A UNIQUE SPIRIT AT WORK:
EXAMPLES OF ENDURANCE IN SOUTH AFRICA

Global Adventures for Nonviolence • Wrestling with Intervention
Among Friends

This month we explore the theme of Friends’ approaches to international work. Most of the articles were unsolicited. We were excited to receive an article from a Friend in Fiji, an area of the world from which we have heard very little. Chip Poston describes the daily challenges he faces in his work for reconciliation between Jews and Arabs in Jerusalem. A frequent visitor to South Africa, Susan Winters describes her friendship with one grassroots activist whose commitment to nonviolence remains strong. Other writers share their experiences in Romania, Uganda, Northern Ireland, and Japan. Closer to home, Kay Whitlock reminds us that as we consider the many pressing needs abroad, we should not overlook the plight of Midwestern families suffering from the ravages of last year’s floods.

In two instances, we invited authors to contribute to this theme issue. I have known George Lakey since the 1960s and have admired his skills as a peacemaker. His work as nonviolence trainer has expanded in recent years to carry him across the globe, and for some time now I have wanted him to write an article describing his personal experiences. Likewise, I have known and admired Roberta Spivek—as fellow editor and writer, also as long-time peace and justice activist. Roberta startled me during a recent visit to my office. She said that after many months of personal struggle, she had come to the opinion that armed intervention may be the best alternative in such places as Bosnia, Somalia, and Haiti—and would I be open to her submitting an article on the subject? Without hesitation I said yes.

I suspect that most Friends will not agree with Roberta, but I believe her viewpoint is an important one for Friends to discuss. Personally, the news reports flowing from the former Yugoslavia these past years have torn at my heart. How is it possible that anyone has survived such sustained violence over such a long period? And, like Roberta, I felt a certain sense of relief when U.S. troops landed in Somalia, even as I felt a sense of dread. I knew there would be outbursts of violence with the arrival of such weaponry, and I doubted that the basic causes of hunger and tribal violence would be addressed through military intervention.

What is the appropriate international response, from our Quaker perspective, in instances where an entire culture is at risk of being destroyed? I hope we may continue to dialogue on this question.

Perhaps as we work at relationships in our own homes and meetings, we may gain important insight into effective ways to work abroad. This thought occurred to me as I read the excellent State of the Meeting Report shared recently by Summit (N.J.) Friends. These concluding passages seem particularly to the point:

"We do not yet know how to resolve our differences expeditiously or effectively in a way that fosters the family feeling growing among us, which we all cherish. We struggle to learn how to express and deal with conflict in the manner of Friends. Our experience is that the quality of our personal relationships affects the quality of our gathered worship. In order to deepen our spiritual life together, we recognize that we need to foster a community in which caring and respect for one another make possible loving confrontation as well as loving support.

"As the American Indian Chief Oren Lyons has written:
We stand somewhere between
The mountain and the ant.
Somewhere and only there
As part and parcel
Of the Creation."
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Susan Winters’s photographs appearing on the cover and on pages 10-12 are from an exhibit owned and made available by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. For more information contact Judy Suplee, P. O. Box 67, Mullica Hill, NJ 08062.
Hardly dull affairs

Thanks for the editor’s January send-off for the new year about the idiosyncratic matters of some nameless meetings (“Among Friends” FJ Jan.). I can recall when the loud ticking of an old school clock on the Wrightstown (Pa.) Meetinghouse wall was handled speedily when a mechanically minded member took it home and worked on it. The clerk, a puckish chap, called on “the desserting committee” to make its report before the clock was restored and silenced.

Another time the same clerk faced a crisis when a skunk expired under the floor of the meetinghouse. Every time members came tromping in, the odor was reactivated. George Rowe, then the caretaker for the meeting, was called upon as “the descending committee” to make its report. The matter was solved when the Rowe’s small son Billy was recruited to crawl on his belly under the meeting boards and retrieve the remains of the skunk.

Who says meetings for business have to be dull affairs!

Sol. Jacobson
Key West, Fla.

To simply live

Minoru Fukuhara’s question, “What do Quakers think of doctor-assisted dying?” (Forum FJ Jan.) is too easy. We don’t like any kind of assisted dying. Let us ask: What do Quakers think of doctor-assisted living?

Both birth and death are respected and celebrated as natural life processes. But given the high-tech and high-cost meaning of “doctor-assisted,” especially in intensive care hospitals, there are limits to doctor-assisted living. At birth and death, high-tech and high-cost doctor assistance is not and never can be available to all. Let us apply the motto of Right Sharing of World Resources: “Live simply that others may simply live.” If elders, our simple living can assist children to simply live. If rich, our simple living can assist the poor to simply live.

William M. Alexander
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Need to be wary

Anne’s article, “Darkness and Beyond” (FJ Dec. 1993), raises important questions for Friends. Do we, as individuals and meetings, dare to open ourselves to the Spirit and confront life and death, belief and unbelief, in their most uncompromising dimensions? Or are we too afraid to be jolted out of a familiar, if not entirely comfortable, way of being, to provide a community of genuine seeking?

Friends, as William M. Uffner points out, have a tradition of providing professional help for the mentally ill, but we need to be wary of regarding as mentally ill those whose spiritual journeys make us uneasy. More than one religious radical was confined to Bedlam in 17th century England, where Friends had their beginnings.

Esther S. Cope
Lincoln, Nebr.

Plans for UN 50th

Friends around the world and here in the States are beginning to plan for the 50th anniversary of the UN in 1995. The real need is to have yearly meetings encourage initiatives at the local meeting level.

The Quaker United Nations Office is especially aware of three UN 50 plans that speak to Quaker concerns. One is the Fourth World Conference on Women to be held in Beijing Sept. 4-15, 1994. Another is the renewal and strengthening of the Non-Proliferation Treaty. The third is the establishment of an international verification agency for the Chemical Weapons Convention.

On these issues the outstanding difference from earlier years is the growing strength of nongovernmental organizations. Voices from religious, civic, and environmental groups may have unprecedented influence. And by 1995 there will be more nonviolent peacekeeping teams on the frontiers of conflict.

I look forward to being of some assistance to Friends and to the historic peace churches’ New Call to Peacemaking.

Bob Cory
706 E. Capitol St.
Washington, DC 20003

Too few Friends

I have a simple concern: There are too few unprogrammed Friends meetings. For example, my state lists only five meetings in the Journal’s Meeting Directory. Many meetings are not growing. Too many very large cities have only one meeting.

Major organizations, such as Friends General Conference, have seen financial problems. And while many articles and commentaries have been written about Friends’ relationship to the American Friends Service Committee, and the Friends General Conference relationship to Friends United Meeting, I have yet to see a “State of Society” in which my concern is even mentioned as an issue.

Are we worth existing? Is it okay if we start directly and concertedly paying attention to ourselves as a Society?

Jane Kashiwagi
Oshkosh, Wis.

Spirit-led listening

Margery Larrabee (FJ Feb.) describes the moving experience of listening to a seeker who had applied for membership. Her account, however, troubles us in two ways. First, in interviewing applicants for membership, at least in London Yearly Meeting, it has not been the practice to...
Metaphysical Seas and Quaker Latitude

The interview-essay with Johan Maurer, “Trust the Quaker Process” (FJ Dec. 1993), like other articles and letters in the JOURNAL, has given me considerable food for thought. I was raised a Roman Catholic, and my youth (16 years) was spent in parochial schools, the last four years at a Jesuit university. Johan’s conviction over Jesus does not remind me of my religious past; it has a decided Quaker character. Even though I have yet to realize the spiritual and historical place of Jesus in my own journey, Johan’s belief in a savior, in his words, is trust-based. I am comfortable with his focus on trust in place of literalism and justice. I am spiritually comfortable in a religious society with so much metaphorical space.

All the same (there is always a “however” statement included in pacific introductions), there is one statement on which I would like some help—to mean, I would like to hear from other Friends on the matter, to include Friends United Meeting’s secretary, if it suits him. My remarks here do not assume I am interpreting Johan in his lights; rather, I am taking my meaning from his words: “It isn’t my hobby to obsess on what it is to be a Friend. A Quaker is anyone who says they are a Quaker” (italics mine).

It’s Johan’s last sentence that I ponder. I attended meeting for five years before asking for membership. In that time there was no end to the discoveries I made about the Society. An enduring event is meeting people who live through good works. They were Friends. They were very much living out a religious life in the world, and the number of times I experienced the “good example” that the Dominican nuns spoke of and enacted in the school of my childhood was (and is) edifying.

At no moment as an attender did I consider myself a Friend. Indeed the reason I elected membership was the conviction that I ought to formalize my relationship with the Society of Friends so I could take on any organizational and internal relationship with a clear, expressed dedication. I did not believe in being an honorary Quaker.

I am a Friend because I wish to actively lead a spiritual life within the traditions and practices of the society to the best of my discernment, and because I asked for a clearness interview and the acceptance of my meeting. Saying one is a Friend does not mean one is a Friend, even if one’s life is in every way exemplary of the best in the life of the Society.

The worry over the uses of an historically based term, Quaker, is not trivial. Why should we have such words unless they carry distinctiveness?

Quakers seem reluctant to take stands that have the appearance of being doctrinal or dogmatic, and I suspect we do not wish to act exclusively lest we violate the tradition of tolerance within the society. It is this same tradition that makes attenders so welcome. Certainly it was the welcome I felt as an attender that led me to consider membership.

However, a society is an organization, and an organization has exterior form and some level of rules. This exterior aspect should help the spiritual and interior needs of the people gathered within—even of those who are not members. The form is abetted by realizing that members have made a formal and public dedication; they have pledged their troth—not merely for their own spiritual well-being, but for the well-being and continuance of the Society.

Since my first experience with the Society, the most trying times have been attempting some collaboration with people who claim to be Quakers, but who have not made a formal dedication to the Society. I am not making a general judgment about attenders here. I am speaking to those who with the highest sincerity tell me that being in some way associated with the Religious Society of Friends equates them with being members, that being sincere makes them qualified to explain Universalist Quaker as Margery implies. She says that the applicant had one of two options: he could become a Universalist Quaker (“his beliefs sounded in line with some Quaker Universalists”) or he could participate at the Friends Meeting. Is there no place for Quakers with universalist views in her meeting? Labels are so divisive, especially when spelled with capital letters.

Margery Larabee says she would be interested in hearing from others who have been engaged in such spirit-led listening.
We hope that we do this whenever we have friends from the meeting around for dinner or extend spiritual hospitality in other ways. What a rewarding experience it usually is! Might we hope to be spirit-led in our speaking as well as in our listening—and, ideally, in the whole of our lives?

Carol MacCormack and Jack Mongar Lancaster, Pa.

We appreciate Margery Larrabee’s article and plan to make copies of it available to clearness committees in Unami (Pa.) Meeting. The meeting’s Overseers Committee has drawn up a set of guidelines for membership clearness committees. We have found the following introduction to be most helpful:

“The clearness committee has the responsibility to provide information and a listening ear to help the person decide whether or not he/she wishes to become a member of the Society of Friends. Below you will find a list of topics that may need to be covered and a few suggestions of procedure . . .

“Philosophy of membership and clearness—The clearness committee has the following purpose: The assembled group, committee and prospective member together, will decide in a worshipful manner whether the next step in the spiritual development of that prospective member is to become a full member of Unami Meeting. Membership itself is not as important as the spiritual growth of the prospective member. With this in mind a decision made by the whole group to place an application on hold need not be divisive.

“Once the prospective Friend has filled the gaps in his/her knowledge and has discussed the matter with the clearness committee, the individual then decides whether he/she is comfortable joining Unami Friends Meeting. Note that this is different than expecting a new member to continue, as will the problems of membership and clearness committees. We hope that we do this whenever we have friends from the meeting around for dinner or extend spiritual hospitality in other ways. What a rewarding experience it usually is! Might we hope to be spirit-led in our speaking as well as in our listening—and, ideally, in the whole of our lives?

I was very moved by Margery Larrabee’s article. What wonderful patience she had in order to lead the applicant for membership to his own conclusion.

I also enjoyed “A Quaker Limerick” by Seth Hinshaw, and send one of my own, inspired by someone’s remarks in meeting for worship one day. The words “love,

Friends and alcohol

Picture a wedding—perhaps here in Sonoma County, California, or perhaps in Canaan, Galilee. Lots of joy and merriment. The hosts run out of wine. (Excessive drinking, or poor planning?) One guest then supplies bottles of an exceptional vintage. (Water into wine, or a quick trip to the wine cellar?) I will say, “Yes, thank you, Jesus.” Friend Robert Levering in “A Fresh Look at Friends’ Testimony on Alcohol” (FJ Sept., 1993) might say, “No, Jesus, I’m a Quaker”!

I find Levering’s argument that water was impure, and that fruit juice spoils, sells short this miracle of Jesus. Certainly Jesus was aware of drunkenness. And what about the admonition that others may be led astray, and that they will not just indulge but overindulge? It leads me to wonder if it’s okay to serve cookies at rise of meeting. After all, some adults might eat too many and gain weight, and some children might eat too many and be hyperactive. Friend, clerk thyself, and let’s not whine/wine about it.

The current discussion as to the medical benefits of red wine (on 60 Minutes) will continue, as will the problems of alcoholism. Alcoholism is a disease. Contagious? Can you catch it by joining George Fox for a whiskey? Or joining me for a glass of cabernet?

The current discussion as to the medical benefits of red wine (60 Minutes) will continue, as will the problems of alcoholism. Alcoholism is a disease. Contagious? Can you catch it by joining George Fox for a whiskey? Or joining me for a glass of cabernet?

Friends need to be sensitive to all disease. Friends who are alcoholics must avoid the beverage. Diabetics, and those with food allergies or high cholesterol, must avoid other substances. Since alcoholism is a disease, perhaps now is the time for those meetings that have banned wine to look at this issue again. Let’s invite Jesus, and his beverage, to our meetings and our celebrations.

Betty L. Miller
Santa Rosa, Calif.

I have read with interest the articles and many letters of response regarding Friends and the use of alcohol. Yet it seems to me a central issue of importance has not been directly addressed: How does alcohol (even in moderate amounts) affect our ability to attend to, listen to, and respond to the leadings of the Spirit? Does the use of alcohol impair, enhance, or have a neutral affect on our ability to be aware of God’s presence?

We know alcohol acts as a sedative, and that even small amounts have physical effects on the brain, on reflexes, metabolism, and central nervous system. Does alcohol have a similar sedating effect on our “spiritual sensitivity”?

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting’s Advices urge Friends to “shun the use of mind-changing drugs and intoxicants,” because these practices would “interpose themselves against the Inward Light” and lead to “personal willfulness and inability to listen for the will of God.” Friends weren’t urged to reject alcohol because of our testimony on simplicity, because of economic arguments, or because of social problems caused by alcohol abuse. It was to be “shunned” because of the impact upon one’s personal, inward spiritual life.

I welcome more thoughts and responses from others.

