IN THE SILENCE OF INTERIOR, UNCEASING PRAYER, WORRIES AND STRIVINGS CEASE, AND ALL THAT REMAINS IS THAT SPIRIT IN MY HEART WHICH REVELS IN THE PRESENT WITH WONDER, GRATITUDE, AND CLARITY.
By the number

Recently your editor received in his mail a memo from a certain organization (herein unnamed, yet known to many of us) announcing the impending availability of an “in-house voice mail system.” Your editor was instantly inspired to compose the following piece of “fiction.” Consider, if you will, the endless possibilities for up-to-date communication soon to be at our finger tips:

Hi! Thank you for calling CSFA. Roy Goodperson is not in right now [or, “is on another line” . . . or, “is away from his desk for a few moments” . . . or, “is at a regional staff round-up” . . . or, . . .], but he cares about your call VERY much, so PLEASE don’t hang up.

If you’re calling from a push-button phone and want information about the upcoming conference on Communications Skills, please press 1.

If you are a member of the Executive Committee and want to know if you missed the last meeting, please press 2.

If you are interested in applying for a job and wish to receive a copy of available openings, please press 3 if you are a Third World applicant; 4 if you are “differently abled”; 5 if you are gay, lesbian, or bi-; 6 if you are Quaker or “other.”

If you are wanting to sign our “Free the Stockade Seven” petition, please press 7.

If you are responding to our recent fundraising letter, and would like to speak privately with one of our fundraisers, please press 8.

If you are not interested in any of the above, or want to discuss several of them, please press 9.

If you are calling from a rotary phone, please press star 11 (ha, ha, just kidding, stay on the line and one of our customer reps will be right with you).

[Pause while recorded folk music plays . . . ]

THANK thee for pressing number 6, Friend. If thee is a member of an Evangelical Friends meeting, please press 1.

If thee is affiliated with an FUM-associated meeting, please press 2.

If thee is of the Conservative Friends persuasion, please press 3.

If thee is a member of an unaffiliated monthly meeting, or if you don’t know which branch of Quakerism applies just now, please press 4.

If thee is of the Conservative Friends persuasion, please press 5.

If thee is affiliated with an unaffiliated monthly meeting, or if you don’t know which branch of Quakerism applies just now, please press 6.

If thee is an attender, or are a former member, please press 6.

If thee are wanting information on Quaker practice, or membership in a Friends meeting, you have dialed the wrong number. Please check your phone book listing again for the correct exchange.

[Pause while “George Fox song” plays, interrupted by a REAL HUMAN VOICE]:

Hello, this is Roy Goodman—oops, Goodperson. Sorry I couldn’t answer the phone when it rang. I was on another line. May I help you?

[Click, and a dial tone . . .]

Hello? Hello? Hello? . . . Darn it, I hate it when people are so rude and hang up on you!

Vinton Deming

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Cover photo by Paul Buck, cover quote by Judith Pruess Bowman
Fertility tests required?

I am grateful to Michael Thielmann for his Forum letter (FJ June). His necessary conditions for approval of a proposed marriage were that procreation be both possible and intended. I was forced to think and pray a good deal to know why I felt so upset.

Would couples applying for approval be required by clearness committees to have fertility tests? Would couples who choose to be childless in the face of overpopulation, mentioned in the very next letter, be denied marriage under the care of the meeting?

Thielmann quotes two men on the joys of sexual abstinence. Why are only men quoted on this issue? To what do Paul, Augustine, and, for that matter, the popes compare their experience of abstinence?

Ellen and I have been married more than 50 years, and have worshiped together thousands of times. Our procreating days were over 40 years ago. The rearing of our children would not have been significantly different had they been adopted. We have enjoyed sex, and have for various reasons abstained for periods of time. We are now at the stage when hugs in the kitchen and back rubs in bed are much the best ways of showing our affection.

But the real problem is that marriage is so much more than either sex or procreation. Tom Edison is quoted as saying that invention was only 1 percent inspiration, 99 percent perspiration. My observation is that sex is to marriage what inspiration is to invention. We are not unusual. There are many couples, heterosexual and same sex, who with the help of God and their meeting communities support each other in monogamous unions “as long as ... both ... live.” One only has to turn over two pages to read that wonderful tribute to his mother and father in Ralph Levering’s article.

I hope Michael Thielmann will keep on considering his “current view.”

Charley Brown
Wiscasset, Maine

Electronic worship?

In many ways I agree with Steve Davison (FJ July). I am not comfortable in using e-mail or electronic bulletin boards to conduct meeting business. Doing so does not seem consistent with the concept of meeting for worship with a concern for business. My reservations are not with electronic media, per se, but with the use of the tools of e-mail and bulletin boards, which are based on non-concurrent participation. Quaker practice requires that we respond to the Spirit, not to each other. Sequential messaging seems to foster the latter.

It seems to me that the essential root of meeting for worship is in Matthew 18:20, “Wherever two or three [or more] are gathered in my name, I will be present.” To me, this Scripture does not specify physical gathering. “Gathering” is a spiritual occurrence. It seems to me that to require physical proximity is to limit our spiritual lives to three dimensions. Do I need to see my fellow worshipers? Do I need to hear them? Do I need to be able to touch them? For me, what is required is the presence of others’ worship. What limits us to physical proximity is experience and discipline. One of the queries submitted to monthly meetings by Ministry and Council of New York Yearly Meeting was: “Have you experienced a gathered meeting?”

During worship sharing on this topic, I found clearness for myself that the sense of a gathered meeting requires only that several people be worshiping jointly. It would seem possible to have meeting for worship via a joint phone call, or a video conference. I don’t think we are sufficiently practiced yet for us to ignore the medium. I think it is possible that electronic communication could become no different a mediator of our message than is the air.

I look forward to the publication of more articles on Quakers and electronic media.

—Eds.

Challenging the stigma

Just when I think we are making progress in reducing the stigma of mental illness, I read something like the Pat Robertson’s Christian Coalition statement about the need for mental health services (News of Friends, FJ May); they oppose coverage for mental health care because “Church-going families are less prone to use the services.”

We must continue our effort to help the public understand that mental illness has little to do with going to church. Two major forms of mental illness (schizophrenia and bipolar disorder) have been scientifically shown to be due to a genetic link. To suggest that these disorders are less common in “church-going families” is the same as suggesting that “church-going families” are less likely to experience other genetic diseases such as diabetes or cystic fibrosis. This attitude places unnecessary blame and shame on those who experience the disorders, and on their families. My heart goes out to the person with mental illness who not only has to cope with the “real” struggles of the disease but also the burden of stigma placed on him or her by a church.

A Friends organization such as Friends Hospital in Philadelphia, Pa., can help educate the public, but we all need to challenge the burden of stigma when we see it.

Patricia G. Jenison
Auckland, New Zealand

Respect for diversity

I enjoyed reading Warren Witte’s article, “Interpreting the Friendly Way” (FJ May). His message of the importance of sharing with non-Quakers the roots of Quakerism is of great relevance. I grew up in a community where the only Quakers in town consisted of my family of five. I have found myself over and over again attempting to explain the basic premise of Quakerism to those both unfamiliar and curious. It’s difficult to convey the presence one finds in the silence of meeting for worship or the insight of Friends. Each of us has a story and reasons why we have chosen Quakerism. I feel that respect of religious diversity comes from first understanding one another’s beliefs. Quakers are a diverse group; we can learn from one another by sharing what our faith means to each of us. Perhaps in this way we can begin, as Warren Witte says, to provide “information, insight, and language” for non-Quakers about the Society of Friends.

Elke R. Urban
Chicago, Ill.

Guidelines sought

I am writing on behalf of a small regional meeting (i.e., monthly meeting in your terms), where the Nominations Committee has difficulty in proposing some names because of the shortage of members in the Society of Friends. The question has arisen, is it appropriate to appoint an attendant as an overseer, where the person is exceptionally well qualified, except for not being a
On Quaker Authority

In "Those Who Take Care of That Sort of Thing" (Life in the Meeting, FJ May), Barrett Caldwell writes of his growing sense that all persons in meeting, rather than just the members of Ministry and Counsel Committee, should take responsibility for confronting and attempting to correct those who disrupt the meeting for worship. He says we should as freely tell those who deliver messages that their message "disturbs our sharing," if such is the case, as we would tell them if their message "speaks to us."

Meeting for worship is a sacred and mysterious place, where we wait together for the truth and where some of us are given the responsibility of vocalizing a part of that truth. Friends traditionally have trusted that messages come not from the individual, but from the Spirit, and listen for what is God-given in messages that seem ill-considered or are rudely expressed. Some Friends practiced the discipline of never discussing afterwards what had occurred in meeting. It was usual practice not to compliment someone on a message they had given (the story being that the elder Friend, when told he had spoken well, replied, "Yes, that's just what the devil said to me when I sat down.").

After I have spoken in meeting I often feel quite vulnerable and exposed, and I imagine others do as well. We are not serving the meeting or Friends well if we speak to Friends at rise of meeting as though what they had said were a conversational opening or a piece of personal information with which we can identify.

One of our Ministry and Oversight Committee's (M&O's) most important responsibilities is to protect the sanctity of meeting for worship, in large measure by making sure that Friends know about our "Quaker etiquette." We select members of this committee for their good judgment and gentleness. We want Friends who may need to be eldered or corrected to be approached in a considered and loving way, and under the right conditions. One of my greatest moments of sadness at meeting for worship came after one of our members spoke for the first time in meeting. She is a shy, gentle, and very private woman, who had shared with us the difficulty she had in trusting our (or any) group. In her enthusiasm she stood to speak almost immediately after another Friend had sat down, and I was filled with love for her as she spoke. My sadness came as I overheard another undoubtedly well-meaning Friend, not a member of M&O, approach her at the rise of meeting and immediately inform her of the rule that she had violated. She was not supported for the Spirit she had revealed to us. Who knows how many other people corrected her that day? I don't think she has spoken in meeting since then. But she hasn't broken the rule since then, either.

As Quakers we learn not to be shy. We listen to the voices deep within us for guidance as to what is right and wrong, and come to realize that all of our individual voices, each with its own piece of understanding, are indispensable parts of the voice, and the "sense," of our meeting. We are encouraged by tradition to "speak plainly" and to "speak truth to power," both in our private lives and in our dealings with Friends. But we should be very reluctant as individuals even to encourage or "identify with," but especially to correct, Friends for their behavior or messages in meeting for worship. On the other hand, our overseers, or others appointed as the meeting's guardians, should be quick to educate Friends whose behavior goes against our norms. Very seldom is it necessary to elder Friends directly after they have spoken in meeting for worship, when they may be feeling particularly vulnerable. They will much more appreciate, and be better able to hear, criticism given at a remove from the offense. In addition, we are given the advice that eldering should be done in pairs, mainly so that elders can better purify themselves of personal motives or feelings they may have about the person concerned. Friends may also be impressed by the respect and love this practice can demonstrate.

People in our society commonly want to avoid the burden of having authority over and correcting others (sometimes even their own children). "You can't control people's behavior," we hear at times, with the unspoken implication, "so you shouldn't try." That meeting is fortunate whose appointed representatives welcome the responsibility of having Quaker authority, of educating Friends in our practices and thereby protecting the sacred place that is the meeting for worship. It may be a vanishing art, and I urge older Friends to share with us younger and newer ones their wisdom and experience before this art is lost.

David Clements
New York, N.Y.

Corrections

It was John Browne, not John Browne (Bulletin Board, FJ May), who offered his new house (built in 1661) as a meeting place for Friends in Flushing, N.Y. He was arrested by Governor Stuyvesant and was shipped off to Holland, where he convinced the governors of the Dutch West India Company that the people of New Amsterdam should be allowed to bring their message without hindrance. The Bowne House shares with the Flushing Meetinghouse a role in establishing freedom of worship in our country.

And the subject of William Taber's talk was "Freedom in and Freedom of Worship: a Quaker Contribution."

Elizabeth H. Moger
Roslyn, L.I., N.Y.

Our apologies for these errors—and our best wishes to Flushing Friends as they begin their next 300 years! —Eds.

Edward Linacre, co-clerk
Canberra, Australia Meeting

member of the meeting? (In our handbook it is specified that overseers have the duty, amongst others, of encouraging attenders to consider applying for membership.) To help us devise guidelines for the committee, the regional meeting is seeking wider advice and would like to learn of precedents, experience, and views from other meetings.

So far, it seems to us that there can be no argument that clerks and elders, for instance, must be members, and that doorkkeepers need not be. But what about overseers?
Directors sought

The World Friendship Center (WFC) in Hiroshima was founded almost 30 years ago by a Quaker, Barbara Reynolds, as a center to support survivors of the Bomb and to promote world peace and friendship. It has been administered by volunteer directors who have come from the Quaker, Church of the Brethren, and Mennonite traditions. Selected by the American Committee of WFC, directors are usually couples who serve as volunteers for two years. Transport costs and basic expenses are shared by the American and Japanese committees. At times the directors have served as a part of Brethren Volunteer Service.

The American Committee is seeking men and women who are dedicated to world peace and understanding to serve as directors. Applications are now being taken for the term of service beginning in the fall of 1995. If you would be interested in exploring the possibility of serving in this capacity please contact me. It is an exceptional opportunity for persons interested in a “hands-on” volunteer experience that makes a direct impact upon peace and world understanding.

