THE PRESS OF MY FOOT
TO THE EARTH
INTERPRETING THE FRIENDLY WAY
GEORGE FOX ENCOURAGED
SINGING IN THE SPIRIT
Among Friends

No Safe Dallying

His words to me were sincere and came from the heart: “The war was a horrendous form of abuse. I realize that I now can do something about it.” The voice on my phone was that of Mike Boehm, who introduced himself to me as a Vietnam War veteran from Blue Mounds, Wisconsin.

Mike is “under the weight of a concern,” as Friends might say. When he’s not working for his living as a self-employed carpenter, he’s giving all his energy to promoting an idea—the plan to construct a Veterans’ Peace and Reconciliation Park on the outskirts of Hanoi.

For Mike, getting beyond the Vietnam War has been important. In 1992, as he puts it, “I had begun my own journey toward healing.” That February he went back to Vietnam for the first time since the war. He went with 11 other U.S. vets to Xuan Hiep village, Dong Ngai province, to build a medical clinic. This was one of five clinics constructed by the Veterans’ Vietnam Restoration Project.

“The experience was powerful for all of us who participated,” Mike says, “and showed me how much of a part of my life Vietnam is.”

The idea for a memorial park began to take form when a North Vietnamese veteran and English teacher, Nguyen Ngoc Hung, visited the United States in 1990. He came to meet with U.S. veterans’ groups and others to talk about the need for reconciliation and friendship. On a visit to the Highground Memorial in central Wisconsin, Hung was taken to see the Dove Mound. The mound, Mike told me, is “a place to go to remember one’s friends who are missing or were killed, a place to go to leave one’s pain behind, a place so powerful that over 50 veterans now have willed their ashes to be placed there when they die.” When Hung was told this, he went to the mound and burned incense and said a prayer for his brother, who is missing in action.

Both Mike Boehm and Nguyen Ngoc Hung are now organizing an effort to construct a similar place in Vietnam. “The park,” Mike says, “will consist of fish ponds, fruit trees, shrubs, and flowers. The focal point will be a mound, based on Native American effigy mounds, in the shape of a dove.” The Vietnamese government has donated land for the park. Mike makes it clear, however, that this is a grassroots effort by veterans there, not a governmental one. Work will begin this summer by the Vietnamese, depending on an initial funding of $10,000 by U.S. supporters. The initial work will prepare the site for the coming together of veterans from both countries this October to build the Dove Mound.

“The park is a chance for former enemies to work with each other,” Mike says, “to heal ourselves and our countries, to build instead of destroy, and to put the war behind us and move together as friends. And, finally, the Vietnamese want us to come and see their country at peace.”

Madison (Wis.) Meeting, I have learned, has endorsed the project, and invites contributions toward the necessary start-up money. Checks made out to the meeting (designated in the lower left-hand corner for the “veterans park”) may be mailed to Madison Monthly Meeting, Friends House, 1704 Roberts Court, Madison, WI 53711. All gifts will be tax deductible.

I thought of Mike Boehm and his Vietnamese friends today when I came upon these words of Isaac Penington: “There is no safe dallying with Truth.”

May 1994 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Features

7 Irwin and Me
Bruce Heckman
Whenever one or more can gather, midweek meeting occurs.

8 Images of Service
Harold B. Confer
Workcamping, indeed, is alive and well among Friends.

10 George Fox Encouraged Singing in the Spirit
Walter W. Felton
Friend Fox, it is told, ‘drowned the noise of the fiddle.’

12 Fourteen Years of Music-Making and Community
Peg Champney
Listening ears and loving support are always present at Friends Music Camp.

14 The Press of My Foot to the Earth
Francis D. Hole
Despite our cement coverings, the soil will win in the end.

16 Daffodils
Diana Wells
There are all sorts of ways to be neighborly.

18 Interpreting the Friendly Way
Warren A. Witte
How do we engage nonFriends in the religious nature of our work?

18 Sounds Tasty, But Is It Quaker?
Melissa Kay Elliott
What better place to crack eggs and whip up a wedding cake!

22 Haircutting and Dad
William P. Morris
Long after the floor got swept, the lessons of life remained.

Departments

2 Among Friends
4 Forum
5 Viewpoint
24 Life in the Meeting
25 News of Friends
27 Bulletin Board
28 Calendar
29 Books
32 Resources
33 Milestones
37 Classified

Poetry

15 Postcard to Christine Runyon
Joseph E. Fasciani
China, 1939
Craig Carter

Cover art by Bob Schmidt
Quakers and baptism

I am surprised and perturbed by the letters (FJ Jan.) in response to Steve Zunes's article on "Quaker Baptism" (FJ Oct. 1993).

The nearest thing Quakers have to creed or doctrine is "There is that of God in every person." Our faith and practice is rooted in love, not dependent on "polity." The Zunes family has moved away from its procedure is concerned, I don't believe the person. "Our family has had a baby."

Steve has, over the years, evidenced his deep involvement as a Quaker. I have no doubt their baby will have a home dedicated to Quaker values and will be part of a meeting.

As far as meeting involvement in the procedure is concerned, I don't believe the Zunes family has moved away from its Quaker commitment. Steve has, over the years, evidenced his deep involvement as a Quaker. I have no doubt their baby will have a home dedicated to Quaker values and will be part of a meeting.

Geraldine Gourley
Chapel Hill, N.C.

In 1952 my wife and I and our three young children went to India with the American Friends Service Committee to set up the medical side of the Barpali Village Service. As we were departing, without any experience of Friends procedures we were admitted into membership, as it were, by the back door.

Our fourth child Mark was born in Calcutta in 1954 and we returned to Orissa to continue our village clinics and public health work. Mark thrived, and when he was six months some of our health workers approached us to have a ceremony. This is a puja (religious ceremony), when the child is given his first rice. As it was explained to us, it was a sort of thanksgiving that the child had survived these most precarious six months. We felt no hesitation in joining in a Hindu ceremony to express to the Almighty our gratitude for our healthy boy.

Mark was dressed in a new red jacket the workers had prepared. He was seated before the customary puja articles—a coconut, a lighted butter (a wick burning vegetable oil in a little pottery dish), some clarified butter, a bowl of rice, and a circle of marigold flowers. A ritual was performed. Mark was given rice, which he gleefully scattered around. A fine gold chain holding a tiny diamond was put around his neck (this according to custom is to be kept to be given in later life to his bride). Thus, Mark had his six-month ceremony and we joined our coworkers in being thankful.

A few months later we returned to Canada, where our parents had planned for Mark's baptism along with a cousin of similar age. We realized it would pain our parents greatly if we were to forget this ceremony. We further reasoned that if we could participate in a Hindu ceremony without qualms, there surely could be no harm in participating in a Christian one, which, in my understanding, is more a dedication of the parents to bring the child up in the Light. After talking it over with one of the oldest leaders of Toronto Meeting, we all felt it was rightly ordered to go ahead. Two of our Quaker friends stood as godparents. At my request my father omitted asking me to subscribe to the 39 articles of the Anglican church, which is normally included in the baptismal service. Thus, Mark was baptized and we have tried to fulfill our obligation to live in the Light. We have been moved in recent months as he and his wife have been bringing their three-month-old firstborn, Rowan, to meeting for a "Quaker baptism."

I might mention a sequel: Some years later my father and youngest child exclaimed, "I guess I'm the only one who didn't get baptized." My father then spoke up and said, "Oh yes you did. I baptized you in Lake Muskoka!"

Edwin V. Abbott
Oro Station, Ontario

A possible link

As Friends who have been involved with the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) at many levels, we worry for its future. We believe if it severs its relationship with the Society of Friends, it loses its soul. Friends, on the other hand, would lose a nationally and internationally respected political voice for our concerns, and a teacher of national and world issues. Our concern is how to foster the relationship between the Society of Friends and the AFSC and to involve young people in order to insure the future of both entities.

We urge consideration of the plan: Would each AFSC staff member consider working with a young intern? A directory of AFSC staff members' names, and description of their work, could be published and distributed to all monthly meetings. Potential interns could approach staff members directly or be screened by a committee. Through an internship at the AFSC, interns could fulfill their need to do service and meaningful work, learn about a service organization, and work closely with a person who has a lot to teach.

In turn, interns could be asked to explain the work of the AFSC to their meetings and to give input and support for future AFSC programs. Families and meetings that had lost their ties with AFSC would find a renewed interest, especially if interns were living with local Friends. With the interest would come support and appreciation for AFSC's work. Who knows what might grow out of the youthful enthusiasm this program could generate?

Mary Ann and Leonard Cadwallader
Wallinford, Vt.

Attention FGC women!

Friends General Conference women—let us have a memorial reading of Allie Walton's "Feminism and Its Quaker Roots" at this year's Gathering at Amherst, Mass. I propose such a sharing during the evening of special interest programs. How many of you still have your scripts? Your costumes? If you wish to contact me with ideas, please do.

Arun Rivingston
33 S. Tallahassee Ave.
Atlantic City, N.J. 08401

Concord, not Plainfield

Though I do not doubt that Plainfield (Vt.) Meeting would be happy to claim Betsy Casden as a member, she is not, as the bio-note under her poem in the March issue says, one of our members. She is, in fact, a member of Concord (N.H.) Meeting and the clerk of New England Yearly Meeting. We in Plainfield Meeting felt honored that she attended the celebration of our new meetinghouse and wrote "Consecrating the Meetinghouse" just after that event. We're delighted, too, that the journal has extended its pleasure in the event by
My Spiritual Journey with the AFSC

In the last few years much has been written in these pages about the American Friends Service Committee. I have read with deep interest the recounting of experiences and the expressions of opinion and conviction presented by Friends, and I have been impressed at the range and intensity of passion the AFSC has engendered.

I am in my fourth and final year as clerk of the corporation and board of directors of the Service Committee. Being called to this role engendered in me both surprise and fear; I had spent my life thus far in education; my service to the AFSC was largely on administrative rather than program committees. At the time I became clerk, I knew very little of Friends beyond Philadelphia; I had lived there all my life, been educated there, and worked there in Friends education. What I knew of worldwide Quakerism and worldwide Quaker service was based on visitors to Philadelphia, reading, and the mounting controversy among groups of Friends about the mission and work of the AFSC.

I will leave my post this November very much an amateur and still a beginner in the actual work of social change. I have learned more than I could ever have imagined, however, about being a Friend. I have learned what it means to commit myself to the three most difficult tasks one must undertake in working on behalf of a Friends organization: first, to be true to our deepest personal spiritual leadings, no matter what maelstroms we may find ourselves drawn into; second, to participate in the holy process of seeking Truth in the corporate Spirit; and third, to discipline ourselves to ensure that our process of decision-making serves the goals of the AFSC: to work with all people toward the loving creation of a more just and peaceful world.

This has been a discipline more difficult than any I had previously undertaken. I found myself more often wrong than right, more often prideful than humble, more often efficient than prayerful. In those around me I found the same shortcomings; indeed the AFSC has surely been wrong as often as right. Many of the wrongs have been documented in these pages and elsewhere; we have been blessed with the necessity of facing our weaknesses and our failings both within and beyond the Religious Society of Friends.

One of the reasons that working on behalf of the Service Committee has been so challenging is that the stakes have been so very high. The world's people suffer greatly. Thousands of people give many millions of dollars each year in the hope that the AFSC will be able to help build a better world. Friends wish for a way to serve their brothers and sisters. Many nonFriends, called to service on behalf of the suffering of their own people or their neighbor's people, spend years on the staff or committees of various AFSC bodies. These are precious resources gathered to a great purpose. To the extent we fail to be faithful to the will of God and to one another, to the extent we fail to extend love and fundamental respect to those with whom we work, and to the extent we fail to build a more just and peaceful human society, we waste those resources and fail to fulfill our sacred trust.

I cannot begin to measure the worth of the AFSC, nor can I say some other uses of Friends' resources would not be more beneficial than the work and witness of the AFSC. As each of us must, I can only speak personally.

I learned, working with AFSC, to seek long and passionately for the Truth. I learned that holding on to what I believed out of fear was a spiritual waste. I learned that letting go sometimes meant being very wrong, but that it also meant being opened up for the wisdom of the Lord in a way I had never experienced before. I learned that the Spirit is no respecter of status or position; that the privileged and the voiceless must each face the challenge of finding their way to God with equal courage. I learned that being faithful to one's convictions and admitting one's wrongs require equal courage and are both of vast importance in seeking and testing our understandings of God's will for us.

These are truths I have subscribed to all my life. The difference is that I have come to live them in a new way as a result of my association with the AFSC. There are, I believe, three reasons for this. First, I have been part of an organization whose mission seems to me to embody the teachings of Jesus and the will of God. Second, I have had the privilege of working in company with a much broader and deeper constituency of the world's people than I had ever encountered before; so I have caught a glimmering of the massive problems, great opportunities, and deep fulfillment that the sister and brotherhood of all peoples can bring. Third, I have felt, day in and day out, that we have been living and seeking in the Light; sometimes stumbling and falling together, sometimes hating and fearing each other, often laughing and crying together, and always building and praying together.

Slowly, during these years, I have heard God's voice more clearly, deep in my own spirit and in those with whom I work. There can be no greater gift.

Dulany Bennett
Portland, Oreg.
Bayard received a three-year sentence for his CO stand, and he shortly grace our presence at Ashland Federal Prison.

Bronson P. Clark
Carborro, N.C.

Worship—not meditation
Mariellen Gilpin does not speak for me when she says "Friends meditate for an hour" (FJ Jan.). Since all Friends do not meditate, I assume she thinks she is describing what happens in meeting for worship. However, meeting for worship is just that: a time when we worship together.

We are not gathered in the self-centered practice of meditation, but in the corporate practice of opening ourselves and waiting on the Lord. Out of this comes the extraordinary experience of the gathered meeting. To call it meditation is to miss the point. In my experience, worship requires little practice; it's an intent, not a skill. Some of the most profound mystical, spiritual experiences come to beginners in Quaker meetings.

I too have a restless, clanging mind and am a great believer in meditation as a way of calming the clamor. I recommend it as a way of preparing our harried selves, as Faith and Practice encourages us to do, but before going to meeting for worship. Gilpin's approach to meditation is clear and useful, but, I feel, reductive of what happens in meeting. In worrying about antennae and a determination to keep one's mind clear, one may be shutting out what most needs to come in.

What I do in meeting is say, "I am here, Lord," and then let it all come in.

Barbara Dutton Dretzin
Drewsville, N.H.

Perpetuating stereotypes
Friend Daniel Bloom (Forum Oct. 1993) reports few African American members in his meeting, and there are too few in mine. I share Bloom's concern that "Even though the front door is always kept open . . . something else [may be] closed because of racial difference . . . ."

I need to avoid words that label people by their color for the same reason I need to avoid words that label people by their sex. Words perpetuate stereotypes, and our choice of words might be a key to "something else closed because of racial difference."

Friends, I would ask you to think about how we use the word light, and how that may perpetuate racial stereotypes. I propose that use of the word is color-biased.

There are other words that mean what we mean but do not also mean color. Some words that come to mind are: spirit, soul, inner teacher, inner person, conscience, understanding, inner fire, inner spark, inner God. We should search for these words and use them when we wish to avoid closing the Spirit in ourselves and our ability to see the Spirit in others.