Carolyn McCoy

Seeks correspondents

During the past year, I have been exploring the Quaker faith in depth, mostly through independent study. After years of aversion regarding organized religion, I find myself experiencing a sense of arriving at my spiritual home. My dilemma, though, is that the nearest meeting is 50 miles away, and due to certain circumstances, I find myself unable to travel.

Therefore, I have a request to make: I would greatly appreciate engaging in written correspondence with anyone who is comfortable with discussing his/her spiritual perspectives, and Quaker faith in general. I am especially interested in hearing from liberal, feminist Quaker women with a Universalist perspective.

Linda Edwards
Madison, Ind.

[We’ll be happy to forward your letters to Linda.—Eds.]

FRIENDS JOURNAL welcomes Forum contributions. Please try to be brief so we may include as many as possible. Limit letters to 300 words, Viewpoint to 1,000 words. Addresses are omitted to maintain the authors’ privacy; those wishing to correspond directly with authors may send letters to FRIENDS JOURNAL to be forwarded. Authors’ names are not to be used for personal or organizational solicitation. -Eds.

April 1994 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Global Adventures for Nonviolence
(or The Ego Takes its Knocks)

by George Lakey

A s a fledgling nonviolent (I met Friends and pacifism at the tender age of 19), I was daunted by the difficulties and dilemmas surrounding nonviolence. I also expected that in a decade or two I’d wrestle these difficulties to the ground, expose the dilemmas for the false hypotheses they must be, and have theory and practice well figured out. And so I started on a path that’s led to four continents, to Vietnamese gunboats, protest under East German dictatorship, a Burmese guerrilla encampment, and the Russian Parliament under siege.

While walking this path I’ve come to see myself quite differently. I like myself as a crusader, drawing on the rich prophetic tradition of Quakers and others, yet now I experience myself more like a craftsman. In my craft I work with difficult materials that won’t quite line up with a pattern; I feel my way along, with equal gratitude to my teachers and to my intuition. Nonviolence is my ministry, as my monthly meeting says, and also a kind of art. I’m learning as I go, and some of the clearest lessons have awaited me in distant places.

**THAILAND**

The workshop simply wasn’t going well. By the end of the second day I was fuming: how can I teach effectively when there are distinct groups each with their own agenda? The Burmese students wanting revolution, the Cambodian women wanting ideas for nation-building, the Thai activists wanting media-oriented campaign strategies? I stalked back to my bamboo hut, frustrated and angry with the situation. I was starting to look at the workshop participants as more annoying than interesting.

Suddenly I remembered to notice where I was: Thailand, with cultural resources for people like me! How would Buddhism look at my condition? I asked myself. Attached—attached to results, came the answer. What then must I do to become unattached? I asked. The answer came immediately. It has to be all right if they don’t learn a blessed thing! I burst into tears, and cried for an hour. Each time my tears subsided, I remembered again: It has to be all right if they don’t learn a blessed thing!

My emotional rainstorm ended as suddenly as the monsoon’s afternoon showers. The sun came out. I taught the remaining three days from a centered and peaceful place. The participants said they learned a lot, and want another visit. I learned more about surrender, about how ego gets in the way of grace.

**SRI LANKA**

The mathematician took me to his dear colleague’s cottage, where he was now living and where I was to spend the night. The colleague had been gunned down in the next field, on her way home after turning in grades at the university where she taught. She’d been leading Teachers for Human Rights, which had the nerve to criticize the violence of all sides in the turbulent north of Sri Lanka. I was there as part of a Peace Brigades International mission, to accompany people targeted for assassination. We were too late for Ragini, but maybe my

Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting has acknowledged George Lakey’s nonviolence work as a ministry of religious service. A set of four international training reports is available for $2 and SASE from the Training Center, 4719 Springfield Ave, Philadelphia, PA 19143, which also offers workshops around the country.

Cambodian, Burmese, and Thai workshop participants play a group dynamics simulation game, Thailand, 1993.
highly-visible presence would save the mathematician and his friends.

"We'll take my motorbike and visit prominent people who have stories to tell you about the terror," he said, "so you can know what we go through." We went from place to place, and soon received warnings to go back to the cottage as the sun headed toward the horizon. "One more place," he kept saying to me, "One more place."

Now it was dark and we were speeding pell mell down a jungle track. I let go of self-preoccupation as I took in the vivid smells and tastes of the forest, felt the moisture on my face and hands, I yelled in his ear: "Why are we going in such a roundabout way?"

"Because the army is over there [a wave of the hand] and the Indian army is over there [another wave] and the guerrillas are over there [still another wave] and we don't want to meet any of them!" His heart was beating furiously as we hurtled forward on our little bike, and my heart started to match his rhythm as I realized more fully our vulnerability. Then, suddenly, the ecstasy came: union with the forest and the motion and my companion—union with the moment. I have never been more joyously alive.

Sri Lankans continue to stand up against violence and dictatorship. (Peace Brigades International has been there since 1989, and not one person being accompanied has been assassinated. In the company of such Sri Lankans, I let go of some of my ego-attachment to life, and learn courage.

NORTHEAST THAILAND

Although it was my fourth visit to Thailand, I was worried about this workshop in the Northeast, where I'd never been. The villagers seeking to save their beloved forest from loggers and government agricultural schemes had their own regional culture and tradition, and they were under heavy pressure. Just a week before we got there an important ally of the villagers had been murdered. Expectations of the workshop were high, yet the more I learned, the more irrelevant my workshop plan seemed to be. How could I be useful in a culture and situation about which I knew so little?

My first conversation with the Buddhist monk who leads the struggle for the forest reminded me of my Quakerism. "Don't worry about what to do tomorrow," Venerable Prachak advised. "You will see in that situation what needs to be done; you will understand how to be present in that moment."

The first morning of the three-day workshop dawned with me still without a useful plan. At Venerable Prachak's suggestion we began with a long morning walk through winding forest paths to a cliff with a view and a resident wolf. The monks went ahead of me following Prachak, who is the abbot of a monastery where the word "rustic" could have been invented. I walked along with the villagers, encountering the Buddhist precept of "mindfulness": whenever my attention strayed to anxiety about what I was going to do in the workshop, I tripped on a root or my head hit a low-hanging branch.

We sat in a semi-circle at the cliff edge and Prachak led us in meditating. The silence could have been Quaker meeting. He spoke from the silence, about the forest as a lung of the earth, about our duty to live peacefully as part of nature. Then it was my turn. My prayers had been answered: the anxiety had turned into curiosity and then into confidence as I... 

The workshop became a feast of case studies. The stories worked for everyone. The drama caught the unsophisticated people who didn't quite know why they were in a workshop, and the strategic lessons were noted by the more knowledgeable. Once the workshop had momentum, we were able to create small groups to develop campaign strategies, report back for general discussion, then to small workshop groups again. For most of the participants it was the first time they actually did planning—instead of leaving it all to the leader. Since the leader could well be jailed or assassinated, he was as grateful as the followers for the chance to "skill up" the movement.

And I, as much as I especially like to plan my workshops carefully in new situations, let go of dependency on plans in order to be led in the moment.

RUSSIA

The nonviolence workshop was either going to get real at this point or it was going to fade away, my trainer's intuition told me. Time to take a risk. I asked the group, "Does someone have a situation of conflict you've run into which you'd like us to examine for possible nonviolent options?" The hand of an older woman shot into the air. "I needed to get to the bedside of a dying relative, and I couldn't get a ticket at the airport to join her. Other people pushed ahead, using their status or bribery or connections. I was desperate. What could I do?"

"Well," I said with more confidence than I felt, "that will be an interesting case for us to resolve." (I was completely without ideas of what she might do in such a situation.) "The buzz groups have fifteen minutes to come up with ideas for a strategy for this woman."

They buzzed, they reported, and the reports were useless—the ideas were variations of bribery and violence! I needed to be with them, in the moment, tuned in—and bold. "Let's take a look at these ideas," I said smiling, pointing to the lists on newsprint in Cyrillic and English. "These are great ideas for the violence and bribery workshop... which we're holding next weekend!" (general chuckles as they listened to the translation). "This weekend, however, we're doing the nonviolence workshop. Let's review what we learned last night are some principles of nonviolence, and then return to your buzz groups to get creative and get that woman on the plane!" With good humored reluctance they went back to work, and 15 minutes later produced a nonviolent strategy that was guaranteed to get the woman airborne.
The workshop was a success and is now part of the repertoire of Golubka, a group of nonviolence trainers in Moscow. I had learned another lesson about the possibilities of boldness and humor when they are not harnessed to ego.

Russia is a fine place to discover subtleties of our “cultural imperialism,” the trap awaiting U.S.ers whenever we try to do good outside our country. Those from the United States wear their arrogance as unconsciously as we men wear our sexism and we white people wear our racism, and being defensive about it doesn’t seem to help at all! What seems to help is prayer, struggle, support from allies, and an understanding that dealing with the “isms” is a spiritual adventure. And Russia is an interesting spot for us to practice our growing awareness, because of its own collective experience with arrogance.

Like the United States, Russia has been a great empire. Unlike us, it is now eating humble pie. Some of the Russians I’ve met in repeated visits reflect a kind of ambivalence, which keeps me on my toes. Attitude A: “We have made a horrible mess of things and need your U.S. know-how to set it right. Teach us how to do things correctly.” Attitude B: “We are a great people who raced you in space, are more literate and poetic and intellectual than you, and most of all, have soul. Don’t forget it!” Attitude A seems a great invitation for a U.S.er’s arrogance to come forth. When it does, Attitude B is likely to appear, although often in muted ways because of politeness.

I’ve met versions of this in other parts of the world, too, and each time find it a stimulus to growth, an opportunity for gratitude. Consider: none of us asked for the arrogance, even though it feels as natural as our own language. We’re lucky to get into situations where awareness is peaked, where even nonviolence or consensus or other of our beloved ideas can be renewed by peeling away our cultural packaging.

Ego attachment—to an ideal or belief, to our country, to a favorite way of working, to “looking good,” to certain achievements or results, even to living—gets in the way of the subtle tuning in that expresses love. That’s just as true in our house or neighborhood as in a distant land. My experience from many years of international work is that we can sometimes use the distance to notice our egos more clearly. “Going about doing good” is an invitation to spiritual work as much as an opportunity for adventure.

Poem for Harry Niles

A great tree has fallen. Not the mighty oak unwavering in the wind, but a beautiful willow which nobly bent with beckoning breeze, admired the water, listened to songs the rocks played, and sheltered a thousand creatures, great and small, under its bower.

He was planted as deeply in the earth as in the moving waters and the overarching sky; in the Great Within as in the Great Beyond. They were all One to him, all, all The Beloved.

Now, wherever grasses bow and brooks sing, wherever eyes look deeply into other eyes, this man of love will be. His smile will not fade. See, it has already blossomed in a thousand flowers and in a thousand hearts.

Poem for Mary-Cushing Niles

Well done, and thank you, good and faithful soldier in the fight for justice, equality, and peace (to say nothing of human understanding and One World, indivisible).

Why settle for less (you asked) than goodness, truth, and enlightenment?

Fierce warrior, tireless traveler on the narrow path, your mind raced far ahead, your weary feet worked overtime on battles you would probably lose, for folks whom you would never know.

At the end it was hard for you to find the right words, to know what went where. But your heart kept the truth, and above all, knew where Love was.

Well done!

Anne Morrison Welsh writes: “Harry and Mary-Cushing Niles were very close—almost godparents—to me, my former husband Norman Morrison, and our children.” Currently, Anne writes a weekly column for a western North Carolina newspaper and works with developmentally disabled adults. She is a member of Celo (N.C.) Meeting.
It was October 1992 and I was irritated with Lulama "Smuts" Ngonyama for being so late. He was long overdue to meet me at my hotel in King William's Town, South Africa. From there we were to drive to Port Elizabeth to pick up his two-year-old son. Smuts's parents had been keeping the child because Smuts and his family could no longer live in their Dimbaza Township home. It had been repeatedly attacked by homeland forces that did not appreciate Smuts's leadership role in the regional African National Congress (ANC). For over six months the family had been scattered: Smuts's wife was studying and living at a university, and his two older sons were at boarding schools. Smuts had managed to purchase a home in a formerly white-and, he hoped, safer-area. He ached for this child, and was anxious to have his family reunited.

Smuts phoned. He sounded shaken. Something terrible had happened, but he would not discuss it over the phone. When he arrived, he explained that according to a reliable informant, the local Ciskei Homeland leader, Oupa Gqozo, had put an order out for his immediate assassination. Smuts had recently attended a funeral for an ANC activist who had recently been killed in the night by grenade blasts. Those killings are also attributed to Ciskei forces. A month earlier the troops had opened fire on a march Smuts and other ANC leaders led to Ciskei headquarters in Bisho. Twenty-nine people had died.

I was in South Africa to spend almost three weeks of intensive documentation of Smuts and his sticky situation. I had come to South Africa to personalize the violence and attempt to shift some focus to the peacemakers. I was weary of the oversimplified, impersonal emphasis on the violence by the mainstream media. Even if I could not photograph, I could witness and write.

Smuts is a community development activist. He is the director of the Resource Development Programme (RDP), a handful of gravity defying optimists of all races who believe South Africa needs to be transformed from the ground up. His heart is with the poor; his mission is empowerment.

I first met him in 1988, when I conducted a photography workshop at the Quaker Peace Centre in Cape Town. I flew to the Eastern Cape to spend time with him, documenting the community building projects there. But on the morning of my arrival he was detained by police, who threatened to ban him and were keeping a heavy surveillance. This was one of many detentions Smuts endured over the years, one for five months' duration. Our next meeting was in 1990. Nelson Mandela had just been released; the rest of the country was euphoric. Smuts, though, who was the second in command for the Border
Addressing the Violence

It is May 1993. Smuts sits down at a table at Squirrels restaurant in King William’s town with me and members of my youth photography project. He looks around uncomfortably; his back is to the door. I change seats with him. Instinctively, he checks every movement at the door.

It is Lungisa who brings up the subject. The 18-year-old wants to know what can be done about the violence that pervades their lives. Smuts listens carefully to what he already knows, sensitive that today’s youths are the wild card in South Africa’s future.

He says gently, “The violence is really within each of us. The oppressive circumstances of our lives breed anger that is so intense all of us want to strike back.”

Young heads nod in agreement.

“We must continue to confront those forces and speak the truth, directly to them. But we must not allow them to rob us of our humanity. We must not allow the anger to make us violent. If we do, we have allowed them to reduce us to a lower level.”

Then he speaks to each one of them by name, and one by one they acknowledge his message.

Smuts recalled lying in the grass as the troops fired, hearing the screams of those around him. He recalled the riot mask-covered faces of the troops and realizing they fired without hesitation. This lack of hesitation had shattered his belief in nonviolence, that had driven him into his leadership role over the years. He had always believed in even the worst of enemies.

A week after the assassination order was placed on him in 1992, Smuts found a way out. He recognized a Ciskei official in a local bank. He introduced himself to the official and politely confronted him on the issue of the violence. The two adversaries met. They liked each other, the rough Afrikaner and the uppity African. Together they created a plan to bring the two sides together.

After several meetings between the Ciskei and the ANC, a cease fire was called. There was a tenuous quiet in the region for a few months. Then Chris Hani was assassinated.

