

November 1994

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker  
Thought  
and  
Life  
Today

*If* someone pays attention  
to the part of me that  
struggles to know God,  
my search intensifies.

The questing spirit grows  
bold enough to claim its path.  
If someone believes with me  
in the amazement of grace,  
prays with me, and reminds  
me of God's tenderness,  
I live more thoroughly  
and bravely in sacred time.

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**Among Friends**

# Steady Modification

How could we even consider it? After all, who would get Andrew to soccer on Saturday and Sunday, and should he really play two games anyway if his knee has not completely healed? And how about after-school plans for Sim, and getting him to the birthday party at the roller-rink? Would anyone remember to lock the front door and turn off the lights? Would the boys get along together? What if someone forgets to turn off the stove and there's a fire?

We nearly gave up the plan several times as we considered all the implications. All the effort that would be needed, and no guarantee that it would be possible. But it gets to the point when you have to follow your best instincts, take care of yourselves, and trust that things will work out for the best.

We knew this in our gut when friends Brian and Florence invited Michele and me to join them for a couples enrichment weekend. Yes, we both said, yes, yes, YES! We'll do it. We expected, of course, those last-minute, not-so-subtle moves to derail the plan: "Do you really *have* to go?" [picture, if you will, the hurt expression and hug around the neck]. . . I *really* wanted you to see my game, you *never* come to my games. . . . What happens if I get hurt while you're away? . . . If I don't make it to Benji's birthday party I'll be the *only* one who isn't there and it will be *your* fault [this one almost worked]. But we hung tough. We made good plans for the boys, created a schedule they felt good about, packed our bags, and left—somewhat exhausted, but steadfast.

The couples weekend proved to be a great success, the sort of retreat beleaguered parents dream of: relaxed time as we shared a summer home together at Cape May, N.J., good adult conversations, leisurely walks on the beach, time to enjoy each other and to work on our own relationships—all at our own pace. It was something like the freedom I used to feel in those college days right after final exams were over.

There were moments during the weekend, of course, that reminded us we could go away, yet not *too* far away. The first was a phone call from Andrew: "Hey, Dad, what did you say you were doing this weekend?" (I tried to explain for the dozenth time, but I don't think he really got it.) Then, with promptings from a muffled voice next to him, he said, "Oh, yeah, John says you should see the haircut I got, it's kind of . . . different." Later there was the call from daughter Evy, who was on duty at the house and was just calling to say that she got there OK: "Hi, Dad, not to worry, everything's fine. Hope you're having a good time. Oh, did Andrew tell you about his *haircut*!? It's really OK, don't be *too* upset." I hung up the phone and said to Michele, "Don't be too upset, Andrew got a new haircut." Other parents in the room were nodding and smiling.

A new direction came to us early in the weekend. As a couple, Michele and I decided we're going to stop being so SERIOUS all the time in our relationships with our children and with each other. Lighten up. Stop feeling the impending gloom and doom of the world and our need to fix everything. Tough decisions don't have to be made so laboriously. More silliness and spontaneous play, if you please. Never mind if an occasional soccer game is missed, a birthday gift is wrapped imperfectly, doors are left unlocked for a while, a wrestling match erupts on the stairs, a favorite frying pan gets scorched beyond recognition . . . and whatever else may greet us in the course of our days together, or apart. We have each other, and that's a lot.

This is so obvious, I thought, yet so hard to understand sometimes—and a lot of work. Lately I saw these words by Mark Twain: "A round man cannot be expected to fit in a square hole right away. He must have time to modify his shape."

*Vinton Deming*

**Next month in FRIENDS JOURNAL**

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Special Forum: On *Not* Speaking Truth to Power

Quakers Under the Nazi Regime

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

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Green Revolution



## Inane or insane?

One late night while riding a bus in Afghanistan, we came to such an abrupt halt that most of us slid off our narrow seats onto the floor. Ahead of us was a deep chasm where the road had washed away. Had the driver not been alert, or the brakes not properly adjusted, we would have ridden into disaster.

Just so, the U.S. is rapidly approaching a disastrous situation, where violence is no longer isolated from a large portion of the people, and where the only suggested solutions are punishment after the fact. In some states there are motions to remove guns from easy and indiscriminate access. At the same time, the death penalty (murder by official decree) is being proposed for a larger number of crimes.

Nowhere have I seen a proposal to link punitive measures with rehabilitation or prevention, nor is there much concern to investigate and take action to deal with the root causes of why and where serious crimes occur. When a person comes to trial, the law does not take into account the fact that the individual's entire life history may have omitted any training in learning to deal with violent emotions. Had that person's environment fostered violence? Had deprivation led to seething, angry emotions? Can "justice" be done without considering such factors? Not as much money is spent on correcting faulty living environments as on punishing the victims of them.

What are we and our government doing to encourage new ways of helping our children grow into responsible, contributing adults? Cutting Headstart and other basic educational and health programs? Are our ideas and proposals inane or insane?

Rebecca Cresson  
Monteverde, Costa Rica

## The wrong illustration

I enjoyed Jeff Perkins's reflections on the story of the blind man in Mark 10 (FJ March). However, it was interesting to note your selection of an illustration for his article. There are in the Gospels two stories of blind men being healed by Jesus. The illustration you selected is not for the story Jeff wrote about, but rather for the other story found in John 9, as clearly evidenced by the fact that Jesus in the illustration is in the process of placing mud upon the blind man's eyes.

In this story the blind man is also standing by the side of the road. However, he does not call out to Jesus, he doesn't know who Jesus is, he has no faith (either before, during, or after he is cured, for that matter); he is, in many respects, an innocent

bystander to a conversation Jesus is having with his disciples. Consequently, all the interpretations one might make about the story in Mark, so thoughtfully put by Jeff, seem to be contradicted by the story in John. I'd be interested in knowing how Jeff and other Friends would interpret and reconcile these differences.

John Andrew Gallery  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## Population

In his letter (FJ June) Friend William Alexander raised the issue of managing both fertility and the earth's resources. However, his disturbing statement implied that only women are fertile and, therefore, women are responsible for the population problem. Further, his statement implies that men alone manage the earth's resources, and, therefore, men need only to be empowered to manage them better. Since we already know the pain of living in a world that defines men and women by these unnatural and inherently limiting sex roles, isn't it time to think about empowering each other to handle both these issues in a cooperative way?

Virginia McCullough  
Asheville, N.C.

## Marriage questions

As a married Quaker who has no children and does not expect any, I was astonished by Michael Thielmann's letter (FJ June). If I understand it correctly, the author sees a childless marriage as *merely the consecration of a sexual union*. This in itself seems to present a conflict between the Quaker precept that everything should be treated as holy (i.e., sacred) and the apparent implication that sexual union without procreation is profane. The further implication that a childless marriage is "sanctified fornication" is very difficult for me to understand. Those seeking only sexual union or sexual intimacy in a

marriage are ill-advised to marry. To me, at least, and to those Friends who advised me during the clearness process preceding my wedding, marriage implies a great deal more.

I can only say that my marriage has been and continues to be a source of spiritual growth for me. Sexual intimacy is important, but not indispensable, to a marriage, and a marriage does not subsist on sexual intimacy alone. The intimacy of marriage extends far beyond sexual union and challenges me constantly to allow myself to be known as I am, to reexamine my assumptions in the Light in order to reach a common understanding, and to lovingly accept my partner as she is. These things can and should be practiced in any relationship and are especially required in relationships to which one has a long-term commitment; however, no other relationship in my experience has exercised these capacities as intensely as my marriage. The growth it brings about in these dimensions overflows into the other relationships in my life, however short- or long-term, enabling me to better practice the openness to and acceptance of others, which is the basis of a Friendly approach to people.

Roger Brooks  
Hünenberg, Switzerland

## Fine artwork

As a long-time subscriber, I have appreciated the artwork/illustrations that accompany stories and articles in the magazine. Please consider devoting a portion of an issue to the lives and work of these talented artists; they help make FRIENDS JOURNAL the fine publication that it is. I would like to read about their background, the relationship between their art and spirituality, and see a wider sampling of their work. Most recently I've appreciated the lovely illustrations by Sue Burrus and Narcissa Weatherbee, which enriched the August issue.

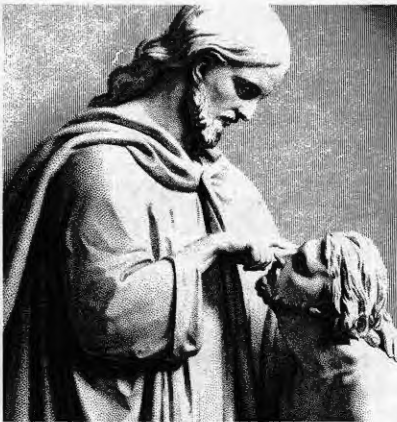
Jeff Perkins  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Thanks for the suggestion, a very good one. We'll consider such an article—perhaps even a series—in the coming year.  
—Eds.

## The still center

Ah, pacifism! A necessary but troubling word. Many of our "convinced" Friends were pacifists before they started to call themselves Friends or Quakers.

But now I tend to feel that's too simple, even for a Quaker. Killing is wrong. That's the simplistic pacifist charge. It's mainly a personal, not a social, concept, unless you



R. A. Artlett, from a sculpture by J. D. Crittenden/  
Free Library of Philadelphia



## Proposed Legislation

**L**ike many people I am exceedingly concerned about the tearing social fabric in my country. We all know the disastrous manifestations.

I have decided to write a letter that I hope will be seized upon by caring parents, teachers, and young people. Below are statements with no stated background or rationale. It is my hope that concerned adults will go over each of these with young people asking: "Why, why do you suppose he would say that?" Or, asking: "Why, why do you suppose he would do that? What can possibly be behind his statements?"

If I had authority to make laws in a U.S. town or city, this is what I would legislate. That for a period of three years:

1. Every person meeting another when walking the streets would have to say hello.
2. There would be one day each week when motorized vehicles could not be used (except for through traffic on main highways).
3. There would be one day per month when all neighbors on a block had to get together for a discussion of mutual neighborhood concerns.
4. There would be two evenings per week when electrical power was discontinued—for two hours.
5. There would be one hour per week when every person had to attend a religious service of his or her choice or join a group in discussion on the ideas of U.S. figures in history, e.g., William Penn, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, James Madison, Abraham Lincoln, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Ralph Bunche, John Marshall, Eleanor Roosevelt, Martin Luther King, Jr., John F. Kennedy, Norman Cousins, etc.
6. There would be one evening each week in which all members of a family would have a sit-down, home-prepared meal together.
7. All males would have to remove their hats upon entering a restaurant, office, or retail store.

8. All school bus rides of less than one-and-one-half miles would be discontinued (except for very young children, the ill, and disabled).

9. All people aged 18 or under would be expected to write a letter to an older relative once per week.

10. All working people would be expected to greet everyone in their immediate workplace each morning before commencing work details.

11. All relevant transactions would employ the words "please" and "thank you."

12. Every elementary and secondary student would be assigned a significant physical chore that would need to be performed for his or her school, daily.

13. Every inhabitant of the town (except elderly and disabled) would be expected to visit an institutionalized person, once per month.

14. Every family would be expected to keep the street or walkway picked up and swept in front of its residence.

I am deeply concerned that many of us do not know each other, do not care about our neighbors, do not show courtesy toward each other, do not interact together, do not respect those of other generations, do not have substantive dialogue with each other, are not aware of the ideas that gave the United States its ways, do not have routine responsibilities, are not regularly accountable for something, do not have occasion to make decisions about things beyond ourselves, do not feel community ownership, and are increasingly being taken over by personal insecurity, hostility, aggressiveness, America-bashing, group polarization, bizarre behavior, incivility, and even violence toward each other.

What, I wonder, would young people infer from a discussion of the 14 laws that I would temporarily put into effect, were I to have the authority to do so in a town or city in my homeland?

Donovan Russell

Peace Corps, Kathmandu, Nepal

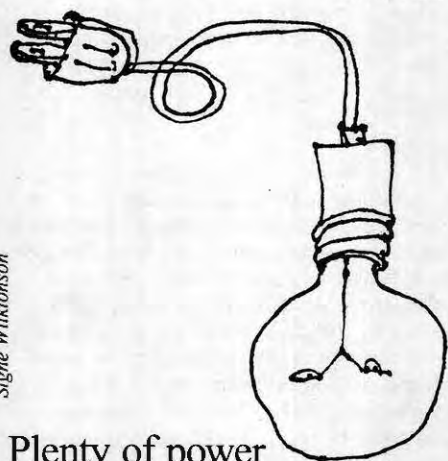
want to put a lot of time and study into it.

World War II was called by some a "good" war because it stopped Hitler who had to be stopped and no other means had much of a chance. Hitler—maybe Stalin too—perfected genocide as his tool, and the world couldn't handle that without war.

But Quakers are not caught in a crossfire of activists and "peace-within" people. We are, or ought to be, the still center of a maelstrom now raging that involves spirituality and cosmology, mixed in with a "me-first" and finger-pointing return to chaos.

Let there be peace on earth and let it begin with me.

James S. Best  
Tucson, Ariz.



### Plenty of power

Our meetinghouse had been having difficulties with its electricity. One day, while early arrivals were cleaning up the refrigerator-thaw and looking for squirrel damage on our service pole, a newly-arrived attendee came into the dark house and called out, "Uh-oh; power out again?" She was answered promptly and vigorously from the kitchen by one of the moppers: "No, not at all; we've got plenty of power—it's only the electricity that's out!"

Sylvia Spotts  
Columbia, Mo.

### Religious correctness?

Something odd is going on in the Religious Society of Friends. One manifestation is the onslaught on one of our basic metaphors, that of The Light. In the Quakerism 101 syllabus the question is raised as to whether the Light metaphor is racist as well as sexist. During a meeting in the 1994 Friends General Conference the same issue was raised, especially the contention of racism. In Jim Harris's letter (FJ May), the question is asserted to be true: "Friends, I would ask you to think about how we use the word *Light*, and how that may perpetuate racial stereotypes. I propose

that use of the word is color-biased."

Clearly, these strictures cannot arise out of the universe of discourse of Quakerism. Its source must be outside and most likely represents an individualistic, secular ideology attempting to impart a certain religious correctness to the Society.

To make the racist case, the critics must presume that the color of the Light is white, just as they must presume that the color of darkness must be black. White, it is claimed,

is associated with goodness, etc., and darkness (black) with evil and badness. Conclusion: Light as well as darkness are racist notions, standard correctness thinking.

However, nowhere in our literature, nor in Scripture, has the color of light been defined. For all I know, it might be golden, pink, chartreuse, or blue. Nor has the color of darkness been specified. It does not necessarily mean black. The white and black attributions are purely arbitrary postulations

analogous to the attributes assigned to planets by astrologers. Once they are made, the conclusions are not surprising. The mere assertion that the Light metaphor is racist is no proof. That is not speaking inwardly from God. Indeed, for may Friends the Light is the in-dwelling Christ, a legitimate function of the metaphor without any negative overtones.

Should we engage in a kind of religious cleansing, purge all references to Light in our religious writings? What about Fox's "ocean of L . . . and ocean of D . . ." or his questions: "art thou a child of the L . . . and hast thou walked in the L . . ."? What about the use of the word in other languages into which Friends' literature has been translated? Should we presume that *das Light* and *la lumiere* perpetuate racial stereotypes?

Obviously there is racism and discrimination in our culture and society. When this is attributed to Friends *ex cathedra*, I wonder what sort of thinking is at work. Is there any real faith in what Friends stand for? Does our waiting on Divine guidance lead to the belief that Light is a racist concept? To claim by mere sayso that we are latent or overt racists and, to boot, are full of socio-economic snobbery and prejudice is gross. If we can answer to that of God in everyone, we can overcome any constraints or bonds, if there are such, and have that openness and receptivity which is a standing invitation to others to walk the spiritual path with us.

H. Otto Dahlke  
Richmond, Va.

## Beneath the violence

The July letters on nonviolence inspire me to respond. Why do we assume that the dichotomy between violence and nonviolence has spiritual significance?

I was raised a Catholic. Eat meat on Friday, and you burn in Hell: So we all believed. I now realize that life is more complex. We must use all of our faculties: judgment, reason, heart, imagination! Obeying a mechanical rule is not good enough: We are not machines. Such rules do violence to the spirit, even a rule against using violence.

War, of course, brings many evils: deceit, greed, despair, hate, anger, ignorance. But instead of opposing these evils directly, we rail against war itself. But war itself is not the problem. War is neutral, like a hurricane. We attack war, because it is so big; it seems like an easy target. But it is really just a huge decoy that draws our arrows far from the real target, the vices of the human heart. War enables us to pretend that our problem is guns and missiles, when in reality, our

problem is human.

I have come to view violence similarly—as a red herring. The real issues are spiritual, and we must not lose sight of this fact. What is being done to the human spirit?

Nonviolence can kill the spirit, just as violence can (think of a swamp, think of stagnation, apathy, cynicism).

The materialist opposes violence because it destroys the physical, which is the only aspect the materialist sees. But, as Quakers, we must rise above this materialism. We must do battle with the evils that hide beneath the violence. And our devotion to peace must be more than just antipathy towards violence. Our orientation should be positive, not negative: We love peace, because a peaceful world fosters freedom, civilization, and evolution of the human/divine spirit.

Charles Obler  
Farmville, Va.

## Gay rights

It may be of interest to Friends to read about the effort in Richmond, Indiana, to have the city adopt, so to speak, gays along with women, blacks, and other ethnic minorities in its Human Rights Ordinance. I was present at the final meeting this summer of the Human Rights Commission, where ordinance revision opponents attended in unusually large numbers. They were heated and they cheered on their ministerial spokesmen vehemently. And a number were angry.

Many of the ordinance-opposing clergymen protest that they do not hate gays and lesbians. They recognize them as fellow human beings, children of God, like themselves—children, however, who have strayed into sin. The pastors will show that they love even them—if they renounce their sin, repent, and come into their arms, beseeching to be made Christians. Although it may seem far-fetched to say so, what they are doing is in a tiny corner of the same category as what Charlemagne did in conquering the Gauls around A.D. 800, or what Cortez did in laying waste to Mexico in 1520. The sword is at the throat of the kneeling Gaul or prostrate Aztec, and the ultimatum is delivered: "Accept Christ and live, or continue to reject him and die."

Church and state are now, thank God, no longer one. And, putting it bluntly, the church has no authority or power to kill gays for not renouncing gayness. Still, they want to punish them—by depriving them of a right currently enjoyed by other persecutable minorities.

"No, I don't want anybody to be beaten up," compassionately exclaimed one of the pastors after a meeting of the Commission. (He had already stated that he did not hate

gays.) What a painful dilemma this man must be in, his face sincere and drawn with concern. Gays *are* beaten up, and he can't but know it. Yet he is against giving them the slim degree of legal protection that a revision of the ordinance would provide. I feel for him. How does he square with himself? He may rationalize by saying, "All gays are not beaten up. And it's not 100 percent certain on any day that any gay will be. Besides, I myself have never signed an order to anyone to beat up any. Alas, this all must be in the hands of God."

Torquemada, director of persecution in the Spanish Inquisition, did not hate any of his fellow-creatures. His tender-heartedness made him leave the torture chamber where the recalcitrant infidel on the rack uttered screams of pain he could not endure.

"In as much as ye have done it unto the least. . ."

Warren Staebler  
Richmond, Ind.

When Stephen Zunes claims (*FJ* Sept.) it is homophobia that keeps in place rigid sex roles and—by extension—many of society's most oppressive attitudes and institutions, is there danger that some readers will misinterpret this to mean homophobia *causes* these ills? Much of the research I have come across (while teaching womens' studies and since retiring) leads me to wonder whether his statement might more accurately be reversed to read "It was a system of rigid sex roles that *preceded, made possible*, and now keeps in place many of society's oppressive attitudes and institutions, *including* homophobia."

Then, when Zunes maintains that as long as being gay is unprotected from official discrimination there will be strong resistance to risking that label through support of Friends principles, does that imply that removing the discrimination against gays and lesbians will also remove the resistance to human equality in general? This seems unlikely in light of the experience of my monthly meeting, where it has been easier to pass resolutions and start projects promoting gay rights than to approve our yearly meeting's Minute on Patriarchy. Some Friends, both gay and straight, insisted gender inequality is mostly a thing of the past; one even suggested we may already be moving in the direction of matriarchy!

I wish Zunes had stated unequivocally that to eliminate homophobia we must eliminate misogyny, however subtle or unconscious. As long as there are socially imposed or condoned risks to being female, there will be risks to being gay and lesbian. It may well be that people fear these labels less for their possible effects on civil rights (employment, housing, etc.) than for their threat to our own precariously-held self-



images—those assigned, internalized, archaic gender stereotypes which haunt us still.

As Friends, we need to examine ourselves more honestly and study all these issues more carefully. When we do, I believe we will find ourselves "once again in the forefront of a movement for justice"—for women as well as for the other oppressed ones we have so often befriended.

Peg Calbeck Neal  
Asheville, N.C.

## Making a "Silk Purse"

I was pleased to see mentioned in the editor's Among Friends column ("Round-trip," *FJ* June) the name of our meeting's member, Adolph Burckhardt. Friends should know that in the minds of many if not all of us in Minneapolis (Minn.) Meeting, Adolph has made a unique and very significant contribution to our meeting.

Minneapolis Friends desperately needed a new meetinghouse. The current building was probably built before 1920. It had been a small Catholic, then Lutheran, church, and except for removal of some of the altar rails, stained glass windows, etc., it had enjoyed no major improvements in the last 75 years. (I am able to verify this statement because 65 years ago I went to the same building as a Lutheran!)

In order to accommodate some of our disabled members, something had to be done. Adolph Burckhardt was on the ad hoc committee that worked on this. When the committee conducted an evaluation of our meeting's resources, it was determined that the meeting members' resources were extremely limited; it appeared that no professional fundraisers, for instance, were available among our members.

The subject of building plans for the meetinghouse was on the monthly meeting's agenda for a couple of years. Adolph was persistent with his vision for ways to remodel the existing building, a vision which was practical, beautiful, and imaginative. Personally, my wife and I thought we should sell the old meetinghouse and start all over again, believing "you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Adolph, however, worked with meeting members in planning, and an architect was finally secured. Adolph then negotiated with the contractor for much of the work to be done by volunteers. A majority of our members couldn't make a significant dollar contribution, so volunteer support was a way in which many could contribute.

The cost of remodeling the building came in at \$500,000. In looking at our membership list, I counted 53 members—and a significant number had always lived at

close to poverty level. None were financially successful business or professional people. Even the lawyers and doctors among our members have been working in positions of great service and for little pay. I felt if we could raise \$75,000 it would be a miracle. Well, Friends contributed \$400,000, and I give Adolph and his committee credit for that. Their solid work and humble presentations went on for two to three years.

Once it was decided to begin the renovations, Adolph was clerk of the committee that gave oversight to the work being done—much as my wife had given oversight when we decided to remodel our own home. She and Adolph, I must say, are in a class by themselves. The professionals I have worked with in that capacity don't compare!

In addition, Adolph coordinated and supervised the volunteers—the idea of which caused me nightmares. In the end, the volunteers made a significant contribution and had the satisfaction of knowing that they did. The contractor was pleased and the cost reduced. This was, in my mind, an uncommon and significant management achievement.

Adolph Burckhardt stayed with this project for approximately four to five years. Even now, he still provides his expert consultation to the meeting—and as a volunteer. He was a major factor if not the major factor in helping us to make a "silk purse."

You would have to visit the meetinghouse to appreciate what a fine, useful, imaginative, and beautiful facility it has become. I shall continue to think of it as a great accomplishment—and as "Adolph's building"!

Arne Anderson  
Scandia, Minn.