In the 1960s the titles Miss and Mrs. were countered by Ms. Changing vocabulary is hard, but we are all better for changing words that perpetuate sexual stereotypes. To overcome racism, we must confront words that also perpetuate color stereotypes.

Jim Harris
San Jose, Calif.

Claiming our history
When I came to the meeting in Ames, Iowa, a complete novice, I was not at all encouraged to attend worship. Instead, I was given several book titles and encouraged to read and come back again if I still wanted to. This was perfect advice, because it allowed me to come to meeting with a sense of place and purpose, with an understanding of why this worship happened. I followed George Fox's advice and found experimentally what he said, and the others since have said, was true: The Spirit of God moves us and speak to us, at meeting and elsewhere. I was convinced utterly, though I will not pretend that the transformation from atheism to Christianity has been a smooth and easy path. I see why the universalists are uneasy at times, but I hope they will not split from us or be angry—and I will try too.

I must encourage Friends and seekers to read and contemplate deeply the devotional writings and history of our sect. This process can improve the accuracy of our self-vision and spark us towards fellowship in the Light.

Frank J. Kutka
Barnum, Minn.

On health care
If Friends are interested in supporting a single payer health plan, there is a new organization that can help you do just that. Single Payer Across the Nation (SPAN) has a hotline you can call, 1-800-847-6611. A mailgram will be sent to your representatives in Congress, your name will be added to a petition, and a charge of $5 will be added to your phone bill. Or, you can call, fax, or write SPAN directly and ask for a petition to sign or several to circulate.

SPAN, 2800 Euclid, Suite 522, Cleveland, OH 44115; (216) 241-8558; fax, (216) 241-8423.

There is only one single payer bill before Congress—S.491, H.R.1200, the American Health Security Act, sponsored by Sen. Paul Wellstone and Rep. Jim McDermott. It is the only bill that will cover everyone under the same plan with one insurer, and allow people to choose their own doctor.

Emilie F. Nichols
Littleton, Colo.

On membership
In response to Margery Larrabee's article on "Spirit-led Listening" (FJ Jan.), and the lengthy meeting with a candidate for membership, it would be interesting to know what had attracted him to the meeting in the first place. A lay pulpit from which to advocate his strongly held convictions?

Might a few shorter sessions with him, with time for reflection between, have served the purpose better? Was there follow-up afterward to help him find another spiritual home? Were there real alternatives for him in the community, such as the universalist Friends?

Worship sharing or discussion groups could be a more appropriate forum that could include someone who seemed out of the Quaker mainstream, both regarding process and content. Somewhat tongue-in-cheek, I have often wondered if unprogrammed meetings especially need a category of membership such as apprentice—or perhaps preparative membership would be a better term, just as there are preparative meetings.

It is not easy for everyone to be in silence and seek the guidance of the Light, and some of us take longer than others to learn this skill. Not long ago someone came to our unprogrammed meeting without knowing what to expect, and after sitting for a while he left the room. He went into the adjacent room and asked the First-day school leader when something was going to happen!

Betty Chandler Matzek
Eagle, Idaho
Irwin and Me
by Bruce Heckman

I rise earlier than usual—earlier than the rest of my family—and I leave the house a few minutes before seven, just in time for midweek meeting for worship. Sometimes I arrive at the meetinghouse first to unlock the door and set up chairs; sometimes it is Irwin. Four chairs are enough—maybe one or two extra if we have recently had that many people at this early morning meeting. The first to arrive sets up, settles in, and the other enters in silence.

Over several years, many Friends have attended this Wednesday morning meeting for worship. Sometimes they come intermittently for a month or two or three. But the earliness of the hour, or perhaps the demands of the workday—or even some lack of "critical mass" in this very small gathering—discourages regular attendance. Sooner or later, our numbers seem to fall off again until it is just Irwin and me.

Changing seasons affect the feel of early morning hours in the meetinghouse. During some months, we don't bother switching on the lights but wait for the rising sun to brighten the room. That's nice—to enter into worship in darkness with only the street lamp through a window and the green glow of an exit sign for light. And then we open our eyes at some point during worship and notice that the sun is up. Some days when I struggle to get and stay centered, dawn seems to break more slowly. Other times, I am surprised to find the sun up and the room completely lit after what seemed like only moments.

Irwin and I both speak regularly—maybe frequently—during First Day meetings. But we hardly ever speak during early morning worship on Wednesdays. Maybe once a year each. Early morning worship just seems naturally quieter. Messages come, but they don't seem to need voice.

Several years ago, our meeting’s Ministry and Advancement Committee sponsored the establishment of two midweek meetings for worship, one in the early morning and the other in the early evening. At a couple of points, the committee has considered whether these meetings should be discontinued. Attendance at both has always been low. The evening meeting was eventually laid down. But the early morning meeting has been continued, largely because Irwin and I find in it such a deep sense of satisfaction.

Sometimes one of us is out of town and the other is by himself. This used to be more awkward than it seems now. Sometimes meeting is cut short if only one is in attendance. Other times it goes on for the full hour. After all, a Friends meetinghouse is a very inviting place during the gray dawn hours. And, anyway, there is only a blurry difference between the two meeting for worship and one centering for prayer and meditation.

One of the oddities of our early gatherings is that I usually close meeting, though I do not wear a watch and I can't see Irwin's from my chair. Sometimes we run over an hour, sometimes under. We close when it feels right to do so, then engage in a little chat about one thing or another, as Friends usually do after meeting. And after a short while, we go our separate ways.

My Wednesday mornings at work often go a little better than other days. At least they start out better. But it's amazing how fragile a deep sense of centeredness and connection with the Divine can be in the face of an uncentered workplace.

I will always feel grateful for the privilege of holding midweek meeting for worship with Irwin. No one knows how long we will continue in this fashion. Who knows, maybe one or more Friends will become regulars and the midweek meeting will expand. If not, I'll be very content if it remains just Irwin and me.
This is not a polemic about workcamping but rather an attempt to say to the many friends across the world in a very visual way that workcamping is alive and well among the Society of Friends. The following is a photo essay of Washington Quaker Workcamp (WQW) volunteers involved in workcamping from Washington, D.C., to Romania, to Dar Es Salaam. They are a compilation of images of service in which spiritually oriented people gather in a Quaker workcamp to serve others.

If a picture is worth a thousand words, they will speak for themselves. Friends are invited to comment on and contribute to these activities. Tax deductible contributions may be sent to: Washington Quaker Workcamps, 1225 Geranium Street NW, Washington, DC 20012.

Harold Confer is executive director of Washington Quaker Workcamps, and a member of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting.

Heidi Stevens (WQW volunteer) and Medzio Kumpuni (Tanzania Workcamps Association volunteer) play hand games with Tanzanian children, Dar Es Salaam, 1993.

Maria Swan helping to carry a roof truss, Indian Head, Md., 1993.

Kevin Jarrard with special friend Omari, Dar Es Salaam, 1993.
Proud and happy new home builder and owner, Indian Head, Md., self-help housing project, 1993.

Mary Bender from the Blessed Sacrament confirmation class cuddles an infant at St. Martin's Shelter for women and infants, Washington, D.C., 1993.

WQW volunteer Anne Kuhbander learns hand games from Romanian orphans, Tecuci, Romania, 1992.

WQW volunteer Phiny Brugmann, in consultation with chief surgeon of Tecuci municipal hospital, Tecuci, Romania, 1992.

Andrei Israel helps to unload plywood, Indian Head, Md., self-help housing project, 1993.

John Hatton, Friends Community School workcamp leader, whose mother was a Quaker workcamper in France after World War I.
George Fox Encouraged Singing in the Spirit

by Walter W. Felton

In the earliest reference to music in his Journal (Rufus Jones edition, p.72), George Fox stated he could not sing. On the other hand, in a dramatic encounter with jailers (p.191), Fox related he was moved in the Lord’s power to sing. The context of the earlier statement removes the contradiction: “Psalms I was not in a state to sing; I could not sing [in the Spirit].”

Did the Spirit inspire 17th century Friends to sing in “God’s worship”? Yes. Near the end of a long and eloquent defense and description of silent worship in Robert Barclay’s Apology (Proposition XI), he concluded, “We make not silence to be the sole matter of our worship.” Barclay proceeded to defend the Quaker forms of preaching, praying, and singing in unprogrammed worship. In the case of singing, he began, “We confess this to be a part of worship, and very sweet and refreshing, when it proceeds from a true sense of God’s love in the heart. . . .”

What did they sing? He continued, “and arises from the divine influence of the Spirit which leads souls to breathe forth either a sweet harmony [without words], or words suitable to the present condition; whether they be words formerly used by the saints and recorded in scripture, such as the Psalms of David, or other words: as were the hymns and songs of Zacharias, Simeon, and the blessed Virgin Mary.” Unless Friends memorized the suitable metrical psalms, I assume they could sing from Psalters in their meetings.

Barclay clarified Fox’s statement about singing psalms. The Apology quoted two unsuitable psalms and said there were more. It implied that many psalms could be sung in worship provided “the words were suitable to the condition.” Only vocal music was acceptable. Barclay explained, “We have neither example nor precept for artificial music in the New Testament, either by organs or other instruments.”

When early Friends sang without words, was their singing “sweet harmony” (Barclay) or “making melody in their hearts” (Fox) or something else? Either type of improvised singing would be difficult. Examples of something else could include droning, humming, groaning, and emoting with joy. Leah Felton and I attended a meeting for worship in Cardiff, Wales, when someone broke the silence by inviting the gathered meeting to unite with him in droning “as early Friends did.” Are there any records of how Friends sang without words?

The 17th century was not a favorable time for church music in England. Civil war led to the abolition of music in church except for singing Psalms, the removal or destruction of pipe organs, and the departure of many composers and musicians to the Continent. Puritans objected to string orchestras playing in church because fiddles were played in bars. Celebration of Christmas was abolished by the Puritan Parliament in 1647, and traditional Christmas carols went underground until the 19th century.

During the Puritan Commonwealth period, Fox’s Journal noted two occasions when Fox made a public witness against some form of music. In 1648, while attending fairs and markets, he cried out against all sorts of music and against montebanks. During his first visit to Swarthmoor Hall, Fox was moved by the Lord to attend priest Lampitt’s church in Ulverston: “When I came, Lampitt was singing with his people, but his spirit was so foul and the matter they sang was so unsuitable to their states, that after they had done singing, I was moved of the Lord to speak to him and the people.”

In the tragicomic account of Fox’s singing in prison, he was beaten by a jailer without provocation. Fox began to sing, the jailer’s rage increased, and a fiddler was summoned. When the fiddler began to play, expecting to vex Fox, the Lord moved Fox to sing again (louder). His “voice drowned the noise of the fiddle, struck and confounded them, and made them give over fiddling.” I wonder what psalm(s) he sang!

I have found a puzzling time interval.

The tradition of ‘serious sighing, sensible groaning, and reverent singing’ continued in some places among Friends through the 18th century.

Walter Felton is a member of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting and lives at Friends House. He was music editor of the 1955 Hymnal for Friends.
between references to singing in the Journal and references to singing in Fox's epistles (or pastoral letters). All five Journal passages occurred between the early 1640s and 1653 whereas the ten epistle passages were written from 1658 to 1686.

During the formative years of Fox's ministry (1648-1649), he defined his concept of Friends' fellowship, praying, and singing:

And I was to bring them off from all the world's fellowships and prayers and singings, which stood in forms without power, that their fellowships should be in the Holy Ghost and in the eternal Spirit (or pastoral letters). All five and in the eternal God, that they might pray in the Holy Ghost and sing in the Spirit and with the Grace that comes by Jesus, making melody in their hearts to the Lord who hath sent his beloved Son to be their Saviour. (Journal, p. 104)

The phrase “singing in the Spirit” is stated in epistles 167, 171, 222, 230, and 312; and “making melody in their heart” occurs in epistles 167 and 312.

In epistle 222, Fox wrote, “singing in the Spirit is public.” What did he mean by “public”? His explanation was given in epistle 171. He regarded singing in any of the world's churches as particular or private; and singing in the Spirit as public or universal. The epistle began, “Friends... we need no Mass to teach us, for the Spirit that gave forth the Scriptures teaches us how to pray, sing, fast, etc.”

Epistle 312 contains my favorite writing about singing in the Spirit: “they that do sing in the Spirit do reach the Spirit in others, [who thereby] have a sense that it proceeds from the Spirit... To all that receive it in integrity and sincerity, they cannot but rejoice at the sound of the Power.”

Five other Epistles speak of “singing with joy”: namely 227, 230, 265, 320, and 410.

The practice of unprogrammed worship without singing began, I believe, in the 18th century. However, the tradition of “serious sighing, sensible groaning and reverent singing” continued in some places through the 18th century. Sighing and groaning (the spirit sings but the mind is barren) could not satisfy gathered meetings forever. Suitable psalms did not speak to all conditions; and the Spirit did not move Friends to learn new hymns being written by evangelicals and dissenters including John Newton (the Olney Hymnal) and Charles Wesley. Possibly the available tunes, which have not survived the test of time, did not inspire Friends.

The 19th century provided translated new hymns speaking to a wide variety of conditions of individuals and groups. Several Anglican vicars translated volumes of ancient Christian hymns from the Greek and Latin languages, including “O Come, O Come, Emmanuel.” Several English women volunteered to translate the great hymns of the Lutheran Reformation, including “Now Thank We All our God.” Other languages of the Protestant Reformation were also translated into English. English and U.S. ministers and poets, both women and men, wrote new hymns concerned with personal salvation, social justice, peace, the natural world, science, and the arts. Over 75 centos of John Greenleaf Whittier's poems were set to hymn tunes by hymnal editors. Programmed meetings of Friends used 19th century hymnals and gospel songbooks in their worship. Unprogrammed meetings continued to show no interest in hymns.

Friends have been offered in the 20th century a unique opportunity to sing. A significant change in the cultural composition of unprogrammed meetings was the first opening. The descendants of long-time Friends have learned to sing and play musical instruments. A large influx of convinced Friends brought musical talents and a knowledge of hymns. The membership of the Society now includes composers, concert singers, and performers, members of at least two major symphony orchestras, music teachers, at least one operatic singer, etc.

Second, the organization of Friends General Conference led to the beginnings of summer Gatherings at Cape May, N.J., and the provision of music for singing on the pier. Two editions of A Hymnal for Friends (1942 and 1955) and publication of Songs of the Spirit (1978) have been used in First-day schools, Friends schools, summer camps, retirement homes, etc. Since 1986 a major project is proceeding to create a new Friends Hymnal/Songbook. In addition to the universal Christian hymns, the new book will represent the creativity of many Friends for the first time and will attempt to represent our faith and practice explicitly.

Singing in unprogrammed worship is not totally absent today. During my 50 years as a convinced Friend I can recall at least six times when someone sang a familiar hymn and was joined by others. Solo singing is heard more often than group singing in our meeting for worship. If hymnals were available, as they are in some meetinghouses, Friends might sing together when one Friend is moved by the Spirit.