Smuts learned of his friend’s death through a phone call. “I cried a great amount. I felt quite naked and lost, stripped of the most securing spirit as a revolutionary.”

“When you take the feathers out of the wings of a bird, it cannot fly,” Smuts said. “That is the feeling some of us are having. We are trying to lift up our heads, let our enemies notice we bear an example of enduring. We must strike a balance between the loss and giving hope to our people.”

Two weeks after Hani’s funeral, black gunmen rushed into a hotel bar in a con-
servative section in nearby East London and riddled the place with machine gun fire. Six whites died, many others were injured. Members of the right-wing, neo-Nazi-like group, AWB, struck intimidating poses outside the bar. They called for deKlerk's resignation. I listened to them. Their fear and anger were exhausting. They feel misunderstood by the outside world. They believe they have valid reasons to want the races to remain separate.

East London’s City Hall is a Victorian monument to South Africa’s simpler, darker past. On May 11, I watched thousands of people of all races arrive to pray for peace and reconciliation, an event created by Smuts and two white businessmen in response to the rising tensions in the region. White matrons and black maids stood side by side, some weeping. They all sang, and on their knees they prayed. Few touched. When given the opportunity, many South Africans will still stand to be counted—however tenuously—for peace and reconciliation.

Until recently it has been politically incorrect to support transformation, reconciliation, or even community-building activities in South Africa. We seem to be overwhelmed by our own painful racially conflicted condition and fail to see the South African situation as just that: uniquely South African.

Although most preach self-determination for the people of South Africa, the methods for doing that have been poorly defined. Even in our own U.S. Quaker community the commitment to support the grassroots community builders has been inconsistent. Many mainstream U.S. foundations have also failed. Smuts and others like him find most of their support in England, Germany, Holland, or Switzerland.

Oddly enough, it was the revolutionary Nelson Mandela himself who made reconciliation an acceptable option for South Africa. The awarding of the Nobel Peace Prize to what has transpired between Mandela and F.W. deKlerk is recognition of the special people who can repeatedly reach beyond boundaries they inherited at birth.

But there are few awards for Smuts and the others like him who, over the years, have also steadfastly lived their belief in nonviolence. Their faith is tested daily by the pervasive violence of both heart and body. Still, they continue with their work: empowering communities, building schools, clinics, and cooperatives; mediating, negotiating, standing firm in their faith in peace and South Africa. I have seen acts of violence and have been outraged by the cruel effects of apartheid. But I have seen more acts of generosity, courage, creativity, and love.

It’s where you set the focus.

In our eagerness to take the correct action against the evil forces in South Africa, have we missed seeing the powerful examples of the Spirit at work in its own unique way?

There are a number of organizations that support peace and empowerment in South Africa. Two of them are:

Quaker Peace Centre, 3 Rye Road, Mowbray, Capetown 0700, South Africa. Phone: 21-685-7800; Fax: 21-686-8167. Director: Ann Oglethorpe

Resource Development Programme, 1 Grey St., King William's Town 5600, South Africa. Phone: 433-33332; Fax: 433-25754. Director: Smuts Ngonyama

He Always Offered

It is November, 1992. Smuts and I are hurriedly finishing lunch before I begin my journey home. I want to know more about the detentions he served in the past.

He has accepted the South African government’s hospitality ten times, and has been hauled in for questioning many more times. Although they never physically abused him, his keepers screamed and threatened: “We will make you suffer! We will make you pay the price!” Smuts’s response was to try to appeal to their sense of reason. “You don’t have to shout, I’m normal. We can talk as human beings. We can address this issue.”

Some would sit down and talk. Smuts saw this as an opportunity for “political education.”

When the police would arrive at the bank where he worked they would say, “Come on, Smuts, you know where you belong.” Smuts always offered them a cup of coffee.

Did they ever accept?

Smuts paused to think. “No,” he said, quietly, “they never did.”
After last September's signing of the Declaration of Principles between Yasser Arafat and Yitzhak Rabin, a wave of excitement swept through the Middle East, but since then little substantial change has occurred. Doing peace development work with the Mennonite Central Committee in Jerusalem and the West Bank provides me with many opportunities to test some of my most deeply held beliefs as a Christian and a Quaker. At times life here seems to consist of one moral dilemma after another.

Shortly after we arrived last autumn we attended a performance of skits, music, and dance put on by children from the Dheisheh Refugee Camp. One of the final skits portrayed a student who had become a collaborator with the Israelis. At the skit’s climax a group of boys, their faces hooded with kaffiyehs, burst into the classroom and seized the student collaborator. They dragged him out of his chair and pretended to beat and shoot him.

As the skit ended, the Palestinians sitting around us began to applaud, yet the message of the skit was so abhorrent to me that I could not. In the situation, it felt awkward not to applaud. As Westerners, I felt that our presence was conspicuous and that some of the Palestinians in the audience might be wondering how we would respond.

As we left the performance I was deeply troubled. Our earliest impressions of Palestinians had been of their overwhelming hospitality, kindness, and generosity. The first phrase that every Westerner learns in Arabic is, Ahlan wasahlan, (“Welcome”). It is repeated to us countless times each day as Palestinians who have never seen us before welcome us into their homes or shops for a cup of coffee or a meal. In a society so predisposed to generosity of spirit, what kind of aberration could lead to a situation where children pretended to kill other children as their parents and relatives applauded? I knew that these children had lived their entire lives under Israeli military occupation. As I learned more about Dheisheh Camp I became better able to understand their situation.

Reading a slim volume entitled, The Effects of Israeli Violence on the Children of Dheisheh Refugee Camp, I discovered that of the 12 residents of Dheisheh who have been killed by the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) since the beginning of the intifada, seven were less than 20 years old. The youngest was 12 years old. Over 75 percent of the families of Dheisheh report they have been subjected to some form of violence by the IDF. Like all Dheisheh residents, its children have been subjected to curfews. Their education has been significantly handicapped by school closures. They have been randomly tear gassed and beaten by the army. They have experienced the disconnection of electricity, water, and telephone lines, and the demolition of homes by the army. Much of the children's play now centers around intifada-type activities such as throwing stones, hoisting the Palestinian flag in inaccessible places, and participating in “war play” such as the skit I experienced. Although the skit still saddened me, finding out more about the children’s lives helped to put their actions in context.

Our weekly trips to Ramallah Friends Meeting are seldom uneventful. At times we have passed as many as three military checkpoints to get there. Occasionally we hear gunfire during meeting for worship, and sit quietly in meeting counting the shots. During October an attendant, Melissa Graf-Evans, was grazed on the right cheek by a rubber bullet as she walked in Ramallah with her infant daughter, who had been restless that morning in meeting. (Fortunately the bullet had ricocheted off a building first, so Melissa was not seriously hurt.) When she confronted the soldiers who shot her they were unapologetic, telling Melissa that she was “not important” and that Palestinian youths had been throwing stones nearby. Since Sunday is a regular workday in Ramallah and a construction project next door augments the sounds of the intifada, often a measure of outward—or inward—silence is difficult to attain.

When my anger begins to rise against the Israeli treatment of Palestinians, I remember my visit to Yad Vashem, the holocaust museum. Yad Vashem is a searing reminder of the potential for human beings to do evil to one another. It haunted me that in many of the pictures the Nazi soldiers were smiling. What must it have been like for Jews who survived World War II to have lost nearly all of their family and friends in the holocaust? Had I known the horrors of the holocaust, would I have been faithful to the peace testimony during the Second World War? Is pacifism in the face of a holocaust morally defensible? When Israelis seem obsessed with security issues to the point of irrationality, I try to call to mind the unfathomable suffering Jews have experienced in the 20th century. Yet now the vicious cycle of hatred seems to be echoed in Israel's treatment of the Palestinians, which while vastly different in scale, is hauntingly similar in quality. A few days after our visit to Yad Vashem, we encountered a group of ultra-Ortho-

Chip Poston is a member of Middletown (Pa.) Meeting, on leave as director of religious studies at George School. Currently he is a peace development worker for the Mennonite Central Committee in Jerusalem.
dox Jewish children throwing rocks at passing cars on the Sabbath. They too were smiling.

In late December, as we were Christmas shopping in Ramallah, a few Palestinian boys (shabbaab) set a tire ablaze. Palestinians ducked into stores and shops as the IDF soldiers jumped out of their jeep and opened fire. Stones began to rain down around them as the shop owners quickly shuttered their stores. In ten minutes the commotion had ceased and we continued to run our errands, walking past the ruins of the smoldering tire. Arriving at meeting the following Sunday, we noticed a fresh stockpile of tires hidden behind the meetinghouse. Despairing that peace will come, the shabbaab are preparing for the new year. As I look into the precious, fearful eyes of Palestinian children, I wonder what harvest will come of this season of rubber bullets, strike days, burning tires, and hurled stones. How would I respond to the terrible injustices of this situation if I were one of these children?

Most of us working in the Occupied Territories wrestle with our faith daily due to incidents such as these. Living in the Holy Land reminds us we are called to love our enemies and bless those who persecute us, just as Jesus did. But we also hunger and thirst for justice to come to this land—especially for the Palestinian people. Without some measure of justice for the residents of Dheisheh Camp, Ramallah, and the rest of the Occupied Territories—justice being defined as the withdrawal of the Israeli military and an authentic sense of control over the residents’ own lives—it is difficult to see how peace can come to the Holy Land, or how Israelis can attain the security they so earnestly desire.

It is in the heart of this paradox that we live and work in Jerusalem. As we strive to “overcome evil with love,” we hope and pray for the day when “justice will roll down like water, and righteousness like an everlasting stream.”

Longing for Peace

by Malcolm Bell

Military occupation grips the West Bank. Checkpoints dot the highways. Rows of oil drums and strips of upturned nails block alternating lanes, so that vehicles must weave through in a slow serpentine. Israeli soldiers with machine guns wave along the cars with yellow license plates (Jews), but often stop, question, and examine the papers of drivers in cars with blue plates (Arabs).

One day a gentle, thoughtful man drove us north from the Negev toward Hebron, which is deep in the West Bank. A soldier at a checkpoint stopped us and spoke briefly in Hebrew with our friend:

“Why are you going to Hebron?”
“I took the wrong road.”
“Do you have a gun?”
“No.”
“Be careful.” They shook hands, and we drove on.

After that we seldom saw another yellow license plate and, for endless miles, not another soldier. Our car hurtled headlong through crowded streets, shaving past people on foot, frightening my wife and me. We were frightened both for ourselves and for them, especially the Arab kids along the way. Thankfully the ride ended without mishap.

Afterwards our friend said he had not been afraid, though his wife admitted she had been. The people we consulted later warned against going to Hebron. Despite the September handshake between Yitzhak Rabin and Yasir Arafat in Washington, there remains a real danger that a Jew’s car will be stoned in Hebron.

And if that car strikes an Arab?

I thought later that this episode epitomizes Israel’s plight. It has plunged on, apparently heedless of Arab life and limb, yet is scared inside and longs for peace, while opinions differ on whether its toughness is counterproductive and a longer way around would be safer. I reminded myself that I am not in Israel’s place.

Malcolm Bell is a member of Wilderness (Vt.) Meeting. He and his wife, Nancy, were in Israel in October 1993 celebrating the union through marriage of their family with an Israeli family.
Wrestling with Intervention

by Roberta Spivek

As a lifelong peace and justice activist, I have found myself spending much of the last year wrestling with the question of how to respond to the crises in Bosnia, Somalia, and Haiti—and, specifically, whether or not to support armed intervention in those conflicts. In dozens of conversations with friends, I have found I'm not alone; many people are wrestling with the question. Because most Western peace, human rights, and religious organizations, like Western governments, have provided little leadership on the subject, individuals have had to work through the difficult moral and pragmatic issues involved in intervention, on their own. While I expect few FRIENDS JOURNAL readers will agree with my own pro-intervention answer, I hope an account of one peace activist's struggle with the questions of nonviolence, effectiveness, and moral responsibility will encourage others to clarify their own thoughts and feelings, and will contribute to greater dialogue, action, and debate.

Thoughtful and compelling arguments for and against military intervention to end genocide, mass starvation, and other egregious human rights violations have been advanced by scholars and experts, as well as by pacifist and non-pacifist peace groups. The sheer weight of argument on all sides, I've found, can be overwhelming; many times in the last year I've felt like a ping-pong ball, bouncing first to one side, then the next. In a recent article in The Nation, Princeton law professor Richard Falk poignantly sums up the dilemma that is paralyzing many people: "Nonintervention is intolerable, but intervention remains impossible." Nevertheless, Falk argues, we must come to terms with what kind of action to take. Most discussions of intervention focus on Somalia, Haiti, and Bosnia—today's "hard cases of severe human suffering," in Falk's words—and especially on Bosnia, where the issue of "ethnic cleansing" and genocide makes the question most acute.

While learning "the facts" about a specific situation is part of making an informed decision, I believe peace activists must first face more fundamental questions in trying to think clearly about the issue. Has our faith in nonviolence become a kind of dogma, to which we cling even when it has not proved to be effective? Are we genuinely open to evaluating and responding to crises in which other people's lives, not our own, are at stake, on the basis of what is most helpful to them, rather than for the sake of our own philosophical comfort? Should our primary goal in responding to "severe human suffering" be to act to save as many lives as possible in the immediate situation, and if so, can we rule out any possible solution a priori, including the use of armed force?

When we lack the strength, means, or will to implement nonviolent solutions in places like Bosnia, perhaps armed intervention is the only alternative.

Starting with Nonviolence

Although I am not a Quaker, everything in my activist life so far has led me to respond to the current crises from a position of nonviolence. In addition to the lessons of my own religious heritage, Judaism, my spiritual and political beliefs have been deeply influenced by Quaker writers and teachings, as well as by some of the teachings of Buddhism, American Indian philosophies, and liberation theology.

As a high school student growing up in Norfolk, Virginia, a navy town, during the Vietnam War, I participated in candlelight marches and peace vigils, drawn to "gentle, angry" forms of protest, and was alienated by the militant, "off-the-pigs" rhetoric of a small segment of the anti-war movement. Later, as a college student, budding journalist, and feminist activist in Berkeley, California, during the 1970s, I saw the connections between militarism, misogyny, imperialism, and machismo, understanding them to be various manifestations of the patriarchal values I was working to transform.

In 1984, when I joined the staff of a national peace organization as editor of its journal, many of these inchoate feelings found a home in the theory and practice of nonviolence. In the steady stream of words and images that crossed my desk, I found myself setting aside, for closer study, those that articulated a vision of nonviolence and reconciliation: biographies of people like Dorothy Day, Lucretia Mott, Archbishop Romero, and Dr. King; journals like Fellowship,
Bearing Witness

It was against this background that I began confronting the mass media reports of rape camps, "ethnic cleansing," and 200,000 dead in former Yugoslavia; tens of thousands of Somalis starving to death in front of the world's television cameras while armed men looted the food shipments; and the overthrow of Haiti's elected liberation theology priest/president, Jean-Bertrande Aristide. Like most peace activists, I am used to advocating diplomacy, negotiation, and a strengthened United Nations to resolve conflict, but increasingly, I had to face the fact that such strategies were either not in operation, or were not working. Thousands continued to die. Peace talks failed to resolve the underlying conflicts, and seemed instead to empower those responsible for the carnage. Friends shook their heads sadly, hoping someone would do something. A disturbing number of people told me the news is so depressing, they no longer read newspapers at all.