Bonnie Acker

## 10,000 letters

I am most grateful to you for the initiative you took (Among Friends, *FJ* Sept.) in support of the U.S. Peace Tax Fund Bill. Let us hope that many Friends will join in that effort to write 10,000 letters in support.

David Bassett  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

## Different trees

Claudia Wair's recent article (*FJ* Aug.) "turned me on." I am glad that you, Claudia, had that wonderful experience with nature, of seeing a maple sapling growing in a notch of an old pine tree, when you were seeking an answer and consolation for your feeling (and that of many black, young people) of being so different and often discriminated against in our present-day white country.

I too had a somewhat similar experience when many years ago I, a middle-class white woman, after many years of teaching nursery school in the white suburbs, decided to teach in a Headstart program in the inner city. There, quite often, I would be the only white person in the entire neighborhood, and, especially after dark, was very conscious of my white skin.

The poverty I found was appalling, for it was not just poverty per se (I, coming from a German immigrant background, had seen that), but this seemed to me to be a real poverty of soul and spirit, and an apathy.

It was shortly after this experience that I finally made up my mind to join the Quakers. Now I feel I can sit in the silence with people of all skin colors. It does not seem to matter. Yes, I can even sing my own quiet song, "Together":

As we march along,  
We sing a song, "Together."  
There's a place for each,  
As we forward reach, together.  
There is help from above  
As we learn to love, together.  
So, with one accord,  
We will praise the Lord, "Together."

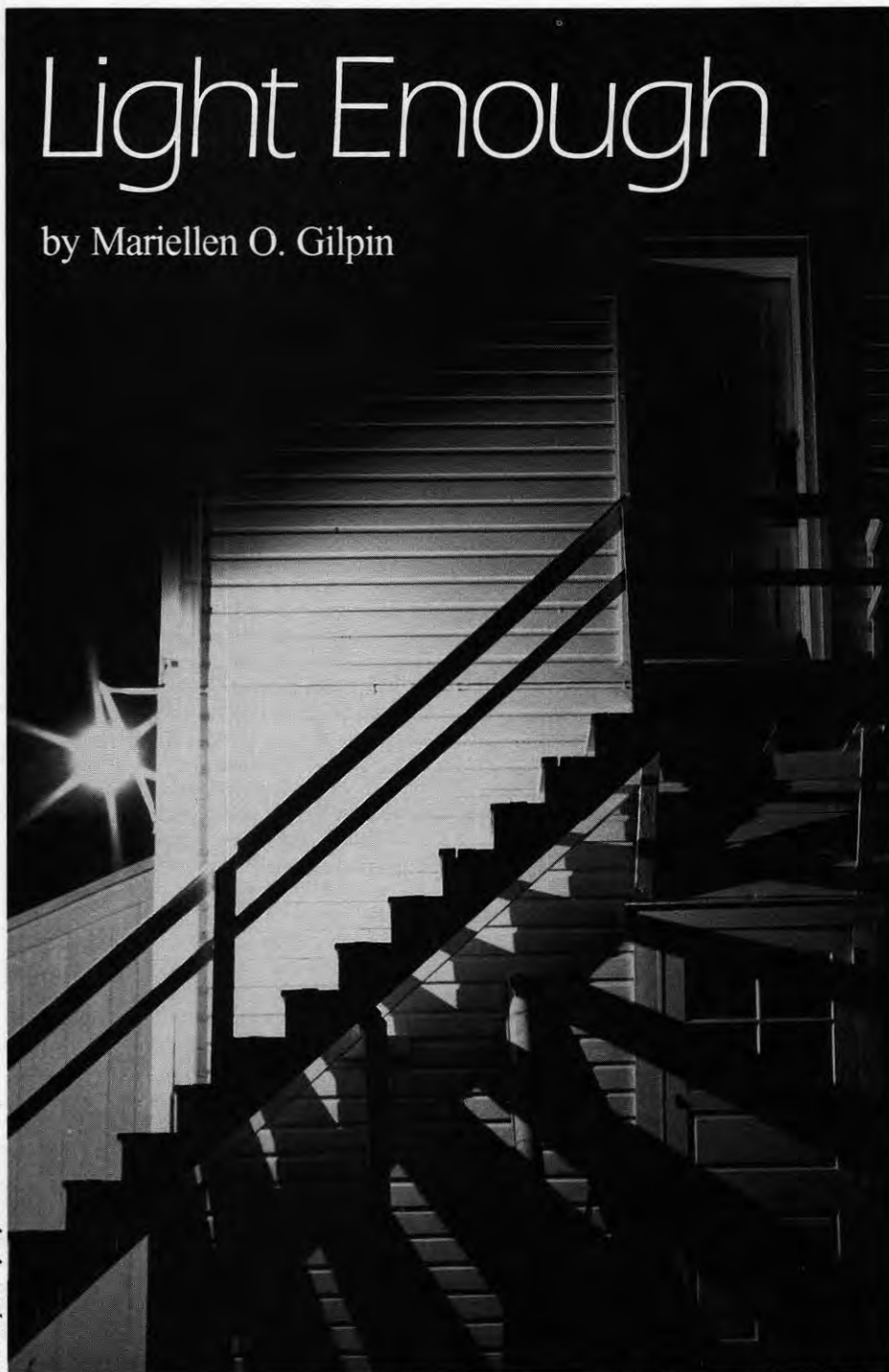
Elizabeth G. Gibbs  
Newtown, Pa.

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

# Light Enough

by Mariellen O. Gilpin

Christopher Beyerly



When I was growing up on the farm, my mother came to me one winter evening to say that a little calf had gotten separated from the herd. When I listened, I could hear a little calf crying for its mother, and a cow calling for her calf. "Will you go help Daddy find the calf and put it with its mother?" my mother asked.

I went to my room to change into my barn clothes. When I looked out my window, I saw that the night was cloudy, and that there was no moon. Our cattle were

*Mariellen Gilpin is a member of Urbana-Champaign (Ill.) Meeting.*

black. How are we going to find a little black calf on a moonless night? I wondered.

I got the biggest flashlight we owned to carry with us. When my father saw it, he said, "Well, you can carry that if you want to, but we aren't going to use it."

"How will we be able to see the calf?"

"We'll be able to do the job without the flashlight," my father affirmed.

We walked through the yard to the pasture gate. The light from the house guided us only a few steps, and then we were in deep darkness. Our feet knew where the path was as we walked over the

uneven ground toward where the cows were.

We came upon the lead cow. She was only a black shape against the dark sky and hillside, but I knew which cow it was. "That's Lacey," I said, calling the cow by name.

My father looked and in some surprise said, "Yes, it is."

Another cow, and then another, appeared in the dark, and I knew each cow by name. I knew who they were, not so much by how they looked in the darkness, as by their personalities.

By this time we had reached the gate into the stubble field, where the little calf was running back and forth on one side of the fence crying, and the mother was calling on her side of the fence. When the calf saw us, it panicked and ran away.

"Now what?" I wondered. "Could we just turn the mother through the gate and let both of them stay in the stubble through the night?" I asked hopefully.

"It's not good for the cows to be separated at night," my father told me. "We have to find the calf and put it with the rest of the herd." We listened. The calf called, and we realized it had run to the far side of the field, where a drainage ditch separated the corn field from woods. Whatever we did, we had to keep the calf from bolting across the ditch into the woods. "What do you think we should try?" my father asked.

"We need to keep way over to the left side of the field away from the calf until we get down to the ditch, and try to get between the calf and the ditch. That way if it panics when it sees us, it'll run toward the herd instead of into the woods."

We walked the length of the field. The calf was silent now. We reached the ditch, and began following it toward where we last heard the calf. We found the calf; in the darkness we could hear it breathing, although we couldn't see it. We stopped; would it run? At last we began moving toward the calf, and it quietly walked ahead of us back toward the herd. We walked behind it back toward the gate, I opened the gate, and Daddy urged the calf through the gate to join the cows. The mother cow nosed over the calf, and then the cows all moved off quietly to stand on the nearby hillside together.

I have often been in situations in my life that were like trying to find a little black calf on a moonless night. Whenever life is complex and I don't know what to do, I remember the night we found the calf, and I am filled with a deep knowing: *There will be Light enough.* □



# CLARENCE PICKETT *and* THE ALGER HISS CASE

by Larry Miller

*In a time of pervasive, often irrational anti-Communism during the years following World War II, the perjury trial of Alger Hiss gained widespread notoriety. Amidst the controversy surrounding the case, a number of the key players were either Quakers or had close association with Friends (including a freshman congressman, Richard Milhous Nixon, and Alger Hiss himself). On the eve of Alger Hiss's 90th birthday in November, Larry Miller shares his account of these remarkable events. His article is from a chapter of a book he is writing, Witness for Humanity: The Biography of Clarence E. Pickett. Due to its length, the article will be presented in two parts, with the concluding portion appearing in our December issue. —Eds.*

**O**n Friday, July 30, 1948, his last day in the office prior to his vacation, Clarence Pickett purchased a little portable radio for his wife, Lilly. He had consulted her to see whether she would like to have the gift in advance of her upcoming birthday so they could use it during their vacation on Cape Cod. "She thought it was a good idea," he wrote in his journal, "so here it is." Little did he know that, while on vacation, her radio would bring them news of special interest to Friends, and of personal concern to him as executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee.

Indeed, an event in Washington, D.C., which was to involve the AFSC and Clarence in particular, dominated the evening newscasts on August 3rd. At a hearing of the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC), Whittaker Chambers, a senior editor of *TIME* maga-

zine and a confessed ex-Communist courier and espionage agent, accused Alger Hiss, president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and former high-level official in the U.S. State Department, of having belonged to an underground Communist cell in Washington, D.C., during the 1930s. Richard Nixon, congressman from the 12th District in California, was a freshman member of the committee. Few Friends knew that Whittaker Chambers and his family were members of Pipe Creek (Md.) Meeting, that Alger Hiss was a member of an AFSC Board committee to evaluate the AFSC's Peace Section and had been on the visiting faculty of two AFSC peace seminars, and that Hiss's wife, Priscilla, and their son, Tony, were regularly attending the 20th Street (N.Y.) Meeting. Many persons knew that Richard Nixon had Quaker parents and was a member of the East Whittier (Calif.) Friends Church. The Quaker connections were to weave a mysterious thread through the ensuing decades of public interest in the case, during which dozens of books and articles were to be written about the affair.

Even during his vacation, Clarence was involved in the rapidly developing and highly publicized events of the case. On Wednesday, August 4, Alger Hiss met with Elmore Jackson, AFSC assistant executive secretary, and other key staff members in the AFSC offices in Philadelphia. The next day, Hiss voluntarily appeared, without counsel, before HUAC in public session. To quote author Fawn M. Brodie, "Every Committee member but Nixon was convinced of Hiss's innocence and eager, in [Congressman] Edward Hebert's words, to 'wash our hands of the whole mess.'"

On August 6, Jackson wrote to Alger Hiss to congratulate him on his testimony the previous day, and added: "I talked with Clarence this morning on the telephone, and he is writing John Foster Dulles [chairman of the trustees of the Carnegie Endowment] expressing our great faith in



**Clarence Pickett at his home, Waysmeet, in Wallingford, Pa., 1948**

your integrity and his hope that the Carnegie Endowment will stand completely behind you." Under the date of August 13 Hiss replied to Jackson's letter expressing appreciation for it, stating in part, "The response of friends has been one of the few compensations in this ugly incident."

On August 16 HUAC met with Alger Hiss in executive session in Washington, D.C. He was vigorously grilled about the details of his life and household in the 1930s, particularly those mentioned by Chambers in a session on August 7. For example, he was questioned about the schools that his stepson, Timothy, had attended. (They included Sidwell Friends

*Larry Miller retired in 1992 after many years of employment with the American Friends Service Committee. He is a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting.*

School and George School.) It was at this August 16 hearing that Hiss, on the basis of photographs, stated that Whittaker Chambers and a George Crosley, whom he had known as a freelance writer in the 1930s, might be one and the same.

It was on the next day, August 17, that a subcommittee consisting of Nixon, Congressman John McDowell, and Robert Stripling, the committee's chief investigator, hastily arranged for a private confrontation between Hiss and Chambers in a suite at the Commodore Hotel in New York. At this meeting Hiss positively identified Chambers as George Crosley.

Following this private encounter HUAC scheduled a hearing in Washington and subpoenaed both men to be present for what became a public confrontation, as Hiss later described it, "in the circus-arena atmosphere of klieg lights and flashbulbs." It was at this session that Alger Hiss challenged Chambers to make in public the statements about him with respect to Communist connections that he had made under privilege to the Committee. Hiss threatened to sue for libel. Subsequently, on August 27, Chambers repeated his accusations on "Meet the Press." But, because of the intervention of an investigation by the Grand Jury of the Southern District of New York, the libel case never went to court.

Immediately upon his return from vacation Clarence wrote to Dr. James T. Shotwell, vice chairman of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, as follows:

I have been deeply disturbed by the recent attacks that have been made on Alger Hiss and know that unless and until he is entirely cleared, this situation will be a matter of great concern to the Trustees of the Carnegie Foundation.

While, of course, I have no official responsibility, I am concerned that the Trustees shall know in what high regard Alger Hiss is held by some of us who have known and worked with him in different capacities.

I believe psychiatrists say that total recall is one of the most difficult mental maladies to overcome. Since Mr. Hiss does not suffer from that malady, but has centered his attention on the important and significant currents of life that are moving, he has naturally appeared at some disadvantage when recall of detailed events that have happened some years ago is thought to be of primary importance.

From my point of view, the very fact that constantly in my work with him he has centered on the creative, the forward-looking, the sound steps to take, I have prized very highly the friendship and cooperation we have shared. In such dealings as I have had with him I have



Courtesy of Tony Hiss

**Alger Hiss (right) with U. S. State Department colleagues en route to the Yalta Conference in the Soviet Union, 1945**

found only a person of intelligence and integrity.

I am sure I do not have to persuade you or the Trustees of the Foundation of these facts. I am writing them to you with the understanding that you are at liberty to use them in any way you consider helpful.

Plans were also set into motion that same week, the week before Labor Day, for Clarence to visit Whittaker Chambers with Gilbert Kilpack, who, for the five years since 1943, had been executive secretary of the Park Avenue (Md.) Meeting, now Stony Run, in Baltimore, and who had just joined the staff of Pendle Hill.

The date settled upon was Thursday, September 16, with the location, the Homewood Meetinghouse on Charles Street in Baltimore. It was across from Johns Hopkins University, where Alger Hiss, coincidentally, had distinguished himself as a student. Gilbert agreed to meet Clarence's train from Philadelphia and accompany him to the meetinghouse.

As Kilpack retrospectively recalled in later years:

Stepping off the train, Clarence might have passed for a savings and loan executive from Philadelphia, with his neat, conservative gray suit, white shirt, blue tie, black shoes and briefcase. He was traveling under the weight of *concern*—the Quaker word for the promptings of an enlightened conscience, a kind of spiritual semaphore signaling alarm and calling for action. Clarence was not making the journey under the official direction of the American Friends Service Committee, which he had served for 19 years as executive secretary. . . .

. . . In the taxi, Clarence asked a few simple questions, all very circumspect, about Whittaker Chambers. I don't remember the questions, nor what I might have told him that could have been of help. I could have said, yes, Whittaker and his family were members in good standing of the Pipe Creek Meeting. He was a tea drinker, smoked a pipe when his doctor said it was permissible, was a popular judge of livestock at country fairs; no question, he was a real dirt farmer as well as an accomplished translator, editor, and writer.

When Clarence and Gilbert arrived at the meetinghouse, Chambers, according to Kilpack's account, "was standing alone in the parlor, reading from George Fox's *Journal*, a calf-bound volume he had taken from the wall of old books. We pulled comfortable chairs together and turned directly to the business at hand."

As Clarence later put it in a "very confidential" memorandum to his two AFSC assistants, Elmore Jackson and Stephen Cary:

I told him [Chambers] that I had not come to give any advice or counsel, but had felt that he was probably distressed and might like to talk, and that I should appreciate his speaking as he felt at liberty to do, with the understanding that whatever he said was fully confidential. He warmly welcomed the opportunity and said that Henry Luce [the editor of *TIME*] was the only man with whom he had talked in complete confidence, and that he was deeply distressed and puzzled to know what might be done.

Clarence asked whether this was a case of mistaken identity. Might it have been not Alger Hiss at all, but some other gov-



ernment official he had known? As Kilpack later put it:

Whittaker's reply was a conclusive no—no chance of mistaken identity. His reply was unequivocal, but even more subdued in tone than the quiet control of the seasoned Friend, no rise of blood pressure, no gestures, no rancor—only the clear assurance that what he had charged was true. That almost stopped the conversation. "Put on your thinking cap, Gilbert," Clarence said, implying it was my turn to come up with an idea. I was taken by surprise.

Finally, Clarence came up with a proposition—one entirely appropriate to Quaker tradition:

I asked Chambers whether he thought it would be possible for him and Alger Hiss to meet and to talk matters over, with the hope of coming out with a joint statement to the press which would, as nearly as possible, leave both Hiss and himself with that degree of integrity that they deserved.

Chambers responded in the affirmative, but with some hesitation. "He said he didn't see how he could change his statements, because they were true, he knows they were true, and he cannot lie."

Clarence then explored the possibility of their wives having a meeting, a completely off-the-record meeting, perhaps at Waysmeet, Clarence and Lilly Pickett's house that was adjacent to Pendle Hill. Even though he felt such a meeting would probably not be possible, Clarence nevertheless agreed to speak with Alger about it and, if appropriate, with Priscilla Hiss.

As Clarence reported:

We talked, about the place of Congressman Nixon, who as a member of the committee, has been most active in relation to this episode. He [Chambers] was surprised that Nixon is a Friend, and, while he was not critical of Nixon's role as a committee member, he did not feel that he approached it in any sense as an understanding Quaker, but rather as a lawyer and congressman, as contrasted with a person of religious life and understanding.

"So the meeting ended uneventfully,

and without resolution," as Kilpack put it. Coming out of the interview, Clarence said:

I am deeply distressed that this matter is to go to the courts. That, I fear, is a major mistake. . . . So much bitterness will be engendered, I am afraid, that it may further impair the usefulness of both men. . . . I am also sure that Chambers is a man of considerable brilliance, but with some instability. He deeply needs the steadying hand of someone who will meet with him frequently and talk. . . . I believe, finally, that two or three Friends should be willing to spend some time repeatedly with Chambers, and with Hiss, if he is prepared for such fellowship. . . . The most satisfactory conclusion concerning this episode is, I am sure, not yet found.

It was just one week later in Washington, on September 23, that Clarence was able to get an appointment with Nixon.

Clarence had written to him on September 7:

Dear Mr. Nixon:

I am writing you as a fellow-member of the Society of Friends. You may or may not realize that Mr. Whittaker Chambers is a Friend and belongs to a Meeting in Maryland. Also, Mr. Alger Hiss, while not a member of the Society of Friends, has been very useful in various ways to the American Friends Service Committee because of his wide knowledge of the peace movement.

Some of us, as Friends, therefore, have felt concerned to talk with each of these men entirely unofficially in view of the recent congressional hearings. Before doing so, I should very greatly appreciate having a talk with you about the matter.

Clarence's journal records the interview:

Had a good session with Congressman Richard Nixon about the Hiss-Chambers contro-

versy. He feels deeply concerned that both men may be injured by this. He is more critical of Hiss for not being completely open and frank. On the other hand, he is concerned not to do Hiss any harm. He has offered to let me see the records, and I think sometime I may take advantage of that offer. He said the way was always open for me to come and have a talk with him, and he appreciated our talk.

**W**hat, one might ask, were the connections that Whittaker Chambers, Alger and Priscilla Hiss, and Richard Nixon had with the Religious Society of Friends prior to the controversy?

The relationship of Whittaker Chambers to Friends is clearly described in his autobiography, *Witness*. His great-grandmother on his father's side was a Friend. Chambers recalls asking his grandmother (who could remember the Civil War and, as a little girl, made bandages after the Battle of Gettysburg) why she didn't sew on Sunday.

"Because it's Sunday," she snapped. "Why can't you sew on Sunday?" "Because my mother was a Quaker." "What are the Quakers?" I asked. I saw come over her face, on which the flesh was prematurely translucent, an expression of gentleness and reflection that I had never seen there before. She began to talk, more to herself, I felt, than to me, about the Quakers—how they were quiet, how they sat in meeting without saying anything. She began to describe the "plain dress" with her usual thoroughness about clothes. With a chuckle she mentioned the "thee" and "thy."

This was Whittaker Chambers's first knowledge of Friends.

The first actual contact Chambers had with Friends was in 1923 during his junior year at Columbia University. His advisor, Mark Van Doren, had approved for publication in *Morningside* a literary piece by Chambers entitled, "A Play for Puppets." As Allen Weinstein has pointed out in his book, *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case*:

. . . running through "A Play for Puppets" is a theme that characterized Chambers's writing and reflections before his commitment to Communism later in the decade, the destruction of an individual's goodness (as embodied in Jesus) by both established society and organized religion—and the yearning for life's termination. Thus the "voice of Christ" intones: "Who is breaking my sleep? . . . What is God? . . . Heaven? Let me sleep, I am weary. . . . Do not men live and do not men die? I wish to sleep. . . . Roll back the stone and go

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WOULD BE  
ENGENDERED.**

thy way. It is very quiet in the earth and I will sleep."

Neither Van Doren nor Chambers anticipated the drastic reaction of university authorities to "A Play for Puppets," published under a pseudonym. Consequently Chambers withdrew from Columbia, feeling, however,

... a renewed sense of life, and a great desire to go somewhere and do something new. I spoke to Van Doren about it. "Why don't you go to Soviet Russia?" he asked. "The Russian Revolution is like Elizabethan England. All the walls are falling down. You should go and see it." He suggested that I might go as a relief worker for the Friends Service Committee, which was then administering Quaker relief in the Russian famine areas. He offered to write, recommending me to certain "weighty Friends."

Chambers states in his autobiography that the first Friend he saw in Philadelphia was J. Barnard Walton, who he thought was "the head of the Service Committee." In fact, Walton was one of three associate secretaries and had been one of the 13 Friends who had established the

ers can write, which, in the most restrained language, said in effect: "You are outcast." ... It was an invisible turning point in my life. It took me seventeen years to find my way, unaided, back to that peace."

The records of the AFSC show that Chambers did submit an application to serve with the Committee in Russia, and that he was not selected. But, as Clarence Pickett put it in a letter to the *Saturday Review* in 1952:

I doubt very much that the "sharp" rejection of him [was] on any semi-theological basis. It is more likely that he was refused because of his immaturity. Very few people, if any, as young and inexperienced as he was then, had been used in foreign missions of this character. His strong reaction is typical of the youth who is anxious for such an opportunity as that offered by the Russian famine.

From 1939 to 1948, having left the Communist Party in 1938, Whittaker Chambers worked for *TIME* magazine in New York, becoming a senior editor. In 1940, he purchased a very run-down farm in Westminster, Maryland. During the week Chambers lived at his mother's house on Long Island. He was home on weekends, working "most of the time, plowing, disking, harrowing, haying, milking—whatever operation need called for." His wife and two children also worked industriously on the farm.

It was the proximity of his farm to Pipe Creek (Md.) Meeting near Union Bridge that eventually led to membership of the whole family in the Religious Society of Friends. But he also attended from

time to time the mid-week meetings for worship at the 20th Street Meeting in New York. He writes:

I was not seeking ethics; I was seeking God. My need was to be a practicing Christian in the same sense that I had been a practicing Communist. I was seeking a community of worship in which a daily mysticism (for I hold that God cannot be known in any other way) would be disciplined and fortified by an orderly, and even practical spirit and habit of life and the mind. Some instinctive sense of my need ... drew me powerfully to the Religious Society of Friends, the Quakers.