In the 17th century, George Fox encouraged spontaneous singing in the Spirit. In the 20th century Friends have been restrained by an assumption that it was traditional not to sing in meeting for worship. Also, most Friends cannot recall suitable words to sing “when it proceeds from a true sense of God’s love in the heart.”

Several Varieties of Song

“It hath been and is our living sense & constant testimony according to our experience of the diverse operations of the spirit and power of God in the Church, that there hath been and is serious sighing, sensible groaning and reverent singing breathing forth an heavenly sound of joy with grace with the spirit, and with understanding in blessed unity with us, while they are in public labor & service of the Gospel whether by preaching, praying, or praising God, in the same power & spirit and all to the edification and comfort in the Church of Christ which therefore is not to be quenched or discouraged by any:

“But where any do or shall abuse the power of God, or immoderate, or do either in imitation, which rather burthens than edifies, such ought to be privately admonished unless rebellious, for that life, spirit and power is risen in the Church which doth distinguish & hath power accordingly to judge.”

Discipline, South Kingston Monthly Meeting, New England Yearly Meeting, 1673, Minute #421
Did thee say a Quaker music camp? Yes, a Quaker music camp, and one which, although sponsored by Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting of Friends General Conference, has met each summer for 14 years on the campus of Olney Friends School in Barnesville, Ohio. (Olney is operated by Ohio Conservative Friends, who upheld the old Quaker testimony against music until recent times.) Each summer, music campers attend meeting on First Day at the big old Stillwater Meetinghouse on the campus, and share music with an informal concert at Ohio Conservative Friends’ Walton Retirement Home nearby; and Olney Friends even have been known to produce practice pianos for campers from the basements of faculty homes on campus—a testimony to the fact the human spirit will express itself through music, even in the strictest of Conservative Friends communities.

Friends Music Campers come with widely varied musical backgrounds, from near beginners to highly skilled, but everyone makes a lot of music. A fascinating time to walk around campus is during “everyone practice time” each morning. Some sort of musical sound, or attempt at same, comes from every classroom, dorm room, stairwell—even the porches and the greenhouses.

All campers sing in the chorus. Like wise, everyone takes part in a musical theatre production. The group spirit that results is usually a high point of camp. Other special musical experiences, for individuals or for the group as a whole, include: playing a solo during jazz improvisation; learning to read music; listening to several recitals each week, by both faculty and fellow campers; participating in a complete, unabridged movement of a Bach Brandenburg Concerto; singing a solo; learning to folk dance; composing music, either individually or as a class endeavor; and staging end-of-camp “marathon concerts” for parents and other visitors.

The very special quality of the camp’s music instructors over the years has been amazing to everyone. These musicians include students and recent graduates of music conservatories and Quaker colleges, as well as older professionals—often, but not always, Friends. There is always a varied, colorful staff who delight in making music together and who offer a highly competent level of instruction.

Building community is given high priority. Campers and staff are challenged to avoid forming exclusive cliques or relationships, to be open to a wide variety of friendships, to be sensitive to anyone who is feeling left out. Many facets of FMC life, many incidents along the way, contribute to the deep sense of community that always emerges: working together in musical ensembles of all sizes; getting along (or attempting to work things out) with roommates; playing games together; going on the annual canoe trip; lending clothes to everyone in the dorm, and then trying to get them returned as camp ends; being held accountable if you don’t turn up at dish crew; feeling included and affirmed during the daily ritual of evening Collection, no matter what have been the ups and downs of the day.

Two or three meetings for business take place during each camp session. In business meeting, and at other times too, discussions, challenges, even confrontations take place. One hopes there is growth
through this process. While campers are occasionally confrontational, and sometimes act carelessly or irresponsibly, they are just as often wonderfully supportive and creative in their own community-building. Listening ears and interpersonal support are always there.

Older campers help younger ones. Staff people receive hugs and words of encouragement—often when most needed. Many camp activities are planned by campers, or by staff and campers together.

The young people and staff alike really get into discussion, trying out ideas about current issues or life philosophies. Opportunities for this kind of exchange take place when outside speakers/discussion leaders come to FMC, or in weekly Life Challenge (LC) classes in which all campers participate. In LC sessions, campers exchange ideas on many subjects, including TV viewing and its effects on people, war toys, and beliefs about God.

When, during our early planning, we discussed how often to schedule quiet worship time at FMC, we didn’t realize how central to the overall camp experience this time would become. We borrowed Olney School’s term Collection for this quiet time together. Morning Collection was a daily event during FMC’s first year. By our second year, a young staff member suggested we add evening Collection before bedtime, and we did so.

The character and spirit of Collection have evolved, grown, and changed over the years. In the early years, campers only rarely participated in spoken ministry. That has changed—so much so that, several years ago, older campers brought a concern to business meeting that they felt speaking was occurring too often and sometimes too superficially. For quite a few years we’ve followed the practice of having several returning campers, on the first day of camp, share about how they relate to Collection. “It’s a time to reflect...to be together with everyone...I used to hate meeting when I was little, but now I love Collection...it’s a magic time...you should speak when you have something really important to share.”

Through all this process over the years, a kind of miracle has occurred. Campers and staff have come to feel that evening Collection is their own special time, rather than a time imposed upon them. Attendance-taking isn’t necessary; everyone wants to be there. Quiet, singing, weeping, giggling, and speaking, along with a tremendous feeling of togetherness, characterize the time.

Each summer the campers and staff stage a benefit concert, “Musicians for Peace and Justice.” Everyone piles into two buses and undergoes a four-hour trip to Yellow Springs, Ohio, often in humid 90 degree weather—and then four hours back again the same night, after pouring out their spirits in music to an enthusiastic audience. Several thousand dollars are earned in this way each year for Yellow Springs’s sister city in Nicaragua. This benefit is always a special high point of camp.

What is unique about a Quaker music camp? One staff person loves to pause and sit still on the front steps during the “everyone practice” time—let the myriad sounds of horn and fiddle, guitar, percussion, piano, and human voice soak in. She describes the experience not as a wild cacaphony of sound, but as a blessing she receives from the entire camp.

Music can reach people in the most wonderful and unexpected ways. One camper—14 years old, restless, resistant to having his time scheduled, often pushing the limits and exasperating staff and other campers—was, nevertheless, deeply touched by the performance of a movement of a Schubert string quartet at a recital. In evening Collection he attempted to communicate this experience: “Thinking about it now, I suppose that performance went on for 15 or 20 minutes, but I completely lost track of time...That beautiful music transported me outside the realm of ordinary time.”

“Im Joining the Optimists”

In one “Life Challenge” class at Friends Music Camp we had a “continuum discussion.” Participants placed themselves along a continuum according to their responses to the question, “How optimistic are you about the future?” After the kids placed themselves, statements supporting their choices were made—by the optimists, by the pessimists, and by those at various points along the continuum—and the discussion was launched.

After about 20 minutes, Jorge, our wise camper from Mexico, who had originally placed himself right in the middle, suddenly got up and joined the optimists. “I still don’t know,” Jorge said, “how optimistic I am about the future of humankind and the world, but I’m joining the optimists because I can see from what they say that they are the ones who will be the most effective with their lives. The future belongs to them, and I want to be with them.”

Friends Journal May 1994
The Press of My Foot to the Earth

by Francis D. Hole

The press of my foot to the earth springs a hundred affections,” wrote Walt Whitman. If I am in need of affection I take a walk. Trails surfaced with grass or wood chips are kind to the feet and to the earth beneath. In a desert landscape, patterned sand and gravel carpet the walkways. If I have affection to spare, I can imprint the earth beneath my feet with joy.

Whitman said it is impossible to describe the affections in words, not even in poetry. “They [the affections] scorn the best I can do to relate them,” he said. It is frustrating, especially for a poet, to feel one’s powers of communication falter and fail when confronted with so much beauty. But perhaps it is not a failure to fall silent, free of words. Perhaps it is success, to accept wholeness at last.

I had a friend, an elderly man like myself, who was a botanist. I was a soil scientist and I liked walking with him and listening. He inspired many of us outdoor people with his proficiency and zeal in restoring tall grass prairies. A year ago he went out one autumn morning with a scythe to tend a tall grass prairie that had been invaded by weeds. My botanist friend was where he wanted to be when a heart attack tumbled him in the tall grass and flowers. He fell face down in the rich soil he loved. He was alone when he gave himself back to the earth. From his death sprang a hundred affections from all of us left behind, still pressing our feet to the earth each day.

We gathered a year later at the site of our friend’s collapse, to dedicate the natural area to him. A group of us stood there and let a rain shower baptize us in our new state of being. We felt helpless for want of words. Our affections scorned the best we could do to capture them verbally. Then we realized that our loss of voice signaled a bond between us and the soil and grass and flowers and the spirit of our friend. We had become as speechless as they. In the silence, we had become a part of that sacred place. We were inwardly drenched with the joy of unity with the earth and its ancient green growth, ever reaching to receive the light and rain and the caress of a few feet.
Postcard to Christine Runyon

I see by the clouds
that we're all still here,
wherever that may be
for you.

As for myself,
I await this day on an island,
fogged and adrift, in this,
our floating world.

—Joseph E. Fasciani

China, 1939

I once gazed at a lotus blossom all one
afternoon which a Zen priest had plucked
from the mud for me, at the temple just up
the hill.

Next morning I could not wait to go look
again at “my” lotus.
During the night each beautiful leaf
had fallen away. The pod was left.

I stared for a moment, then burst out
laughing.

For a moment all was ONE.

And I knew that this was one flower no one would
ever take from me.

This was in China, long ago and far away.

—Craig Carter

---

Joseph E. Fasciani is a
member of Eastside (Wash.)
Meeting living in Victoria,
B.C. He is a regular
poetry contributor
to FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Craig Carter’s interest in
Quakerism and mysticism
began in China, where he
worked for the U.S. Embassy.
He is an attender of San
Diego (Calif.) Meeting.
DAFFODILS

by Diana Wells

There were many good reasons for being friends, but it was through the flowers that they found a common bond.

It was a friendship based on daffodils. We could have been friends for other reasons: our political views were sympathetic, our educations were similar, our children were the same age, but it seemed our touching point was daffodils.

I had come to live here from Europe and was homesick—homesick for friends and family but mostly for the earth itself that surrounded me. I couldn’t understand Bucks County, Pennsylvania, the tangled creepers and steamy woods where you couldn’t walk because of poison ivy, the endlessness of the fields with no hedgerows or ditches, the new developments mowed and fringed with neat, ton-

sil-colored azaleas and island mats of Japanese pachysandra. Even the majestic Delaware River seemed untouchable until I saw hers and began to understand a little. Daffodils spread all through the woods and along the stream—untidily, exuberantly—and there was no pachysandra, no shredded bark, and no red azaleas. There were wild flowers as well: hepaticas, geraniums, bloodroot, twin-leaf, trillium (you could only see them really by squatting down). For the first time since I’d been in the States, I felt as though I had strayed into a little piece of paradise that had been there all along, which was how I thought of gardens. I realized ours didn’t have to be the way I perceived it, and I started fluffing the edges, letting the dogs ruin the ground cover, moving the flamboyant azaleas, and planting daffodils.

The daffodils, of course, were no more native than the pachysandra and azaleas I had rejected. It’s just that they have a capacity to naturalize, a capacity they’ve taken all over the world. Even in England, where they grow “ten thousand... at a glance,” nobody’s really sure how native they are. It seems there probably was a small yellow native daffodil, but by the time botanists noticed it at all it was dismissed as narcissus pseudo narcissus, or “Bastard Asphodel” (“Bastarddaffodil”), because by then the prolific imported narcissi were spreading. By the time Parkinson wrote Paradisus in Sole Paradisus Terrestris (or “Park in the Sun”) he was trying to sort out nearly a hundred varieties of daffodils; no one could agree, as they still can’t, what is a narcissus, a jonquil, or a daffodil. But even when he wrote in 1629, Parkinson named two daffodils “from Virginia,” and we do know that these must have been taken over by pilgrims not so very long before. They had settled in so nicely that he could make this mistake.

Daffodils gave comfort to pilgrims in a strange land as indeed they did to me. They seem to have an ability to do that, and for much of the world they symbolize spring. For me they were a stepping stone to seeing the “real” American spring, the quieter flowers that have always been here. But like poets who have eulogized them, I was also greatly cheered by their jocund company when homesick, lonely, vacant, or pensive—which was quite often in those early days.

Although I could depend on seeing my daffodil-growing friends at any political protest or occasion, and we sometimes drove each other’s children to school, we were not particularly close except at daffodil time. Then we exchanged, we admired, we visited. I came closest to truly loving David when they built an extension onto their house and he limited its size in case there should be daffodil bulbs left under the new floor. Otherwise we were good friends. Even when he became ill and we were sorry, we somehow didn’t seem able to help much.

We all knew David was dying, but we pretended it was not so. We talked a lot about people we knew who had unexpectedly recovered, who had lived for years when the doctors had given them only months. We talked about carotene and mind over matter. I went round with squash and fresh eggs and optimism, pathetic offerings to an altar of inevitability. It was February and we talked about how beautiful the daffodils would be and how we were longing for spring.

Anne had never asked for help until one evening in February. I had done odd little tasks like looking after their dog when they had to be at the hospital all day. The dog didn’t like me much. She rightly associated me with times of distress and their absence. I’m not crazy about little dogs anyway: I don’t quite see the point of them. The dog didn’t see the point of me either, so in a way we understood each other although neither of us wasfooled.

That evening in February I had just had a bath when the telephone rang. "Come over at once, I need you."

I assumed, I naturally assumed, the worst. I went over at once in my bedroom slippers with my hair dripping wet. Anne came out to meet me. I had never seen her like this before. We had always been cheerful and hopeful.

"Annabelle has eaten rat poison," she cried.

Annabelle is a well-behaved little dog.
Eating anything but her special dog food just isn’t like her. She sleeps on her mistress’s bed, rides in the car, trots sedately round the lawn. Not like my dogs who drag filthy corpses in from the woods and roll in their entrails, or bark all night and drive you crazy, who scratch and wag and knock things over. They may eat rat poison all the time for all I know—what I’ve actually seen them eat defies civilized description. But this little dog is different. You couldn’t imagine her eating rat poison.

“Are you sure?”

Yes, she had followed her mistress out to the barn and was actually caught chewing it. The remains of quite an appetizing-looking green cake were left. The poison control people had been contacted and we were to give her hydrogen peroxide. One person was needed to hold her and the other to pour it down.

In the kitchen we bound her tightly in an old blanket. It was amazing how strong such a funny little dog could be, even when we had her wrapped tight as a mummy. She couldn’t move her short little legs but she could squirm and jerk her head away. The peroxide foamed all over us.

“How’s David?”

“Not good, not good at all.” I had my knees tightly round the dog and our heads were bent close together. There was foam everywhere.

“You hold her mouth and I’ll pour.” Fingers and foam and teeth.

“He’s not good,” she said. “He’s not at all good.”

“Damn dog,” I said. Some of the foam spilled out of the corners of her mouth but some definitely went down. Annabelle opened her eyes for a moment. They were surprising eyes for a dog. I mean she really did look at me for a moment. I wondered if the peroxide was really going to help much. At least it was something to do.