My gut feeling of relief when U.S. Marines landed in Somalia, after months of horror made vivid by television cameras, finally forced me to face the limits of my belief in nonviolence. I am not a pacifist. I believe, as a last resort, in "just war." I continue to believe, theoretically, in nonviolence, but when advocates of nonviolent solutions lack the strength, means, or will to implement them in situations involving egregious human rights violations, especially the rights to life and physical security guaranteed by the UN Declaration of Human Rights, I support armed force to counter armed force.

I still believe nonviolence is a powerful moral force, one that is especially effective in sowing seeds of long-term peace and reconciliation. But my reading of history has led me to conclude that nonviolence is not an effective tactic in responding to armed force, except in rare cases when it has been implemented as part of an ongoing, well-planned campaign. Such is not the case in Bosnia, Haiti, or Somalia, or in most of the current conflicts around the globe. To advocate only nonviolent situations in those cases seems to me to be tantamount to doing nothing, to taking a purely symbolic stand.

Although I am still trying to work through what kind of armed intervention I support in Somalia and Haiti, in the case of Bosnia I support the recommendations of American Committee to Save Bosnia. These include: lifting the UN Security Council's arms embargo against the Bosnian government, and support of its right to self-defense; U.S. leadership in a multilateral force to enforce Security Council resolutions guaranteeing delivery of humanitarian assistance and protection of civilians in Bosnia, including the use of air power if necessary to stop the bombardment of civilians in cities under siege; and U.S. sponsorship of new negotiations toward a goal of preserving a democratic, multi-ethnic Bosnia-Herzegovina.

During the year in which I have engaged in this slow decision-making process, I have also worked with a local group called GATHER (Global Action to Help End Rape), which arose in response to the rape of thousands of Bosnian Muslim women, and women of all ethnic groups, in former Yugoslavia in 1992 and 1993. GATHER has focused on solidarity and public education, raising funds for the Center for Women War Victims in Zagreb, Croatia, and local anti-rape groups, and making connections between "everyday" violence against women, and the use of rape as a tool of war. While this work has provided a supportive and constructive "third way" for me to respond to the crisis, it has sidestepped the question of intervention, about which GATHER members hold diverse views.

Barriers to Clarity

In reaching my own difficult conclusion in favor of intervention, it has helped to identify some of my barriers to clear thinking. It also has been helpful to recognize two emotional forces that finally overcame all others for me: the issue of moral complicity and responsibility, and the Holocaust.

Lack of expertise. As a woman with no particular expertise in the Balkans, Africa, or the Caribbean, my first hurdle lay in believing in my right to make this decision. As former editor of a political journal, I am perhaps more engaged in policy questions than most citizens, and know how to ferret out the information I need. But I still found the process of dealing with issues of military
strategies, international law, diplomacy, and UN peacekeeping intimidating. I believe this is a particular obstacle for women, who are vastly underrepresented in the ranks of foreign policy decision-makers, and are not used to seeing ourselves and other women in this role.

In response, I began educating myself. I called people I knew or was referred to on the staffs of national peace organizations; I clipped articles; I tried to find out what peace and opposition activists in former Yugoslavia themselves are saying through people in contact with them. Through this networking, I have felt myself part of a community of caring people engaged in the issue. Informal dialogue with the War Resisters League's Dorie Wilsnack, a pacifist, has been especially helpful; her observation that "being for nonviolence in peacetime is like being a vegetarian between meals," has challenged me, a vegetarian, more than any other the past year.

Ironically, the danger is that one can gather too much "expert" information, making it harder to hear and trust one's own voice. Nevertheless, learning from other people has been crucial. The process, however, has taken a great deal of time, which might have been saved by the peace movement taking a more active educative role. By making information more easily available to activists and the public, peace groups could both help inform public opinion, and play a more visible and relevant role in the post-Cold War era.

**History of Intervention.** As most peace activists know by heart, the record of U.S. military intervention has been grim. In Vietnam, Haiti, Grenada, Panama, the Gulf War, the "Indian Wars," and many other cases, "national security," racist, or corporate interests have prevailed, often wearing a humanitarian mask. These precedents have led many of us automatically to rule out even the idea of intervention, accepting the argument, in political scientist Stephen Shalom's words, that "bad countries don't make good interventions," and that genuinely multilateral intervention in a world dominated by a single superpower, is an illusion. But by not intervening to protect victims of aggression, others have argued, the world has intervened, on behalf of aggressors. Faced with instances of genocide and "severe human suffering," they insist, we cannot fail to act. I agree with this view. What we must do is develop criteria for genuinely humanitarian intervention, reforming and strengthening UN peacekeeping operations, and including the rights of soldiers/peacekeepers to be sent into situations that will, as far as possible, minimize their risks. Unlike those who have accepted wars defined in terms of "national interest," but are balking at risking U.S. lives in Bosnia, Haiti, and Somalia, humanitarian reasons seem to me the only good justification for asking soldiers to risk their lives.

**Fear of Separation from My Political Community.** Most U.S. feminist and peace groups, my political "home" for the last decade, oppose military intervention in Bosnia, Somalia, and Haiti, arguing that violence breeds violence, and war breeds war. While I agree philosophically with that argument, and with measures they've supported, including safe havens, a war crimes tribunal, and support for local peace groups; I find most of these solutions faltering on the issue of enforcement. In a recent *Fellowship* article, for instance, David McReynolds of the War Resisters League states: "It is my job to look at some problems," rather than to propose solutions. While McReynolds acknowledges that "Pacifists do have to ask what kind of world authority we favor, what kind of police force, with what kind of military power," his article leaves that discussion for later—a luxury that people dying in Bosnia or Somalia or Haiti do not have. Like Dr. Lynne Jones, a British psychiatrist and anti-nuclear crusader, I believe intervention opponents bear a moral responsibility to propose viable alternatives; like her, I "long to hear what these are."

In "coming out" as a peace activist in favor of war, I've had to face fears of rejection by people I admire, and of being, literally, politically incorrect. What if I'm wrong, and the actions I support make things worse? Nevertheless, I've continued to trust my own judgment—and have found that most people welcome the chance to talk.

**Taking Responsibility.**

Most articles on intervention focus on legal, political, or historical questions. For me, the issue has always been a primarily moral and emotional one, having to do with issues of moral complicity and my responsibility to human beings I do not know.

In an article entitled, "For Intervention Against Genocide," exiled Croatian writer Branka Magas accuses the international community of accepting genocide and fascism in the heart of Europe. In a radio interview, human rights lawyer Juan Mendez, a former political prisoner and executive director of Americas Watch, accused the world community of being "guilty of a moral crime." Mendez later told me that the human rights community is waging an internal debate similar to my own.

Closely related to the issue of moral responsibility and complicity is the legacy of the Holocaust, the term used to describe Nazi Germany's slaughter of six million Jews, as well as millions of homosexuals, leftists, Gypsies, and other "undesirables," within the larger devastation of World War II. "Unfortunately," Juan Mendez has noted, "the lesson of the Holocaust is one the world has to learn again and again." But what lesson? With only 50 years elapsed since the world's refusal to prevent or intervene in the attempted extermination of the European Jews, it is not surprising that Jewish voices are among the loudest calling for armed intervention to end crimes against humanity, such as in Bosnia.

In an odd convergence of forces, I found myself spending much of the last year wrestling not only with intervention but with the Holocaust, triggered by the opening of the U.S. Holocaust Museum; the film *Schindler's List*; a play, 2, about Herman Goering; and an invitation to my mother from the German government to return for a "reparations" visit to Germany—a trip I plan to accompany her on. Forced to confront the pain of the Holocaust head-on, I found myself focusing on images of resistance, like Hannah Senesch and 31 other young Palestinian Jews who parachuted into Nazi territory to try to rescue Jews and Allied airmen, or the armed Jewish fighters of the Vilna and Warsaw ghettos. For me, ultimately, the question of nonviolence versus intervention has been settled in my *yidishe nishama* (my Jewish soul).

While the process of decision-making will be different for everyone, what is important is that we engage in the process—that we don't avoid issues just because they are complicated, but that we face them, and try to work them through. It is the best way, it seems to me, to avoid falling into the "psychic numbing" that seems to be a common reaction to violence and suffering, not just in other countries, but at home. For me the process, although painful, has been full of growth.
Out of Africa: Questions and Certainties

by Judith Brown

Quakers who went to Kenya for the Friends World Conference had the advantage of rubbing shoulders with other Kenyan Friends. In part because their reports piqued our interest, Jack Brown and I have just returned from a foray into Uganda, where we also made contact with friends, other Christians, and Muslims. It appeared that almost everyone we met was religious in some sense. Anyone returning to the West from a people-to-people journey into a country like Uganda has countless questions. The "baggage" I took to Africa with me, being a Quaker and a U.S. citizen, made for these observations.

In Kampala, Uganda, at the Baptist Student Center, after a discussion on the economic implications of the Sermon on the Mount, Philip Wandawa, a student at Makerere University, fashioned this phrase: "We are, therefore, I am." He added, "You in the West take your cue from Descartes, and say, 'I think, therefore I am.' We Africans think more communally. We get our sense of ourselves from our community."

The question that haunted me after talking with Philip was: How would my life be different if my culture thought less individually and more communally?

In an article on witchcraft in a Ugandan published magazine called Involvement, Paddy Musana says, "To an African, the supernatural is as real as the natural world. The spirit world is a carbon copy of the physical world." Musana goes on to quote Professor John S. Mbiti, a renowned scholar and writer, who states that "in African tradition religion permeates all aspects of life. There is no difference between religion and culture, the sacred and the secular. To live is to be religious, and wherever an African is, there is his religion."

During our travels around Uganda we saw a socio-drama intended to educate Ugandans about new, healthier ways of living. The skit mocked the ignorance of a peasant who called in a witch doctor to cure his illness. Musana's article on witchcraft seemed to better explain why that peasant turned to witchcraft.

The question that comes to me out of thoughts about the supernatural and witchcraft is: Would my life be healthier or just different if I perceived the spirit world as permeating the natural world?

There were two clear affirmations we experienced during our time in Uganda. The first: My husband Jack and I had been in Ethiopia from January through March of 1991, introducing organic agricultural methods. Ethiopia then and now has had so much governmental chaos that it was bereft of the "energy of hope" Ugandans seem to have. We saw this Ugandan vitality when we visited the remote area where an organization called Ugandan Rural Development and Training project operates. We discovered URDT is working in a holistic, sophisticated way to stimulate the Ugandans of the Kangadi area to visualize where they want to go in their development—what kind of houses, latrines, crops, and livestock management they want to have. When the people fashion their own goals, URDT helps them with the technical advice to achieve for themselves what they want. Seeing that URDT project excited us.

The second: African countries are good milieus from which to gain perspective on our own lives in the West. We went to Uganda as a part of an intercultural education organization's people-to-people study tour. That organization was the Lisle Fellowship based at 433 West Sterns Road, Temperance, MI, 48182. We have spent time in four other African countries as tourists, and working as we did in Ethiopia. Our chances for significant exchange with Ugandans were much enhanced by the way Lisle sets up their "units." The workcamps and dialogues we had with Ugandans fit the Friends' way.  

April 1994 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Romania: Not a Travelogue

by Judith and Philip Toy

We’d applied for an overseas volunteer assignment with the U.S. Peace Corps, but couples assignments are scarce. When a friend of a friend asked if we’d like to accompany her on a private, six-week mission to a rural village in Transylvania, Romania, in the summer of 1992, we agreed to try. She had been invited to recruit a group from the United States to teach English to handicapped orphans, and small business development to aspiring entrepreneurs.

In Romania, it had been two-and-a-half years since the supposed revolution, which had really been a coup. The country’s economy was in chaos. The changeover from Soviet bloc country to free economy was still in the pain-of-childbirth stage. What follows are excerpts from our journal.

Paclisa at Last

The two of us are quite an oddity as we walk the hard-packed dirt roads of the village of Paclisa, adjacent to the large hospital grounds where we live in a castle built by an Austro-Hungarian landed baron (in a sparsely furnished room and shared bathroom, a bare lightbulb hung on its cord from the ceiling. On only one day since our arrival, we luxuriated in hot water!). In the village where we spied sweetly tended gardens over ornately-molded concrete walls, the people leave their houses to talk with us as herds of cattle are maneuvered deftly through the lanes, out onto the flat, grassy area at the base of the Carpathian Alps that surround us. An Old MacDonald’s Farm of critters roam the roads: one is as likely to encounter a goose as a human.

Bricks everywhere, and terra cotta tile roofs, thatched pigpens, dogs and more dogs. The people: small, wiry, ancient—so ancient as to reach back maybe before Rome! Horsecarts with car tires, bundled so high with grasses and flowers and milk cans. These wizened, hardened faces peer out at us from a knowledge too old, too hard, too dense for us Yankees to fathom. Our fast thoughts by contrast are mere guesses, and they bound back at us as manifold as the sunflowers, the coalbins, the ornate cement work, the glorious doorways.

Oh, the kids of Paclisa Spital! Finally today we touch the hands and look into the eyes of the children who have haunted

Children from the neuropsychiatric hospital at Paclisa spend a weekend at a campsite retreat.
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Our dreams these last months. We sing together within minutes of saying our first hellos. On the playground, we snap their pictures and we let them take ours, too.

Their names are beautiful—Elena, Liliana, Angelica. They all speak at once, crowding, caressing our hands, trying on the new English words for sound. They all want to model our sunglasses, so we make them say the English word “sunglasses”—first. We will work with this group of developmentally disabled children who suffer from the milder handicaps such as dyslexia, epilepsy, and emotional disabilities. Some have parents and some do not. They will help keep us from drowning in our culture shock: “Buna ziua, buna ziua,” they say (“Hello, hello”). “Ciocolata, Ciocolata.”

Tibi

Tibi is 23 years old. It’s not yet clear whether he lives on hospital grounds or in the village, but he has probably spent his life as a hospital patient. He is disabled, walks with a stiff-legged limp on sticks for legs. We think he’s dyslexic, and mentally about 6-8 years old. He wears a dark, snug dress waistcoat, often a necktie, carries always a plastic bag wrapped around an assortment of religious tracts and booklets and I.D. papers. He escorts us everywhere. He escorts everyone everywhere—in and out of Spital Paclisa. We call him “mayor of Spital.”

We have him as a student in English class number two. He arrives sometimes two hours early and waits alone on a bench in silence outside the classroom door. Tibi is best described, we think, as Dickensian—but he could also have walked straight out of Victor Hugo or Shakespeare. One day, Tibi was alone in our classroom; he gestured that he wanted to record his voice in some way on our little tape recorder. We arranged for his song. He placed a one-leu coin (worth about $0.025) in front of his teeth and between his upper and lower lips, which he parted slightly and through which he began humming his extemporaneous ditty. We recorded it all until he signalled the finale. Of course, we played it back. Tibi was positively ecstatic. He jubilantly hugged and kissed us both.

