the draft, which, we are told, has little likelihood of being reinstated. I've been working on a nomenclature predicament that's been bothering me since actual fighting in the Persian Gulf started. The term for a present-day soldier is *volunteer*, but this doesn't seem to quite describe his/her situation.

*Voluntary* refers to something done of one's own accord or by free choice. What's distinctive about military service is the length of time for which one's free choice becomes forfeit, and the penalties for not abiding thereby are tough. If I accept a paid position outside the military, two weeks' notice is standard for ending the arrangement. On the other hand, one can be fired summarily!

According to my *American College Dictionary*, *recruit* applies equally to an enlisted or drafted soldier or sailor, and *mercenary* means someone in a foreign army. I think of *volunteering* as working for the satisfaction of being of some use without any money in recompense. The dictionary trail led to *deliberate* as compared to *spontaneous* with its synonym *intentional* referring to something "done on purpose." Doesn't *intentional* more accurately describe a non-conscripted army than *volunteer*? I think so but don't expect it will fly.

Ruth W. Marsh  
Houston, Tex.

## Breathing and thinking

Take seriously for a moment the idea of overpopulation. Also take seriously the idea of individualism, that people should be permitted to make their own choices so far as possible. Put these two ideas together and you discover that as a matter of public policy, abortion should be free and unlimited.

There are a number of texts in the Bible that suggest that breathing characterizes human life. This implies that abortion is permissible up to birth, i.e., until the baby is breathing on its own. The texts are:

Psalms 104:29, 150:6;

Genesis 2:7, 6:17, 7:15, 7:22;

Ezekiel 37:5 through 37:10.

Read them for yourself and see what you think.

Arthur D. Penser  
Huntsville, Ala.

## More on atheism

In response to the letters reacting to Eric Johnson's article on atheism (Forum *FJ* May), may I offer the following:

Picasso said, "Art is a lie that tells men the truth."

Oscar Wilde said, "Art points to truth because it is irrational, emotional, and subjective."

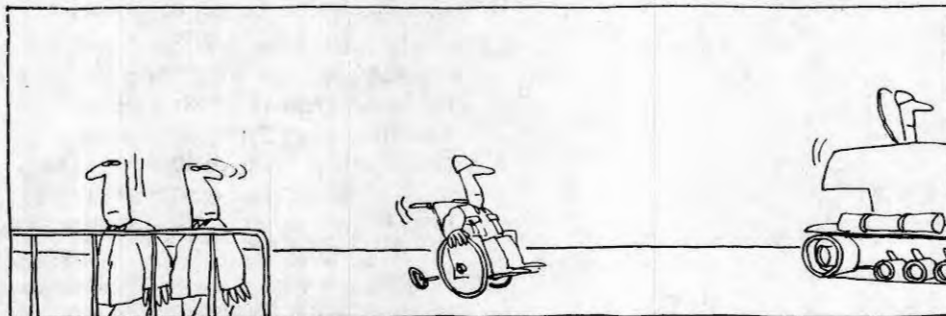
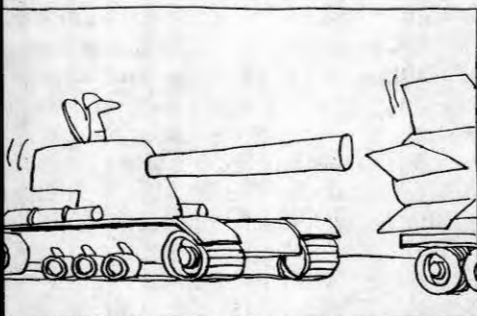
Gabriel Marcel said, "Intellectual and moral confusion results when primary reflection becomes imperialistic and claims the right to judge. All knowledge and truth by criteria appropriate only to the realm of the objective and the problematic."

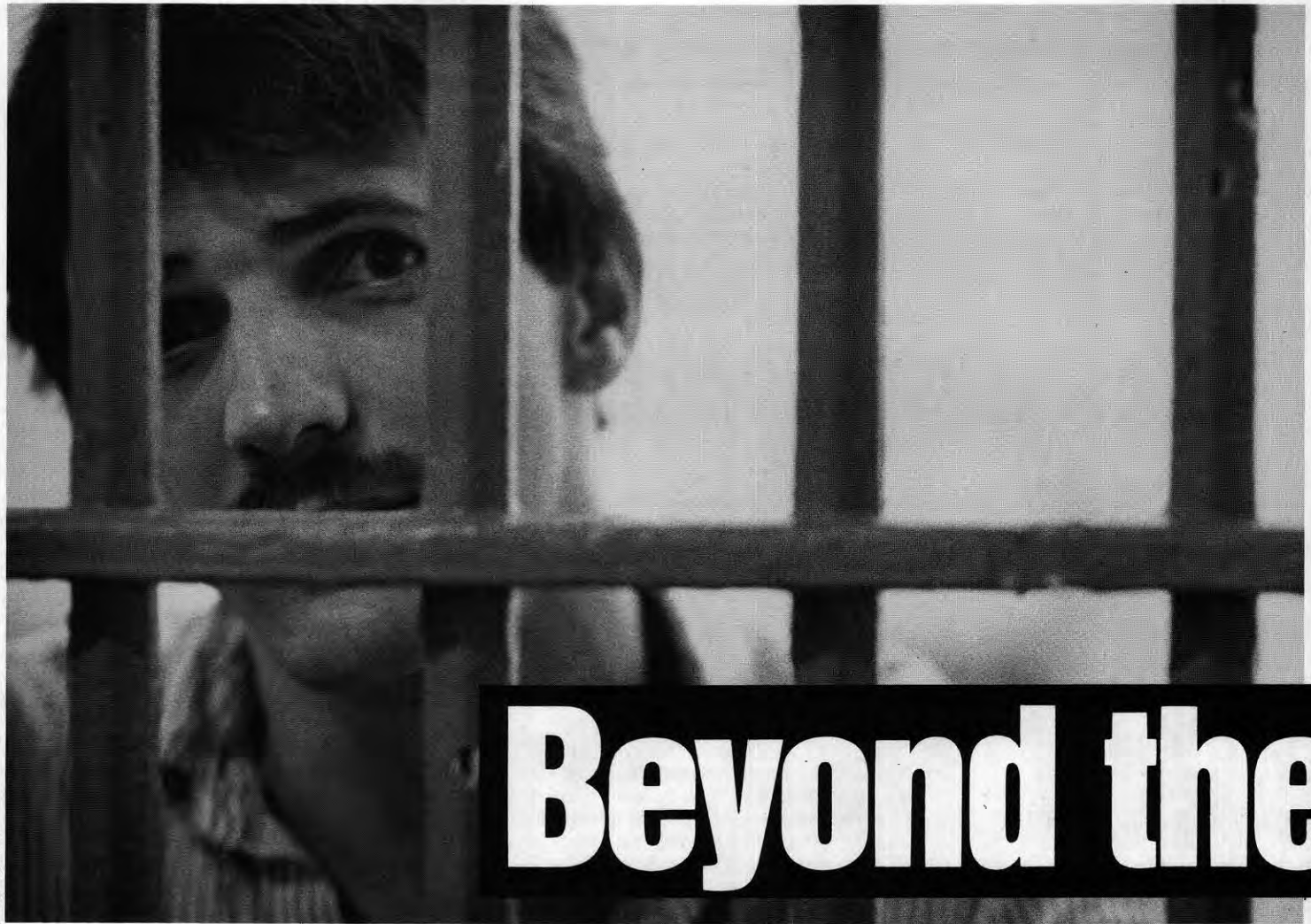
Martin Luther said, "Reason is the whore of faith."

Robert Schuller says, "Faith is spelled A•C•T•I•O•N."

I believe, because if there were an omniscient, omnipotent, and benevolent being, faith would be unnecessary.

Minoru Fukuhara  
Honolulu, Hawaii





Doug Kapustin

# Beyond the

**The Alternatives  
to Violence  
Project helps  
prisoners see that  
people need not  
fight to prove  
their worth.**

by Joel Davis

**F**rom the outside, the prison building is huge. A person making the long walk up from the parking lot sees the gigantic red brick structure grow like a cliff. A few Victorian features mask the basic blankness of the walls.

Inside is just as impersonal. Visitors wait in a lobby area of institutional barrenness, gray grimy linoleum, a heavy smell of cigarette smoke, and a few vending machines.

Doors of metal bars, with massive electronically operated locks are everywhere, each sounding their harsh buzz when opened and responding with a tremendous echoing crash when closed. The dual noises soon grow wearing, but the guards seem used to it.

To get to the areas where the prisoners live, work, and recreate, visitors pass

*Joel Davis's article appeared in the Jan. 16 issue of the Free Press of Laurel, Md. The article and photos are reprinted with permission.*

through a double set of these doors, like an air lock in a spacecraft. The first opens, and visitors pass through into an area large enough for two or three at most. The door shuts behind them, and after a long pause, the next door opens.

A guard checks bags and parcels with barely a look at the owner. Everyone remains expressionless, keeping eyes to business. A small joke passes without comment; a visitor's pass is doled out without a word.

Next is an area three stories tall with nothing but bars as walls and concrete floors, all gray and white. The overwhelming impression is again the noise, an endless medley of buzz and clang, a crashing sound of smaller barred doors opening and closing manually, and the sounds of the prisoners, shouting to be heard over the din. There is some laughter, but also obscenities, threats, and farther away, a scream of pain or anger.

It is hard to imagine Lee Stern here, amid this harsh environment at the Maryland House of Corrections in



Jessup. He is a small man, elderly, with a mere wisp of white hair flying away from his head like foam. His kindly, light blue eyes peer through spectacles over his brilliant smile. All his wrinkles seem to be laugh lines.

But in this prison setting, Lee frequently volunteers his time to try to help the prisoners deal with their lives of violence. His self-appointed mission is to help guide inmates from the lifestyles and violent tendencies that landed them in jail.

"These are, we think, the people with the greatest need for training in non-violence and conflict resolution," says Lee. "They are people who have grown up in violent homes, in violent street gangs. Later, they committed crimes of violence. Many are in for murder and related crimes. They have known no other way."

Lee, a resident of the Friends House retirement community in Sandy Spring, Maryland, coordinates an effort to

Lee says the prisoners were having a hard time getting through to the kids to turn them away from violence, which for them was the key element of life in the streets.

"They heard about our Quaker program in nonviolence training, and they asked Lawrence Apsey [who was working with Lee] if we know any way to help them out. He started the program in Greenhaven, and called me in."

Lee helped Lawrence Apsey develop a program for the inmates that emphasized ending the circle of violence engulfing the streets. Advocating reason and self-respect, AVP's efforts helped show that people need not resort to violence to make an impression; they need not fight to prove their worth.

The prisoners were impressed with the program, and as they began to be transferred throughout the prison system, they spread the good word. Although inmates were receptive, prison officials were a little suspicious.

before expanding too much," he explains. "The next step is to get inside trainers (inmates who become part of the training team with outside facilitators). That is a very important part of the program."

Basically, the program focuses on small groups of prisoners in three-day sessions, though prisoners who have had the workshops generally meet among themselves afterwards. Trainers from outside the prison, usually two, come to the facility and join trainers from the inside (prisoners) who have been through the usual workshops. The inside trainers are key because they know the pressures and the lifestyle the men lead in prison. "It is an example to the others that there is someone inside who has been through the workshops and says it works. It also gives them someone to talk to on the inside," says Lee.

His personal experience helps him break the ice with new prisoners who may be skeptical of the program. As a

# Bars

reach out to prison inmates known as the Maryland Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP). He also brings a spiritual commitment to nonviolence, and a deep-rooted desire to help others work their way through the rage often locked within them.

The program was born in New York in 1975, where Lee worked as a peace advocate, seeking support to end the Vietnam War, and working with marshals to keep demonstrations peaceful.

He became involved in prison non-violence training when a group of convicted murderers in New York's Greenhaven institution asked a fellow activist for help. Faced with their sentences, the prisoners hoped to steer other young people away from similar fates.

"This was a group of lifers, in for murder," Lee explains. "The idea they came up with was to work with teenagers who were part of a street gang. They thought that these juvenile delinquents, who wouldn't listen to anyone else, might listen to them."

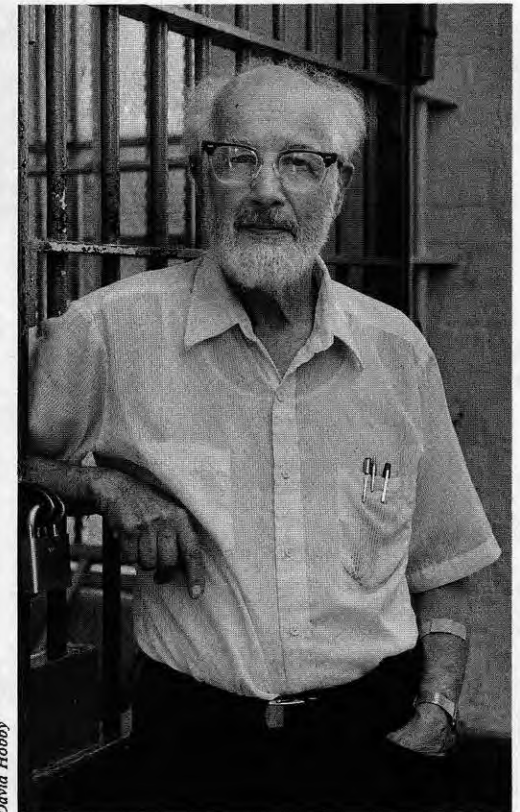
"At first they were a bit leery," Lee remembers. "They thought we were going to be teaching Gandhian methods of nonviolent resistance, which would be a big problem in a prison. But once they saw what was happening, they became very receptive."

Lee brought the program with him when he retired with his wife to the Friends House community, and the experience in New York paved the way for an expansion into Maryland.

He says the state's correctional system, too, had initial concerns about his dealings with inmates, but has since become enthusiastic about the results.

Currently there are Alternatives to Violence projects in the Maryland House of Correction in Jessup, Patuxent Institution in Jessup, and the Maryland Penitentiary in Baltimore. An AVP will be going into Hagerstown this year. Lee has also been in contact with wardens at other state institutions who are interested in the program.

"We are going to go easy right now, try to develop the program a little more



David Hobby

Lee Stern

Quaker, Lee served three years in prison during the 1940s because he was a conscientious objector during World War II.

"I have a much better understanding and feeling for the situation and the confrontation," he says. To lighten things

**By the end of a three-day workshop, the inmates have learned a lot about themselves, and how to handle potential violence without being drawn into it.**

up, AVP uses games. "It's really great to see a bunch of tough guys, real hard cases, playing," says David Paschal, an inmate serving 15 years for robbery at the House of Corrections. "It gets them to see that things aren't so serious. And, believe it or not, it really is a lot of fun."

**B**y the end of a three-day workshop, the inmates have learned a lot about themselves, and how to handle potential violence without being drawn into it. The workshops point out situations inmates often experience that usually end in violent confrontation, and point out ways to avoid them. It's not easy for inmates to overcome patterns that have been with them all their lives, but the workshops do offer something for prisoners to think about and build on, if they have the desire, says Lee.

"We help them draw upon wisdom in themselves to find ways through their problems. They *can* deal with situations and conflicts in new ways that they used to have trouble with."

Amin Abdullah, a 47-year-old inmate serving life plus 100 years for homicide and robbery, says he came to the program hoping to con the system into considering an application for parole. "I understood the Department of Corrections was really pushing it," Abdullah recalls with a chuckle. "I just got into it for the certificate. But for me, once I got into the program, it really taught me a lot."

Abdullah points out that prison life is much like the street life he grew up in, with each man having to prove his toughness with violence. "When I first encountered the program, I was a violent criminal. In an institution like this, violence is a way of life, like on the street, and you think only the strong survive. Through the program, I learned several alternatives to violence. Being able now to transform my violence into quelling a violent argument or stopping a fight is very valuable to me."

The inmates in the program say that violence in prison or on the street is often viewed as necessary to foster peer respect, as well as self-respect. "This program taught me how to get out of a situation without losing face, to turn it into a win-win situation," says Eddie Duncan, 44, serving 12 years for robbery. "In here, and in certain situations outside, you have to show you are a man. This program shows you how to do that without chumpin' up or coppin'

out, and still not be violent."

Paschal says the main thing the program taught him is that he was still the same person, even if he lost arguments sometimes. "I think the most important thing I got out of it is now someone can tell me, 'You lost, I beat you,' and I can say, 'Yeah, you're right,' and not feel like I have to do something about it. Before, it seemed like I was always mad at someone else for something they did, and now I know the really important thing is what I did. I tried to project this image of being a real tough guy. I see now that I didn't have to do that. All I have to do is be myself."

Abdullah says, "I can put myself in the other guy's shoes now and see how he is feeling, instead of concentrating on my own emotions. I'm willing now to say, 'You win,' because winning the small things are more important to him than they are to me."

Lee's experience with the program has convinced him of its value, even though it has only been in operation for less than two years in Maryland. "I have no doubt whatsoever that our work has been instrumental in preventing many, many murders," he says. "In a workshop I was in recently, the inmates really opened up. Two confided they had an obsession that when they got out they were going to get the people who had put them in jail. That meant they were going to kill them."

**C**orrections officials have also noted the value of the program and are anxious to use it as a way to diffuse prison violence and prepare inmates for productive lives on the outside. Officials at the state's Hagerstown and Baltimore facilities are among those who have expressed interest in establishing chapters.

The inmates, too, hope for expansion. Abdullah, Paschal, and Duncan are each looking forward to the day, coming soon, when they can become inside trainers for the program. Paschal is preparing for a transfer to another institution and hopes to start the program there as well. Each feels the zeal of a convert, and each wants to spread the message that has made a difference in his life.

"I think everyone in prison should be exposed to this program," says Abdullah. "The trainers they have now are only able to touch the lives of so many guys, though. Once we get advanced training, and we train 10 or 20 guys to be trainers, we can reach everyone here." □



## SEEKING ALTERNATIVES TO VIOLENCE

**W**ithin the last few years, the Alternatives to violence Project (AVP) has spread nationally. Currently, 12 groups have been organized in various parts of the country. These groups now have workshop programs established in 16 states. The project has also expanded internationally with the continued growth of the program in Canada and a new program in San Jose, Costa Rica. Workshops have also been conducted in Honduras, El Salvador, Guatemala, Colombia, and Northern Ireland. Through the help of AVP in Costa Rica, work has begun on a Spanish translation of the Basic Manual used in training, which should be of great help to Hispanic inmates in the States as well.

In light of this rapid growth, and to fill the need for mutual support, the first International Gathering of AVP groups was held in September 1990 in Ossining, New York. Participants shared problems and learned new leadership skills. As a result of the conference, a decision was made to form a national AVP organization to coordinate the work across the country. Plans are now underway to set up such a separate organization.

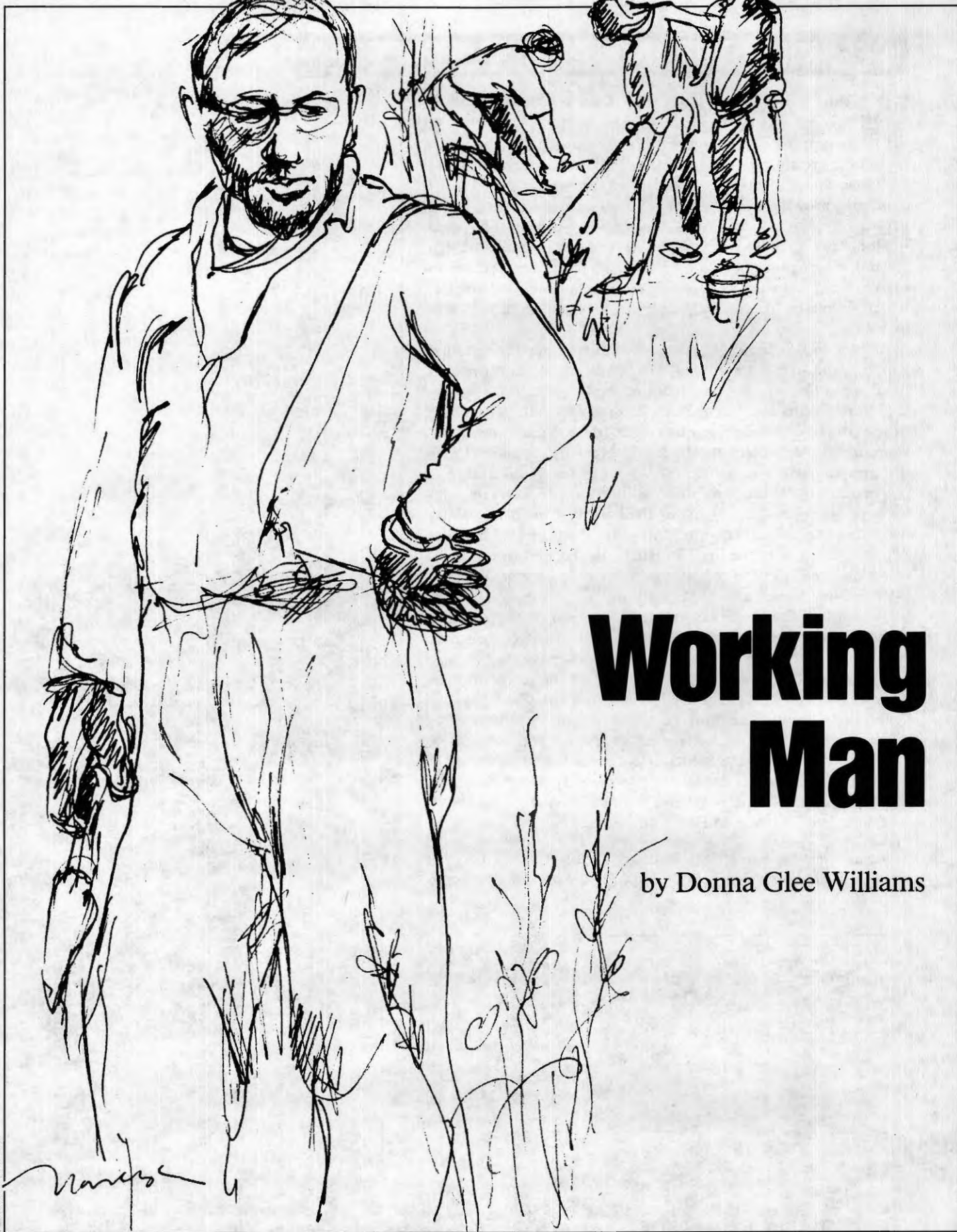
The main AVP program since its inception 16 years ago has been in New York and is under the care of New York Yearly Meeting. The prison workshop program continues to be their primary focus, and the need to teach conflict resolution skills to residents of crowded prisons has never been greater. In 1990, AVP in New York expanded the number of prisons it serves to 30, about half the prisons in the state. There are more than 280 skilled trainers in New York state alone who volunteer their time to make the growing number of workshops possible.

