Multicultural Education: Old Questions, New Answers

Remembering John Morgan and Others of the Streets

Theology on the Road

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Cover photo courtesy of Earlham College

March 1995
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Lives shattered

It is a tribute that you published the views of Jonathan Anderson regarding his support of reinstating the draft (FJ Oct. 1994). Although I strenuously differ with Anderson, in a democracy all opinions are worthy of airing.

I do not feel that those of us who oppose our government’s unjust military actions are responsible for them. By resisting these actions legally and nonviolently, we cease to be part of the problem and are not responsible for our government’s actions.

Most people are, indeed, motivated by what affects them personally. But shall we condemn conscientious objectors to the horrors inflicted upon them in penal institutions when they are not granted CO status? I would like to suggest that Jonathan Anderson confer with some of these young men who have suffered unspeakable torments in prison. Perhaps then he will modify his views concerning the draft—a practice that historically has shattered the lives and spirits of many fine people.

Gasper A. Gilardi
Harahan, La.

The simple things

Thanks for including Grace Yaukey’s story, “The Doctor and the Child” (FJ Nov. 1994). I thought it a beautiful piece and admired the quality of the writing—the blurring of the line between prose and poetry. It is usually the simple things, the small stories, that move me.

The fact that through the efforts of her friend Natalie Krakas we were able to share Grace’s experiences after her death was also a poignant reminder of the bounds of friendship.

George Edwards
Highland, Md.

Resisting injustice

In regard to Irwin Abrams’s article on “... Not Speaking Truth to Power” (FJ Sept. 1994), I believe that Quakers have made mistakes in not condemning well-documented human rights violations committed by various governments. The key social problem for the entire human species is how to deal effectively with aggression, exploitation, and brutality. Unless confronted and opposed, these characteristics receive reinforcement through repetition, and become institutionalized. Once they are institutionalized, as in tyrannical governments, they are extremely difficult to end without the use of opposing violence.

Society is so constructed that aggression and exploitation in some forms are materially and socially rewarded. But human beings also are loving and thoughtful. It is through these characteristics that they must find ways to control aggressive, socially destructive tendencies.

An essential part of the answer must be that all forms of injustice should be confronted, noncooperated with, and nonviolently resisted from the onset. It is only when large numbers of human beings come to realize this that society will be able to escape from the traditions of huge police forces, penal institutions, and military establishments. Such traditions so brutalize, perpetuate homicidal internal conflict, and draw us toward cataclysmic nuclear war. This is “tough love,” the core of the ethic of nonviolent resistance, that must become universalized as quickly as possible.

Bradford Lyttle
Chicago, Ill.

Hymn singing

Patrick Genna (Forum Dec. 1994) suggested that a Friends hymnal represented a moving away from the unprogrammed meeting, and towards ritualism. As long as hymn singing is kept completely separate from meeting for worship, I do not see any danger of it affecting our worship. Friends meetings often have various social and artistic activities going on; hymn singing is one of them.

Where does ritualism and a programmed meeting for worship start? Is it when we put a pot of flowers on the table during worship? Or if we have a Bible on the table? I don’t always know where to draw the line. (Probably before the Bible but after the flowers.) But a hymnal, used strictly apart from meeting for worship, need not be a threat.

Ian Simpson
Salem, Oreg.

I think that unprogrammed Friends can have hymns without candles, ministers, etc. coming next. It is good that some Quakers have programmed meetings; it does not make them less Quakerly. And I feel the same way about hymns. Actually, more people might become convinced Quakers if there were hymns. We might attract more people of color, for instance, and working-class people. I think that hymns are not a threat to Quaker faith and practice.

Gwen Wheelock
Bowie, Md.