John Ebersole
314 Hickory Ln.
N. Manchester, IN 46962

A Key Testimony

Your article “Friends Helping Friends” (F/J March) brought tears to my eyes, for all the compassion, creativity, competence, and thanksgiving the project models for us.

Certainly the Friends involved bore witness to a testimony for mutual support that goes to the beginnings of Friends’ tradition. But recent Bible study into economic justice in the teachings of Jesus has convinced me that they also fulfilled a testimony at the heart of the Gospel.

In the very first public act of Jesus’ ministry in the Gospel of Luke (4:16-21), in which Jesus laid out the platform for the commonwealth of God that he was building, he says: “The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he has anointed me to bring good news [Gospel] to the poor . . . .” He is quoting Isaiah here (61:1). For both these prophets of Israel, “the poor” meant specifically those free peasants who had been driven into debt, had lost their farms, and now were tenant farmers on their own land or were living homeless and destitute, perhaps even as slaves, using their labor to pay their debt. Part of the practical solution to the problem Jesus inaugurated when he declared the prophecy fulfilled (Luke 4:21) was that the communities he created were to pool their resources and buy out the debt that threatened their brothers and sisters. This is only one dimension of one line of this remarkable passage; for a deeper study I recommend John Yoder’s book, The Politics of Jesus, and Elizabeth Schussler Fiorenza’s In Memory of Her.

I give thanks that Friends, both ancient and modern, are so alive to the Spirit and to God’s wish for us. And thanks to FRIENDS JOURNAL for publishing the truth so faithfully.

Steven Davison
New Brunswick, N.J.

Compare notes

I would like to correspond with others who have suffered, as I have, devastating headaches daily behind one eye for several decades, especially if they’ve been told this might be caused by a tilted, jumbled, or tangled optical chiasm (where the optic nerves cross at the hypothalamus), or by a virus that has gotten stuck into a nerve track. I’d like to compare notes on possible treatments, specialists, or new research, and how to cope. I’d also like to hear of any suggestions on how religious groups can persuade Congress to support financially the current “Decade of the Brain for Neurological Research” proclaimed by Congress in 1990. If more neurological research were done, perhaps there would be less need to build prisons, hospitals, orphanages, etc.

Gerold Krom
4525 Parker Ave. Apt. 22
Sacramento, CA 95820

DIFFER

by Claudia Y. Wair

All done working for the white man today?” he asked. “I beg your pardon?” I answered the young man with a question.

I was on my way home from a very long day working on an academic program for Job Corps, the government program to help poor (mostly black) high school dropouts train for decent jobs. I was in no mood to deal with racism right now; I’d spent the day dealing with it already.

I won’t tell you what transpired in the ensuing conversation. I was extremely disappointed at the way I handled the situation. I will tell you what happened as I walked away from this man, as I hurried down the escalator to the Metro platform, as I sat on the train during the 40-minute ride home. I barely kept back the tears and was shaking with anger. There I was, young, black (not black enough for the “gentleman” I’d just encountered—he fell just short of calling me a half-breed), sporting the African hairstyle of long braids and a New York designer dress borrowed from my mother. I knew I looked like an oxymoron and was proud of my uniqueness. I was feeling that happy tiredness you get after a grueling day working for something that you believe in, when this person accosted me and brought up a myriad of feelings within me.

They were feelings like those felt when my mother gently explained what nigger meant after some classmates joyously shouted the word at me on the playground; feelings like those that arose when my father told me not to advertise my pride in my Irish heritage, because no white per-

Claudia Wair, of Langley Hill (Va.) Meeting, is an education intern at the Department of Labor’s office of Job Corps. She has an M.A. in English literature and is currently working on a collection of short fiction. She writes, “I would love to hear reactions from Friends of all backgrounds with comments or personal experiences related to the subject of my article.”

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son would believe that I had any Irish in me anyway.

I've tried not to get frustrated as I explained to a white roommate that the discrimination she experienced as a rich white woman traveling in a poor African region was no kin to that which I encounter on a daily basis in my native country. I try not to get angry when I hear Elvis lauded as the "king" of rock and roll when most every African American knows the songwriters from whom he "borrowed" his songs and style.

And then I saw a young man on the way home from work who let that bitterness, that frustration, that anger get to him. I did not like what I saw. There, in the eyes of a black man not much older than I, I saw the same disgust about the mixture of races in me that I've seen in the eyes of a skinhead.

I think what disturbed me the most about the encounter, more than the personal insult (one gets used to the personal insult of nigger and other less flattering words, or if not "used to," at least one learns not to cry when hearing them), was the fact that a person with whom I would normally feel a bond in our struggle for a common cause was so very far from the Light of God, and that no amount of talking in front of that train station would convince him that loving our fellow creatures would produce more good than the spreading of racist propaganda. This young man's heart and mind were so closed by hate that I couldn't let him know I agreed there was gross injustice toward people of color, because the methods he and I use to combat that injustice are worlds apart.

What worries me now, writing about it two days after the incident, is an emotion that I have only just admitted to myself—shame. There are far too many people who look at the noisemakers such as my young black friend and believe that people such as he are representative of all African Americans; angry, lazy, loud, uneducated, violent. And bigots such as he, in taking their racist cacophony to the sidewalks of Washington, D.C., only breed more racism against themselves.

It was a very different encounter with racism that led me to the Religious Society of Friends—a literary encounter with Alex Haley's *A Different Kind of Christmas*, in which a young slave owner is convinced by his Quaker classmates to free not only his own slaves but those of neighboring plantations as well. This book was the third not-so-subtle hint I'd received about the Friends, and I soon found myself attending meeting.

While attending a workshop at Baltimore Yearly Meeting's Quaker Leadership Institute, I commented on being the only black person regularly attending meeting. A Friend then asked, "How do you feel about that?" I was paralyzed in my confusion. Why such a simple question pulled up so many different emotions, I still don't know.

I cried, unable to answer. I excused myself and went for a walk. Sitting in the shade of an old pine tree, I tried to come up with a response. How do I feel about being the only African American, not only at meeting but in much of my professional and social life? I looked upwards through the branches of the tree to the sky, as if hoping that the solution would fall into my lap from above. And it did.

Tucked in the crook of the tree, about seven feet from the ground, was a maple sapling, growing quite strong in the arms of the old pine. To me, the pine tree symbolized the Quakers, strong and nourishing. The little maple looked like me—young, relatively new to the Friends, and different. But a tree nevertheless.

Often, in the past months, I've gone back to that image of the two trees. Looking at it in a more global light, that pine tree has come to represent the civil rights movement, attempting to pass the "Dream" on to a reluctant younger generation. On a personal level, I've seen myself as the pine; the middle-class, well-educated, well-traveled product of a two-parent home who is trying to understand, attempting to find a miracle remedy for the ills that befall the majority of young black people in this country.

So how do I feel about being the "token" in my spiritual community? I sometimes feel as though a lot is expected of me and that people often assume that the opinions I voice are the opinions of the entire African American population. I do feel different.

But I also feel loved and accepted for who and what I am, that most Friends appreciate the diversity I bring to the meeting and are more than willing to learn about my background. I feel that Friends look beyond the color of my skin to the heart and know I am just another soul in meeting for worship—waiting, just as they wait, as all Quakers have done and will do, I trust, long after racism ceases to exist.
The controversy over homosexuals in our country's military has caused me to review my own service career. My pondering reminds me that the U.S. Navy of 1941, when I was 17 and one of the new plebes at the Academy, immediately began to indoctrinate us with several wrong-headed and harmful attitudes. These were traditional beliefs that no one could question if he hoped to fit into the group. The navy intended to re-mold us—new boys from around the country—and make us, like our leaders, truly naval. The method of teaching was to include the harmful beliefs in the around-the-clock curriculum—just as they taught us to shine our shoes and march in step.

Four of these harmful attitudes come quickly to mind: those toward alcohol use, women, blacks, and homosexuals. Like many of the ideas the navy tried to instill in young minds, their force came only partly from published regulations. Instead, long-standing, thriving tradition and peer pressure were as strong as official rules and, indeed, sometimes stronger.

The naval indoctrination of my young mind in its formative stage was quite effective, especially with upperclassmen (and later, my superiors on board ship) to catch me up whenever I strayed. Of the four beliefs, only on alcohol use did my early training at home give the necessary will to resist. For the navy's idea that the only true man was one who "bellied up to the bar like a man," I strongly resented the implication that my father, grandfather, and others at home, including Quakers, were not men. This resentment made it easy for me to say "Go to hell!" to the navy in the way I conducted my personal life. And it made it easy, when added to several other factors, to realize I was out of place in the military.

My long observation of alcohol use still makes it easy to say quietly "I don't believe it!" to those who extol alcohol's virtue. This is especially easy with the knowledge that two of my best boyhood buddies died from alcohol abuse years ago. We were all small-town Protestant boys from a non-drinking culture, who came into contact with the alcohol culture in uniform; we fell prey to the mistaken service standard (the army for one buddy, marines for the other) of what makes "a real man."

Though I made a strong stand against the navy teaching on alcohol, on the other three attitudes—those toward women, blacks, and homosexuals—I acted with ignorance, stupidity, and cowardice. In regard to women, naval correctness required that they be considered as valuable only for sexual pleasure. Surely I was not alone in suspecting error in the teaching, but none of us dared say so. We feared ridicule, and that fear silenced us. Despite my doubt, the navy must have had a strong influence on my thinking. I was well into my 40s before I escaped far enough from a masculine world to discover belatedly that women were intelligent and useful members of my own species.

Black people occupied an even lower position than women. (We never heard the name blacks; they were colored or Negro or nigra or nigger.) Midshipmen were white, officers were white, most enlisted ratings were for whites. Blacks were considered of inferior intelligence and suitable only for duty as officers' stewards and servants. Ashore or afloat, except in very small vessels, blacks lived in segregated quarters. At the Academy,
the dormitory janitors were all black; they carried drinking cups because they weren’t permitted to drink from the fountains. These examples stand for the whole complicated structure of racial segregation in the 1940s.

Though a pipsqueak, I was alert enough to notice that something was wrong with official racial suppression. Once, in the amphibious force, I met the enlisted man with the highest score in our division on the navy’s aptitude test. He was black—an officers’ servant. I met him as he scrubbed an officers’ toilet. Though the segregation and restricted-duty policies were changing, slowly, during the Korean War, I had never seen a black commissioned officer when I left the navy in the fall of 1951.

Even though I sensed the navy was wrong about blacks, I did little to advance the place of black sailors—except for ineffective commiseration with the under-employed toilet scrubber. And I carry a feeling of guilt about the black steward I sent, in 1946, to the brig. He had been late by a few days in returning from leave, and a captain appointed me as deck court officer. The captain told me to give the man solitary confinement with bread and water (“We’ve got to keep these people in their place”), and I did. It was only for a few days of confinement, but it was all wrong; the captain had no right to tell me what to do, and we wouldn’t have done it to a white man. The steward was young, quiet, humble. I’ll guess he had a good reason to be late returning from leave; I didn’t hear it, probably didn’t try. As I think back, I imagine him as used to the blows the white man gave him. He endured; he had more guts than I had.

Though I suspected evil in the “correct” attitudes about women and blacks, the navy caught me ignorant—a blank slate—in its teaching about homosexuals.

The taboos of the time and the people I came from prevented rational discussion of sex. So at age 17, I learned for the first time that some men were homosexual (“queers” as we were supposed to call them). They were, in correct naval thinking, the lowest form of humankind and good only for jokes and avoidance. If we had any on board ship, they were wise enough to remain silent. We had one, at least, in our class at the Academy; the school expelled him with such notoriety that I still remember his name.

I imagine that I must have served in the navy (and coast guard) with closet homosexuals. And they must have been as effective as their fellow sailors. But in my ignorance, I left with all the contempt for gays that the navy set out to instill ten years earlier.

The real cause of disruption in the armed forces, if the current ban were lifted, would be the carefully nurtured hatred of gays and not the gays themselves. The military would have a hard job in changing the evil attitude, but the services are supposed to cherish hard jobs. The objections of the high brass are based on their own indoctrination and nurtured by many years of conforming to military correctness. I hope that the Joint Chiefs of Staff will be able to change; they’ve had experience in the gradual acceptance of women and blacks. Also, they’re younger than I am and originate not quite so far back into the dark ages of prejudice.

Some high-ranking officers fear that the services will lose valuable personnel who refuse to accept the lifting of the ban. But if lifting the ban results in resignations of people who can’t conquer their hatred, won’t our freedom and equality be better defended by people who believe in these ideals themselves?

The changing of cherished but harmful attitudes that have become firmly entrenched is surely of more importance than developing a new weapon. Our country, if it truly wants to be the great nation it claims to be, has to work to correct the evil in its collective thinking right here at home. And although the armed forces aren’t apt to change their glorification of alcohol use (given the pervasive attitude in society at large), they have indeed made great progress in their treatment of women and blacks. Thus I have faith in their eventual acceptance of homosexuals as fellow Americans—and perhaps they’ll help to set the standard for our nation as it grows.

GAYS IN THE MILITARY

A recent book about gays in the military is Joseph Steffan’s Honor Bound: A Gay American Fights for the Right to Serve His Country (Villard Books, 1992). I found it an interesting account of the Naval Academy 40 years after my time. The book relates specifically to the problems of homosexuals in the armed forces. The navy expelled Steffan, an honor student and a natural leader, just before his graduation in 1988. He had decided, after long fighting the idea, that he was gay—and said so even though he wasn’t homosexually active. In his legal effort against expulsion, Steffan has met others in the same effort—and some who have chosen to lie about their homosexuality to retain their military positions successfully. The Pentagon’s preference of the lie over honesty has long seemed a primary evil in its harmful attitudes.