In addition to its work in prisons, AVP conducts a community workshop program and a pilot program for youth.

Inquiries about AVP may be addressed to: Alternatives to Violence Project, 15 Rutherford Place, New York, NY 10003; (212) 477-1067. Friends wanting to learn more about AVP might order the paperback book, *Transforming Power for Peace*, by Larry Apsey, James Bristol, and Karen Eppler (revised 1981), available for \$5 from AVP. □

*(This article was adapted by FRIENDS JOURNAL from a report to New York Yearly Meeting by Fred Feucht and Paddy Lane, July 1991.)*





# Working Man

by Donna Glee Williams



*"Grasshopper, must all meditation be done sitting on your mat in the temple?"*

*"No, Master. There is the sitting meditation, za-zen, and the walking meditation, kin-hin. There is the sung or chanted meditation, the jnana yoga of thought, and also the meditation of work."*

*"Very good. Now tell me: Is one of these more honorable than the others, more to be sought after, more likely to lead to enlightenment?"*

**H**is hair is beginning to thin on top, and it's not very long, but his beard and something about his eyes make people say he looks like a hippie. His hands are broad and rough, heavy from building houses and boats and other things, too. He rubs them hard with pink baby lotion before touching me at night. These days, he wishes his job would let him do more teaching and brainwork, and less hard physical labor. "They hired me to be a naturalist," he insists. "They should let me be a naturalist."

But he is the naturalist who happens to be in charge of the grounds at the nature center, so, even if he thinks he is getting too old to be out working with his hands while his friends are refining their intellectual skills behind desks, he does the work. He comes home tired at night.

Richard's great sadness is that his life is not more spiritual. He thinks his most important failing is that he doesn't meditate enough. He longs sometimes to get out of the hustle and the hassle of the work, or to do it more "perfectly," with less emotional attachment to it all.

This is the kind of man he is:

He works with prisoners sometimes. Parish Prison sends out work crews to the nature center when there are big jobs to do, such as clearing the trails or picking up the trash after major construction projects. The prison supplies a guard or two, but Richard is the one to boss the men.

He dreads those days.

For one thing, he hates participating in racial stereotypes. He's white, the convicts are mostly black. In the morning my gentle sandal-wearer leaves home

*Donna Glee Williams is an attender of New Orleans (La.) Meeting. A psychiatric nurse, she is in a doctoral program in English at Louisiana State University.*

in the blooming New Age and when he gets to work tumbles into the 1920s prison blues.

Then he is completely at the mercy of the weather. The work he does with the prison crews is always outdoors and exposed to whatever the cynical Louisiana skies feel like handing out. Of course, prisoners don't have vast wardrobes from which to select weather-appropriate polypropylenes or cotton voiles. They wear what they are given, in whatever raucous colors the corrections people believe provide that nice balance: attention-getting enough to discourage walking away, but not weird enough to constitute cruel and unusual raiment.

He worries about the weather for weeks before a major project: will it be too hot, and then how will he keep everybody well hydrated? Or will it rain and flood the wetland exhibit, meaning hours of work while standing hip deep in water? Richard wouldn't mind that so much himself; he is never happier than when he is sinking into a piece of delta real estate, but he has shared with me the observation that prisoners, as a rule, seem to hate mud. He says he doesn't know why this should be true; it just is.

He says they hate digging, too, and digging in mud in the summer sun is a fatal combination. He tells me that their loathing for digging is stronger than you can account for by the pure physical hardness of the job. It has something to do with being prisoners, in the South, and the whole historical thing about convict labor. So, besides fretting about whether there will be any men who know how to work, and whether the weather will let them work, he also worries about whether or not he has the kind of work they will enjoy. It makes a difference.

He plans ahead, organizing the tasks carefully, wanting things to flow along without a lot of confusion or standing around not knowing what to do. Evidently, some days these things go well. But sometimes the energy is just *bad*, the men hating the work or making the kinds of mistakes that will cost him more trouble to fix than he has saved by having them come in the first place. He explained it to me like this: If it is the kind of work where they can see progress as they go along and actually get jobs completed, then they all feel pretty good about themselves and there is no trouble. On the other hand, giving them long, slow, monotonous work where they don't see themselves making any difference is asking for trouble. They get

disgusted and start slowing down, wandering around, scattering cigarette butts in his beloved woods. Mistakes start happening. Richard hates all mistakes on principle, but he is especially outdone by carelessness that involves tools that can cut, smash, or electrocute human bodies, such as his own.

Anyway, there is always a certain amount of tension before these days with the work crews. Will the day bring an incredible amount of work done for the nature center at no cost, leaving everyone feeling good about himself, and meaning wonderful Saturdays and

---

**There's always tension before these days when he directs prison work crews. It's impossible to predict what will happen.**

---

Sundays when Richard won't have to work overtime building boardwalks or digging wetlands or brushing trails? Or will it bring massive tangles of sullenness and screw-ups, leaving him hating his underpaid job and growling about home-steading out in the swamp somewhere?

I knew it was on his mind when we went to bed that night, because he was griping about how early he was going to have to get up to go meet the men and open the gates. (Parish prisoners are early risers, I gather.)

The weather had turned sour on him. In December in New Orleans, it's nothing for the temperature to be playing around in the 80s, and then make up its mind to hit 30, and do it in 24 hours. This was the stunt it had played, and the weatherman was predicting it would be even colder in the morning.

It seemed unfair. He knew from before that the crew would come unprepared to work outdoors in the cold, and

just the week before, in a fit of house-cleaning, we had given the Salvation Army all our spare caps and gloves and scarves.

So he had a bus-load of men coming to work in the morning and he knew they were going to be cold. (Thirty degrees may not seem like a big deal to Northerners, but for Southerners, it's mighty cold.) They would be working in the wetland, lifting out a section of the boardwalk so that a big earth-mover could get in through the gap to sculpt the new wetland extension. Then, afterwards, the removable section would have to be replaced. The crew could be standing in the water for part of the time, in the mud for the rest. Thirty degrees. Maybe lower.

I, who have a hard time keeping my hands off someone else's problems, said, "You know what you have to do? You have to warm them from the inside. Give them hot drinks. Every hour, have someone bring them hot chocolate or hot cider or something, right to the place where they're working."

He said, "Yeah, that would do it. That would be great. But who's going to do all the work? It would take a lot of running, heating the water, fixing the drinks, carrying them out. I can't be leaving the work site to do all that. I have to be there to supervise."

I knew that was true. We both remembered the time he had turned his back, just for a few minutes, on a guy who was clearing some land. By the time he checked on him again, the eager young worker had completely razed a stand of rare bullrushes that had taken years to develop.

"The old staff," he said sadly. "We used to be so close. It used to be that everyone would help each other out. But

now everybody is too busy with their own things. I don't think I'd better count on anything I can't handle myself.

"But it's a good idea," he said. (He knows that it's important to me to have "good ideas.")

He didn't sleep well that night.

It's possible that you may have realized I love Richard. It's true; why pretend? When I know he is going to have a day like a coin tossed into the air that will fall, heads or tails, one way or the other, sure as gravity, then a part of me holds its breath. And then when he comes home, I'm more than eager to hear about his day. It's my day too. I'm possessive about it; I want to know right away how my day went. Blurring of ego boundaries—I think I read about that somewhere, back in the days when I worried a lot about such things.

So I worked on it, too, standing with them in the cold mud of the newly dug wetland extension, even while I was driving around seeing my patients. And when I got home, I waited greedily to hear the story.

He would be late that night, I knew; the job was a big one. I resolutely attacked my checkbook, to redeem the time with balancing while I waited. Finally, he called.

"I just wanted to let you know I'm on my way home, in case you want to heat up the beans." Richard eats macrobiotically, except for his oyster po' boys.

"They're already on the stove. But—How did it go?"

"It was *wonderful*! It was cold, even colder than yesterday, but it was a gorgeous day, beautiful and clear. Everybody really got into the work and that helped keep us warm. The whole staff helped, too, keeping the hot drinks coming." His voice was rushed and excited. "I bought cocoa and cider, well, apple juice really, and Lois took over and made sure we had hot pots every hour or so. It was amazing. Margaret even went out and got them all a special hot lunch. It seemed like everyone really

wanted to do something for the guys, and I think they felt it. They worked incredibly hard today, and I think they're all feeling good about it. We got the job done. Listen, I've got to go now—they're getting in the bus to leave and I want to get them some cigarettes."

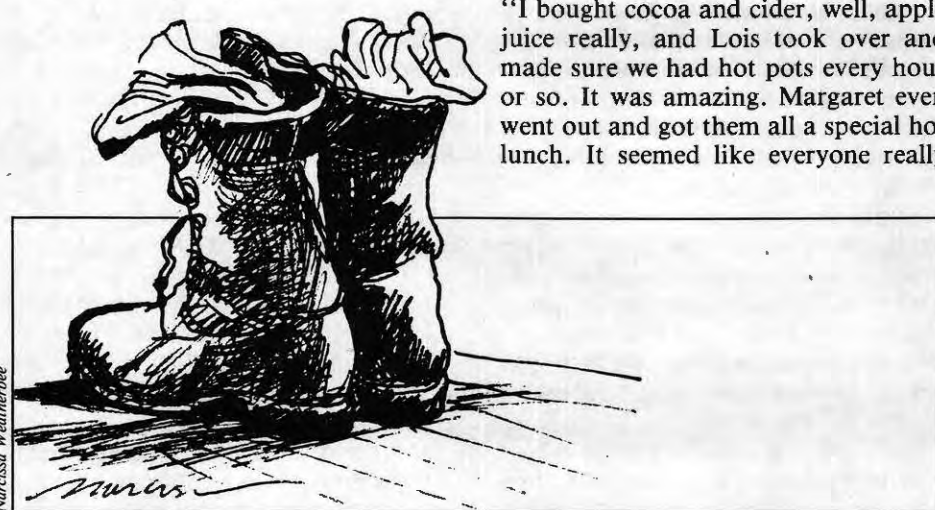
"Cigarettes!" I squeaked. Was this my Richard, the Richard whose reply to the question, "Mind if I smoke?" had long ago left the domain of peaceable social interaction? The Richard who...

"I know, I know, this is me, imagine how I feel! I may tell them that, for me, I don't believe in it. But they really helped me out today and I want to show my appreciation in a way they can appreciate. Now, I've got to run. Bye."

We hung up, and I started gathering deposit slips and withdrawals to go back into their little boxes. I had a vivid image of the scene: Richard, muddy from nose to toes, telling this bus-load of young urban felons that he is not supportive of smoking. Actually, he could get away with it, with telling them things that they wouldn't take from anyone else, because he's a Bucktown boy who is bulgy with muscle, was in the Navy during Vietnam, says "teef" for "teeth," and knows what to do with a pick and shovel. The man's got credibility. He can tell young men about more important things than smoking, too, and have them hear him in a way that they don't hear your average preacher or social worker or probation officer. I know he's not unique in this—there are other "manly" men of peace; but there aren't all that many of them, either. They ought to be honored, because they can minister to some folks that none of the rest of us can reach. I like it when he works with the prisoners and probationers, because I think that their being with him and watching how he is helps to smooth out this wrinkled world, if only a little.

But there is for me an ironic pain in it also: Richard did not see the lines of golden light that ran from his heart that day and from his muddy hands, and drew us all into the dance. He thinks the light was somewhere else.

Other people are "spiritual." Other people have the discipline, have the energy to get themselves to yoga classes after work, when Richard drops like a dead thing on the living room floor, too tired to eat dinner. Other people get up early to meditate and read books of wisdom. Other people are "spiritual." Richard just works. □



Narcissa Weatherbee



# Quakers and Cops

by Bob Rogers

I've been a police officer in San Francisco for about 15 years. I can't say that I've been as good a cop as I might have been. I'm afraid there have been times when I cared about what I was doing and other times when I felt

I was just trying to stay intact in the midst of what seems like a soul-smashing job.

I've tried hard to do what was right during the thousands of times I've had to deal with conflict. It's been tough, and tricky, and impossible. I'm lucky to have had Friends meetings to attend during this career.

I've spent most of my police time in the Tenderloin district of the city. The TL is San Francisco's version of what you find in any large city. People don't really choose to live there—in the dreary rooms in

those walk-up hotels. They end up there—at least not homeless, but in places no one ever hoped for.

Drag queen screaming from the darkness. Men writhing in their own blood on the sidewalks. Elderly people rotting dead in forgotten hotel rooms with photos of lost families on dresser tops.

As a rookie cop I was stuck on graveyard shifts—ostensibly sleeping during the day. It was hard to sleep, though, with those images from the night before, herky-jerking through fitful dreams. The first couple of years probably had the most impact.

*Bob Rogers has been a police officer for 15 years. Currently he is an inspector/sergeant in the San Francisco (Calif.) Police Department.*

I think most city cops go through a period of looking for ways to accommodate the carnage, misery, and evil into their lives without becoming a part of it. You do what you can, but it seems impossible at times to keep a sense that you have a chance to be a positive force.

I professed good liberal notions of racial equality, but found myself surging with prejudice at people who threw live dogs off the roofs of the housing projects at us. I had a black partner through that time, and I saw us both fester with stuff that felt like racism.

I tried to understand, but part of what seems like evil rather than sociological dynamics—the man cutting up the prostitute, the parent mutilating the child—rattles your brain and soul into looking for certainty and sense. Black and white ways of seeing make life comprehensible.

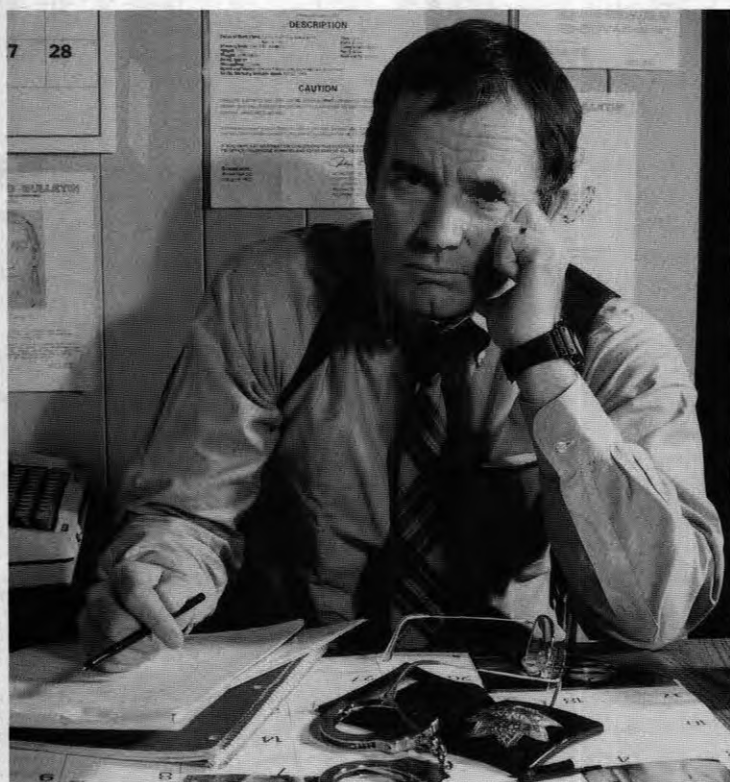
And so after a time, the cynicism, burnout, prejudice began seeping into everyday life. The world really does become populated by bad guys, victims, and other cops. And we cops often float helplessly into one of the other categories. It didn't take long before I knew I would have to work hard to avoid catastrophe.

I bought a sailboat to live on—thinking that would bring some peace. I found that it was a peaceful place, but it was just a location to hole up with the flickering images and emotions that shadowed me. I continued looking for ways to settle with the agitation.

I ran and worked out like a demon. I read self-improvement stuff. I tried to quiet the noise with meditation. I tried throwing myself into intimate relationships—with predictable results. I tried writing about the turmoil.

At work, though, I was becoming a proficient hunter of men. I had learned the street stuff quickly and knew who was holding narcotics and in which direction the robber was likely to flee. I could read the furtive glance of the driver in the stolen car. I had learned how to “relate” and had become a good felony cop.

But I knew, somehow, that I was in



danger on this path. This stuff was exciting and of a kind of value, but I remembered having been a delinquent myself, and I knew I hadn't been rotten at the core. It had to be the same with lots of the folks I hunted down. I knew I had to take a longer look, most of all at myself.

**W**hen I began in earnest (or desperation) looking for a way to be with the conflicts of this job, I visited the San Francisco Friends Meeting. Bits and pieces of Quaker anecdotes had been bouncing around inside me from who knows where. I made a couple of false starts, but finally made myself go see if there was something that might help.

I got off work at 7 that Sunday morning. I slept in my car outside the meeting until it was time to go in. I sat among the folks there, me looking out the window into the fog. It felt like the first time in a long time I had really stopped spinning. A woman stood toward the end of meeting and spoke about the fog horn we could hear on the nearby Golden Gate Bridge. She spoke about beacons in life that gave guidance.

I began buying books at the AFSC Bookstore and feeling an affinity for the Friends. I began a "touring" of Friends meetings. I've been to all the meetings in Northern California. I suppose the best way to describe my relationship with the Friends has been as "medicine."

The words I hear in meetings and the things in books such as *Faith and Practice*, reappear in tough moments, when I need the help most. I really feel that the Light funnels through me when I'm most in danger of acting—or reacting poorly to this or that situation on the street.

**T**wo years ago I was working as patrol sergeant supervising officers in the Hunters Point area of the city. The district contains most of the city's housing projects and is largely black. Late in the evening after several major clashes with opposing groups of youths in and around the projects, two of my officers began chasing a man on a stolen motorcycle through the streets. Several units were out of the area, and so only one two-man car and myself were left in the vicinity.

The chase was fairly short, because the suspect crashed into a parked car. The two pursuing officers were upon him and kicked him before I ordered them to handcuff him and get him into a car.

I returned to the station. I began writing up the disciplinary report, which is the sergeant's responsibility. I realize, especially in light of the Rodney King incident in Los Angeles, that this must seem like the natural thing to do. But it isn't.

First, the two officers were hard working, and cared about the community. They were surrounded and attacked earlier in the week. This night rocks and bottles were thrown at them when they tried to break up pit bulls being forced to fight. I knew these weren't brutal cops. Things had built up.

Second, I knew exactly what had happened because it's happened to me. You get involved in a frightening chase or fight and some screaming animal survival mechanism is lashing out before you can get a hold on yourself. It ain't right, but it's real.

There was no one for me to turn to. The cops I supervised felt I had betrayed them. The bosses became uneasy because I submitted paperwork documenting how conditions in the community and in the police department had deteriorated to the point that this type of incident had to be expected.

**O**n paper now, it all seems kind of heroic—the right thing to do and all of that. But it was a miserable time. I felt I was responsible for not having screamed about things sooner. Since I had seen the inevitable and hadn't worked to change it, I was, indeed, partially responsible. I considered leaving the department.

I remember sitting in the San Francisco Friends Meeting with my wife. I had nothing I could articulate, but sitting there gave me a sense I would get through the time and be the better for it. During the past couple of years I would say that's happened.

I've returned to policing, with some firmer sense of responsibility. I worked as a sergeant for two more years and now work as an inspector (detective). Part of my thinking in how to be of help has been to complete the first year of law school at night.

I'm not sure exactly how I'm going to put this all together. The practice of law seems fraught with as many impossibilities as the "practice" of police work. Justice seems a slippery concept.

But I know I'll keep going to meeting. It seems as though either during meeting or afterward some crystal-bright soul full of light is always able to speak to this condition. □

## QUAKER BUSINESS

# The Sou

by Cynthia Earl Kerman

**I**n many Friends meetings, the monthly meeting for business is a low point in our experience as a faith community. Even if we have rich periods of worship, splendid potlucks, and a fine program of religious education, our business meetings are often boring and long-drawn-out, poorly attended, or sometimes full of contention.

Yet we are aware of greater possibilities. John Punshon in *Encounter with Silence* points out that not only is the business method, properly practiced, an important lesson for us in seeking divine guidance; it is the one practice that unites all Friends, pastoral and unprogrammed. "[Business meetings] are a sign and an example to the world of how we could all live in a reconciling spirit. . . . They are the basis of our ministry and our common life and are where the source of our unity is to be found" (p. 99). And Friends who have read Michael Sheeran's *Beyond Majority Rule* will remember his observation that the key that distinguishes the meetings that are most alive is their shared experience of the Spirit in the decision-making process.

Is there help for ailing business meetings? A group of Friends is venturing a new enterprise in the faith that there is, and that we can work together to discover and achieve it. It grew out of a concern of George Webb of Baltimore's Stony Run Meeting, on issues discussed in his article in *FRIENDS JOURNAL* of May 1990.

### Who we are:

This group met for a weekend recently at Quaker Hill, Richmond, Indiana. Nineteen Friends attended, from Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, Maine, Florida, and California. Their task was amorphous: to figure out how local meetings could be helped to improve their

*Cynthia Earl Kerman is a member of Stony Run (Md.) Meeting. She is an author and a retired English teacher.*



# Force of Our Unity

business process, and to set in motion some kind of framework within which this could happen. There was no keynote speaker or preordained plan, only two skilled facilitators, Victoria Cooley and Robert Halliday, whose tentative agenda and blank sheets of newsprint were to be filled in by the group.