Yet I hesitated. I hesitated because the

Quaker rebuff to me in my youth ... had left an unhealing scar. But I hesitated even more because the traditional Quaker witness against war seemed to close the door of the meeting-house against me, forever barring me from the peace within, which it was my pathos to crave, but not my right to share.

Nevertheless, Chambers and his family attended meetings for worship at Pipe Creek, experiencing, according to Chambers, what the early Quaker, Robert Barclay, had given expression to: "For, when I came into the silent assemblies of God's people, I felt a secret power among them, which touched my heart; and, as I gave way unto it, I found the evil weakening in me and the good raised up. ..."

At last, Whittaker Chambers writes, he

... asked the Friends at Pipe Creek if my children might be admitted. ... Instead, they proposed that my wife and I, together with the children, join the meeting as a family. I hesitated. I asked myself if so great a blessing could be meant for me. It seemed to me that it was indeed meant to be so, and that I would be doing no wrong to respond to the summons. For though Friends, as a Society, still maintain their ancient witness for peace and against war, it is the sense of modern Quakerism that, for the individual, the decision in wartime is a matter for his own conscience. As a family, we were united to the meeting.

The meeting records show that they were received into membership on August 15, 1943.

Yet, Chambers's spiritual journey subsequently moved in another direction. In the March 8, 1948, issue of *TIME* he wrote the cover story, "Faith for A Lenten Age," a brilliant and major piece stretching over six pages of the magazine. It dealt with Christian neoorthodoxy and the noted U.S. theologian, Reinhold Niebuhr. "In many ways, the Niebuhr essay was a statement of my own religious faith at the time," he said. Whittaker Chambers and his wife, Esther, ceased attending meetings for worship at Pipe Creek Meeting "from about the beginning of 1951."



ention has already been made of Alger Hiss's involvement with the AFSC as a resource leader at summer peace institutes. On June 6, 1947, Hiss gave the commencement address at Haverford College on the subject, "The Prospects for Peace." The full text of the address was published in *The Friend*, one of the two predecessor publi-



**Pipe Creek (Md.) Friends Meetinghouse, where Whittaker Chambers and his family became members in 1943**

AFSC on April 30, 1917. Chambers, according to his account, stayed in Philadelphia several days, meeting other Friends:

A new and enormously tranquilizing spirit enveloped me. It emanated from those quiet presences whom I met, from the chaste Quaker rooms with their plain and fine proportions, or simply from the sound of the plain language, as voices asked me: "How is thee, Whittaker Chambers?" ... This is my natural home, I thought. I wanted nothing so much as to remain in it.

Then the story of my atheist play reached Friends. There was a horrified reaction. I received one of those letters, such as only Quak-





**Richard Nixon campaigns in his home town of Whittier, Calif., 1952.**

cations to *FRIENDS JOURNAL*. It was Alger's wife, Priscilla Fansler Hobson Hiss, who had close connections with Friends. Her father and mother were lifelong and active Presbyterians, according to Alger Hiss, but as a student at Bryn Mawr College she came in contact with Friends and attended Haverford Meeting. Because she and Alger used the plain language in talking and corresponding with one another, it was assumed by Chambers, Nixon, and others that she came from a Quaker family. In fact, Priscilla was part of a circle of students who all used the plain language in their intimate relationships.

Quite coincidentally, in 1933, when Alger was working for the Department of Agriculture in Washington, Priscilla took a volunteer job with a subsistence homesteads project, organized in the Interior Department by Eleanor Roosevelt, and run on a part-time basis by Clarence Pickett, on leave from the AFSC. There is no evidence that Clarence knew her at that time. When the Hisses moved from Washington to New York following Alger's appointment as president of the Carnegie Endowment, Priscilla Hiss and their son, Tony, regularly attended the 20th Street Meeting. Alger Hiss also occasionally attended with them.

**R**ichard Nixon, a member of East Whittier Friends Church right up to the time of his death on April 22, 1994, was raised in a Quaker family. In his memoirs he speaks of his boyhood as being "centered around a loving family and a small, tight-knit, Quaker community" in Whittier, California. "Three words describe my life in Whittier," records Nixon, "family, church, and school."

The Milhous family was one of the oldest in the town, and counting sisters and cousins and aunts, it included scores of people. It was a matriarchy headed, first, by my great grandmother, Elizabeth Price Milhous. This remarkable woman, along with a forebear of hers, was the model for Eliza Cope Birdwell in Jessamyn West's charming novel, *The Friendly Persuasion*. She died in 1923 at the age of 96, when I was only ten, but I can remember her well.

My grandmother, Almira Burdug Milhous, lived to be 94. . . . When I was in college my grandmother gave me a biography of Gandhi, which I read from cover to cover. Gandhi's concept of peaceful change and passive resistance appealed to her, and she had a deep Quaker opposition to any racial or religious prejudice. Grandmother Milhous belonged to

the generation of Quakers who used the plain language.

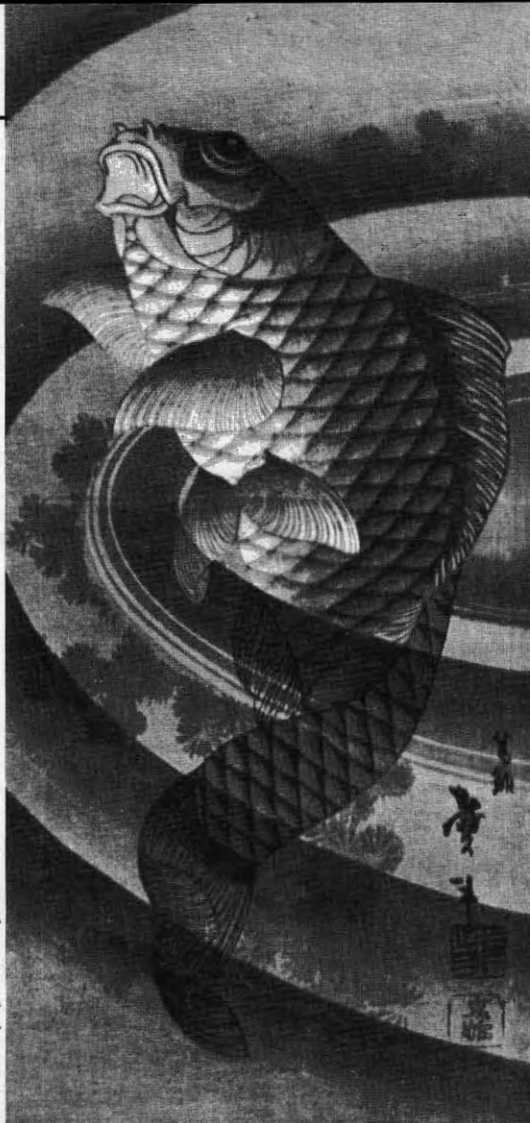
I grew up in a religious environment that was at once unusually strict and unusually tolerant. My mother and father belonged to a branch of the Friends Church that had ministers, choirs, and virtually all the symbols of other Protestant denominations. The differences were the absences of water baptism and communion, and the heavy Quaker emphasis on silent prayer. My father had converted to Quakerism from his own rather robust Methodism at the time of his marriage, and he had the typical enthusiasm of a convert for his new religion.

In his life Richard Nixon would consistently view his mother as "a remarkable woman," with many people in Whittier referring to her as a "Quaker saint." He was impressed with her inner serenity. His father he described as "a scrappy, belligerent fighter with a quick, wide-ranging, raw intellect. He left me a respect for learning. . . . I loved my parents equally, but in different ways, just as they were different people."

A significant departure from Quaker tradition in Richard Nixon's life occurred in August, 1942. Nixon, already married, was working as a lawyer for the Office of Price Administration (OPA) in Washington. He recognized that as a government worker he could probably get a draft deferment. "Despite my Quaker background and beliefs, I never considered doing this," he wrote in his *Memoirs*. Instead he applied for a commission in the Navy.

I received orders to report to San Francisco for assignment overseas, and we went back to Whittier so that I could say goodbye to my family. It was a very painful visit. Although nothing was ever said, I knew that my mother and grandmother were deeply troubled by my decision. In World War I, my Uncle Oscar [Marshburn] had gone to France with the American Friends Service Committee and worked with the Red Cross as an orderly, tending wounded soldiers on both sides of the lines. I am sure that this was the kind of service they had hoped I would choose.

*(To be concluded next month)*



## MOVEABLE RINGS

This morning,  
When you peered into the walkway mirror  
Applying your makeup,  
Leaving a cold mark of breath  
On the glass with your lips,  
I let out a breath of vapor to hover,  
Its mark making another ring around yours;  
I watched your face burst into a laugh,  
Your lips glazed lightly.

We are like rings  
Sharing life together  
As we go through our troubles.  
Sometimes, as in an embrace,  
Our rings slip neatly one on top the other;  
At other times, there is a clinking  
When the outer boundaries expand and clash.  
I don't want this to stop.

—Russell Endo

## CHRYSANTHEMUM

Leaves tumble in the wind  
Like souls searching for a way home.  
I watch trained carp, multi-hued leaves of the fall,  
Gather when I clap my hands.  
A woman in a kimono kneels and begins a ceremony,  
Elaborate ritual of cleansing and of politeness.  
An inscription of *mu*, "emptiness," hangs on a scroll on a wall.  
I gaze across a garden pond, its miniature islands and mountains,  
The woman turns the tea bowl to the right twice,  
Swishing tea with steaming water  
In quick strokes with a whisk,  
Patiently, with concentration.

—Russell Endo



*"A man in Billings, Montana, claims he can change the shape of the Aurora Borealis by flapping a bedsheet at it. News services in Billings report the man has invited members of the City Council and university to observe and attempt to disprove his theory."*

—Radio news broadcast, 1946

## FLAPPING THE SHEETS

The sky is full of strange illusions;  
the white eyelashes of God  
blinking through the universe,  
heaven's lace doilies,  
sifts of flour from the celestial drain board,  
strings of sequins  
twinkling their way to the moon.

Armed with only a bedsheet,  
the man strides out to take the sky.  
In the distance, a silvery beast  
takes shape from what hums in the stars.  
The beast has many fingers,  
knows the secrets of fire, everything  
that hurries in the night.

The man's faith is in the cloth  
where the deepest silences always yield to sleep.  
He takes the hem of the garment,  
lifts his arms towards heaven, and in one stroke  
flaps the bedsheet at the billowing beast.

The beast has noticed,  
has moved a dash of red and blue  
through tinsels of spine and ice.  
The beast is shimmering into new form,  
lifting its neon feet  
from neon puffs of powder,  
settling back on its silver haunches,  
and wagging its tail.

The man from Billings, Montana,  
folds up his bedsheet,  
slings it, like a fawn, over his shoulders,  
turns his back on the tame Montana sky,  
and lifts his brow  
as he passes before us.

I turned in time to see the beast's tail  
lift to the likes of a cobra.  
Armed with what I'd learned,  
I turned full-face and blew the beast a kiss.  
It fluttered into form  
like a swarm of fireflies  
lighting the will of a swan;  
changing yet more gently  
than for he who merely flapped the sheets.

—Fredrick Zydek

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member of Green Street  
(Pa.) Meeting.  
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family farm in  
Brunswick, Nebraska.*

# Deep Listening

by Mary Rose O'Reilly

**G**od is speaking us." This was the first thing I remember hearing Peter say. "We are her story. God revealed in Christ a story that makes it possible to go from *I* to *We* to *I* with less excruciating pain. Everyone I meet tells me a little bit of the story. She is speaking us. God makes it possible to bear the fact of our death. Our stories are color movies of her revelation. God is speaking us."

When I heard Peter talk this way, I cocked my head and paid attention because it was not—like so much of what we say every day—trivial. Peter was speaking in the little Quaker meeting room at Pendle Hill, the retreat and learning center near Philadelphia. I have written it down because he would never bother, because I am his listener, as he is mine.

Henri Nowen writes in *The Way of the Heart: Desert Spirituality and Contemporary Ministry* about "how often we come out of a conversation, a social gathering, or a business meeting with a bad taste in our mouth." He continues:

How seldom have long talks proved to be good and fruitful? Would not many if not most of the words we use be better left unspoken? We speak about the events of the world, but how often do we really change them for the better? We speak about people and their ways, but how often do our words do them or us any good? We speak about our ideas and feelings as if everyone were interested in them, but how often do we really feel understood? We speak a great deal about God and religion, but how often does it bring us or others real insight? Words often leave us with a sense of inner defeat.

I had read those words, and concurred, at a time in my life when I felt called to

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silence, called to the spirituality of the desert. But curiously, in the middle of that silence, I found Peter. And to find Peter is to find language, because he seldom shuts up, except when he is listening. I want to write here about talking and listening, the dialectic between the two, as I have experienced it in a relationship of spiritual companionship.

## Deep Trust and Blunt Talk

As Peter and I became Friends, we decided to spend two hours a week listening to each other talk about our struggles on the spiritual stomping ground. Both of us (he a minister, I a college teacher) felt a need for spiritual direction, but neither of us knew any Jesuits and neither of us takes direction very well. We developed a simple formula: you talk for an hour, and then I talk for an hour. We didn't plan to ask a lot of questions, or interrupt much beyond a few clarifications, or give advice. At various times, we broke most of those rules. We moved 500 miles away from each other. But the conversations (by phone now) have continued for six years. I am beginning to learn to listen; I am beginning to bear being heard.

How does this listening work, and what's deep about it? Don't all of us know how to listen? On the contrary, I think we know how to shut down. Self-preservation compels it. Modern life with its din of canned music and commercial entreaty, its appeals and drives, its reviews and performance evaluations, trains us not to attend but to tune out. There is much to hear, but little worth listening to. In an environment of overstimulation, the commitment to spend time simply listening constitutes a radical experiment in friendship. I know a woman who has raised 12 foster children. She uses a wheelchair and is, in fact, paralyzed from the neck down; but she cares for children with attention and presence. "I am always here," she says, "and I listen." She listens, I think, *deeply*. Attention and presence imply something more like Zen meditation or centering prayer than like the "communication skills" we go to workshops to

master. When I am present—to prayer, to art, to another—the feeling I have, incommunicable as it may be, comes to me as a deep tone, the note of a cello rather than of a violin. Peter and I talk and laugh and badger each other, but under it all runs this cello continuum of *presence*; and that's what makes the whole thing work.

The *you-talk/I-talk* rule is the one we most often keep. It's essential to our dynamic because Peter tends to dominate conversations, and I tend to drop the conversational ball and start staring at leafhoppers and bits of string. But we have tried and discarded most of the other contemporary guidelines for spiritual direction. In a certain sense, we are more old-fashioned. We often scold each other and give orders, like medieval clerics. This is not supposed to happen in the therapeutic model many people apply to spiritual direction today. But spiritual direction is nothing much like psychotherapy. For me, it is like talking to a prophet in the wilderness. (I think Peter probably eats locusts. I often hear something crunching on the phone, but he tells me they are corn chips.) We are both solitary, difficult people; and we don't have the patience for a lot of psychological soft-shoe. My notes on conversations with Peter are full of patriarchal commands, ranging from "Stop resisting God and pay attention to what you're supposed to be doing with your life" to "Get your mechanic to reset the idle on the Toyota." For my part, I once wrote up a "Holy Rule" for Peter and told him to tape it to his wall. It was full of matriarchal counsel. "Don't eat standing up. Don't fall asleep in your clothes."

Or "My mother is always whining," I tell him. "So are you," he says back. "What are you doing now? Whining about your mother."

Or I'll apologize. "I'm sorry. I'm whining."

"That's what friends are for. To whine and whine and whine to. Don't ever stop whining. It's a spiritual practice."

The bluntness of our conversations comes of long listening and deep trust, in particular a trust that neither has a vested interest in changing the other, nor has a





cultural or religious paradigm to impose on the other. We have suffered and forgiven each other through deep and painful misunderstandings: indeed, Peter has helped me to learn that intimacy entails pain, almost as a condition of growth. This history has given us the capacity to renegotiate definitions of being male, female, ministers, spiritual beings, social beings—and so on—within the frameworks of our rather eccentric and difficult temperaments.

Peter, for example, is quarrelsome and disorganized. A traditional guidance might

try to “break” him of these habits, but why? Thinking and praying about Peter’s contentiousness has helped me to understand a lot about male, as opposed to female, spirituality and to remember that both the lion and the lamb are permitted to lie down in the garden of Isaiah 11:6–8. Many of our models for being spiritual people are feminized models. And, when men get into spiritual relationships with women (I’m thinking of the conversations of Francis and Clare of Assisi, Teresa of Avila and John of the Cross, Francis de Sales and Jane de Chantal), they tend to

appropriate feminine language.

We should celebrate this, I’m sure: the ceremonies of innocence in a violent world. Only I, for my part, am not very meek, nor is my dear companion. Anyone who thinks spiritual direction is for monks and hermits—people called to “states of perfection” in the old spiritual hierarchy—can take a tour around Peter and me to get a more realistic vision. Perfection is not on our horizon: we are *not* very good or very successful. We are *not* Francis and Clare. Both of us, for example, are divorced, crotchety, and often on the outs with our communities. We mess up relationships. We are not team players. We participate in the reality of brokenness that many religious people affirm abstractly but avoid by grace, luck, or a preference for safety. Religious people, by and large, try to behave very well, a habit I am not attempting to subvert. But the goodness of others can have a shaming side. People who do not or cannot—yet—behave very well may feel humiliated by religious language and behavior. They may feel they aren’t good enough to sit at this table.

In a relationship of deep listening, Peter and I have given each other freedom to chart a spiritual path outside the norm, which has helped us to see what

the norms are, what they are good for, and where they may actually impede spiritual progress. I mentioned Peter’s disorganization. In Myers-Briggs terms, he’s a strong “P.” In the orderly halls of my childhood religion, spiritual direction seemed to assume that “P”s are bad religious material, who should be fixed or cured. Our deeply puritan traditions, maybe, have taught us to affirm the steady, solid, frugal, orderly religious model. Dealing with Peter has helped me—me with the color-coded file drawers—to understand the beauty of a ministry that is

truly "on call" for the Spirit. If Peter is late, it's because whomever he is with at the moment has his full attention. Many's the time I have watched him wend his way toward a meeting with some important religious official, or donor, or me, deflected by some lonely grandmother or wandering felon, stop to talk, stop to listen. Once I gave him, wistful with hope, a Mickey Mouse watch. He soon lost it.

## ***Living in Sacred Time***

Attention. Deep listening. People are dying in spirit for lack of it. In academic culture, where I range, most listening is critical listening. We pay attention only long enough to develop a counter-argument; we critique the student or the colleague's ideas; we mentally grade and pigeon-hole each other. In society at large, people often listen with an agenda, to sell, or petition, or seduce. Seldom is there a deep, open-hearted, unjudging reception of the other. And so, we all talk louder and more stridently, and with a terrible desperation. By contrast, if someone truly listens to me, my spirit begins to expand.

I once spent a summer with a mixed bag of American and British students at an English university. One of our lecturers was a famous British academic, very fierce and unapproachable. But, because we American students were unfamiliar with the British syle, we found him funny and laughed uproariously at his twitty comments on Queen Victoria. The more we Americans laughed, the better and the wittier grew his lectures. The decorous English students shook their heads in disbelief over the transformation of their famous scholar into the Monty Python of Exeter College. In our welcoming—though perhaps befuddled—response, we mirrored back to him a self he had not known before. Still, it was a self longing to be born and strut its stuff for the pleasure of all. So it is with spiritual companionship. If someone pays attention to the part of me that struggles to know God, my search intensifies. The questing spirit grows bold enough to claim its path. If someone believes with me in the amazement of grace, prays with me, and reminds me of God's tenderness, I live more thoroughly and bravely in sacred time.

Now, sacred time runs on a daily clock. I want to emphasize again how banal, how unassuming, is this relationship of deep listening. I sit in my kitchen in St. Paul, Minnesota, drinking tea, listening to Peter crunch corn chips in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. We talk about our struggles

with child-rearing, our jobs, our ex-spouses, our cars, our dates, our pets. Where do we get off calling this a spiritual friendship? Because of the intention, for one thing. Because of the gift, for another—I've come to understand that certain people do or do not have a gift for loving a certain partner, teaching a particular student, training one dog or another. Peter and I have a gift—hard won—for this relationship, and it would be unfair not to acknowledge it. And, finally, it is spiritual friendship because we know that the junk that flows through our lives is the raw material of new creation. As Brenda Ueland says in her wonderful essay about listening ("Tell Me More," *Utne Reader*, November/December 1992), "I think it's only by expressing all that is inside that purer and purer streams come. . . . If you hold back the dull things, you are certain to hold back what is clear and beautiful and true and lively." This week I may tell Peter how my bad dog, Shep, got up on the kitchen table and ate the butter. Next week, Peter may remind me how similar my spiritual path is to Shep's.

From time to time, I give up on Peter as a spiritual director and consult with a priest or nun. I want someone who will give me more advice, who knows about psychology and the pratfalls of contemplative prayer. I cherish these encounters, but in them I must struggle not to compartmentalize my life into sacred and secular divisions. The image of perfection intimidates. Perhaps some degree of tension is inevitable when your director lives under vows of poverty and chas-

tity while you struggle with kids' financial aid forms and importunate boyfriends from prayer group. I have even known people in spiritual direction to be positively duplicitous with their directors, to construct one self, as it were, for the consulting chamber and another for daily life.

Listening in the kitchen, this evasion is not so easy. Peter and I certainly do resist and hide out from each other, just as we resist the God who is speaking us. Sometimes we even hang up the phone. Other times, though, we telephone in the middle of the night. Our angels are, like Rilke's, earth angels, who often fly in the dark. They specialize in the panic surrounding sick children, creepy noises in the basement, and teenagers who have missed curfew. I suppose we could pray over these things without calling each other; sometimes we have to go it alone. But why did Jesus send the apostles out in pairs, besides to share corn chips?

I practiced Zen meditation for a long time before it occurred to me that it had any transferability to everyday life. Similarly, I practiced the discipline of deep listening for many years before I realized that it, too, was a branch of contemplative prayer. Like all contemplative disciplines, it deals with the whole rather than with the parts. It attends not to the momentary faltering but to the long path of the soul, not to the stammer but to the poem being born. It completes the clumsy gesture in an arc of grace. One can, I think, listen someone into existence, encourage a stronger self to emerge or a new talent to flourish. Good teachers listen this way, as do terrific grandfathers and similar heroes of the spirit. (The critical hearer, by contrast, crushes our spirits, leaves us with that sense of inner defeat Henri Nouwen speaks of.)

How do we become deep listeners? Brenda Ueland offers sound guidance into this contemplative dimension of listening. "In order to learn to listen," she tells us, "here are some suggestions":

Try to learn tranquility, to live in the present a part of the time every day. Sometimes say to yourself: "Now. What is happening now? This friend is talking. I am quiet. There is endless time. I hear it, every word." Then, suddenly, you begin to hear not only what people are saying, but what they are trying to say, and you sense the whole truth about them. And you sense existence, not piecemeal, not this object and that, but as a translucent whole. □

***To "listen"  
another's soul  
into a condition  
of disclosure  
and discovery  
may be almost  
the greatest  
service that  
any human being  
ever performs  
for another.***

—Douglas Steere, from  
*Gleanings, A Random Harvest*



# SERVICE

## *A Sacrament for Quakers?*

by William Charland

**I**t was 25 years ago when I first made the connection between Quakerism and commitment to service. But last December, when I joined a gathering of Friends at Quaker Hill Conference Center in Richmond, Indiana, the decades seemed to melt away.

I was taking part in a consultation on "Friends and Personal Service" in Evans House—the musty, old, white-pillared mansion at Quaker Hill. It is a place designed for reflection, and I remembered the first conference I attended there in the 1970s. I'd been struggling with my role as a college chaplain during the days of the counterculture, the civil rights movement, and the Vietnam War, and I'd hoped the conference might clear my head.