David had been taking shark pills for months and some said their effects could be miraculous. After all, the Roman soldiers carried daffodil bulbs with them so their mucilage juice could glue together the wounds of war. We know now that the sap of daffodils contains crystals of calcium oxalate, which actually irritate the skin. In a vase of mixed flowers, daffodils will soon make the other blossoms wilt. But the Romans must surely have found the cure worked sometimes? Anyway, some say that’s how the beautiful narcissus came to England.

We poured more peroxide down the dog. She choked and it foamed out.

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I don’t know to whom I was speaking. We let the dog outside and waited for her to vomit.

It was bitterly cold but not quite dark. We tried to get near her but she dodged behind trees and bushes. I flapped after her in my bedroom slippers.

Daffodils were poking through the frosty grass like spikes, and I broke several. Soon they would be like rushes not spikes, which is why they are named for the Spanish junquillo. They are called narcissi supposedly for the lovesick youth who pined away for the love of his own image, thinking it was another he loved. Some laugh at his mistake, but it could be an easy thing to do. Anyway, some say that’s not where the name came from at all, but from the flower’s stupefying scent, which was once thought to be as dangerous as any other narcotic and was why they were put into the tombs of those “dulled with death” (Gerard).

The dog vomited; it didn’t seem quite enough, so we decided to administer more peroxide. Of course she wouldn’t let us catch her. We began chasing her round the yard. By now she was feeling better and was ready to play. She barked and wagged that silly stump of a tail, dodging across the daffodil-spiked grass. It was dark now and even colder. She was having a good time. How could she know that we were chasing death?

In the end we caught her by luring her into the car. We took her into the kitchen and gave her more peroxide.

“She mustn’t die.” Finally we was said. We were both sodden with peroxide and green vomit. The dog crept under the table and lay down, all the play out of her. We sat silently.

“Silly little dog,” I said, “to do a thing like that.”

Damp and exhausted, the dog was really asleep now. The kitchen was very quiet and very cold, and Anne and I were both crying. We had never cried together before. The house felt large and dark and empty. When I went home she and the dog would be alone there, for David was in the hospital.

“I saw lots of daffodils coming up,” I said. “David will enjoy them when he comes home.”

She didn’t answer for a bit. Then she said, “They say it won’t be very long. He can’t live much longer.”

Absurdly, I still thought about the daffodils. Did that mean he would not come home? The daffodils were pushing up towards spring, but did it mean he might not see them? He loved them so. Surely he could wait, or they could grow faster?

That spring the daffodils were lovelier than ever before. The weather was evenly cool, and the late and early varieties bloomed together in perfect, creamy-gold masses, unmarrred by a single wilted flower. But David had died in hospital, and he never saw them.

When I went over to the house, Annabelle liked me a little better and ran ahead through the brilliant woods, barking and playing. I went almost every day to look at the daffodils. Maybe I was wrong, but it seemed to me at last I had found something I could do for David.
by Warren A. Witte

RESPECT FOR
RELIGIOUS DIVERSITY
IN QUAKER
ORGANIZATIONS

The fact that many Friends' organizations are staffed primarily by people who are not Quakers disturbs some and delights others in the Religious Society of Friends. Whichever side one is on, however, the challenges remain the same. How does a small religious society with a propensity for innovation and creation of quality institutions assure that its founding values are understood and internalized by those who carry out the organizations' mission? And how do our organizations engage those who are not members of the Religious Society of Friends in the religious nature of our work?

I have been one who is delighted by Quaker inclusion of nonQuakers—perhaps because I, like many others, first became involved with Friends through their organizations. I worked on the staff of one of them for many years and found my nonQuaker religious identity honored and respected. I applied for membership in response to my own promptings, not in response to pressures from others.

Beyond my own experience, I have been inspired by the contributions to Quaker work made by people from many religious and ethical traditions. Perhaps most importantly, I have found that people of many religious faiths have enriched the spiritual journey of Friends and their organizations.

From this vantage point, for many years on the staff of the American Friends Service Committee I found myself defending AFSC's inclusion of nonQuakers against occasional assertions by concerned Friends that AFSC was weakening the unique Quaker quality of its witness through such inclusion. I fended off suggestions that we ought to teach Quakerism to nonQuakers, feeling that this would be insensitive and disrespectful of my coworkers' religious beliefs. I was offended by the notion that an application of Quaker instruction was needed as a corrective to the growing diversity of AFSC staff. I had occasion to support individual members of staff who had the unfortunate experience of encountering insensitive Friends who challenged their credentials to do work on behalf of Friends or who were heavy-handed in their efforts to instill "Quakerliness."

Over the years, however, my views on the matter have changed. I have become increasingly impressed by the appropriateness of a Quaker organization seeking to assure staff understanding and respect for its central values. I was also challenged by nonQuaker colleagues on the subject—in a way I hadn't expected. In so many words, a number of colleagues at AFSC said: You may think your silence about Quakerism is a sign of respect for us. In fact, it isn't. It deprives us of the information, the insight, and even the language to fully understand the organiza-

Warren Witte is executive director of Friends Services for the Aging and a member of Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting. He was a staff member of AFSC for 30 years, carrying leadership responsibilities in Des Moines, Seattle, and Philadelphia.

by Melissa Kay Elliott

A swarm of preschoolers descends on a table laden with a huge mixing bowl, innumerable cartons of eggs, flour, sugar, and other cake ingredients. Bright faces, eager fingers, a thousand questions, and enough energy to blast a spaceship into orbit.

One can only wonder what is to become of the eggs.

But wait. An oldster rises from among the white-haired folks sitting nearby in wheelchairs and on couches. She stands, straightens her skirt, pushes her hair off her forehead, heads for the mixing bowl, and takes charge. "How many eggs did you say it takes to make a wedding cake?" she barks to the Chandler Hall staff member who is overseeing things, but instead of waiting for an answer, she counts the egg cartons. "Twelve dozen. That's 144."

Melissa Kay Elliott, former associate editor of Friends Journal, is director of publications at the American Friends Service Committee. She attends Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting and is a member of Corvallis (Oreg.) Meeting.
tion in which we work. It inhibits all of us in sharing our spiritual understandings. It precludes our full understanding of and participation in those important aspects of the organization’s life that relate to Quakerism and Quaker concerns.

I was deeply grateful for my colleagues’ candor and insistence. It pushed me and others who have heard similar expressions from coworkers to think freshly about the responsibility of Friends to demonstrate sufficient respect for religious diversity as to provide those who are not Quakers in Friends’ organizations

continued on next page

**Quaker?**

She cracks and counts, wrinkling her brow. Her little helpers watch with impatience and respect.

This unlikely cooking class is baking a wedding cake at Chandler Hall, a Quaker nursing home in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and the cake will appear on the dinner menu tonight. Each month a theme is chosen and all activities revolve around it. On this day in June, the theme is weddings. The attending staff member offers to help, but the cook brushes her off: “Oh, I been doin’ this for years. Can the kids crack the eggs?” One of the kids holds an egg aloft and sky-dives the table with it.

“Watch out,” says the staff member. “There are some paper towels down here at this end of the table.”

So begins a day at Chandler Hall, which offers residential nursing care and day care for elderly and incapacitated people. The youngsters are part of a preschool program for employees’ children. They walk in the door in the morning full of zip and clearly expect to have a good time. They seem to think nothing of the old folks’ handicaps; they ask thousands of questions, and are repaid with unlimited patience and affection. The seniors’ faces come alive at the barrage of kids’ questions and with being regarded as authorities and sources of information. The generations cook together, play together, dance together, and just plain talk.

This program may look like it’s mostly good business sense, boosting morale of elderly residents and offering an important service to employees. But most Quakers could detect faith values at work: a belief in the worth and dignity of individuals, no matter what their ages or abilities. An effort to help people get to know each other through work and fellowship, to reach out in “disarming” situations. A willingness to try new ideas and solve problems by working together.

It comes as no surprise that those ingredients inspired this program and similar ones at Chandler Hall. The part of the recipe that sometimes puzzles Quakers is how such an institution can put Quaker values into practice when most of its staff members are not Quaker, as is the case with Chandler Hall. The key may be to mix Quaker history and values into the batter early, and let them leaven the rest of the mixture. Chandler, for instance, starts new employees with an orientation session on Quakerism, led by Quaker Jane Fox, executive director. This prepares employees for their new roles by giving them a measure of philosophy and a taste of decision-making by consensus, which becomes part of work life at Chandler. As most Quakers would understand, people appreciate the chance to share and consider all voices, but sometimes feel impatient with how long it can take to get the cake in the oven. One staff member says, with a gentle frown, “Consensus can be a challenge.”

The orientation session also prepares staff members to answer questions about Quakerism from those who visit and live there. When families seek a place for a loved one to get care, they often know about Quakers’ progressive, high quality facilities, but don’t know much about the beliefs behind those things, says Linda Lanning, director of adult day care at

continued on next page
with information about our faith and practices. As a Friend who is fairly inarticulate about his Quakerism, I was pushed to reflect freshly on the connections between my faith and its ramifications for my witness and to seek new ways of articulating these connections. It challenged me to find ways of including religious reference points in dialogue about policies, issues, positions, and conflicts, and to realize that one doesn't have to engage in pious religiosity (from which many Friends have fled) to make more explicit the spiritual assumptions that underlie Friends' work.

In this process I learned surprising things about colleagues. It took very little to encourage others to reveal and discuss their spiritual searches, their traditions, their motivations. I gained new insights into them and into the kinds of contributions they bring to Quaker work.

As I now work with an association of Quaker services for older adults in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, one of my roles is to provide and support Quaker orientation opportunities for staff members. I find that these organizations—some of which are very large and many of which are widely recognized within and outside of Quakerism as epitomes of Quaker values—include very few Friends on their staff. Yet their organizations’ Quaker identity is important to the largely non-Quaker staff. Many staff members have told me they attribute the caring and the quality that they experience as hallmarks of Quakerism. Recently a collection of can be drawn a little bigger, or, to put it another way, the pot's big enough to add a few more vegetables and invite a few more guests.

In talking to Chandler Hall employees, one is struck by how many speak of discovering Quakerism the same way the rest of us did. “I see it as a philosophy that really matches my beliefs,” says Ileana Socotoneau, a pediatrician from Romania who was raised as a Brethren. She is in charge of the children's day-care program at Chandler and feels at home with the idea of each person's direct connection with God and of the individual's worth. Exposure to Quaker beliefs has shown her other things, too. “I grew in some ways,” she says, citing the testimony on simplicity as influencing her choice of children's curriculum. “The more simplistic, the better.” In practical terms, that means you pick one activity and let the kids enjoy it without making it too complicated for everybody—a bit like starting with good ingredients and using a light hand on the spices so you can taste the quality.

Again and again staff members say they are drawn to this workplace because of Quaker values that blend with their own. If they didn’t feel that way, they’d go someplace else and add their seasoning to a different batter. And just maybe ours would be flat without them.
public institutions, it applies poorly to religious organizations. Yet it is frequently, in my experience, the message conveyed by Friends and understood by those who initially identify with Quaker organizations because they, too, are motivated by religious beliefs. Spiritual discourse, rather than encouraged and nurtured, tends to be stifled by example.

I was delighted to learn, when I joined the organization, that the Friends Services for the Aging board had established Quaker orientation as a priority. I was even more delighted by my first experience with a group from 13 organizations over two days at Pendle Hill. Ranging from a nursing assistant to department heads, and with terms of service from three days to more than 15 years, the participants were pleased to have the opportunity to learn more about the religious tradition behind the services they helped provide.

Subsequent evaluations suggest that people find this kind of encounter both spiritually and intellectually engaging. Rather than feeling defensive or wary about having someone else’s religion pushed at them, they felt respect for being given the opportunity. Many commented on the refreshing quality of stepping back and having an opportunity to reflect on values that relate to one’s day-to-day work.

Especially animated was a concluding session, led by seasoned veteran of many Quaker organizations, Oliver Rodgers, on how Quaker organizations work. It was here that connections between faith and organizational practice began to make sense to people, and where some aspects of their experience were demystified.

Group members discussed Quaker decision-making as an outgrowth of Quaker faith rather than as a set of procedures. They considered what these beliefs mean for day-to-day decision-making and consultative patterns, and why some decisions take longer than may seem necessary. They considered some of the cultural overlays of Quakerism and how they can be experienced by staff. For example, Friends’ use of understatement and other forms of “Quakerese,” Friends’ propensity for avoiding conflict, our tendency to see the good and the potential in difficult situations or people, and our general reluctance to engage in self-promotion. They discussed the expectations for staff in Quaker organizations as these expectations flow from Quaker faith.

All of this has led me to conclusions that I find to be useful guides as I continue to be involved in the process of interpreting Quakerism to those who work in Quaker institutions.

• True respect for religious diversity doesn’t mean silence; rather, it means creating a climate for spiritual sharing and discourse. In Friends’ organizations, Quakers carry the responsibility for setting the tone, which means starting the conversation. And starting the conversation implies both an openness to substantive dialogue about Quakerism, and recognition of others’ religious identity. It means respect for the expression of the diversity of religious values and beliefs that are represented in Quaker institutions, and fostering a climate in which there can be nonjudgmental sharing and mutual learning. It means understanding that there will be different levels of interest and comfort in such dialogue.

• We must be explicit that we honor and respect the contributions of people from other religious values, not just because they like Quakers, but because we believe that they, from different traditions and often from different life experiences, make substantive contributions and enrich and deepen our witness and our understandings. (In this context, I have come to dislike frequent expressions intended to honor nonQuakers: “Why, some nonQuakers are better Quakers than some members of my meeting.” Or: “Jack is really a Quaker, but he just doesn’t know it.” I am uncomfortable with the implication that Quakerism is some sort of standard of virtue against which others should or would wish to be judged.)

• Orientation of nonQuaker staff to Quakerism must go beyond the one line that Quakers believe there is that of God in all people. And the connection to the lives of staff needs to go beyond the assertion that staff are expected to uphold and exemplify unspecified Quaker values. It is particularly important that orientations to Quakerism include both descriptions of Friends’ histories, beliefs, and practices and a practical focus on how these can be experienced by staff.

Others will develop their own guidelines for what is appropriate in their settings. The key issue is the realization that our nonQuaker staff deserve to know about the central Quaker beliefs and practices that undergird our Friends’ organizations. If the subject is approached with sensitivity and respect, I have found that such information is welcomed and often leads to thoughtful dialogue that enriches everyone involved.

Friends Journal May 1994
Normal boys went to the barber. But we made male haircuts a family thing. Mom would cut Dad; Dad would cut my two brothers and me (mother and sister would go to a hairdresser).

The ritual was involved: Carry the piano stool to the second bathroom; get out the haircutting sheet with its huge safety pin; bring Dad’s metal combs, special scissors, and electric razor; have dustpan and brush handy; call the kids from their play damming the stream.

And then, as the first would wiggle onto the twirled-high stool, came the necessary but needless question, “How short would thee like it?” The query was necessary to give the sense of customized service, yet needless, since regardless of our answer, the cut always turned out shorter than any barber would economically dare. “That should last a while…” would be Dad’s concluding pronouncement.