Large objectives were set out at the beginning: (1) assessing and encouraging hunger for good Quaker business process; (2) expanding our understanding of and encouraging the evolution of Quaker business process; (3) creating a network of inspiration.

## What we did:

In a living demonstration of the effectiveness of good-faith group process, it worked. By the end of the weekend we identified areas of concern, worked out plans for addressing each of these areas, agreed to help with particular areas according to our interests and abilities, and set up an ongoing network to continue work and communication, and invite others to join.

It was clear in an early brainstorming session that all of us, from many different places, had had similar experiences of bad and good business meetings. We recognized that many diverse factors contribute to a good business meeting, including discernment in forming and ordering the agenda, providing enough information, careful preparation of proposals, adequate silence between items, people knowing and trusting each other, leaving private agendas at the door, and even appointing a "dots and commas" committee when a statement needs editing, instead of editing from the floor of the meeting.

But for all of us, the core factor was the development of the spiritual atmosphere of the meeting community, practicing "living in the Light." Quaker process involves much more than just the business meeting. It involves the way committees make decisions and reports, the way all of us make

personal decisions, the way we feel about and treat each other in the meeting community, and whether or not we have a basic trust in divine leading.

We had seen enough of both the unbearable and the exalted to be caught up with the need for transformation of our business meetings through learning, teaching, and experimenting. But how to do this? How could we help?

Divided into three groups chosen by areas of concern, we thought up ideas. Then together people volunteered to carry them out. We were unified in our desire to keep a spiritual focus at the center of all our work.

## What we plan to do:

- Members and attenders need training. Many don't really know how a Quaker business meeting should function. For this, the network will assemble a bibliography of materials on Quaker business process; encourage, collect and provide information on, and lead workshops on business meeting; and try to encourage hunger for good business process among all Friends.

- Leaders need training and support. The network will share information, see that clerking workshops occur at Friends General Conference and Friends United Meeting, organize a pool of mentors for clerks, and set up roving workshops for leaders. Perhaps some books or pamphlets or a video can be produced, and information be put on computer bulletin boards. Some Friends will be working with boards of Quaker-related organizations to help interpret Quaker process.

- Research and development: We need fresh ideas. A handbook will be derived from shared experiences, describing many meetings' problems and how they were handled. Another will be a procedural manual on the how-to of Quaker business process. A "Greenhouse Group" will plant and nourish seeds of ideas by planning workshop-seminars. These will deal with topics related to Quaker process that are of current and vital interest to Friends,



Eileen B. Waring

and will explore and disseminate innovative solutions.

## How you can help:

A beginning has been made, and the network has a start. The more people involved, the better it will work. Efforts to include Friends from all branches (Friends United Meeting, Friends General Conference, Evangelical Friends Alliance, Conservatives) are continuing. The group is still deciding what to call itself, but for the time being "Business Meeting Network" may serve, and George Webb (13801 York Road, Apartment G-12, Cockeysville, MD 21030) will welcome inquiries and be glad to forward any indications of interest to the most appropriate segment coordinator in the network.

On the second day of the conference, some words appeared, written in green magic marker on a newsprint sheet. I learned later that they had come to two participants almost unbidden as they struggled with the question, "What are we here for this weekend?" The words felt like a blessing and a benediction:

Quaker business process is a gift of the Spirit which has been entrusted to us. Good stewardship of this gift requires that we nourish it, value it, hold it up, and proclaim it.

Faithfulness to this vision calls us to a spiritual discipline. It requires us to reexamine periodically the process and our part in it, moves us to seek afresh God's guidance, and enables us to uphold each other on our journey.

This is what we are about this week—and this is what we must be about in the future. □

# The Rise of Meeting

by Anthony Scola

**A**mong the many turns of phrase Quakers use, we find the expression "the rise of meeting" to refer to the end of meeting for worship. Although I had heard this for years, it just seemed like another quaint Quaker idiosyncrasy, like calling Sunday "First Day." But like our other special uses of language, it does make sense—after all, we do rise at the end of meeting for worship, both individually and collectively. We rise and leave the meetinghouse because a special moment has ended.

It is not the kind of thing one gets too concerned about, but something I heard on the radio a few weeks ago made me perk up my ears and listen. In an entirely different context, a narrator was talking about an area in South America from which the Amazon River begins its flow to the Atlantic. He said, "The Amazon rises in the Andes." Come to think of it, I have heard before that the Mississippi "rises" in Lake Itasca, Minnesota. It made me think again about the rise of meeting in a sense other than simply standing up because meeting is over.

Probably there is no conscious connection, but there are some striking parallels between these two uses of the word "rise." First, and most important, the rise of a river is not the end, it's the beginning. The river begins its flow at the place from which it rises. Perhaps the rise of meeting for worship can also be seen not as an end, but as a beginning. Like the river, we rise and flow out in an ever-widening course. It is the beginning of our day, the beginning of the week, and often

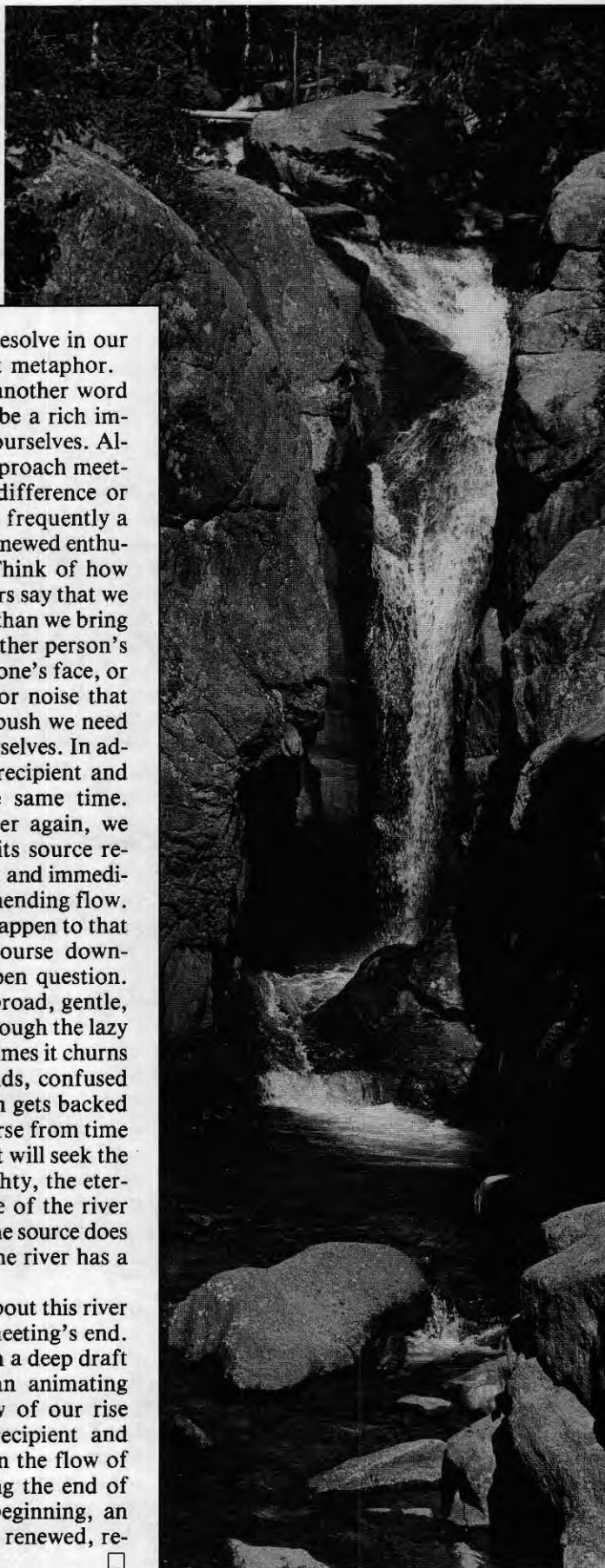
the beginning of a new resolve in our lives. It is indeed an apt metaphor.

The rise of a river is another word for its source. This can be a rich image when we apply it to ourselves. Although we sometimes approach meeting for worship with indifference or lack of preparation, it is frequently a kind of source for us in renewed enthusiasm and inspiration. Think of how often we say or hear others say that we take more from meeting than we bring to it. Sometimes it is another person's message, a look on someone's face, or even a distracting exterior noise that gives us that extra little push we need to get going, to focus ourselves. In addition, we can be both recipient and source to others at the same time. Thinking about that river again, we realize that the river at its source receives its life nourishment and immediately passes it on in an unending flow.

Whatever is going to happen to that river as it follows its course downstream is certainly an open question. Sometimes it flows in a broad, gentle, but powerful expanse through the lazy summer night. At other times it churns in a roiling series of rapids, confused and angry. Maybe it even gets backed up in a stagnant side course from time to time. But eventually, it will seek the level of the sea—the mighty, the eternal, the infinite. The life of the river is guaranteed as long as the source does not dry up. As long as the river has a "rise" it will endure.

I can't help thinking about this river every time we stand at meeting's end. I imagine us having taken a deep draft of crisp, clear water—an animating splash of life. This view of our rise allows us to be both recipient and source, taker and giver in the flow of daily life. Far from being the end of meeting, it is rather a beginning, an outpouring of ourselves, renewed, refreshed, rejuvenated. □

*Anthony Scola and his wife are members of Evansville (Ind.) Meeting. Since it's a 150-mile round trip to meeting, however, they often join with Evansville Friends "in spirit only" while worshipping at home in Reynolds Station, Ky.*





# PARTNERS

## with

# GOD

by Avis Crowe

**P**lease hold my family in the Light during this difficult time." "I'm holding you in the Light." These phrases are often heard among Friends. Do we really know what we're saying? What is this Light? How does one hold someone in it? What difference does it make, anyway?

When I give myself over to silence, I never quite know what I will find there. As part of a training program with the Shalem Institute for Spiritual Formation, I worked with prayer forms and exercises designed to lead me into a deep, contemplative presence of God. Each week I chose a different form, being as faithful to it as I could on a daily basis. The results were uneven, but now and then I was able to move beyond preoccupation with the clock and my zeal to get it right.

One week I was using Light as an image in the context of healing. It hadn't yielded much, and as I tried to make the image happen I just got more and more frustrated. One exercise suggested placing the image in the area of my forehead. I tried, but to no avail. It seemed contrived, uncomfortable. I was about to give it up when unexpectedly, and certainly unbidden, the Light image traveled to my heart, hovering just above, shining down like a theatrical spotlight. Its brilliance spilled into a broad band, creating a halo of sorts around my heart. I felt a curious sense of elation, could almost feel myself shift into a mode of anticipation, of imminent discovery. Mental word play quickly followed: heart . . . light . . . light-hearted! Suddenly the idea of light-heartedness expanded to mean something far more than simply a happy, positive mood. It took on new overtones having to do with life-force, with a way of living, of dealing with people . . . especially, perhaps, difficult people! I experienced that halo around my heart as God's encompassing



Narcissa Weatherbee

---

## What do I mean when I say, 'I'll hold you in the Light'?

---

love. If that were so, then everything and everyone I could bring into that Light would come under the influence of Divine love.

I felt both empowered and greatly relieved. I have tried to love my enemies, usually people I find irritating, or whose world view is the polar opposite of mine, or who are just not particularly lovable, but I find it very hard. And what of those who seem to embody evil? How on earth could I find it in my heart to

love Saddam Hussein? All my effort doesn't get me anywhere, and I end up feeling frustrated and disappointed in my own inability to transcend judgment and outrage. But here was a way I could draw such people into that aura of God's love and let them go! To love Saddam Hussein—or even some people in my meeting—is too big for me; I can't stretch myself that far. But it's not too big for God. In my mind's eye I can envision a person in that band of heart-light and, acknowledging the frailty of my faith, turn him or her over to God, whose love is absolute and unconditional. It was as though God was telling me I didn't have to transcend my own very human nature. What I did need to do, what I could, in fact, do, was bring a person or situation into that light-hearted aura of love and hold that person there. God will do what I cannot. By holding someone in the Light, I am engaging in a Divine partnership.

But what does it mean when I ask someone else to hold *me* in the Light? There are times in my life when hard choices must be made; sometimes crisis strikes . . . real or imagined, or I feel as though I have fallen into a great darkness. During these times, I often don't have the energy, the will, the patience, or courage to get through it alone. By asking others to hold me in the Light, I invite them to become partners with God on my behalf—to take me into their light-heartedness, where God's love dwells and is active as healer.

God does not ask any of us to do what we can't. Perhaps in time—and with immeasurable grace—I can accept the gift of genuine love for all people. Meanwhile, as I sat in the old platform rocker in my living room practicing a form of prayer with my cat curled up in my lap, God took me behind the words of my own spiritual heritage to show me the Truth that is there. I got a glimpse of a new way of entering into relationship with God and with difficult and needy people, as well. The still, small voice has spoken once again out of the silence. □

*Avis Crowe lives in Corrales, New Mexico, with husband Dyckman Vermilye. She works at the Center for Action and Contemplation and is clerk of Albuquerque Meeting.*

## Stardreams

Into the cool, still night  
I go to look at stars.  
Through wispy clouds  
I see burning suns,  
    Feel moonglow,  
    And sense wonderful worlds.

The night grows cold.  
I go to my warm bed  
To dream the blazing suns,  
    Spinning moons,  
    Elemental earths.

In my Father's house are many mansions,  
But it is this sun, this moon, this earth that I love  
With my little love.

I dream, I learn, I love, I grow,  
And gaze through misty life  
At far-away stars.

It may be that when I go one last time  
Into the cool, still night  
To peer through cloudy eyes  
At the shining suns,  
    Feel the moonglow,  
    And sense the strange worlds,

And my body grows cold  
And I go to bed  
To dream one last dream . . .  
It may be I shall awaken  
In a different mansion  
In my Father's vast house,  
And maybe . . .  
Maybe . . .  
I shall have learned  
To love big.

—Emily Appleby Grizzard

*Emily Appleby Grizzard lives in Harlan, Ky.*

*Alice Mackenzie Swaim, a native of Scotland, lives in Harrisburg, Pa.*

*David Pitre is a member of Baton Rouge, (La.) Meeting. He lives, teaches, and writes in Baton Rouge.*

Drawings by Cathy Weber



## Sound of Ripening

I hear the sound of ripening at the core  
Of summer silences, where every blade  
Of grass bends low to listen, while unswayed  
Leaves hang uncertain, trembling at the shore  
Of change. My heart, too, feels the unknown door  
Yield imperceptibly and grows afraid  
Of shadowed corners, choices to be made,  
The unguessed weight of what time holds in store.  
Does barley think, or peach that catches sun  
know pressure or a languid gentleness—  
Not Juggernaut with power to smash or stun,  
Only a whisper of wind's soft carress  
Fulfilling fibre, showing web full spun,  
The circle rounded, death that comes to bless.

—Alice Mackenzie Swaim



## Presence

Moon-sky shining power on good earth,  
Vast women-spirits and ancient sacredness—  
Voices around a fire—  
How many voices chanting prayer-songs  
Beside how many fires  
Through centuries numerous as the embers I see?

How many before me have gazed up  
At you, Luna-God,  
Have felt your star-flecked power  
Bind them at fireside,  
Each to other, children to  
Earth and fire and sky?

And how many before in years  
Uncountable as petals  
have known this goodness,  
This prayer-blessing of commonality,  
Fire and song?

I have not felt you  
As cold and distant light  
But as nocturnal covenant,  
Jewel in an indigo sky.

Over such fires you have presided;  
Around such fires we have worshiped.  
But other light, other fire, other Presence shine too:

Perhaps we find our best and holiest selves  
In a circle of ancient communion,  
Brightened by an inner light,  
Fed by an inner fire!

Praise be, Mother-Father God!  
Heaven-light and Earth fire,  
Praise be!

—David Pitre

## Driftwood Fire

The driftwood fire  
flames high in celebration,  
with colors far more wild and fanciful  
than autumn leaves  
or ragged end of summer flowers.  
We watch quick dancing flames  
transfer dark shadowed corners  
into anterooms, alive with hope,  
see new doors open in the weathered walls  
alluring us to dare the dark tomorrow.

—Alice Mackenzie Swaim



# The Forgotten India

by Bruce G. Miller

In the summer of 1986 and again in 1989 I provided my services as an anthropologist to two Indian tribes attempting to reclaim their status as tribes duly recognized by the federal government. These small tribes, the Samish and Snohomish of Washington State, are among an estimated 250 unacknowledged tribes with 242,000 members in the lower 48 states. The U.S. government agency that handles claims for federal recognition, the Branch of Acknowledgement and Research (BAR), an agency of the United States Department of the Interior, Bureau of Indian Affairs, estimates that 150 tribes will file petitions for recognition. As of September 1990, 33 petitions were "resolved" and eight tribes acknowledged. Five more were under consideration. This federal program was initiated in 1978 and has completed only an average of 1.5 applications per year.

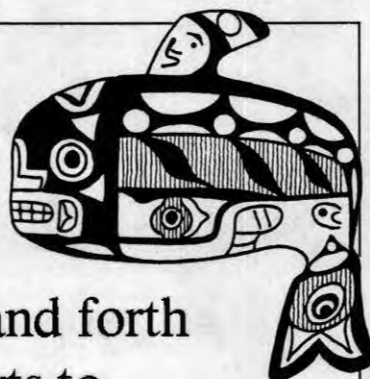
From my perspective, this situation is one of the most serious failings of U.S.

federal policy toward Indians and is also one of the least known. As I found in working with the Samish and Snohomish, Indian tribes have been systematically sloughed from the federal roster of tribes in a cost-cutting effort that deprives members of available health and human services. Rather than legitimately serving as a gateway to gain recognition, BAR is best understood as an agency that defines Indians out of existence.

Representatives of the Samish and the Snohomish were among the western Washington Indians who signed treaties in the 1850s. As with many thousands of Indians of the area, however, most of their ancestors did not move onto the reservations created in the region. These reservations were too small, were located in areas where everyone could not easily make a living, and in some cases contained groups who held a mutual long-term animosity. Consequently, Samish, Snohomish, and many other Indian peoples became known as "landless" tribes, but, nevertheless, tribes with whom the federal government has had a relationship through the years. Other tribes now attempting to become federally recognized were passed over or simply forgotten in the haste to open the frontier to settlement in the 19th century. Today the Samish and Snohomish are still living in traditional territories but are surrounded by non-Indian neighbors with whom they have good relations. Although many tribal members have had to move for employment, most still live within a few miles of the heart of their territories.

Ironically, federal policy has swung back and forth between efforts to terminate the special status of Indians and efforts to promote self-determination. In the 1930s the Wheeler-Howard Act (informally called the Indian Reorganization Act) provided legislation to establish formal self-government on Indian reservations. During this process, the special problems of landless tribes came into clear view, and, unhappily, many tribes became disqualified from a government-to-government relationship, although at least 21 groups were recog-

Federal policy has swung back and forth between efforts to terminate the special status of Indians and efforts to promote self-determination.



Bruce G. Miller is assistant professor of anthropology at the University of British Columbia. He is a member of Vancouver (B.C.) Meeting.

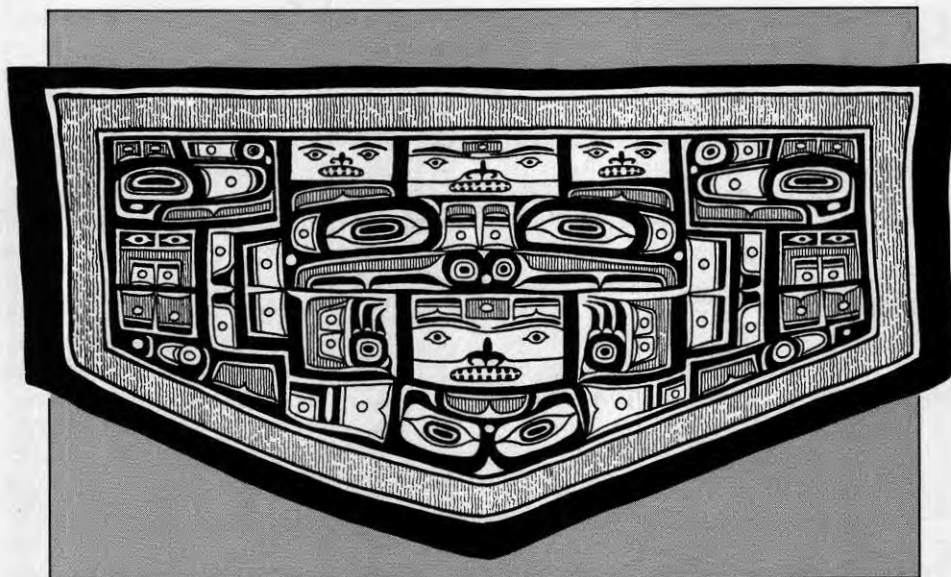


# ns and Federal Recognition

nized. In the 1950s, government policy switched to the termination of tribes. Policy shifted back to promoting self-government in the 1970s.

Events in the state of Washington have played a special role in the development of the present system of federal acknowledgement. In 1974 a federal district judge, George Boldt, ruled that Indians of Washington were entitled to 50 percent of the salmon harvest under the terms of the several treaties of that state. Along with the ruling were provisions that some tribes become recognized once again so they could participate in the salmon harvest. Other, less lucky, tribes, such as the Samish and the Snohomish, were excluded from the fisheries. Within six months of the Boldt decision, the Department of the Interior came under pressure from the Washington congressional delegation to reevaluate criteria for recognition and to limit the number of recognized tribes. In 1978, Title 25, part 83, was produced and provides the present formal regulations. These regulations were born in a highly politicized process and continue to be politicized today.

There are two chief difficulties associated with the BAR process that, taken together, violate canons of the U.S. legal system and fair play. First, the BAR is an unusual government agency in that its mission is to both gather evidence pertaining to the legal status of Indian tribes and also to evaluate this evidence and determine if a tribe will be recognized. This fails to separate executive and judicial powers and instead concentrates them in one agency. Secondly, the standards that must be met by tribes can only be met if these tribes were not really tribes. Wayne Suttles, an eminent anthropologist, made this point when he testified before the Senate Select Committee on Indian Affairs in May of 1988 about this BAR process. He noted that "... agents of the government seem to be requiring western Washington Indians who seek recognition to produce evidence that the government's false assumptions about them are true." Further, he explained that Indians were placed in the ironic position of having



to prove the myths of non-Indians about them in order to be recognized.