Not “commons”

I find a number of problems with Ralph Townley’s review of Mary Dyer, Biography of a Rebel Quaker, by Ruth Talbot Plimpton. The problems start with the first sentence: “On June 1, 1660, by the Frog Pond on Boston Commons, Mary Dyer was hanged for being a Quaker.” In the first place, the correct term is not “Commons,” but Boston Common, and most historians now agree that Mary Dyer was not hanged there at all, but on common land at Boston Neck, about where Washington Street and Dover Street intersect today (see George Selleck’s book, Quakers in Boston). And, technically, she was hanged for returning for banishment, not for being a Quaker.

The reviewer asks, “what prompted Mary Dyer to return to England?” It is quite clear that she accompanied her husband, who went with Roger Williams (not “John Williams,” as the reviewer refers to the founder of Rhode Island) to obtain a charter for the new colony of Rhode Island. That she stayed on and was convinced by George Fox, after her husband returned to America, is quite clear.

In the review, it is a surprise to find that Mary’s husband’s name, which was “William” in the second paragraph, becomes “John” (incorrect) in the ninth paragraph.

Samuel B. Burgess
Medford, N.J.

Quakers and Nazis

Thank you for the very interesting articles (FJ Dec. 1994) on Quakers in Nazi Germany and the Quaker school Eerde in Holland. My family was involved at the school. My parents, free-thinking Germans,
did not want their children crammed into the Nazi mold. To avoid indoctrination, my three older siblings were sent to school at Eerde. After helping many Jews escape Germany, my parents decided to emigrate in May 1939. At age three, I too was sent to Eerde to be taken care of until travel arrangements could be made.

In December 1939, after the outbreak of World War II, the four children aged 15, 13, 9, and 3 sailed aboard the Orcades for New Zealand, and we reached our destination. The ship that sailed before ours was mined and sank in the English Channel.

Thanks in part to the steadfast courage of Quakers at Eerde, we were the lucky ones, avoiding mines, indoctrination, and death camps. We were given the gift of life by some who lost theirs.

Viola Palmer (nee Heine)
Tauranga, New Zealand

My parents, sister, and I were members of the German Yearly Meeting. As a child, with other young Friends, I swung on the gate in front of the meetinghouse in Bad Pyrmont. We have always had a picture of the meetinghouse in our family room.

My parents, Fritz and Marty Giessler, met during World War I while working at the Berlin-East Settlement House. They often had young people at our home for discussions. My father was one of the first teachers to lose his job in 1933. I well remember strangers, coming into our meetings, who were later identified as members of the Gestapo. Our family often helped Jewish families by getting items at night from stores they owned, and selling the items for them to help raise money so they could leave Germany.

We knew Margaret Lachmuid, Leonard Friedrich, the Frickes, and many others, as well as Corder and Gwen Catepool. Others who meant a great deal to me included Alice Shaffer, Rufus Jones, Robert Yarnall, George Walton, Douglas Steere (who welcomed us to the United States), and Howard Elkinston.

American Friends and the Fellowship of Reconciliation realized it was too dangerous for my parents to remain in Germany. I was able to take my sister out through Switzerland, my mother traveled to France, and my father left through Belgium. We met in Holland, and, like Renata Justin, came to the States on one of the last ships to leave Europe from Rotterdam. The German ships, with refugees, were recalled while we were at sea. Our ship, the Volendam, was sunk on the return trip by a submarine.

My father taught at Wilmington Friends School until his death. My mother then spent many years teaching at Westtown. After she had to retire, she returned to Holland and taught at Eerde for several years, and then at Barnesville in Ohio.

Thanks for the memories revived by the December issue.

Halti H. Giessler

In the late 1930s in Berlin, I was vaguely aware that a number of strangers visited our apartment, usually by the back stairs. They never stayed very long. Many years later my mother told us that these people had come for a meal, a bath, or, rarely, a bed. She was in fact operating a station on an underground railroad, a very dangerous undertaking as a Gestapo officer lived in the apartment below us. She never talked about it much in later years, but it is likely she was involved in this because of her involvement as a member of Berlin Meeting.