But between the question and the comment, a special time developed for us boys. Twenty minutes alone with Dad. Twenty minutes with Dad’s total attention—his giving to us in a personal, caring, touching way no one else could replicate. Or maybe 40 minutes—the first 20 sitting on the toilet seat monitoring memories pitched at another son.

These haircuts were rejuvenating. In opposition to the Sampson story, Dad’s trims would give us strength, provide us with a fresh start—freeing us for our future while sampling his past.

Our haircutting discussion was largely a monologue by Dad—stories from his American Friends Service Committee house-building days in France after World War I, of the U.S. coal fields where he helped during the depression, about the building of the Norris Dam, which Dad observed during his forestry job during the early days of the TVA (Tennessee Valley Authority, or, as the locals would spoof, “Tum Valley Around”).

Dad was a living, breathing encyclopedia: We learned why the timing of the pistons in internal combustion engines had to be just so; how Dad’s forestry professor at Yale liked to walk in moccasins to “learn what’s under my feet, don’t
Sure, we heard the same stories over and over, but they had a way of growing on us. We over-learned them. We anticipated turning points, contrasts, asides, punch lines. We listened for new twists, novel wordings, forgotten segments, refinements, and embellishments. And we loved his voice, the same voice that would read Pilgrim’s Progress or The Black Stallion or Anything Can Happen or Alice in Wonderland in the living room as the family stemmed grapes or strawberries, shelled peas, polished shoes, husked corn, or simply stretched out on the floor with eyes closed as we created our own internal TV.

Yes, nearly hypnotic, his voice intoning over the hair snips invited us to dream with him, to relax, to let him take the lead, to have no care, to give total responsibility to him for the outcome and the interim. For restless youth it was both entrapment and legalized idleness, requiring audience and magical listenership.

When the sheet was unpinned and the final neck shaving began we’d realize the magic time was nearly over. Our eyes closed automatically when the soft whisk brush started its tour of tickling, whisking short hairs from pre-whiskered cheeks, from sun bronzed noses and lowered ears. And then the lifting off of the sheet, carefully, lest its protection be in vain. And one boy’s shaking of the sheet over the front porch rail while another swept the bathroom floor before hair tracked itself fully, lest its protection be in vain. And Dad’s oiling of the clipper and his yelling “next!” And the preparatory posings of a question by the next boy, hoping to guide the coming monologue to an interesting topic.

What other school kid spent 20 minutes with his Dad like this? How would others hear a paternal biography in such anecdotal specificity? And where else could a growing boy feel precision and power emanating from his Dad in an enchanting mix of falling hair, clipping, buzzing, and vicarious adventure, in a ritualistic bonding between grown and growing, father and son? Nowhere.

WHERE ELSE COULD A GROWING BOY FEEL SUCH VICARIOUS ADVENTURE IN A RITUALISTIC BONDING BETWEEN FATHER AND SON?

est in Idaho, used to cut his own hair by tacking mirrors to trees to see the back of his head—fascinating trivia that gradually revealed the richness, service, inventiveness, and humor that had characterized Dad’s life before we even were conceived, the very traits that continued in him under our young, insensitive observation.

And as we visualized Dad’s adventures and met his companions of yore, we heard the snip-snip-snip... ssssnip of his scissors, felt loose hair bouncing from ear to shoulder, saw brown clumps of varying length blanket the sheet of white. Impressions mingled as we mused: the rhythmic practice snips of scissors poised in air, giving a professional aura (where did he learn that, anyway?); the compliment of being fussed over; the tough caress of an ear abruptly bent for a meticulous clip; the fantasy of hair as snow; the warm, buzzing clippers mowing our fields of bumblediddy into a golf course of order. Each sensation suggested a sense of progress in the finite job, backed by patter from an infinite fund of stories.

you see”; that Dad’s World War I prisoner of war friends, from various cultures and with all types of hair, looked almost identical when shaved bald; how Dad, while deep in the Bitterroot National For-
Life in the Meeting

Those Who Take Care of That Sort of Thing
by Barrett Caldwell

At the Ninth Month Ministry and Counsel meeting we discussed, almost as an afterthought, the case of an attender at the previous First Day meeting for worship. Apparently several people felt that the person had not waited for an “appropriate” period of silence before giving her message. The question brought to us, as the committee who should “take care of that sort of thing,” was what to do with such violations of appropriate meeting decorum? We discussed several alternatives, including making announcements at the rise of meeting, or even that those found in breach of our unwritten formal procedures be encouraged to view a video on correct meeting process! My question, not so innocently asked, was whether any of the persons disturbed actually brought the issue to the Friend whose apparent fault was the object of such disconcerted response. What was the point of bringing the issue to Ministry and Counsel members without bringing it to the other Friend?

One concern was that such a move would be seen as rude, confrontational, or judgmental; one should not tell another attender of something done wrong, instead, hope that they would learn from the experience of attending meeting. Why, though, should this be of such concern? What should we fear from such an exchange? The feeling raised by another was that it might not be considered proper to “elder” another attender because Quakers acted by consensus, and it might be presumptuous to elder on one’s own initiative. In short, one did not have the right or responsibility to risk creating offense by speaking a negative word to another attender.

I found this view of the meeting community a sad one. What separates us from minister-led congregations is the personal responsibility of bringing our individual religious experiences to the corporate sharing of the Spirit. That responsibility is the one that leads us to share messages born of the Spirit and emerging from the silence. If that Spirit-led message speaks to us, we have no hesitation to say this to the speaker; in the same Spirit, we should have no fear to come to one whose message disturbs our sharing (rather than simply offending our sensibility or decorum). From such an interaction, both ourselves and the speaker might come to a greater understanding of the movement of the Spirit in the meeting.

Unfortunately, a far more serious issue was demonstrated to me in meeting for worship on the following First Day, as I sat hoping for leading on how to write this column (my task from Ministry and Counsel). In my attempts to find a clever title for these words, I had been reading John Woolman’s Journal. The pages I turned to included mention of his fear and uncertainty to create conflict by speaking his leading to Quakers who held slaves or behaved unseemly in a public house (bar). While I thought about John Woolman’s writings, the meeting was interrupted by a speaker’s message. Rather than merely ill-timed, the message seemed to harm the very essence of the corporate worship with its apparent lack of context, coherence, and resistance to attempts at sensitive, loving eldering. The one who tried the eldering did so from love, but also from responsibility as the “leader” of the meeting, and felt defeated and a sense of failure when the attempt did not have the intended effect. A further difficulty was presented to me in the speaker’s final comment before leaving: “I have the right to worship too…”

The remainder of the meeting was one of the most spiritual and difficult for me in some time, specifically because of the conflict and the messages that addressed it. (The difficulty arose as I wrestled with whether I should speak, and if so, what message was there for me to give.) I am concerned that others feel they should silence their internal voices, or feel dismayed that conflict should occur in meeting. I cannot believe that the meetings of the abolitionist period, or the Civil or Second World Wars, were free of conflict or discord; the minutes of such meetings amply demonstrate they were not. It was that very conflict which led to the power of the meetings to address these issues on an individual and corporate basis, and these conflicts continue within each of us as we debate our faith and practice.

My children learn that rights and responsibilities come wedded, and that neither is separated from one’s individual participation in the group in which one finds oneself. Our responsibilities to our meeting come from our talents, not our formal status. My guilt in not responding more actively during the meeting for worship comes not by my responsibilities due to a position on Ministry and Counsel, but my training in psychology in graduate school and my experience with a mentally ill roommate while in graduate school. However, it was also that experience that showed me that those settings are not where my talents are best served. I cannot wait, however, until those who are supposed to “take care of that sort of thing” as clerk, convenor, or leader have done their work. I might hope that my questions, my writings, my words to others do provide some sharing of Spirit and enlightenment, and expression of my gifts to the meeting. I do not always wish, however, for avoidance of conflict. If I always worked to avoid conflict, I would be destroyed from a lack of speaking my own leadings and expressing my gifts. My responsibility, and that of each of the members of the community in which I partake, is to involve myself for the health of the community, to give that which I may and receive that which I must, to provide a better home for the Spirit in each of us individually and the meeting corporately.
News of Friends

Earlham College has hired a Bosnian professor from the besieged city of Sarajevo. Omer Hadziselimovic, his wife, and nine-year-old daughter were airlifted out of Sarajevo in early February after nine months of bureaucratic and diplomatic complications. Earlham hired the professor of English in June 1993 and has worked since then to permit his evacuation. Assistance from the UN, the U.S. State Department, Indiana Senator Richard Lugar, and the Quaker United Nations Office in Geneva, Switzerland, enabled Earlham officials to succeed in this international effort.

Evangelical Christians are getting involved in the U.S. health care debate. Ronald J. Sider, president of Evangelicals for Social Action (ESA), released a statement on February 28 criticizing Pat Robertson’s Christian Coalition for spending $1.4 million on a lobbying campaign to defeat President Clinton’s health plan, which it labeled “anti-family.” The Coalition said they particularly oppose coverage for mental health care and substance abuse treatment because “Church-going families are less prone to use these programs.” In response, Sider voiced his hope that few Christians will need such treatment, “but surely as followers of Jesus we are called to lift up those who have fallen and are seeking help and not just to circle the wagons to protect ourselves from a hurting world. . . .

To be consistently ‘pro-family’ we must be concerned about the families . . . who are unable to afford basic health care . . . . We cannot ignore the biblical mandate to love our neighbors and to care for the poorest and neediest.” ESA joins the Coalition in opposing provisions that would fund abortions, and sees health care reform as an opportunity to provide quality pre-natal and early childhood care. Sider concluded by saying the Christian Coalition’s campaign “provides an interesting model for promoting partisan ideology, but their claim that this campaign represents America’s Christian families is simply not true.” Evangelicals for Social Action may be contacted at 10 Lancaster Ave., Wynnewood, PA 19096, telephone (215) 645-9390.

Early Virginia Quakers are honored for emancipating their slaves. Every seat of the South River (Va.) Meetinghouse was filled on February 19 for a “Celebration of Freedom.” Presented to the meeting was a plaque which recognizes Friends from the Lynchburg, Va., area who freed their slaves during the 1700s, many years before President Lincoln’s Emancipation Proclamation of 1863. The event was made possible by Henry Powell, a black retired teacher who was researching slavery in Lynchburg, a city named for Quaker John Lynch. He found many instances of Quakers freeing their slaves throughout central Virginia and, in several cases, situations where slaves were also paid for their years of service. He also discovered Friends who would purchase slaves for the sole purpose of setting them free. An inscription on the plaque reads: “Dedicated to the memory of the early Lynchburg Quakers who, yielding to the dictates of conscience, gave the precious gift of freedom to over one hundred slaves. This plaque is a symbol of the heart-

Community

In the manner of the Society of Friends, Anna T. Jeanes went through life with a special awareness of being part of a greater whole — the whole of humanity. Through her kind works and generosity, she reached thousands of individuals and bettered countless lives.

Jeanes Hospital upholds the Quaker testimony of community.

At Jeanes, we seek to touch the lives of others, to make them healthier and stronger and wiser. We work to educate and to heal. And we commit ourselves fully and deeply to the greater good of the community.
WILLIAM PENN CHARTER SCHOOL
303 Years of Quaker Education
Operated under Charter issued by William Penn. The William Penn Charter School is a Quaker college-preparatory school committed to nurturing in girls and boys the education of the mind, the quickening of the spirit, and the development of the body. Penn Charter stresses high standards in academics, the arts, and athletics.

Friends are encouraged to apply both as students and as teachers.
Earl J. Ball III, Headmaster
3000 W. School House lane, Philadelphia, PA 19144
(215) 844-3460

Claiming Our Past: Assuring the Future
What better way to give expression to your Quaker values than by leaving a portion of your estate to FRIENDS JOURNAL? You will assure the growth of Quaker thought and life long into the future. Consider a provision in your will for FRIENDS JOURNAL.
For more information, contact:
FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry Street
Philadelphia, PA 19102-1497 (215) 241-7280

Quaker Inner City School Endowment Fund
We're trying to help a small group of well integrated Quaker schools that are doing a terrific job in inner city environments gain sufficient endowments to provide long-term financial stability. For more information write or phone Imogene Angell, 150 Kendal at Longwood, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-0935.

FRIENDS HOME AT WOODSTOWN
A Quaker-Sponsored Retirement Facility
- One-bedroom Woods Court Apartments for People over 60
- Residential facility with community dining
- Delicious, nutritious meals
- 60-bed Medicare & Medicaid Certified Nursing Home
- Pastoral Setting
- Caring, supportive staff

P.O. Box 457, Friends Drive • Woodstown, NJ 08098 • (609) 769-1500

Display Ad DEADLINES
July issue: Reserve space by May 9. Ads must be received by May 16.
August issue: Reserve by June 6. Ads must be received by June 13.
Ad rate is $28 per column inch.
Call (215) 241-7279 now for your reservation or questions.

felt appreciation, gratitude, and thanks of the "black community." The plaque is now displayed in the South River Meetinghouse to help teach future generations about slavery and how Quakers responded to this divisive issue.

First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton stopped by Chandler Hall, a Quaker-directed retirement facility, on March 11, during a tour to support health care reform. The Newtown, Pa., facility was selected for the visit because of its diversity of programs and national reputation as a leader in the care of older adults. (See article on p. 18.) Mrs. Clinton and other government representatives toured Chandler Hall and discussed programs such as home care, adult day care, and family/caregiver programs with directors, staff, and residents. Mrs. Clinton noted that this continuum of care contained the integral elements of the community-based, long-term care reform plan. The counseling, affirmation, and support provided to families was described by caregivers and acknowledged by the first lady as essential to providing quality, cost effective care. Residents of Chandler Hall Independent Living also took the opportunity to prepare their own agenda for health care reform, which they presented to Mrs. Clinton in a large scroll.

Will the real William Penn please stand up? As part of the 350th anniversary of the birth of William Penn, actors were sought to impersonate the famous Philadelphia Quaker for events throughout the year. Friends Hospital in Philadelphia sponsored auditions in early March in which participants wearing authentic garb gave five-minute presentations to a gathering of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting representatives, hospital staff, and members of other Quaker organizations. Four William's and one Hannah were recruited to appear at various functions, including the citywide birthday party planned for October 22.

Northampton (Mass.) Meeting is now a monthly meeting. At a February 6 meeting of Connecticut Valley Quarter, Friends approved Northampton's move from being a preparative meeting under Mount Toby (Mass.) Meeting to being a monthly meeting of the quarter. At its February 17 business meeting, Mount Toby Meeting approved the membership transfer of 27 people from Mount Toby to Northampton, which had already accepted a new member at its first meeting for business. Northampton will continue to meet on the campus of Smith College while they explore the possibility of acquiring a building of their own. Bruce Hawkins, a long-time member and former clerk of Mount Toby, is the first clerk of the new meeting.
The third Quaker Leadership Institute will take place June 23-26, at Sandy Spring Friends School in Maryland. The Baltimore Yearly Meeting program, designed for newer members and attenders, uses spiritual nurture and education to encourage, support, and strengthen individuals whose gifts of service are so essential to our meetings. As plenary speaker, Ira Larrabee will address this year’s theme of focusing on the gathered meeting. Workshops and worship-sharing will also be used to deepen listening and provide ways to support and encourage one another in service with the Society of Friends. There is an ongoing concern for developing and sustaining leadership throughout the Society of Friends. Although many Friends have ambivalent feelings about the term “leadership,” there is no question that able individuals are needed to respond to the many calls for service and ministry in monthly and yearly meetings, and in Quaker institutions. For more information, contact Frank Massey at Baltimore Yearly Meeting, 17100 Quaker Lane, Sandy Spring, MD 20860, telephone (301) 774-7663.