—Jim Boone
Two Bells for Peace

by Bob Stauffer

Many people of modern-day Hawaii came from the province (prefecture) of Hiroshima. Their capitals—the cities of Honolulu and Hiroshima—are sister cities. A small stone pagoda has stood outside Honolulu Hale (city hall) for three decades, a symbol of friendship from the people of Hiroshima.

Like others from lands far away, the early immigrants from Hiroshima would occasionally send children back to visit relatives or to get an education. At the outbreak of hostilities in 1941, many of these children were caught in Japan and spent the war years there. Although we don’t often hear of it, many of these U.S. citizens died during the A-bombing. With the visitations back and forth, Honolulu today probably has the highest number of Hibakusha (A-bomb survivors) of any U.S. city.

Besides the other ties between these two great Pacific capitals, there is the fact that the U.S.-Japanese War began in the one and ended in the other.

A large bronze bell, a copy of the Hiroshima peace bell, was given to the people of Honolulu a dozen years ago. For many years the bell was hidden away, dusty and forgotten, in a back room of city hall. It would be taken out once a year for the Council of Churches’ Hiroshima Day observances.

Finally there came a time when I went to work at the city council. I asked for a permanent home, a place of peace, for the bell. This was not the first time such a request had been made, and the odds for success didn’t seem high. Just as today, there was continuous conflict between the mayor, who had the bell, and the council, where I worked. Also, the mayor and the peace community generally did not see eye to eye. Still, this time the mayor’s administration seemed more receptive of the request for a home for the bell.

Planning went well that year for the Hiroshima Day observances. The ceremony was held in the pretty courtyard at city hall. My employer, a liberal councilmember with ties to the local peace community, came with a proclamation of support from the city council. Religious leaders from various denominations were present. Prayers for peace from different religious paths were made, including one in silence, in acknowledgment of the Quakers present who had served on the Council of Churches’ planning committee.

Oddly enough, the number-three official from the administration came. This official seemed out of place; he had been with the city for a couple of years, but his political career had spanned nearly a half century. For the last couple of decades he had often been identified with the conservative old guard.

Toward the end of the program, the official rose to speak. It seemed a mild affront, but he was allowed to go on. He first seemed to acknowledge the obvious—that he had been on the other side from most of the audience on so many political issues.

But then he brought out a proclamation he had gotten signed by the mayor. It was a thoughtful and well-written document calling for peace and understanding in the world.

He continued more personally, explaining that his family was from Hiroshima and that he had lost two first cousins in the A-bombing. He had visited the bomb site, and had listened to the stories. While he had not taken a highly visible role over the years, he was one of the many who had stood in spirit with everyone present when it came to the tragedy of Hiroshima.

I had judged the man wrongly, or perhaps judging a person at all is what is so often wrong in the world. It was a valuable lesson to learn, as is the fact that there are unknown people of good will all over, including those within the halls of power and privilege.

A couple of years later the official retired, and I moved on to other employment. However, before the two of us left the city government, a permanent home was made for the bell. It stands near a small shrine, by the river, close to the center of Honolulu.
In answer to the question, "What is the primary motivational force in the lives of most people?" Viktor Frankl would answer, "Meaning, and the search for meaning."

As I drive across the gentle hills and valleys of Virginia bursting with the fresh delicacies of spring greens and vibrant redbuds, the meaning of life seems so simple: I am alive, I am thankful, I am full of wonder at creation. The usual distractions of everyday life fade as I focus on the facts that I have plenty to eat, a place to sleep, and many dear friends. I have work to do and ways (perhaps not the same as my "work") to earn a living. I am completely satisfied with the present moment in this place. I could just meditate on this sense of well-being in the here and now and leave it at that, but for my life to have meaning, I need something more. I find myself praying, talking to that Friend which people refer to in so many ways—God, Seed, Light, Inner Teacher, Great Spirit, Immutable Truth, Wisdom Beyond Wisdom, and on and on. The right names to use are not so clear, but what is clear is the feeling that I am a vessel for this spiritual energy and wisdom, and that in doing all in my life by God's direction—by practicing the presence of God—my life is permeated with meaning and joy. It is enough just to be alive and breathing freely.

Though no one is with me in the car, I am not lonely in the least, for God is my constant companion. I feel connected to people, as "God in [me] finds God in people" (Henry Nouwen). As I drive cross country—just as when I take walks, fold laundry, slice vegetables, weed a garden, wash dishes, paint a fence, vacuum, brush my teeth, take showers, get dressed, sit in the dentist chair, or begin worship—I am trying to talk to God in an unceasing, prayerful way. Using the author of The Way of Pilgrim, Thomas Kelly, Evelyn Underhill, Frank Laubach, and Brother Lawrence as guides, I have been practicing the presence of God by trying to pray at all times. The prayer may be just long enough to say in one breath, about nine syllables—for example, "Oh, God, help me feel Your Presence near," or, "Dear God, thank You for this lovely day," or, "Dear God, please take these burdens from me"—or it might be a "sacred word" such as Holy, as recommended by the Roman Catholic priests, Taber calls it) will draw me back to unceasing prayer. An anchor point might be bells ringing, feeling my special pebble in my pocket, smelling a flower, sitting at a stoplight, meeting someone new. By this method, I am able to access God directly and often in a way as exciting to me as it was to the early Quakers.

One of my common ways of going to God is through an intercessory breath prayer, such as, "Dear God/Goddess, please make Pauline whole." Evelyn Underhill says we need to be "live wires" with God: "... by more and more giving spiritual and intercessory value to all the acts and intentions of life, however homely" (Life as Prayer). Underhill emphasizes the importance of trying to pray without ceasing: "... only by faithful personal attention to God, constant and adoring recourse to [God], confident humble communion with [God]." In seeing results from intercessory prayer, as well as in prayers for our own lives, we can see the power of God at work in the world.

In the silence of interior, unceasing prayer, my mind becomes calm, worries and strivings cease, and all that remains is that spirit in my heart which reveals in the present with wonder, gratitude, and clarity. Truth for my life seems to be evident in a certain knowing. As Thomas Merton said, all that seems necessary is to just "go for walks, live in peace, let change come quietly and invisibly in the inside" (Woods, Shore, Desert).

Though it is perhaps easier to practice the presence of God during glorious rides through spring countrysides, it is easy bit as possible to do it in everyday life, while changing diapers, photocopying, faxing, marching in Washington, D.C., waiting in lines at drycleaners and airports, shaving, drinking morning coffee, relaxing before dinner, walking the dog. Brother Lawrence, in The Practice of the Presence of God, describes this practice amidst the flurry of his kitchen duties:

... having accustomed himself to doing everything there for the love of God, and asking [God's] grace to do his work, he found he had become quite proficient in his culinary chores.
Some of the factors that seem to foster the practice of the presence of God are:

- A deep yearning to be close to God, almost like the ache we have when we miss a lover, or a deer longs for streams: “As the hind longs for the running waters, so my soul longs for you, O God” (Psalm 42:1-2). Related to this yearning is the yearning to just live ordinary, everyday life fully.
- Silence, and lots of it. I prefer much of my silent time to be in solitude, but it does not have to be. There are whole communities of hermits living in mostly silence.
- Simplicity. What a hard but absolutely necessary step, to detach and declutter. Off to the Goodwill! Off to the community library! What is my most essential stuff? Will it all fit in a little room or my car?

Some will say this approach is ridiculously simple; others, outrageously joyful; others, too inner-peace oriented; others, impossibly demanding in its requirement for the complete opening of oneself to God, the allowing—yes, the surrendering of all “busy-ness” and difficulties of life to God. All I can say is that this faith step, taken repeatedly throughout the day to the extent one is able, diminishes worry (even anguish), fear, jealousy, possessiveness, controlling tendencies, lust, and greed, and yields all the Galatian fruits of the spirit. The power and love of God does it all, “erasing the artificial division between the secular and religious so that all of life...becomes sacramental” (Gordon Browne in *Introducing Quakers, 1990*). In Constance Fitzgerald’s words, prayer becomes “the profound difference,” as God invades one’s being and comes to occupy more and more space within.

I believe many people make the search for meaning too difficult. We try too hard to find our life meaning in our work, intimate relationships, or friendships. We often create problems to worry about.

For example, sometimes I’ll go for a walk in order to solve a problem. I begin with my breath prayer, and soon I am so enjoying the array of sights, smells, and sounds that I forget to work on my problem. However, I find more and more that if I am willing to allow God to work on the problem awhile, it gets solved anyway, in a much more ingenious way than I could do it myself. The God-in-me and of the Universe is much wiser than I am. Why do we often make it so hard on ourselves by crusting over the direct experience of God with legalisms, guilt, and atonements? “In all thy ways, acknowledge [God], and [God] will direct thy paths” (Prov. 3:6). Why can’t we have confidence in this?

Is it that we want to “maintain control,” for who knows *what reason*? We want to rush things along. For women, the connotations of “surrender” are negative. Perhaps “allowing” does not have such connotations, but what I am talking about here is complete surrender of our wills to God. I find that as I am able to do this, I become much more sensitized to what promotes life in all creation. I have more reverence for life, including my own, more compassion. Shunryu Suzuki, the great teacher of Soto Zen, said: “When there is no thought of achievement, no thought of self, there is Beginner’s Mind. Where there is Beginner’s Mind, there is compassion” (*Zen Mind, Beginner’s
Ming). And Thich Nhat Hanh put it this way:

The practice of walking meditation opens your eyes to wonders in the universe . . . But walking meditation also helps us to see pain, anguish, and suffering. You will suffer, but your pain will not come from your own worries and fears. You will suffer because of your kinship with all beings. . . . (A Guide to Walking Meditation)

When we completely surrender our will to God through unceasing prayer, we quit thinking in terms of results. We nurse the dying to ease their pain. We water the plants we know will die soon, because there will be no one to care for them. We pull the fatally wounded dog to the side of the road, so that it can die a decent death. We give change to beggars, even if we are suspicious of where the money goes. We nurse change to beggars, even if we know it is we who will be the one to care for them. We sometimes wretched world and remain sane is only possible by utter reliance on that Comforter and Creative Force for Good, Whose strength becomes our strength and Whose patience becomes our patience. All that is asked of us is faith.

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Friends Journal August 1994
by Roberta Nobleman

The call can come anytime, day or night, from Karen or Candy, Nadine or Nell: "Roberta, could you come sit for me tomorrow? I am absolutely desperate!" If I can, I come. We are not talking babysitting, house sitting, or dog sitting—but sitting (or standing) at the local art center for drawing classes, painting, sculpture, or, as they say, "life." "Life," for you Philistines, means sitting in the nude, the buff, the altogether—knicker-less, bra-less, skirt-less, sock-less. As I write this, in between 20-minute poses, I am wearing my glasses...period.

What would make a nice middle-class suburban lady of 52 years, wife and mother of three, take up such a dubious line of business? I am an actor (no, I am an actress—my language is still back in the Dark Ages of the '50s where theater is concerned), so my body is my instrument—but is it meet, right, and seemly so to do? I shall never forget the scandalized looks on my kids' faces, three years ago, when it finally dawned on them what Mom was doing on Tuesday evenings: "Oh my God, Mom, that's so embarrassing! Don't ever tell any of my friends!" And my husband? In a marriage of nearly 25 years, nothing—but NOTHING—phases my phlegmatic, congenial spouse.

What are the job requirements for this line of work? Should any of you theologians, ministers, bishops, presidents of synod, chancellors of the diocese, editors of Christian magazines, etc. be considering a little modeling in your spare time, the following are required:

THE ABILITY TO SIT STILL—and enjoy it, be at peace with it. This is a rare commodity in our days of eat on the run, TV commercials, rap songs, and disco dancing, quick-shop, quick-print, quick-fix. Watch children in class, or teenagers at the mall, and you will realize that we are raising hyperactivity to the norm. One of the reasons kids don't go to church as much these days is that sitting still for an hour, even with the snack break that communion provides, is practically impossible for the poor dears. I find modeling a most contemplative experience—sitting in one position for three hours, with the orderly stretch breaks a rare luxury. The silence that often accompanies the concentration and attention of the artists allows me time to pray. Sitting as naked as God made me, I can just be. By the end of many a session I have found the answer to some problem, just by waiting on it. One of the instructors plays Bach, or soft modern jazz, in the background, so I relax and enjoy and listen. A real treat!

HUMILITY

If any of my readers harbors illusions about the body beautiful, let me enlighten you—this is not the centerfold of Playboy magazine. Every roll of fat, every wrinkle, every wart, every blemish—that's what the artist draws. What you see is what you get. When you thought no one knew about that double chin when you are looking down? They will draw that first. There are no soft lights, no artfully draped fig leaves, wreaths of mist, or strategically placed flowers and ferns to conceal those private parts. All is revealed.

An artist's model gives new meaning to the quote, "In my flesh I shall see God."

August 1994 FRIENDS JOURNAL

Roberta Nobleman is an actress and writer who is active in the Episcopal church. Her book Victim to Celebrant will be published this summer by Abbey Press.