I too was a student at Eerde. I was not aware of the strong connection the school had with U.S. Friends. I was more aware of its connection with English Friends. The older pupils at the school worked towards taking the Oxford School Certificate examination in English. I was too young for this and received instruction in German along with the other younger children.

My mother, who was of Jewish descent, had sent me to Eerde in the fall of 1938. As I understood the situation at the age of almost 11, this was because she was not happy with the Nazi state school. I was never told the more compelling reasons. My brother, two years younger, stayed home. When, in November, I received a letter from my mother telling me she had left Berlin and was in London, working as a resident domestic, and that my brother had gone to Switzerland as he was too young to attend Eerde, it seemed my whole world had fallen to pieces. I recall mentioning my distress to a slightly older roommate, whose only reply was, “At least you know where your family is.” She was absolutely correct; many children at Eerde were in far worse situations, but that did not in any way help to make me happier. When I think back, I am impressed by the loving patience shown by the staff, who had to deal with a great many very unhappy children, and the inevitable difficulties that presented for them.

The efforts to make this a caring, friendly environment were numerous, and mostly too subtle for many of us children to even be aware of. I clearly remember being invited to a teacher’s home to share their celebration of the Dutch St. Nicholas Eve. The whole school participated in small groups in homes, and we all came away with cookies and a gift after an evening that included a visit from St. Nicholas himself. The absence of any formal school rooms and desks may have been due to necessity, but it also gave a very special feel even to lessons. I remember lessons in the garden in the summer. During the Easter vacation those children who were left at the school went to a youth hostel for a period at the sea.

When the school year ended in the summer of 1939, a sizeable group of Eerde students with contacts in England traveled to London together in the care of Miss Green, an English teacher. We thought we were only going to be in England for the summer vacation. When war broke out, the school strongly advised those students who had gone to England not to return. While this created problems for my mother, who had no way to take care of us, it certainly saved my life.

I believe a group of alumni of Eerde met from time to time in London. As I was at that point a student at an English Quaker boarding school, I was not involved in these meetings, but I clearly remember a meeting after the war when we had news of Eerde. We were told that the half-Jewish children had been removed from the school by the Nazis and housed in a nearby cottage in the care of Herr Hildesheimer, an Eerde teacher and a German Jew who happened to have been born on a British ship and who therefore had a British passport. This group survived until the last days of the war, when the retreating German army shot them all.

I would be delighted to hear from any other alumni of Eerde in this country.

Evamaria Hawkins
Rockville, Md.

We also would enjoy hearing from other readers who have personal accounts to tell of this terrible time in history—stories that reveal the courage of Friends who sought to witness to their beliefs. —Eds.
Time to act

The recent meanness and wrongfulness that is sweeping our country makes it imperative that those Friends and others who consider themselves New Testament Christians learn to nonviolently confront those “Old Testament Christians” who like to tell us how to solve the world’s problems with “an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.” Do they believe in the new dispensation of God’s love for humankind or not? Is Jesus really their Lord and Savior?

And perhaps we can encourage Jewish Congregations and their rabbis—the real keepers of Old Testament tradition—to speak out about their interpretations of the Torah and how they live by the teachings of the Talmud.

Recovering from abuse

It is a cool Montana morning and I am sitting here on the front porch with a heart so full—and at the same time so afraid, that words feel blocked. Words often feel so inadequate, so flat and puny. There are just no words for some experiences.

I am a survivor of satanic ritual abuse. By the age of six I had witnessed animal and human sacrifice and experienced physical, sexual, and emotional torture. I was used in rituals until high school. I was systematically taught not to trust, not to believe my own senses, not to get attached, and that I was evil. These lessons are with me still, and, to be honest, mostly I believe them. But I am learning to fight, and today I feel again the Quaker community surrounding me and holding the light that I cannot yet hold for myself.