The '60s and '70s were tough times to be a cleric. I often found myself questioning my beliefs, and felt embarrassed by my indecision. What if others sensed I was uncertain what to do as a minister, and what to believe?

It was about that time that I came in contact with a group of Quakers in my college town. I'd volunteered to do draft counseling Saturday mornings at the Friends meetinghouse, and found I looked forward to that experience each weekend. It wasn't the counseling itself that appealed to me. The meeting was in a wealthy suburb of Chicago, and counselees would drive up in fancy sports cars to ask how to convince a draft board that they'd suddenly become conscientious objectors on the eve of the draft.

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In many respects, the Quakers' draft counseling program seemed as questionable as anything I was trying to do. But the spirit in which people did their work was striking, and it drew me to them. Quakers didn't nigger over beliefs, for one thing. They didn't seem much interested in my theological position as an ordained minister—in what I did or didn't believe. Indeed, as I got to know them, it seemed that members of that Friends meeting ran the gamut from evangelical Christians to Mahayana Buddhists. They believed almost everything under the sun.

What united them was a spirit of service and outreach. While several of the Quakers were involved in draft counsel-

ing, another was operating a hospital for war victims in Vietnam. I found clarity in that spirit and, after attending my first conference at Quaker Hill, I became a Quaker too.

Twenty-five years later, the 1993 consultation seemed to be infused by the same sense of diversity in service. Quaker Hill Conference Center and co-sponsor Earlham School of Religion had invited about 30 Friends from throughout the United States and England, plus representatives of three Quaker organizations involved in outreach. Kara Newell was there to represent the American Friends Service Committee; Ron Stansell, Evangelical Friends International; and Andrew



**Guilford College students Alex Kern, Wendy Mattocks, Susan Mers, and Kate Willever rake and bag trash at the edge of the Fairhill Burial Ground in Philadelphia, where Lucretia Mott is buried.**

*Paola Togliamonte/courtesy of Guilford College*

Clark, Quaker Peace and Service in England. John Punshon, an English Friend who teaches at the Earlham School of Religion, served as clerk of the gathering.

Most of the formal program highlighted the three organizations, and sometimes the leaders squirmed in the spotlight, very much as I had when I was trying to be a responsible professional religious worker. Kara Newell spoke candidly about the struggles of the AFSC to develop a ministry appropriate to the 1990s. "This is a very '60s organization," she said. "The AFSC has ridden into the 1990s on the strength of that energy, but without much analysis. Now we're faced with questions such as what it means to be a peace organization at a time when there is no effective peace movement in this country."

Newell offered a set of queries for Quakers bent on service:

1. What need is being met by the proposed service?
2. Who identified that need?
3. Who is the servant and who is the served?
4. Are independence, dignity, and equality goals of the service project?
5. Are the motives for service clearly understood and articulated?

While calling on Quakers to be more sophisticated, she also stressed that genuine service is always a venture in faith. "Your ability to take risks is directly related to your relationship to God and His healing power," she said.

Ron Stansell offered another perspective on service as "conversion evangelism." He said the purpose of Friends' outreach is to share our experience in Christian faith: the kind of faith that can "encourage us in times of change and anchor us to the unchangeable."

Andrew Clark expounded on the theme of cultural diversity, citing his experiences with QPS in Nigeria, Palestine, India, and Vietnam. He said one of his role models was a missionary he'd known in India. This man was so sensitive to the values in other cultures that he encouraged a woman who was unhappy in her Christian beliefs to become a Hindu.

Respect for the cultures of others is at the heart of service, Clark declared. "Most problems in the world are not about material goods. They are about right relationships and respect," he said. "Don't ask poor people, 'What is your need?' Ask, 'What is your strength?' That's part of seeing that of God in everyone."

Clark maintained that it's not necessary or even desirable for Quakers to

have all the answers to questions of faith: "As Friends, we accept the searchers."

"In the last analysis, outreach is all about the human condition," he said. "It's back to the Cross—an encounter with good and evil. For some of us that's 'mission' and for some of us it's 'service.'"

Midway through the conference, another theme began to echo in Evans House. It was a concern connected with the work of Quaker organizations, but seemed to transcend them as well. It was a concern for paying attention to the ministries of individual Quakers—for personal service.

The theme surfaced as the 30 Friends began to tell about the experiences that brought them to Quaker Hill. Some of the stories were poignant. There was a man from New England who had given up his jewelry business to serve as a lobbyist for poor people in his state legislature. Almost immobilized by a physical infir-



Helene Pollock/courtesy of Haverford College

**Haverford College students Hannah Scardina and Mariya Strauss plaster a wall during a workcamp in Baltimore, Md.**

mity, he radiated a spirit of joy as he told about going around to call on his clients.

Another Friend told how she became a specialist in conflict resolution. "I grew up in a violent family," she said. "I was beat up a lot by people I loved. So I took an interest in learning how to fight right."

A Quaker from Baltimore Yearly

Meeting described how Friends in his region had managed to reinvent the institution of the workcamp, once a staple of AFSC, which the organization had laid down. "We'd all had important experiences in workcamps when we were young," he said, "and we wanted the same for our children."

This Friend was working as paid staff one day a week, which was all his meeting could afford, to organize work camps in Maryland, Tanzania, and Romania.

A nurse from upstate New York told how she had become involved with orphanages in Romania after seeing an ad for the workcamps in *FRIENDS JOURNAL*. After she returned from Romania, people in her community began giving her unsolicited gifts of medical equipment and supplies. Now the work had become the center of her life. She would spend the summer coordinating three workcamps in Nicorest, Romania.

As the stories circulated around the high-ceilinged drawing room of Evans House, I reflected on my first contact with Quakers. And, like an old college chaplain, I began to frame a theological idea.

I wondered whether service is not a kind of sacrament for Quakers. The purpose of a sacrament, I recalled, was to provide an opportunity for people to act on their beliefs. That's an important counterpart to just thinking about them. I remembered a fragment of a communion sermon I'd once heard: "The highest cannot be spoken, but only done."

Could it be, I wondered, that this is what Quakers find in service? In the absence of other liturgies, maybe Quakers need to focus their faith in service. I once heard Ed Duckles, a Friend whose faith had led him to a long career of service in Mexico City, say something to that effect. It is in outreach, he said, that our beliefs are defined and deepened.

I wondered whether that's why we Friends struggle so heatedly with our outreach organizations—such as continually trying to refine the work of the AFSC so that it represents the best current thinking on social change. Maybe it's because service is our sacrament. I wondered whether we need new instruments for involving ourselves directly in service, such as new forms of workcamps for Friends who want to engage in outreach together, and clearness committees for those who are considering new directions in their careers.

For the second time in 25 years, I sat with Friends and pondered the sacrament of service. □



**Right: An intern placed at AFSC's regional office will work with gay and lesbian youth on issues of racism, social justice, and violence.**

**Below: Two QUEST interns stop to relax.**



**Below: A special project carried out by an intern in the "Powerful Schools" program involved family portraits.**

*AFSC Pacific Northwest Region*



*Courtesy of QUEST*



*Courtesy of QUEST*

# When Meetings Take Risks

by Judith Brown

Almost three years ago our meeting got a new burst of energy. We found Spirit enough to find unity on the issue of whether we could provide ceremonies of marriage for all couples regardless of gender. That ten-year search for unity over, we looked for work that we as Friends should be about in the world. What could we focus on that was positive and needed doing?

In the late 1980s we remodeled a house across the parking lot from our meeting-house intending to use its upstairs floor to house some kind of outreach program. We envisioned playing host to an effort that fostered our dreams for outreach in the community. Our hopes were realized when we were able to house on that top floor an agency that helps persons recovering from breaks in mental health live semi-independently. When that group had been there awhile, we began to think about founding a program of our own that would place young volunteers in so-

cial change and service agencies around Seattle, Washington. We knew of agencies working on slim budgets such as Mediation Services for Victims and Offenders, the Church Council's Homelessness Program, the Northwest AIDS Foundation, Women's Shelters, Day Care for the Elderly, Immigration Rights, and the Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty. We knew them to be working on Friends concerns, and thought they might value help from our meeting in the tangible form of a full-time intern to offer them fresh energy.

Still, recruiting a group of interns, housing them, and actually placing them in agencies seemed like a huge undertaking. We needed to locate persons with a good measure of the volunteer spirit, and find agencies that could afford about \$8,000 a year for the support of such an intern. The \$8,000 included a placement fee, money for the intern's room and board, health insurance, transportation costs, and an \$85

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monthly stipend. What if founding this kind of a program was too big for us? Launching into this program, which we called QUEST (Quaker Experiential Service and Training), required an act of faith.

University Meeting, after honing and seasoning our committee's written proposal for several months, gave us their cautious approval for a three-year trial. The original committee raised \$7,000 of start-up money to fund a person working half-time for six months to set up the program. That person was hired and began work. She wasn't trained in program development, but she was smart, savvy, and willing to work nearly full-time for what was half-time pay. Simultaneously she began to contact career counseling offices of U.S. colleges and Seattle social

Would the project drain the meeting's energy? To the contrary, it *added* energy—and new members were attracted.

change and service agencies. The first need was to find the people, and nine applications were actually completed after many inquiries that first year. We interviewed face-to-face all the final applicants, using our Quaker friends in the areas of the country where the applicants were living.

The first year of QUEST started with four young women and one young man, and one older volunteer who worked with no monetary support for only ten hours a week at a Dispute Resolution Center. Only the latter person was from Seattle. The 1992-93 year had its pitfalls, but overall it worked beautifully.

When the program was launched, the meeting hired a permanent coordinator to handle the program's basic support and operations. Her job is completely funded by the placement fees the agencies pay the QUEST program. The program coordinator is a half-time position, which at certain seasons amounts to full-time. Besides helping the interns who live together build community, the program coordinator troubleshoots when things go awry with the agency placements. The first year, one of the interns placed at a women's shelter was given an outreach job to do and was not well supervised. When she felt she was left to flounder, QUEST's program coordinator scheduled conferences with the intern and her supervisor. They agreed on changes to smooth out

the problems. Some changes occurred, but not enough. In the end, QUEST supported the intern in leaving that agency and finding another part-time job. She finished the year still living in community with the other interns. That first year when the group's living arrangements got thorny, the program coordinator helped mend the breaks in communication.

QUEST interns meet regularly to mull over their living arrangements, work assignments, and social change issues. They retreat twice a year for a weekend together with the meeting's QUEST committee. All of this is intended to help them get perspective on their lives and situations. In the two years of the program's operation, all the agencies except the one mentioned have worked well, and the interns feel they have learned a great deal. Several of the interns have been hired by their agencies for continued work.

Recruiting was easier the second year. Word of mouth had begun to operate. Agencies also began to come to us asking for an intern. We have just finished recruiting for the third year, and we had so many good applicants and excellent agencies asking for interns that we are scrambling to be able to house seven interns. More agencies wanted interns this year than we could provide. Interns and agencies have opportunity to choose each other.

The QUEST program has been blessed by several pieces of remarkable luck. It pays for itself. Our meeting would offer it financial support in a pinch, but it hasn't had to. Automatically, it seems to draw outstanding young people.

We couldn't have housed it nearly so easily had we not already owned the house across the parking lot, but we could have rented a house. It got a good solid start because the person we hired to develop it initially was so innovative and practical. It also would never work so well were its present program coordinator not so effective and willing to do nearly a full-time job for half-time pay. The meeting wondered if it would drain our energy. It has added to our energy. The committee that supports it gains new members because people want to be involved, not because they have to be coaxed.

The Spirit moved our meeting, gave it the faith to take the risk. For all this we are grateful. We offer any other Friends meeting information and help in doing a similar program. Our program coordinator, Eileen Long, can be contacted at University Friends Meeting, 4009 9th Ave., Seattle, WA 98105, telephone at (206) 522-0589. □

# Released

by John Calvi

In Minneapolis, in 1988, I was teaching a seminar at the first national conference on massage for people with AIDS. I was not at all sure about my topic. Doubts abounded as the first speaker finished up and I took my place at the microphone. I had wanted to teach massage or my anti-burnout workshop, but I had contacted the organizers too late and they had those bases covered. Also, they had never heard of me. "Could you teach fundraising?" they asked.

So, there I was explaining two ideas. First, there's a concept slowly being revealed out of the pain and injustices of the 20th century, which is this: There is a level at which evil—such as apartheid, nuclear power, etc.—is no longer economically feasible. Conversely, goodness, defined as sharing wealth and working for the common good, has not yet shown an upper limit. As the tides turn ever so slowly, more money becomes available for good works. Second, the way you raise money is to go out and do something beautiful and then say, "Who will help me?"

Well, they loved it. They even used these ideas to fund the following year's conference. There were a few skeptics who said, "How do you know these things?" to which I replied, "I'm a released Friend."

What is this Friends' tradition, and what mechanics are used? I want to share a few thoughts on this because it is a good and valuable tradition that should be preserved. I confess at the outset that my view is from an extreme experience: For over ten years I have lived primarily on gifts while following a leading to teach about healing from trauma.

I remember when I first heard the term. I had just spent two years asking friends for donations so I could continue to eat and pay rent while giving massage to people with AIDS for little or no pay. A good friend mentioned it might be helpful if my monthly meeting "released" me.

"Is that like being set loose, Lyle?"

*John Calvi is a Quaker healer working for the past 12 years with trauma survivors. He is a member and released Friend of Putney (Vt.) Meeting.*



# to Do Good Works

"In a way," he said.

With more research I learned this wonderful and very old tradition in the Religious Society of Friends is used to help people follow a leading. The tradition goes something like this. A Friend receives a leading to do good works and seeks clearness with his or her monthly meeting. The meeting will consider

whether the leading is a genuine one, if the Friend is appropriate to the task, and if the task is a shared concern in the meeting. If so, the Friend is supported in some way to help accomplish the work. That's the shell of the tradition. All of the particulars are the invention of each meeting. Support from the meeting may be as simple as providing gas money for the

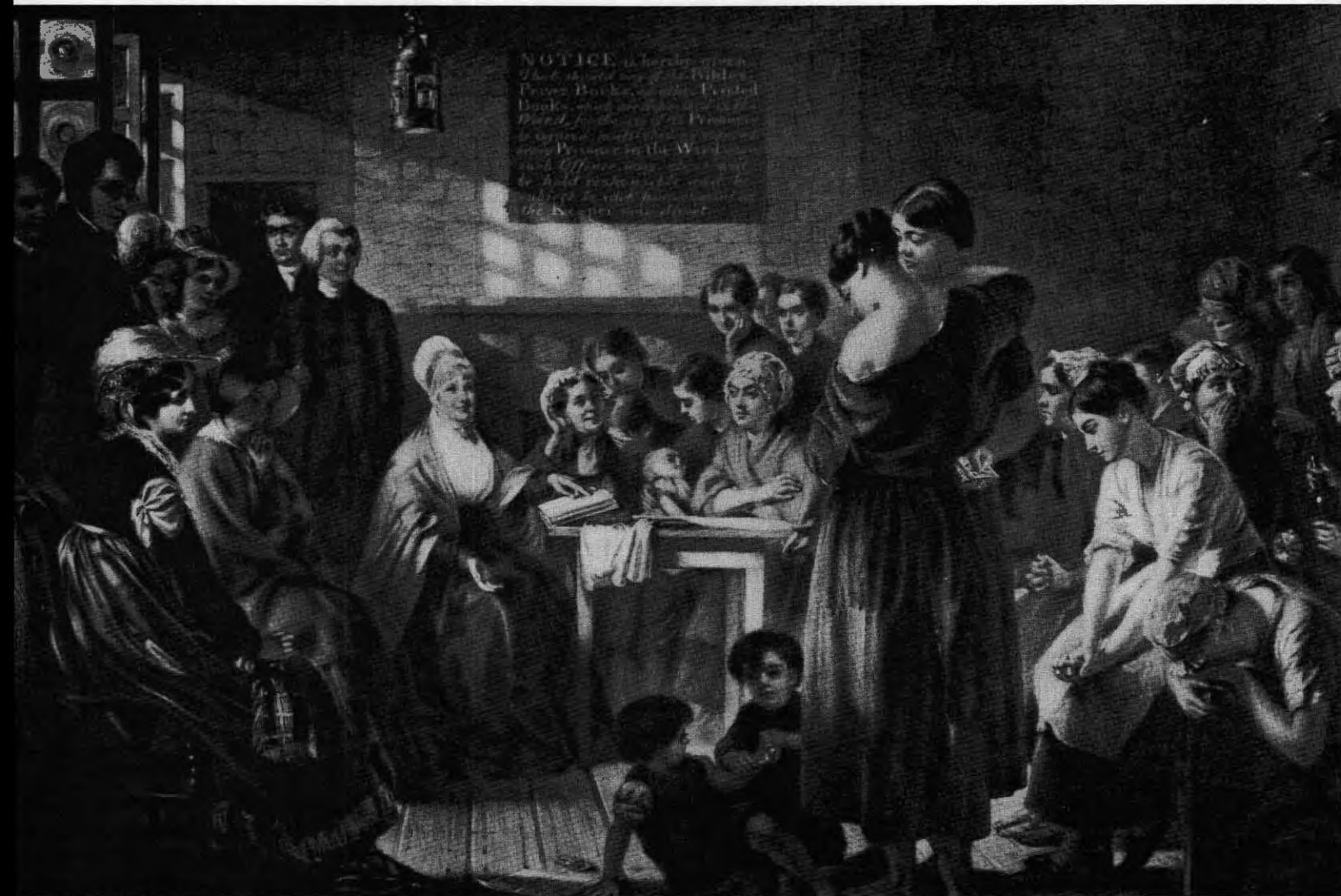
Friend to go and talk to other meetings in the quarter about an issue of some importance. It can also be as complex as supporting a life's work.

For instance, Friend Obadiah might wish to travel to a troubled place to make some sort of contribution of himself. The meeting considers the situation carefully. If they perceive that his doing this work will be an extension of the meeting, and that it rightly will be done by him, they ask what he may need that they can give. Since he will be set apart from regular community life, will he need a good pair of boots, perhaps, or letters of introduction, or relief from his milking chores? Will he need forgiveness from his monetary contribution to the meeting or from

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*We do good works to reform our interior,  
to seek, learn, change, and come closer, if only  
for moments, to the Divine.*

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**Responding to her own call to service, Elizabeth Fry reads to inmates at Newgate Prison, 1816.**

his commitment to start up the wood stove in the meetinghouse early on First Days? Through this kind of searching together, early Friends sent out many people from their meeting to do things that one person had a passion for and all agreed needed doing.

**L**ike many Quaker traditions, the spirit is the essence of the form, divine inspiration is its basis, and the external details are minimal. The first task of a meeting is to seek clarity about whether a Friend's leading is genuine. This can be difficult for Friends to sense, particularly if the individual is not yet active in a certain work. It is important that a meeting distinguish between passion that has muscle, and idealism that may lose stamina in difficult times. There is also the problem of eccentricity, a quality we Quakers adore in some and disdain in others. It is not your regular kind of person who takes on prison reform—not in 1794, and not now. This can make discerning a Friend's leading difficult. Spiritual seeking in its active stages can cause people to be highly inarticulate and odd. It is the essence of a person that must be sought to determine the genuineness of the leading. Depending on the leading, a meeting will want the Friend to be genuine—crazy enough to do the work, but not too crazy.

The next task is to consider the meeting's interest in the work—to measure its enthusiasm. It needn't be work that the meeting is excited about, since the first responsibility is to help the Friend seek.

The meeting must then consider what is needed and what can be offered or invented to help. Often, more will be needed than the meeting can give. This reflects the tension inherent in seeking, not the failure of the meeting as parent. The meeting is not a job bank or a panacea for every seeker who can't bear the suspense of how and when way will open. It also should be clearly understood by all that one need not suffer in order to do good works. There is enough to do without having to worry that a great deal of work may collapse because the phone has been turned off. As we support people who are good at giving, we must be watchful for unnecessary sacrificing of their own basic needs as they attempt to give to others.

Discerning the essence of a leading and nurturing it for good health, or helping to bring it into maturity, is the responsibility of the meeting. The primary task

of doing one's best work and being faithful to a leading belongs to the seeker, who should bear in mind that directions change and broaden as time goes on. Leadings change with the maturing ability to listen without hearing one's own wishes. The true test of a mature ministry is that the tone of one's best reverent work is absorbed and exuded in one's everyday living. Speaking well at meeting does not excuse one's rudeness anywhere else in life.

The release is a recognition that spiritual questing involves doing good works. This must also be understood for what it is and what it is not. We do good works to reform our interior, to seek, learn, change, and come closer, if only for moments, to the Divine. The fact that it will be of help to others in direct ways is merely good design on the part of the universe. The difficulties of doubt, fatigue, and losing finite ideas of purpose are not flukes; they are to be expected. More often, Way opening resembles a shooting star rather than the yellow brick road. It is a journey, not merely a ride. No one is honored by ongoing suffering, however, so love of work and joy must be kept track of deliberately.

Since release can be the essence of spiritual life, one can assume that language will be insufficient to express what is witnessed. We must strive to say somehow what we saw, felt, and heard, but we can also anticipate frustrations. Once we begin to put words to describe spiritual experience, we dilute it. It can help the meeting to trust that all love and good work go to the common good. Sensing and feeding the effort, not policing it, is the meeting's boundary. The released seeker should understand that the work itself is one's road and home for the period of release.

**M**y meeting in Putney, Vermont, has two released Friends. Eva Mondon began working as a massage therapist. She has devoted her life to helping people who are healing from suffering. As massage fell away from her practice, her leading included breath work, imagery, drums, and always prayer. Her understanding of what she does moved from massage therapist to Quaker Witness for Healing. Her release and mine happened about the same time and have similar structure. We both have Minutes naming the nature of our leadings, which describe the meeting's appreciation and support of our work. To bring

renewal and reassessment into the structure, there is a three-year limit to the Minute. We are not in the meeting's budget; the meeting established a contributory fund whereby individuals or other meetings can donate anonymously as they are led. (Anonymity is a lovely thing. Remember, there's only one thing our Society shies away from talking about more than sex, and that is money!)

Both Eva Mondon and I have oversight committees to help us, as needed, seek clarity—and to offer other support. One member of my committee takes care of thank-you notes to donors, whose names and addresses are passed on by the treasurer. This is good for anonymity and a true blessing for anyone with a desk like mine, which seems to sneeze out too many letters to be answered. Both Eva and I have presented our work in various ways to the meeting. Eva is a member of Thich Nhat Hanh's Tiep Hien Order, which stresses mindfulness. She is generous with her Buddhist candles and uses a healing quilt made for her work by the meeting. I keep a journal at the meetinghouse, which includes various writings and my calendar. I add to this every so often.

Things should be kept as simple and neighborly as possible. Release should increase a sense of reverence about good work, also a meeting's sense of its generosity. If that is not there, I would wonder why.

**T**he released Friend tradition is one that helps us support the still small voice within. Does a meeting have more spiritual life going on than is given voice? Is there work that needs doing that we are not sure how to touch? Can we give the space Spirit needs within us? What do you support now that reflects your inner knowing?

I think of the essence of release as having two levels, really. One is that the involvement of the meeting acts as a cultural base, a firm ground from which one extends outward. But the true nature of release is this: If you truly feel you are doing what you are supposed to, you will come to know and expect that Way will open; common fears will be laid down, and you will be allowed to know your life outside the worldly definitions that keep us huddled and confused in this noisy world.

When I took the leap, I had faith I would find a net; instead I learned I could fly. □



# THE DOCTOR AND THE CHILD

by Grace Yaukey

The China mission station, where my husband and I lived for 11 years, was situated on an estuary more than 700 miles up the Yangtze River. The city stretched along the shore of what appeared to be a lake. In the wintertime it was a delta through which ran a navigable channel. Steamships from Shanghai dropped anchor in sight of the city. I remember a yellow tanker bearing the words "Standard Oil Company of New York" anchored within sight of our house.