We later learned from a reliable source that a group of severely handicapped orphans had been left in an unheated barn and had frozen to death in the nearby town of Hoteg. Since the ground was solid, and they could not be
buried, their little bodies had been brought to the hospital furnaces adjacent to the school where our classes were held, and they were burned.)

Our Students

The children we teach daily are supposedly handicapped (at least a third appear normal to us), but many have been put here for lack of another place. Though many are adoptable, we are told they can never be placed. Teachers who try to bring light into their lives are sabotaged by power-mad authorities, remnants of Ceacu's regime. One of our students tried to slit her wrists yesterday because she is being sent home to parents who abuse her. Others call to us, "Mama, Tata," their little arms outstretched through the metal grillwork that covers every window.

Our classes, though, are magic—full of music, color, creativity, laughter . . .

Another Day in Transylvania

Our days begin very early—long before even the cows are driven out of town to whistles and shouts of the herdsman and women. Then four intense, exuberant hours of class with our hospital kids, a brief break, then dressed up and out without supper for an hour's bumpy, dieselled, the horsecarts in the dark, no lights, no suspension, no shocks, no engine to speak of; holding on for dear life, then home.

We must walk the final mile through pitch blackness of the hospital campus, winding our way home to the castle, finally to our nest.

Florin

It is Florin we want to write about tonight—a small, 15-year-old gypsy boy—Florin Faros Ioan (John, in English), who is, we believe, a holy person. With his straight black mop of hair (always clean) and his heart-shaped face, always with eyes utterly lit from within and expression that mirrors your own, he is love personified. It comes as no surprise today when Florin tells us, through the interpreter, he will someday be a professor of religion; for unlike the other children of Paclisa, Florin carries with him books—a well-thumbed Bible which he's fond of putting in our faces, and a tattered Baptist religious tract, Este Singur? ("Are You Alone?")

Florin is father and brother to many others of the fatherless, brotherless kids of the casa de copii—especially to one horrifying, flat headed, fright-eyed pygmy of a child named Vesa. Vesa does not know his name or other names; he cannot write; but surprisingly I find he possesses some very basic reading skills. Vesa repulses us all at first; he talks rapidly in indistinguishable Romanian, his hands all over one's body, his eyes rolling up in his head. Judith is afraid of him.

Florin is Vesa's friend and constant companion. Who else would have Vesa? And it is Florin in his quiet, insistent, and magnanimous manner, who leads us at first to tolerate, and finally to connect with Vesa where he lives—in a frantic search for love from a world—including his own parents—that rejects him. Vesa was abandoned by his parents at birth, and today as we form a circle to hear the children's painful stories through our interpreter, Vesa looks more monstrous than ever, his face on one side enormously swollen by a serious dental infection.

As each child unrolls his or her story—fragmented, sad, I watch Vesa twist his little legs tightly and close his arms around himself.

Only Florin, in the wisdom of an old soul, is unshaken. He talks about how they can help each other to dress in the morning. "Do you have parents?" the interpreter asks Florin. "Yes, but I don't want to live with them," he confides with serenity. "They force me out on the street to beg, so they can buy liquor. I want to stay here; it is better here. Here I have food, clothing, friends."

Something tells me Florin will be a great teacher. Never have I seen such fortitude and fight in a child who has every right to be angry or dumb—at best confused. Surely Florin is the angel of Paclisa.

To Live Fearlessly

To live fearlessly in a land of many fears, old and new, a land flowing with rhythmic language and music, with flowers, with enormous hospitality, vast need, vast want, vast warmth—we must have firm and ready support. Unaccustomed as we are to receiving and letting others do for us, to be always treated as great dignitaries and lavished with real warm attention, given gifts—expensive, tasteful gifts—by people who have very little themselves, can hypnotize one along with the rhythms of the Romanian language and song, and melt away much American crust, much bravado.

The children sing "Battle Hymn of the Republic" (in Romanian, of course)—we gently, softly touch them on their shoulders, they accept, we cry softly together, everyone understands.

God, have mercy on these sweet, beleaguered children. Give them the grace to accept Your healing touch, Your light and love. Aid us in our simple joy of work and let us wash ourselves with these tiny but great souls together, now and ever. Amen.
Tonight I was talking with my Fijian neighbors about religion, a subject that often comes up here in Fiji, where I am a Peace Corps Volunteer in a mountain village of 120 people. About half of Fiji's population is indigenous Fijian, and of these people at least 90 percent are Christian. The missionaries who first came here in the 1800s did their job thoroughly, and today the Methodist, Roman Catholic, Seventh Day Adventist, and Assemblies of God churches all flourish. The Fijian government as well is heavily influenced by an evangelical attitude. In my small village alone there are three churches, all of which hold meetings or services several times a week.

"What church are you?" is commonly one of the first questions asked of a stranger anywhere in Fiji. This is uncomfortable for me, a post-college Quaker still searching for my own religious and spiritual identity. I usually answer, "Quaker. You don't have it in Fiji," hoping to cut short the conversation. In truth, I don't know what to say to people here about religion, since their brand of Christianity seems almost completely incompatible with mine—which they might not even call "Christianity."

I have written in letters home, "The rampant Christianity is stifling," and often wondered how I would begin to explain my conception of Quakerism to people here. How could it make sense to them, who believe so strongly in the Second Coming and the Bible as being every word of God? If I'm ever pressed for details, I say, "My religion is very different from yours" and offer a few superficialities like silent worship and the absence of ministers. I guess I'm hoping these ideas will be so foreign to them they will end discussion and let me off the hook. But as I'm saying these things I'm thinking, "They must think I'm crazy. I know I think they are a bit crazed.

My friend Bera and her family are Born Again Christians; I have attended their Assemblies of God Church with them. I spend a lot of time with this family. They are among the few people with whom I have attempted to discuss—although it felt more like defending—my religion. I have even introduced them to silent, hand-holding grace, as I was becoming uncomfortable with being asked to say Fijian grace at every meal I shared with them. So when Bera asked if she might read one of the "Newsweeks from my church" (this is how I had explained my FRIENDS JOURNALS to her) I said, "Of course," and gave her an old issue.

Later I wondered just what she would make of it. I knew that although the English would be difficult for her, she would understand a lot of it. But would it make any sense to her? Consider an article on legalizing drugs: this woman's religion forbids her smoking, drinking, or even taking part in the drinking of yagona, a ceremonially important drink consumed in large quantities here but which also happens to be a mild narcotic. There were many articles in response to the Gulf War; Fijians generally pride themselves on their willing involvement in international conflicts and the many soldiers they have sent to UN peacekeeping forces. I wasn't here during the Gulf War but I gather the attitudes were as fanatically anti-Saddam as among Fiji's Western allies. What would Bera make, I wondered, of a "religious" magazine so overtly political? Or of the spiritual beliefs and practices also discussed in the magazine?

Tonight at her house we talked for a while about other things, and then Bera said, "I saw in your church paper that you use Bible verses just like we do."

I told her, "Yes, many things the Bible says are very important to Quakers."

Then she said, "In your church you pray silently?"

I answered that yes, we worship silently but we think of it more as waiting.
for the Spirit than praying.

Bera's sister-in-law looked at her and said, "Just the same."

Encouraged, I went on to explain that anyone in the gathering was free to speak anytime, if the Spirit spoke to them. This they quickly likened to their own "speaking in tongues." When they asked if I believed in Christ, I said I believed he was a great teacher and that yes, he was the son of God because we are all sons and daughters of God. But that no, I did not see him as the Messiah.

"Do you believe He will come again?"

"That question doesn't make any sense to me," I said, "because I believe he is already here, in every one of us."

By this time I was practically holding my breath, waiting for some outpouring of intolerance for my beliefs or, as they probably saw it, lack of Belief. I was laying down some pretty radical stuff, I knew. But when I looked up from the pandanus-leaf mat on which I was sitting and into which I had inadvertently begun drawing nervous patterns with my thumbnail, I saw they were both nodding knowingly and saying, "Just the same."

"Almost everything is the same about your religion," Bera concluded. "The only difference," her sister-in-law added, "is that you don't speak in tongues, you just speak English."

And that was that. The intolerance I expected never came. These women, who

Melissa Mueller with friend Bera and Bera's daughter, Dai.

I had thought were very different from me in religious beliefs, managed to see only how similar our beliefs were. I hope I can learn from their example to see the true spirituality of people, although different words are used to describe religious beliefs and experiences. Perhaps most important to me personally is that being challenged to explain the essence of my own spirituality has helped me to define it for myself. I hope my friends would say the same thing.

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FRIENDS JOURNAL April 1994
A LEADING OF LOVE
Responding to the Midwestern Floods of 1993
by Kay Whitlock

In the midst of hard times and great pain there are certain luminous moments that occur, certain things that happen that sustain us, that give us the strength to move forward in the face of overwhelming odds and enormous challenges. In these moments we join with those who are hurting the worst, and we take responsibility to help restore what has been lost or harmed. In these moments we catch glimpses of what real “beloved community” might be if we didn’t wait for disaster to call forth the best and most generous in ourselves. We catch glimpses of what it means to join with one another in common effort, even though there are differences among us that might, in other circumstances, divide us or cause us to pass by one another without a backward glance.

Wherever you look in the Midwest these days, in the aftermath of the great rain and flood disaster of 1993, you find those luminous moments. They don’t erase the pain or the hardship being felt by thousands of people, but they do provide the heartfelt vision that is necessary to sustain the kind of work that transforms loss into the powerful, creative force of love.

The Disaster
The slow-motion disaster started to make itself known in the spring of 1993 when snowmelt—about 25 inches deep in Iowa alone—and the thawing of water-soaked earth caused rivers and streams in several states to surge. Through late March and early April the harbingers of long-term trouble were evident. Family farmers were among the first to sense the magnitude of the crisis-in-making. It was a cooler than usual spring, and never-ending rains continued to saturate the ground making it impossible for some farmers to till soil and plant crops, delaying planting for others. Along portions of river basins waters crested several feet about flood stage. By June, farmers were running out of time for planting corn and soybeans. Those who had crops in the ground worried about shallow root development; they could foresee the reduced yields and stunted crops that became all too real.

Later that month barge traffic along the Mississippi River closed down at several locks because of the flooding: The mother of all rivers was ready to roar over its banks. By late June many rivers, creeks, and streams stormed over their banks with frightening force, breaking through levees, flooding homes, fields, and businesses. Throughout the summer the rains continued; one community got about 19 inches in just two days. By August, some farmers had seen their land

Kay Whitlock helps to unload a boxcar in central Iowa—a shipment of hay from Port Royal, Pa.

Kay Whitlock works in Des Moines, Iowa, with an interfaith network, assisting in the recovery effort from the Midwest's rain and flood disaster of 1993.
under water three or four times.

As the rains and flooding continued, more and more people found themselves being directly affected. Industrial plants and businesses hurt by the flooding closed down, some permanently. Whole neighborhoods and communities were devastated. Sandbags became a part of the landscape as volunteers and public workers labored feverishly.

The end of the rains left people facing a monumental rebuilding process. Many farm families began to contemplate the future with despair. Millions of acres of crop land had been covered, in too many cases leaving silt and sand layered on the ground, ruining what had been fertile soil. The dramatic crop losses also meant huge losses of income for families already barely holding on to their farms. Animals (both domestic and wild) dependent on the crops for food and shelter were also endangered. People in the cities faced rebuilding their homes, businesses, and communities.

The disaster has had ripple effects that link rural and urban well-being in a thousand different ways. Whole communities need support and assistance, along with individual families. Immediate relief was there, but who would stay around when the emergency was “officially over”? That became the essential challenge of the communities of faith.

The Victories

Buffalo, Iowa, is a small town tucked away in the southeastern part of the state, right smack on the Mississippi River. Friends pastor Bill Griggs helped make local arrangements for a spirited group of about 20 people from the North Carolina Friends Disaster Service who gave a week of hard work to the community. They helped to build a new house as well as repair others. One of those houses, belonging to an 87-year-old woman, needed plaster torn out, a new suspended ceiling, flooring, and cabinets. The group's purpose is to help where there is need, whether on the banks of the Mississippi or in hurricane-ravaged Florida. Wiley Shore, of Yadkin County, N.C., talked about his experience: “It’s kinda simple, we do this because we receive more than we give. It makes us feel like bigger family. You can feel the presence of the Lord. It just gives you a good feeling to give back some of what people lost.”

Central Iowa

It was a bitter winter day just after Christmas and the wind was a raw fury. The snow was actually whipping through the air in jagged, horizontal streaks. This unlikely spot in the middle of nowhere was distinguished only by a railroad track and two forlorn boxcars, which looked as if someone forgot them and never remembered to come back. However, those boxcars ended up there because folks from the Church of the Brethren, as well as Mennonite volunteers in Pennsylvania, called up the American Friends Service Committee in Des Moines. They’d heard AFSC was putting a haylift together and they wanted to help. Those were the first of ten boxcars filled with donated hay that would arrive by rail from Pennsylvania. But it was more than just hay; it was a lifeline for hard-hit family farmers who had been identified by a rural recovery hotline operated by PrairieFire Rural Action. The hay helped feed herds of sheep, dairy cattle, beef cattle—herds that many farmers had spent decades developing. Since thousands of farmers in the Midwest have little or no cash income and no ability to take on more debt, they face a crisis with livestock feed.

The AFSC continues to coordinate a haylift that has grown from an initial vision of 200 tons to more than 500 tons, serving 100-150 family farmers. However, the AFSC has not accomplished this alone. It has been a project with PrairieFire, the Pennsylvania folks, and many other faith-based communities including Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish denominations. Several Friends groups too have been involved.

Low Income Housing

On another raw, grey Iowa day 35-40 people gathered on a vacant lot in a racially mixed neighborhood that blends middle-class with working-class homes. It was an ecumenical gathering with faiths represented by Friends, United Methodists, Catholics, Presbyterians, Baptists, and others. There were also a city official or two, a county commissioner, a local labor federation person, an AFSC representative, and folk from the neigh-
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The Work Continues

These are just a few examples of the work being done—examples of people loving people. The work must go on, and it must expand. Whole-community approaches will be needed. Public policies must be addressed. We must examine our flood-control policies and confront the possibility that hubris has brought us to where we are. In our desire to play God by straightening and controlling river flow to bring water to the cities, we have sacrificed flood plains and wetlands to development, thus losing nature’s own ecologically sound way of incorporating floods into the rhythm of creation and biodiversity. There are issues of possible flood-related toxic contamination in the spring. The next planting season is rapidly approaching and no one knows what the winter of heavy snow on already saturated grounds will mean. Flooding is predicted.

So the disaster has not ended. In the face of overwhelming odds we have been called to respond with vision and with hard work. In such simple acts is the love to which God calls us most truly revealed.

A flooded farm near Burlington, Iowa.