I am writing now because somehow I want to attempt to convey what Quaker community has meant to me. Quite literally it has meant spiritual survival. When I was 14 I began spending my summers at the Farm and Wilderness camps. Anyone who knows much of satanic ritual abuse knows that the 13th year can be a horrible one, and it was for me. I arrived at the camps convinced of my inner darkness, and the staff spoke of my inner light. This was my first experience of Quaker beliefs and community. A seed was planted. I was given eight weeks of rest for my body and an experience of love and acceptance. I lived for the summer in the safety of those Vermont mountains.

Later I went to a Quaker college, and later still—as I began to feel a little, and to remember—I have been surrounded by North Carolina and Montana Quakers. Some know my truth and some don’t. In either case I feel the safety of love and acceptance. This morning a friend from North Carolina called. As I hung up I was again struck by how much my Quaker community has given and gives to me. And so I am writing to attempt to say thank you and to remind Friends that you may have no idea of the extent of what you are giving when you hold up and nurture the light for another. Please keep believing. Ritual abuse is happening all over this country. And please keep looking for the light in the darkness.

No sense of unity

Greg Pahl’s “Moving Beyond the Stereotypes” (FJ Jan.) was a great example of why “Christocentric” and Universalist Friends cannot now and will probably never find a sense of unity or purpose. He repeatedly bemoaned that the group in his workshop could not get to the “heart” of the discussion.

The “heart” of the discussion is Jesus Christ. I can’t believe there are actually people who refer to God as “the DNA of the Universe” or “The Grand Ah Ha.” Where do these people come from?

As long as the non-Christian party is not willing to deal with Jesus Christ, as revealed in Scripture, and by the Holy Spirit (which is the Quaker way), there can be no unity. We who name Him as Savior and Lord may continue in our spiritual pilgrimage with a sense of spiritual security and certainty. Those who deny Him these roles, denying His full deity and incarnation, are bound to be forever seeking some abstract “Creative Energy” that doesn’t exist.

This is not stereotyping. This is reality. I can sit in meetings with non-Christian people who call themselves Friends as comfortably as I can sit in a Kiwanis meeting or some town board or committee meeting. Where there is no spiritual concern, there can be plenty accomplished. But with issues as fundamental as who God is and who His Son Jesus Christ is, there comes a need to separate.

The life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ are far too important to be banalized about by Universalist nonsense. The impact of His life and present ministry is significant enough that the choice is to follow or not. And in following, there is no time to waste debating the simple Truths He brings.

A nonymous

Science and religion

The Religious Society of Friends has always made room for possible new revelations which might affect our religious organization. This has for a long time been a major factor for me in belonging to Friends. I never expected to find such a revelation.

Now I think I have.

The renowned mythologist Joseph Campbell, while talking with Bill Moyers on a TV program, said that a religion of science was the coming worldwide religion. He didn’t say when. My guess is it will be 100 years or more, after our fundamentalist colleges stop teaching such non-scientific theories as Creationism—and when they stop misleading their students.

In the 1920s, Professor Jessee Holmes of Swarthmore published an open letter inviting all scientists to join the Religious Society of Friends. We mystics at Haverford thought he was crazy, but he was on the right track.

Science has been able to answer factually all the questions people ask of religion. Where did we come from and why? Why are we here and where are we going? What is in control? All of the answers may be corroborated by other scientists. One need no longer rely on faith. Now if anyone tells me to have faith, I know the person’s argument is not based on experimental facts.

I will try to send to anyone who requests it my article “A Science of Religion,” which I have submitted to a scientific journal.

John Wills
Crosslands 168
Kennett, PA 19348

Wrongly convicted

This is to express my profound appreciation for your publication of “Clarence Pickett and the Alger Hiss Case,” by Larry Miller (FJ Nov. and Dec. 1994). I have always felt that Alger Hiss was wrongly convicted and was a symbol of our national confusion as we worked through that whole post-World War II era.