One entered the compound through a gate opening from a street called In-Front-of-the-Pagoda Street. Although we never found out which emperor actually built the pagoda, it was famous for its beauty.

Walking in from the gate, one saw the hospital, the doctor's house, and the nurses' home. To the left was a side yard of our house, with the windows of the church next door looking onto it. Further along the walk lay what was called the ladies' hall, occupied by two American teachers and two American nurses. Still further along and over a small rise was another missionary home, a boarding school for women, and a boarding school for girls.

*Grace Yaukey, a poet and author of several books, lived at Friends Retirement Community and was a beloved member of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting. She was born and raised in China with her sister, Pearl Buck. Shortly before her death this year at age 94, and nearly blind, Grace dictated this true story to her friend Natalie Krakau.*

I will never forget the lovely feeling I had the morning we walked into our house after the best part of a night spent in a fourth-class railway car.

That first winter I spent my time with a Chinese teacher, who helped me to read and also instructed me in the strange pronunciations of the Mandarin language used by the people there. My husband, having been there for a year before I came, was already caught up in the work. His ability with figures made him a natural bookkeeper for all who drew salaries, for all expenditures, and for all income.

When our first child was born in May of our first year, we engaged a Chinese *amah*, or nurse, to help in his care. I went to the Yale-in-China Hospital in Changsha for his birth. There we had a good American doctor.

The Chinese *amah* and our cook and other menseservants were waiting at our door when we arrived back at our house. The *amah* immediately appropriated the tiny baby, exclaiming over his white skin and black hair. (She did not mention his blue eyes.) Church members and employees of the mission came bearing gifts. There were red eggs, pair upon pair of small embroidered shoes, and fancy caps with silver bells and tiger faces.

The routine of our life began to go smoothly along. We looked over at the empty hospital: empty because there was no doctor. The last American doctor had become elderly and retired a few years before our arrival. There was no western-trained Chinese doctor to be had. The two American nurses and some Chinese nurses opened a dispensary in the hospital in



the afternoon. Here they gave out quinine for malaria, castor oil, and mild medicines. There were always boils to lance, and eyes wanting care.

A few weeks after our child's birth we had the welcome news that an American doctor and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Stucki, were coming. There was a great bustling to get everything connected with the hospital in order and the doctor's home refurbished.

When they came, we were delighted. There they were, two beautiful creatures from Texas. They were tall and slim, black-eyed, black-haired, with ivory-white complexions. The doctor took our baby in his arms and handled him as if the child were his own.

In May, when the weather was already dreadfully hot, our child was almost a year old, and he suddenly became very ill. He had been toddling everywhere, clinging to furniture or a person's hands, but hopefully directing everything toward his mouth.

The doctor came at once and, studying the symptoms, he said quietly, "I think the child has dysentery. There are several forms of it. This may not be the worst one." Then he looked at my husband and asked, "When do you plan to take your family to the mountains?" (He was referring to Kuling, where my family had had a house for many years.)

[The author describes Kuling in her article "Center" (*FJ* April 1991) as a place of great mystical beauty, cool air, and clean water. Many Westerners went there to escape the oppressive summer heat—also the diseases that were prevalent at that time.]

My husband answered, "I plan to take my wife and child up in about two weeks, then I'll go back for a while in August."

The doctor said nothing, then went away, but in an hour or so he was back. He said, "You know, the danger of dysentery is that it causes dehydration and we have no equipment for intravenous feeding of any fluid." He paused, and then said, "Trying intravenous feeding on so small a child would be dangerous in itself." He looked up and he looked around, and at last he said, "Mr. Yaukey, I think the best thing to be done is for me to accompany Mrs. Yaukey and the child to the mountains." Then he continued, "I know that your work as treasurer is heaviest at the end of the month, and the hospital is not yet really open, so this is some-



Courtesy of Ray Yaukey

**Grace and Ray Yaukey in Hunan, China, 1925**

thing I could do. Tell me how to get to Kuling."

My husband explained how we had to go by ship to the port nearest to the foot of the mountains, take sedan chairs across the plain to the foot of the mountains themselves for a three-hour ride, then change to light bamboo mountain chairs for another three hours or so.

After a brief pause, the doctor asked, "How do we get a reservation on the steamer?"

My husband said, "We telegraph to the missionary home in Hankow, the largest port city in this area. They make a reservation with the steamship company and wire us back the day and name of the ship."

The doctor ran his hand back over his hair, then said, with a look at me, "If Mrs. Yaukey can do it, I can."

But my husband had not yet given full details of the journey. Since no shipping company had quay or wharf at our city, we would have to go out to the ship in a rowboat, and while the ship slowed its motors, we would be pushed, lifted, helped in any way possible onto the lowest deck of the ship. I shuddered to think of it.

We sometimes went to Hankow and boarded the ship there to avoid the dan-

gerous method of rowboats, but we could not lengthen the journey in that way, in this case.

My husband made the reservation for us. The day came and then the night, the night that we were to board the ship. Fortunately, it was not raining. My two menservants, the cook and the boy, had the luggage aboard a rowboat, waiting, so when the steamer itself was sighted, we went down to the shore and got aboard the rowboat.

As we drew near to the steamer, the water was turbulent because of her motion. She had slowed down, but not come to a full stop. Our rower went on until we almost touched the steamer, then sailors aboard the ship threw ropes to us, which the boatman quickly grasped, at the same time moving us so close in that we felt the trembling of the ship. At this point men from the ship reached over toward us, taking hold of us, while our rowers pushed us from behind, so we were literally thrown onto the lower deck of the steamer. The doctor had the baby, holding him high in one arm while he reached out, and grasping the railing, leaped aboard. When I and the servants were all aboard, scarcely knowing how we had gotten there, the doctor said, "Let's go up another level and find your room."

There were people sleeping everywhere, lying on the decks or on the seats of the saloon, which was near where we were to go. Our cabin or stateroom held four berths and had one small window. There was no electric fan. I quickly spread a rubber sheet on one of the lower berths and the doctor lay the baby there, and began to open his clothes to give him as much air as possible. He quickly changed the child and tried to get him to take a little water from his nursing bottle. I sat down on whatever was there and waited. The doctor said nothing for a while, then at length he turned to me and said, "You and the womanservant go and find the deck and try to get a little fresh air. I won't move from here. You know I will do everything I possibly can to save this child." I could not speak, but I obeyed him.

The whole night through was spent tip-toeing in and out. The womanservant sat on a seat in the saloon. I didn't know where the manservant went. From time to time I could hear the child's fretful crying. I know that sometimes the doctor took him in his arms and walked around the tiny room.



When dawn came the doctor stepped out of the room to find me. I saw his shirt was soaking wet, and he had deep lines under his eyes, but there was a little smile on his face. "I'm not sure yet," he said, "but perhaps we may make it. If you'd asked me last night, I would have said no, but now I'm beginning to think yes."

In midmorning we came to the port where we would leave the ship and take sedan chairs across the plain for three hours. Sometimes we stopped at places where the chairbearers could get a cup of tea. Once I went to see how the baby was doing. He lay panting on the doctor's lap, but the doctor looked up at me with a glimmer of a smile. He said, "I imagine that I feel a touch of coolness in the air already." I said, "I wish you were right, but you have a very good imagination."

By midday we were at the foot of the mountain. Here we changed to high-slung bamboo chairs, which would avoid the rocky steps. Late in the afternoon the road seemed to level out, and suddenly all the chair coolies, in unison, began to take long steps along a level space, and as they seemed to run, they shouted. This was always an exciting moment, but somehow, on this occasion, it had something victorious about it.

We were now at the great stone archway, which was the entrance to the village of Kuling. Here were a telegraph station, a post office, a photographer, as well as a few grocery stores carrying imported goods. I had already given our manservant a list of things to get. The doctor said, "Do you want to send a telegram? I'm going to wire my wife." I said, "What shall I say?" He said, "Child seems better." I added, "Thanks to the dear doctor. Love," and signed my name. He sent a telegram to his wife, but I don't know what he said.

We went on quickly now along the neat gravel path of the valley. Other streets led off the side of the valley, to right and to left. Ours went to the left, and there I put the key in the door and threw it open. There was the bay window opening into the mimosa grove, there the corner porch.

We opened the door to the porch and let the wonderful air pour in. The manservant lay down his packages and pulled an old wicker rocker and another chair out onto the porch. The doctor sat down and laid the baby on his knees, and began to open the child's clothing, but not too much at once. The baby was still asleep. The doctor looked over at me. I could see the lines in his face were very deep, and he said, "God willing, we made it." ☐

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# Friends Student Workcamp: Continuing a Tradition

*"This week was beauty, happiness, comfort, feeling, freedom. For the first time in many years I felt really good about what I was doing and who I was with."*

So wrote one student, in describing this year's Quaker student workcamp. Fifteen students from Haverford, Bryn Mawr, and Guilford Colleges traveled to Swananoa, North Carolina, to learn about sustainable development and to work side by side with people who really care about the environment. Chris and Ollie Ahrens, members of Asheville (N.C.) Meeting, were the local coordinators. Chris is an engineer and retired Warren Wilson College professor with extensive experience in appropriate technology. Deborah Shaw, Assistant to the Friends Center at Guilford College, also participated as an advisor and equal participant.

Workcamp projects included hauling pipes for a micro-hydroelectric generating plant, reconstructing a damaged greenhouse, helping set up an outdoor meditation center on the grounds of the Asheville Meetinghouse, and working on a housing rehabilitation program. The group also worshiped at Friends meetings in Greensboro, N.C., had a potluck supper with Asheville Friends, heard presentations about Southern Appalachian culture, learned about work-study programs, visited the Long Branch Environmental Center, and met with a sustainability group at Warren Wilson College.

The following are excerpts from the students' communal journal:

Monday: I feel like we've already experienced a week's worth of adventures and experiences. The group is really bonding and growing together. Today we started with 7 a.m. yoga and spent the rest of the morning at the Appropriate Technology Center making bricks, digging, leveling, insulating, and beginning the framework of the greenhouse. We finally got to jump into some good physical work for the first time today, and I think each of us agreed it felt great to be working and sweating and actually accomplishing something worthwhile. . . .

Thursday evening: I'm so tired and sweaty, and I have blisters on my feet from contra dancing. It was such fun. But the highlight of my week so far was working with Paul on the mountain today. We were carrying 20-foot-long, 60-pound sections of pipe, and lining them up from a spring at the very top, down a steep, rough slope. We figured we laid 45 pipes, that's 900 feet. When the project is finished, it will be a 4-kilowatt hydroelectric generator. The pipes were really heavy and the bank was so steep it took all of us working



Mariya Strauss/courtesy of Haverford College

**Erica Bailey and Jessica Paxson, of Haverford College, assist Guilford's Carl Christie in digging a new greenhouse foundation.**

together in a chain to get them into position. We were right up in the clouds, it was snowing lightly, but there was blue sky and sunshine above us. We got to drink from the spring at the top of the mountain—that water tasted so good. That day of air and water and hard work made me feel the best I've felt in a long time.

Friday: I kept asking myself why I was coming on this trip. Last Friday I almost took off with my roommate to Florida. I even cried on the phone to my mom telling her that I didn't want to go to North Carolina. I realize now, though, that the reason was that I was afraid. I was afraid to do something that deep down in my heart I knew I really wanted to do.

At Haverford my spirituality has been pushed to the background, so far back that I forgot it was and still is the most important part of my life. I guess I was scared that if I looked for it again, it wouldn't be as strong, wouldn't be as special. I was afraid that I had lost my spiritual self. I have to say that this week proved all of my fears wrong.

I wish I had the words to explain how I am feeling now. I am sitting in Chris and Ollie's house and I look around me and see not people, but spirits. Spirits that found freedom this week just as I did. It's a freedom that comes from using our bodies for what they

are good for nothing except sustaining our minds. I know that this week I was whole. I was both a body and a soul and a mind, because for the first time in a long while I was using all three at once.

I am so glad I came on this trip, so glad that when I look at a wall of bricks I can say, "I made that." I made something from nothing, we all did. Not just walls, lines of pipe, and cement, but moments and memories. Memories that will be in my heart always, and will remind me of who I want to be and why I am happy.

Monday: Now that it's over I ask myself how all this has changed me. I feel re-inspired to do many of the little things that I want to do, but don't usually get around to, like drying clothes on racks or closing the shades at night. On a larger scale, I have been given examples of how to lead a sustainable lifestyle. Chris and Ollie's toilet had a device with which you could wash your hands with the water refilling the tank as it flushed. Paul's house was partly heated by a greenhouse on the south side, and I saw many examples of a sincere attempt to live one's ideals, rather than just preach them. It was a fun trip, but I also learned from it and felt satisfied from the service I gave.

*(Excerpted from Haverford College's Rufus Jones Associates, July 1994)*



## Life in the Meeting

# Building Inclusive Communities

by Patience A. Schenck

Annapolis (Md.) Friends Meeting has a lovely new meetinghouse. While most of us are enjoying it greatly, we have been challenged to deal with some of our beloved members' special needs because of disabilities of various kinds. These have included allergies to new carpeting and other chemicals in the building, hearing problems that seem to be greater in the new meeting room, and difficulties with building access. (The building is "accessible," but some Friends find it difficult due to the severity of their particular problems.)

There is no question that we Friends care about one another. We take our community life very seriously. However, there are some ways of thinking about disabilities in the greater society that we in Annapolis are struggling with.

One of these is that if someone has a disability, while we will make efforts to be of help, we essentially consider it their problem, and anything we do to make the environment work for them is viewed as doing them a favor.

I think the reality is that when a member of our community has a problem of access, a problem being in an environment, a problem with hearing or sight, we have a problem to solve. To speak theologically, we are one body. The people with special needs are part of us. It is the meeting's responsibility to create an environment and structure that works for us.

Perhaps the problem is we don't like to be reminded that there, but for the grace of God, goes each of us. Any one of us who is able-bodied might find ourselves in a wheelchair or without use of one of our senses in the future. Good health and fitness can change in a moment with an accident or disease. This is a painful reality, and it is psychologically easier to deny that possibility by convincing ourselves that people with disabilities are separate from us.

Second, we try to be helpful, but we expect the person with the disability to take full responsibility for letting us know exactly what it is they need. If they are not assertive and articulate in letting us know their exact needs, we grow impatient. If they stay away from



Narcissa Weatherbee

meeting, we don't call and ask how we can help. If a decision is made with implications for a person with a disability, we assume that if they don't say anything, they are comfortable with the decision. We don't check it out with them.

The fact is that most of us have trouble asking for what we need, communicating it clearly, and having the self-confidence that other people care about us enough to meet our needs. Yet clarity and excellent, assertive communication are what we both expect and require from people with disabilities.

We may not be able to meet everyone's needs, at least as far as the meetinghouse goes. In that case, we need to be up-front about this, and to include those people in figuring out how they can still be part of our community. It is not acceptable to ignore them because we feel guilty.

It was interesting to observe how we dealt with allergies from the perspective of conflict resolution principles. As a meeting we usually think about problems in flexible and creative ways, trusting we will be led to a solution. But when we had to deal with conflicting needs—some were allergic to gases in the building, and some were allergic to pollen outdoors—we shifted to either/or thinking. Either we would worship in the meeting room or we would worship outside. We got stuck in a win/lose mentality and it took several months before the issue was fully aired with a view to finding a creative solution workable for all of us. (During the summer months we have an indoor and an outdoor worship group, which we started a good three months after the dilemma presented itself to us. We still haven't figured out a solution for the colder seasons.)

Those with conflict resolution training will recognize this right away. We perceive a conflict, we become fearful, and our thinking freezes up. Not only do we lose the ability to think creatively, but we no longer open our hearts to the spirit of truth.

I think Friends can be more inclusive, caring, and helpful. □

*Patience Schenck is a member of Annapolis (Md.) Meeting.*



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## Books

### Mary Dyer: Biography of a Rebel Quaker

By Ruth Talbot Plimpton. Branden Publishing Company, Boston, Mass., 1994. 246 pages. \$21.95/hardcover.

On 1 June 1660, by the Frog Pond on Boston Commons, Mary Dyer was hanged for being a Quaker. She had been banished from the Massachusetts Bay Colony on pain of death. She returned to imprisonment and cruel punishment. Expelled from the colony, she re-entered Boston to defy the law and court persecution, and invite her own death. This act of witness hastened the day of religious toleration in the colonies and the decline of the Puritan oligarchy in Boston.

Mary Dyer was in all likelihood the daughter of Arabella Stuart (a cousin of King James I) and William Seymour, Marquis of Hertford. Brought up by Arabella's lady-in-waiting, who gave her own name (Mary Dyer) to the infant to protect her from King James's discovering the child's whereabouts, she was raised in Somerset. When 22, she married a foster-cousin, William Dyer, a London milliner, and in 1635 they embarked for New England.

In Ruth Plimpton's excellently researched and elegantly written biography, it is not easy to decide whether the rigors of the physical climate and hardships of the settlers' lives were more difficult to bear than the harsh, intolerant bigotry of the Puritan elders of Boston. Cotton, Winthrop, Endicott, Bradstreet, Dudley, and the rest had left England, not to enjoy religious freedom, but to be free to establish and enforce their own vision of the "City on the Hill." The Bible was the sole inspiration from which laws were derived. They were God's elect. At least the men were: women were not to be heard on any matter whether of church or state. Behavior was prescribed in detail by the draconian laws that were promulgated, and their transgression subject to severe punishment and banishment from the colony.

This intimate control of everyone's daily life by the governor, magistrates, and ministers was intolerable. The disenfranchised women were those who questioned most. Mary Dyer became an intimate of Anne Hutchinson, who gathered other women and later their menfolk to discuss her view that God's Grace came, not from "a covenant of works," but from "a serene spirit, coming from the consciousness of God's state within." Retribution followed swiftly, for Governor Winthrop feared for the religious and political stability of the young colony if dissent was to be permitted.

Religion and politics in New England were inseparable. Ruth Plimpton describes this while giving a fair hearing to the obdurate and zealous elders. They imposed their rule on a colony physically vulnerable with an economy



Edwin Austin Abbey/Mary Dyer: Biography of a Rebel Quaker

that was still highly precarious. Controversy was to be crushed. Indians, whether or not they presented a threat, had to be destroyed. The union of church and state had to be preserved lest it attract the attention and intervention of King Charles I. But dissension grew, feeding on public obloquy and chastisement.

So the Dyers, with their antinomian friends (as they came to be known), sadly made their way to John Williams's haven of religious tolerance in and around Narragansett Bay. There they settled and, with the help of the local Indians, endured initial hardship eventually to prosper. Newcomers brought tidings of civil war, the execution of the king, and the creation of Cromwell's Commonwealth.

With a growing family, a prospering farm, trading vessels, and a tolerant and loving husband highly respected in the councils of the new settlements, what prompted Mary Dyer to return to England? Possibly the massacre of Anne Hutchinson and her family by Indians, or the distances that separated Mary from other women friends, or that even in tolerant Rhode Island women were still not enfranchised, left her restless.

Mary sailed for England where she remained for seven years, meeting and falling under the spell of George Fox. She attended gatherings of seekers, finding her way eventually to Swarthmoor Hall, where she learned to become a Quaker minister. In 1657 she returned to New England via Barbados (where there were a number of Quaker families). Landing at Boston intending to journey on to Newport, she and her traveling companion, Ann Burden were promptly jailed and thrown into solitary confinement. They were unaware of the anti-Quaker laws that had been promulgated by the city fathers infuriated by the Quakers' "turbulent and contemptuous behavior to Authority" and seditious preaching that the inner light of God's presence dwelt in

### Mary Dyer confronts Boston magistrates

every person. Prison, flogging, mutilation, fines, being whipped at the cart's tail, and return on pain of death awaited them.

John Dyer eventually learned of his wife's whereabouts and demanded her release. Governor Endicott consented subject to John ensuring his wife's permanent exile from the colony. Mary returned home to a grown family and a Narragansett Bay transformed into a busy, bustling center of trade, manufacture, and agriculture. But there was no holding Mary, who returned to Boston to witness the hanging of her two Quaker companions. When the halter was placed around her neck, she was reprieved by the

intervention of her eldest son. She was told that should she return, her execution was inevitable. Again, after staying on Shelter Island with her friends the Coddingtons, she returned to Boston and her fate. "Desiring you," as she said on the scaffold, "to replace the unrighteous and unjust laws of banishment upon pain of death made against the innocent servants of the Lord."

Ruth Plimpton writes with a brilliant clarity, taking us into the houses and the ships of the settlers, sharing in their housekeeping and husbandry, their religious searchings, and the statecraft they developed to manage their affairs and to manipulate the distant and ill-informed authorities in London.

Despite occasional historical hiccups, *Mary Dyer* is an impressive work. We should all be grateful for Ruth Plimpton's devoted and diligent account of a Quaker heroine, to whom we all owe so much and who still has the power to inspire us today.

Ralph Townley

*An English Quaker, now a member of Mattapoisett (Mass.) Meeting, Ralph Townley was educated at Sibford Friends' School. For 35 years he was a career member of the United Nations Secretariat, retiring as a director. He has published several books and plays including The United Nations: A View From Within.*

### Quaker Witness

By Irene Allen. Villard Books, New York, N.Y., 1993. 255 pages. \$18/clothbound.

Imagine publisher reaction to this proposal: "I have a female sleuth who's in her sixties, has arthritis, prays frequently, drinks a lot of tea, drives a car only if she has to . . . yes, she has a cat, but it doesn't help her solve myster-



ies; all it does is hide from company."

How could the author have hoped to be listened to, in a time when the most popular female detectives go out after midnight to confront murderers, hold their own with anyone in martial arts and gunplay, and have ear-curling vocabularies? Maybe the publisher's acceptance is part of a pendulum swing toward less repulsive amusements. Maybe Villard Books itself is a significant part of that swing and should be generously patronized by Quakers and all who would love to see entertainment depict more gentleness and responsibility.

In any case, Villard accepted and the public bought, so Irene Allen wrote this second mystery starring her Quaker. According to the jacket blurb, a third is in production.

Again the murder is done off camera and bloodlessly. Again Quaker sleuth Elizabeth Elliot becomes involved through her meeting; a troubled young attendee becomes the prime suspect. The timely topic of sexual harassment is involved and the reader is led through a jungle unfamiliar to most of us, scientific research.

Again, we have the coziness of Elliot's simple life amidst unpleasant weather, her inner debates about proceeding in a Quakerly way (should she encourage someone's breaking into an office for vital information?), and specifics about the buildings she enters and the streets she walks.

If Quakers recruited, this series might be seen almost as a ploy; how many readers will seek out a meeting? Allen shows all the appeals of the Quaker way of life and indirectly answers many questions about Quakerism, while quietly correcting common misperceptions. She also demonstrates that fiction can be gripping without constant gore and destruction, and without foolhardy risk-taking.

Joan Gilbert

Joan Gilbert is a freelance writer and editor in Hallsville, Mo. She is an inactive member of Columbia (Mo.) Meeting and belongs to Wider Quaker Fellowship.

## Marjorie Sykes: Quaker-Gandhian

By Martha Dart. William Sessions Limited, York, England, 1993. 156 pages. \$12/paperback.

I am often asked by new attenders at meeting if I can refer them to contemporary Quaker women who are affecting change in the quality of life. This biography is one I have been passing about, and it is a delightful reading experience. Martha Dart, a member of Claremont (Calif.) Meeting, has been a friend of Marjorie Sykes since 1967 and received her permission to write the story of her life.

Marjorie Sykes first went from England to teach in Madras, India, in 1928, at the age of 23. Later she was asked by author-educator Tagore to be "the representative of English culture" in his Bengal university. She knew Gandhi very well and was active in his non-violent movement for Indian independence. She was asked by him to head his basic education program, training teachers in social reform. This program she later extended into her own home in the Nilgiri Hills of South India. Marjorie has been Friend-in-Residence at both Pendle Hill and Woodbrooke, and traveled widely in the United States, Australia, and New Zealand among Friends.