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You have to grow accustomed to people squinting at you from behind their easels (I've had it explained to me, the squinting, but I couldn't explain it to you), or holding a pencil at eye level, then closing one eye while the other solemnly surveys your nude body (I do not know why they do that either). You are an object d'art and will be discussed as such: "Jim, see that left buttock? Get it with charcoal no. 3 and then shade it in no. 5. okay?" "Up from the right breast toward the shoulder, see that shadow?" "I really like that skin tone! Combination of off-yellow and dusty pink!" Unless you are seriously into Lenten penance, or a former Trappist who misses the discipline, never, ever peek behind the easel. The shock may lower your self-esteem to a point beyond therapy: your left buttock is painted green, the right breast is a pomegranate or a cubist abstraction, and your skin tone is far beyond the help of Max Factor. And your hair needs cutting.

All of this leads to the GREAT TRUTHS that overweight clergics and paunchy prelates of all persuasions would do well to acknowledge: THE BODY NEVER, EVER LIES—especially the naked body. And so to the next requirement:

TRUTH
Humankind in general may not be able to bear too much reality, but your average art student will have no such problem. They are way ahead of seminary students, if this be virtue. Lee Brunner (of blessed memory), an Anglican liturgical dancer, told me that there was a gasp of horror from the congregation when he stepped out in more-than-adequate loin cloth to perform his Passion piece. The crucifix on the wall above was much less modest—but then that was only a piece of art work. As I pull my dress over my head and arrange myself on the dais, one of my meditations is of all my sisters and brothers—especially in Third World countries—who sell their bodies for sex, not art, often to keep from starvation. Or else my mind will travel back in time to Jesus stripped naked and mocked, or Bathsheba innocently stepping into her bath tub on that auspicious day when King David lustted after her naked form from the next rooftop. Or Mary during her third trimester, slowly pulling up her dress to admire the marvellous swelling that was the Christ child to come.

However, for all you aspiring models I believe the overwhelming requirement is the next one:

HOPE
Modeling is sensual, but not sexual, and as a survivor of incest as a child, I have found a sense of reparation and restoration in that quiet, safe sitting. As a child I always understood that the place where art happened—theater, dance, or artist studio—was somehow sacred; and certainly safer, warmer, kinder than most of the church buildings I remember. God always seemed close to me as I learned, breathless with excitement, over the edge of the last balcony (“the gods”) in the theater, or walked hushed by beauty into the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square, or heard the orchestra tuning up, or the jazz band play. "Yes!" they seemed to say to their Creator—"Oh yes, yes, yes!" I do believe in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting, but this has absolutely nothing to do with any speculation on life after death. I am much more interested in life after birth—and any nonsense about some point in the future (whatever that means) that the body "incorruptible" will be brought from the grave (preferably at age 23 when I had the most fabulous suntan ever) is hubris—not hope. "In my flesh I shall see God"—that has happened already. It has happened as incest victims have claimed the damaged Temple as theirs alone, and infinitely beautiful; as a 65-year-old uncle, who had not swum in 50 years, plunged into the ocean and emerged joyous, delighted with his wonderful and still-swimming body; in the everyday miracle of watching a toddler learn to walk or a squirrel fly from a tree—all of these as miraculous as a portrait by Ingres or Botticelli.

This is true hope; that, through grace, we can look upward and forward in spite of rape, incest, cancer, AIDS, gunshot wounds, birthmarks, Grandpa’s flat feet, and Grandma’s big thighs. Like the artist, we pronounce all that God has made very good.

The model is a tiny part of this creative process, but when I am sitting stark naked, in my birthday suit (why so many euphemisms?), staring at the stained glass windows (two of the art centers where I model were former churches), I can almost feel that life pulse. Sometimes I wonder if Jesus would not feel more at home here than in the very sanitized, overdressed, sometimes sterile atmosphere of the “real” churches next door.

One day a visitor from out of town opened the wrong church door and discovered me sitting there naked. The poor fellow almost died of horror, and rushed next door to his meeting, complaining bitterly—as ashamed as Adam. It is sad to think that if he had been celibate, that may have been his only glimpse of a fellow creature as God made her.

If sex offenders in prison and treatment centers were made to confront the naked adult body with all its power—from the point of view of the artist (under very strict supervision, to be sure), would that not heal as much as all those hours of expensive talk therapy? Expressive therapists tell stories of the resurrected bodies of men and women who were raped or tortured, who finally learn to love themselves again; and maybe that is what the Creed is talking about. That kind of faith and hope, that kind of bodily resurrection.

The northeastern United States, where I live, is a cold climate; we are used to bundling up, not stripping down. Our inheritance includes the Puritans, and many prissy Protestants and Catholics who, like Tartuffe, often cry "cover your shame!" I understand that modeling is not everyone’s way of earning $10 an hour. But those same teenaged daughters who are so appalled at Mom’s modeling will parade across the beach in bikinis that are scarcely more concealing than nakedness. I would not feel comfortable on a topless beach, yet if going naked was an integral and important part of a play, I would do it without a qualm. The difference?

I feel supported by the Holy Spirit at the art center. It is my true self sitting there, just as I am without one plea. If Jesus or Mary walked into an art class, I think they would take up a brush and start painting. The Gospels tell us Jesus did draw in the sand when the woman taken in adultery was brought to him. Some say he was buying time while he thought up that terrific reply, “Let the one who is without sin cast the first stone,” but I think she was an interesting looking lady, so he started to draw her. He never wrote down anything else that we know of (all the epistle writing was left to Paul), but if his art work was anything like his dramatic ability with stories and language, he must have been terrific.
John Thorogood, Martyr for Conscience

by Herman Herst, Jr.

Author’s note: The author of this article is a professional philatelist. Many years ago, in London, he bought for his stamp collection a dozen or so letters addressed to John Thorogood, Chelmsford Gaol, dated in 1840, each one bearing a "Penny Black," the first stamp in the world, issued May 6, 1840. The address on the letters made him curious to learn more about Mr. Thorogood’s imprisonment and the reason for his receiving so many letters from all over Britain wishing him sympathy for his plight and expressing the hope that he would maintain strength to fight the system that led to his imprisonment. This story is the result of a search for the answers to those questions.

From the 12th century until today, Britain has had two systems of law— one civil (including criminal) and one religious. Historically, religious law covered many things that might today be regarded as civil: marriage, probate, divorce, and legitimacy. The church insisted that all of these things affected the soul of every citizen; they were therefore subject to ecclesiastical law.

Until 1641, the ecclesiastical courts could execute the sentence of burning someone alive for adultery, defamation, witchcraft, blasphemy, drunkenness, or usury. Ecclesiastical law still exists in Britain today, but the scope has narrowed considerably. Today’s ecclesiastical courts have jurisdiction only in matters relating to the Church of England and rule only in matters of religious offenses, involving questions of doctrine, ritual, and ceremonial matters, with appellate jurisdiction on those matters from civil courts.

In 1839 it was still a matter of ecclesiastical law that every British citizen must pay the church an annual tithe, a cash payment equal to a tenth of his earnings for the year. This tithe was supposed to be divided into four parts—one for the maintenance of the church, one for the Bishop’s discretionary fund, one for the poor, and one for the incumbent clergy. It was widely known, however, that the clergy kept most of the money for themselves.

In January 1839, the members of the petty session court met to decide the proper punishment for one John Thorogood, a shoemaker and citizen of nearby Chelmsford, a city in Essex. Thorogood had refused to pay the tithe of five shillings sixpence (then about $1.25) that he had been assessed by the Church of England. Not only was he refusing to pay the assessment; he also was refusing to accept the power of the civil court to order him to trial, and on the advice of his lawyer he did not attend the trial.

So the matter was sent to the ecclesiastical court, where the church wardens, who were both judge and jury, promptly sentenced him to prison, still in his absence. Though concern was expressed that a trial carried out in his absence was undemocratic, he was ordered to prison that very day for an indeterminate term—until he should pay the tithe.

Thorogood had always been a model citizen. He had paid the taxes due on his modest home and shop, feeling that the agency had need of the money and he had an obligation to support the need. A year earlier he had willingly contributed a gold sovereign toward needed improvements for the Chelmsford church and had even helped collect money from other parishioners. But the priests had used the money for their own purposes, part of it for a lavish party for local and visiting prelates, “with expensive carriages, wives laden with expensive jewelry, and an extensive banquet, with the finest ham.”

Thorogood resolved that no more money of his was going to be used for that sort of thing and that he would refuse to cooperate with the system.

After his sentencing, Thorogood was taken to the Chelmsford Gaol and given one of the least habitable cells. In one of the many appeals for relief that he sent to the church wardens, he said, “I am locked in my cell at 9:00 p.m. in summer; the other prisoners may sit by moonlight in the courtyard much later. The rich prisoners pay eight shillings a week for a front room. They have coal to heat their cells and when I was dangerously ill and my life almost despaired for, I made repeated pleas for medical attention.” He was offered better food for 12 shillings a week but refused to “pay money to a system that supports murder, robbery, and idolatry. These charges have been proven against the church.”

Actually, Thorogood was not alone in his refusal to accept the judgment of the Church of England. Even in George Fox’s time, Dissenters were being fined and jailed for refusing to pay tithes. Now, 200 years later, hundreds of Dissenters all over Britain were refusing to pay their tithes and challenging the right of the Church to punish them for the offense. One had actually died in prison after a few months of imprisonment. But Thorogood’s case, including his refusal to cooperate with the system, was the first to galvanize public attention.

News of Thorogood’s plight spread over the entire country, and he received hundreds of letters from sympathizers wishing him well and offering moral support in his battle with the church. Many offered to pay the very nominal sum that the church sought of him, but he refused all offers. Actually, money was sent in but presumably pocketed by the church wardens.

It was only a question of time until the Thorogood matter reached the House of Commons, where opinions were divided. Entire days were given to debate on the subject on several occasions. The Tories backed the position of the Church of En-
England, while the opposition sought to help Thorogood. There were even those in Commons who offered Thorogood a pardon from Queen Victoria. He had to refuse this offer, however, since the queen’s pardon cannot be extended unless a guilty plea is offered, and Thorogood refused to plead guilty. A resolution to terminate Thorogood’s persecution was passed in the House of Commons.

When a vote was taken, it was 391 against releasing Thorogood to 249 in favor. Debate on the matter continued in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell said that the Church of England should act in the spirit of enlightened toleration. It was the imperative duty of Commons, he said, to enforce the resolution passed a year earlier to terminate the Thorogood persecution, which by now had become a scandal to the church and a disgrace to Britain. He reported that the prisoner’s health was sinking and that it was in Commons’ power to release him.

Another member objected. He quoted the bishop of London as saying that since the queen could not release Thorogood without an admission of guilt and a statement of regret, Commons did not have the power to do so either.

And so it went. Time passed. Chelmsford’s church wardens continued to meet to discuss what should be done with Thorogood. Some of their meetings lasted two days, but all had the same ending: Thorogood’s sentence was once again approved. When someone asked how long the board wanted to keep him in gaol, the reply was, “He can rot there as far as we are concerned.”

Thorogood had been in prison for eighteen months when Mr. Copland, a member of the House of Commons, tried a new tack that must have shocked some of his fellow members and surprised the Tories. He pointed out that the tithes in Britain brought in thousands of pounds, which were supposed to be allocated to four different uses but actually were being swallowed up by the clergy. This was the system of Christianity which found that “because they had not enough money they must send their fellow creature to prison and after keeping him there 18 months bring forth resolutions by which Thorogood would die in prison because he would never comply with the excisions imposed on him.”

Copland went on: “I must dissent from these things. How could this be Christianity? If such things be Christian then I am not a Christian.” He went on to point out that Dissenters (Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and others) now had more places of worship than the Church of England if one counted 4,000 private homes in which worship was conducted. “Is it not then, the duty of the Church of England, instead of showing a spirit of persecution, to show something like care of their own interest and respect for Christianity?”

Another member, Mr. Marriage, rose to speak. “John Thorogood is a martyr,” he said. “The meaning of the word is ‘a person who suffers for conscience’s sake. I believe that he has a conscientious objection to pay church rates and that all the persecution in the world will never get a sixpence out of him.”

As more time passed, the church wardens of Chelmsford, in their occasional meetings, seemed to relax their prejudice and to consider the release of Thorogood if he would pay the expenses to which they had been put by this actions. One warden suggested that if the parish were paid 75 pounds, justice would permit Thorogood’s release.

The House of Commons continued to debate the issue. One member agreed that the laws of the country had sent Thorogood to prison, but asked who the lawmakers had been. They were the bishops of the Church of England, he pointed out, and what satisfaction was it that it was done according to law if that law was contrary to Christianity? It was no justification of the church wardens of Chelmsford that the law enabled them to do an act of injustice. It was a disgrace that persons should do things morally wrong by some law passed in the dark ages.

He went on to point out that Jesus had not paid tribute to the Romans and that though the Hebrew custom of tithes was the basis of the tithes in Britain, there was no passage in the Old or New Testament in which a person was deprived of his goods or liberty if he did not comply. The Church of England was imitating the Roman church in this practice but not either the Hebrews or the early Christians.

The speaker’s remarks were met by objections and shouts of “Order!” and “Question!” The chairman tried to restore order by announcing, “All this has
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At this point the chairman dropped a bomb that put an end to the discussion. He told the church wardens that the next day Parliament was going to consider a bill to release Thorogood from gaol without considerations and no conditions.

The actual process by which Thorogood was released is obscure in the records. According to one account, the consistory court (the court of the local bishop) met on November 10, 1840, and through an intricate legal argument decided he should be released on payment of costs. It is most likely that Thorogood did not know that friends made the payment on his behalf. He was simply told to prepare for his release.