George Nicklin
Garden City, N.Y.
Theology on the Road
by Francis E. Kazemek

As you leave Wibaux, Montana, heading east, you realize that you've been struggling with theology since Spokane, Washington. The old unanswered questions from your childhood might be ignored for years, for decades, but they are always there, like the dark, distant peaks of the Rocky Mountain front seen from the rearview mirror at sunset: Who or what is responsible for all of this endless wonder around and above you? Random, perhaps fortuitous, chance? The centrifugal fury of a big bang? The quiet and deliberate planning of an unmoved mover? What does it mean that you have lived so many years, will live so many more, and will die? You try a tally of the good you've done in your life and weigh it against the wrong. Happily, the balance is lopsided, but then your scale is not an unbiased one.

Road theology. What is it about the road, and your traveling it alone, that leads you on to thoughts of ultimate concern? Perhaps it's the boundless space that you've been driving through, the Montana sky a cobalt-blue after rain with a double rainbow lifting you out of yourself, or the mysteries of the seemingly-empty, western Dakota landscape: the dry mesas striated in reds and grays, holding the bones of Paleozoic sea creatures. Perhaps it's your unarticulated and undemonstrated belief in Jesus as the only possible manifestation of God: William Blake's conception of Jesus as the "Human Imagination Divine." You remember the words of the French priest and novelist, Jean Sullivan: "Jesus supports us, he helps all wanderers, he is on the side of nomads. Heaven was his roof: 'I never lived in a house.'" God as a hobo.

The road is stories and poetry. Images. Metaphors. Seeing for the first time infinity in the grasshopper that rests on the back of your hand.

Francis E. Kazemek is associate professor of education at St. Cloud State University in Minnesota, where he teaches courses related to literacy education.

FRIENDS JOURNAL March 1995
The things you learn on the road: lessons not found in sermons, catechisms. Bread being transformed into something holy by a pair of aged hands in a North Dakota restaurant.

years, entered into their lives as you could, you would discover stories as rich and bottomless as any in literature. And that is only one out of a countless number of roads. Theology on the road makes you abandon the head for the heart. You forsake philosophy and its systematic abstractions: the Aquinas of your youth; Tillich of your ecumenical years. You embrace the details and nuances of stories: “A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.”

The road is stories and poetry. Images. Metaphors. The re-visioning of what has become commonplace. Seeing for the first time infinity in the grasshopper that rests on the back of your hand as you rest on the bank of the Little Missouri River. “Everything that lives is holy!” Blake wrote time and again. You must open yourself to the world as a poet to feel the resonance of his affirmation. The seven white pelicans winging above you on their journey south are as full of promise as Noah’s dove. The river, only inches deep, only one out of a countless number of roads. Theology on the road demonstrates redemption in the smallest gesture: the clasp of arthritic hands; a look of long wonder. Redemption, as the Jewish prophets tell us, is there in the turning toward God. And that turning is not dramatic; it is simple, perhaps even seemingly insignificant. Jesus told stories of farmers and fishermen, stories of sudden, daily turnings. He had a poet’s eye and heart: “For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel’s, the same shall save it.”

Saving by losing. Losing by saving. Contradictions and mysteries found in poetry and the Word. All real striving toward God is imaginative and metaphorical: the priest’s and preacher’s empty admonition to love the universal Neighbor particularized by the man left for dead on the road to Jericho. Bread being transformed into something holy by a pair of aged hands in a North Dakota restaurant. Road theology teaches you to look past the generalities of reason. The great commandment bids you to love “your” neighbor as yourself. God only in the particular. Jesus stumbling drunk out of an alley in the form of a babbling, rheumy-eyed woman.

As you head east you think of Kathleen Norris, who recently wrote a spiritual geography of the country through which you are passing. She tells how the land and its inhabitants, both human and nonhuman, helped her turn toward God. She writes of repentance: the recognition that we have not always seen grace where it exists in the world. The road is a place for vision. The fields of sunflowers you suddenly enter tell you that it is also a place of forgiveness. The millions of faces staring expectantly into the sun whisper blessings to you. They speak a language you cannot understand, but welcome. You repent of your blindness, and whisper back to them a poem that you love.
There is something quite moving, and yet ironic, about the story in this morning’s newspaper. It is the story of a homeless man who has spent his last four years living over a vent near a downtown restaurant. Down and out after years of being institutionalized, he has been dumped on the streets—an “enlightened” move of the “progressive” leaders in our midst who wanted to let people return to community life, whether or not they were ready.