A shovelful of earth was turned and ground was broken for the first of 20 new homes to be built by Des Moines Iowa’s new Flood Housing Consortium. A nonprofit corporation established primarily by the faith-based groups, it was formed to help meet the urgent need for affordable housing for low-income people displaced by the floods. The 20 good-quality homes, which new owners will pay for with sweat equity (by helping to build them) and through long-term, no-interest loans, are only a start. There is an acute shortage of affordable housing in every major Midwest city, and the floods made an already bad situation worse. In the spring the construction will expand.

April 1994 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Listening
by Harriet Heath

We speak so often of listening carefully to children. Listening is more than taking in their words. To truly understand what a child is trying to tell us may require watching what they do. It may take looking at their words through their level of understanding.

Annemarie's 18 month-old, Lennen, was being very persistent. He was fascinated with crayons and colors. The problem was that he insisted on coloring the walls instead of the big sheets of newsprint she had gotten him. When he asked to color, she would get out the paper and tell him, "We color on the paper; not the walls." However, the minute she left him he would trot to the nearest wall and showed him how to draw on it. Then she insisted on coloring the walls instead of the paper; not the wall. But his actions were very persistent. He was fascinated with the crayon. He tried again and the paper wrinkled. He looked at the wall and, with crayon in hand, started towards it.

Annemarie saw the problem. The wall didn't move like the paper did. Lennen could make the crayon go as he wanted it to. This time as she moved him back to the paper, she took masking tape and fastened the paper securely to the linoleum floor. Lennen ignored the wall.

Lennen's actions told his mother why he preferred the wall. She took time to "listen" by watching him and figuring out what was different for him when drawing on the wall from when drawing on paper. Lennen, at 18 months, could not verbally tell his mother why he preferred the wall. But his actions could.

Annemarie could have concluded that Lennen was trying to get her attention, or knew how to "press her buttons," or was playing a game. Before she made these assumptions, she "listened" in the only way one can listen to a child who has not mastered the complexity of language needed for the situation. She checked to see what might be the difference for her child between the wall as a preferred place to color and the paper. "Listening" gave her the answer.

Harriet Heath is a member of Radnor (Pa.) Meeting. She is a licensed psychologist and provides parenting workshops through Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's Family Relations Committee.

Another kind of listening is being open to children's messages through their words. The child who talks of playing ball this spring with his soon-to-be-born sibling is cute, and the tendency too often is to laugh. But the message the child is sending is, "I don't know what a new-born is like."

Children's words can also tell us how they are hearing our message. In one instance a six year-old had stopped on the rug in front of the TV while her dad was watching a sports game.

"You can't stand on the rug." The girl responded, seeming perplexed, "But I am standing on the rug."

"The father came back, "But you can't stand on the rug."

The child looked down at the rug with a frown of utter confusion on her face.

"The dad, realizing the problem, laughed. "You're right, honey, you can stand on the rug. My problem is that if you stand on the rug I can't see the TV."

With this the girl turned, looked at the TV, and moved.

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Friends Journal April 1994
Young Friends

A Friendly Trip to Northern Ireland

Last summer, I traveled to Northern Ireland through the Quaker Youth Exchange Program. I had been interested in summer travel abroad for several years, and through research into summer programs, I discovered Quaker Youth Exchange. I felt a home stay would be a good way to immerse myself in the culture.

Several reasons motivated my choice of Northern Ireland: I am Irish and was interested in my own heritage; I had seen pictures and knew it was a beautiful country; and the idea of a country in political turmoil presented a special challenge. I was curious how the Quakers addressed the violence. Quaker Youth Exchange met all of those expectations and provided me a profound experience which I carry with me every day.

I stayed with three different families, all having two teenagers, for one week apiece. All of the families made me feel at home and shared their daily lives with me. I had tea instead of supper, listened to Irish music, and went to a soccer game. I visited historical sights, learning about my Irish heritage. I was amazed at how different the Irish culture is from our own, and pleased the Quakers were so willing to share it with me.

I spent much of my time with teenagers. It was very easy to be friends with them, as I automatically trusted them knowing they were Quakers. They were eager to show me around and tell me what their lives are like (I spent a good deal of time telling them what it is like in the States as well). We also did engage in "normal" teenage amusements—playing cards, watching TV, and just talking.

I had no idea what to expect in terms of the political situation. All I knew was what I read in the newspapers and what an older friend who had lived in Belfast in 1970 had told me. I was extremely surprised when I saw what the conditions really are, and the way the Quakers deal with it. I heard on the radio about violence, but I did not see any. There were not people fighting in the streets, nor bombs every day. However, I was able to see the affect the violence had on their daily lives. The kids I encountered talked about bomb threats at school, yet they accept this as a part of life in Northern Ireland. They are not bitter, but they aren't resigned or indifferent to the violence either. They were eager for me to tell people in the United States that Northern Ireland is a beautiful area, and violence is not the principal aspect of life.

The Quakers take initiative in creating peace. They had set up a visitor's center at the Maze and Maghaberry prisons. They take care of visitors' children, operate a cafeteria, and act as go-betweens for prisoners and the prison staff. I visited Quaker Cottage and Quaker House, both in Belfast. Quaker Cot-
International Peace Exchange in Japan

Through the efforts and financial support of many people, I found myself going to Japan to attend an international youth peace exchange July 21 to August 9, 1993. The program was part of the celebration of the 10th anniversary of the city of Nishinomiya's being declared Nuclear Free.

The International Youth Peace Exchange ran for five days, with a three-day stay with a host family on either side. Upon arrival, Evan Draper (West Grove [Pa.] Meeting) and I were entertained by the Endo family. We had no communication problems because Yuko, the daughter, spoke English fluently. Our host family was extremely nice and made us feel very comfortable in a new country and new culture.

On Monday, August 2nd, the actual program began. Everyone arrived at the Kabutayama Youth Center, and we spent the morning getting to know each other. There were students from Japan, the Marshall Islands (where the first hydrogen bomb test took place in 1956), Germany, New Zealand, Russia, and the United States—about 40 in all, ranging in age from 11 to 19. That evening the main speaker was Koko Kondo, a Hibakusha (atomic survivor). She is mentioned in the new last chapter, "Aftermath," of John Hersey's *Hiroshima.* It was neat to actually meet her after reading about her in the book.

On Tuesday we visited the mayor of Nishinomiya at city hall and participated in a press conference, where we sat by country delegation with our own national flags! In the afternoon we attended a public symposium at which the adult delegates gave speeches on peace. I was selected as one of five youths to give a short speech on what we have done for peace in our native countries. I was extremely nervous and I think that showed, but that was all right. Yumiko Yamaguchi of the "Never Again Campaign" spoke to us, and we heard a variety of music, including a violin recital by the Russian delegates. The day ended with a banquet with our host families and then fireworks.

On Thursday we went to Hiroshima. The bus ride took six hours, so we got to know each other really well. Upon arrival we visited the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum, which was full of displays showing specific information about, and the repercussions of, the atomic bomb when it was dropped. It was moving to see. This visit convinced me that under no circumstances should a nuclear weapon be used. We then went through the Peace Memorial Park and...
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and saw several monuments. The most powerful was the one dedicated to Sadako Sasaki, the girl who had leukemia and attempted to make 1,000 paper cranes before she died, as that would make any wish come true. No one deserves to go through the suffering that she and others did. The monument had a statue of her in gold at the top and was really beautiful!

On Friday, August 6, Hiroshima Day, we attended ceremonies in the park. I participated in the “Die-In,” in which approximately 300 people “died” (lay motionless) for fifteen minutes starting at 8:15 a.m., the time the bomb was dropped. We left Hiroshima at noon.

On Saturday we rested with our host-families and then joined the others for the closing ceremonies. I read the English version of our letter to the leaders of our six nations, telling them that we do not accept war in general and also do not accept even the existence of nuclear weapons. We then floated peace lanterns down the river and said our good-byes to one another. It was very sad to realize I had only known these people for six days and most likely would never see any of them again.

Evan and I stayed with our host family for two more days, during which time we visited many Japanese castles, before returning to the United States.

This was genuinely one of the best two weeks of my life. In all of my travels and camp stays, I have never experienced so much emotional growth or been more affected by the people around me. I think one of the reasons for this was the absence of family, especially parents. I was free to act as I pleased because everyone I saw was a complete stranger. I also had to be more self-reliant than ever before: riding planes, staying in a private hotel room, walking around downtown Hiroshima at night with friends, etc. The real objective of the peace conference was not so much to transform us through the seminars and conference activities, but to prove that we, from six different nations and very different cultures, could come together for a week and leave as friends. If we can have that kind of communication and understanding on a vast scale throughout the world, there won’t be any more wars.

—Peter Morscheck

Peter Morscheck, a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, was 16 years old when he visited Japan.

Many programs are available to young Friends for travel, Quaker study, volunteer service, learning, and fun. For an information packet on youth opportunities, contact the Quaker Information Center, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, telephone (215) 241-7024.
German Yearly Meeting

We met in our newly-renovated Quaker House in Bad Pyrmont from November 4-7, 1993. Our theme was “You are my Friends,” from the book of John, chapter 15.

Our thoughts moved continually between our distress over the condition of the world and the hope and knowledge that we are safe in God’s love, which includes both good and evil. We were aware that we often cause our own suffering.

In his Richard Cary Lecture entitled “Following Jesus Today: From Savior to Model,” Maurice de Coulon led us through his own changing relationship with Jesus. He gave a very personal account about his childhood picture of Jesus on up through his perception of Jesus today.

This lecture inspired us to consider our ability to accept ourselves in our totality of light and shadows. Maurice’s ideas about resurrection and reincarnation occupied us further in discussion groups and personal conversations.

The parable of the wine with its fruit served as a symbol for us for the connection with God’s love as primary source. We want to draw on this source so our actions can bear fruit. This desire, we hope, is also reflected in the love we show in our dealings with one another and in our ability to give, to receive, and to forgive.

Together we numbered 213 Friends, including several children and infants. We came closer to each other through our discussion groups, and also experienced this sense of community through singing, playing instruments, and an evening of activities together.

The need for a deeper peace was met through silent evening meetings for worship.

Hellmut Stieglitz, Lore Horn, and Hans-Ulrich Tscheriner

Australia Yearly Meeting

Hobart, the capital of Australia’s southern-most island-state, Tasmania, hosted Australia Yearly Meeting for 1994, the theme of which was “Celebration.” The grace and dignity of yearly meeting showed as we affirmed same-sex relationships—a spur for individual meetings to consider holding a public celebration for committed lesbian or gay Friends. We also registered our grave concern about provisions of the Tasmanian criminal code, which although seldom invoked, violate the human rights of gay men.

We supported the concern of Hobart Regional Meeting for the growing number of people in Australian society who are affected by the debilitating effects of redundancy and unemployment. We believe that the rationalist economic policies currently being fol-

owed almost world-wide, devalue human worth. We reaffirmed that people matter and that sharing is part of true justice. We look for a way forward in this.

Inclusiveness sought other positive avenues in our hope that the new National Council of Churches in Australia (NCCA), which replaces the Australian Council of Churches, should admit women as equal partners in all its deliberations and that it would continue to respect our membership despite our traditional reservations about credalism.

Our membership in the NCCA is a welcomed one—even when we can only admit to 1,000 members (plus another 700 or so regular attenders). Still, our smallness in numbers should not be equated with a lack of activity in state, national, and international affairs. David Purnell, our current presiding clerk, will be an accredited monitor in the UN-supervised South African elections in April. Our voice is heard in government as Australia continues to take a high profile in Cambodian affairs. Quaker Service does an outstanding job in maintaining a wide range of development projects in Africa, Indochina, the Asia-Pacific region, and Aboriginal Australia.

The UN Year for the World’s Indigenous Peoples (1993) saw Friends active at a local and national level in supporting the passage of the Native Title Bill through the Federal Parliament. Friends rejoiced in this momentous event for all Australians.

We celebrated the bicentenary of James Backhouse’s birth in 1794; a valiant Friend who, with his companion, gathered dispersed Quakers from a number of Australian colonies into more cohesive meetings. Australian Friends have given his name to the Society’s annual public lecture. This year it was delivered by Di Bretherton, a psychologist, feminist, and peace activist who is director of Melbourne University’s International Conflict Resolution Centre. Her talk centered on the wonderful film she made—As the Mirror Burns—a reference to the sometimes painful process of learning about ourselves from our reflection in the eyes of a different culture; in this case that of Vietnam and in particular the women of that country.

A strong commitment to our children and their place in the Society has led us to seek creative ways to include them in the life of our meetings. This concern was of central significance in a letter sent to FWCC during the year, in which we reminded Friends that “our wriggling children today will be clerks tomorrow... How do we best minister to their opening minds?” This is a tremendous challenge and one of fundamental importance, which we need to meet successfully at all levels in our Society. By doing so, we will create NOW the occasions for future celebrations.

Gerard Gutton
Consultation on UN Peacemaking

Some 32 representatives from the three Historic Peace Churches, the Church of the Brethren, Mennonite Churches, and the Society of Friends, and the Fellowship of Reconciliation met in a two-day consultation in Nyack, N.Y., in December to reflect on pacifist responses to conflicts in which military forces are employed in humanitarian intervention and UN peacekeeping forces have taken on more militarized roles.

Several questions served to focus the group. How are religious peacemakers to respond to these situations? Do they unequivocally support UN Peacekeeping Forces, and if so, by what criteria and methods should the UN carry out its goals? Are embargoes and sanctions to be endorsed? How can diplomacy be more effective? What has active nonviolence in Europe, South Africa, and elsewhere taught us about dealing with conflict and violence?

While no clear statement or policy emerged from the consultation, there was considerable discussion on the role of the UN as peacekeepers versus peacemakers. Discussion also included peace groups' preference for proactive conflict resolution rather than conflict management in reaction to crises.

"The heritage of the peace churches is ready to launch into the mainstream of Christianity—and the nation depends on it," said Walter Wink, one of two guest leaders and professor of biblical interpretation at Auburn Theological Seminary. Quaker Elise Boulding, the other leader, now retired and living in Boulder, Colo., has taught at Dartmouth College and the University of Colorado.

The representatives brought with them a wider range of experiences in peacemaking, including the Quaker office at the United Nations; theologians; academics in peace studies, conflict resolution, and Bible studies; and attorneys.

Participants repeatedly mentioned the need to address violence and peacemaking within the United States as well as abroad. Growing urban decay and a struggling economy, among other things, are fueling violence in our own communities and encouraging some peace group members to consider nonviolence as a means of dealing with fellow citizens as well as enemies.

The HPC/FOR Consultative Committee is processing the reports of small-group discussions, and working on next steps. Eventually the committee hopes to work ecumenically with the World Council of Churches and the National Council of Churches at nonviolent peacemaking and domestic justice issues.

Eric Bishop

April 1994 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Converting the Cold War Economy: Swords Into Plowshares

by Ted Brinton

For 45 years, our nation pursued an industrial policy of building military power second to none. This policy, heavily subsidized by our government, succeeded brilliantly, but at enormous cost to the welfare of our people. Human needs and services, education, housing, public transportation, and the country’s infrastructure were long-neglected during the Cold War years.