On December 10, 1840, the London Times reported this item:

We have the pleasure to inform all whom it may concern that John Thorogood on Friday last was once more in the market—not the market in Martyrs but the market in Chelmsford, pursuing an honest calling. There he was in front of his stall, selling or trying to sell shoes with the utmost condescension and affability.

Thorogood’s imprisonment had run almost two years. He had spent almost 700 days to make a point that in this day is taken for granted.

The behavior of the authorities in this case is perhaps more comprehensible when we realize the high esteem in which the clergy were generally held at that time and the strong support there was for the principle of a close relationship between church and state. These sentiments are clearly shown in a toast offered in December, 1840, by the chairman of the Dunnow Petty Session Court to show our deep reverence, cordial regard, and sincere attachment to our happy and glorious relationship between Church and State, which animates the bosom of the assembly I have the pleasure to see before me. [Cheers] Let us cordially, heartily, and sincerely drink to the union of Church and State, and may it be perpetual. In immediate connexion with this toast, I am desirous to have the pleasure of calling on you to pay a tribute of respect to the members of that sacred order, some individuals of which we have the pleasure to see amongst us this day, and to whom we give a cordial and respectful greeting. [Cheers] We regard them, in the best sense of the word, as our spiritual instructors and as our best friends....

The obligation of every British citizen to pay tithes was abolished in this century.

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FJ794
A Blessing for Alasdair

by Maria Arrington

The phone rang and my friend Christine was on the line with a request. Now, I don’t get to see Christine often, although in the wide open spaces of Montana she is a nearby Friend. (She lives about 75 miles away.) Christine and Matthew, her husband, have two boys. Ian was four years old at the time; and just months before, Alasdair had arrived. They live in a small town, St. Ignatius, on the Salish and Kootenai Reservation, where Matthew teaches elementary school and they both give music lessons and play in a Celtic music group.

Christine’s request was unexpected: “Would you consider doing a welcoming ceremony for Alasdair at the next Montana Gathering of Friends [MGOF]?”

I asked what a welcoming ceremony was. I had become a convinced Friend back East, where I was part of a large active Friends meeting for many years, but I’d never heard of a welcoming ceremony.

“Well, it’s a way of introducing him to Friends and blessing him with our love. It would essentially make him a part of MGOF and the wider world of Quakers,” she explained. “I had envisioned some sort of invocation and some singing occurring out of the silence of meeting for worship.”

The Montana Gathering of Friends is officially a Quarter in North Pacific Yearly Meeting. We are spread thin over a large geographic area that stretches from northern Idaho to northern Wyoming. Many of us are part of worship groups under the care of a larger meeting. Or, a number of worship groups will band together to form a meeting that does business only twice a year. Because of these unique characteristics, the quarterly meeting feels more like a large monthly meeting. When we gather twice a year for the weekend, our relationships with each other are cemented, and we treasure those days together. We carry on those friendships at a distance for the next six months until we see each other at the next gathering. It was very natural for Matthew and Christine to want this welcoming ceremony to occur at MGOF; that is the primary community for many of us in Montana.

My leadings as I pondered this request brought me to a story I had heard from a Native American teacher describing the traditional way a child was born in that tribe. As the women gathered to assist the mother with birth, the father would wait outside the door. Often the child was born at night or in the wee hours of the morning and the child would be washed and wrapped and passed out the door to the waiting father just as the sun rose. The father would then lift his child to the rising sun and then each of the four directions, dedicating this new person to walk the path bounded by respect for all of creation and blessed by Creator and all that Creator had made.

And so the format for the welcoming ceremony took shape. For my own comfort, I discussed the ideas with Ministry and Oversight to be sure the use of Native American spiritual concepts would not imply to anyone a desertion of Quaker principles. In my own spiritual search, I have found that “that of God” is powerfully present in all of nature, and that invoking blessings from nature was indeed connecting with the Divine in a very powerful way.

At winter MGOF, then, we gathered in silent worship on Sunday morning. Out of the silence, I took Alasdair in my arms and walked to the center of the circle. At the age of nine months, he was shy and preferred his parents to all other adults. I wasn’t sure he would tolerate his time with me without crying or returning to his mother’s arms. I faced each of the four directions, calling on the characteristics and the animals of each direction to bless him: in the east, the eagle, who signified strong vision and the ability to soar high above, close to the Creator; in the south, the mouse, whose focus is the fine details of family life and of gathering food and raising children; in the west, the bear, who burrows into the earth each winter to spend time on the inner journey; in the north, the spiritual connection with ancestral tradition and clear wisdom. I also called on Father Sky and Mother Earth to endow him with the balance of masculine and feminine knowing. I introduced him to this circle of Friends, asking that they welcome him into this community, and that he be blessed with the love and spiritual guidance we all seek and give to each other at MGOF. We began to sing children’s songs such as “Circle of the Sun,” the “Whole World in His Hands,” etc., and I brought him around the circle so each person could greet him in their own way. Some folks kissed or hugged him or wiggled his feet or touched his hands.

Instead of the shy reaction I expected, Alasdair began to reach out for each new welcoming gesture. His face creased with smiles and he wiggled excitedly. We ended the ceremony with Alasdair in the arms of a man he didn’t know, contentedly trying to feed that man a cracker! Christine and Matthew were amazed. The ceremony had done its work. A small child now had become part of this diverse group of 60 or so Quakers, and the Spirit had moved among us.
Reports

South Central Yearly Meeting

Friends from a five-state area and beyond drove over the Easter weekend, past meadows of blue bonnets and Indian paintbrush, to attend the 33rd annual gathering of South Central Yearly Meeting in Bruceville, Texas, March 31 - April 3.

The theme "Blessed Are the Children" was reflected in every aspect of the meeting, including speakers, worship sharing, art projects, and meal time conversations. Throughout the weekend, Friends sought to balance their anguish over the escalating violence toward children with their joyous appreciation of the gifts children bring to our meetings.

William Kreidler began his keynote address by announcing that he had two pieces of good news: 1) We can learn nonviolent conflict resolution, and 2) We can teach others how to do it." Saying he was known as the "good news guy," Kreidler pointed out that he developed his ideas about conflict resolution through 20 years' work, much of it with children.

Highlights of yearly meeting included:
- The approval of the ministry project of Ward Elmendorf, a member of Dallas (Tex.) Meeting, who will travel throughout the yearly meeting to hold one-day workshops from July through November of this year.
- The agreement to help with the formation of Friends Peace Teams, a national effort to help conflict resolution in the world.
- The appointment of Warren Wilson-Reiner, a member of Friends Meeting of Austin (Tex.), as official representative to Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns.
- A minute of support for a Moscow Friends Center, a program being developed by Pacific Yearly Meeting.

A Peace Vigil was observed throughout the meeting for "A World Without Weapons for our Children." Friends sat in silence for an hour or more at an outdoor table, occasionally recording their thoughts in a day book.

Attendance at yearly meeting set a new record of 292, up from 278 last year. This included 87 children, more than the total attendance 15 years ago.

-Yvonne Boeger

Iowa Conservative Yearly Meeting Midyear Meeting

About 120 persons participated in Iowa (Conservative) Yearly Meeting's 37th midyear meeting held at Bear Creek Meetinghouse, Earlham, Iowa, April 16 and 17. The gathering was favored with bright spring weather and the presence of many happy children, as well as several nonagenarian Friends.

Meetings for worship each morning were times of deep reflection and spiritual refreshment. At three sessions Friends addressed the topic, "Working at Living the Quaker Experience."

Afternoon activities for a large contingent of elementary and middle school ages began with an Indian snake dance led by Bear Creek resident Roger Knuth, with appropriate head dress and tom-tom.

At the first session on Saturday afternoon, seven Friends presented accounts of how each has been "working at living the Quaker experience." On Saturday evening, six of the meetings related experiences testing Friends testimonies.

The final session on Sunday morning was opened by A. M. Fink, clerk of the Midyear Planning Committee, with a quotation from Wilmer Cooper's Pendle Hill pamphlet, The Testimony of Integrity: "... Quaker testimonies are derived from religious faith and experience fashioned out of a life of prayer, devotion and worship, joined with spiritual discernment and commitment." There was a general exchange of experiences regarding issues raised Saturday, especially the pledge of allegiance and national anthem issues. Friends told of a variety of ways in which love of country is expressed in positive ways. As the session concluded, one Friend said, "I try to live the most consistent life I can and hope it speaks to others. You never know how you are reaching out to people."

Special visitors during the weekend were Friends Journal editor Vinton Deming and Loida Fernandez, executive secretary of COAL (Committee of Latin American Friends). Loida spoke about the multi-national, multi-cultural, and multi-lingual nature of Friends of the Americas, mentioning a current project of preparing a Quaker glossary in Spanish. Interim Meeting and the Peace and Social Concerns Committee convened Saturday afternoon. Following the evening session, informal singing brought pleasure to a sizable group. As in past years, a craft, white elephant, and food sale was held, raising about $300 for programs of the Des Moines and Kansas City AFSC offices.

-Robert Berquist

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News of Friends

Ann L. Davidson has been appointed Director of Powell House, effective Sept. 1. She will succeed Dawn DiGiovanni, who announced plans to leave the New York Yearly Meeting conference and retreat center late last year. Ann is a graduate of Earlham School of Religion, where she specialized in retreat ministry. Her previous experience includes work as a FUM Youth Coordinator, Christian Education Director at New Garden (N.C.) Meeting, Administrative Assistant at Quaker Hill Conference Center in Richmond, Ind., and participant in various Quaker groups and committees. Ann is coming to Powell House after five years of service as pastor of Fairfield Friends Meeting in Camby, Ind. (From Spark, May 1994)

Friends from Twin Cities (Minn.) Meeting officially opened the doors of their new meetinghouse with a May 1 celebration, followed by refreshments and an open house. Beginning with the purchase of property and an existing structure seven years ago, the meeting then hired one of its members, Ralph Jacobson, to manage the project. With the help of a dedicated Building Oversight Committee and volunteers of all ages and skills, work progressed on an expansive addition. More than a year ago Friends began to worship there, "even though piles of lumber and sawdust had to be cleared away each First Day." Though far from completed, the new location is already serving the meeting with space for everything from First-day school to yoga classes, a kitchen which will facilitate the return of potluck dinners, and a small apartment for a Friend-in-residence. The meeting wishes to thank the many Friends, organizations, and volunteers who have made possible this new era in the life of Twin Cities Friends Meeting. "But most important of all is our thanks to the Spirit that has kept us in unity through trying times and reminded us that shingles and sheet rock are only the shell and that a loving community within them is what we really sought to build."

Following Friends Church Southwest Yearly Meeting's withdrawal from Friends United Meeting in 1993, several of its monthly meetings are seeking to remain with FUM. On March 12, at the Earlham Retreat Center in Richmond Ind., the FUM General Board considered requests from three monthly meetings for continuing affiliation with FUM. In addition, Whittier (Calif.) Meeting has withdrawn from FCSWYM and is asking for a new type of affiliation with FUM as a free-standing monthly meeting. The reasons cited for FCSWYM's withdrawal (FJ Nov. 1993) were "the unwillingness within some sections of FUM to affirm a commitment to the orthodox Friends position on authority of scripture and the deity of Christ." FUM's Board has set up a task group to explore and bring recommendations on these requests. A separate task group was also created to respond to Ohio and Philadelphia Yearly Meetings' requests to find ways to establish closer ties, short of full membership, with FUM. (From Spark, May 1994)

Detroit (Mich.) Meeting has joined other Friends in opposition to the School of the Americas. The meeting is urging the U.S. government to discontinue funding for the U.S. Army training center at Fort Benning, Ga., whose graduates have been directly linked by the United Nations Truth Commission to murders and civil rights abuses throughout Central America. A minute adopted on May 8 states, "As Quakers, we believe that the S.O.A., in particular, and the entire military system in general, is inconsistent with Jesus Christ's example of love." The minute also suggests "that our government spend our tax dollars for peaceful purposes, such as diverting the money spent on the S.O.A. to provide full funding for the Head Start program."

Chuck Fager will direct the newly formed Issues Program at Pendle Hill. Fager, known widely among Friends as a writer and as publisher of the former Friendly Letter, will serve as issues secretary. The program aims to stimulate and facilitate new thinking and deep dialogue among Friends on how Quaker faith and tradition can be expressed in relation to the issues of our time. It is hoped that such dialogue will occur across the various branches of Quakerism on issues that both divide and unite us as Friends. For more information, contact Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Rd., Wallingford, PA 19086.