But it was the headline over the story on an inside page of the newspaper that caught my eye:

Recalling John Morgan and Others of the Streets

The so-called “street person” had my name. He had flesh and bone and a name. He was no longer a stranger, though we had never met. All I could think of was Thomas Merton and his story about one day looking over a motley crowd in downtown Lexington, Kentucky, and thinking to himself not how much better he was but how similar. “Thank God, I am like other people.”

That “John Morgan” in the headline could easily have been me. I know most of us think otherwise of ourselves, but I know better of myself. Literally, I could have been that street person. Only those I know well and who know my story know, too, I am telling the truth. Here I am, the author of books and the holder of a doctorate, at one time close to losing everything. “Thank God, I am like other people.”

The story says that at the funeral of that other “John Morgan,” someone remarked, with sadness and anger mixed, why “in the richest country in the world people are dying in the streets”? I think I know why. They are dying because we don’t care.

At the funeral service for that other “John Morgan”—the one I know is me as well—a priest cried out: “Lord, how is it that I find myself sitting on the grate in this city street? How is it, Lord, that so many people pass me by, all kinds of people, all in such a hurry?”

The parable of the Good Samaritan comes to mind without much effort. Jesus tells the story of the man beaten and left by the road. Many pass by him, including a self-righteous clergyman, until one man, an outcast Samaritan, stops to bind up the wounds and provide help. And who is the neighbor, asks Jesus? The answer should be obvious: Anyone in need.

Having directed community programs before I entered the ministry, I know some of the responses government can—and cannot—make. But I fear we are entering a new stage of public policy when the answer we are prone to select is the one most narrow and mean spirited: Let the poor lift themselves up or let the churches do it.

But churches are part of the problem. Though some of the front-line troops to ease the suffering of others are members
of religious bodies, by and large it is our spiritual communities that have failed to teach us basic values of serving the neighbor in need. Our religious institutions have often failed to teach us compassion. Compassion, after all, is simply sympathetic consciousness of others' distress with a commitment to help ease the suffering.

We speak enough about serving others. It's just, I suspect, we have removed ourselves as much as possible from the points of suffering. So, we hear about "homeless people," but live far away from where we have to see them. We learn of the lonely plight of elderly persons, but find the most frail removed from our sight. And we even remove our religious institutions from the communities with the most needs so we can grow our memberships in the suburbs.

I need to remind myself that the "John Morgan" who lived on the streets is me. There is little that separates this person from me, except good luck or providence. But even sympathetic identification with another is not enough. I must do something. I don't think any longer that I can save a city or town, though that is what I tried—and failed—to do in my younger, more activist days. But what I can do is much more obvious, and perhaps more difficult: I need to start where I am with who I am. I need to start with the religious communities of which I am a part and ask, just what difference do these communities really make in the lives of others? Do we exist for ourselves, to meet our needs, or do we sometimes transcend our self needs to serve the needs of others? Can we do something more direct, more touching, more simple than sending money to our denominational offices? Could we try something rather radical, such as reaching out in compassion to one other person in need?

Perhaps if there are enough Good Samarians there will be fewer people dying on the streets. It's not a sophisticated strategy, certainly not one which in my community organizing days we called "institutional change." But it's a start, and better than more talk and no action.

If it takes an entire village to raise a child, maybe it could be said, too, that saving one child is better than simply making plans to save the whole village.