The time has come to use equal determination in establishing national goals of developing good jobs, public amenities, benefits to the environment, and new markets. An economic conversion program is essential to shift national budget priorities and help industries, communities, and workers make the transition.

Under this focus, the government and industrial community are the logical parties to initiate conversion of military bases to civilian use and production of defense equipment to domestic goods. So far, this has not happened. The prime benefactors of the government’s military-industrial policy—the aerospace, communications, and electronics industries—lobby hard and successfully to minimize cuts in the defense budget. Producers of military hardware obtain U.S. government loan guarantees and other support to increase export of all types of weapons. And other defense industry suppliers drag their feet because they lack the commitment, financial resources, or the know-how to restructure, retool, retrain workers, or develop products to compete in a domestic market.

To date, the wind-down of the Defense Department budget is causing significant job losses, mainly in high-skill, high-paying jobs. One million defense-related jobs have been lost to date, and two million more will be cut during the next five years. The closing of more military bases will compound the impact. This loss of jobs poses a challenge and an opportunity to wean the economy away from its long-established focus on providing national “security” by building military might.

Progress in this direction has been painfully slow. However, successful programs in Maine, Arizona, and Missouri reflect the impact individuals can have on leading communities to attack the issue. For example, in Arizona, Rosalyn Boxer is working with managers of companies affected by reduced military spending. She helps them obtain federal grants to study how they might diversify their production. Her first company was Sargent Controls, which makes valves for Seawolf submarines. Studying their needs led to developing regular forums for the exchange of technology with other companies in the area. She also hopes to map the places where job loss is occurring in Arizona and to determine what alternative production seems most worthwhile.

Most successful conversions are creative adaptations of what a company does well. They are generally related in some way to the company’s current use of technology, markets, and manufacturing skills. The list of needs for technology and its products is long, with potential profitability. For example, the world market for environmental technology is reputed to be at least six billion dollars. Other critical needs are high-speed rail, energy-efficient autos, alternative energy sources, low-cost housing, communications networks, upgrading of schools, and health care.

Interest and participation in economic conversion are steadily growing. The American Friends Service Committee, through its Peace Education Division, offers informational conferences, organizational leadership, and assistance for communities throughout the United States. In July 1993, the AFSC co-sponsored a conference in Washington, D.C., that launched the Workplace Economic Conversion Action Network (WE CAN). The purpose of the gathering was to develop a nationwide information and action network to address this complex issue.

The group identified these strategies as essential in moving toward economic conversion:

- Establishing an Office of Economic Conversion and a central clearing house for information about the availability and source of government funds and other assistance.
- Encouraging participation in affected communities by workers, management, government, unions, academics, financial institutions, etc.
- Creating economic incentives for planning, research and development of new products, retooling, reorganization of production, and development of marketing capabilities.
- Making sufficient working capital available to cover planning, new product development, worker training, and basic operating costs of new businesses until sales are made and products delivered.
- Providing adequate retraining of workers, managers, engineers, and marketing personnel. This must go hand-in-hand with development of new opportunities and new jobs to absorb the newly skilled people.
- Assisting in relocation of workers.

Even with the modest reductions for defense spending in the Clinton budget, the military will still get $1.3 trillion over the next five years—an average of nearly $14,000 per household. The main obstacle to deeper cuts is the short-term negative impact on communities, workers, and businesses that rely on military spending. Economic conversion is the key to success in changing government priorities, leadership in the above-named areas can set the direction, and active participation and involvement by individuals can make a difference now.

For more information about economic conversion, contact the author at the AFSC, Peace Education Division, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102-1479, telephone (215) 241-7172.
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For more information, call 910-292-9952 or write Friends Homes West, 6100 W. Friendly Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27410.

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August 6-21

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To register or for information:
Francis Lynn, Youth Director
Powell House
RD 1 Box 160
Old Chatham, NY 12136
(518)794-8811

April 1994 FRIENDS JOURNAL
The 1994 calendar of yearly meetings is now available from Friends World Committee for Consultation. The pamphlet contains locations, dates, and contacts for yearly meeting sessions around the world, plus information on conferences and regional gatherings, Quaker centers and offices, and FWCC. The calendar is available free of charge from FWCC, Section of the Americas, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, telephone (215) 241-7250.

Is the Young Friends of North America performing arts “Caravan” coming to your home town? This summer YFNA will share a theatrical production with Friends throughout the United States and Canada dealing with their concern for gender issues. Ten young Friends will travel together for six weeks, to yearly and monthly meetings, and wherever Friends welcome this kind of event. The performance piece appeals to adults and teenaged Friends, lasts about an hour, and is followed by group activities and discussion. The program only requires performance space and an interested audience. YFNA is asking Friends for their writings and thoughts about the subject of gender, and for donations to support this project. To invite the YFNA performing arts “Caravan” to come to your meeting or gathering, contact Evalyn Parry, 259 St. Viateur O.64, Montreal, P.Q. H2V 1Y1, Canada, telephone (514) 276-6486.

This year’s Friends Conference on Religion and Psychology will feature noted Quaker spiritual leader and teacher, Elizabeth Watson. The theme of “Renaming the World: Seeking Anew, Afrosh, Again,” will guide the group when they meet May 27-30, Memorial Day weekend, at Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa. FCRP explores the common concerns of analytical (Jungian) psychology and Quaker spirituality. For further information, contact Carol Kimball, 97 Gunderman Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850, telephone (607) 273-6175.

An experiment in experiential learning for young adults, ages 18-24, will take place at Pendle Hill, June 16-July 30. Working in local community service agencies, on campus at Pendle Hill, and as staff for a one-week high school workcamp will provide the context for this exploration of service, leadership, and community. A dynamic balance of activity and reflection will encourage both social action and a deepening understanding of our inner lives. Skills training and special events will round out the experience. Pendle Hill provides room, board, and an $800 stipend. The six-week program is limited to six participants and applications are due immediately. To apply, contact Abi Fredrickson, Extension Associate, Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Rd., Wallingford, PA 19086-6099, telephone (610) 566-4507.

AFSC’s Midwestern Long-Term Recovery Program, working through October 1995 in selected sites affected by flooding, allows AFSC to address emergent recovery needs over time. The greatest portion of contributions to AFSC’s recovery work came as the organization articulated possibilities for long-term work. The program, a cooperative national-regional effort, can be contacted at 1001 Office Park Rd., #107, West Des Moines, IA 50265, telephone (515) 224-5933.

**Calendar**

**April**

1-3—Ireland Yearly Meeting, Lisburn, Ireland. Contact Ireland Yearly Meeting, Swanbrook House, Bloomfield Ave., Dublin 4, Ireland, telephone (01) 6683684.

1-3—Peru-INLA Yearly Meeting, Calle San Sebastian #249, Llave, Puno, Peru. Contact Ramon Mamani Chipana, Apartado 369, Puno, Peru, telephone (54) 35-0210.

1-3—“Inner Silence: Sharing a Deeper Communion,” Quaker Center’s Easter weekend, led by Eve Forrest and Rosalie Pizzo-Stein. Cost is $100. Contact Quaker Center, Box 686, Ben Lomond, CA 95005, telephone (408) 336-8333.

**Easter Week—Honduras Yearly Meeting, San Marcos, Ocotepeque, Honduras. Contact Juan Garcia, Iglesia Amigos, Ia Calle 6y7 Ave. SE, Santa Rosa de Copan, Honduras, telephone 62-02-86.**


16-17—“Working at Living the Quaker Experience,” the midyearly meeting of Iowa (Cons.) Yearly Meeting, at Bear Creek Meeting, Earham, Iowa. Panels and discussion will address keeping the integrity of our lives in the home and workplace. Contact A.M. Fink, 222 S. Russell Ames, IA 50010 telephone (515) 232-2763.


30—“Soupstock ’94,” a free outdoor concert to celebrate Food Not Bombs’ 14th year. Events begin at noon at the band shell in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, Calif. For more information, telephone (415) 336-5030.

**May**

6-8—Denmark Yearly Meeting, Copenhagen, Denmark. Contact Ellen Friis, Valdemars alle 102, DK-2860 Seborg, Denmark, telephone (39) 696983.

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News of Friends

Cooperation between two Quaker schools, one in England and one in the West Bank of Palestine/Israel, is set to grow. Sidcot School, in Somerset, England, established a scholarship scheme in 1988 when the Ramallah Quaker schools were temporarily closed by military authorities in the early days of the intifada. Each year, the scholarship provides a student from the Ramallah Friends schools the opportunity to study at Sidcot. In recognition of their cooperation, a pine sapling, grown from a seed in Ramallah, was brought to the Sidcot School gardens by Khalil Mahshi, head of the Ramallah schools, during a visit with Sidcot head Christopher Greenwood in late November 1993. Further links are under discussion, including the possibility of teacher exchanges. Both schools are looking forward to increased cooperation in the years to come.

Heads of Sidcot (L) and Ramallah (R) Friends Schools join former Ramallah students now studying at Sidcot to plant a pine sapling.

An information display on “Peace and Service Related Careers” was presented to Virginia students in October 1993. Part of a public schools career fair attended by more than 3,000 students, the display provided information about draft registration, conscientious objection, alternatives to military service, peace studies programs, volunteer opportunities, careers in church ministries, and peace and service related careers. Representatives from the Brethren, Mennonites, and Quakers with experience in these career and lifestyle areas were also on hand to talk with students.

Partners Engaged in Alternatives for Career Education (PEACE), a group consisting of representatives from the three Historic Peace Churches in Harrisonburg, Virginia, prepared the project, which was organized by Samuel Johnson, a member of Harrisonburg (Va.) Meeting. The group acted
in response to the presence of military recruiters and Jr. ROTC programs in public schools. Opportunities have also been found to provide information to guidance counselors and present the display at area colleges. Concerned groups and individuals are encouraged to participate in communities throughout the United States. For a list of resources, send a business size S.A.S.E. to Samuel Johnson, Rt. 1 Box 75-E, Keezletown, VA 22832.

The Quaker Inner-City Schools Endowment Fund is up and running, as of August 3, 1993. The fund was “founded on the belief that the presence of integrated . . . Friends Schools in inner-city areas exert a profound influence for good; they act as models for inner-city education, help to develop and expand Friends social testimonies, spread the spirit of Friends, and even bring new members into the Society.” The organization will solicit and receive gifts, contributions, and bequests to be used as matching funds for participating schools. QICSEF was recognized by the IRS on October 14, 1993, as a not-for-profit corporation. It has no salaried employees, and all of its endowment funds are managed by the Fiduciary Corporation of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. For more information, contact QICSEF, 150 Kendall at Longwood, Kennett Square, PA 19348, telephone (610) 388-0935.

Books

The Tightwad Gazette

One chapter’s heading, “Lifestyles of the Frugal and Obscure,” would make an ideal subtitle, attracting all to whom, in the author’s words, “…thrift is not a radical concept,” and all who want specifics on living simply.

First reactions to many of Amy Dacyczyn’s suggestions may be revulsion at dealing with other people’s castoffs, and misgivings about the time and skill required for utilizing what is available free. A lot of people apparently feel able to handle this, for 100,000 subscribe to the two-year-old newsletter, collected into this compendium.

The Tightwad Gazette is the project of a homemaker taking the only route by which her family can own their dream home in New England. The Dacyczyns’ (pronounced decisions) cozy lifestyle brought them national attention through print and television.

Content of the book includes entertaining, dressing, and feeding children; ways to be environmentally responsible while saving money; plus exposés and data on major alternative living decisions. Example: thinking about vegetarianism? See three pages of pros and how-tos on what Dacyczyn calls one of the best ways to slash grocery bills.

Whoever resents such things as the high cost of vacuum cleaner bags and the delicate lifespans of batteries and light bulbs can find many ways to live comfortably with much less. Demand will surely guarantee more such anthologies as time passes; some of that demand should be from Quakers.

Joan Gilbert

Joan Gilbert is a freelance writer and editor in Hallsville, Mo. She is an inactive member of Columbia (Mo.) Meeting and keeps in touch with Friends through Wider Quaker Fellowship.

In Brief

Gay Theology Without Apology
By Gary David Comstock. Pilgrim Press, Cleveland, Ohio, 1993. 183 pages. $14.95/paperback. In this book, the author, a minister in the United Church of Christ, posits his own bold, thoughtful gay theology. Acknowledging biblical homophobia and misogyny in his explication of several Bible verses, Comstock constructs queries and testimonies about possible roles of lesbian, bisexual, and gay persons in Protestant ministry. He integrates some personal experiences into the telling of his gay theology. The book is written in part as a defiant objection to the exclusion of homosexuals from some forms of Christian ordination. However, the author speaks through it to all persons interested in issues of sexual preference and/or Christian theology.
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Milestones

Births—Adoptions
Alden—William Cooper Alden, on Nov. 6, 1993, to Kathy and Mitchell Alden. Mitchell is a member of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting.
Izzo—Jordan Cathryn Izzo, on Nov. 23, 1993, to Susan and Bob Izzo, of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting.
Platt—Christina Jean Platt, on November 6, 1993, to Gerrie and David Platt. David is a member of Abington (Pa.) Meeting.
Young—Brian Alexander Young, on Jan. 28, to Asja (Abigail) Margulis Young and David Young, both members of Madison (Wis.) Meeting.

Marriages—Unions
Farquar-Snell—Thomas Snell and Mary Delia Farquar, on Aug. 14, 1993, under the care of Acadia (Maine) Meeting, in the meeting room at Hulls Cove Episcopal Church.
Trickey-Berry—David Berry and Elynn Trickey, on Dec. 18, 1993, under the care of Frankford (Pa.) Meeting, of which Elynn is a member.
Woolman-Washburn—Channing Washburn and Carol Woolman, on May 18, 1993, under the care of Acadia (Maine) Meeting, in the meeting room at Hulls Cove Episcopal Church.

Deaths
Arras—Margaret Arras, 68, on Dec. 18, 1993. Peg, a member of Abington (Pa.) Meeting for 23 years, lived her Quaker beliefs and was deeply committed to the life of the meeting. She served as a teacher in the First-day school, on the Religious Education Committee, as clerk of Worship and Ministry, and as a member of Overseers. Choral singing and classical music were an important part of her life. She also loved literature, philosophy, ideas, and people. Throughout the struggles of her life, she maintained a sense of humor and a keen mind. Margaret is survived by a son, Richard; a daughter, Kate; and two grandsons, Richard and Philip.
Brill—Robert Brill, 84, on Dec. 6, 1993, at home in Bloomfield, Conn. Born in New York City, Bob was attracted to Quakerism as a small boy through contact with a neighbor. While serving in Quaker Civilian Public Service camps during WWII, he married Helen Ely, who was teaching high school in the Japanese Relocation Center in Manzanar, Calif. Following the war, the Brills began a lifetime of hospitality, for those fleeing the dislocation of WWII, to the boat people of Vietnam. An active Friend since his teens, Bob served Hartford (Conn.) Meeting in many positions, and New England Yearly Meeting as treasurer for 10 years. At age 73, he and his wife founded the Hartford P-FLAG, a support group.