Twin Cities' (Minn.) new meetinghouse
Friends are invited to Philadelphia, Pa., for "We Can Share It! Day," a public celebration of the 350th anniversary and living legacy of William Penn, on Oct. 22. Participants will register and gather for an intergenerational meeting for worship in the morning, then a parade of Friends carrying Peacemaker Pieces (see next announcements) and other meeting banners will follow a route past many historic sites to Penn's Landing on the Delaware River. Cake-cutting, speeches, and a picnic lunch will take place there, followed by theatrical presentations, games, tours, treasure hunts, and other activities with the public. Individuals, meetings, committees, schools, and retirement homes are encouraged to prepare skits and interactive displays. Volunteers are also needed to interpret Quakerism in a variety of ways and extend Friendly hospitality to the greater Philadelphia area. For more information or assistance in developing a contribution, contact the Quaker Information Center at (215) 241-7024. (From PYM News, May/Summer 1994)

"Peacemakers Pieces" is a project to create banners depicting individual Quakers whose actions, led by their conscience, illustrate Friends' religious testimonies. Banners received before Oct. 1 will join others already created and be displayed at the William Penn celebrations in Philadelphia, Pa., on Oct. 22. The actions depicted through this educational outreach can be large or small; in the areas of peace, social justice, or conflict resolution; on the local, national, or international level; by Friends of all ages, past or present, throughout the world. Submissions need to be accompanied by a one-page description of the person(s) depicted. Banners should be horizontal rectangles of strong material, 18 by 36 inches, with 10-inch ties at each corner, and can be decorated in any medium. For more information, contact Priscilla Adams at (609) 235-3851. Send finished projects to War Tax Concerns Support Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. (From PYM News, May/Summer 1994)

On Aug. 20, everyone who opposes capital punishment will have the opportunity to come together with one voice to call for the abolition of the death penalty throughout the world. Coordination of the "Unity Day Project" is the result of 12 months of campaigning by a group of British activists with international connections. Never before have all the worldwide abolition groups had the chance to speak out in unity on this issue. Activities will include organized rallies, speakers, silent vigils outside prisons housing a "death row," and the presentation of signed petitions to the embassies of the 102 countries that have a death penalty. Supporters are asked to obtain signatures for petitions, organize rallies and events, contact media people to publicize "Unity Day," notify elected officials, and encourage everyone to observe three minutes of silence at 10:57 a.m. EST on Aug. 20. For more information, contact Unity Day Coordinator Wendy Shehata, 46 Kensington Place, Brighton Sussex BN1 4EL, United Kingdom. For petition information, contact Harmony, Box 210056, San Francisco, CA 94121-0056. (From Harmony, May 1994)

"Rejecting Violence, Renewing Unity—Addressing the Spiritual and Social Needs of Our Community," is the theme of the 1994 Gathering of the Fellowship of Friends of African Descent, Aug. 12-14. The weekend will take place at the Resurrection Center in Woodstock, Ill., and is open to all Friends. Registration requires a $30 deposit and cost for the program, lodging, and meals is $150 for adults, $80 for children. For more information, contact the Fellowship of Friends of African Descent, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19112, or Eric Reel at Quaker House, 2153 Vine St., Berkeley, CA 94709, telephone (510) 843-7333.

Serbian resisters are seeking help from antiracist groups in the United States. In May of 1992 the 2,000 residents of the village of Tresnjarac, Serbia, communally resisted the government’s attempts to draft 200 of its young men into military service. When the village was surrounded by tanks and troops, the youths barricaded themselves into a local pizza hall called the Zitzer Club. After a four months' siege, the army gave up and left. Meanwhile the resisters had reinvented themselves as the "Zitzer Spiritual Republic," a "country without borders" whose constitution grants citizenship to all people "regardless of their territorial, racial, national, religious or political background who accept the principle of openness." The Zitzerians have had great difficulty establishing contacts with other antiracist groups and need communications and computer help. They are still subject to harassment and arrest. For more information or to offer assistance, contact Balkan War Resource Group, War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012, telephone (212) 228-6193. (From Fellowship, May/June 1994)

Names are being solicited for a new project that aims to memorialize the courageous victories of our nation’s peace heroes. The National Peace Foundation, in response to the scarcity of memorials dedicated to peace workers, is collecting names of individuals, events, and groups that epitomize peace to be forwarded to Congress. To submit a name or for more information, contact the National Peace Foundation, Historic Monuments Project, 1835 K St., Suite 610, Washington, DC 20006. (From Windows, Winter-Spring 1994)

A popular wall hanging displayed in the lobby of Chandler Hall, a Friends nursing home in Newtown, Pa., has been reproduced on

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• Papers, presentations, and complete sessions are being solicited for “The Quiet in the Land?”, the first academic conference on Anabaptist women’s history, June 8-11, 1995, Meetinghouse, Plainfield, Ind. Contact James Johnson, Clerk, P.O. Box 70, Plainfield, IN 46168, telephone (317) 839-2789.

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Calendar

AUGUST
1-6—Pacific Yearly Meeting, Walker Creek Ranch, Petaluma, Calif. Contact Jan Tappan, 1938 Rose Villa St., Pasadena, CA 91107, telephone (818) 793-3716.
1-7—Baltimore Yearly Meeting, Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa. Contact Frank Massey, 17100 Quaker Lane, Sandy Spring, MD 20860, telephone (301) 774-7663.
2.4—Mid-America Yearly Meeting, Friends University, Wichita, Kans. Contact Maurice Roberts, 2018 Maple, Wichita, KS 67213, telephone (316) 267-0391.
3.6—Iowa, FUM, Yearly Meeting, William Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa. Contact Del Copping, P.O. Box 657, Oskaloosa, IA 52577, telephone (515) 673-6830.
3.9—North Carolina, FUM, Yearly Meeting, Guilford College, Greensboro, N.C. Contact Billy M. Britt, 5506 W. Friendly Ave., Greensboro, NC 27410, telephone (919) 292-6957.
3-7—Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting, Georgetown College, Georgetown, Ky. Contact Barbara Hill, 6921 Stonington Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45230, telephone (513) 232-5348.
3-7—Western Yearly Meeting, Western Yearly Meeting, 91A Fourth Ave., Ottawa, Ont K1S 2L1, Canada, telephone (613) 235-8553.
10-14—Guatemala, Amigos de Santidad, Yearly Meeting, Chiquimula, Guatemala. Contact Anna Leticia Espinoza Sosa, Apartado 5, Chiquimula, Guatemala, telephone 9 422 097.
12-14—“Doing Justice: A Scriptural Path to Peace,” the national assembly of Pax Christi USA, in Santa Clara, Calif. For more information, contact Pax

* Papers, presentations, and complete sessions are being solicited for “The Quiet in the Land?”, the first academic conference on Anabaptist women’s history, June 8-11, 1995.
at Millersville University, Lancaster County, Pa. The purpose of the conference is to bring together historians and other scholars of women to examine women's experiences in Anabaptist traditions from the 16th through the 20th centuries. The Coordinating Committee encourages proposals that represent a broad range of disciplines and consider a spectrum of difference in such areas as race, class, region, sexuality, and nationality. Proposals for papers and presentations should include a 500-word abstract and a one-page CV. Proposals for complete sessions should also include a brief description and names of presenters. All materials must be submitted by Oct 1 to Diane Zimmerman Umble, The Quiet in the Land Conference, P.O. Box 1002, Millersville University, Millersville, PA 17551, telephone (717) 872-3233, fax (717) 871-2003.

“Women, Creativity, Empowerment” is the title of the 11th annual Twin Oaks Women’s Gathering, Aug 26-28. Held at the Twin Oaks Community in Louisa, Va., the gathering will feature workshops and support groups aimed at exploring cultural identities, issues of oppression and liberation, and creative expression. Other attractions include a sharing stage, coffee house, sharing circles, dance, movement, drumming, camping, swimming, and fun. Cost is on a sliding scale of $25-125. For more information, contact Women’s Gathering, Twin Oaks, Rt. 4, Box 169, Louisa, VA 23093.

Christi at (814) 453-4955.

15-24—“On Being Publishers of Truth,” the theme for FWCC’s 18th Triennial Meeting at Ghost Ranch, Abiquiu, N.Mex. Among the featured speakers will be FUM General Secretary, Johan Maurer.


24-28—Uganda Yearly Meeting, Bugiri, Uganda. Contact Julius Nambafu, P.O. Box 2384, Mbale, Uganda.

25-29—France Yearly Meeting, Charbonnières, France. Contact Christine Abt, 7 Jolie Vue, Rt. de Montaret, F-38580 Allevard, France, telephone (617) 975232.

In August—Jamaica Yearly Meeting, Happy Grove School, Kingston, Jamaica. Contact Angela Beharie, 4 Worthington Ave., Kingston 5, Jamaica, telephone (809) 926-7371.


Late August—Tanzania Yearly Meeting, Mugumu, Tanzania. Contact Samuel Rachau, P.O. Box 151, Mugumu, Serengeti, Tanzania.
Healing Journal

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Books

Essays on the Quaker Vision of Gospel Order


"Without a vision the people perish." Lloyd Lee Wilson has performed an important service for Friends because he re-articulates our vision in this book of twelve essays. In clear, incisive language that includes Christian imagery, he discusses a number of critical issues facing the Religious Society of Friends. Among them are ministry, community, membership, meeting for business, our testimonies, and understanding the Bible. The theme that unites these disparate topics is a clear understanding and explanation of the overarching nature of "Gospel Order."

The author recognizes that many newcomers to unprogrammed meetings are refugees from the misuse of biblical and Christian authority. But he makes a distinction between the refugee who is always looking back, and the immigrant who comes to stay, learns the new language and customs, and becomes a member. In meetings held together by human commitment to the community as a small group of very special people in which members find refuge and support, the human failings can hurt, weaken, and destroy the group. But Wilson offers a vision of ordinary people, each in covenant relationship with God, acknowledging their own and each other's mistakes. Then our warts and hurts become not failures of the group, but tools by which we learn how to love and forgive. No matter what words it uses, a meeting that sees itself as "special" people will hesitate to accept newcomers unless they conform to the standards of the in-group. Newcomers to a meeting of ordinary people, each connected to God, can be wholeheartedly welcomed, in all their individuality, as bringing more opportunities for learning and growing.

As an acknowledged minister of North Carolina YM (Conservative) who has traveled in the ministry, Wilson reminds us that that ministry is rooted in service. It is not goal oriented. It is a gift given by God for the meeting community, which has a responsibility to pay attention and empower it. The minister to whom the gift is given has the responsibility to bring his or her personal life into the service of the gift. This is not a one-hour-on-Sunday moment of oratory, but a reoriented life.

Perhaps Wilson's most controversial concept (particularly for those who call themselves "Conservative") is "limited inspiration" as a way of understanding biblical authority. He believes "each of the canonical writers was inspired in the point he was trying to make at the time he wrote, but not necessarily correct in every aspect of his writing or every conclusion that might be drawn from his words." I suspect that many Friends will find this a useful tool to help with some of the Bible's difficult material, particularly passages usually understood to be misogynist or homophobic.

My main criticism of the book is that the author labels this vision "Conservative Quakerism." That is too narrow. It is a vision for all Friends, especially all unprogrammed Friends. Not all Conservative Friends nor all Conservative meetings live in Gospel Order, and there are Friends in other branches who do experience some of what Wilson describes.

How do we attain this vision? It's no arcane secret. Early Friends went through the process of conviction, convincement, and conversion. People throughout the Society of Friends today are experiencing the same transformation. Wilson's descriptions offer guidance, posts and help.

These well-written essays comprise the most important book on Quakerism to be published in the past few years. They are a must-read for those who want to go further in their spiritual journey along the Quaker path.

Marty Grundy

Marty Grundy is a member of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting, which is part of both Ohio YM (Conservative) and Lake Erie YM (FGC).

Martin & Malcolm and America: A Dream of a Nightmare


The Civil Rights Movement was initially, and continued to be, in Martin Luther King's purview. The general perception was one vast coming together of people-power to begin to redress the effects of racism—marching hand in hand, black and white together, to face the Southern bigots. However, racism was not only present in the South but was very much alive in the urban North, and the emerging spokesman to reach those people was Malcolm X. Martin's and Malcolm's differing styles and rhetoric reflected their backgrounds and life experiences, and were pointedly aimed to reach their diverse audiences. What was extraordinary was the convergence of their destinies from such dissimilar beginnings.

Martin was privileged and protected, supported by family and the black church, nourished academically and spiritually. For him the Christian God was the most important reality. He was attempting to reach Atlanta's black leadership, awaken black pastors and congregations, and to speak to educated, middle-class blacks. As importantly, his stress...
of nonviolence greatly appealed to white liberals, whom he felt certain would respond when seeing first-hand the brutalities experienced by blacks at the hands of whites. His idealism was undermined by his tremendous faith.

In contrast, Malcolm’s horribly deprived childhood and youth in Omaha, Nebraska, resulting in self-contempt and self-deprecation (his lighter skin color and red hair visible evidence of ancestral rapes by whites), led him to the violent and humiliating world of the black underclass. He saw what the reality was for blacks in white America, and felt that integration would only lead to blacks accepting white culture and standards for themselves and ignoring or despising their black heritage.

Just as Martin had his revelatory experience in his kitchen and found his calling, Malcolm experienced his abdication in prison. Developing a passion for books and knowledge, he discovered the writings of Elijah Muhammad and converted to the Nation of Islam (the same year—1948—that Martin entered Crozier Seminary). This was a “black” religion through which Malcolm sought to reach blacks in prison and the poor, week, and helpless in ghettos, “to tell the truth to the little people in the street”—a black religion that offered an alternative to black Christianity (that mainly worshiped a white Christ and God) and instilled pride and dignity in blacks.

Though initially scorning integrationist policies and espousing black nationalist links to Africa, Malcolm’s visit to Mecca and several African countries, and his direct experience with white and black Moslems abroad, convinced him that racial and hatred were not a part of their orthodox Islamic religion. He experienced a spiritual rebirth and began to redirect his thinking of black nationalism. He saw racism and poverty as a world problem which needed to be addressed internationally. His vivid disillusion with Elijah Muhammad, who did not view the Nation of Islam as a political instrument to redress injustices of blacks, and whose personal immorality made a sham of his teachings, led Malcolm to break with his mentor and to come closer to appreciate King’s philosophy and actions.