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**Sunday Evening**

A homeless person suddenly appeared from nowhere, chanting in a cloud of steam. His fervent mumble echoed like a weird confession; one last effort to redeem a tattered soul. He rose up, offered me his cup, a styrofoam collection plate, and pleaded, in a worn-out litany, for change. But I was spent and running late; I turned my head and shunned his outstretched hand. He nodded once and gently went away—would he have used my gift for contraband or was I witness to a Passion-play?

Such consecrations cannot be complete when charity and vanity compete.

—John Tuton

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**Poem for Rodney King**

Wild, wild roving wolves growl, quarrel until one signals surrender.

Rodney fell among a pack of men, civilized without a surrender signal.

—Laura A. Evans

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**Notes**

John Tuton began his career teaching at Germantown Friends School. Currently he is an organizational psychologist with an international consulting company. He makes his home in Philadelphia, Pa.

Laura A. Evans lives in Wisner, Nebraska, with her husband, Scott, and one-year-old son, Luke.
Allowing Life

by Anthony Scola

Shortly after my wife, Margaret, and I arrived in Sudan to work as volunteer teachers with Mennonite Central Committee, some colleagues asked why we had come there. It's hard to answer that kind of question seriously, especially with strangers, so Margaret brought a chuckle to all with the facetious remark, "we came to suffer." In later months, faced with the daily frustrations of adjustment and inconveniences of life there, we often saw the ironic humor in that comment and got a fresh laugh out of it. But this word suffer hounded me in Sudan, and I often thought about its hidden implications. It has two meanings: the ordinary conversational reference to undergoing severe pain, and the older meaning of allowing something to happen, as we see in Jesus' admonition, "suffer the little children to come to me."

We were surrounded by pain and misery in Sudan. Under an extremist, fanatical, religious government, those who dare to dissent live in fear of political reprisals from the ubiquitous "security" police; dissidents are likely to be harassed, jailed, and tortured, or simply to disappear. The ordinary citizen lives with an economy in shambles, shortages of food and basic household commodities, frequent cuts or total unavailability of electricity and water, a complete lack of medical services and supplies, and constant illness, including dysentery, malaria, TB, and leprosy. In spite of all this, the Sudanese manage to be the most generous, friendly, hospitable people you will ever meet.

These are people who suffer greatly. Some sit back passively and accept it all without question as the will of Allah. Others struggle against unimaginable odds to try to improve their condition. But I'm a true Westerner faced with the cultural conflict between taking control of one's destiny and learning to accept life as it is. It bothers me that some people just shrug their shoulders and let everything happen; this is too fatalistic and uninolved.

Anthony Scola and his wife are still working with Mennonite Central Committee, currently as volunteers in Hindman, Kentucky, where they tutor adults in basic literacy and GED preparation.

Influenced by Sudan, I understand better how people are able to "allow" life to be, to take it as all one piece. I learned many things during our stay in Africa, including surprises about myself. Influenced by Sudan, I understand better how people are able to "allow" life to be, to take it as all one piece. Impatience with the slow rhythms of living has always made me crave immediate change. However, I have begun to learn the value of accepting while doing.

I leave my house and see a beggar woman a few doors down. Emaciated, dressed in the scant remains of what was once a house dress, she cradles a child somewhere between a few months and a few years old—impossible to tell. He is a piece of gray-black skin stretched over a feeble skeleton; his wide eyes make no tears, her open mouth makes no sound. I go back inside to return with a banana, some pieces of bread, a few peanuts: a feast. On the eight-block walk to the bus stop, I see 20 more in her situation. Some are ancients with no family to care for them, some children, playful but dying; many are lame or disfigured, lepers, war victims, outcasts.

The ever-practical industrialized American, I'm so glad I was able to share a small part of my abundance with that woman. But you know what? I'm sure she's dead by now. It is easy for me to do the little, kind acts that salve my ethical sense, but very hard to accept the greater demand that is not, cannot be, met. Some things were easier to accept than others. I'm more proficient at waiting patiently in lines, more resourceful in dealing with power and water cuts, and I've learned how few material things I need to live and work peacefully. But I'm not very good at nurturing the seedlings of consciousness, waiting for justice to be born, trusting that the essentially positive human spirit will lead us to do what has to be done.