“Yearning for the Blessed Community” is the topic for this year’s Weed Lecture, to be delivered by Marty Walker on May 8, at Beacon Hill Friends House in Boston, Massachusetts, a long-time member of Kent (Ohio) Meeting and former general secretary of Friends General Conference, offers workshops to meetings throughout the United States. For the Weed Lecture, she wants to “explore several meanings of the term ‘blessed community’ giving emphasis to the one that seems most relevant to Friends today, and show how Friends, as we work toward building our own blessed community, have something important to offer the rest of society. The annual lecture was initiated in 1993 to honor Ernest and Esther Walker, co-directors of Beacon Hill Friends House from 1960-1974. The goal of the lecture is to provide a forum for a prominent interpreter of Quakerism to present a talk on issues important to the Society of Friends. For more information, contact Sharon Frame or Jon Bourgault at 6 Chestnut St, Boston, MA 02108, telephone (617) 227-9118.

Friends concerned about television violence are taking action. The Peace and Social Concerns Committee of Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting has initiated a post card campaign to voice concerns in a meaningful and constructive way. “We are not advocating censorship; our country’s First Amendment rights of free speech and free press should not be eroded. Rather, we should exercise our right to speak up, and to be selective in our television viewing, and in our purchases.” By contacting national networks, local stations, cable companies, program sponsors, and advertisers, card senders can express their commitment to stop watching the violent program indicated, and to avoid buying the sponsors’ products and services. By using the power of the free market, participants can effectively voice their desire for better television programming, instead of more violence. For sample post cards and more information, contact the Peace and Social Concerns Committee, Ann Arbor Monthly Meeting, Religious Society of Friends, 1420 Hill St, Ann Arbor, MI 48104.

Flushing (N.Y.) Meetinghouse

The Flushing (N.Y.) Meetinghouse is 300 years old and Friends are invited to join the celebration on May 15. Scheduled activities include a tour of the meetinghouse, morning worship, a luncheon, and a talk given by William Taber on “Freedom of Religion: A Quaker Contribution.” There will also be exhibits on Quaker history and the history of nonviolence. Freedom of religion was not granted to all who settled in the Colonies and many early settlers were persecuted for their faith. The nonviolent stand of John Browne and other Flushing residents secured freedom of conscience for the inhabitants of New Netherlands and became the precedent for the First Amendment to the Constitution. Thirty years later, Browne helped build the Flushing Meetinghouse, which is the oldest house of worship in New York. The meetinghouse is a Registered National Historic Landmark, and is a New York City and state designated landmark. The 1694 meetinghouse is an enduring symbol of the struggle for freedom of religion in the United States. For more information about the celebration, food, and lodging, contact Flushing Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, 137-16 Northern Blvd., Flushing, NY 11354, telephone (718) 358-9636.

“Living the Spirit: Listening . . . Acting” is the theme for the 1994 Gathering of Friends General Conference, July 2-9, at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. The Gathering will provide a week with many opportunities for Friends of all ages to enjoy spiritually enriching programs together. Worship and worship sharing, plus Bible study, will take place daily. Dozens of workshops are available covering Quaker history, practice, and witness, plus ecology, spiritual growth, and to the overall goals of the college. The director will identify, recruit, and train all planned giving volunteers for the purpose of increasing activity in the planned giving area. This individual produces the planned giving newsletter, plus other educational materials, in conjunction with the College Relations Office. She/He works with programs, systems, and structures related to charitable giving, including planned giving software and presentation materials.

Qualified candidates will have a minimum of a four-year undergraduate degree, with a proven ability to develop creative strategies and innovative approaches to gift acceptance and administration. Qualification also include excellent presentation, organization, analytical, and interpersonal skills in addition to in-depth knowledge of the relevant tax laws pertaining to planned gifts. Extensive travel is required. Applicants must submit a letter of application, a detailed vitae, and a list of a minimum of five references to include names, addresses, and daytime telephone numbers. All materials should be mailed to: Director of Human Resources Guilford College 5800 W. Friendly Avenue Greensboro, NC 27410.
Imagine a vacation so relaxing you feel like part of the scenery. Experience a farm vacation:
- Explore hundreds of acres of pristine wilderness
- Participate in the activities of farm life
- Experience animal life first hand
- Relax in a peaceful simple atmosphere
- Enjoy beautiful scenery

Mountain Dale Farm
(formerly the Water Co Farm)
RR 02, Box 985
McClure, PA 17841
717-658-3856
Open Year Round, Groups Welcome, Private Accommodations, Meals Available.

Small classes, strong academics in a supportive, caring environment emphasizing Quaker values.
- Pre-K thru 12th Day School
- After School Programs
- Summer Day Camp

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

Educational excellence for over 200 years
Coed College Preparatory, Pre-K-12
Moorestown Friends School
110 East Main Street, Moorestown, NJ
609-235-2900 ext. 227

and the arts. Evening programs include dancing, singing, storytelling, and interest groups. Speakers will include Johan Maurer, general secretary of Friends United Meeting, sharing ideas on “Getting the Quaker Movement Started”; author William Krielder addressing his efforts to discern the leadings of the Spirit with “You Want Me to Do What?”; and Fay Honey Knopp reflecting on “Living the Spirit in the Eye of the Storm.” The Henry Cadbury Event, sponsored by FRIENDS JOURNAL, is “A Matter of Conscience,” presented by members of the Colrain, Mass., War Tax Refusers’ Support Committee. Young Friends programs include a Junior Gathering, a High School Program, and activities with the Adult Young Friends group. Friends’ centers will be set up to provide separate meeting places for groups such as families, singles, men, and women. Afternoon and evening opportunities will include presentations by many Quaker organizations, Quaker exhibits, and area tours and activities. A Gathering store will also be open for books, gifts, and handmade crafts. Childcare, health services, and counseling will be available throughout the Gathering. Additional information and registration materials are available from Friends General Conference, 1216 Arch St., 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107, telephone (215) 561-1700.

Calendar

MAY
6-8—Denmark Yearly Meeting, Copenhagen, Denmark. Contact Ellen Friis, Valdemars alle 102, DK-2860 Soborg, Denmark, telephone (39) 696983.
20-22—Finland Yearly Meeting, Viittakivi internet Centre, Finland. Contact Antti Pelkola, Puistokatu 3 B 23, 00140 Helsinki, Finland, telephone (921) 392262.
20-22—Switzerland Yearly Meeting, Glion sur Montreux, Switzerland. Contact Fritz G. Renken, Haute Kampe 10, D-49751 Soel, Germany, telephone (0592) 855.
20-22—You Are Called to Sing of What You Do Not Yet See: Friends Ministries in Poverty and Racism,” the 1994 Northeast Regional Gathering of Friends World Committee for Consultation, at the New Bedford (Mass.) Meetinghouse. Janet Hoffman will give the keynote address, “That We May Be One: Race and Economic Status as Barriers to a Deeper Sense of Spiritual Family.” The weekend will include panel and small group discussions, envisioning the future of Quaker ministries, and worship. Contact Beatrice Wehmyer, RDF 2, Box 126, Kezar Falls, ME 04047, telephone (207) 625-8034.

JUNE
3-5—“Healing From Life’s Wounds,” a weekend led by John Colvi, a certified massage therapist and Quaker healer, at Woolman Hill, Deerfield, Mass. The program will focus on recovery from trauma for survivors and care-partners. Understanding giving, with an emphasis on avoiding burnout, will be the primary concern. Contact John or Mary Ellen Preston at Woolman Hill, 107 Keets Rd., Deerfield, MA 01342, telephone (413) 774-3431.
4-11—Nonviolent Spirituality for the Survival of the Earth,” the third summer retreat of Peace e Bene, a Franciscan service in nonviolent cultural transformation, in Las Vegas, Nev. Deadline for registration is May 4. Contact Pace e Bene, 1420 W. Bartlett, Las Vegas, NV 89106, telephone (702) 648-2281.
9-12—Rocky Mountain Yearly Meeting, Quaker Ridge Camp, Woodland Park, Colo. Contact Stanley Perisho, 3350 Reed St., Wheat Ridge, CO 80033, telephone (303) 238-5200.
9-11—Nebraska Yearly Meeting, Hominy Meetinghouse, Hominy, Okla. Contact Muriel Dyck, 444 North Richmond, Wichita, KS 67205-3156, telephone (316) 942-2955.
9-12—Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting, Hwaslee College, Madisonville, Tenn. Contact Janet Minshall, 701 W Howard Ave, Decatur, GA 30030, telephone (404) 377-0120.
George School: History of a Quaker Community


This handsomely produced and lavishly illustrated centennial history of George School goes beyond the panegyrics usually associated with such anniversary productions. Author Kingdon Swayne, who obviously has great affection for his alma mater, thoroughly researched the archives and interviewed scores of people with George School connections. His account is loving but clear-eyed.

The book is arranged topically, with each chapter covering its subject in rough chronological order. For the most part it avoids the repetition this might engender by making frequent cross references to coverage in other chapters. The chapters include expected topics like the six heads of school, faculty, curriculum, student life, athletics, and performing arts. There are chapters on the beginnings of the school, the major benefactors, and the development of the physical campus. Additional chapters describe George School's evolving explanation and description of itself, its growing international affiliations after the Second World War, and the traditions, high jinks, and nostalgia dear to the hearts of old alumni.

Swayne also examines, gently but honestly, the excruciatingly long and slow road to racial, economic, and ethnic diversity. He describes, without comment, the impact of the major currents of twentieth century culture on George School, from support for the First World War to the social upheavals of the late 1960s and early 1970s. Perhaps Friends are less immune from the dominant culture than they would like to believe. The book also touches on, without editorializing, George School's underlying assumptions of elitism and gentility. Present, too, is its peculiarly humanistic definition of Quakerism as it stretches to include students of many faiths and none.

The book is indexed, but I wish the photographs had been precisely dated. A limited number of "scholars' editions" have been published, without illustrations but with longer text and eleven appendices. These are available in key libraries. This is a magnificent book with an excellent summary of the first hundred years of George School.

Marty Paxson Grundy

But was it Just?
Reflections on the Morality of the Persian Gulf War


In my naivete about how the rest of the world thinks, I thought the just war idea had been finished off by the nuclear bombs dropped on Japan and by the Vietnam war. This collection of five essays makes it clear that there are serious people who still take the idea seriously. Although not one of the writers, President Bush was a strong proponent of the Gulf War as a just war.

We pacifists must give the just war concept credit for staying power. It was started by Augustine in the fifth century and received its most recent comprehensive updating by Hugo Grotius, the "father of international law," who...

Marty Paxson Grundy was a day student who graduated from George School in 1956.

Repair Your Birkenstocks

Don't throw away your Birkenstocks. We have the knowledge and experience to make them good as new.

BENJAMIN LOVELL SHOES
318 South Street
Philadelphia, PA 19147
(215) 238-1969
We sell them, too!
George School
Newtown, PA 18940

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

The college preparatory curriculum emphasizes Friends values and includes:
- Courses on 4 levels of challenge
- Advanced Placement (AP)
- English as a Second Language (ESL)
- International Baccalaureate (IB)
- International work camps
- Required community service
- Required full-year courses in the arts
- 13 interscholastic sports for boys and girls

For more information, please contact the Admissions Office: 215/579-6547.

died in 1645. The utility of the just war concept is evident. I confess to my personal prejudice that the just war is "our side" and the unjust war is the "other side."

Nevertheless, I found this book interesting and useful for Quaker reading with its largely intellectual, rather than theological, examination of war in general, not just the Gulf War. There was no editorial attempt to draw conclusions from these essays with their widely divergent views. My conclusion is that the just war ideal is still alive but not in very good health.

In response to the questions posed in the book's title, two authors answered with a definite "no," one with a definite "yes," one with "yes" while pointing out some faults, and one didn't really answer.

Hauerwas, a professor of Theological Ethics at Duke and a pacifist, did an excellent essay for the pacifist position. Nusseibeh, a moderate Palestinian, brought in with his "no" vote the need to look at the Gulf War in its total context, not as an isolated event. Wisbain shared her concern for women soldiers leaving children for someone else's care. There may be a bit of sexism here, as nothing was said about fathers. The addition of these wider issues keeps the book from being a rehash of previous debates on narrowly defined points.

In the appendix this is a useful and interesting editorial from a Jesuit magazine. The magazine's editors have a degree of Vatican approval. This editorial is almost pacifist and deserves being better known in the peace movement. The editorial states, "Thus the theory of the 'just war' is indefensible and has been abandoned."

However, it goes on to approve a war of self-defense against acts of aggression, but places limits even on that action and says there are times when "one can be obliged to suffer the injustice." The quote is from a Pius XII document.

Lyle Tatum

Lyle Tatum is an active committee member with the American Friends Service Committee on southern Africa issues. Retired from AFSC staff and years of other Quaker assignments, Lyle is a member of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting.

No Hiding Place: Empowerment and Recovery for Our Troubled Communities


Cecil Williams, minister of Glide Memorial Methodist Church in San Francisco, is a...
leader in a national movement to break the
hold of crack cocaine and other addictive
substances on poor and minority groups, and
to empower the African American commu-
nity. In 1989 he helped organize the “Death of
a Race” conference to which 1,100 people
came to consider the crack cocaine crisis and
what it is doing to African Americans. Wil-
liams believes that genocide is not too strong
a word to describe that crisis.

Raised in a poor but loving, stable, black
family in Texas, Cecil Williams saw not only
the injustice of racism but also the courage
and dignity of its victims. As a boy he broke
emotionally. An intelligent child, whose fam-
ily believed in his potential, he suffered from
the rules and attitudes of a segregated society.
“As I recovered from my breakdown,” he
writes, “I knew that I would never accept
anyone else’s definition of me.”

His wife, Janice Mirikitani, tells her own
story: the daughter of Japanese American par-
ents, she was a small child when the family
was sent to one of the infamous relocation
 camps of World War II. She came through
much pain because of racism and sexual abuse
before joining the staff at Glide. She is now
Director of Programs at the interracial church,
which serves more than a million meals a year
to the hungry and homeless, and offers lit-

eracy classes, self esteem workshops, and a
host of other programs of ministry and heal-
ing.

The reader must look elsewhere for an
institutional history of Glide Memorial Meth-
odist Church. Rather than statistics or ac-
counts of high level decisions, this book tells
personal stories—in people’s own words—of
those who have come through poverty and
defeat to become drug free, responsible mem-
ers of society. These are some of the people
to whom Glide Memorial has reached out,
and whose lives have been transformed as a
result. Sunday morning worship at Glide is
called a “Celebration,” and one is reminded
of the oft-repeated Quaker anecdote: “The
service begins when the meeting ends.”
Friends are sometimes troubled by an appar-
ent dichotomy between spiritual and political
concerns. At Glide Memorial Church the two
blend seamlessly.