This works as follows: to meet the present criteria for recognition tribes must meet seven demands, including that they have continuous identity; that they have a specific residence; continuous, documented political influence over members; a membership list with specific criteria for inclusion; and a governing document. Among the problems with this is that early-20th century Indian governments did not characteristically concern themselves with documentation, and that pre-treaty 19th century western Washington tribes were rarely chiefdoms with centralized authority over tribal membership, as the popular imagination supposes.

Small tribes such as the Samish and Snohomish have responded to their dilemma in a variety of creative ways. The leaders and members have devoted years of effort to demonstrate their tribal identity and to fulfill the requirement of BAR. The Samish, whose petition was turned down, have attempted under imaginative former Chair Ken Hansen to create public support by engaging the press in publicity-seeking efforts. They have announced themselves to be an "endangered species" and "declared war" on the United States. Underlying all of this is a deep sense of injustice and

a concern that the United States fulfill its constitutional obligation to its citizens. Many tribal members have told me, in various words, that they feel denigrated and that the government action strips them of their rightful place as recognized descendents of treaty-period Indians. They cannot understand why a government would deny so fundamental an element of their self-identity. Most importantly, these people, many of whom could successfully claim membership in other recognized tribes from whom they also have ancestors, will not do so, even at the cost of medical services and the right to fish under the provisions of the treaties. They prefer to maintain their own personal identity and group affiliation.

The ethical dilemma presented by the systematic failure to fulfill treaty obligations by decreasing the number of Indian tribes might well be of concern to Native concerns committees of monthly meetings. Perhaps because of the invisibility, this is even more fundamental an issue than those highly visible cases (such as last summer's violent dispute at Oka) in which recognized tribal governments are in dispute with the government over jurisdiction. One can expect the government to develop other efforts to limit the population of Indians eligible for social services. Russel Barsh,

a legal adviser to the MicMac Grand Council, and prominent scholar of federal-Indian relations, has argued that this will be among the most difficult issues facing the Indian communities in upcoming years.

Counter arguments have been put forward to suggest that members of non-recognized tribes are not really Indians because they have married non-Indians, don't appear to look or live like Indians, and therefore they should not be recognized as such. But Friends ought not be easily persuaded that social justice is properly carried out when the identity of individuals and groups is defined legislatively. Instead, such claims might well serve as markers of government self-interest.

In meeting with tribal members in order to watch and document the operation of their communities, I found understanding the issue of identity to be one of the most important. There is no set of guidelines for defining a community, and community members don't carry out their activities solely with other tribal members. Nor do all members participate in distinct cultural practices that can be identified as uniquely Indian. Moreover, appearance is not a useful index of membership in an Indian community, and never has been, nor is it useful to assume Indians ought to live as they did in an earlier period. What counts the most is regular participation in the life of the community and a self-identification with the community that is accepted by other members. I found that community members rely on each other. They share a sense of common descent and history and a common concern about the future of their tribe.

Snohomish tribal members, for example, have lived together in the vicinity of the town of Chimacum on the Olympic Peninsula of Washington State since they migrated to the region by the 1850s. Most of these tribal members are the descendents of two revered, early 19th century Snohomish women who are still regarded as lineage founders and who established family networks that exist today. Family farms, a logging company, and other Snohomish enterprises have continually provided employment to Snohomish people since the 19th century. One of the Snohomish men living in the Olympic Peninsula, William Bishop, Jr., became a state senator, and his farm was the scene of Snohomish gatherings for several generations. Close ties were maintained with those Sno-

homish who moved onto the Tulalip Reservation, particularly until the 1930s when the Indian Reorganization Act was passed and off-reservation Snohomish were barred from voting in Tulalip elections.

The difficulty of travel during the Great Depression, the removal of men to fight in World War II, and the untimely death of the most senior community leaders in the 1930s (including William Bishop, Jr.) all have made the Snohomish vulnerable to BAR speculation that their community was no longer intact and they were therefore no longer Indians nor members of a tribe. This tribe has difficulty fulfilling the government criteria for recognition in part because of the effects of the government-imposed Indian Reorganization Act, which divided Snohomish people into separate political jurisdictions. Nevertheless, through the 19th and 20th century Snohomish people have maintained a community despite the political and economic changes that might have driven them apart.

In 1991 the BAR process is at a standstill. Non-recognized tribes have two alternatives to the BAR process. These are to fight for changes in the process or to circumvent the process by persuading Congress to formally recognize them. Friends can participate by lobby-



Snohomish people have maintained a community despite the political and economic changes that might have driven them apart.

ing their state congressional delegations to make the guidelines for recognition in line with the United Nations recognition of self-definition of aboriginal peoples and to recognize individual tribes legislatively. □





# EXPERIENCING GOD

**W**hen I was a small boy, before I could read, my mother read me Bible stories out of an ancient book that was falling apart. I loved the stories of Samuel, David, Jesus, Paul, and many others, and I was intrigued by the old fashioned pen drawings that illustrated them. But one thing puzzled me. God always played a prominent part in the stories, but was never pictured. "What does God look like? Where is He?" I asked, and my mother said, "God is Spirit and is everywhere, but can't be seen or pictured."

It was not a very satisfying answer for a four-year-old, but I was never one to upset the equilibrium of adults by asking too many difficult questions. I kept thinking about it. I knew God existed even though he could not be seen, because the grown-ups talked with him regularly—my parents every morning after breakfast, and the elders on Sunday morning in meeting. My grandfather, in particular, spoke so familiarly to God that I was sure he knew God well.

My own personal experience of God came years later. It was on a beautiful sunny afternoon in early autumn and I had been out walking in the pastures and woods near my home as I often did. On that day I was enjoying the glory of the fall colors across the hills when I came into a wooded ravine with many sugar maples. All of their leaves had turned a brilliant, translucent yellow, and the afternoon sun shining through the cano-

*An attender of Bellingham (Wash.) Worship Group, Howard L. Harris has had long association with Friends. He grew up in a meeting of Friends United Meeting in Iowa and served as a pastor of both Friends meetings and United Church of Christ churches for several years. He is associate professor of anthropology emeritus at Western Washington University.*



Phil Esmonde

■ by Howard L. Harris ■

py gave the whole valley a yellow ambience.

I lay on a grassy slope and absorbed the yellow light. The all-pervading color seemed to be something I could feel as well as see. When I moved my arms it seemed to flow through my fingers like water. It was smooth and soft and it penetrated everything. Every crack and cranny in the gray bark of the trees was filled with illumination, as were the spaces between the grass blades together with the ants and small beetles that lived among them.

It was all so friendly, so comfortable, yet stimulating, that I not only felt more alive, but in some satisfying way attached to and a part of everything. The bright color that filled the air and flowed through my body joined me with the earth, the sky, the trees with their canopy of bright leaves, and every living thing. I seemed to be floating in a sea of yellow color and I felt a sense of

total peace, of absolute perfection. I lay there for some time, experiencing pure joy of being. Then the sun dropped behind the adjacent ridge, the color faded, and I was again in an ordinary autumn woods.

As I reflected on the experience it occurred to me that I had been granted a momentary chance to perceive at least one aspect of God, that God is indeed everywhere, and ordinarily invisible, but that if we tune ourselves properly we can at any time recover the security and peace and joy of being that I had known when I had for a moment been granted the privilege of seeing and feeling God.

There are no doubt many ways by which we can apprehend God,

perhaps as many as there are people, and certainly there are many aspects of God to apprehend. Isaiah saw God in the temple, and was given healing and a message to carry (Isaiah 6:10). John Woolman saw a light and heard "words spoken to my inward ear . . . the language of the Holy One spoken in my mind" (*Journal*, thirteenth of fifth month, 1757). Some find God in ancient liturgies and ritual symbols, others in the stillness of meditation. The perception of God brings different kinds of things as our needs and attention change. I have found it to be sometimes a call to action, sometimes clarification of thought. It may also bring peace in the midst of anxiety.

My vision of God has stayed with me over the years. As each day ends I try to recover the experience. By so doing, even in these days when our primary realities seem to be violence and suffering and environmental loss, I am usually able to fall asleep suspended in the divine harmony, floating secure in the all-encompassing love of God. □



# A Place Called Home

by Joseph Sorrentino

Mary sits on the sofa in her dark, cramped little house and considers the question just put to her—"If you had all the money you needed to buy a new house and could live anywhere, would you move away from here?"

"Here" is the Swamp, a small parcel of land in southern Delaware carved, as its name suggests, out of a swamp. Access to the Swamp is by two dirt roads, one of them so deeply rutted a car can easily lose its undercarriage to it. About 20 small structures dot the land there. Some, like Mary's, need repairs but are livable. The majority are falling apart. People live in shacks, run-down trailers, and rusted campers designed for the back of pick-up trucks and weekend camping trips. When it rains, snakes crawl out of the adjacent swamp and settle beneath the buildings. Visitors are warned to carry sticks and not to go barefoot at night. A number of dwellings lack indoor plumbing. Water for bathing and cooking must be carried in buckets from a neighbor's house. Toilets are small wooden outhouses located down a path in the woods. At night, the largest mosquitoes I have ever seen swarm around anyone brave enough (or foolish enough) to venture outside.

Mary turns over in her mind the question of whether she would move away from here. "No," she answers. "I wouldn't leave my home for a mansion unless you moved my family with me."

I met Mary while working on a photographic project in southern Delaware. My main interest was in recording the daily lives of rural poor and homeless people, but I became interested in what people there considered "home." There is, of course, a huge homeless problem in cities but there are homeless people in rural areas as well. As more and more people in our country come to call shelters "home" and as shelters change from being temporary answers to housing crises to permanent solutions, a number of people have begun to question what constitutes a home. The answers I found were, at first, surprising but I soon learned that Mary's refusal to move to a "better" place was not atypical. And I found that people often defined "home" in almost spiritual terms.

When the project began, I asked peo-

*Joseph Sorrentino is a Philadelphia, Pa., playwright and photographer who has traveled widely to photograph and interview poor and homeless people. He has recently published The New Colossus, a small collection of photographs.*



ple about home using questions like "If you won the lottery, what kind of house would you have? What would you put in it? Where would you live?" Predictably, people talked about mansions, swimming pools, fancy cars. They would live in exotic or expensive places. In short, they talked about material things. (I should add here that despite meeting with people in some of the poorest areas I have ever seen and in some of the worst housing I have ever been in, people were exposed to the material things wealth can buy, courtesy of the ubiquitous television set.) But some time during the project, I changed the question from "What would you buy?" to "How would you define 'home'?" It was then that the answers became remarkable.

Mary refused to move from the Swamp unless she could bring her family. By that she meant her extended family, which consisted of her mother, brother, three children, and four grandchildren. To her, family is what defines home. I talked with her teenage grandsons about the Swamp. "Is this home?" I asked. "Yeah," answered one of them. I asked him why. He replied, "'Cause this is where I'm loved."

When asked to define "home," people talked about a place where they were always accepted, where they felt safe, where they had no worries. A single father living in a shelter with his son said, "A home is security, but not just financial." Many included family in their definitions. I spoke with one middle-aged couple who were barely hanging on to their rented house. She was unemployed and his job paid minimum wage. When asked to define "home," she shot back, "Life."

Late in the project it finally hit me: here were people who lived, and had probably always lived, in horrible housing. Many were living in shelters. Some were abused as children, some grew up with alcoholic parents, some were themselves alcoholics or drug addicts. For most of them, poverty was all their families had known for generations and there is little chance their own lives will change. Yet in spite of this, they all had a concept of what home is. It struck me that many of them were defining something they had never actually experienced—a safe, loving place called home. So it became obvious to me that people can make "home" in even the most impoverished areas, in even the most dilapidated housing. People can also make a home in shelters that are no more than

cots lined up in damp church basements or in long-vacant buildings. These places become home to people staying there be-

cause the staff work hard at fostering a feeling of acceptance and caring.

These ideas about home have—or should have—an effect on how poor and homeless people are treated and housed. It is no longer enough to meet the physical demands of shelter while ignoring the spiritual needs of home. Organizations—religious, secular, and especially governmental—must begin to address these needs before any solution to the problem of homelessness and poverty can be achieved. □



'Is this home?' I asked. 'Yeah,' answered one of them. I asked him why. He replied, ' 'Cause this is where I'm loved.'



Top: Father and son in a shelter  
Above: Mary at her home in the Swamp

# An Important Encounter

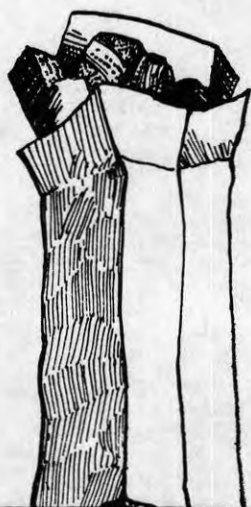
by Patricia McBee

I had just been reading articles on homelessness and various people's attempts to respond in a meaningful way. And there I was leaving the grocery store when I noticed the attractive young check-out man signaling to another employee. "Get security," he said, cocking his head toward an unkempt man. "That guy's not supposed to be in here."

I went on out and unlocked my bicycle, turning to leave just as they were hustling the fellow out of the store. "Ah," thought I, "he's dirty and poor and probably steals food. The store doesn't want to deal with him." Then, "He's probably hungry."

I headed for home but only got about half a block when my conscience tickled me. I went back.

*Patricia McBee is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting. She had this encounter while living in clean, quiet Santa Rosa, California.*



Sue Burrus

"Hi," I said. "Get busted by the grocery store?" I got an entirely incoherent answer.

"Are you hungry?" That got me a clearer, straight-on look from the man, but just then the store security officer came back out to hustle him all the way out of the parking lot.

He ran off. I got back on my bike.

But there he was, just around the corner, picking through some bushes. He didn't notice me, or pretended not to notice me.

Ah, now I'm off the hook, I thought, but I couldn't just ride off. "Do you need some food?" I asked. Another incoherent answer about a friend just in from Germany and food on Tuesdays from a local store. Since today was Thursday I asked, "Have you eaten today?"

"Not much," he said, head down.

There I stood with a bag containing two cans of kidney beans, a package of tortillas, and two tomatoes (tacos for dinner, anyone?). I took out a can of beans. "Can you use these? Do you have a can opener?"

He came over, looked at the beans, and said, "I'll share them with you."

**W**e had now reached the limits of my willingness to give. Talk to him, yes. Offer food, yes. Come to my house for dinner? Naah.

"I have to go home and fix supper for my family, but I'd be glad to give you some food. All I have is beans and some tortillas. You can have them if you want them."

"I could come to your place. I like little ones. I'm looking for a girlfriend."

"No," says I. "I have a husband, too. But you're welcome to the food if you want it."

Quietly, shyly, head down (did I hear him correctly?) "I could fight for you."

I smiled at the compliment and offered the food again. I got an incoherent answer about a church nearby where he eats. We were standing in the middle of the, fortunately not very busy, street. "Do you want to take the beans there?"

Hang-dog look. No answer. I felt like

I had come to the end of the rope. He seemed not able to deal with the issue of whether to accept food from me.

I wished him luck and rode off.

I came away feeling I had just had an important encounter. But what made it important? I guess it was important partly because I took it on. I turned around and talked to him. More and more these days I am trying to respond to the little tickles of the Spirit, the ones that are easy to brush off but leave me feeling like I missed an opportunity. I have a feeling that God is testing me, strengthening me. If I get in the habit of responding I can learn to trust these urgings. Perhaps I will be ready when I am asked to do something important. Perhaps some of these little things are more important than I know.

**I** responded, and nothing bad happened to me. The man didn't hurt me, he didn't steal anything, he didn't even smell bad. In fact, he was kind of endearing. I want to learn to trust that these leadings won't take me beyond what I am capable of doing.

But I didn't really *do* anything for the guy. He didn't end up with any food. I backed down from his offer of greater relationship.

That's all true, but I didn't feel called to go any further this time. A rationalization, perhaps, but I didn't feel quite ready to take on trying to get meaningful help for this person who was needy in about a hundred ways. I know the frustrations built into the social service system: "We can't work with him because he's mentally ill." "We can't work with him because he's homeless." "Oh, him; we know him. We already have done everything we can for him. He won't accept our help. . . ."

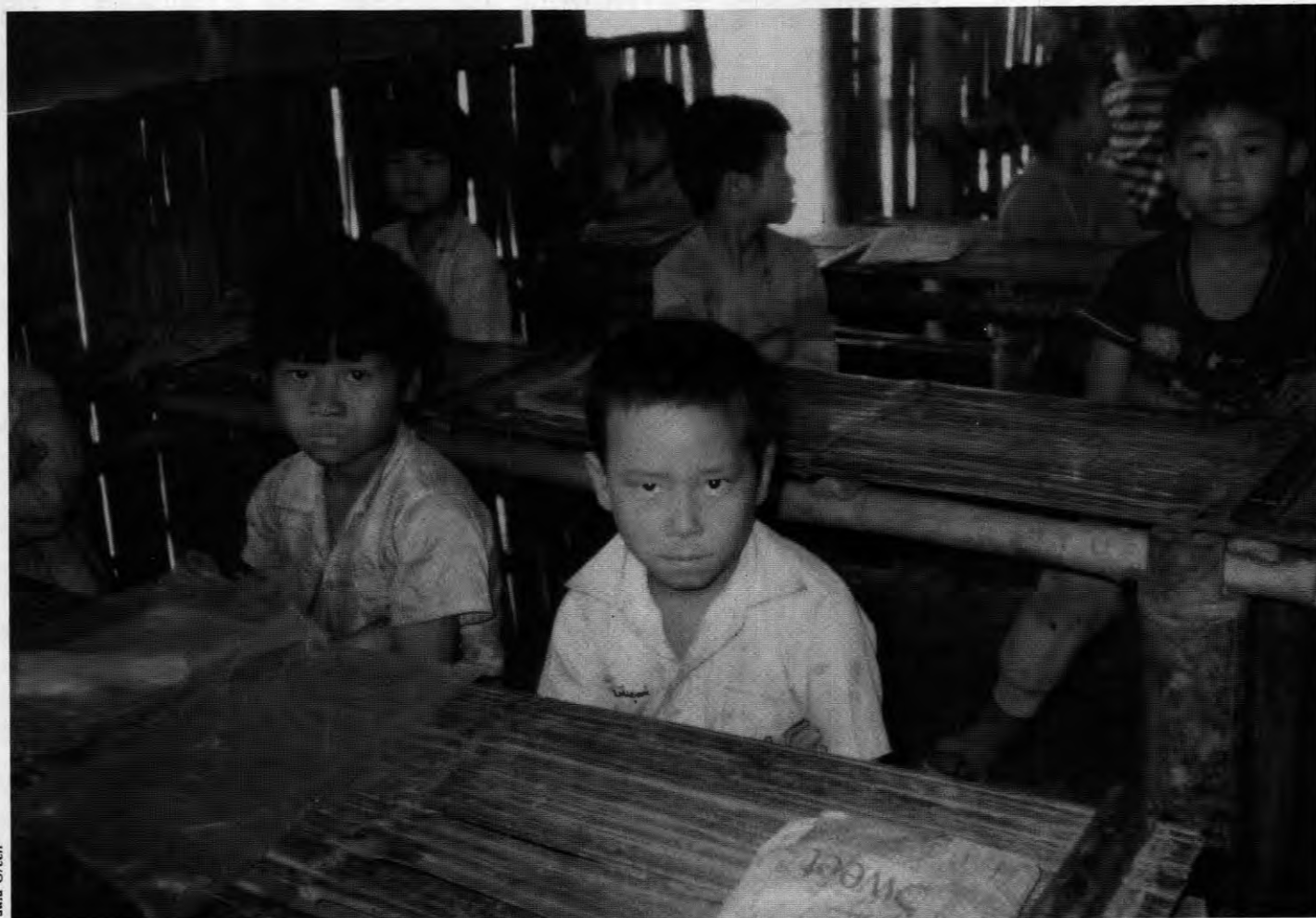
I hope this encounter hastens the day when I am ready to join the kind of support system that allows people like my new friend to receive the best help they can accept. Meanwhile, I hope it helped his day just a little to have a woman stop to talk, someone who neither feared nor reviled him.

It's a start. □

**More and more these days I am trying to respond to the little tickles of the Spirit. Perhaps some of these little things are more important than I know.**



# An Endangered Species



Paula Green

by Paula Green

**W**ithin Burma, the voice of freedom has been suppressed, and the cities, villages and jungle mountains are filled with cries of suffering. In the 29 years since the military seized power, Burma has gone from being the "rice bowl of Asia" to one of the UN's listed ten poorest countries of the world. Burma is now instead a begging bowl, its vast natural resources sold off to support the military, its prisons filled with students, prodemocracy advocates and ethnics, and its soul scarred with 19 centers of torture that Amnesty

*Paula Green is on the National Council of FOR and is director of Karuna Center, working internationally in developing training workshops in communication, nonviolence, and human rights.*

International documents as among the worst in the world.

Almost nobody knows about the situation in Burma, which has been largely closed to press and tourists during these many years of military rule. In 1988 there was a huge outpouring of student and citizen protest, a nonviolent demonstration that filled the streets of Rangoon and soon spread to other cities. In an action that prefigured Tiananmen Square by a few months, the Burmese military ruthlessly gunned down its own people until the rivers ran with blood and the prisons were full of peaceful protesters. The difference between this action and Tiananmen Square is that Burma had no international press or witness; those who saw and were victimized could not speak, and those who could speak were the per-

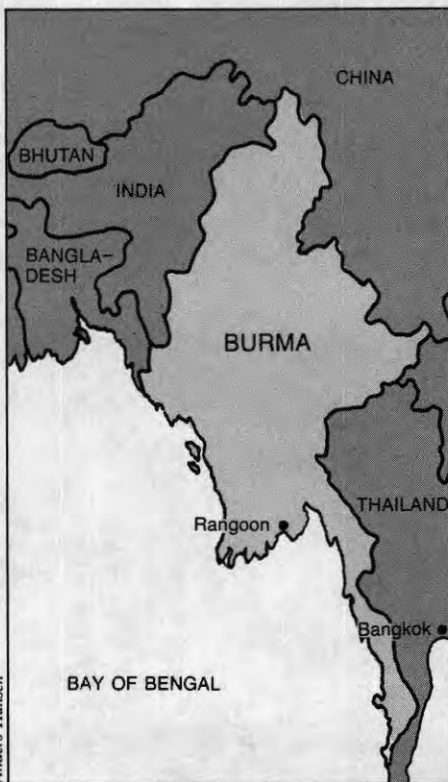
petrators themselves.