I first met Marjorie Sykes in February 1975 at a Redwood Forest (Calif.) Meeting potluck gathering. The fact that Marjorie is not a birthright, but a convinced Friend, and from earliest years associated in ecumenical groups where as many as five different religions were represented, worshiping together, made a strong impression on me. She helped arrange the Colloquium of Hindus and Christians organized by Dorothy and Douglas Steere at Ootacamund.

In this biography we are able to see how a woman's life, when purpose and discipline are strong, develops organically. Each new service builds on the earlier skills and interests—all led by the Spirit. Martha Dart's lively, clear prose is enhanced by photographs, a map, glossary of Indian words, and a complete bibliography of Marjorie Sykes's published writings, including translations and lectures. Primary sources—letters, interviews, memories of friends—form the body of the biography.

(Available from the author, Martha Dart, 937 W. Bonita Ave., Claremont, CA 91711, for \$12 plus \$2 postage.)

Mary Millman

Mary Millman is a member of Eugene (Oreg.) Meeting.

Edith Cooper/Marjorie Sykes: Quaker-Gandhian



## Margaret Fell and the Rise of Quakerism

By Bonnelyn Young Kunze. Stanford University Press, Stanford, Calif., 1994. 327 pages. \$39.50.

Margaret Fell emerges from the pages of this book as a far more important, and more human, figure than Friends have acknowledged. Our traditional image of Fell as "nursing Mother" omits some of her accomplishments and neglects to note how unusual she was in her day. We have also failed to see that, although loving to family and Friends, she sometimes behaved in less than admirable ways—she could be "manipulative and dictatorial."

Using new evidence and reinterpreting previously known material, the author, who is trained in both theology and history, but is not a Friend, has given us an eminently readable book that is solidly based in research. She successfully combines an intellectual/biographical approach with one from social history, so that we can learn about Fell, about the 17th-century world in which she lived, about what it was like to be a woman in that era, and about the early Friends. The book's four parts deal respectively with: family life, socio-economic affairs, political and religious activities, and Fell's "mental world." Comparisons with contemporaries of similar background and status, as well as with other Friends, help us to see in what respects Fell was extraordinary, and how Quakerism affected her life.

Fell's instrumental role in the establishment of women's meetings is one of several points where this book breaks new ground. Admitting that incomplete evidence prevents us from constructing exactly what happened,

the author carefully reviews the available material and offers her interpretation. We see Fox and Fell as partners, whose relationship may have been sexual as well as spiritual, and learn how, in the Wilkinson-Story affair, when Fell's activism was a target for criticism, she supported Fox. Her loyalty to Fox and her influence upon him are part of her contribution to the Society of Friends.

The author ably handles both questions of gender and the interplay and tension between the social hierarchy of 17th-century England and the spiritual egalitarianism of Quakerism in Fell's life. Like Penn, with

Marjorie Sykes

whom Fell had a close bond, Fell used connections and assumptions deriving from her upper-class origins on behalf of Friends. Her leadership was crucial in organization, but at times, such as in her dispute with Thomas Rawlinson, who had managed her property of Force Forge, she rode rough-shod over anyone who stood in her way.

To King Charles II in 1660, Fell publicly defended Friends and opposed violence and war. The paper, which she wrote and delivered to the king, is one of an extensive collection of writings that show her to be a substantive thinker about religion and politics.

Through seeing Margaret Fell as an "authoritative female public minister," this book speaks to current issues as well as to those of the past.

*Esther S. Cope*

*Esther S. Cope is a member of Lincoln (Nebr.) Meeting and a Professor of History at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln.*

## Foulkeways: The Treasure and the Dream

*By Blanche Perkins Zimmerman. Celo Valley Books, Burnsville, N.C., 1992. 156 pages. \$15/hardcover.*

Quaker business procedure and decision making were put to a severe test when in 1945, Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting received the gift of an adjoining 68-acre farm from a non-Quaker who had never set foot in the meetinghouse. There were no restrictions except that the gift be used as a memorial to the donor's late wife. Blanche Zimmerman tells the story that she herself experienced, of the 17-year search that eventually culminated in the founding of Foulkeways at Gwynedd, a continuing care retirement community named to honor May Foulke Beaumont. Foulkeways was the first such community in Pennsylvania, the second in the Delaware Valley, and the model for many others.

The story of Foulkeways does not lack drama: a stormy-night call to a Quaker lawyer to write a will, the death 40 days later of the donor, and the electrifying announcement to the Friends of Gwynedd Meeting. All this was followed by the immediate tasks of caring for the houses on the property and the farm acreage, to say nothing of the concern to formulate a plan for the future.

Over the years committees were formed and re-formed, ways opened and closed, possibilities were suggested and rejected. At long last another local farmer, a member of Gwynedd Meeting, was led to envision what the enlarged working committee finally brought to fruition—a cottage-type community where Friends and others could live fully and independently among their peers and be cared for, always. In November 1967 the first

residents moved in and began to create the Foulkeways spirit of integrity, friendliness, and caring.

The first part of the book tells of Foulkeways's beginnings and the early years; the second part considers the many aspects of daily life and continuing care; color photographs and appendices are useful additions. As interest in continuing care communities gains momentum, this account of life as it is lived and managed at Foulkeways is a valuable resource for persons who are thinking of such a move, and for their families. Blanche Zimmerman gives the reader an even wider view as she describes how to work with a treasure and a dream.

*(Available from Foulkeways at Gwynedd, 1120 Meetinghouse Road, Gwynedd, PA 19436.)*

*Emily Conlon*

*A member of the FRIENDS JOURNAL Board of Managers, Emily Conlon is a resident of Foulkeways, and a member of Abington (Pa.) Meeting.*

## The Way We Never Were: American Families and the Nostalgia Trap

*By Stephanie Coontz. Basic Books, New York, N.Y., 1992. 389 pages. \$27/hardcover, \$14/paperback.*

In *The Way We Never Were: American Families and the Nostalgia Trap*, Stephanie Coontz systematically examines 200 years of myth upon which family life is rationalized. This clearly written, painstakingly documented, thoroughly readable book, the best social history produced in the past four decades, should be read by anyone wishing to speak to family affairs sensibly. From her introduction, in which she begins our trek to the meaning of "traditional values," through her epilogue, appealing for personal responsibility in building community, Coontz compels us to review with her the socio/economic climate providing the substance of family life.

Coontz orients family life to social, economic, and political organization. She histori-

cally illustrates that family life is not now, nor was it ever, a function of individual preference, private morality, or ideological orientation in isolation, but of social decisions comprising culture. From nomadic cultures, through agrarian life, to the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, family support has been a community enterprise. Coontz draws interesting parallels between our current moralistic dispositions and the "Gilded Age" of the 1870s through the 1890s, characterized by personal withdrawal from public concern and an accompanying increase in attention to personal fortune and fulfillment. The new conservatism redirects motivation from social and political responsibility to personal isolationism. Historically it is not private responsibility, but public policy that shapes family life. Coontz observes that:

... the new moralism about sex and family represents the bankruptcy of our political life. Public policy failures take second place to family irregularities; a political issue such as the status of women is reduced to courtroom brawls over alimony; rampant social ills such as childhood poverty receive far less attention than tales about prominent men who videotape young girls in sex acts.

Public policy follows the ideology of individualism, creating new victims, then punishing them for being victims. Nowhere is the substance of Coontz's argument more clearly enunciated than in our current stumbling toward "welfare reform." We cheerfully applaud the middle-class suburbanite who chooses to stay at home, claiming "my children are too important for me to work outside the home." Yet we chastise welfare moms, devising inventive ways to further impoverish them for staying home with their children, though they may not choose to do so were there an alternative for them, and may lack the skills to handle any but the most menial work outside their homes. It insults us to be told, in spite of this jarring abuse, that these efforts are designed to restore "traditional family values."

Current policymakers, citing ill conceived statistics abhorred by promiscuous academics, state: "The most serious threat to American



**The patio and garden of a Foulkeways resident**

*Donald Brant/Foulkeways; the Treasure and the Dream*



life is the increasing incidence of single teen pregnancy." We might commit this to memory. Ignore the reality that, Coontz documents,

In Concord, Massachusetts, a bastion of Puritan tradition, one-third of all children born during the twenty years prior to the American Revolution were conceived out of wedlock. . . A study of illegitimacy in North Carolina found that out-of-wedlock birth rates for white women were approximately the same in 1850 as in 1970. . . there was one abortion for every five live births during the 1850s, and perhaps as many as one for every three in 1970.

We surely must believe our social problems stem not from the increasing incidence of children in poverty; nor the failure of industry to provide doable work at a livable wage; nor the increasing number of imprisoned youth; nor the out-of-control cost of health care; nor the failure of community to provide reasonable child care facilities; nor the continuing disparity between the wages of women and that of men at the introductory level of private employment; nor our bigoted non-acceptance of alternative organization of family life; nor the greed of middle- and upper-income people unwilling to tax ourselves for the educational, social, and health programs that make society possible; nor the dispersal of a high percentage of our welfare dollars for entitlements for the rich. Of course not! The ostensibly increasing incidence of pregnancy among teenagers threatens the integrity of family life and societal health. Please!

In *The Way We Never Were*, Stephanie Coontz exposes these myths that prompt us to promote unworkable public social policy based upon an imagined universe that never was. Of course there are changes. But these changes suggest that to generate sound policy designed to promote individual and social health, "we must accurately describe the full range of new social and demographic territory through which modern men, women, and children are required to make their way." Coontz does not suggest returning to a past wherein "we could all trust each other, and sleep soundly in our beds," but rather to invent new community appropriate to the social and economic circumstances within which we must function, and to be prepared to pay for it with our money, our compassion and understanding for the Other, our energies, and our trust. Stephanie Coontz writes authoritatively about important matters. Read her, then let's talk about family values.

Ed Dodson

Ed Dodson lives in Mansville, Wash., with his wife, Nancy, and attends Agate Passage (Wash.) Worship Group on Bainbridge Island.

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## Findings: An Enquiry into Quaker Religious Experience

*Edited by Jack H. Wallis. Quaker Home Service, London, 1993. 107 pages. \$11.*

This is a frustrating book, unconsciously symptomatic of many of the problems within the Religious Society of Friends today. Based on work of the Alister Hardy Research Centre into first-hand evidence of religious or spiritual experience, this slim book records the responses of 29 London Yearly Meeting Friends and attenders to four questions. They were asked about their religious (spiritual) experiences, whether these were linked to being a Quaker, and if attending meeting for worship encourages or discourages, hinders or helps in relation to these experiences.

The encouraging and interesting part of the book is the account of the spiritual experiences of the respondents, the intimations of the Divine which come unbidden into their lives. Wallis notices in his introduction that Friends "seem to lack an adequate vocabulary and are obliged to hunt for symbols or metaphors or fall back upon technical or emotional language." Our branch of Friends has been consciously throwing out our old symbols and shared language because of their misuse by others. The baby that disappeared with the bathwater was our understanding of our shared religious experience of sitting together, as a gathered people, under the teaching and guidance of the Light Within. We are left with the atomistic experiences which make up the hopeful body of this book. Something real has happened to these individuals. The great tragedy for the Religious Society of Friends is that they rarely speak to each other about these experiences. Their meetings vary from providing a silent place for meditation, to being overtly unsupportive of spiritual life. The editor cheerfully writes off the unfed hunger as "evidence of seeking rather than errors, as arising from differences of temperament" rather than as a terrible failure to be first of all, a religious society. He seems to be unaware of a realization that Quakerism has offered—and could offer again—much, much more.

Although it is not intended as such, the book stands as a powerful indictment of the current state of too many of our meetings: we won't tell you what to call your experience because we have no clue; the only definition of Quakerism is what we do *not* have. The vision of these meetings consists of nice, special people who sit in silence and do good works. They do not talk about God or nurture each other's spiritual journey.

Marty Grundy

*Marty Grundy is recording clerk of the Relig-*

*ious Education Committee of Friends General Conference, and a member of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting.*

## Becoming a Friend to the Creation: Earthcare Leaven for Friends and Friends' Meetings

*Edited by Lisa Lofland Gould. Publications Committee of the Friends Committee on Unity with Nature, Chelsea, Mich., 1994. 130 pages. \$12/paperback.*

Hot off the presses, "Leaven" is an exceedingly accessible resource guide to Friends moved by the environmental concern. Lisa Gould has organized a varied and prodigious lot of information in classic journalistic style.

You get the gist of material quickly through the "Brief Look" page at the beginning of most chapters. Read these pages on your first leaf through. Deeper understanding is available in the "Wider Compilation" sections, which make up the bulk of the chapters.

*Earthcare Leaven* is the necessary handbook for Friends who want to do more than recycle aluminum. Inspirational chapters go beyond practical suggestions. Quotations from Quaker, biblical, and other sources reinforce the foundation in faith for unity with nature. I found the accounts of meeting projects equally inspiring. The sections on Minutes, Statements, and Queries provide fodder for fruitful discussions. Adult education and First-day school teachers, take note!

The black line drawings, evidently clipped from a variety of sources, underscore the eclectic simplicity of the book.

The final chapter, "Resources for Friends," is a stunning bibliography, or better, "oliography," which points the way to further reading and action.

The book belongs on the shelf of every Friends Meeting library. It may not stay there for long because the First-day school people, the Adult Education Committee, Peace and Social Order activists, and the Unity with Nature group will all be wanting to use it.

*(Available for \$12 plus \$2 shipping [\$10 each for 10 or more] from FCUN, 7700 Clarks Lake Road, Chelsea, MI 48118-8422.)*

Sandra Moon Farley

*Sandy Farley is a member of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting and serves on the editorial board of EarthLight magazine of spirituality and ecology, published by Pacific Yearly Meeting Unity with Nature Committee.*

## The Independent Home: Living well with power from the sun, wind and water

*By Michael Potts. Chelsea Green Publishing Company, Post Mills, Vt., 1993. 300 pages. \$17.95/paperback.*

The author and his family have been building their own innovative home over many years. He has interviewed families from Hawaii to Vermont, who "have learned to live better by using less energy, many of them disconnected from the utility grid." Most of the 15 chapters include excerpts from taped interviews with owners and operators of homes that to various degrees are "independent" of public utilities. The style of the interviews is conversational, dramatic, and biased in favor of "harvesting" energy from sunshine, wind, and water. The book offers many practical suggestions, such as this one from Richard Gottlieb in Vermont: "I recommend placing removable panels over walls that contain plumbing and electrical connections, so that systems may be revealed and repaired and the panels replaced as neatly as new." Wes and Linda Edwards of Humboldt County, California, commented: "with utility power, you pay for convenience. If you run your own system, you must get involved with it, learn about meters and maintenance, and you must know and stay within the limits of your systems."

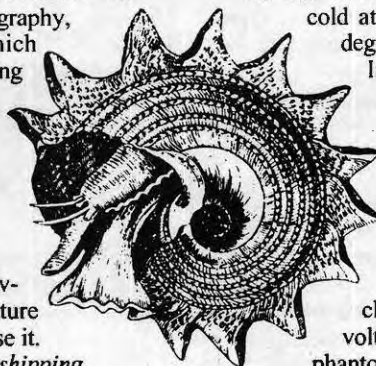
The Rocky Mountain Institute is a nonprofit resource policy group which carries on research on energy strategies. The Institute's main offices "are in a comfortable, super-insulated, four-thousand-square-foot rock, timber, and glass building beside Capitol Creek in Old Snowmass, Colorado. It gets

cold at 7,100 feet, down to -40 degrees every winter, but the Institute building has no conventional heating and derives 99 percent of its space heating from the sun shining into the bioshelter, a large greenhouse filled with tropical plants."

A 13-page glossary includes such terms as photovoltaics (PVs), ram pump, and phantom load. The bibliography occupies four and one-half pages with titles on global issues, energy issues, building, systems, and gardening. A list of resources and a subject index complete this refreshing book.

Francis D. Hole

*Francis D. Hole is a member of Madison (Wis.) Meeting, and a retired professor of soil science and geography.*





## Reports

### Friends World Committee for Consultation 18th Triennial Conference

In the pure, bright light of the New Mexico high country, surrounded by red rock buttes, 260 Friends representing yearly meetings on six continents gathered at Ghost Ranch conference center, August 15-24, for the 18th Triennial meeting of the Friends World Committee for Consultation to consider the implications of being "Publishers of Truth."

Johan Maurer, General Secretary of Friends United Meeting, keynoted the session by speaking on "The Light of Quaker Tradition." He noted there is no "pure" Quaker tradition which has not been formed in a specific, historical, and cultural context. While we honor George Fox and his valiant group, some Friends pay more attention to the linkage than do others. Some emphasize Fox's discovery that "there is one Christ Jesus who can speak to thy condition," while others stress his exhortation to "walk cheerfully over the world answering that of God in everyone."

Among Friends there are two major attitudes toward tradition: 1) abandon or conceal our tradition if we want to reach new people, and 2) resist any invitation in outreach or evangelism which would not feel "Quakerly." We need the light of tradition to shine upon our efforts to proclaim Truth for at least three reasons: 1) to authenticate the power of the testimonies, 2) to invite the newcomer into the new life in Christ, and 3) to remember that the Holy Spirit is at work in the world, and that our social testimonies are being expressed by other Christian groups.

In an interest group that followed, Johan Maurer shared his dream that unprogrammed meetings should start a programmed meeting, not necessarily pastoral, to meet the needs of people not comfortable with the unprogrammed format. Similarly, pastoral meetings should start an unprogrammed or semi-programmed meeting to meet the needs of people not comfortable with programmed worship.

In the First Day morning worship service, Greg Lamm, campus pastor at George Fox College, stated that if we would be publishers of Truth, we must be willing to pursue and publish Truth about who we are as individuals, who make up the "thick stew called Friends." He asked us to remember our first love when we first encountered God. We need to renew that feeling of excitement as both seekers and finders. As we move toward authenticity about ourselves as individuals,



Deborah Richards

the expression "Publishers of Truth" will become not only a phrase by which we are recognized and set apart, but a statement about our willingness to relentlessly pursue Truth about ourselves.

After experiencing the Shangrila setting through various walkabouts and day-long excursions, Friends gathered to consider "The Light of God's Creation." A panel of four Friends spoke on the environmental issues of sustainable development and renewable energy sources. After the Earth Summit of 1992, Stephen Collett reported that some of the agreements are being implemented by conventions. Gilliam Smith from London YM said we need to find energy substitutes for fossil fuel. Silas Keza-Kubi reported his work in Tanzania involving men to provide clean water, raise animals, and grow their own food. Bernabe Yujra addressed the problems of the alta plana in Bolivia. Quaker schools in poor rural areas are training people in agriculture and livestock improvement, and rediscovering the use of folk medicine remedies to meet health and nutritional problems.

There have been marked changes in the Triennials over the years as Friends from Africa, Latin America, and parts of Asia and Australia assume greater participation and ownership of FWCC. Although it was not possible to bring every concern to plenary session, through worship-sharing, interest groups, and informal discussions, Friends built strong networks with one another.

The plenary sessions covered a great range of topics of concern, some of which were referred to the Triennial by one or more yearly meetings. These included 1) welcoming two yearly meetings from India, Bhopal YM and Bundelhand YM; 2) reflections on the 1991 World Conference and a plea that we not wait 24 years for the next one; 3) a reaffirmation of its 1988 concern for justice for the Lubicon Cree people of northern Alberta, Canada;



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

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

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The Quaker Retirement Residences listed here are all members of **Friends Services for the Aging**, a cooperative network of 18 varied Quaker organizations serving older adults in the region.

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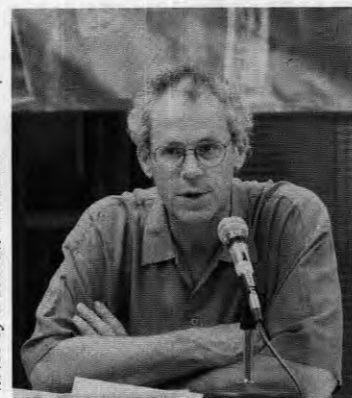
In Pennsylvania

❖ **The Barclay** West Chester  
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4) suffering people everywhere, especially in Cuba, Burundi, and Rwanda; 5) human rights, refugees, sustainable development, world trade, peacemaking, and peacekeeping; 6) the Cairo conference on population and development; 7) the Beijing conference on the role of women; 8) new challenges to the Peace Testimony, including involvement in the New Call to Peacemaking, ethnic cleansing, International Peacemaking Teams, the violent effects of world economic structures, and the peace campaign initiated by the World Council of Churches; 9) consultative support for Friends House Moscow; 10) crime prevention and treatment of offenders with a UN congress meeting in Tunisia on mediation, alternatives to violence, and restorative justice; 11) religious freedom for First Nations peoples; 12) arms transfer and trade. An FWCC-sponsored 6th Missions and Service consultation is being considered for October 1995, with a special focus on Africa. Time ran out before the Triennial could consider minutes from three interest groups on the Law of the Seas Treaty, Sustainable Development, and Sexual Discrimination, Abuse, and Harassment.

Australia Yearly Meeting has been concerned about educating Friends children in our faith and life, and creating an awareness of God and the stewardship of the earth. A new brochure, "Children and Quaker Meetings," includes queries like "Why do you go to meeting?" and "Do you look for that of God in people you meet?"

Children's groups from several places sent artwork. Australian children offered a multi-colored mural, which served as a backdrop behind the clerk's table, called "A Rainbow of Hope." Children in South Africa presented a poster made in 1993 called "Peace in Our Land." And children from Aotearoa (New Zealand) sent a notebook of drawings of themselves. Several suggestions were made to provide linkages for Friends children around the world, including a video of the world family of Friends, a guide for children's business meetings, and a calendar of art work.

One Friend, who brought his three children, asked FWCC to change its policy and include children and spouses for FWCC-sponsored events, insofar as feasible as to place and cost. Friends recorded the proposed minute





**Pages 35-37:  
Scenes from  
FWCC's 18th  
Triennial  
Conference;  
opposite:  
Stephen  
Collett,  
representing  
QUNO; below  
left: Dudu  
Mtshazo,  
representing  
FWCC, Africa  
Section**



higher education, we feel, increasingly, that FAHE is "home" for us—a source of renewal in a world of conflicts which can drain our energy and challenge our faith. It is a gathering where we feel no obligation, but are ready to serve in any way we can. It is a place where we can give over to all that we do not know, rejoice in those who do know, and let ourselves be taught in friendly fellowship and mutual respect by colleagues who share our passionate concerns, like these, heard in plenaries and hallways alike:

- "To have the vision—the peaceable kingdom—up front, right before our eyes. . ."
- "To collapse the distance between the I and the Other . . ."
- "To recover the culture of peace . . ."
- "To foster contemplative education, leading to compassionate adventuresomeness . . ."
- "To design classes so that students ache with caring . . ."
- "To be as creative as we dare."

We asked ourselves, how can we incorporate our faith with our practice as educators? How can we stay true to our values of respecting the truth within all people and yet *also* be effective in helping to move this world toward a sustainable peace?

This year's conference, June 23–26, examined these crucial questions through a keynote address on the mission of the Quaker United Nations Organization, a plenary on peace education, and talks spanning literary studies as a form of ministry, our place in nature, and our heritage from the life and teachings of William Penn. We cooperated with the Friends' Committee on Unity With Nature in producing a commanding symposium on the meaning and necessity of "sustainability" in the present era. In session after session, we shared ways to make our daily work into our peace witness. Particularly compelling was Elise Boulding's plenary urging us to "examine [our] trade[s] and seek what can come out of [them] for peace."