The book rambles at times, with some
sections a bit preachy and repetitious, and it
would have benefited from more careful
proofreading. Nevertheless, it is an inspiring
book, offering insight into inner-city life and
some creative approaches to its problems. In
the words of the title, there is “no hiding
place,” not for any of us in this poisoned,
fractured society.

Lenna Mae Gara

Lenna Mae Gara, a writer and community
activist, lives in Wilmington, Ohio, where she
is a member of Campus Meeting.

FRIENDS JOURNAL May 1994
Outpatient help for the stressed-out

You can't concentrate. You yell at the kids. You're coping -- barely. Friends Hospital Day Programs are for people like you: dealing with loss, depression, extreme anxiety, and other problems traditional office therapy hasn't helped. We promote your independence with a program that lets you go home every day. Our team of psychiatrists, psychologists, nurses, social workers and rehabilitative therapists helps you establish goals and puts together an individual plan of therapy. In just days you begin to regain self-confidence and control. There's no shame in having emotional problems. What is a shame is ignoring them too long.

Friends delivers the finest psychiatric care, with Quaker compassion, on our beautiful campus in Northeast Philadelphia. When you need Friends, we're here. Ask your family doctor or call us.

FRIENDS HOSPITAL ACCEPTS A VARIETY OF INSURANCE PLANS

Order these selections from our catalog of 85 titles, at 20% off regular prices:

Thomas Merton and the Education of the Whole Person
A fascinating study of Merton's approach to teaching and learning by Merton scholar Thomas Del Prete.

To Know as We Are Known: Education as a Spiritual Journey
This classic work by Parker J. Palmer is now available in an updated, paperback version.

The Renewal of Meaning in Education:
Responses to the Cultural and Ecological Crisis of Our Time
Bold essays on holistic education by David Purpel, Kathleen Kessen, Jeffrey Kane, David W. Orr and other visionary educational thinkers.

Resources

- Mystic Fire Video, a publisher of avant-garde media about healing, spiritual consciousness, and social issues, offers a free catalog of new releases. Among the programs available are Bill Moyers's interviews with Joseph Campbell. Contact the publisher at 225 Lafayette St., Suite 1206, New York, NY 10012, telephone (800) 292-9001.

- A video on an ecumenical work camp in Russia has been produced by the Church World Service and Witness program. On Holy Ground is a 14-minute documentary of the work camp attended by U.S. youth from several different Christian denominations. Cost: $10. Order from CWSW, 475 Riverside Dr., Room 677, New York, NY 10011.

- A Quaker Meeting House at Apponegansett has been published by Dartmouth (Mass.) Meeting at Smith Neck. The book was written by George T. Berish in celebration of the meetinghouse's bicentennial and its placement on the National Register of Historic Places. Available for $10 plus $2.50 shipping and handling from George T. Berish, 595 Smith Neck Rd., S. Dartmouth, MA 02748.

- Quaker Universalist Fellowship publishes pamphlets which promote dialogue on spirituality. Part of QUF's statement of purpose is, "Each of us must find his/her own path, and each of us can benefit from the search of others." One pamphlet entitled Meanings of the Word Christ contains Edwin E. Staudt III's message at a QUF gathering. The author traces the word Christ through history and a variety of Western and Eastern religions, and the essay is followed by dialogues between Staudt and an inquirer. Each monthly QUF publication is written in this style. QUF also publishes a newsletter, Universalist Friends, which contains brief articles, poems, news, book reviews, etc. Mailing list/newsletter cost is $10; individual pamphlets are free; donations are appreciated. All publications are available from QUF, Box 201, RD 1, Landenberg, PA 19350.

- Studies in Peace History, edited by Peter Brock, is an anthology of essays regarding peace history in India, England, Poland, the United States, and Russia. The editor has stocked this text with extensive notes and bibliography, and he has gathered much of his information from Quaker and Mennonite resources. Cost is $14.95; order from Syracuse University Press, 1600 Jamesville Ave., Syracuse, NY 13244-5160.

- William Penn, a booklet of Penn's life and testimonies, was written by three members of Thackham Meeting in Sussex, England. Its emphasis is on his links with the vicinity of that meeting. Available for $5 (sent airmail) from George Dick, Sussex, RH12 3PX, England.
Milestones

Births—Adoptions

Bukowski—Alexander Christian Bukowski, on Nov. 27, 1993, to Lisa Ely Bukowski and Thomas Bukowski. Lisa is a member of Abington (Pa.) Meeting.

Castle-Miller—Haley Elnor Castle-Miller, on Jan. 29, to Gretchen Castle and Ken Miller. Both parents are members of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting and Ket is Associate Secretary of Friends General Conference.

Collins—Aiden and Tucker Collins, on Jan. 24, to Andrea and Anthony Collins. Both parents are members of Green Street (Pa.) Meeting.

Cunningham—Isaiah Louis Cunningham, on Sept. 2, 1993, to Emily Paulmier Cunningham and Tim Cunningham, of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting.

Helzer—Jordan Mikhail Helzer, on Jan. 26, to Kate Green and Phil Helzer, of Mt. Toby (Mass.) Meeting.


Knox—David Xavier Knox, on Dec. 4, 1993, to Mary Bicking Knox and David Knox. Mary is a member of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting.

Marriages—Unions

DeRose-McAleer—Graham McAleer and Jennifer DeRose, on Nov. 13, 1993, under the care of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting.

Farisworth-Harkins—Andrew Harkins and Isabel Farisworth, on June 26, 1993, at Germantown (Pa.) Meeting.


Lewis-Cottingham—Clement Cottingham, Jr., and Dee Lewis, on Aug. 14, 1993, at Solebury (Pa.) Meeting.

Rassbach-Deibler—Peter Deibler and Kathleen Ida Rassbach, on Jan. 4. Peter is a member of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting.

Rhoads-Laylock—Gilbert Thomas Laylock and Mary Teresa Rhoads, on Aug. 8, 1993, at Solebury (Pa.) Meeting.

Steiner-Smith—Scott Smith and Karen Steiner, on Jan. 8, under the care of Beacon Hill (Mass.) Meeting.


Deaths

Cerney—Isobel Milton Cerney, 81, on Nov. 19, 1993, at Friends House, Santa Rosa, Calif. Born in Chicago, Isobel received bachelor’s and master’s degrees from Carleton College in 1934, then began her PhD at Harvard University. In 1935 she married Edwin Cerney. Moving to San Francisco, Calif., in 1944, she taught high school English and social sciences. She also taught in the evenings at the California Labor School, becoming head of the English Department and a board member. Isobel served the Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom since 1947, and was appointed a life member in 1988. She also served as secretary of the U.S. delegation to the Asian and Pacific Region Peace Congress during a visit to China in 1951. Isobel ran for U.S. Senator in 1954 on the Progressive Party ticket. Though not victorious, her fiery speeches garnered much support for peace, jobs, and social justice, plus opposition to the hydrogen bomb. Unfortunately, major spinal surgery in 1955 left her permanently disabled. The Cerneys moved to Georgia in 1957, where Isobel taught English part-time at Morris Brown College and worked with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Coretta King. Isobel joined Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting in 1966. She and Edwin retired to California in 1969 and became active members of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting. In 1984 they became among the earliest residents at Friends House in Santa Rosa, Calif., and were involved with Redwood Forest (Calif.) Meeting. Isobel will be remembered for her keen sense of humor that lightened the lives of everyone she met. Isobel was preceded in death by her husband of 52 years, Edwin Cerney, in 1987.

Chu—David I.K. Chu, 66, on Dec. 14, 1993, Born in Amoy and raised around Canton, China, David came to the United States in 1947. He received a degree in chemistry from Dennison University in 1950, and later obtained a master’s degree from Drexel University. He worked as a chemist for the state of Delaware’s Health Department until his retirement in 1992. David was an active member of Camden (Del.) Meeting. His interests included singing, dancing, and the theater, and he was a member of the Kent County Peace Fellowship and Amnesty International. After retirement, he volunteered with Meals on Wheels and helped local schools with tutoring and reading. David is survived by a son, Clifford Timothy Chu; a daughter, Janice Irene Chu; a sister, Eileen Leshier; and a brother, Robert Chu.

Morgan—Robert M. Morgan, 77, on Oct. 24, 1993, at home in Pittsburgh, Pa. Born in Lenox, Iowa, Bob was an innovative and popular high school teacher before World War II. In 1941 he returned to graduate school at Columbia Teachers College. While in New York City, Bob and his wife, Emily, volunteered with the Fellowship of Reconciliation and began their long association with the Society of Friends. Bob served as a conscientious objector in Civilian Public Service in Oregon and in psychiatric units in Washington and North Carolina. After receiving his doctorate, Bob taught psychology at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh, Pa., and became director of the counseling center there until his retirement in 1981. He helped organize a workcamp/seminar program under the care of Pittsburgh (Pa.) Meeting and the American Friends Service Committee which changed the lives of many young participants. Active in men’s issues since his retirement, he helped found the Pittsburgh Men’s Collective and the National Organization for Changing Men. At a memorial service in Pittsburgh, many spoke of how much Bob had helped them and influenced the direction of their lives. Bob is survived by his wife, Emily M. Morgan; a daughter,
Can we protect our children from being sexually abused by professionals?

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT:
THOU SHALL NOT
SEXUALLY ABUSE CHILDREN

Send NOW for:
Guidelines for Parents and Guardians of Children
During Office Visits to Health or School Professionals

The Booklet is free when you send $11, not a penny more, not a penny less, to support our research and educational programs.

To order the booklet only, send $1.00 and a self-addressed stamped envelope to:
The Eleventh Commandment Foundation c/o Wilton Meeting
317 New Canaan Road, Wilton, CT 06897

What kind of a world do you want

ENVIROMENTALLY SOUND?

PEACEFUL?

WITH EQUAL OPPORTUNITY?

Then Consider Pax World Fund*

Pax World is a no-load, diversified balanced mutual fund designed for those who wish to develop income and to invest in life-supportive products and services. Pax invests in such industries as pollution control, health care, food, housing, education, and leisure time.

The fund does not invest in weapons production, nuclear power, or the tobacco, alcohol or gambling industries. Various opportunities are available: Regular Accounts, IRA’s, Educational Accounts, SEP-IRA’s, and 403(b) Pension Plans. Minimum investment $250. Send no money.

*PAX WORLD FUND is the only mutual fund in the nation affiliated with a Foundation that, for twelve years, has supported tree planting in areas of the deforested Third World.

Marcia K. Morgan; two sons, Richard E. and Thomas W. Morgan; two brothers, Kenneth W. and Paul W. Morgan; and four grandchildren.

Newman—Daisy Newman, 89, on Jan. 25, in Lexington, Mass. A noted Quaker novelist and historian, among Daisy’s many books were the 1944 best-seller Now That April’s There; A Procession of Friends, an historical account of Quakers in the U.S.; and I Take Thee Seven, a novel about Quaker marriage. The subject matter for her novels was culled from her experiences living in Europe, caring for young British evacuees to the United States during World War II, serving as a house mistress at Radcliffe College, participating in civil rights marches in the South, retracing St. James’s steps in a Spanish pilgrimage, and her extensive involvement in the Society of Friends. Daisy was born in Southport, England, of U.S. parents, and was educated at Radcliffe College, Barnard College, and Oxford University. She lived for many years in Hamden, Conn., with her first husband, the late Richard Newman. Daisy was an active member of Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting, and served as a trustee of the Moses Brown School and Canbridge Friends School. She and her second husband, the late George Seileck, were affiliates of North House at Harvard University. She was a mentor to many aspiring writers. Daisy is survived by a daughter, Ellen N. Rothchild; a son, J. Nicholas Newman; and three grandchildren, James B., Nacy K., and Carol A. Newman.

Palmer—Jane Palmer, 40, on Dec. 13, 1993, instantly in a blame-free vehicle/pedestrian accident. Born in Patterson, N.J., Jane grew up in Massepequa, Long Island, N.Y. She became a member of the Society of Friends while attending Princeton University. Jane earned a master’s degree in Ceramics from the University of Wisconsin. Shown in Japan and Italy, her ceramics are on permanent display in Milwaukee, Wis. Jane taught pottery classes at Morris College in Sumter, S.C., and was a member of Columbia (S.C.) Meeting. Wherever she was, Jane worked with children—in special education and inner-city programs, at Friends gatherings and work camps. She also served as her meeting’s AFSC representative. She had recently attended the California Institute of Earth Art and Architecture, where she constructed her “dream home,” a ceramic dwelling built from surrounding earthen materials. More than a home, it was a statement of her principles as an artist and environmentalist. Jane chose to live in accordance with the Quaker peace testimony and purposefully limited her income to avoid paying taxes that supported war efforts. She was also a prolific writer to politicians and anyone who supported such aggression. Jane gave the people around her a special gift—that of bringing out the child in them. Her plans were to teach the homeless and poor how to build their own earthen homes. Jane is survived by her parents, Andy and Madge Palmer; a sister, Ann Palmer Ebester; and two nephews.

Park—Eleanor Boileau Park, 71, on Dec. 14, 1993, in her sleep. Born in Camden, N.J., in a home she described as “full of music,” Eleanor obtained her teaching degree while raising two children. She fulfilled a long-held dream of becoming an educator, but her career was cut short.

May 1994 FRIENDS JOURNAL
by a serious diabetic condition in her early 30s. Eleanor’s marriage to Charles A. Park ended after 20 years, and, her sons grown, she set out to travel the world. She made Morocco her home for four years, an important and cherished time in her new life. She began attending Quaker meeting in 1984 and joined San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting in 1986. An active member, she served as clerk and member of several committees. She embraced the Society of Friends’ principles with vigor and attention, seeking always to increase her understanding of Quaker ways and traditions, and of the spirit that animates Friends’ practices. She was forthright in her speaking, and generous in sharing her spiritual journey and gifts. Eleanor was a listening and guiding support to many around her, and was constant in her witness to the unifying and restorative power of love. She relished travel and music, was interested in current affairs, and had a voracious appetite for books of all kinds, but she most of all treasured the fellowship of family and friends. Eleanor is survived by her former husband, Charles A. Park; two sons, Walter and Charles R. Park; a granddaughter, Felicia Park-Rogers; two brothers, Ralph Irving Boileau.
Quaker Retirement Residences...

Offering the values of a small community

If you are retired and looking for a living arrangement that provides a sense of community, why not consider Quaker Retirement Residences?

Each of these residences is located in the midst of a neighborhood with local activities and resources nearby. And each develops a sense of its own community.

Small in scale, these residences provide settings for caring, supportive relationships as well as the freedom for each member to go her or his own way. People come together around shared meals, over jigsaw puzzles, or in impromptu discussions. Occasionally they may plan more structured programs.

The most important thing is that no one is alone.

The Quaker Retirement Residences listed here are all members of Friends Services for the Aging, a cooperative network of 15 varied Quaker organizations serving older adults in the region.