By 1990 enough international pressure from trading partners had been placed on the Burmese military so that an election was held. The National League for Democracy (NLD) opposition leader Aung San Sui Kyi and her supporters received 80 percent of the total vote, though she had to campaign while she was under house arrest! It is now one year since the election; Aung San is still under house arrest, many of the newly elected members of Parliament have been jailed or worse, and the military government's State Law and Order Restoration Council refuses to hand over power. Unfortunately, this sham election seems to have satisfied international trading partners, because full and prosperous trade agreements are booming between the Burmese military government and global economic interests.

I became involved with Burma one year ago, when I was asked by the Bangkok-based International Network of Engaged Buddhists (INEB) to teach at Jungle University, offering education to exiled Burmese university students on the Thai-Burma border. Since that compelling exposure I have become, through Karuna Center, a spokesperson and activist on behalf of restoring democracy and human rights to the peoples of Burma. A major task is witness and publicity to be voices for the voiceless and hands for those whose hands are tied.

To that end, Karuna Center and INEB organized a peace delegation to the Burma border, home of thousands of former city university students and traditional ethnic peoples who have lived for centuries in these high jungle mountains. In February, 15 international delegates, accompanied by several Thai and Burmese exile guides, journeyed north from Bangkok, by train, plane, and pickup truck, to a remote ethnic village of the Pa-O people. There we spent a day interacting with villagers whose centuries-old traditions, including a 2,500-year-old lineage of Buddhism, have remained intact and whose lives and culture now face extinction. This village, in fact, was burned by the Burmese military seven times this year. Each time there was loss of life and crops, rape and pillage, captives taken for enslavement, and destruction of rice paddies essential for survival. The military gains control of the indigenous groups and access to the natural resources of the jungle: teak, tin, precious minerals, and other treasures of the area.

Despite extensive orientation and meetings with various ethnic leaders as we made our way north, nothing could prepare us for the drama of entering a setting so removed from the modern world and so unchanged by "progress" or development. These are Fourth World people, speaking neither Burmese nor Thai, unconnected to concepts of national boundaries, unprotected by international law, seeking to maintain simple



**With international effort, this ancient Buddhist land, its precious rain forests, natural resources, and ethnic peoples may yet be saved from total destruction.**

jungle lives. To stave off hunger, the people chew betel nut mixed with bark; to survive, they forage for roots in the forests. To protect themselves, they trade for arms along the Thai border, outfitting their teenage sons as border guards, who of course are no match for the Burmese military. The village is built of thatch and bamboo, rebuilt after each raid with three days of labor, safe only during the summer rains when neither planes nor trucks can defy the monsoons. One delegate member remarked that being in the Pa-O village was like being with the Sioux in 1890 just before the final massacre put an end to their culture and way of life.

As life would have it, 23 Rangoon students wandered into this village in their long escape to the jungles after the 1988 nonviolent demonstrations were suppressed. These students, like their compatriots all along the Thai-Burma border, can neither return to Burma nor receive asylum in Thailand. The lucky ones survive and learn to live in the jungle. Most, however, die of malaria, malnutrition, and military attack. The students in the Pa-O village who have survived have given a gift to the villagers in return for their food, shelter, and lessons in jungle existence: they have opened a school for the Pa-O youngsters. Despite the fact that the university students speak only Burmese and the children only speak tribal languages, school is indeed in progress. It was a thrill to visit 50 children in their bamboo classroom, to communicate by exchanging songs and offering gifts of food and clothing, to watch their faces as they listened to a taped playback of their own voices in song. The children were touching, as they are the world over. It is really for them that the work of liberating Burma from military oppression must go forth.

There is much that each of us can do. Letters and petitions of protest to Western, Thai, and Japanese governments trading with Burma make a difference. Burmese and Thai teak should be boycotted, tourist enticements to Burma ignored, oil companies discouraged from exploring in Burma. Money is needed to help students and refugees survive, and international pressure and publicity is required everywhere. With international effort, this ancient Buddhist land, its precious rainforests, natural resources, and ethnic peoples may yet be saved from total destruction. It is up to us to listen, to witness, and to act. □



A Review-Essay  
by Lilith Quinlan



# Building Cross- Cultural Alliances

## Bridges of Power: Women's Multicultural Alliances

*Edited by Lisa Albrecht and Rose M. Brewer. New Society Publishers, Santa Cruz, Calif., in cooperation with the National Women's Studies Association, 1990. 244 pages. \$14.95/paperback.*

*Lilith Quinlan edits the magazine Common Ground, which publishes the voices of grassroots women. She is working in a multicultural group of women from six states to create a center run by and for community women. She lives in Richmond, Indiana. In writing this article, she received editing help from Michelle Collins, who is assistant professor of English at Earlham College and participated in the 1990 Gathering of Friends of African Descent at Pendle Hill.*

**E**ditors Albrecht and Brewer are of bold intent: "If we are to understand alliances, it is critical for us to develop alternative conceptions of leadership as well as power. . . . We hope the following chapters offer new visions of leadership, holistic perspectives that reconceive power, and new strategies for social change."

They are especially concerned with bridging the gap between community and academic women, because, as they

point out, women's studies grew from the women's movement, directly tied to communities. Today women's studies are increasingly institutionalized and academic. This book is a valuable collection of 24 essays for those who work for an inclusive women's movement. The subject matter speaks of the wide variety of women's experiences, including a celebration of the Native American tradition of placing women at the heart of family and at the seat of power; a description of the work of four Jewish American muralists with Palestinians; and an exploration of the black movement's scorn for feminism and barriers of class within the African American

community. Also included are stories of lesbians of color making alliances; women's *encuentros* (encounters) in Latin America; and a celebration of our foremothers by women musicians.

There are a few stories about grassroots work: examples of women's expanding leadership roles during the *intifada*, and a recount of conflict and cooperation among women in the welfare rights movement. Some of the essays go deep to the concrete experiences of the writers' lives, where alliance-building is rooted. In the appendix, there is a rich bibliography and list of addresses for networking.

These authors wade into the toughest issues of multicultural work for women and men: power and control, the dynamics of subordination/domination, and power's handmaid, privilege. These women teach about ways of unlearning and overcoming racism, classism, homophobia, and sexism. Given the radical demographic, economic, and political shifts in today's world, we must all become multicultural workers. There is growing cynicism and withdrawal among women of color who are experiencing abuse in their alliance work with peace and justice organizations. This book, published in cooperation with the National Women's Studies Association, appears against the backdrop of a debacle of bitter conflict and stubborn denial that occurred at that organization's summer 1990 meeting.

The challenge then, for authors and readers, is to walk the walk, as well as talk the talk. The editors emphasize this recurring theme: "meaningful social change can only occur if it touches each of us personally while dismantling institutional structures. This means that we cannot compartmentalize our political lives. Generating social change engages our entire being; we cannot neatly carve up our lives into alliance work as if it were separated from our personal, family, work, and social lives. . . ."

In addressing the academy, the authors call for changes that go beyond curriculum. They recognize the problem that academic institutions are stubbornly patriarchal and resistant to change. Author Charlotte Bunch warns us to beware: "Patriarchy has systematically utilized diversity as a tool of domination in which groups are taught that certain powers and privileges are the natural prerogatives of some people." The arrogance of those of us who make up what Maya Angelou calls the "unknowing

majority" is reflected in concern that academic standards will necessarily be lowered if people of other races, cultures, and classes are admitted as students or hired as teachers.

To build healthy multicultural alliances, we have to deal honestly with the barriers of classism and racism, which are entrenched in the foundations and structures of much of academia, organized religion, and peace organizations. There is no way around it: for those of us privileged members of the dominant culture, multicultural work means sharing and giving up power. It requires that we give up the "I can control this" mentality. We must look patterns of domination/subordination in the face and shift power balances toward community interaction, participatory research, and co-mission. For those of us who as women have been fighting sub-

**I think maybe  
I can work with  
you because I  
can tell you to  
go to hell. And  
when I do, you  
won't shrivel up  
with guilt or  
denial or go  
away or need me  
to make it all  
better.**

ordination by trying to obtain power by using the male model, it can be tough walking into that new place of consciousness and collective power. The most breathtakingly radical comment in this book is: "If we say we take community involvement seriously, we have to fight against bureaucratic policies that prohibit non-Ph.Ds from teaching at the college level." I would add, "and getting equivalent pay for it."

Walking this walk means more of us have to become disillusioned. For women with lighter skin, multicultural work means learning—as many of our suffragist foremothers refused to—that "for women of color, sexism is not the only or the worst oppression." To become allies we have to unlearn our customary ways of entering into the lives of people in other cultures, as academic or recreational tourists, as know-it-all instructors, or as missionaries.

Leadership that is able to change these patterns demands difficult inner work. The motto, "If you're not working on yourself, you're not working," becomes basic. Forming multicultural alliances requires commitment to healthier ways of being with other people, consciousness about how we fill, leave, and enter the spaces between us. Those of us who will always be privileged as members of the dominant culture have to understand that it's not exciting, exotic, or fun to be marginal, to be mistreated, to be denied access to legitimate power. As we become allies, we will also learn the truth in an African American woman's warning: "When you're in real solidarity with us, the people clinging to the old system will start treating you like you was one of us." Painfully, "they" include other women. Self-examination and risk brings to consciousness our motivations and our fears. As Gail Pheterson says in her discussion of homophobia, "Every human difference thus becomes a confrontation with self."

Multicultural alliances are not built by piecing together left-brain social analysis and politically correct performances. What I longed for in this book were the faces of the women authors and the women they describe, the stories in which their conclusions are grounded, their poetry, images, and visions. What I longed for in this book were encounters, stories of inner work these women have done in achieving their positions, or giving them up. I fear that the chasm of class still yawns when we ask the question: How many community women will read this book?

The editors note that Roxanna Carillo's accounts of *encuentros* and Guida West's essay about women in the welfare rights movement teach that oppressed groups historically come to alliances for survival and social equity rather than for friendship. Moreover, they bring anger and resentment: "White feminists who work with women of color want tremendous amounts of acceptance without



confronting the kind of discomfort that goes along with doing this work. Women of color get caught in the trap of wanting to make it okay for white women."

This is one of many truths in this book that may not be easy to live with but are part of the reality of multicultural work. An African American woman's honest words often come back to me: "I think maybe I can work with you because I can tell you to go to hell. And when I do, you won't shrivel up with guilt or denial or go away or need me to make it all better. What you got to do is listen to why I need to tell you to go to hell and stand there with me right in the middle of the pain. You got to own who you are without shriveling up or striking out. If you can do that, we can maybe love each other, work together, and miracles got a chance to happen."

The issues raised in this book offer necessary challenges for our Religious Society of Friends in North America. Where I live, Friends struggle among our relatively similar (white) selves over the same questions of power, diversity, and leadership raised in this book about problems in the women's multicultural movement. Building healthy multicultural alliances within our Society seems a distant reality, dangerous to the health of people of color. I hear many people of color angry to the point of cynicism at prideful denials of entrenched racism and cultural domination in peace organizations and in the Society itself. Lately, I've been among Friends who are paralyzed by signs of anger or conflict (which are not the same as violence), deeply afraid of sexual differences, caught in such ambivalence about leadership that the results range from passive-aggressive anti-leadership to traditional patriarchy cloaked in incongruous words such as community.

As a Society, we have radical testimonies on equality of gender and class. Margaret Fell, George Fox, and the other Friends in the first worship circles witnessed to them. Now the Spirit calls us to deepen these testimonies by also taking down barriers of race and sexual preference. Forming multicultural alliances requires celebration of difference, power analysis, a leadership of self-examination, and concrete actions that change the dynamics and balance of power in our social structures. We can use *Bridges of Power* as a tool to help us change again, to reclaim our Society's roots of compassion and justice. □



Louis XIV, King of France

## ARE YOU A PERIPATETIC PERUSER?

... who leafs through old books and periodicals for people, events, discoveries, and inventions "run over by Progress"? You will like

**BUDAY BOOKS • VINTAGE READING™**

—four issues per year (February, May, August, and November)—

Available only from publisher—not sold by agents or stores

We browse in the books, magazines, &c. of 19th-century Americans for the Facts, Foibles and Fascinations of their Day—*You will be amazed that only fashions and technologies have changed!*

Part Two of each issue—the separately-bound ADVERTISER/REPRISE offers books from our stock, Subscriber classified ads, as well as vintage pictorial miscellany and selected short stories. Together, over 150 pages per issue—600 pages annually. \$25.00 per year.

### NOW READY: 128-pg. FALL 1991 ISSUE

WITH SEVEN FULL-LENGTH ARTICLES, INCLUDING:

- **Louis XIV's Special Prisoner**—everybody knew his alias—but to this day, no one knows who he was!
- **The Submarine on Wheels**—drove on the ocean floor on wheels; an underwater trapdoor exited into the sea.
- **Printers are Dangerous**—and Zenger was a printer!

Try a 64-pg. "Sampler"—five feature articles including:

- **STORY OF THE THREE BEARS**—as it was REALLY written.
- **MISSOURI EARTHQUAKE LAW**—compassionate response, but...
- **WHEN GOLD TURNED FRIDAY BLACK (1869)**—Jay Gould and Jubilee Jim Fisk schemed to "corner" gold—and they did!

BUDAY BOOKS  
**VINTAGE  
READING**  
QUARTERLY

**BUDAY BOOKS • VINTAGE READING**

EDITORIAL OFFICES AND PRINTING PLANT:

11 MARION AVENUE :: GILBERTSVILLE, NEW YORK 13776

MEMBER, COOPERSTOWN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

**BUDAY BOOKS • VINTAGE READING**  
11 Marion Avenue, Gilbertsville, N. Y. 13776

### HOW TO ORDER

- ☐ Enclosed \$3.00 for my copy of "SAMPLER." If I am not delighted, I will return certificate in SAMPLER for full refund. I keep the SAMPLER.
- ☐ Enclosed \$25.00 for one-year subscription. As bonuses, you will include SAMPLER and coupon for one free classified ad (up to 30 words).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

## Reports



### Northern YM Friends share food and spirit

The theme for Northern Yearly Meeting's annual session was "Manifesting Our Spirituality and Sharing Our Spiritual Journeys." Held May 30-June 2 at Camp Lucerne, Wisconsin, the gathering had in attendance 150 adults and 50 children from meetings in Minnesota, Wisconsin, upper Michigan, Iowa, and the Dakotas.

As Friends arrived, tents sprang up in meadows and groves like many-colored spring crocuses. Many other Friends settled in cabins in the forest. Animals, birds, insects, and spring flowers also put in their appearances. On the second day of the session, a large silk moth seemed to join the meditations, clinging to a screen of a chapel window.

The chapel itself had a huge window that admitted sunlight and afforded a marvelous view of the forest. The other half of the building housed meetings for business and a literature display.

On the first evening, Marty Walton, executive secretary of Friends General Conference, gave the address. She invited those present to experience each other as a spiritual

family. She posed two questions: Is there a God whom each of us has begun to know? Is that God present right now for each of us? These queries gave people an opportunity to consider their spiritual journeys as individual pilgrims, as well as corporately, as a Friends community.

Words of fellow pilgrims and inspiration from the inner Presence nourished and renewed hearts and minds, as exceptional food replenished our bodies. The food committee included Friends schooled in food sciences, and they were assisted in preparation and clean-up by volunteers. Fresh organic produce, vegetarian selections, non-dairy ice cream, soy-cheese pizza were offered, as well as more traditional fare. Surplus was sold for donations at the close.

After breakfast each day, Friends gathered into small worship-sharing groups that became close-knit second families. In these, Friends could divulge spiritual triumphs and tragedies, discoveries and stumbling blocks. Worship-sharing groups were followed by corporate meeting for worship, and then meeting for business, led by our clerk, Laura Fraser. At each session, excerpts were read from other yearly meetings' epistles.

Afternoon programs offered a variety of workshops on religious diversity among Friends, spirituality through social action, spiritual exercises for busy days, recovering and reclaiming wholeness, simplicity, storytelling and soul-making, clerking, working on our *Faith and Practice*, and inter-generational sharing.

This yearly meeting is in its 16th year, but has met 28 times, because of its numerous half-yearly gatherings. Annual meetings are planned for the future, to allow Friends more time to hold local and regional meetings and to do visitation between meetings.

*Francis D. Hole and Charles Rathmann*

### IMYM gathers in Colorado Rockies

Cradled by the Rockies of southern Colorado, Intermountain Yearly Meeting gathered at Ft. Lewis College, Durango, on June 12-16. Guest speaker Paul Niebanck connected this year's theme, "Let Our Lives Speak," with last year's exploration of "What do we know and how do we know it?" He posed the question: "What do we do with what we know?" He recounted the action of Simone Weil's play, *Venice Saved*, letting the truth of art speak directly. The play dramatized, among other things, a character's transcendence of temporal power

through recognizing a truth and acting to embody it in his life.

In another part of the program, a panel of six spoke on "Witnessing in Our Lives." Their activities ranged from quiet upholding of Quaker principles by a young Friend as the only non-Mormon in her high school, through a lawyer becoming "downwardly mobile" because of his choice of legal work, to a demonstrator at the Nevada test site.

Meeting for business items included continued concern about the relationship between the Religious Society of Friends and the American Friends Service Committee. There is not unity in perception of the situation or the amount of progress toward solutions, but many are committed to continued efforts. The IMYM-AFSC Joint Service Project continues to be supported, and efforts will be made to widen awareness of it. Last year's successful summer caravan to several AFSC projects in the West led to a tour in Mexico and Tucson in conjunction with Borderlinks.

In other business, Friends discussed how best to act on environmental concerns, with some meetings preferring to emphasize local action. Although not in unity about the need for an IMYM *Faith and Practice*, Friends approved having monthly meetings continue to study their faith and practice. It was recommended that the tradition be revived of sending epistles to each other on these subjects. Many saw the process as a valuable means of spiritual growth.

Utah Friends Fellowship presented a minute suggesting consideration for all committed, loving relationships and asked other meetings to send in their proceedings on this topic. Attendance at the annual session of IMYM has decreased since changing the location from Ghost Ranch to Ft. Lewis College. Meetings were asked to explore with their group possible reasons. We address the need for improvement in handicap access as we can, while awaiting completion of the college's three-year construction program.

Among visitors, we welcomed the outgoing volunteer directors of the Mexico City Casa de los Amigos, which is under the care of IMYM and Mexico City Meeting. The many Casa programs stretch human resources to the limit, and short- and long-term volunteers are needed, including helpers and money to translate Quaker writings into Spanish.

IMYM Writers Group, an outgrowth of a 1989 interest group, offered the second annual *IMYM Friendly Review*, produced in the past year.

A visitor to IMYM observed that one of his outstanding impressions was of the friendliness and happiness of the children



and youth, who represented more than a third of the nearly 400 participants. Young Friends reported their sense of a cohesive and caring group. They continued last year's successful family living arrangement, in which they stayed in small groups with two adults. They also participated in an Alternatives to Violence Program and sponsored inter-generational discussions.

Some felt the gathering this year to be less focused than usual. Many Friends spoke of their continued sorrow and concern about the Gulf War and its aftermath. Yet the inspiration and the sense of caring and connection among the group was strong, as always. And, as one Friend said, "Every year I find a new glimpse of the Light."



Marbie Brault

## Peace lovers celebrate July 4th in worship

The Peace Committee of St. Louis (Mo.) Meeting met 11 days before the Fourth of July. A newcomer to the St. Louis area asked whether any of the peace and justice groups were planning an alternative celebration to the victory parades scheduled for the holiday. None of us on the committee had heard about one, although we belonged to various such groups. Forum for a Just Peace, to which our meeting belonged, had decided against leafletting or infiltrating the parades with signs and banners, because these celebrations were the "welcome home" for troops returning from the Gulf War. We didn't want to appear to reject them when it was really the war in which they had served that we opposed.

"Well," said our guest, "why don't we arrange a get-together here at the meetinghouse and at least enjoy the company of like-minded people, instead of just staying away from the patriotic crowds?" The idea appealed to all, and before the meeting was over, we decided to invite people from the Forum group and others from sympathetic congregations and groups, such as the Mennonites, the Catholic Workers, and Veterans for Peace.

By midweek we printed 200 blue postcards, mailing about 70 and distributing the rest to meeting members and friends in offices housed in the World Community Center, such as American Friends Service Committee, Women's International League

for Peace and Freedom, Economic Conversion, and several other organizations.

Everyone asked to participate agreed with pleasure. Our meeting pianist would accompany a hymn-singer; an actress from the World Community Center Board would do a dramatic reading of Mark Twain's "War Prayer." Lemonade and child care would be provided. Everything fell into place, and even the weather cooperated. Feeling apprehension and excitement, we Peace Committee members arrived early to set things in order. The old red hymnals were laid on the "pews," and additional rows of chairs were added.

At the start of the appointed hour, those of us already seated lapsed into silence out of habit, and our guests, who drifted in and gradually filled almost every space, followed suit—although we had not intended our event to be like a worship service. Our clerk rose and outlined our plans, explaining that, when the sharing time arrived, we were to rise, speak briefly, and listen carefully. We were to speak only once, and not interrupt when others spoke. We then sang "America the Beautiful," and the "Hymn for the Nations," and "A Song of Peace."