April 1994 FRIENDS JOURNAL

Individuals in Community

A school in the progressive tradition, The Cambridge School of Weston offers highly personalized, thoughtful college preparatory for intellectually curious young people; an ethical school community based on deep mutual trust and respect; a place where integrity and diversity are appreciated; and an approach which places as much emphasis on asking the right questions as on giving the right answers.

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The Cambridge School of Weston • 1886
for parents and families of lesbians and gay men, and became active in Hartford Meeting’s efforts to gain acceptance for lesbians and gay men. Many states and four countries now have copies of the study packet of information he assembled to acquaint Friends with the subject. Bob is survived by his wife, Helen Ely Brill; two daughters, Louise L. Brill and Laurel Brill Swan; two grandchildren, Robert D. and Laurel M. Brill; and a brother, Richard Brill.

Broome—Margery Hull Broome, 82, on Jan. 3. Margery, a birthright Friend, graduated from Friends School in Baltimore, Md., in 1929, and from Miss Wheelock’s School in Boston, Mass. She married Kenneth F. Broome and moved to Lexington, Ky., where she taught nursery school and worked for the Lexington Public Library for a number of years. She was a longtime volunteer with the Lexington Family Care Center and also served the local homemakers association. With a cheerful and understanding nature, Margery was always interested and helpful in working with small children, and gave herself generously to them. She was a member of Lexington (Ky.) Meeting. Margery is survived by two sons, George D. and Andrew H. Broome; four grandchildren, Christopher R., Tracy L., Philip A., and Stephen Broome; two sisters, Edith H. Leeds and Bertha Paxson; and a brother, James D. Hull, Jr.

Edgerton—Jewell Conrad Edgerton, 84, on Dec. 23, 1993, of complications following open-heart surgery. Born near Winston-Salem, N.C., Judy attended Guilford College, where she met her future husband, William Edgerton. They were married in 1925 in the Moravian Church in which she grew up. She joined her husband in the Society of Friends four years later. Endowed with a coloratura voice, she missed the rich musical tradition of the Moravians in what she saw as the musically stunted heritage of the Quakers. However, the Quaker emphasis on direct and continuing revelation was a source of great strength and freedom for her. She was solidly grounded in her Christian heritage, but open to new light from any promising source. After eight years in North Carolina Yearly Meeting and six at State College (Pa.) Meeting, the Edgertons moved to Bloomington, Ind., in 1958. During the past 35 years Judy played an increasingly important role in the life of Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting. For the last three and one-half years she served as editor of the meeting’s monthly newsletter, and was noted for her series of “Quaker Profiles.” Judy is survived by her husband of 58 years, William Edgerton; a daughter, Susan Edgerton; a son, David Edgerton; and four granddaughters.

Levering—Samuel R. Levering, 85, on Dec. 1, 1993, at Friends Hones, N.C. Samuel was a lifelong Friend and held concurrent memberships in Mt. Airy (N.C.) Meeting and Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.). He was born at the family orchard in Arrant, Va., and graduated from Cornell University in 1930. While attending graduate school at Cornell, he met Miriam Lindsey, and they were married on June 18, 1934. He and Miriam worked for peace and social justice, both within and outside of Quakerism. Accepting disapproval from neighbors and other members of his meeting, he spoke out against racial segregation. In 1943 he was one of the founders of Friends Committee on National Legislation. Sam served as chair of its executive committee (1956-
72), and remained active in the organization until his death. He chaired the peace and social concerns committees of North Carolina Yearly Meeting and the Five Years Meeting. He helped found the Southeastern World Affairs Institute and the United Nations Federation. He was one of six Quaker leaders who accompanied President Kennedy in 1962 to urge him to send surplus food to help alleviate hunger in China. Sam and Miriam worked for 10 years (1972-82) to help achieve an equitable law of the sea treaty. During this time he headed a lobbying group, the United States Committee on the Oceans, and served on the State Department’s Public Advisory Committee on Law of the Sea. While serving the governing body of the American Friends Service Committee in the 1980s and early 1990s, he sought to make the AFSC more responsive to the wishes of yearly meetings. Whether conversing with presidents and other American officials, or working in his community and within Friends organizations, he believed that one should work persistently for legitimate goals and “speak truth to power.” Sam was survived by three daughters, Betsy Morgan, Montague Kern, and Merry Levering; two sons, Ralph and Frank Levering; nine grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Snoddgrass—Ellen Lamb Snoddgrass, 83, on Jan. 9. Born in Philadelphia, Ellen attended Germantown Friends School and Swarthmore College. She was a lifelong Friend and, as a member of the Germantown Friends Monthly Meeting, served as a member of Overseers. She was on the board of First Family Day Care and a member of the Woman’s Auxiliary of Friends Hospital. Ellen was preceded in death by her husband, David K. Snoddgrass. She is survived by a son, William H. Snoddgrass; two daughters, Marjory A. Snoddgrass and Elizabeth S. Smoly; a sister, Anna L. Felton; a brother, Walter Lamb; seven grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.


Assistance Needed

Recent retiree, 72, erstwhile AFSC volunteer/staff member (Middle East/Africa program) seeks long-term placement. Began with AFSC in 1972 and since then held several positions ranging from fieldwork in Syria and Lebanon to research and policy analysis. Retired in 1988 due to health issues. Seeking a position where I can contribute my skills and experience to the field of human rights and peacebuilding.

Are you led to right stewardship of the earth? Let Friends Committee on Unity with Nature and support your cause. Membership 500. Box FJ, FCUN, 7700 Lakeside Drive, Chicago, IL 60611.
Intentional community forming...focus is a friends school. Looking to gather people of all generations who want to be part of a community committed to simple, sustainable living. Our focus is a friends school with the arts at the core of the curriculum, and solar and wind power. You are invited to join us as we work towards self-sufficiency limited to, barn help, volunteers, and vocational workers. Excellent people skills a must. Full-time. Evenings and weekends.

Barn Manager. Therapeutic riding facility located in Chester County, Pa., seeks hands-on person to manage barn, become part of a community committed to simple, sustainable living. Call (610) 556-4507.

American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) Regional Director

We are seeking a regional director of the AFSC for the Southwest Region of Quaker meeting, located in Tucson, Az. The regional director has primary staff responsibility for supervision of all regional staff, administrative and financial management, and implementation of the work of AFSC. We seek candidates with experience in the above areas and in community organizing and with a commitment to nonviolence and other values of social justice. Salary range begins at $39,000 with excellent benefits. AFSC is an equal opportunity, affirmative action employer that welcomes applicants from all sexual orientations, races, ethnicities, religious perspectives, and people with disabilities are encouraged to apply. To receive AFSC application, please send, fax, or email job application cover letter to: Lynn Brousseau, AFSC, 980 N. Fair Oaks Ave., Pasadena, CA 91103. Telephone: (818) 791-1978. Fax: (818) 791-2265. Deadline for receiving resumes: April 15, 1994.


John Woolman School is seeking dynamic teachers for full-time positions. We want a science teacher for physics, chemistry, and/or biology starting this fall. We offer an interactive lifestyle of simplicity and community within a beautiful rural setting. Please send resumes to JWS, 10730 Woolman Lane, Nevada City, CA 95959, or call (916) 273-2185.

Old First Reformed Church (UCC), offers volunteer experience in urban ministry. Includes working with homeless, senior, and other program, urban work camps, and congregational activities. One-year commitment being considered. Positions ranging from minimum to stipend, insurance. Send resume: OFRC, 153 N. 4th St. (4th & Race Sts.), Philadelphia, PA 19109.


The Meeting School, a Quaker alternative high school in New Hampshire has several openings beginning June 1994. We are seeking couples who are interested in unattached home schooling. The school has a full time office and teaching skills. For more information please contact Jackie Stillwell, The Meeting School, 56 Thompson Rd., Rindge, NH 03461.


Staff Opening at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting - Publications/Wholesale Staff handle all phases of distribution of publications of the Publications Committee and other materials of PYM including promotion, inventorying, accounting and budgeting, mailing copy, correspondence and telephone contacts. Provides staff support of the Publication/Wholesale Committee. Full-time, $25,500. Send cover letter, resume, and wanted by April 15. Write to: Regional Committee, PYM 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Leah Friends Camp is your Maine job this summer. We need nurses, cooks, EMT lifeguards, crafters, pottery, drama, talents, and Quakers. Apply to: Susan Morris, Director, Friends Camp, Box 84, E. Vassalboro, ME 04935; or call (207) 293-3975.


Rental: Seacoast Cottage, New Hampshire. Seacoast Cottage, with beach access, sleeps 2, for $475/week plus care for cat and other materials of PYM including promotion, inventorying, accounting and budgeting, mailing copy, correspondence and telephone contacts. Provides staff support of the Publication/Wholesale Committee. Full-time, $25,500. Send cover letter, resume, and wanted by April 15. Write to: Regional Committee, PYM 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

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Retirement Living

FRIENDS HOMES West

FRIENDS HOMES West, the new continuing care retirement community in Greensboro, North Carolina, is now open. This unique facility is owned by Friends Homes, Inc., specialists in retirement living since 1969. Friends Homes West includes 100 apartments for independent living and assisted living health care services in the 25 private rooms of the Assisted Living Unit or the 40 private rooms of the Skilled Care Nursing Unit. Enjoy a beautiful community in a location with temperate winters and changing seasons. For more information, please call (910) 292-9592 or write: Friends Homes West, 6100 West Friendly Road, Greensboro, NC 27410.

Foxdale Village, a Quaker life-care community, is available. Thoughtfully designed cottages complemented by attractive dining facilities, auditorium, library, and full medical protection. Setting is a wonderful combination of rural and university environment. Entry fees from $38,000-$134,000, monthly fees from $1,165-$2,140.


Schools

Junior high boarding school for grades 7, 8, 9. Small, academic classes; challenging outdoor experiences; community service, daily work projects in a small, caring, community environment. Arthur Morgan School, 1011 Hannah Branch Rd., Burnsville, NC 28714; (704) 672-4622.

One of many schools that offer a safe, caring, values-centered, educational community for students in grades 9-12. A college preparatory curriculum emphasizing a belief in life’s possibilities for every person. Quaker Academy of North Carolina, 334 West Main Street, Richmond, IN 47374. Phone: (317) 962-7573. (Affiliated with Friends United Meeting.)

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 testaments, 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) 765-6544.

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 businesses. Carla S. Millet, 472 Watts; member: NYSE, SIPC. (202) 429-3632 in Washington, D.C., or (800) 227-0300.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pine Forest Dr., Greensboro, NC 27410. (919) 294-2085.

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) 588-0140.

Summer Camps

Camp Woodbrooke, Richmond Center, Wisconsin. A caring community; age-specific ecology, camping, Quaker leadership. 34 days and nights; ages 7-12; two or three weeks. Jenny Lang, 796 Reeds Road, Lake Forest, IL 60045; (708) 295-7630.

Make friends, make music at Friends Music Camp. Ages 10-18. For information: PMC, P.O. Box 457, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (513) 767-1311 or (513) 767-1616.

The Leaveners (Quaker Performing Arts Project) includes weekend and holiday performances; free performances at local schools; open to anyone 15 and over. For more information write: The Leaveners, B Lennox Road, London NW3 6NW, England, U.K.

Painting. Quaker-owned and managed company paints the interiors and exteriors of homes and meetinghouses. We specialize in older buildings. Licensed, insured, and conscientious. Available in PA: Keith Katz or Peter Ecton, 573-2776. Fifth Business Corporation, 5070 Parkside Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19131.

Meeting Rooms

Meeting Room Rentals

Rent any of the following meeting rooms at the beautifully remodeled meetinghouse.

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- Meeting Room C: Seats 12

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- Weekly: $200
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- Email: info@meetingroomrentals.com

Contact Us

If you have any questions or would like more information, please don’t hesitate to contact us.

April 1994 FRIENDS JOURNAL
MISSOULA—Unprogrammed, 521 N. Higgins, Call: (406) 252-5065.

OMAHA—Unprogrammed worship day school 11 a.m. each First Day at the Ecumenical A.M. Call: (816) 931-5256.

RENO—Unprogrammed, 929 E. 1st St.


BARNEGAT—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. Left side of East Rectory nearly every Sunday evening at 10 a.m.


CINNAMINSON/WESTFIELD—First-day worship. By appointment only. Auburn Prison. 135 State St., Auburn, Phone: (908) 235-9490.

CAMDEN/NEWTON—Newton Meeting, Ate. Memorial Church, 15 Rutherford Place (15th St.), Manhattan: unprogrammed worship every First Day at 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m.; programmed worship at 10 a.m. on the first First Day of every month. East Hall, Columbia University: unprogrammed worship every First Day at 9 a.m. at 110 Schmerhorn St., Brooklyn; unprogrammed worship every First Day at 9 a.m. 10 a.m. and 11 a.m. every First Day. Phone (212) 777-8866 (Mon. - Fri.), 9-5 about First Days, monthly busines meetings, and other information.

OLD CHATHAM—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. Powell House, Rte. 13, Phone 794-8811.

ONEONTA—Butternuts Monthly Meeting, Worship 10:30 a.m. first Sunday. (607) 452-9395. Other Sundays: Cooperstown, 547-6450, Delhi, 829-6702; Norwich, 334-9435.

ORCHARD PARK—Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. East Quaker St. at Freeman Rd., Phone: (716) 271-5903.

POPLAR RIDGE—Worship 10 a.m. (615) 362-6645. Phone: (603) 855-8760.

POULAND—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 249 Hooker Ave., (516) 454-8780.

PURCHASE—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. at Quaker School, 49 Quaker Rd., Phone: 917-837-9111. Entrance at Quaker Rd., 102 High St., Yonkers, Phone: (914) 949-0206 (answering machine).

QUEEN STREET—Worship 11 a.m. Rte. 7 Quaker Street, New York, Phone: (203) 469-0071.

ROCHESTER—Labor Day to May 1, Meeting for Worship 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m. June 1 to Labor Day worship at 10 a.m. with baby sitting available, 1400 Charles Rd., 72-3524.

ROCKLAND—Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. First-day school at 11 a.m. Phone: 828-6788.
The world has changed almost overnight. It's hard to know where we are going next.

The Friends Committee on National Legislation has a vision of peace, justice, and a restored Earth. This vision includes the concerns of many Friends.

However, to witness effectively to Congress and to our communities, FCNL's many supporters around the country and the 17 staff members in Washington must focus their attention and energy on a limited number of issues at one time.

Can you help us to choose our road?

In November 1994, the 250 Friends on FCNL's General Committee, seeking spiritual guidance together, will try to discern what FCNL's program should be during the 104th Congress (1995-1996).

The process of choosing from among many important issues (priorities selection) has already begun. We need the widest possible consultation with Friends and ask for your participation. Many Friends meetings and churches are already taking part.

If your meeting or church is not yet involved and would like to be, or if you want to participate individually, please call or write to the address below. We'll send you the necessary materials.

Survey, FCNL, 245 Second St. NE, Washington, DC 20002
Phone: (202) 547-6000