King, meanwhile, was shocked and disillusioned after witnessing widespread insidious racism in the North. He began to recognize that, aside from the blacks who participated in the civil rights movement, those in the urban ghettos were untouched by and unreceptive to his message. And the realization grew that his and Malcolm’s goals were similar—to achieve freedom and respect for their people—and that each of their strategies was appropriate for the regions in which they worked. King began to see how the rise of Black Power signified pride and assertiveness, and his reassessment of the moral quality of

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whites underwent a profound change in his admission that “we live in a racist, sick, neurotic society.”

What’s worth the price of this book alone, however, are Malcolm’s and Martin’s speeches. They are so gripping and so authentic of their speakers that I found myself responding enthusiastically. My heart soared in unison with Martin’s idealism and resonated to Malcolm’s reality—to the way things really are, not in the coded language used currently. James Cone has indeed done us a valuable service.

Betty-Jean Seeger

Betty-Jean Seeger is a member of Montclair (N.J.) Meeting and clerk of All Friends Regional Meeting.

The Pine Street Hotel: A History of the Old Bucks County Jail, 1884–1985


When my wife and I moved to Doylestown, Pa., in 1948, our second-floor apartment looked out from the kitchen onto the forbidding walls of the Bucks County Jail. Earl Handy, a former Buckingham Township, Pa., farmer, was the warden. His wife, Ruby, was the “matron,” taking care of the women and juvenile prisoners. The whole Handy family lived in the “warden’s house” section of the jail.

Handy had minimum-security inmates working on a 12-acre farm just outside the walls of the prison. I recall seeing him, shotgun in hand, nonchalantly leading (not following) these men to work. Thanks to Warden Handy’s green thumb, colorful flower beds brightened the Pine Street facade of the prison.

In 1960 the Bucks County Commissioners realized there was serious overcrowding in the jail and there existed a “smothering blanket of tension caused by repression.” The commissioners and Warden Handy thought in terms of expansion, but some Friends in the county, working through the William Penn Center in Fallsington, Pa., and the Friends Prison Service Committee, had other ideas and offered to survey the situation.

Before the commissioners had acted on the Quaker report, Handy died. His successor was Major John Case, an ex-Marine. Initially Friends were not happy with the appointment. But, as the author of The Pine Street Hotel, Lois Anderson, has put it, his arrival “was a red-letter day for Bucks County. This remarkable man... would transform a medieval prison system in an antiquated building into a jail with a soul—one of the most outstanding
county correctional systems in the country. He named the prison the Pine Street Hotel." I recall taking First-day school classes from the nearby Doylestown (Pa.) Friends Meeting to the prison to meet with John Case. He was fully acquainted with Elizabeth Fry and subsequent Quaker pioneers in the field of penology. It is no accident that Major Case’s successor was Arthur Wallenstein, a man deeply committed to prisoner rehabilitation, who became an attender of Doylestown Meeting.

In reading this delightfully-written little book (which includes stories of Quakers who spent time inside the walls of Bucks County jail houses that predated the one on Pine Street), Friends will see the history of the old Bucks County Jail as a success story. Under Wallenstein an entirely new correctional institution was constructed three miles south of Doylestown and part of the old facility became the James A. Michener Art Museum. James Michener, an absentee member of Doylestown Meeting, wrote the foreword to this well-illustrated publication.

Larry Miller

Now retired from the American Friends Service Committee, Larry Miller is a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting.

In Brief

**Why the Homeless Don’t Have Homes and What to Do About It**

By Michael Elliott, Pilgrim Press, Cleveland, Ohio, 1993. 152 pages. $8.95/paperback. After 15 years of work with the homeless, the author has seen what works and what doesn’t. Following an insightful appraisal of current government, religious, and community responses to homelessness, this book does offer solutions. A new approach is needed that stresses accountability on the part of the homeless, and unifies everyone involved in coordinated efforts. Through communication and a rethinking of the causes of, and solutions to, this problem, everyone can find a place to call home.

**A Generation of Seekers**

By Wade Clark Roof, Harper Collins Publishers, New York, N.Y., 1993. 294 pages. $20/hardcover. The baby boom generation is reaching mid-life and many of them are asking questions about the meaning of their lives and what they want for their children. This book comprises years of sociological research that examines the baby boomers’ evolving attitudes toward religion, and what effects those attitudes are having on organized religion and American culture in the 1990s. The study finds a generation of diverse spiritual seekers who share many commonalities at the heart of their respective journeys.
Milestones

Births/Adoptions

Bliss - Haley Elizabeth Bliss, on Feb. 27, to Susan and Steven Bliss, of Burlington (Vt.) Meeting.

Fleming - Lucy Hannah Buckingham Fleming, on Feb. 6, to Robin Buckingham and Douglas Fleming, of Fresh Pond (Mass.) Meeting.

Hunt - William Vance Hunt, on Feb. 8, to Marta and Dave Hunt, of Purchase (N.Y.) Meeting.

Jones - Sarah Elizabeth Jones, on March 18, to Laura and Thomas P. Jones. Thomas is a member of Downers Grove (III.) Meeting.

Lyman-Levering - Simeon Lyman-Levering, on March 9, to Amy Lyman and Robert Levering, of San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting.

Morrissey - Rachel Kathleen Morrissey, on April 13, to Alison and Joe Morrissey, of Reading (Pa.) Meeting.

Shigenobu - Hanako Shigenobu, on March 21, to Martha and Hideki Shigenobu, of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting.

Marriages/Unions

Suzuki-Hewitt - Kruskal Hewitt and Rieko Suzuki, on April 2, at and under the care of Media (Pa.) Meeting.

Deaths

Bruner - Catherine Rich Bruner, 94, on Aug. 8, 1993, at her home in Stockton, Calif. Born in Stockbridge, Mass., Catherine attended Pomona College, receiving a B.A. degree in 1919, and the University of California, Berkeley, where she received a M.A. degree in philosophy in 1921. She then studied in Belgium and returned to the United States in 1925 to work as a docent at the Brooklyn Museum in New York. In 1933 Catherine married David Bruner, a sociology professor. Catherine joined Friends while living in the Midwest during the 1940s. She later helped found Stockton (Calif.) Meeting, which was eventually laid down to become part of Delta (Calif.) Meeting. Catherine was one of the founding members of the Friends Committee on Legislation and served as clerk of Pacific Yearly Meeting from 1956-60, the first woman to hold that position. Her ability to capture the essence of a discussion and state it succinctly was a gift. After David's retirement, the couple served as hosts at the International Friendship House in Hiroshima, Japan, for the Friends in the Orient Program. Catherine was also a founder and leader in her country's Democratic Women's Club, and she was a recipient of the Susan B. Anthony Award for her work in religion. Catherine was not only a woman of deep thoughts and carefully considered words, she was the personification of the reverent term, "weighty Friend." As her health grew more fragile over the past decade, she continued to read, and she loved to discuss theology and current events with visitors. Catherine is survived by her son and three grandchildren.

Burlingame - Richard L. Burlingame, 70, on Feb. 24. Dick graduated from Westtown School and attended Earlham College. In 1944 he married a fellow Westtown student, Faith Burlingame, of Stockton (Calif.) Meeting. The couple lived in Ann Arbor, Mich., where they joined the Friends meeting and Dick later graduated from the University of Michigan. He worked with various corporations in the field of labor relations and was a member of the National Negotiating Committee for General Motors, where he was employed for 31 years. During that time, one of his special interests was working with high school students in the local Junior Achievement program, teaching them about the running of a business. The Burlingames retired and moved to Rochester, N.Y., in 1986. Despite health problems, Dick continued volunteering at different times for Habitat for Humanity, Meals on Wheels, SCORE, and the Humane Society Pet Therapy program. An active member of Rochester (N.Y.) Meeting, he also enjoyed gardening, the theater, and listening to jazz. Dick is survived by his wife, Faith Burlingame; three daughters, Diana Hayes, Deborah Burlingame, and Wendy Tanner; four grandchildren; and a brother, Andrew Burlingame.

Cox - Samuel Doak Namakale 'a Cox, 41, on Feb. 27, in Honolulu, Hawai'i. Born on the island of Kaua'i, he was a descendant of the founders of the Society of Friends and became an adult member of the Friends School in Honolulu (Hawai'i) Meeting at the age of 16. Sam was widely known and appreciated throughout Hawaii for his devotion to the Friends Society and his contribution to the history and genealogy of generations of Quakers. Sam received his college education at Wilmington College in Ohio and at the University of Hawaii. He lived in California for many years and was active in Strawberry Creek (Calif.) Meeting and then Redwood Forest (Calif.) Meeting, where he served as clerk. He was also one of the founding members of Appleseed Preparative (Calif.) Meeting. Sam was involved with social justice concerns, especially gay and lesbian issues. Being a gay man was an important part of his identity. In 1988 Sam married Larry Whitehead under the care of Redwood Forest Meeting. Larry later died of AIDS complications in 1991. Sam was one of the longest living survivors of the AIDS epidemic. He struggled with his health for many years, but always maintained a positive attitude and refused to give in to self-pity or pain. Because of AIDS-related illness, Sam moved to Hawaii in 1993 with his partner, John Stan, to be near his parents. Sam will be remembered by his many friends and co-workers in various administrative and educational positions as a person of great ability, intelligence, creativity, and humor.
His dedication to excellence in all his endeavors was remarkable. A friend and spiritual mentor to many, he will be dearly missed and long remembered. Sam is survived by his parents, Richard and Hester Cox; a twin brother; and four sisters.

Hinrichs—Virginia Burkhead Hinrichs, 84, on June 20, 1993, in Indianapolis, Ind. Virginia grew up in Ohio and married Roland Russell Hinrichs in 1953. Over the course of their lives, the couple involved themselves in Friends meetings in various locations. While living in Virginia, they assisted in the formation of Roanoake-Blacksburg (Va.) Meeting in 1957. After Roland retired, they moved to Charlotte, N.C., and became active members and supporters of Charlotte Meeting in 1972. For a number of years after their move to North Carolina, they spent their winters in Cutler Ridge, Fla., where they attended Coral Gables Meeting. Charlotte Friends remember Virginia as a delightful and wonderfully spontaneous person who had a flair for gaiety and liveliness that contagiously animated those around her. Even in the last years of her life, Virginia was proof that true Quaker simplicity and childlike spirit have little to do with chronological age. Virginia is survived by her husband; a daughter, Rachel Pickering; and four sons, Peter, Christopher, and Anthony Hinrichs, and Carl Goodwin.

Hostetter—Agnes Freudenberg Hostetter, 75, on July 12, 1993, Born in Heidelberg, Germany. Agnes made her first contact with Friends when the American Friends Service Committee helped feed her family during the depression that followed World War I. On the eve of World War II, her family fled to Switzerland to avoid Nazi persecution. Agnes was married in Switzerland and, with her husband, Ernst, migrated to a North Carolina Farm in the early 1950s. She was drawn to Charlotte (N.C.) Meeting because of her concerns for tolerance, justice, and peace, as well as for her interest in nurturing the Spirit. Despite criticism at work and from the community, Agnes was strongly opposed to U.S. involvement in Vietnam. In 1971 she was one of 170 Americans who attended the Paris Peace Talks with a citizen's mission co-sponsored by the AFSC. Once her youngest daughter began school, Agnes again returned to school, earning a master's degree in German from Middlebury College in 1963 and a doctorate in modern languages in 1971. From 1959 until her retirement in 1988, Agnes taught French, German, and European folklore at high schools and at Queens College and East Carolina University. She shared the heritage of her upbringing with Charlotte (N.C.) Meeting, sometimes reciting Bible verses and singing hymns in German. Agnes had great faith in the effectiveness of intercessory power, often petitioning God and Friends for support for family, friends, or herself. She treasured family connections with her daughters and made regular trips to Europe to enjoy the culture and to visit her extended family. After Ernst's death, Agnes moved to Maryland to be closer to family, and took time to complete the memoirs of her life. She was an extraordinarily strong and steady Friend who made a lasting impact on many people and organizations who are still touched by her spirit. Agnes is survived by five daughters and eight grandchildren.

Nagler—Marion T. Nagler, 93, on April 9, in Mt. Pleasant, Mich. Following the death of her husband, Floyd Nagler, in 1933, Marion, at age 33 and with three small children to care for, returned...
to higher education. She earned three degrees in four years at the University of Iowa, and later became a pioneer in marriage and family life education. Marion taught music and psychology at William Penn College from 1937 until 1945, during which time she became a member of the Soci- ety of Friends. She taught at Shimer College and Purdue University until her retirement in 1967. She then moved to Marlborough, England, where she assisted her daughter in a model school development for 18 years. Marion worked on three AFSC summer workshops, two with postwar European refugees and one in Mexico, and spent the winter of 1963-64 in New York City to teach and do research at the Friends Teacher Training School in Kaimisi, Kenya. Marion was a founding member of West Lafayette (Ind.) Meeting, which met in her living room, and remained an active Friend in the United States and England for 57 years. Marion is survived by two sons, Robert and Donald Nagler; a daughter, Phyllis Porter; 12 grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Pohlmann—Pauline Pohlmann, 89, on Feb. 9. Born and raised in Philadelphia, Pa., Pauline was working full-time as a secretary before graduating from high school to help support her widowed mother and her younger siblings. In 1930 she married Harry Pohlmann and gave birth to a son two years later. Pauline and Harry moved to Abington (Pa.) Meeting, where she was active with Religious Education, Youth, and other committees. Her gracious friendliness and sincerity enhanced the spirit of community within the meeting for many decades. Pauline is survived by her husband, Harry, a son, Harry Jr.; three grandchildren; two brothers, Eugene and George Barth; and a sister, Sylvia Nall.