Our fellowship reinforced our work. We spent one evening seeking ways to bring more of our colleagues into our association, and another celebrating in worship together, amidst original musical compositions by Iola Cadwallader, "Coming Home to the Earth."

without full endorsement.

Baltimore Yearly Meeting brought a minute regarding population growth and led an interest group.

During the week representatives watched swallows feed and care for their young in mud nests outside the meeting room. It occurred to one Friend that this was a kind of metaphor for what was happening to our lives as Friends. Just like the birds, we were fed and nurtured by the Holy Spirit, cared for until we felt strong enough to fly off, back to our homes to carry out God's purposes for our lives. As the final epistle states, we return home to "face the challenges with hope and live our lives in that Spirit of love that delights to do no wrong."

One of the Triennial's final acts was to accept the invitation of London Yearly Meeting to meet at West Hills College, Birmingham, England, July 23–31, 1997.

—Robert S. Vogel

## Friends Association for Higher Education

"Coming Home to the Earth: William Penn and Contemporary Issues."

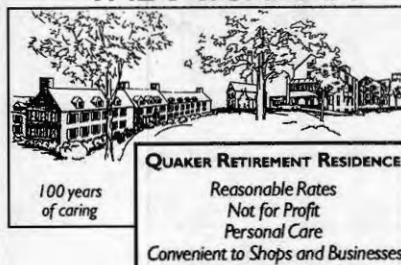
While we reflected on what FAHE is to us, one member of the Epistle Committee shared a memory of asking an eminent Catholic theologian why she was a Catholic. She replied, "It's home."

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Finally, we all felt thankful for Charles Browning's recovery from his stroke, and his presence as a founding member of FAHE.

Through all our seeking, FAHE is a safe haven to which we can come home together for sharing and renewal. Here, we have fortified and inspired each other to take risks, to take our testimonies back to the world, and infuse our working lives with their power: in the words of early Quaker women diarists, to become "Living Epistles" of peace.

—Susanne Weil, Paul Niebanck,  
Michelle Tarter

## Conference of Quaker Historians and Archivists

The Quaker Historians and Archivists met at Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C., June 24-26, for their 10th biennial meeting. Seventy people, a few from as far away as Oregon and England, gathered to hear stimulating presentations on various aspects of Quaker history.

Many of the presenters were Friends, but others also find provocative and important themes, stories, and ideas in studying Quaker history. The conference provides a venue for discussion and the lively exchange of ideas and information, as well as the opportunity to hear the results of current research in the field.

A sample of the papers presented includes: "To Wear the Chains' Conceptions of Marriage among 18th-century Philadelphia Quakers," by Karin Wulf; "The Reshaping of Quakerism after the Naylor Affair," by Rosemary Moore; and "Experiment in Persuasion: Lawrence Scott and the Vigil against Biological Warfare at Fort Detrick, 1959-1961," by David Hostetter.

The next conference will be held at Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., in 1996. Interested Friends are invited to write to the Friends Historical Association, Haverford College Library, Haverford, PA 19041, for more information.

—Elsa F. Glines

## Montana Gathering of Friends

The theme of this winter's MGOFF, Feb. 11-13, was "Filling Up and Spilling Over with Love in a Climate of Fear." Like other states in the Northwest, Montana has been targeted with acts of hatred against racial, religious, and sexual minorities. Ann Stever of AFSC in Seattle, Wash., spoke to the issue. She described some of the positive aspects which have been occurring in response, all coming down to the spiritual basis of touching that of God in ourselves and in others, an idea found in all religions. With references to Adam Curle's writings, she reminded us that

we are all grounded in life; that, as the Buddhists who return to the world realize, "Perfect love casts out fear" (John 1).

Ann spoke of our need to support each other through our corporate spirituality. In the Quaker role of mediators and reconcilers, we can never be neutral in the face of injustice and should put ourselves where people are suffering. Ann impressed on us that "Silence is the voice of complicity," and warned that clearness in our own actions is of utmost importance. "Are we acting in the spirit of love?"

With her passionately personal treatment of our theme, Ann left us with the conclusion that to act out of love in a climate of fear, we must have a strong individual and corporate spiritual base. We need to speak out and take action, and it is imperative to participate in dialogue with those with whose ideas and actions we may disagree.

In a separate, yet quite synchronistic, part of our gathering, Sandy Boehmler, an attendee of Missoula (Mont.) Meeting, led the group in several Dances of Universal Peace. Simple, uplifting, and meditative group dances, they represent and integrate many of the world's spiritual traditions. Helping to create peace and unity within and without, the songs and movements are simple and repetitive. Sandy's addition to the gathering was widely and lovingly welcomed.

Marge Abbott, presiding clerk of North Pacific Yearly Meeting (NPYM), spoke early to the group about the relationship of NPYM and MGOFF. Through interest groups and informal discussion, Marge gleaned enough sentiment about that relationship to report during our meeting for business on Sunday morning. The summary of comments has been presented to the Mulling Committee of NPYM.

Stressed are the need for the larger community of NPYM by MGOFF's Junior Friends, and a strong desire for connections, both within MGOFF and the larger Quaker community. There is also a focus on nurturing the various Montana meetings and worship groups, a difficult task due to the small number of Montana Friends and the large distances between them, coupled with a sense that MGOFF does have a responsibility as a Quarter within NPYM. Though there is no real desire to separate from NPYM, and the wider connections with Friends are important to MGOFF, our greater priorities are nurturing and strengthening MGOFF, its monthly meetings, and its worship groups.

Also during the meeting for business, the Gathering agreed to support, financially and with hospitality, two members to travel around Montana to speak with meetings and worship groups about the Queer Quaker Minute being circulated and seasoned throughout NPYM.

Our guests from other parts of the region, and the ideas and insights they shared, were welcomed and received in the attitude of love



with which they were given. We hope our guests will all return to many future MGOFs.

Leaving a MGOF is always a sweet sorrow. We are filled with the Light and love of Friends.

—Jim Coates

(Reprinted from Friends Bulletin, April 1994)

## Palmetto Friends Gathering

Over 80 Friends from South Carolina, northern Georgia, and North Carolina met February 18–20, near Columbia, S.C., for the fifth annual Palmetto Friends Gathering. The Gathering's theme was "Quaker Communities—in Our Region and Worldwide." Games to celebrate diversity and inclusion opened the Gathering, and a bagpipe rendition of "Amazing Grace" closed the final meeting for worship.

Our study of the worldwide aspect of Friends' community-building work focused on the past and present programs of FWCC. Palmetto Friends learned more about Quaker activities closer to home through interest groups on Quaker House of Fayetteville's (N.C.) military counseling center; the Rural Southern Voice for Peace in Celo, N.C.; and the Penn Center (S.C.) Work Camp. A student from Charleston (S.C.) Meeting told of his experiences in the new Quaker Leadership Scholars Program at Guilford College, and there was also a presentation on the history of 19th-century South Carolina Friends.

Young Friends' activities included the making of stone soup, "Green Circle" exercises on understanding violence, and creating skits based on the stories of David and Goliath and the loaves and fishes.

Twenty years ago, there were only a few scattered Friends in four small meetings in this region. Since that time those meetings have grown and there are now two more monthly meetings in South Carolina as well. The growth has come mainly from the outside as Friends and kindred spirits have moved to this section of the Sunbelt.

The Palmetto Gathering is designed for fellowship and mutual support. Meetings and worship groups remain affiliated with their yearly meeting, or in one case, have no official affiliation. The "outside in" pattern of growth is reflected in the Palmetto Gathering's connections to four yearly meetings. In what is perhaps the fledgling Gathering's first major business decision, the Jane Palmer Memorial Fund for intra-regional visitation was established in memory of a well-traveled and well-loved Friend, most recently a member of Columbia (S.C.) Meeting.

While the number of Friends in our area is still small, we feel we have at last a true regional community.

—Ellen McCracken

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## News of Friends

FGC's new Friends Hymnal project is coming along well, but assistance is still needed. As of July 1, \$64,110 had been committed to the project by individuals and yearly and monthly meetings. The Hymnal Oversight Committee's goal is to raise another \$80,000 in contributions, plus \$35,000 in interest-free loans. Aside from financial contributions, there are other ways in which Friends can help this project. The Music Selection Working Group, with members from seven yearly meetings, is currently considering over 700 hymns for possible inclusion. The final selection will consist of approximately 350 hymns. A Trial Booklet, which includes about 40 pieces being considered, is available to meetings and groups of singers for review. Comments made on various hymns are helpful to the Music Selection Working Group, and performing selections from the Trial Booklet provides an opportunity for raising funds for the project. For more information, to make a contribution, or to order Trial Booklets (up to 30), contact the Hymnal Oversight Committee, FGC, 1216 Arch St., 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107, telephone (215) 561-1700.

**Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting celebrated its 40th birthday** on Sept. 18, with a day of activities at its meetinghouse. Friends gathered for worship, followed by a light lunch, games, and much reminiscing. Participants browsed through a collection of old photographs and newspaper clippings, and had the opportunity to meet with founding members of the meeting. According to well-researched legend, the first meeting for worship of what came to be Live Oak Friends Meeting was held Sept. 19, 1954, in the home of Walter and Myra Whitson. This year's celebration also provided an opportunity to speculate about the future of the Society of Friends, and to look forward to another 40 years of Quakerism in the Houston, Texas, area.

**Argentina will end its official practice of required military service.** In a surprise announcement, government officials declared it will do away with universal military conscription by the end of 1994. Following up a story on efforts to secure legal protection for conscientious objectors throughout Latin America (FJ 10/94, News), Argentina will join Brazil, Uruguay, and Guyana as the only countries in the region to make military service optional. The move came after an 18-year-old conscript died after a beating he received on entering an army base. Several church groups have been working for years to obtain recognition of conscientious objection in Argentina, Guatemala, Venezuela, Bolivia, Honduras, and Columbia. A proposal was being



considered in the Argentinian legislature, but this latest change will do away with obligatory service altogether. (from the August 22, Mennonite Reporter)

**A shipment of computers intended for Friends College in Kaimosi, Kenya, has been lost.** Seven computers donated last year by Wilmington College were sold at government auction before Friends College could obtain the necessary papers to move the equipment through customs duty free. Apparently the computers had already been sold to cover storage fees when college board chair Simeon Shitemi was trying to obtain the correct documents. Simeon offered his resignation because he felt responsible for the situation, but the Friends College Board refused. The school had a computer program in place, and was eagerly awaiting the arrival of the donated machines. The incident was upsetting to all involved, but steps have been taken to assure the problem will not occur again. Friends College, Kaimosi greatly values the assistance it receives from American Friends, and prays this incident will not affect future donations.

**Haverford College Alumni have started a lesbian, gay, and bisexual alumni network.** The group, which consists of about 80 members so far, hosted its first major event in the last week of June. The gathering of Haverford alumni, students, faculty, and friends took place in New York during the Stonewall 25 celebration commemorating the beginning of the modern gay rights movement. The network plans to work with lesbian, gay, and bisexual students at the college, address academic concerns at Haverford, and serve as a social and support resource for its members. For more information, contact Michael Gluck at 9039 Sligo Creek Parkway, 1406, Silver Spring, MD 20901-3355.



## Bulletin Board

• "Crime: Is there a Christian Response?" is the title of a training program on how to start a Church-Based Victim Offender Reconciliation Program (VORP). Scheduled for Nov. 3-5, in Fresno, Calif., the program will be led by Ron Claassen, founding director of the Fresno VORP and the Center for Conflict Studies and Peacemaking at Fresno Pacific College. The course includes an in-depth look at the vision and mission of VORP, plus training on corporate organization, case management, volunteer management, mediator training, and interactive instruction. For more information, telephone Kathy Stück at (800) 909-VORP.

• A "Stop the Killing, Start the Healing" campaign against handguns was launched in Oct., 1993, in Louisville, Ky., by the Fellowship For Reconciliation. The project serves as a model of how to organize a program to replace firearm violence and militarism with economic justice and a renewed sense of community. Although each community is unique, the Louisville campaign gained insights that will be useful to others who want to address the issue of handgun violence. The Louisville project included a vigil and march, petition drive, citizen lobbyists at the state legislature, a gun buy-back program, and a Mothers Against Handgun Violence campaign. For more information on starting a similar campaign, plus details on the Louisville model and background information, contact FOR, Disarmament, P.O. Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960, telephone (914) 358-4601. (from Voices, September/October 1994)



• Applications are currently being accepted for the Charles Bannerman Memorial Fellowship Program. Founded in 1987, the program honors outstanding activists of color, and provides stipends of \$15,000 for sabbaticals of three months or more. This financial support allows activists to reflect on their work and renew themselves for future endeavors. To qualify, applicants must be a person of color, be a resident of the United States or its territories, have at least 10 years of experience as a community activist, and be committed to work for social change. Past Fellows have been involved in community and labor organizing, political and economic development, and cultural work. The program is named in honor of the late Charles Bannerman, whose lifelong commitment to social change and economic justice brought substantial improvement to many of the poor communities of the Mississippi Delta. Applications for the 1995 Bannerman Fellowships must be postmarked by Dec. 1, 1994. For more information and an application, contact Bannerman Fellowship Program, 1627 Lancaster St., Baltimore, MD 21231.

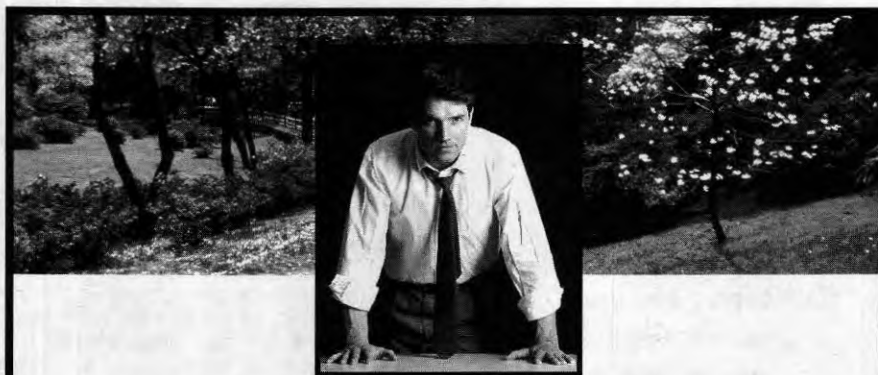
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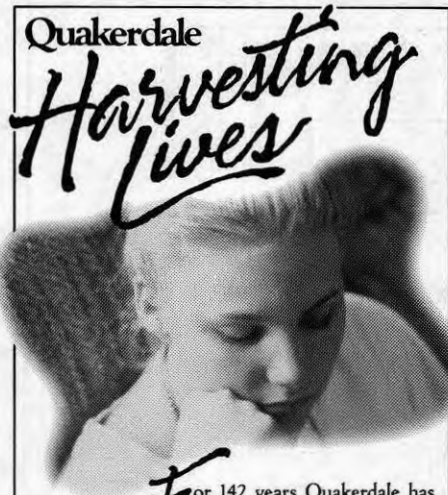
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•With the Panama Canal and U.S. military bases scheduled to be turned over to Panama by the end of the decade, how can the poor and communities of color benefit? The Fellowship of Reconciliation will sponsor its fifth National Delegation to Panama, Dec. 11-23, to help answer this question, and join Panamanians in remembering the fifth anniversary of the U.S. military invasion of that country. The group will also meet with poor, Afro-Caribbean, and indigenous communities, and investigate conditions of racial and economic justice. Panama's poor majority needs housing, jobs, education, and a say in the decisions that will affect them. The FOR seeks a diverse group to participate in this special delegation. People of color and people with experience of military base closures in their communities are especially sought. Cost for the program is \$775 from Panama City, and some scholarship aid is available. Apply immediately to the FOR Task Force on Latin America and the Caribbean, 515 Broadway,

Santa Cruz, CA 95060, telephone (408) 423-1626.

•Global Service Corps is inviting participants to join in its "Volunteers to Southeast Asia" program, Nov. 11-27. The group will travel to the Chiang Mai region of northern Thailand to assist local villagers in addressing community needs by teaching English and assisting with construction, agricultural, or public works projects. Participants will experience the warmth of the Thai people firsthand by living with local families, and sharing traditional meals and accommodations. The group will also spend time in Bangkok visiting a Buddhist monastery, the floating markets, and other highlights of the area. The project tuition is \$1,495, discounted group airfares are available, and all costs are usually tax deductible. For more information, contact Global Service Corps, 1472 Filbert St. #405, San Francisco, CA 94109, telephone (415) 922-5538.

## Calendar

### NOVEMBER

3-6—German Yearly Meeting, Bad Pyrmont, Germany. Contact Lore Horn, Wikinger Ufer 5, D-10555 Berlin, Germany, telephone (30) 3914867.

4-6—Training of Trainers for Social Action, Washington, D.C. Led by George Lakey, the program teaches skills and new techniques, and allows participants to network with other trainers. Contact Training Center Workshops, 4719 Springfield, Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143, telephone (215) 729-7458.

5—"Emerging Democracies—Steps Toward Independence," AFSC's Annual Public Gathering, 1:30 p.m., at the Friends Center in Philadelphia, Pa. The keynote address will be given by Lani Guinier, professor of Law at the University of Pennsylvania. Panel discussions and a reception will follow. Contact AFSC, Public Gathering, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, telephone (215) 241-7057.

11-12—"Growing From Strength: The Moral Development of Children," a symposium at Germantown Friends School, Philadelphia, Pa. Part of the school's 150th anniversary celebrations, the two-day event will examine the different factors influencing the development of children's sense of values, and will explore how adults can ensure that children grow up leading lives of conscience and moral courage. The keynote speaker will be Robert Coles, and the guest speaker will be Lani Guinier. Cost for both days is \$90. Contact Germantown Friends School, 31 West Coulter St., Philadelphia, PA 19144, telephone (215) 951-2340.

12-18—Guatemala Yearly Meeting, Iglesia Nacional Amigos, Tabernaculo "Amigos," Chiquimula, Guatemala. Contact Salome Ramirez Miguel, Apartado 8, Chiquimula, Guatemala, telephone 9-420-149.

13-18—"Healing From Life's Wounds," a conference at Quaker Center, Ben Lomond, Calif. Led by John Calvi, the gathering is for both the wounded and the caregiver. The program will include talk and stories, some touch, small group sharing to understand trauma, healing, and giving. Cost is \$200, and some scholarships are available. Contact Quaker Center, P.O. Box 686, Ben Lomond, CA 95005, telephone (408) 336-8333.

14—"William Penn and his Educational Legacy," the theme for the Annual Meeting of Friends Historical Association, at Arch Street Meetinghouse, Philadelphia, Pa. Speaking will be William C. Kashatus III, chair of religious studies and director of community service for William Penn Charter School. The program includes a 5:30 p.m. reception and dinner at 6:30 p.m. Cost is \$9, and reservations need to be made by Nov. 7. Telephone (610) 896-1161.

17-20—"Individual Empowerment and Corporate Effectiveness," a Friends business consultation at Quaker Hill Conference Center, Richmond, Ind. Sponsored by Earlham School of Religion and Quaker Hill Conference Center, the gathering will examine the moral changes and opportunities for witness that business life involves, and the relevance of Quaker values as modern management practices change. Telephone John Punshon at (800) 432-1377 for more information.

25—International Day Against Violence Against Women. For information, contact the Center for Women's Global Leadership, 27 Clifton Ave., Douglas College, New Brunswick, NJ 08903, telephone (908) 932-8782.

In November—Japan Yearly Meeting, Tokyo, Japan. Contact Japan Yearly Meeting, 8-19 Mita 4-Chome, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan, telephone (03) 3451-7002.



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# GREEN'S JOURNAL

WEDNESDAY  
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## Milestones

### Births/Adoptions

**Bradshaw**—*Benjamin A. W. Bradshaw*, on Dec. 30, 1993, to Terry and Nelson Bradshaw. Nelson is a member of Fifteenth Street (N.Y.) Meeting.

**Casey**—*Ann Marie Olsen Casey*, on Dec. 26, 1993, to Gay Lynn Olsen and Paul Casey, of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting.

**Douglas**—*Katherine Louisa Strobe Douglas*, on June 2, to Betsy Strobe and Lee Douglas, of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting.

**Ersek**—*Olivia Jean Marshburn Ersek*, on Feb. 24, to Carol Marshburn and John Ersek, of Durham (Maine) Meeting.

**Graham**—*Tynan Sherman Graham*, on Feb. 5, to Kim Lacey and Daniel Graham, of San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting.

**Horton**—*Kinari Ann Riseman Horton*, on Feb. 1, to Julia Riseman and Nicholas Horton, of Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting.

**Hull**—*Emilee Maria Hull*, on Dec. 6, 1993, to Dawn and David Hull, of Westboro (Ohio) Meeting.

**Kalmus**—*Grace Gardiner Kalmus*, on March 4, to Joy Gardiner and Harold Kalmus, of Woodstown (N.J.) Meeting.

**Karnes**—*Derik Westley Karnes*, on March 12, to Roberta Cowgill Karnes and Mitchell Karnes, of Fall Creek (Ind.) Meeting.

**Luehrs**—*Nelson Earl Luehrs*, on July 5, to Karen and Howard Luehrs, of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting.

**Lushiku**—*Kahlila Lushiku*, on May 13, to Elizabeth Schutt and Abel Lushiku, of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting.

**Magee**—*Emily Magee*, on April 26, to Wendy and Bruce Guillaume, of Friendsville (Tenn.) Friends Church.

**Philips**—*Nathaniel Milton Philips*, on March 1, to Harriet Jahr-Philips and David Philips, of Falls (Pa.) Meeting.

**Schweigart**—*Luke Schweigart*, on Dec. 27, 1993, to Ann and Michael Schweigart, of Woodstown (N.J.) Meeting.

**Simmons**—*Heather Simmons*, on April 4, to Paula and Dirk Simmons, of Leesburg (Ohio) Meeting.

**Sisco**—*Rachel Georgia Frances Sisco*, on May 24, to Sara Gerard and Paul Sisco. Both parents attend Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.).

**Travis**—*Lucy Galen Travis*, on Jan. 20, to Lynn and Timothy Travis, of Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting.

### Marriages/Unions

**Bock-Marshall**—*Molly Jones Marshall* and *Arlene Ruth Bock*, in a ceremony of commitment, on April 9, at Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.).

**Everdyke-Lee**—*Randolph J. Lee, Jr.*, and *Elizabeth Everdyke*, on April 2, under the care of Farmington (N.Y.) Meeting, of which Elizabeth is a member.

**Halko-Leigh**—*Tom Leigh* and *Lisa Halko*, on

March 20, under the care of Davis (Calif.) Meeting.

**Hirabayashi-Stoffregen**—*Thomas Andrew Stoffregen* and *Asako Hirabayashi*, on July 9, at Cincinnati (Ohio) Meeting, under the care of Community (Ohio) Meeting, of which Thomas is a member.

**Krakau-Fenninger**—*Carl Fenninger* and *Natalie Krakau*, on June 9. Carl is a member of Warrenton (Pa.) Meeting.

**Pallante-Hyun**—*Christopher Charles Hyun* and *Maria Ann Pallante*, on April 30. Christopher is a member of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.).

**Scanlon-Huff**—*Steven Huff* and *Margaret Scanlon*, on Nov. 20, 1993, under the care of Rochester (N.Y.) Meeting, of which Steven and Margaret are both members.

**Simmons-Getty**—*Philip Getty* and *Barbara Simmons*, on June 4, under the care of Falls (Pa.) Meeting.

**Sizettis-Allison**—*Steve Allison* and *Vinetta Sizettis*, on March 12, under the care of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting.