If this is the kind of community you seek in your retirement years, write or call for more information.

FRIENDS SERVICES FOR THE AGING
6834 Anderson Street
Philadelphia, PA 19119
Telephone (215) 849-4428

Simplicity, Community, A Spirit of Independence

In New Jersey In Pennsylvania

- Friends Home Woodstown - The Barclay West Chester
- The Greenleaf Moorestown - The Hickman West Chester
- The McCutchen N. Plainfield - Stapeley Hall Philadelphia

and Walter F. Boileau; a sister, Isabel K. Busch; numerous nieces and nephews; and many loving friends.

Ringwalt—Mildred Teusler Ringwalt, 86, on Jan. 3, at home in Chapel Hill, N.C. Mildred first became involved in the Society of Friends while living in London, England. She found spiritual guidance under the tutelage of the Fry family and joined Golders Green Meeting in London, later transferring her membership to Chapel Hill (N.C.) Meeting. Mildred was a spirited supporter of the civil rights movement, picketing establishments that refused equal service to all. Believing strongly that Quaker values could serve as a foundation for successful school integration, she helped found the Carolina Friends School and served on its first board of directors. Mildred represented Chapel Hill Friends in the founding of a local inter-faith council, and served tirelessly as a volunteer, working with families without adequate food, shelter, or social support. During the Vietnam War, Mildred was a faithful keeper of Chapel Hill's Wednesday vigil against the war, and she participated in several anti-war protests in Washington, D.C. Her opposition to war was manifest in her refusal to pay the portion of her income taxes she believed supported such efforts, and in her many letters to newspapers and government officials. Mildred is survived by a daughter, Mary Stuart; two sons, Arthur R. Ringwalt, Jr., and Christopher Ringwalt; four grandchildren, Brian, Robert, and Bryce Reeve, and Stuart Ringwalt; two great-grandchildren; two nephews; and three nieces.

Simkin—Margaret Timberlake Simkin, 101, on Oct. 10, 1993. Margaret grew up in Lancaster, N.H., and attended Earlham College. In 1923 she met and became engaged to Robert Simkin in New York City, where she received a master's degree from Columbia University Teachers College. The couple married and sailed to China for work at West China University in Chengdu. Margaret looked on the work of missionary as one of education. Her book, Letters from Sechuen, depicts her life there. Margaret became an active member of Los Angeles (Calif.) Meeting, where she served on several committees and as clerk of the meeting. She also worked with the AFSC, Friends Committee on Legislation, and Pacific Yearly Meeting's Friends in the Orient Committee. While in Los Angeles, she and her husband founded John Woolman House, a place where several young women could find direction in their lives while living cooperatively with the Simkin family. Margaret transferred her membership to Claremont (Calif.) Meeting in 1971. There she was active on the Visiting Committee and worked to end the draft penalty. She often expressed special joy in the Monday morning gatherings of several women Friends who, for the last ten years of her life, met in her room for worship and reading. Her practice of quiet simplicity blessed all who knew her, and she shared this with the group of a Quaker presence.

Sinclair—Wil Scott Sinclair, 33, on Dec. 18, 1993, of complications from a bicycling accident. Scott was a long-time, active attender of Fayetteville (Ark.) Preparatory Meeting. Born in West Chester, Pa., Scott was educated at the University of Delaware and University of Arkansas. He was a journalist, graphic artist,

© 1993 by Donna Cornick
musician, avid bicyclist, hiker, and cook. He owned a graphics company and was managing editor of a local newspaper. Scot was dedicated to Jeffersonian ideals and to naturalism in foods, art, and architecture. As a journalist, he was an advocate of openness and truth-telling in government. He assisted Friends and community organizations with production of publications. He had a special affinity for the Friends testy- mony on simplicity and often spoke of the need for simplicity and right use of resources. He was a fervent environmentalist, believing that concern for the earth is a spiritual issue. He also believed in principles of pacifism and peace, and participated in the first Alternatives to Violence Project workshop in Fayetteville. Friends will miss his dry sense of humor and his dedication to truth, community, and the future.

Scot is survived by his mother, Elizabeth W. Sinclair; three brothers, F. Clair Sinclair, James C. McComb Sinclair II, and Samuel Damon Sinclair; and his fiancée, Nancy Cooper Maier.

Stabler—Anna Cope Stabler, 84, on Sept. 9, 1993, in Laconia, N.H. Anna was born in Bancroft, Mich., and graduated from the University of Michigan in 1928. She worked at a medical librarian, earned a master’s degree in school library work, and worked for many years as head librarian at a Long Island, N.Y., high school. In 1931 Anna married Russell Stabler and joined Westbury (N.Y.) Meeting. The Stablers had two children and, at age 20, died in a mountain climbing accident. Upon retirement in 1969, the Stablers moved to New Hampshire and transferred their membership to Dover (N.H.) Meeting. After Russell’s death in 1971, Anna continued their mutual concerns in Quaker affairs. She worked in monthly and quarterly meetings, and carried many duties in New England Yearly Meeting, including serving on the site selection committee for Friends Community in North Easton, Mass. She also continued her persistent effort to foster a simple and friendly environment for older people. Anna is survived by two sisters, Wilma C. Riehle and Persis Cope.

Stevenson—Donald Day Stevenson, 90, on Nov. 18, 1993, in his sleep. Born in New York City, Don graduated from Yale University and McCormick Seminary. He married Lois Elizabeth Davis in 1930 and the two went to China as missionaries. Don later obtained a master’s degree in forestry from Yale and returned to China to teach at Lingnan University near Canton. During China’s war with Japan, Don taught forestry at Penn State University and became a member of the Society of Friends. In 1940 he worked with the AFSC, helping refugees in southern France. In 1943 he served as director of a conscientious objector’s camp in New Hampshire. Later he worked in Central America establishing tree plantations. In 1949-1950 he was a commissioner for the Quakers in Beirut, Lebanon, under a UN program to feed Arab refugees. He also spent a year in Bolivia providing technical assistance in forest management. Don was a staunch and inspiring member of Asheville (N.C.) Meeting, where he is held in great affection and memory by his two brothers, Theodore Stevenson; two sons, J. Ross Stevenson and Philip D. Stevenson; six grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

**Classified**

For information call (215) 241-7270. 50¢ per word. Minimum charge is $1. Add 10% if boxed. 10% discount for three consecutive insertions, 25% for six. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by Friends Journal.

**Classified Ad Deadlines:**

July issue: May 16
August issue: June 13

Submit your ad to:
Advertising Manager, Friends Journal
1501 Cherry Street
Philadelphia, PA 19102-1497
Fax: (215) 586-1377

**Accommodations**

Danby, Vt. The Quail’s Nest Bed and Breakfast, Box 221, Danby, VT 05730. (802) 253-6999. Enjoy the warmth and comfort of our circa 1835 country inn, nestled in the Green Mountains. A delightful home-cooked breakfast will satisfy your palate as well as your special diet. Nearby are five ski areas, hiking, and biking, as well as antiquing and outlet shopping.

A homely base in the heart of London? Short-, mid-, and long-term accommodation available with excellent meals. Also meeting rooms for workshops, lectures, and conferences. Contact: Quaker International Centre, 1 Byng Place, London WC1E 7JH. Tel: 071-387-5645; fax: 071-933-3722.

Peaks Island, Portland, Me., B&B. Water-view summer home, 15 min. ferry, wooded lane, beach 300 feet; complete island variety living. $45 single, $65 double. Berry: (613) 995-1234; (207) 766-3366.

Big Island, Hawaii, Friends invite you into their homes for mutual Quaker sharing. Donations. HCl, Box 213-9, Captain Cook, Hawaii 96704; (808) 328-8711, 325-7323, or 322-0116.


**Beacon Hill Friends House:** Quaker-sponsored residence of 16 interested in community living, spiritual growth, peace, and social concerns. All faiths welcome. Openings immediately, June, September. For information, application: BHFH, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108-3624. (617) 227-9116.

**Belize City, Central America—Friends House. Operated by Friends Services International, Mission Belize. With two guest rooms (twin beds). Friends House is the perfect gateway for your Belize adventures. Snorkel/dive the barrier reef. Explore the unspoiled rainforests and Mayan ruins. Write FSI, P.O. Box 2060, Belize City, Belize, Central America, or call (501) 2-54235.**

**New York City holiday apartment. Charmig Greenwich Village one-bedroom, full kitchen, bath, near SoHo and all transportation. Safe, clean, and quiet. $75 daily, three-day minimum. (212) 265-0229.**

**Simple low-cost lodging for individuals and groups. Seminar planning available. Quaker center on Capitol Hill, William Penn House, 515 1st Capitol St. SE, Washington, DC 20003. (202) 643-5660.**

**Mexico City Friends Center. Reasonable accommodations. Reservations recommended. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Marcial 132C, 06030 Mexico D.F. 703-0621.**

**Hawaii—Island of Kauai. Cozy housekeeping cottages, peace, palms, privacy. $60-$85 nightly, 147 Royal Drive, Kapaa, HI 96748. (808) 822-2321.**

**NYC midtown B&B bargain! Charming, one-bedroom apartments of your own in historical, Eastside neighborhood. $70-$125 double, plus $15 per additional guest. From simple to sublime. (212) 228-4645.**


**Announcing...**

**BY LAND AND BY SEA**

**Quakers Confront Slavery and Its Aftermath in North Carolina**

Published by the North Carolina Friends Historical Society, P.O. Box 8502, Greensboro NC 27419 and North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends, 5006 Friendly Ave, Greensboro NC 27410

HIRAM H. HILTY

FOREWORD BY LINDSAY S. BUTLER

1993 • 152 pages • $13.00 + $2.00p
See New England this summer. Rent small home, Nelliteboro, Massachusetts, $200 per week. No smokers. Boston, 45 miles by train or beaches, one hour. New Hampshire, Vermont, three hours. Call (508) 226-7052.


Retirement Living

Friends Homes West, the new continuing care retirement community in Greensboro, North Carolina, is now open. Friends Homes West is owned by Friends Homes, Inc., specialists in retirement living since 1969. Friends Homes West includes 171 apartments for independent living and on-site health care services in the 26 private rooms of the Assisted Living Unit or the 40 private rooms of the Skilled Care Nursing Unit. Enjoy a small, caring community in a location with temperate winters and changing seasons. For more information, please call (910) 226-9552 or write: Friends Homes West, 6100 West Friendly Road, Greensboro, NC 27410.

Foxdale Village, a Quaker life-care community. 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 $36,000-$134,000; monthly fees from $1,165-$2,140. 500 East Marilyn Avenue, Department F, State College, PA 16801. Telephone: (800) 253-4951.

Schools

Junior high boarding school for grades 7, 8, Small, academic classes, challenging outdoor experiences, community service, daily work projects in a small, caring environment. Call (508) 320-3232 or write: Friends Homes West, 6100 West Friendly Road, Greensboro, NC 27410.

Onsay Friends School. A safe, caring, value-centered, educational community for students in grades 9-12. A pre-collegiate preparatory curriculum emphasizing a belief in the individual and his/her own abilities makes Onsay a positive environment in which to live and learn. 61630 Sandy Ridge Road, Barnesville, OH 43713. Phone: (614) 425-3655.

United Friends School: coed; K-6; emphasizing integrated, developmentally appropriate curriculum, including whole language and manipulative math; serving upper elementary, middle school. 1901 Easton Rd., Quakertown, PA 18952.

The Meeting School: a Quaker alternative high school for 30 students who want an education and lifestyle promoting peace, truthfulness, integrity, equality, and simplicity. Students live in faculty homes, sharing meals, computer work, sleep, community decision making. Characteristic classes include: Conflict Resolution, Native American Studies, Ecology, Human Rights, Alternative History/Media. Small, remedial classes, qualified staff, serving Philadelphia and northern suburbs. The Meeting School at Horsman, 318 Meeting House Road, Horsman, PA 19044. (215) 672-2875.

Stratford School provides a strong academic program in a warm, supportive setting for children ages 3-13 who learn differently. Small classes and an enriched curriculum answer the needs of the whole child. An after-school program for five-year-olds is available. The school also offers an after-school reading program, extended day, tutoring, and summer school. Informational for Stratford School, 2311 Llandro Drive, Havertown, PA 19015. (610) 484-3144.

John Woolman School. Rural California, grades 9-12. Preparation for college and adulthood, small classes, caring staff, work program, service projects; board, day, 13075 Woolman Lane, Nevada City, CA 95959. (916) 273-3183.

Services Offered

Marriage Certificates. Fine calligraphy and beautiful, custom-designed borders. Call or write for information packet. Carol Sexton, 820 West Main Street, Richmond, IN 47374. (317) 982-7394.

Friendly financial planning. Let me help you prepare for retirement or work out an estate plan. Socially responsible investments are specially. Call Joyce K. Moore, Moore Financial Services, P.O. Box 3465, Easton, PA 18043, at (215) 258-7332.

Celo Valley Books: personal attention; intelligent typing; professional editing; proofreading; index creation; book production (50 or more); one percent to charity. 345 Seven Mile Ridge Road, Bunnellsville, NC 28714.


Quaker Universal 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. Inquired welcome: Write UFC, Box 201 BD, 1, Landenberg, PA 19350.

Loans are available for building or improving Friends meetinghouses, schools, and related facilities. We are Friends helping Friends to grow! For information contact Margaret Bennington, Friends Extension Corporation, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374. Phone: (317) 982-7573. (Affiliated With Friends United Meeting.)

Quaker Universal 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. Inquired welcome: Write UFC, Box 201 BD, 1, Landenberg, PA 19350.

Forum Travel

Quaker-owned-and-managed travel agency. Friendly, experienced service: domestic and international; overnight delivery. (800) 886-4069.


Socially Responsible Investing


Family Relations Committee’s Counseling Service (FPM) provides confidential professional counseling to individuals, couples in most geographic areas of Philadelphia, Delaware, Maryland, and New Jersey. Call Quakers. All Friends, regular attenders, and employees of Friends organizations are eligible. Sliding fees. Further information or brochure, contact: Ron Kelly, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 988-0140.

Summer Camps

The Leavener (Quaker Performing Arts Project) invites Friends to join us in raising the creative spirit on holiday residence camps and drama programs open to anyone 16 years and over. For more information write to: The Leavers, 8 Linnmore Rd., London N4 3NN, England, U.K.
and experience the thrill of FRIENDS JOURNAL. You may be surprised and delighted by the hot discussions in the Forum, the thoughtful and provocative articles, poetry and meditative pieces, and coverage of news and events of particular interest to Friends.

We’re so sure you’ll like your jump that we’d like to offer you...

THREE FREE ISSUES — or — 16 ISSUES FOR THE PRICE OF 12

If you enjoy your free issues, consider a subscription.
(Your subscription will be in addition to the free issues.)

☐ Please sign me up for 3 free issues.
☐ Please enter me for 16 issues for the price of 12. (Check enclosed/Bill me.)

Name: __________________________
Address: _______________________
City/State/Zip: __________________
Phone: _________________________

Return to
1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102-1497
Phone: (215) 241-7115 Fax: (215) 568-1377