After the reading of "War Prayer," a somewhat awkward silence set in, but a Friend from England rose and spoke movingly about her gradual change in attitude toward the inscription found on many war monuments in her country: "How sweet and fitting it is to die for one's country" (in Latin, of course). This seemed to release pent-up feelings in others, who rose and spoke of their despair, of their guilt about the violence they felt in themselves, of their horror about the consequences of the Gulf War, of their feelings of comfort in participating in this service with others of like mind, etc. Tears were shed, and hands were clasped or arms put around a speaker as he/she sat down. It was a truly gathered meeting, and extended well beyond the planned one-hour deadline.

Our clerk finally thanked all for coming and invited everyone to stay and visit over lemonade and picnic lunch. He pointed out that our Sunday meetings for worship were much like the one in which we had just participated and that visitors were always welcome. Some of us spent the early afternoon together, eating, chatting, and helping with clean-up.

We decided that a "Peace-Lovers' Fourth" might well turn into an annual event, and we were gratified that notices about it appeared in a popular liberal weekly and were heard on two radio stations, although we had not sought publicity.

*Peace Committee of the  
St. Louis (Mo.) Meeting*



Subscribe to  
**A Friendly Letter.** Get  
ten exciting back issues—free!

Now, with a subscription to *A Friendly Letter*, you can have ten of its 100-plus searching, crisply written reports on key Quaker issues and events—a \$15 value—free. Pick from the back issue list sent with your first issue. Many of these reports have been the first—and some the only—coverage of these important topics. Few Quaker publications have caused as much talk and controversy per page as *A Friendly Letter* since it first appeared in 1981. Read it and see why. A year's subscription (12 issues) is \$17.95; sample copies free from *A Friendly Letter*, P.O. Box 1361, Dept. FJ-6, Falls Church, VA 22041.

## MOVING?

Please let us know 8 weeks in advance. Send us your address label if possible. Otherwise, be sure to include your name and old zip code as well as your new address.

**Friends Journal**  
1501 Cherry Street  
Phila., PA 19102  
(215) 241-7277



## GFS

*"Behold I have set before thee  
an open door..."*

**GERMANTOWN FRIENDS  
SCHOOL**  
Philadelphia, PA

Eleanor M. Elkinton  
Director of Admission and Financial Aid  
(215) 951-2346



Bringing Friends' Concerns  
for Peace & Justice to  
Congress Since 1943

Write, or call (202) 547-4343  
for action suggestion tape

**FCNL**

FRIENDS COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL LEGISLATION  
245 Second St. NE, Washington DC 20002

## CREMATION

*Friends are reminded that the  
Anna T. Jeanes Fund  
will reimburse cremation costs.  
(Applicable to members of  
Philadelphia Yearly Meeting only.)*

For information write or telephone

**RICHARD F. BETTS**  
500-B Glen Echo Road  
Philadelphia, PA 19119  
(215) 247-3354

## News of Friends

**Thomas Fuller Taylor is the new general secretary of the world office of Friends World Committee for Consultation.** His appointment begins January 1992, at which time Val Ferguson leaves the post. Tom is currently associate secretary. He came to the world office in 1986 from Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he and his wife, Nancy Emmons Taylor, were active Friends for 18 years. They come from backgrounds spanning a wide range of Quakerism. Tom has served on several committees for FWCC Section of the Americas. He is a graduate of Earlham College, studied musicology at Northwestern University, then taught music at Oakwood Friends School, at Earlham, and at the University of Michigan. During that time, he served on the board of the Friends School in Detroit and on the Executive Committee of the Friends Association for Higher Education.

**Funds have not been held back for completion of the Soweto Quaker Centre,** according to a letter to FRIENDS JOURNAL from trustees of the center. They wrote in response to an article in the February issue, "Coming Home: Where Tradition and Spirit Meet," by James Fletcher. The article reported information presented to a gathering at Pendle Hill on Friends of African descent. The letter of response said, in part:

We are aware of our responsibility to administer the funds given to us by many caring people who have sacrificed for this purpose. We will continue, as before, to respond without delay to requests from Soweto Monthly Meeting and to follow the correct and careful procedures expected of trustees who are accountable for other people's money.

The trustees plan to write to those parties involved, sending copies of minutes and accounts, to clear up misunderstanding, "as we know of no holding back of funds."

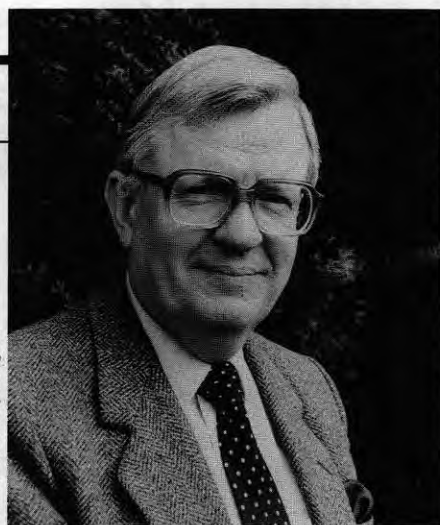
There is, however, money in a reserve fund, which is used to pay electricity, water rates, maintenance, and damage to the building. Money has accumulated in this fund because of a rent and electricity boycott, coupled with high interest rates, "but has only just kept pace with inflation."

The letter from the trustees points out that their decisions made since 1984 have been unanimous, and the clerk of Soweto Meeting is one of the trustees. "Our function is to administer donated funds according to Quaker practice, and apply them in response to the requests of Soweto Meeting."

**A working party on violence and the family** has been formed at Burlington (Vt.) Meeting.

The working party came about because of a long-standing concern about violence—physical, sexual, and emotional—in the family. The working party will support and assist New England Yearly Meeting Ministry and Counsel's Working Party on Responses to Sexual Abuse. The Burlington group will also do fact-finding and help in communications with other monthly meetings and with committees within its own meeting. Coordinators are Marcia L. Mason and Maggie Ziegler.

**John Punshon is the new occupant of the Geraldine Leatherock Chair of Quaker Studies at Earlham School of Religion.** A distinguished writer, speaker, teacher, and scholar of Quaker studies, he comes from a teaching position at Woodbrooke College, a Quaker studies center in England. In the past year, he has been Friend in Residence at North Pacific and Baltimore yearly meetings, visiting lecturer at George Fox College, and a speaker at the 1991 Friends World Conference in Kenya. He was born in London and studied philosophy, politics, and econom-



John Punshon

ics at Oxford University. He entered British politics shortly after college, and in 1981 helped found Britain's Social Democratic Party. As a Friend, he has served in many capacities, including as clerk and elder of his home meetings in England. He has written many articles, pamphlets, and books on Quaker subjects and for Quaker periodicals, including FRIENDS JOURNAL. The Geraldine Leatherock Chair is newly established. John Punshon will begin this permanent appointment with the 1990-1991 school year.

## Nonsense of the Meeting

### Horoscopes

(from the Young Adult Friends Newsletter of New England Yearly Meeting, March issue)

*The traditional constellations of the zodiac are named after pagan gods, monsters, and household appliances, and are thus unsuitable for a Quaker publication. Following Friends' traditions, we have numbered the constellations instead. We realize some Friends may still feel publication of this column suggests we approve of universalism, new age spirituality, satan worship, and rock-and-roll music, but we are confident they will get a life someday.*

**First Constellation** (21 of Third Month through 19 of Fourth Month): You are generous, thrifty, caring, clean, kind, brave, courteous, and cheerful. Oh, get over yourself.

**Second Constellation** (20 of Fourth Month through 20 of Fifth Month): Wednesday may bring good fortune, but on the other hand, maybe not. That's why we don't gamble.

**Third Constellation** (21 of Fifth Month through 20 of Sixth Month): Scenario highlights romance, financial security,

monthly meeting intrigue, and pets. Go for it; you're on a roll.

**Fourth Constellation** (21 of Sixth Month through 22 of Seventh Month): What your Seventh and Twelfth Constellation friends have been telling you is true. You can try to make it up to them, but I doubt it.

Okay, okay, everybody gets the joke. Now let's have some real Quaker constellations.

**Scriptoria**, the recording clerk (23 of Seventh Month through 22 of Eighth Month): Don't accept any Quaker obligations this First Day. Make that coffee once, and it's Hospitality Committee for life.

**Otto**, the meeting house dog (23 of Eighth Month through 22 of Ninth Month): This would be a good time to consider going to quarterly meeting. Yes, I know, no one has ever thought of doing anything remotely like that before. But still. . .

**Espresso**, the coffee maker (23 of Ninth Month through 22 of Tenth Month): Emphasis on intuition, positive outlook, creativity, blackmail, and clandestine arrangements. Avoid family members and responsibilities.

**Dementia**, the youth group leader (23 of Tenth Month through 21 of Eleventh Month):



**Celebration of completed restoration of one of the oldest houses of worship** in the United States, Third Haven (Md.) Meetinghouse, will take place in September. The meetinghouse was completed in 1684 and is the earliest dated building in Maryland. Most well-known Friends of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries visited this meeting. The rise of the anti-slavery testimony among Maryland Friends began in this building, ultimately to spread throughout Maryland Yearly Meeting. The celebration will take place in two parts. On Sept. 15 at 2 p.m., Kenneth Carroll will speak on "Quakerism in the life of Talbot County, 1661-1991." On Sept. 22 at 2 p.m., he will speak on "George Fox and America." Kenneth Carroll, formerly clerk of Dallas (Tex.) Meeting and South Central Yearly Meeting, is professor emeritus of religious studies at Southern Methodist University. He is author of many books and articles on Quakers and history.

**As a memorial to their son**, Floyd Earl and Ruth Esther Durham donated money for peace education resources to the Peace

Resource Center at Wilmington College. Their son, F. Earl Durham, Jr., was killed in a plane accident less than two months before his 20th birthday. He had requested to be recognized as a conscientious objector by Whittier Friends in California. His parents wished to help other young people learn the way of peace. The material is available for loan through the Peace Center's circulating library and audiovisual rental library. For information, contact Peace Resource Center, Hiroshima/Nagasaki Memorial Collection, Pyle Center, Box 1183, Wilmington, OH 45177, telephone (513) 382-5338.

**The new head of Sandy Spring Friends School is Stephen L. Gessner.** He is a graduate of George School, Swarthmore College, and the University of Chicago. He studied social sciences and received his doctorate in psychology this year. He has worked as an English teacher, a therapist, and administrator. His duties with Sandy Spring Friends School began in July.

## FRIENDS SELECT SCHOOL



Pre-K thru 12th  
Day School

Small classes, strong academics in a supportive, caring environment emphasizing Quaker values.

\*After School Program  
\*Summer Day Camp

**17th & the Parkway  
Philadelphia  
(215) 561-5900**

## THE HICKMAN OF CONCORD QUARTERLY MEETING



100 Year History

*A Personal Care Home*

- Reasonable Rates
- Not-for-profit
- Quaker Tradition

In Town Location convenient  
to Shops and Businesses

**(215) 696-1536**

West Chester, PA



*Can you determine the signs of these Friends?*

Full moon coincides with entrance of Eighth planet into Third constellation on Fourth Day. An excellent time to resist paying your taxes.

**Schizmata**, the faith and practice revision committee (22 of Eleventh Month through 21 of Twelfth Month): Friends born under the sign Schizmata should be careful this month not to visit or travel through New York Yearly Meeting. Don't say we didn't warn you.

**Verdelia**, the formidable old lady (22 of Twelfth Month through 19 of First Month): Your Verdelian nature will be prominent as spring approaches. Buy yourself something

nice. Splurge a little. Watch out for women with names beginning with A.

**Croesus**, the friend from Philadelphia (20 of First Month through 18 of Second Month): What initially appears to be a strong leading may turn out to be a light case of food poisoning. Be sure you know where your clearness committee and your doctor are at all times.

**Capella**, the bonnet (19 of Second Month through 20 of Third Month): Read your Bible. (You can skip the begats.) Employment and relationship quandaries become clearer as you are fired and your mate moves out. Just kidding. Read your Bible.



# FWCC

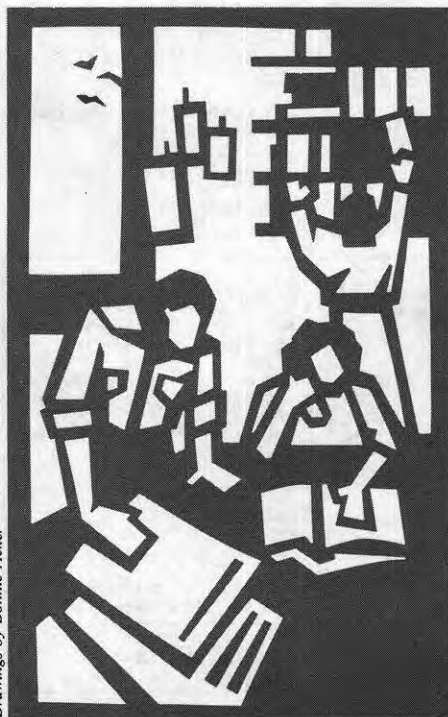
Four-week Pilgrimage in England and Ireland, July 16-August 13, 1992. For high school juniors and seniors (ages 16-18) and adult facilitators. Write to:

Friends World Committee  
for Consultation  
PO Box 923  
Oregon City, OR 97045

Application deadlines:  
Facilitators: October 15, 1991  
Pilgrims: January 15, 1992

## Quaker Youth Pilgrimage

# On Becoming Practical Visionaries



Drawings by Bonnie Acker

Joining the staff of FCNL is like diving into a whirlpool. We, the new crop of legislative interns, arrived last September and found the office focused and intense. The newspaper headlines were emphatic: "Iraqi troops invade Kuwait," "Congress debates the federal budget behind closed doors," "Bush threatens to veto the Civil Rights Act." Around the office, the fax machine spewed reports, the computer networks flashed urgent messages, and the phone rang constantly. It was clear to us that behind the headlines, FCNL was playing a vital role in the Capitol, serving as a Quaker witness and a minority voice for alternative solutions. Although each of us brought different experiences and expectations to FCNL, we were all equally excited about offering our vision of peace to the world.

Lobbying in the '90s seemed easy: We would simply gather information with the tools of modern technology, create a strategy, and share that position with legislators and activists. Within weeks we would see the world change. As we became initiated into the bustling drama of Capitol Hill, we began to think that the trick in Washington, D.C.,

was to work fast. So we threw ourselves into our jobs doing research, writing, and meeting with activists and legislators. We trusted the pace; the faster and more feverishly we worked, the more we could affect policy.

But no matter how fast we worked, we saw no vivid results. Decisions being made in Congress had no immediate effect on the life of the homeless man standing outside the train station entrance as we scurried home. In fact, things just seemed to get worse. By mid-December, debate on civil rights legislation was reduced to one-line sound bites. The president sent 200,000 more troops to the Gulf, making war look even more likely.

Were we making a difference? To each other and to the lobbyists with whom we worked, we began to express our private frustration with Capitol Hill and the world. As children during the Vietnam War, we were taught that such a mistake would never be repeated. The onset of the Gulf War showed us we were wrong. If even the legacy of Vietnam could not convince the nation war was not the answer, then how could we ever make a difference?

## Life of the Meeting

### Suggestions for Committee Reports

*(These suggestions were taken from The Canadian Friend and were originally published in the Victoria (B.C.) Meeting newsletter. —Eds.)*

The success of meeting for business is largely dependent on prior work of meeting committees in tackling various issues and presenting to the business session a summary of background and specific recommendations for meeting action. If a committee has difficulty arriving at a specific recommendation, the matter should not be brought to the business meeting. Occasionally there will be items just for information, but these should be brief and of urgent general interest.

Within this framework, the following practices are recommended:

1. The person presenting the report should be familiar with the material covered.
2. If possible, background information, if

required, and recommended action should be made available in writing so it can be read and the copy passed to the recording clerk at the end of the presentation.

3. Minutes of the committee's meetings may be passed to the clerk to be kept with other records, but should not be read aloud. In some instances it may be desirable to post them so interested Friends may read them.

4. For reports of a more general nature, such as attendance at conferences, etc., Friends might consider other avenues for reporting, such as the newsletter or a special meeting for those who are interested.

5. If possible, the meeting clerk should be informed by the committee clerk several days in advance of items to be presented. This will help in structuring the agenda and allocating time. If a committee has nothing to report, it is helpful to let the clerk know that in advance, as well.

6. If finances are involved in a committee's recommendation, the Finance Committee needs to be consulted in advance of the business session. If time does not permit, the committee needs to consider a recommenda-



tion for approval, pending Finance Committee consideration.

7. Where a recommendation may be contentious or require greater understanding by meeting members, the committee needs to consider a special threshing session in advance of bringing it to the meeting for business. From that session, a recommendation could come to the meeting for business.

It is hoped these suggestions will make our business meetings more fruitful, enabling us to deal more effectively with those items requiring meeting assent.

*Fran McQuail*



The road Friends have chosen to walk—to work resolutely toward peace and social justice—is not an easy one. Our friends at FCNL provided us with the vision to continue on that road, even when much of the public seemed headed in the opposite direction. More experienced activists and lobbyists told stories of past struggles: civil rights demonstrations, resistance to the military, and years of work toward the day when the Berlin Wall would fall. We came to understand that every activist lives constantly with the same frustration and fatigue we were feeling.

The trick, then, was to treat our work not as a 50-yard dash, but as a marathon. The pace of politics is, without a doubt, rapid. However, shaping public policy is a slow and gradual process. And while the tools for creating political and social change have advanced, the process remains the same. In that process there is joy. Symbols, such as the removal of walls, merely represent the visual part of this process. The further challenge begins with the attempt to give practical expression to these new possibilities. Friends must continue to be the witness and the agent in all phases of change.

Now when we walk into the office, we do not dive into a whirlpool, but reach for a mug of morning coffee. A quotation by Thomas Merton hangs above the coffee maker to remind us to stay calm in the midst of struggle: "The frenzy of the activist neutralizes one's work for peace." So we take that cup of coffee to our desks, center ourselves, pick up the newest message from the fax machine, and continue to work—very hard, for slow, steady progress toward a lasting peace.

*Kate Dempsey, Lynn Erskine, and  
Steve Zehr*

*Kate, Lynn, and Steve were three of the four legislative interns who worked at Friends Committee on National Legislation this year. Kate and Lynn worked from September 1990 to August 1991. Steve's internship was for two years, completed this August, as a joint appointee with Mennonite Central Committee. The fourth intern, Elizabeth Fetter, has moved on to a new position at the Quaker United Nations Office in Geneva. A new crop of interns will join FCNL this September. For information about the internship program, contact David Boynton, FCNL, 245 Second St., N.E., Wash., DC 20002, telephone (202) 547-6000.*

## WILLIAM PENN CHARTER SCHOOL

302 Years of Quaker Education

Est. 1689  
Kindergarten through  
Twelfth Grade

Operated under Charter issued by William Penn. The William Penn Charter School is a Quaker college-preparatory school committed to nurturing in girls and boys the education of the mind, the quickening of the spirit, and the development of the body. Penn Charter stresses high standards in academics, the arts, and athletics.

Friends are encouraged to apply both as students and as teachers.

**Earl J. Ball III, Headmaster**  
3000 W. School House Lane, Philadelphia, PA 19144  
(215) 844-3460



## WOODS COURT

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



**Robert L. Hawthorne, Administrator**  
Friends Home at Woodstown

Woodstown, NJ 08098 Telephone (609) 769-1500



Newtown, PA 18940



Founded in 1893 by the Society of Friends, George School is a co-educational boarding and day school for students in grades 9 - 12.

The college preparatory curriculum emphasizes Friends values & includes:

- Courses on 4 levels of difficulty
- Advanced Placement (AP)
- English as a Second Language (ESL)
- Foreign study
- 13 interscholastic sports for boys & girls
- International Baccalaureate (IB)
- International workcamps
- Required community service
- Required full-year courses in the arts

For more information, please contact the Admissions Office: 215/968-3811

## Bulletin Board

• Submissions on the theme "Heroines" are sought for the winter issue of *Friendly Woman*. Deadline is Oct. 15. Articles should be no more than 1,500 words. Accompanying art and photos in black and white would also be useful. Contributors should include their name, telephone number, and address, and a two- or three-line biography. If you wish to have your material returned, include a stamped self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to *Friendly Woman*, 84889 Harry Taylor Rd., Eugene, OR 97405.

• The annual Philadelphia, Pa., walk-a-thon to benefit local AIDS organizations will take place Oct. 27. The organization From All Walks of Life hopes to collect \$200,000 in pledges. To register for the 12-kilometer walk as an individual or a team, or to volunteer to help, call John Green at (215) 351-1505.

• Friends in southeastern Washington and northeastern Oregon are forming a worship group to meet for silent worship in Friends' homes. The Mid-Columbia Worship Group is under the care of North Pacific Yearly Meeting. Friends who live or visit in this area are invited to join. For more information, contact Madeleine Cadbury Brown, 1412 Farrell Lane, Richland, WA 99352, telephone (509) 946-4082.

• Resource lists, recommendations, and tapes are sought for building a video library at the Casa de los Amigos in Mexico City. The Casa holds evening educational programs and recently purchased a TV and VCR. Topics of interest include Quakerism, peace-making, development, environmental issues, and Latin America. Materials may be sent to June Lipe, Casa Video Programs, P.O. Box 206, Albion, WA 99102.

• "Education and Nurture for Health and Wholeness" will be the theme of the 1991 Ecumenical Child Care Network (ECCN) Conference. The annual event brings together early childhood and religious educators, child advocates, and congregational leaders. It is sponsored by the Child and Family Justice Office of the National Council of Churches. The conference will be held at Central Presbyterian Church in Denver, Colo., on Nov. 5-6. The participant fee is \$85, including all meals, activities, and resources; the cost for ECCN members is \$65. To register and receive further information, contact ECCN Annual Conference, 475 Riverside Dr., Room 572, New York, NY 10115-0050, telephone (212) 870-3342.

• An environmental restoration campaign is planned for the summer of 1992. Youth from

around the world will come together to work in rural and urban communities throughout the Northwest and British Columbia. If your community seeks help with an environmental project, or if you are interested in volunteering, contact Angus Murdoch, Peace Trees, Earthstewards Network, P.O. Box 10697, Bainbridge Island, WA 98110, telephone (206) 842-7986.