### Deaths

**Bowles**—*Herbert E. Bowles*, 93, on Dec. 27, 1993, in Germantown, Pa. Born in Oskaloosa, Iowa, he grew up in Japan, where his parents worked with the Tokyo Friends Girls School. Herbert graduated from Westtown School in 1918, and worked for the Red Cross in Vladivostok, Russia, aiding refugees. He graduated from Earlham College in 1924, and attended the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. In 1936, after working in Tokyo, Japan, Herbert moved his medical practice to Honolulu, Hawaii. Herbert worked at various times in the 1950s with Friends in Kunsan, Korea, helping set up a clinic and hospital. He traveled throughout Africa, promoting family planning for the AFSC, and he served for a time with a mission in Newfoundland. Following his retirement in 1963, Herbert and his wife, Gertrude, moved to Stehekin, Wash., within what later became North Cascades National Park. He volunteered his medical services to the community there, and responded to wilderness emergencies. The Bowleses were long-time members of Honolulu (Hawaii) Meeting. Herbert was preceded in death by his wife in 1984. He is survived by two daughters, Helen Bowles Nicholson and Virginia Macy Schnell; two sons, John Bedell Bowles and Stephen Pickett Bowles; eight grandchildren; and 10 great-grandchildren.

**Carpenter**—*Florence Young Carpenter*, 102, on June 16. A birthright Friend, Florence was raised in the farming communities of Hopewell and Whittier, Iowa. She attended Olney Friends School and graduated from Westtown School in 1915. After attending Mount Holyoke College, she taught at Scattergood and Olney Friends Schools. In 1919 Florence married Martin Carpenter and moved to Whitinsville, Mass., where the couple began a family. In 1929 they moved to Indianapolis, Ind., where Florence was instrumental in starting a silent worship group. The couple divorced in 1932, and Florence raised her children alone. In 1941 she moved to Whittier, Iowa, and lived with her mother, Mary Young. There she was an active member of Whittier Meeting, and regularly traveled to quarterly and yearly meetings. Following her mother's



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death in 1949, Florence became a housemother at Wilmington College in Ohio. She later moved to Columbus and joined North Columbus (Ohio) Meeting. In 1960 she felt called to volunteer her time and energy in working for a peaceful world, and became a resident and cook at the Peace Action Center in Washington, D.C. After spending a winter term at Pendle Hill in 1963, Florence moved to Hartford, Conn., becoming a member of Hartford Meeting in 1965. During the 1960s she was a faithful vigiler in front of the Connecticut State House. She attended many peace and human rights rallies, and joined in the great Martin Luther King march in Washington, D.C. In 1974 Florence moved to Waterbury, then Waterboro, Conn., and joined Watertown Meeting, now Litchfield Hills (Conn.) Meeting. Some of Florence's other interests included cooking wholesome food, walking every day, sewing, playing games, and drawing and painting. Florence is survived by her daughter, Dorothy Carpenter Wheeler; eight grandchildren; and 16 great-grandchildren.

**Harper**—*Oliver (Monty) Harper*, 74, on Feb. 25, of renal failure. Monty was born in Wakenaam, Guyana, the son of a bishop in the African Methodist-Episcopal Church. He graduated from the University of London, majoring in languages and teaching. He did pre-med work at Columbia University, and received a doctorate degree in dentistry from Howard University. When an illness ended his career, he took a graduate degree in education, and taught English literature, Latin, Spanish, French, and African History. Monty also spoke Arabic, and was noted as a musicologist, raconteur, and as the author of many articles and studies. His third career was in the Foreign Service, serving in Tunisia and Burkina Faso (formerly the Ivory Coast). Monty became associated with Friends in Greensboro, N.C. He was a member of Gainesville (Fla.) Meeting, and a regular attendee and staunch supporter of Ocala (Fla.) Worship Group. Monty is survived by his wife, Velma; three daughters; a son; two brothers; four sisters; and two grandchildren.

**Kamp**—*Esther Lois Farquhar Kamp*, 99, on June 28, at Quaker Heights Nursing Home, Waynesville, Ohio. Esther was born in Blue Island, Ill., but spent most of her youth and retirement years in Wilmington, Ohio. She graduated from Westtown School in 1913 and Wilmington College in 1916. Esther taught in public schools in Ohio, then in Friends schools in Cuba. She received a masters degree in Spanish from Middlebury College, and later taught Spanish at Wilmington College. During the Spanish Civil War in the late 1930s, she went to Spain with the AFSC to help feed children. She then spent 24 years in Indianapolis, Ind., as a social service consultant for the state of Indiana. In 1977 Esther married Wilbur Kamp. They were members of Campus (Ohio) Meeting, and were active in the affairs of the Society of Friends throughout the Midwest. Esther was a loyal supporter of both Westtown School and Wilmington College. She was preceded in death by her husband, Wilbur, in May.

**Land**—*Sharli Powers Land*, 52, on Aug. 5, of cancer, at her home in Philadelphia, Pa. Born in New York City, Sharli was introduced early to the world of the arts by her parents, both of whom were actors. She was primarily a painter, with a distinctive way of seeing people, things, events,



even her own life, and of trying to distill their essence on canvas or paper. She was also a living woman: a wife, a mother, a care-giver, and a compassionate friend to lost and hurting Central American refugees and close acquaintances. She was also a Quaker, eager to let her life, much more than words, speak of God's love for all of us. While painting and working with the Provincetown Art Association on Cape Cod, Mass., Sharli married Stuart Land. Together they joined Yarmouth (Mass.) Preparative Meeting of Sandwich (Mass.) Meeting. The couple moved to Cambridge, Mass., and then to Philadelphia, Pa., where they became members of Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting. As her children grew up, Sharli used her creative talents as a staff person for several Quaker organizations. She began as interpretation secretary for FWCC, Section of the Americas, designing and writing brochures and publications. Later she took responsibility for the Right Sharing of World Resources program, where she found an outlet for her energy, humane concerns, and creative imagination that brought new life to a valid but struggling program. Characteristically, she captured the program in a painting, a collage of impressions of India, which was reproduced to raise funds for Right Sharing. Later she worked on specific interpretation projects for the Quaker United Nations Office and AFSC. In many areas of her life, her artist's eye and Quaker heart saw elements and aspects of reality that others missed. Often her vision and discernment came to her friends first as challenge, then as education, and, ultimately, as precious gift. Sharli is survived by her husband, Stuart Land; a son, Jonas; a daughter, Sunshine; her parents, Charles and Edythe Powers; and a multitude of (F)friends.

**Leeds**—*Edith Hull Leeds*, 89, on March 30, at Pennswood Village, Newtown, Pa. A birthright friend, Edith attended Baltimore Friends School, George School, and Swarthmore College, from which she graduated Phi Beta Kappa. A long-time resident of Washington, D.C., she worked at the Library of Congress for 26 years, and was an active member of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.). Her husband, Kingsley B. Leeds, was incapacitated for much of his life, and Edith raised her two daughters alone. She loved literature, appreciated music and the theater, enjoyed cats and stitchery, and had a lively sense of humor. Her home served as a center of overflow hospitality for William Penn House. Edith is survived by her daughters, Sheila D. Leeds and Judith Leeds Inskeep; two grandchildren, Rita J. and James R. Inskeep; a sister, Bertha Hull Paxson; and a brother, James D. Hull, Jr.

**Reynolds**—*Akie Nagami Reynolds*, 52, on July 2, of breast cancer. A native of Tokuyama-shi, Japan, Akie married Earle L. Reynolds in 1964. Sailing aboard the yacht *Phoenix*, they helped deliver medical supplies to North Vietnam, and made a friendship voyage to the former Soviet Union. From 1970-73 Akie and Earle served as codirectors of the newly established Quaker Center in Ben Lomond, Calif. Akie later served as librarian and international counselor in the University of California Career Center in Santa Cruz, Calif., where she introduced many students to careers in international peace-keeping and social justice. She earned a BA degree from UCSC and a master's degree in Peace Studies from Antioch College. Akie was a member of the executive committee of the Santa Cruz Japanese Cultural Fair, and was



active with the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and Friends World Committee for Consultation. Akie was often called on to act as translator for city government affairs, and after her retirement, she acted as a consultant to Japanese and U.S. business people. A beloved member of Santa Cruz (Calif.) Meeting, she was active in the Friends in the Orient Committee of Pacific Yearly Meeting. Akie will be remembered for her work with children in Santa Cruz Meeting, teaching them the Japanese art of Origami, and in yearly meeting, where she assisted them in the recognition of Hiroshima Day. Akie is survived by her husband of 30 years, Earle L. Reynolds; her mother, Yoshie Nagami; a brother, Kazuyuki Nagami; a sister, Sachie Komeima; two nephews; and a niece.

**Walker**—*Alice Ellzey Morris Walker*, 82, on April 15, in Santa Rosa, Calif. The daughter of a missionary physician from Philadelphia, Pa., Alice was born and raised in Shanghai, but periodically traveled to Philadelphia and attended Quaker schools. She graduated from Simmons College in Boston, Mass., with a library science degree in 1934. Alice did library work in China after college, then returned to Philadelphia, where she joined the Society of Friends and married Nicholas Raspa. He passed away shortly after World War II, and Alice later married Charlie Walker at Radnor (Pa.) Meeting. The couple moved to Washington state, where Alice attended Seattle (Wash.) Meeting, then to Honolulu, Hawaii, in 1965. Charlie died in 1969, shortly before Alice received her master's degree in library science from the University of Hawaii. She then moved to Canada, where she earned another master's degree from the University of Vancouver, and ran a hostel for American men who objected to the Vietnam War draft. During the 1970s and 1980s, Alice made several trips to China to do volunteer teaching. In 1980 she moved to Maui, Hawaii, where she did counseling work at hospitals. Maui (Hawaii) Friends Worship Group met in her home for several years. Alice is remembered for being cheerful and helpful to anyone who needed assistance, and she kept an open home. Although not publicly outspoken, she was steadfastly sure of her beliefs. Alice is survived by a brother, Herbert Morris.

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## Positions Vacant

**Greene Street Friends School,** an urban, co-educational, pre-K-8 day school, seeks principal beginning July 1, 1995. Contact: Search Committee, GSFS, 5511 Greene Street, Philadelphia, PA 19144. Resume deadline December 1, 1994. EOE.

## Haverford College

Haverford College is currently seeking candidates for tenure-line faculty positions, beginning September 1995, in the following departments:

**Anthropology:** The department seeks a tenure-line faculty member at the assistant professor level in social and cultural anthropology. Applicants must have Ph.D. in hand or very nearly, and be competent in the anthropology of Japan and of East Asia generally. Apply by **December 1, 1994**, to Dr. Paul Jefferson.

**Biology:** The department seeks a tenure-line faculty member at the assistant, or possibly associate, professorial level. Successful applicants will teach undergraduates at all levels and receive teaching credit for maintaining an active research program with extensive undergraduate involvement. The successful candidate will teach formal and molecular genetics up to and including the junior level. A Ph.D. and postdoctoral research experience are required. Apply by **November 15, 1994**, to Dr. Judy Owen.

**Computer Science:** The department seeks a tenure-line faculty member at the assistant professor level. Applicants must have a Ph.D. and be able to teach all courses in the core curriculum as well as conduct research in a liberal-arts setting. Preference will be given to candidates whose work has an applied component that can be related to other sciences and/or mathematics. For further information and a detailed description, send message to cssearch@haverford.edu, or contact the department secretary at (610) 896-1212. Apply by **December 15, 1994**.

**Psychology:** The department seeks a tenure-line faculty member at the assistant professor level in Biological Psychology. Appropriate interests and expertise include: the evolution of behavior, neural and hormonal mechanisms of behavior, animal learning and motivation, and biological aspects of psychopathology. Applicants must have a completed Ph.D., and previous teaching experience is strongly desired. Apply by **November 1, 1994**, to Dr. Marilyn Boltz.

The following department is seeking a non-tenure track, regular part-time appointment, beginning September 1995

**Mathematics:** The department seeks a non-tenure track position at the assistant (or possibly associate) professor level. Teaching duties will be concentrated on mathematics courses at the introductory and intermediate levels. Although the position is normally 5/6 time, opportunities for additional teaching in related departments (such as computer science) may make it effectively full time. Candidates should have substantial teaching experience at the college level, and professional involvement in areas such as curriculum development and mathematical pedagogy. The position is renewable on a three-year term. Apply by **November 23, 1994**, to Chair, Department of Mathematics.

Interested candidates for these positions should submit a curriculum vitae, a letter describing research and teaching interests, graduate transcripts, and three letters of recommendation to the person listed above, Haverford College, Haverford, PA 19041. A sample of scholarly work would be welcome.

Haverford College is an Equal Employment/Affirmative Action employer. Women and persons of color are particularly encouraged to apply for these positions.

**Service community, Innisfree Village.** Volunteers live and work with adults with mental disabilities on a farm in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Must be 21, able to stay one year. Receive room, board, medical benefits, and \$160/month. Recruiting, Innisfree, Rte. 2, Box 506, Crozet, VA 22932.

**Live-in professional nanny** needed for my three- and six-year-old children. Rural Virginia horse country one hour from D.C. Call Mimi at (703) 822-9145.

**Friends Music Camp** staff positions, summer 1995. Possibly needed: instrumental, voice, piano, chorus teachers; musical theatre director. FMC, P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (513) 767-1311.

**Legislative Interns.** Three positions available assisting FCNL lobbyists. These are 11-month paid assignments beginning September 1 each year. Duties include research, writing, monitoring issues, attending hearings and coalition meetings, maintaining files, and administrative responsibilities as required. Write, call, or fax for an intern application packet after September 1: Attention: Nancy Marlow, Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL), 245 Second Street, NE, Washington, DC 20002. Phone: (202) 547-6000. Fax: (202) 547-6019. Annual application period begins January 1; all applications must be received by March 1.



### American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) REGIONAL DIRECTOR

We are seeking a regional director of the AFSC for the Pacific Southwest Region, located in Pasadena, Calif. The regional director has primary staff responsibility for oversight of supervision, administrative and financial management of the Region, and interpretation of the work of the AFSC. We seek candidates with experience in the above areas and in community organizing, and with a commitment to nonviolence as a means of achieving social justice. AFSC is an equal opportunity, affirmative action employer. Women; people of color; lesbian, gay, and bisexual people; and people with disabilities are encouraged to apply. To receive AFSC application, please send, fax, or bring resume/cover letter to Lynn Brusseau, AFSC, 980 N. Fair Oaks Ave., Pasadena, CA 91103. Telephone: (818) 791-1978. Fax: (818) 791-2205.

## Positions Wanted

**Semi-retired teacher** looking for a teacher/house parent type position in a Friends school and/or a Quaker Retreat Center in the New York/New England/Pennsylvania area. Available immediately. Contact Box 200, FRIENDS JOURNAL.

## Rentals & Retreats

**Mexico.** Puerto Vallarta. Two-bedroom condo, beautiful private area with pool. One block from beach, Sept., Oct., and Jan. (215) 598-7155.

**Costa Rica.** Charming, fully furnished apartment, spectacular Manuel Antonio jungle and Pacific ocean views. Pristine beaches. \$350/week high season, lower off-season/long-term rates. Tel/Fax (904) 461-3175 or 471-1986.

## Retirement Living

**Foxdale Village,** a Quaker life-care community. Thoughtfully designed cottages complemented by attractive dining facilities, auditorium, library, and full medical protection. Setting is a wonderful combination of rural and university environment. Entry fees from \$40,000-\$137,000; monthly fees from \$1,110-\$2,247. 500 East Marylyn Avenue, Department F, State College, PA 16801. Telephone: (800) 253-4951.

## FRIENDS HOMES *West*

**Friends Homes West,** the new continuing care retirement community in Greensboro, North Carolina, is now open. Friends Homes West is owned by Friends Homes, Inc., specialists in retirement living since 1968. Friends Homes West includes 171 apartments for independent living and on-site health care services in the 28 private rooms of the Assisted Living Unit or the 40 private rooms of the Skilled Care Nursing Unit. Enjoy a beautiful community in a location with temperate winters and changing seasons. For more information, please call (910) 292-9952, or write: Friends Homes West, 6100 West Friendly Road, Greensboro, NC 27410.

## Schools

**Junior high boarding school** for grades 7, 8, 9. Small, academic classes, challenging outdoor experiences, community service, consensus decision-making, daily work projects in a small, caring, community environment. Arthur Morgan School, 1901 Hannah Branch Road, Burnsville, NC 28714; (704) 675-4262.

**Olney Friends School.** A safe, caring, value-centered, educational community for students in grades 9-12. A college preparatory curriculum emphasizing a belief in the individual and his/her own abilities makes Olney a positive environment in which to live and learn. 61830 Sandy Ridge Road, Barnesville, OH 43713. Phone: (614) 425-3655.

**United Friends School:** coed; K-6; emphasizing integrated, developmentally appropriate curriculum, including whole language and manipulative math; serving upper Bucks County. 20 South 10th Street, Quakertown, PA 18951. (215) 538-1733.

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

**Stratford Friends School** provides a strong academic program in a warm, supportive, ungraded setting for children ages 5 to 13 who learn differently. Small classes and an enriched curriculum answer the needs of the whole child. An at-risk program for five-year-olds is available. The school also offers an extended day program, tutoring, and summer school. Information: Stratford Friends School, 5 Llandillo Road, Havertown, PA 19083. (610) 446-3144.

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

**The Meeting School:** a Quaker alternative high school for 30 students who want an education and lifestyle promoting Friends testimonies of peace, equality, and simplicity. Students live in faculty homes, sharing meals, campus work, silence, community decision-making. Characteristic classes include: Conflict Resolution, Native American Studies, Ecology, Human Rights, Alternative Housing, Mythology, Quantum Physics. College preparatory and alternative graduation plans. Wooded rural setting near Mt. Monadnock; organic garden, draft horses, sheep, poultry. Annual four-week intensive independent study projects. The Meeting School, 56 Thomas Road, Rindge, NH 03461. (603) 899-3366.

## Services Offered

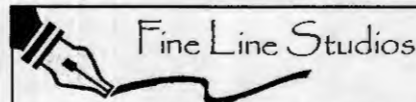
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**Candid Photography—**seeking to catch the spirit—of individuals or gatherings for personal or business purposes. Quaker weddings in simple style. Photos regularly published by FRIENDS JOURNAL and commercial publications. Danna Cornick, Box 115, Pomeroy, PA 19367. (610) 857-5804.

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

**Buying or selling a home** in Montgomery Co., Bucks Co., or Philadelphia area? Call Fran Oldynski of John N. Weiss, Inc. Realtors, at (215) 379-2002 (O) or (215) 745-7061 (H). Fifteen years experience. Member Abington Monthly Meeting.

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

**Friendly financial services.** Let me help you prepare for retirement or work out an estate plan. Socially responsible investments are my specialty. Call Joyce K. Moore, Joyce K. Moore Financial Services, at (610) 258-7532. (Securities offered by: Washington Square Securities, 1423 N. 28th St., Allentown, PA 18104, (610) 437-2812.)



### Forum Travel

Quaker-owned-and-managed travel agency. Friendly, experienced service; domestic and international; overnight delivery. (800) 888-4099.

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

**FRIENDS JOURNAL typesetting and design services.** Our professional expertise is available to you at reasonable rates. We combine decades of experience with up-to-date technology. Consider using FRIENDS JOURNAL if you are publishing a newsletter, brochure, book, poster, or other printed work. We are happy to give estimates on any job—large or small. FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102-1497. (215) 241-7282.

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**Loans are available** for building or improving Friends meetinghouses, schools, and related facilities. We are Friends helping Friends to grow! For information contact Margaret Bennington, Friends Extension Corporation, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374. Phone: (317) 962-7573. (Affiliated with Friends United Meeting.)

## Too Late to Classify

**Friends World Committee for Consultation,** Section of the Americas, announces the following job opening: Midwest Field Staff, part-time position, communication with and travel among Friends in midwestern United States and Canada, coordination of Section programs and advancing FWCC concerns. Work from home with yearly meeting representatives, support committees, visitation, organizing conferences. Application deadline: December 1, 1994. 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

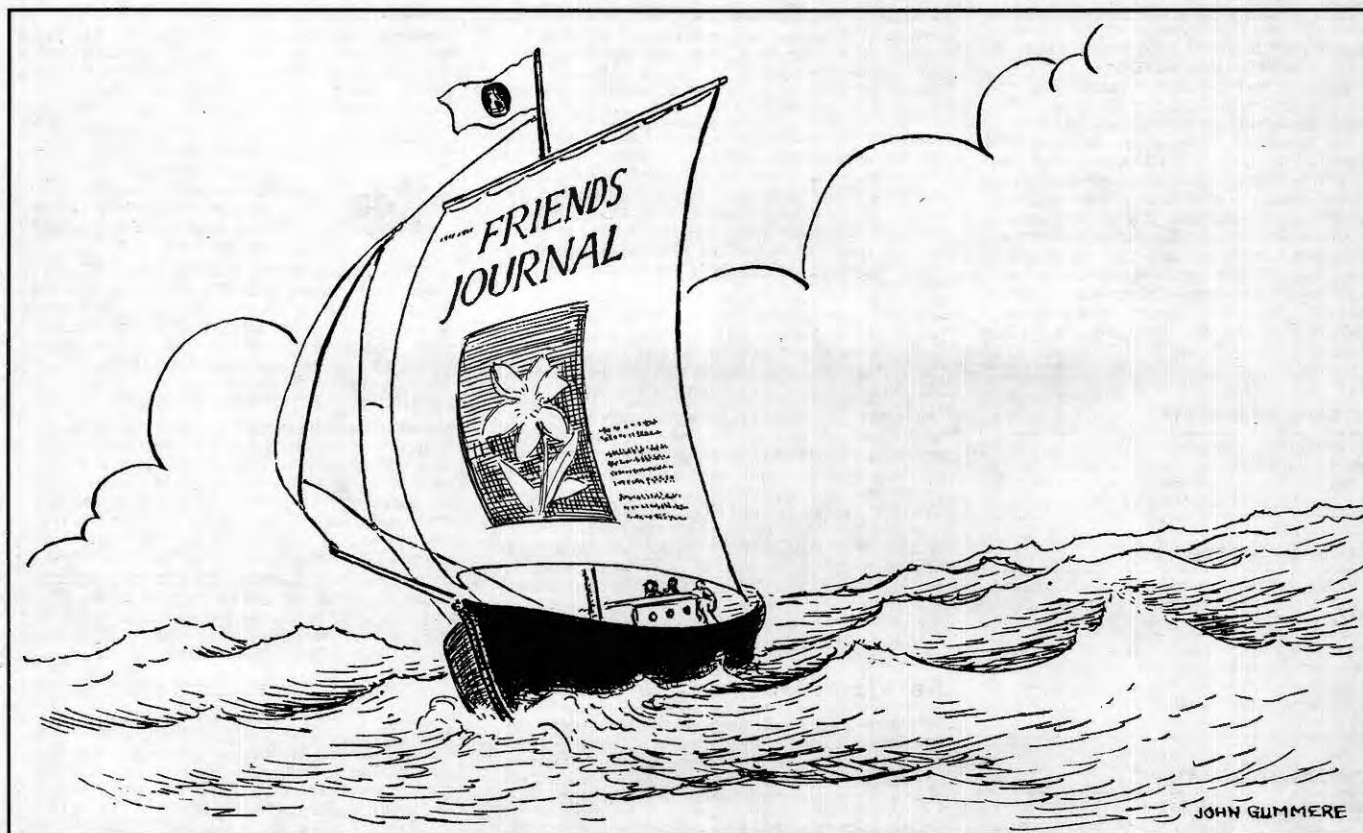
**Why not combine** a visit to the UK with our Christmas celebration at the Quaker International Centre in London from December 24-27. Our food is of the very highest standard; you will enjoy a candlelit supper and visit St. Martin's-in-the-Fields for carols as well as seeing the acclaimed NFT production of *Wind in the Willows*. £125 (single), £110 (shared). Phone Gabrielle Parlour 44-71-387-5648 for details or bookings, or fax 44-71-383-3722.

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