White—Simeon Meadows White, 50, on March 11 in Farmingville, N.C., Simeon led youth demonstrations that degereated his hometown. He refused induction into the military during the Vietnam War, and convinced a black church in North Philadelphia, Pa., to provide him sanctuary from FBI agents sent to arrest him. During the war, Simeon began what became a life-long involvement in working on racial issues in the early 1970s and again in the mid-1980s, as well as on numerous regional and national committees. He went with AFSC groups to meet with government and opposition leaders in southern Africa, Nicaragua, and Grenada. Simeon moved to San Francisco, Calif., in the early 1970s and became involved in the city's burgeoning lesbian and gay community. He was elected to two terms on the city's Democratic County Central Committee, and had announced his candidacy for the city's Board of Supervisors when he was stricken with AIDS. The city officially declared the date of his memorial service as Simeon White Day. Few people had as many friends or were loved by such a wide diversity of people. His unyielding commitment to peace and justice allowed him to see clearly the content of someone's character, and he was uncon- cerned with whether someone was gay or straight, black or white, rich or poor, educated or unedu- cated. He was, as William Penn said of George Fox, "no man's copy." Simeon is survived by his mother, Lois White; a brother, Douglas White; a sister, Brenda Sherrill; and many friends, including Simeon Lynen-Levener—named in his honor (see births, p. 30).

Yaukey—Grace Sydenstricker Yaukey, 94, on May 3, at the Friends Nursing Home in Sandy Spring, Md. A resident of the Washington, D.C., area for many years, Grace authored more than 20 books on the countries and people of Asia, under the pen name of Cornelia Spencer. In recent years she had also written several articles published in FRIENDS JOURNAL. Grace did most of her writing in Bethesda, Md., where she was active as a lecturer and organizer of community activities to promote better understanding of the history and culture of China and other Asian countries. Born to American missionary parents in China, Grace came to the United States to attend Maryville College in Tennessee. She received a B.A. degree in 1921 and returned to China. In 1922, while staying with her sister, noted Nobel Prize winning novelist Pearl S. Buck, Grace met Jesse B. Yaukey, a newly arrived American missionary. The two were married in 1924 and worked as missionaries of the German Reformed Church until 1935. The couple and their three children moved to the United States and settled in Bethesda, Md., in 1938. They joined the Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.) in the early 1940s and later transferred membership to Bethesda (Md.) Meeting, following Jesse's death in 1981, Grace joined Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting. Grace is survived by two sons, Raymond and David Yaukey; a daughter, Jean Y. Matlock; eight grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

**Correction from the April issue. Survivors of Robert Brill (1907-1993) include two grandchildren, Robert D. and Laurel M. Swan.**

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**Books and Publications**

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Some people believe that there is no longer a need for socialists, but those who continue to work for a more just society believe that this is not the case. They believe that the power of the wealthy and powerful continues to be a major obstacle to achieving a more just society, and that it is necessary to continue to work for change.

Quaker socialism is a way of life, not just an ideology, and it seeks to change the world from the inside out. It is a way of living that is concerned with the social, economic, and political aspects of life, and it seeks to promote a more just and equitable society. Quaker socialists believe that the power of the state should be used to ensure the welfare of all people, and that this can be achieved through a combination of education, economic development, and political action. Quaker socialists also believe in the importance of individual responsibility, and they work to promote a sense of community and solidarity among those who share their beliefs.

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HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA-(902) 481-0720 or 477-3690.

OTTAWA-Washington and First-day school 11:30 a.m. 91A Fourth Ave. (213) 292-9633.

TORONTO, ONTARIO-Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 60 Lowther Ave. (North from cor. Bloord and Bedford).

COSTA RICA

MONTEVERDE-Phone Doris Rockwell, 455-62-57.

S.A.N.-THEM-Proprietary meeting, 11 a.m. Sunday. Phone 24-43-76 or 33-61-68.

EGYPT

CAIRO-First, third, and fifth Saturday evenings, August through June. Call: Ray Langston, 357-6699 or 712-668.

FRANCE

PARIS-Worship Sundays 11 a.m. Centre Quaker, 114, rue du Vaugirard.

GERMANY

HEIDELBERG-Proprietary meeting 11:00 a.m. Sundays. 1st Saturday 133 (Junior year), Phone 06222-1386.

GUATEMALA

GUATEMALA-Proprietary meeting. First and third Sundays. Call Trudy Hunt: 0543696, Nancy Espas: 0539641.

MEXICO

CIUDAD VICTORIA, TAMAULIPAS-Iglesia de los Amigos, Sundays 10:00 a.m., Thursday 8:00 a.m. Malamor 737 2-29-73.

MEXICO CITY-Proprietary meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los Amigos, Iglesia Mariscal 132, 06050, Mexico, 1, D.F. 715-1021.

NICARAGUA

MANAGUA-Proprietary Worship 10 a.m. each Sunday at Centro de los Amigos, APTDO 5931 Managua, Nicaragua, 66-3210 or 06-098.

SWITZERLAND

GENÈVE-Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Sunday. 13 rue Morellet, Quaker House, Petit-Saconnex.

UNITED STATES

Alabama

BIRMINGHAM-Proprietary meeting, 10 a.m. Sundays. Creative Montessori School, 1650 29th Court South, Homewood, (202) 592-0870.

FAIRHOPE-Proprietary Meeting 9 a.m. Sundays at Friends Meetinghouse, 1,2 mi. east on Fairhope Ave. Ext. Write: P.O. Box 319, Fairhope, AL 36533.

HUNTSVILLE-Proprietary meeting 10:00 a.m. Sundays in various houses. Call (205) 837-8287 or write P.O. Box 3550, Huntsville, AL 35810.

Alaska

ANCHORAGE-Call for times and directions, (907) 566-0700.

FAIRBANKS-Proprietary First, 10 a.m. HIDDEN HILL Friends Center, 2662 Gold Hill Rd. Phone: 747-1976.

JUNEAU-Proprietary, First day 9 a.m. 592 Sealer Street. Phone (907) 566-4409 for information.

Arizona

FLAGSTAFF-Proprietary meeting and First-day school 11 a.m. 402 S. Beaver, 86001.

McNEAL-Cochise Friends Meeting at Friends Southwest Center, 7 1/2 miles south of Eltah. Worship 11 a.m. Phone (602) 543-3984 or (602) 642-5547.

PHOENIX-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix, 85202. 493-5831 or 965-1878.

PRESCOTT-Worship group (928) 776-5791 or 445-7019.

TEMPE-Proprietary, First day 10 a.m., child care provided. 316 East 15th Street, 85281, Phone 966-3966.

August 1994 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Arkansas
FAYETTEVILLE-Unprogrammed. (501) 521-6657 or 267-5222.
HOPE-Unprogrammed. Call (501) 777-5382.

California
SEATTLE-Apple
SEATTLE
SANTA CRUZ- Meeting 10 a.m., 215 Vine St. at Walnut. 543-9732.

TUCSON-Pima Meeting (unprogrammed). 10 a.m.
951 N. 5th Ave. Information: (500) 625-0980.

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AUGUST 1994 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Mississippi
HATTIESBURG- Unprogrammed worship, each Sunday at 10 a.m., Wesley Building, 210 N. 32nd St.; child care available. (601) 261-1150.

Missouri
COLUMBIA-Discussion and First-day school 9:30, worship 10:30 a.m. 6405 Locust Grove Dr. Call: (314) 442-8520 for information.
KANSAS CITY-Penn Valley Meeting, 4405 Gillham Rd. Tel: (816) 931-5256.
ST. LOUIS-Meeting 10:30 a.m. 2539 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill. Phone: 952-3201.
SPRINGFIELD-Preparative Meeting, Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. each First Day at the Ecumenical Center, SMSU campus, St. S. Florence Ave. Contact: Lloyd Cox. (417) 882-3963.

Montana
BILLINGS-Calling: (406) 252-5605 or (406) 656-2183.
HELENA-Calling: (406) 449-6663 or (406) 449-0913.

Nebraska
LINCOLN-Unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m. 3319 S. 46th. Phone: 488-4178.
OMAHA-Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m.; University Relig.Ctr., 101 N. Happy Hollow. 289-4156, 556-5182.

New Hampshire
CONCORD-Worship 10 a.m. Children welcomed and cared for. Merrimack Valley Day Care Center, 19 N. Fruit St. Phone: 783-4714.
DOVER-Unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m., 141 Central Ave. Contact: Pat Gildea. (603) 749-9316, or write: P.O. Box 96, Dover, NH 03820.
GONIC-Programmed Worship 2nd and 4th Sundays. 10:30 a.m. Maple St. Clark: Evelyn Long. Phone: (603) 938-2109.
HANOVER-Worship and First-day school, Sundays, 10 a.m. Friends Meetinghouse, 43 Lebanon St. (next to high school). Clark: Mayme Noca. (603) 643-4138.
LANCASTER-Unprogrammed meeting at the Episcopal Rectory nearly every Sunday evening at 5:30. Check for time. (603) 962-5290.
NORTH SALEM-10:30 a.m. Contact: Webb, (603) 294-8579.
PETERBOROUGH-Monadnock. Meeting at Peterborough/Jaffrey Line on Rt. 222, 10:30 a.m.; 9-30 a.m. in July and August. (603) 253-6150, or eight, 678-4768.
WEARE-10:30 a.m. Quaker St., Henninger. Contact: Baker (603) 478-3230.
WEST EPPING-Unprogrammed. 10 a.m. on 1st and 3rd First Days. Fringe St. directly off Rt. 27. Clark: FritzBell (603) 655-2437.

New Jersey
BAREGAT-Meeting for worship 11 a.m. Left side of East Ave., traveling east from Rte. 9.
CAMDEN-Newton Friends Meeting, Worship First Day 10 a.m. Cooper & 8th Sts. (by Hadwen Ave.). Information: (609) 964-9464.
CAPE MAY-Beach meeting mid-June through Sept., 8:45 a.m., beach north of first-aid station. (609) 624-1165.
CINNAMINSON-Related Friends Meeting, Rte. 130 at Riverton-Moorcroft Rd. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m.
CROPPWELL-Meeting for worship 10:45 a.m. Old Marlton Pike, one mile west of Marlton.
CROSSWICKS-Meeting and First-day school 9:30 a.m. (609) 298-4392.
DOVER-RAJMOND-Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Ralston Friends Meeting House, Quaker Church Rd. and Quaker Ave. between Center Grove Rd. and Millbrook Ave., (Ralphtown). 627-3987.
GREENWICH-Worship 11 a.m., First-day school 11 a.m., Ye Grate, Greenwich. (609) 451-8217.
HADDONFIELD-Worship 10 a.m.; First-day school follows, except summer. Babysitting provided during both. Friends Ave. and Lake Blvd. Phone: 428-6242 or 428-5779.
MANASQUAN-First-day school 10 a.m., meeting 11:15 a.m. Rte. 35 at Manasquan Circle.

New Mexico
ALBUQUERQUE-Meeting and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 1900, 5th St. N.E., Albuquerque.
GALLOP-Friends Worship Group, First Day 10:30 a.m. For information, call: (505) 722-6315.
LAS CRUCES-10 a.m. Sunday, worship, First-day school. 2610 S. Solano, 525-0672 or 526-4625.
SANTA FE-Friends Meeting, 9:30 a.m. Meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. 140 North Broad St. Telephone: (505) 943-5080, if no answer call 943-9516.
SUMMERVILLE-Worship 10 a.m. (July/Aug.). Main Shore Rd., Rte. 9, Seaville. (609) 624-1165.
SHREWSBURY-Meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Rte. 35 and Sycamore. Phone: (609) 741-4138.
SOMERSET-WORRIS-COUNTIES-Somerset Hills Meeting, Community Club, E. Main St., Brookside. Worship 10 a.m. September. (609) 234-2486 or (201) 543-7477.
SUMMIT-Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. July, August, 10 a.m. First School, Mill Branch, Chatham Township. Visitors welcome.
TRENTON-Meeting for worship. First-day school 10 a.m. and Montgomery St. Children welcomed and cared for.
TUCKERTON-Little Egg Harbor Meeting, Left side of Rte. 9 traveling north. Worship 10 a.m. 358-9636.
WOODBURY-First-day school 10 a.m.; meeting for worship 11:15 a.m. 140 North Broad St. Telephone: (505) 943-5080, if no answer call 943-9516.

New York
ALBANY-Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 727 Madison Ave., Albany.
ALFRED-Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. each First Day at First Friends Meeting House, 475 Madison Ave. (607) 226-8182.
AMAWALK-Worship 10 a.m. Quaker Church Rd., N. of Rte. 225, Yorktown Heights. (914) 692-0545.
AUBURN-Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. Seventh-day worship. By appointment only. Auburn Prison, 135 State St., Auburn, NY. 3121. Requests must be processed through Barbara A. G. Brown, 303 Grove St., Auburn, NY. 31201. Phone: (315) 252-3532.
BROOKLYN-Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. (childcare provided). 110 South Williams St. For directions call: (212) 777-8866 (Mon.-Fri., 9-5). Mailing address: Box 730, Brooklyn, NY 11201.
BUFFALO-Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. 72 N. Parade near Science Museum. Call for summer hours, 922-8645.
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