• "Integrity of Women's Spiritual Leadings" will be the theme of a retreat on Oct. 26 in Philadelphia, Pa. Sponsored by the Women's Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, it will be held at the meetinghouse of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, at 4th and Arch streets. Registration will begin at 9 a.m. Participants are asked to bring a bag lunch. Childcare will be available. To register, call (215) 241-7226 before Oct. 15.

• Friends interested in Irish Quaker records may contact the Historical Library of Ireland Yearly Meeting. Documents dating back to the 17th century—including letters, wills, deeds, testimonies, and books—are available. There is also a collection of photographs and silhouettes, and a museum with costumes, toys, embroideries, and other miscellanea. The library is open for two hours on Thursdays, and by appointment with the curator. It has been relocated to Swanbrook House, Morehampton Rd., Dublin, telephone (01) 687157.

• Spirituality in the lives of people and nations will be the focus of a series of television programs this fall. The four programs will be presented by the Interfaith Broadcasting Commission. The series begins Sept. 22 on ABC.

• Peace education through the arts is the mission of the Peace Museum. It has about 15 traveling exhibits around the country. The museum celebrates its tenth birthday this fall. It hopes to reopen a gallery space in Chicago later this year. An auction and other fund-raising events are planned to support the museum. For information, or to make a contribution, contact The Peace Museum, 430 W. Erie St., Chicago, IL 60610, telephone (312) 440-1860.

• Vinton Deming, editor-manager of *FRIENDS JOURNAL*, will speak and lead discussions on "The Unique Drama of a Spiritual Journey" at the Missouri Valley Friends Conference Sept. 27-29. To be held at Chihowa Retreat Center near Lawrence, Kansas, the conference is an annual gathering of Friends and families from smaller meetings throughout

Kansas and Missouri and nearby states. It is more than 40 years old. Its purpose is to provide fellowship, worship, and sharing. There is a planned program for children, and folksinger Ann Zimmerman will lead music. For an advance program, contact Wilmer or Joan Tjossem, co-clerks, 1618 S. 12th Ave., E., Newton, IA 50208-5074, telephone (515) 792-7670.

• "Walking Gently on the Earth," a pamphlet version of John Yungblut's talk at the 27th annual J. Barnard Walton Memorial Lecture at Southeastern Yearly Meeting, is available. The talk connects the relationship of humans on the earth to spirituality. A copy of the pamphlet is \$2.50, postpaid, and is available from SEYM, 3112 Via Dos, Orlando, FL 32817.

## Calendar

### SEPTEMBER

**12-14**—Conference on FUM realignment, for representatives of those yearly meetings involved. To be held at the Holiday Inn, Des Moines, Iowa. Contact Del Coppinger, Iowa Yearly Meeting, P.O. Box 657, Oskaloosa, IA 52577, telephone (515) 673-9717.

**13-19**—Peace Brigades International non-violence training project, to be held in Stanstead, Quebec. For more information, contact PBI, Keets Rd., Woolman Hill, Deerfield, MA 01342.

**15 and 22**—Celebration of restoration of Third Haven Meetinghouse, in Easton, Md. See Bulletin Board section, this page.

**26-28**—Seminar for Teachers New to Quakerism, at Sugar Loaf Conference Center, Philadelphia, Pa. Contact David Mallory at (215) 242-0731.

**27-29**—Missouri Valley Friends Conference, at Camp Chihowa, near Lawrence, Kansas. Theme: "Sharing Our Spiritual Journeys." Keynote speaker: Vinton Deming, editor-manager of *Friends Journal*. For information, contact Wilmer and Joan Tjossem, 1618 S. 12th Ave., E., Newton, IA 50208, telephone (515) 792-7670.

### OCTOBER

**11-13**—Fifth annual gathering of New England War Tax resisters, in Voluntown, Conn. Discussion of lifestyle and tax resistance, support communities, and organizing. For information, contact Rick Gaumer, Box 1093, Norwich, CT 06360.



# WESTTOWN SCHOOL

Founded in 1799



Tradition  
with  
a  
History

The faces have  
changed  
but the  
Tradition  
lives on



Westtown is a Quaker day and boarding school, pre-k through grade 12

For more information, contact  
Henry Horne, director of admission  
Westtown School, Westtown, PA 19395  
215/399-0123

## Books

### Goatwalking

By Jim Corbett. Viking Press, New York, N.Y., 1991. 237 pages. \$19.95.

Jim Corbett is best known for his work in co-founding sanctuary—rescuing refugees from Central America. However, he is also an accomplished philosopher, knowledgeable in the writings of Hobbes, Locke, Spinoza, Hegel, and others, and a deep thinker on matters of law and social organization. In *Goatwalking*, all this comes together—how his philosophy of life and attachment to justice were formed in part while wandering in the desert with two goats.

At first the reader supposes this is a book on how to survive in the wilderness. Indeed, he does explain that. But soon we learn about a civil imperative, the role of the church and covenant communities.

Sanctuary has been abused, Jim tells us, by those who would help only refugees willing to denounce U.S. intervention in Central America. To Jim, human need is the only criterion. He was actually read out of the mainstream of the sanctuary movement for sticking to this ideal.

To Jim, the law is made by communities who covenant with themselves and their God to keep it. He distinguishes between *civil disobedience*, or refusal to obey the authorities, and *civil initiative*, which is taken by those who obey the law when the authorities violate it. Sanctuary is civil initiative, Jim says.

Jim recognizes that civilization requires statutory law, but he disagrees with Gandhi, who would seek punishment for civil disobedience. When government, not the sanctuary movement, has broken the law, Jim says, it has lost the moral right to punish civil initiators.

However, he is not clear on the scope of covenant communities—who their membership is, how they make their covenants, and how they would handle violations. He writes of common law as if it were formed by promises and recognized by the community. But wherever common law has been the norm, there have always been authorities to stipulate it. The distinction between common and statutory law is not, I believe, as clear-cut as Jim thinks. I do not see that, historically, one is more of covenant in nature than the other.

This dilemma leads to a heart-rending confession: "Pat [his wife] and I have decided to turn apostate, if put to the full test, which means that in our hearts we've already broken the sanctuary covenant." If the government forced them to attest they had not hired undocumented workers (as in the I-9 employment form), they would so attest to maintain their livelihood, even though they covenant-



Jim Corbett/Goatwalking

ed not to do so.

Many Friends, such as myself, would avoid this dilemma by adopting the Gandhian respect for human law, limiting our violations to those very few instances, such as killing, that contravene the law of God. Then we must violate human law, but, to respect it, we must present ourselves for punishment. Jim has a different philosophy. I can disagree with him, but I cannot criticize him, since by laying his life on the line for sanctuary, he is the moral authority.

Jack Powelson

Jack Powelson is a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting. He is professor emeritus of economics at the University of Colorado.

### Words of Peace

Compiled by Irwin Abrams, with foreword by Jimmy Carter. Newmarket Press, New York, N.Y., 1990. 123 pages. \$14.95.

"The Nobel Peace Prize was established to honor the heroes of peace, and this small book presents a collection of well-chosen excerpts from their addresses at Oslo, drawn both from acceptance speeches and from the lectures which each prize winner is expected to deliver." Thus Jimmy Carter sums up the purpose and extent of this book. *Words of Peace* is the latest in an on-going series: *Words of Desmond Tutu*, *Words of Martin Luther King*, etc.

In 18 of the 90 years since Bertha van Suttner persuaded Alfred Nobel to give this prize, none was awarded. This fact illumines, depending upon one's preferences, either the hopelessly belligerent nature of our society or the hopelessly political nature of the Nobel selection process. I am probably not the only Friend who has been somewhat uncomfortable with a prize awarded equally to Henry Kissinger and Mother Teresa, to Willy Brandt and Martin Luther King, Jr. Nor am I alone in discomfort about the joint honor in 1978 to Begin and Sadat but not Carter.

The mixed nature of the awards is somewhat explained by Jakob Sverdrup of the Norwegian Nobel Institute in his introduction. He writes, "peace is also the absence of

suppression and injustice." Emphasizing this, the speech excerpts are grouped in classifications: Peace, Bonds of Humanity, Faith & Hope, Tragedy of War, Violence & Non-violence, Human Rights, Politics & Leadership. Some recipients are quoted under multiple classifications.

This is not a book to be read cover to cover. It is a wonderful resource for speakers, writers, and those leading seminars, as well as a bedside book for those who meditate upon peace in our time. If one makes the effort to read the excerpts in chronological order, the book provides a provocative overview of the changing criteria of respectability in the world's thinking of peace. To do this, however, one must refer back constantly to the chronological list of recipients and the index of their quotations.

I found a rather uniform dullness in these excerpts, even in the words of Martin Luther King and other dynamic speakers. Something in the formal banquet format seems to have deadened the fire that made these men and women so tremendously passionate and persuasive in the daily pursuit of their convictions. Our own Henry Cadbury (five quotations) rather stiltedly described the American Friends Service Committee's foreign relief as "a means of rehabilitation, and it is intended not merely to help the body but to help the spirit and to give men hope that there can be a peaceful world." This is far from the exciting spirit of the man who tossed through the clothing relief barrels for evening dress just before he left for Oslo to accept his award. Cadbury, regardless of phraseology, did insist repeatedly on two otherwise little-quoted emphases: common folk build peace, and that (the Quaker believes) "this problem of war is a moral problem and that the force of religion is essential to its solution."

Meeting libraries would do well to invest in a copy of *Words of Peace*, as would individual Friends in any way active in promoting the concepts of peace and nonviolence. □

Dorothy T. Samuel

Dorothy T. Samuel has spent 50 years in activities related to peace and nonviolent conflict resolution. She is the author of *Safe Passage on City Streets*.






## FRIENDLY FACTS ABOUT RETIREMENT LIVING AT STAPELEY

### *What our residents and others say about us*

Retirement communities aren't for everyone. Nor are they all alike. But if you're pondering a retirement move, study your options and consider the advantages of living at Stapeley.

1. Stapeley residents are happy that we offer continuing care. Whether they live independently, need a little assistance or skilled nursing care, Stapeley can serve them today and into the future.
  2. Stapeley residents know they can rely on the health care that we offer, and area hospitals and doctors who treat our residents agree. Stapeley staff cares for residents with respect and affection with a regard for dignity, self-confidence and independence.
  3. Stapeley residents appreciate our Friendly service, which is synonymous with our Quaker tradition. One of our residents summed it up this way: "I know that when I have needs, Stapeley will meet those needs."
  4. Stapeley residents like the family atmosphere and nostalgic charm of Stapeley Hall, our turn-of-the century building. We've added traditional touches to Stapeley West, our bright, modern apartments and health care center.
  5. Stapeley residents are pleased that we're experienced. We've offered a homelike atmosphere to retirees at this spot since 1904. Stapeley's reputation for excellence is built on that experience.
  6. Stapeley residents like being in historic Germantown, a location which provides them with opportunities for cultural and recreational activities. Public transportation and the Stapeley van make libraries, stores and downtown Philadelphia easily accessible. Residents have created a prize-winning garden in our urban oasis.
-  Stapeley residents know that we're moderately priced. Retirement communities can be expensive. Stapeley is comparatively affordable.

Stapeley, the in-town Quaker alternative.

6300 Greene Street Philadelphia, PA 19144

Yes, I want to learn more about Stapeley.

Please send me more information so I can arrange for a tour.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone \_\_\_\_\_



Return to: Carol Nemeroff  
Director of Admissions  
Stapeley in Germantown  
6300 Greene Street  
Philadelphia, PA 19144  
Or call: (215) 844-0700

## Elton Trueblood

By James R. Newby. Harper & Row, San Francisco, Calif., 1990. 200 pages. \$16.95.

With the likely exceptions of William Penn and the face on Quaker Oatmeal boxes, Elton Trueblood is probably the Quaker name most recognized in the United States, if not in the world. And there is irony in the reasonable suggestion that Elton is better known in the religious world at large than within Quakerdom itself.

Who is this remarkable man? James Newby answers in this readable biography that merits careful reading by all members and friends of the Religious Society of Friends. The book, a quality production, includes numerous photos, a bibliography, and index.

The Trueblood story begins with the ancestral Quaker migration from London to North

Carolina in 1679, and then via Indiana to Warren County, Iowa, in 1869. Chapters are not numbered. Instead, the biography unfolds decade-by-decade, documenting Elton's rise to eminence as "believer, teacher, and friend," the book's subtitle. James Newby includes poignant insight into Elton's private life. He was born David Elton on an Iowa farm in December 1900. His academic credentials include Penn College, Haverford, Harvard, and Hopkins.

The author concedes in his preface that "although writing the biography of a person with whom one has been so close may cause some readers difficulty, I would agree with Boswell that in order to have 'genuine exactness and discrimination,' there must be close association between biographer and subject." In one narrow sense, James Newby's work has been made easy because D. Elton Trueblood is, at 91, among the

most prolific writers around. Indeed he's probably been more widely read (and heard) than any other Quaker. If there have been significant detractors, James Newby is not explicit about them.

The author has had the monumental task of knowing not only the content of Elton's 34 published works (mostly with Harper and Row), but copious diaries and essays as well. From this vast resource, James Newby has selected and condensed what I would call "the best of Trueblood." In this relatively short book, a reader finds intimate first-person revelation of the spiritual journey of this gifted man. The account is generously punctuated throughout with humorous stories and anecdotes.

From the outset of his long career as a public speaker, according to the author, Elton pledged himself both to write and speak to be easily understood by ordinary people. He eschewed obfuscation and too-long committee meetings, and remembered the admonition of an elderly Friend that the Lord asks we feed his sheep, not his giraffes. Therefore, any careful reader of this biography is treated to titillating gems of belief and insight. Quaker readers will gain new appreciation for the word *seeker*.

James Newby assembles the context of Elton's experience of Christocentric conversion during his early years, not unlike that of George Fox, though of different intensity. The conversion was based in part on one of Elton's more enduring quotations: "Jesus Christ can be accepted; he can be rejected; he cannot reasonably be ignored." Elton sought a spiritual path between "antiquated fundamentalism" and undisciplined liberalism. He espoused "rational evangelicalism." Among his early books (1942) is *The Logic of Belief*.

This biography documents Elton's public life as a spiritual friend and advisor to presidents and to religious leaders throughout the world. His social and political concerns are described, though not in detail or at length. Readers interested in Elton's view of the Quaker peace testimony will be rewarded in seeing reprinted his celebrated article in the December 1940 issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

D. Elton Trueblood belongs to the unique coterie of leaders who have enriched beyond measure the Religious Society of Friends in the 20th century. Thank you, James Newby, for helping us know him much better.

Wilmer Tjossem

Wilmer Tjossem is a member of Des Moines Valley (Iowa) Meeting, and a member of the boards of directors of FRIENDS JOURNAL, Pendle Hill, and Friends Committee on National Legislation.

## A feast for the spirit...



Is this *your* year  
for Pendle Hill?

### Seize the moment.

There are still openings for the '91-'92 academic year for one, two or three terms. Fall term begins Sept. 27.



Write or call  
Admissions  
Pendle Hill  
Wallingford, PA 19086  
(215) 566-4507

## Subscribe to Friends Journal!

Please enter a subscription to Friends Journal, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ Enroll me as a Friends Journal Associate.  
My contribution of \$\_\_\_\_\_ is in addition to  
the subscription price and is tax-deductible.

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Send renewal notice ☐ to me. ☐ to recipient.

☐ 1 year \$18 ☐ 2 years \$34

☐ This is a gift subscription in my name for:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

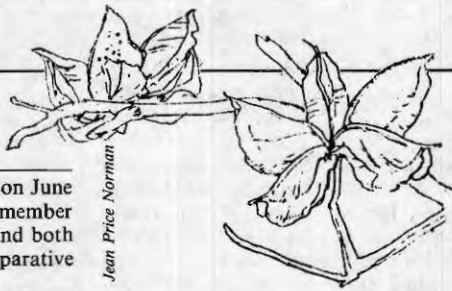
Address \_\_\_\_\_

☐ \$6 per year for postage outside North America.

Friends Journal, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102-1497



# Milestones



## Births

**Bartels**—*Silas Giovanni Franklin Bartels*, on June 27, to Betsy and Lloyd Bartels. Betsy is a member of Santa Fe (N.M.) Monthly Meeting, and both parents attend Chamisa (N.M.) Preparative Meeting.

**Gant**—*Samuel Ely Gant*, on July 3, to Sarah and Christopher Gant of Beacon Hill (Mass.) Meeting.

**Maslin**—*Gretchen Gawthrop Maslin*, on April 16, in Rhinebeck, N.Y., to Michael and Elizabeth Donnelly Maslin. Elizabeth is a member of Bulls Head-Oswego (N.Y.) Meeting. Gretchen's grandmother, Elizabeth Gawthrop Donnelly, was a member of West Fourth St. (Del.) Meeting.

## Deaths

**Coles**—*O. Hammond Coles*, 84, on March 30, at Chandler Hall, Newtown, Pa. Born in Woodstown, N.J., he graduated from Swarthmore College in 1929 and attended graduate school at Cornell University for two years. He was a self-employed landscape engineer who operated a nursery until his retirement 15 years ago. He was a member of Wrightstown (Pa.) Meeting and the American and Pennsylvania horticultural societies. He is survived by his wife, Frances Hudson Coles; one son, Kenneth B. Coles; one daughter, Susan F. Coles; and three grandchildren.

**Dubbs**—*Larry Alfred Dubbs*, 61, on April 15. Born and raised in California, he received a bachelor's degree from Art Center School in Los Angeles, with a major in fine painting. After serving two years in the U.S. Army, he married Delores Delson in 1955. While he was working as an interior designer in southern California, they attended Orange Grove (Calif.) Meeting. He earned his teaching credentials at San Francisco State University and took a job teaching middle school in San Diego, where he and Delores attended La Jolla (Calif.) Meeting. In 1962 they moved back to San Rafael, Calif., attended San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting, and he helped start the Youth for Service project under the American Friends Service Committee. As an artist, he held a number of exhibits and sold his paintings. He taught art at Heald College and then in the Architectural Department of Cogswell College. After a trip to Spain with Delores in 1985, he held a show of his paintings at the DeYoung Museum School of Art in California. In 1990 he became a member of Marin (Calif.) Meeting, where he and Delores were active. Because he was in and out of hospitals a good deal, he was often the focus of the meeting's loving support. He was brave throughout, never gave up hope, and died courageously.

**Elliott**—*Joshua Aaron Elliott*, 13, on April 4, after being hit by a car while bicycling. A member of Hamilton (N.Y.) Meeting, he was in the eighth grade at Hamilton Central School, active in 4-H Club, the Hamilton Photography Club, and the junior high basketball team. Teachers and students remember his outstanding academic work, his creative writing, his vitality, his hilarious imitations, and the wisdom of his silliness. He was deeply concerned about injustice and suffering and helped found the Hamilton Chapter of Teen Peacemakers. He drew strength from the outdoors, planting trees and camping with friends. He was

an accomplished musician, serving as accompanist for the junior high school chorus. At the piano, he soaked up the joy of music, whether practicing the classics, improvising blues, or creating his own songs at the top of his lungs. He was special not only for his potential, but for his actuality, a man-child grown to fullness, whose favorite phrase, "totally awesome," reflected his astonishment at the richness of creation. His laughter held equal portions of self-mockery, insight into pomposity, and spontaneous delight. He is survived by his mother, Virginia Hoelsch Elliott; father, Carlos Elliott; maternal grandmother; paternal grandparents; uncles, aunts, and cousins.

**Lyne**—*Hazel Lynch Lyne*, 89, on Jan. 31, at her daughter's home. She was among the small group that founded Lincoln (Neb.) Meeting in 1948. She continued in unflinching dedication to that group, being the person who broke meeting for more than 40 years. She asked to lay down this role when she felt death approaching. Upon contracting the cold that became her last illness, she spoke of her relief that a new manner of closing meeting had been decided upon—she had not left a responsibility unfulfilled. In her later years her sight was too poor for her to continue reading and sewing, and impaired hearing made it difficult to enjoy the music she loved. She was beset by painful skin and skeletal problems, but each First Day she arrived and settled into her accustomed place. She bore her aging with humor and without self-pity. Her death marks the end of Lincoln Meeting's physical contact with the remarkable group of people who were its founders.

**Mayer**—*Philip Frederick Mayer*, 90, on June 16, at Chester County Hospital, West Chester, Pa. He lived in Swarthmore, Pa., the last 35 years of his life and was a member of Swarthmore Meeting. Born in Ohio, he was the son, grandson, and brother of Methodist ministers. After graduating from Ohio Wesleyan University and Northwestern University School of Business, he worked in Asia for four years with Methodist mission activities. Later he earned a master's degree from Harvard and a degree in theology from Tufts University. He worked as a minister and teacher for a number of years, including a year at William Penn College. He also engaged in a number of "Franciscan" hikes around the United States, including visits to camps for conscientious objectors in World War II. Following his divorce from his first wife, the former Emily Powell, he met Eleanor Bottrell at Cleveland (Ohio) Friends Meeting. They were married in 1944. He pursued a number of occupations, including farming and photography. He was active on various committees of Swarthmore Meeting and served as chairman of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Social Order Committee. He was the author of a book, a pamphlet, a round-robin letter, and several published articles. He was devoted to the cause of world peace and to naturalistic religion. His second wife died in March 1991. He is survived by four children: Rollin Mayer, Teddy



CELEBRATING 205 YEARS  
of  
QUAKER COEDUCATION

5 Year Olds through Grade 12

222 East 16th Street  
New York, NY 10003  
(212) 979-5030

FOUNDED 1786

**Fyfe & Miller**  
FUNERAL SERVICE  
7047 Germantown Ave.  
Philadelphia, PA 19119  
(215) 247-8700

James E. Fyfe Edward K. Miller

Simple earth burial  
and cremation service  
available at reasonable cost.

DELAWARE VALLEY FRIENDS SCHOOL  
a secondary school for students  
with unique learning needs.

The full college preparatory curriculum has intellectually challenging courses supported by explicit teaching of organizational skills. Teacher student ratio is 1 to 5. Fine arts as well as outdoor education are integral to the program.

For information call: (215) 526-9595  
On the campus of Harcum Junior College  
in Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Irene McHenry, Head

*Calligraphic  
Art*

- marriage certificates
- awards • inscriptions •
- birth announcements •
- greeting card designs •
- invitations • scrolls •

**Harry R. Forrest**  
609-786-1824

Milne, Loomis Mayer, and James Mayer; nine grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

**Paschkis**—Victor Paschkis, 93, on June 18, in Frederick, Pa., of pneumonia. Born in Vienna, he earned two engineering doctorates at the Institute of Technology there. His experiences as an officer in the Austrian Army in World War I were the source of his strong pacifism. He, his wife, Susanne Mugdan, and their two children left Berlin in 1933. He was professor of mechanical engineering and director of the Heat and Mass Flow Analyzer Laboratory at Columbia University for 25 years. In 1949 he founded the Society for Social Responsibility for Scientists on the premise, "We are all morally responsible for the consequences of our actions." Soon after his arrival in the States, he joined the Religious Society of Friends, and wherever he lived, he went to the nearby meeting. If there were none, he would help found one. After his wife's death in 1959, he began his commitment to Fellowship House in Philadelphia, Pa., and its farm near Pottstown, Pa. In 1964 he married Marjorie Penney, director of the house and farm. He became the business manager, in a 25-year post-retirement career helping the farm "grow people." Marjorie died in 1983. In Pennsylvania, he was a member of Schuylkill Meeting and then Exeter Meeting. At both New York and Philadelphia yearly meetings, he was active on the Race Relations, Indian, and Peace committees. He believed in action, in relations with friends and family, with his employees, within the scientific community, and in the wider world. He is survived by his son, Albert E. Paschkis; six grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren. His daughter, Maria Iino, died in 1961.

**Solomon**—Camille Solomon, 79, on Jan. 27, in New York, N.Y. She had a lifelong commitment to social action and was active in peace and social concerns activities of Morningside (N.Y.) Meeting. In her younger days she was a world traveler and participated in the peace movement. Her desire to make the world a better, more peaceful place remained with her throughout her life. She greatly enjoyed beauty in nature and was spiritually ecumenical. She remained a member of Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting, was a part of Morningside's spiritual community, participated in Riverside (N.Y.) Church, and affirmed her Jewish heritage, which influenced her passion for social justice. She had a way of relating to people of all ages and backgrounds without making distinctions about class or ethnicity. She had a deep respect for worship, commenting that she liked to dress to meet God. She enjoyed being with Friends and expressed her gratitude for their presence and concern during her illness. When she died, three Friends from Morningside were with her, sharing her time of letting go.

**Stickney**—Ruth Wilbur Stickney, 71, on July 8, in Chagrin Falls, Ohio, of a stroke. She graduated from George School and Swarthmore and maintained lifelong gratitude to New York Yearly Meeting for providing the money for her education as a living memorial to her grandfather, Henry W. Wilbur. After graduation, she worked for the National Association of Christians and Jews. After World War II began, she and her husband moved to Washington, D.C., where she worked as a cryptanalyst for the Signal Corps and later as an administrative aide at the Naval Research Laboratory. After the war, they returned to Lakewood, Ohio, where she bore a son and settled down to a life as parent and wife. She was active for many years in the League of Women Voters and in a chamber music society. Her hobbies were music,

books, and watercolor painting. She is survived by her husband, Joseph B. Stickney; a son, William S. Stickney; and two granddaughters.

**Thompson**—Mary Sidney Thompson, 87, a long-time human rights activist and Quaker, on May 26, in Greenbrae, Calif. She was born in the state of Washington, where her parents were pioneers. She attended rural grade schools, graduated from Lewis and Clark High School in Spokane, and attended Western Washington University. She received her bachelor's degree from the University of Washington and her master's degree in international law from Columbia University. She began teaching in a one-room schoolhouse at age 18, riding horseback three miles to school. Later, she taught high school in Spokane. In 1942 she married Charles Thompson, an accountant, and they moved to San Francisco, where she taught until 1950. They built a home in the hills of Mill Valley, and she worked as a librarian in the Tamalpais High School District and became involved in protecting students' rights against censorship of books. She and her husband were active in the Mill Valley Community Church. After he died in 1977, she attended Marin (Calif.) Meeting and became a valued member. She wrote poetry, was an avid swimmer, and hiked up and down the steep hill on which her home was located, preferring to use her car only for the heaviest of loads. A vigorous supporter of peace and human rights, she was the oldest person arrested and jailed in the 1983 blockade of nuclear weapons production at the Lawrence Livermore Laboratories. She enjoyed hosting Friends from all over the country. She is survived by a sister, Kathleen M. Taft; two nephews, Dusty Branson and Perry Sloop; and her close and long-time friend, Dale Olsen.

## Classified

For information call (215) 241-7279.

50¢ per word. Minimum charge is \$10. Add 10% if boxed. 10% discount for three consecutive insertions, 25% for six.

Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Copy deadline: 7 weeks before cover date.

## Accommodations

**Durango, Colorado.** Soujourners/tourists. One bedroom unit with kitchen, near downtown historic district, narrow gauge train, etc. By weekend or a few days maximum. For reservation and details call: (303) 259-4592.

**Cape Breton, Nova Scotia:** Duncreigan Country Inn of Mabou. Charming rural location, lovely scenery, excellent beaches, multi-use trails, cultural events, fine arts and crafts, fine dining. Innkeepers: Charles and Eleanor Hinshaw Mullendore, P.O. Box 19, Route 19, Mabou, N.S., BOE 1X0 Canada. (902) 945-2077.

**Nicaragua Friends Center.** Refuge for socially concerned travelers. Apartado 5391, Managua, Nicaragua. Phone (011-505-2) 663216 or 660984.

**The Berkshires, Massachusetts.** Baldwin Hill Farm Bed & Breakfast. Box 125, RD#3, Great Barrington, Mass. 01230. (413) 528-4092. Friends farm homestead in Berkshires on 450 acres. One mile from Route 71, two miles from Rte. 23, and 2½ miles from Rte. 7. Near all fall, winter, summer attractions and activities. Dining nearby. Marvelous views, pool, country breakfast.

**NYC—Greenwich Village Bed & Breakfast.** Walk to Fifteenth Street Meeting. 1-4 people; children welcome. (Two cats in house.) Reservations: (212) 924-6520.

**Greater Boston Hospitality,** a bed and breakfast reservation service offers modest to luxury homes, inns, and unhosted condominiums throughout the greater Boston area. Many include parking. Beacon Hill, Back Bay, Water-

front, South End, and suburbs. Breakfast included. Write: Greater Boston Hospitality, P.O. Box 1142, Brookline, MA 02146. Or call (617) 277-5430 (24 hours/day).

**Tidioute—Friendly Eagle B&B.** Peaceful oil rush town, N.W. Pa. Allegheny River, forest, chamber music; children welcome. Box 222, Tidioute, PA 16351. (814) 484-7130.

**Community Living in Quaker-sponsored house** of 20 interested in spiritual growth, peace, and social justice. All faiths welcome. Preference to applications completed by 11/1 for January openings, 4/1 for June. For application, information: Beacon Hill Friends House, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108. Telephone: (617) 227-9118.

**Simple low-cost lodging** for individuals and groups. Seminar planning available. Quaker center on Capitol Hill. William Penn House, 515 E. Capitol St. SE, Washington, DC 20003. (202) 543-5560.

**London?** Stay at the Penn Club, Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JH. Friendly atmosphere. Central for Friends House, West End, concerts, theater, British Museum, university, and excursions. Telephone: 071-636-4718.

**Washington, D.C.,** sojourners welcome in Friends' home in pleasant suburb nearby. By day, week, or month. For details call: (301) 270-5258.

**Looking for a creative living alternative** in New York City? Penington Friends House may be the place for you! We are looking for people of all ages who want to make a serious commitment to a community lifestyle based on Quaker principles. For information call (212) 673-1730. We also have overnight accommodations.

**Mexico City Friends Center.** Reasonable accommodations. Reservations recommended. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, 06030 Mexico D.F. 705-0521.

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

## Books and Publications

### To the Beat of a Different Drummer

What it was like to be a World War II "conchie" and to do AFSC relief work in Europe, told in 247 pages of lively prose with 107 illustrations. Soft cover, \$10.95 postpaid. Order from the author, J. Henry Dasenbrock, 3300 Darby Rd. #803, Haverford, PA 19041-1095.

**George Fox's volume Works (1831 edition)** are back in print—at a great price. New introductions by Douglas Gwyn and others. Library bound, acid-free paper. Priced at \$167.50 for 8 volumes. Sets may be ordered with \$40 deposit with balance due upon safe arrival. This set would be a wonderful, lasting gift for your favorite Meeting library. Prospectus available. Orders: George Fox Fund, Inc., c/o Douglas Garrett, 324 S. Atherton St., State College, PA 16801.

**Books—Quaker spiritual classics,** history, biography, and current Quaker experience, published by Friends United Press, 101-A Quaker Hill Dr., Richmond, IN 47374. Write for free catalogue.

## For Sale



**They're Here! 100% Cotton String Bags from France.** Assorted sizes and colors. Retail/Wholesale. The Environmental Bag Co., Box 786, Pt. Jefferson, NY 11777. Two for \$8.00.

**Free. Ten Bernoulli cartridges;** 8", 10 MB. Contact: Jim Rice, Friends Journal, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 241-7282.

**Cloth centering toys** for children's use during meeting for worship. Many meetings from California to Maine are finding them quieting. For brochure, send SASE to: Allison Erikson, Poor Farm Road, Weare, NH 03281.

**Certified Organic Vermont-grown farm products.** Storable crops, herbs, canned goods. Write: NEKO, RR1, Box 608, Hardwick, VT 05843.

**Seeking new owner for S. E. Kansas farm.** 70 secluded acres with open-plan house, good well, native pasture and woods, abundant wildlife. The Quaker person who lived



here for 12 years can no longer be its steward. Contact: Adeta Allen, P.O. Box 1881, Bellingham, WA 98227. (206) 671-7418.

**Leather Alternative.** Quality selection of leather-free wallets, bags, belts, shoes, and other accessories. Men's and women's styles. Avoid using animal skins. Free catalog. Aesop Unlimited, Dept. 903, Box 315, Cambridge, MA 02140.



**Crones: Interviews with Elder Quaker Women:** V.H.S. video by Claire Simon, \$18.50 postpaid. Also, the trilogy *Woman and Her Symbols*, \$135/set, \$50/each part. Postpaid. P.O. Box 292, Maplewood, NJ 07040.

## Higher Education

**Education for a small planet—B.A. degree by living what you learn in U.S., Costa Rica, England, Israel, Kenya, India, China, Japan.** Language, homestays, World Program, Box Q, LIU-Southampton, Southampton, NY 11968. Tel: (516) 283-4000.

## Opportunities

**Room and board for work;** negotiable hours. Quiet, simple living. Hills, trees. Phone: (608) 525-8948. Chris Kietlyka, Rte. 2, Box 130, Eltrick, WI 54627.

**Consider a Costa Rican study tour.** February 6-17, 1992. Call or write Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 1182 Hornbeam Road, Sabina, OH 45169. Phone: (513) 584-2900.

**Study Spanish in Guatemala.** Family living. CASA, Box 40148, Albuquerque, NM 87196. (505) 242-3194.

## Personals

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

**Classical Music Lovers' Exchange—**Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. 1 (800) 233-CMLS, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

**Concerned Singles Newsletter** links compatible singles who care about peace, social justice, and the environment. National and international membership. All ages. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 555-F, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

## Positions Vacant

**American Friends Service Committee seeks Executive Secretary,** based in Philadelphia, to serve as executive secretary to the AFSC Board of Directors; oversee implementation of Board policies and decisions; broad management oversight of the operation of the organization at the national, regional, overseas levels; maintain active engagement with Society of Friends. Requires membership in the Religious Society of Friends; personal commitment to a religious pacifist witness and to inclusion of Third World and feminist perspectives in AFSC work; extensive management experience which includes skills and experience in program development and administration, fiscal management, staff development and supervision; strong oral, written, and interpersonal communication skills; stamina; ability to work under pressure with grace and resilience. Contact: Stephanie Judson, c/o K. Cromley, AFSC, 1501 Cherry, Phila., PA 19102, by Oct. 1.

**Child Care.** "Au Pair" wanted to live with Quaker family in suburban Philadelphia home, to love and care for two children. Child care experience required. Contact Miriam Schaefer, 7 East Golfview Road, Ardmore, PA 19003. (215) 466-1514.

**Casa Heberto Sein Friends Center** seeks volunteer host(s)/director(s). Contact: Calle Felipe Salido 32, Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico. Phone: (011-52-62) 17-01-42.

**Couple and/or single person to help operate** a 150 acre hill farm, guest house, and retreat center in Vermont. We raise Highland cattle and organic vegetables. 1904 farmhouse accommodates approx. 10 guests. Well established—same owner for 35 years. Big barns, lots of open pasture, spectacular views. Would like quiet, practical people who enjoy people, have agricultural training and are knowledgeable around animals and farm machinery. Must be energetic. There's lots of work to do, but it is rewarding and is situated in beautiful surroundings. To start in Oc-

tober '91. Please call Ann Day at (802) 496-3527 or write to her at Knoll Farm Inn, RFD 179, Bragg Hill Rd., Wardsfield, VT, 05673.

**Winthrop Center Friends, Winthrop, Maine,** seeking pastor. Winthrop Center Friends Meeting looking for a pastor for a small community of 6,000 near Augusta, Maine. Send resume to Marie Perkins, Clerk, P.O. Box 246, East Winthrop, ME 04343.

**Director.** Well established Vermont residential therapeutic community, set on 600 acres, of approximately 30 adults with emotional or mental illness, seeks director, to lead caring, supporting and practical program. Should have diverse personal experiences, strong management and leadership skills. Responsibilities include overseeing staff, financial management, referrals, outreach, and maintaining direct personal involvement with residents. Competitive salary and benefit package. Please send resume to: Department F, P.O. Box 87, Rutland, VT 05702.

**Quaker Resident—**Orlando Friends Meeting (unprogrammed) seeks individual or couple to assist and nurture our meeting community. Cottage and stipend provided. Please respond to: Search Committee, Orlando Monthly Meeting, 316 E. Marks Street, Orlando, FL 32803.

**Oakwood School** seeks a new head to begin in the 1992-1993 school year. Oakwood School is a coeducational, college preparatory school for grades 9 to 12 under the care of the New York Yearly Meeting. The school seeks an educator with strong leadership and management experience, with a strong academic background, committed to development of social responsibility, diversity in the community and the programs which are part of Oakwood's distinctive mission. Please send statements of interest, resumes and educational statements to: Gilvar and Associates, Dept. FJ, 29 Concord Square, Boston, MA 02118. (617) 437-0850.

**Resident caretaker/s** needed for Gwynedd (Pa.) Monthly Meeting. Responsible, flexible person/s sought for custodial care of meetinghouse facilities for worship, First-day school, large preschool, committee meetings, etc. Contact David Gray, 100 Upper Valley Rd., North Wales, PA 19454. (215) 699-9497 evenings.

## Positions Wanted

**Returning missionary couple;** universalist/ecumenical; teacher/farmer; 3 children; looking for position in peace/justice work in rural southeast. Karen Kirkwood, 2436 SW 149th, Seattle, WA 98166.

## Rentals and Retreats

**Rent. Prospect Park, Pennsylvania.** Single four-bedroom brick home, detached two-car garage, large yard. One block from train, 20 minutes to Philadelphia. Three miles from Pendle Hill, Swarthmore College. \$850/month. Available September 1st. (215) 532-4030.

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

**Western North Carolina.** Panoramic mountain setting near Celo Meeting. Eight-room, furnished, brick house, wood/electric heat, \$350/month. Available September, 9 or 12 months basis. References requested. (704) 675-5999.

**Join small caring community** in Quaker meetinghouse turned dwelling. Spectacular view, near Birmingham (Pa.) Meeting, 50 min. from Philadelphia. One (\$200) or two (\$400) rooms with bath, utilities included, share kitchen. Non-smoker. Call Dorothy Carroll (Lenk): (215) 793-1363.

**Efficiency apartment,** Blue Ridge Mountains, Burnsville, N.C. All-season recreational area. Quaker Meeting/community nearby. \$150/week. (704) 682-6166.

## Retirement Living

**Efficiency apartment** now available at The Hickman, Friends Boarding Home of Concord Quarterly Meeting, in West Chester, Pa. Includes housekeeping and midday main meal. Reasonable rates. Call Director John Schwab at (215) 696-1536 or write: The Hickman, 400 North Walnut Street, West Chester, PA 19380.

**Foxdale Village,** part of the tradition of fine Quaker lifecare communities. Thoughtfully designed cottages are complemented by attractive dining facilities, auditorium, library and full medical protection. Setting is a wonderful combination of rural and university environment. For information write: 500 Marylyn Avenue, Department F, State College, PA 16801. Telephone: (800) 253-4951.

**Newtown Friends Boarding Home** and its partner, Friends Village, offer rooms, suites, and apartments; a caring at-

mosphere and enriching activities at reasonable rates in a beautiful area of Bucks County, Pa. Call Director Lee Gourley at (215) 968-3346 or write Friends Boarding Home, 50 Congress Street, Newtown, PA 18940.

## Schools

**The Meeting School,** celebrates the transition from youth to adulthood by encouraging students to make decisions in their own lives in a Friends (Quaker) boarding high school in southern New Hampshire. We emphasize experiential education, striving for innovative and challenging academics while working with consensus and equality regardless of age. Teenagers live on campus in faculty homes. The school is based on simplicity, honesty, the peaceful resolution of conflict, the dignity of physical labor, mutual trust and respect, and care for the earth. Admissions: The Meeting School, Rindge, NH 03461. (603) 899-3366.

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

## Services Offered

### Typesetting by Friends Publishing Corporation.

Our organization offers you professional typesetting at friendly rates. We typeset books, manuscripts, newsletters, brochures, posters, ads, and every issue of *Friends Journal*. We also produce quality type via modern transmission. Call (215) 241-7282, or 241-7116 for more information.

**Investments you can feel good about!** Investment certificates currently earning 7½% interest are available from Friends Extension Corporation. These investments promote the growth of Friends by providing funds to build new meetinghouses and related facilities. We also help with needed renovations to existing buildings. We are Friends helping Friends grow! Affiliated with Friends United Meeting. For information, contact: Kathryn Williams, Administrator, Friends Extension Corporation, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374-1980. (317) 962-7573.

**Electrical Contractor.** Residential and commercial installation and repairs. (Phila., Pa., suburbs.) Call Paul Teitman: 663-0279.

**Solar Architecture:** save the environment and energy. Your solar dream home designed by Robert Bennett, Architect & Engineer. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware. (215) 667-7365.

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

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

### Socially Responsible Investing

Using client-specified social criteria, I screen investments. I use a financial planning approach to portfolio management by identifying individual objectives and designing an investment strategy. I work with individuals and business. Call: Sacha Millstone; Ferris, Baker Watts; member NYSE, SIPC. (202) 429-3632 in Washington, D.C. area, or (800) 227-0308.

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

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

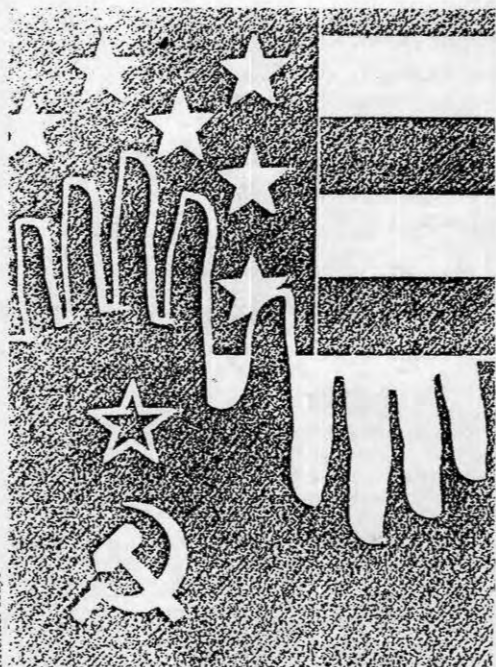
**Family Relations Committee's Counseling Service** (PYM) provides confidential professional counseling to individuals, couples in most geographic areas of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. All counselors are Quakers. All Friends, regular attenders, and employees of Friends organizations are eligible. Sliding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



РЕЛИГИОЗНОЕ  
ОБЩЕСТВО  
ДРУЗЕЙ

# Quaker US/USSR Committee

As Soviet interest in Quakerism has increased, so has the desire for knowledge on Quaker theology and religion. You can help promote understanding, peace and spirituality by supporting the Quaker US/USSR Committee's outreach to the Soviet Union with these three projects:



Michael Hoys

**TRANSLATION PROJECT** This project has taken on a high priority and financial assistance is critical since the demand for reading materials in Russian is currently beyond what the Committee has been able to supply. First publications will include *Quaker Spirituality*, *Prophetic Stream*, and *A Testament of Devotion*; a book on Friends' practice and procedures has been written and other translations and commissioned works are underway.

**CHILDREN'S PROJECT** Nine U.S. and Soviet schools have been paired and an active exchange of letters and visits are now being shared. Regular communication through newsletters, visit exchanges between the two school communities and the development of a project handbook could enhance the promotion of friendship and understanding between school communities.

**SOVIET MONTHLY MEETING** We have been offered free space by a group in the Soviet Union; however, financial aid for activities and operating expenses is greatly needed.

Share spirituality with others who reach out to you with peace, friendship and the desire for understanding. We will keep you informed of our activities and will be glad to respond to any questions you may have.

*Please make your tax-deductible contribution with the coupon below.*

My contribution of \$\_\_\_\_\_ is enclosed.

Please make checks payable to *Quaker US/USSR Committee*.

Please earmark this contribution for:

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Where it is most needed | <input type="checkbox"/> Children's Project     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Translation Project     | <input type="checkbox"/> Soviet Monthly Meeting |

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

*Please return this form  
with your contribution to:*

Winston Riley III, Treasurer  
Quaker US/USSR Committee  
Dept. FJ  
721 Park Avenue  
Plainfield, NJ 07060