I never suffered in Sudan, in the ordinary sense, but I have started to learn how to allow life to happen as it will. I am grateful for the introductory lesson of this experience. Now if I can only learn to wait and see where it will lead.
Old Questions, New Answers

by Charmaine Seitz

Quaker education is at the heart of what Friends do. It is one way that we nurture ourselves and present our beliefs to others. As a student, and as a Quaker, I have become deeply concerned with the message that we, as a Euro-centered religion, are sending to people of color through our schools and other institutions. What we believe we are saying may not be at all what is being heard. I want to present the tensions between the Quaker ideal and a diverse reality, and how that tension translates into relationships and institutions. In drawing attention to Earlham, I aim to draw attention to the basic beliefs of Quakerism. For me, a young white woman looking at a very divided world, this is about my future. In bringing this to my Quaker family, I hope it will be clear that the questions I raise are about our future as well.

Earlham College is known nationwide, even worldwide, for its commitment to issues of peace and justice. Its strong Japanese Studies Program is based upon an open-door policy to Japanese Americans interned in camps during World War II. Its off-campus programs to Jerusalem and Northern Ireland are well-known for their in-depth discussion of conflict and inequality. Well rooted in Quaker faith and practice, for some the school has been a model of intercultural relations.

Yet, for many of a younger generation facing wounds that refuse to heal, that Quaker philosophy doesn’t seem to hold the answer anymore. This discontent with the old ways became clear at Earlham when last year’s decision not to renew the tenure track contract of a female African American Quaker professor struck a nerve in the student body. Realizing that her leaving would remove three courses from an already small selection of African-American studies classes, deplete women’s studies, and silence a voice urging diversity on the humanities staff, students’ anger and frustration ran deep.

This frustration wasn’t new. Its intensity was built on a long history of grievances between students and the Earlham administration. In 1976 an African-American student wrote in the Earlham Post, “They [the administration] are trying their best to estrange these blacks from their own identity and individuality under a cloak of community love. They are trying their best to assimilate us into their ‘community,’ expecting us to receive but not give to the total picture.”

Beyond this feeling of exclusion, students today point to institutional problems within Earlham. One major complaint is with the college’s recruitment. They say that many recruited black students are Midwestern athletes, reinforcing a set view of African-American students. They wonder why Latino students aren’t from Eastern urban centers rather than the West Coast.

The recruitment of faculty also has its critics. Earlham’s three affirmative action classifications are Quakers, African Americans, and women, narrowing staff actively sought to a thin margin.

In addition, students of color feel their issues are marginalized within the curriculum. Sankari Muralidharan, a Junior Biology major, says,

A lot of people think that diversity can’t find its way into science because it’s all about facts; I think that’s wrong. People need to think about diversity within the class itself—how does the lack of minority science professors affect the class and myself? Secondly, people need to look more closely at the ethics of science; students who take science courses fail to realize how it affects people. Look at the Tuskegee Institute experiments where 400 black males were unknowingly injected with live syphilis and then carried it home to their wives. Finally, who is being taught what? There are so many historical scientists of color out there who are being excluded.

She says that for Earlham to be truly diverse, all of these levels must be addressed.

In other disciplines, Earlham does better, yet still fails to integrate diversity into the full curriculum. General English courses such as “Poetry” rarely include writers of color. For that, one must take the lone “Introduction to African-American Literature.” When non-European cultures are included, they are usually those outside the United States.

In the past, students have attempted to come together over these issues. Every four years, Earlham spends approximately $14,000 on a May Day celebration, a full day of events styled after England of the Middle Ages. In 1993, 40 students demonstrated, saying that an International Springfest would be more fitting to the Quaker spirit. In the end, even though international “villages” were set up, the main theme remained English.

It was only last school year that student attempts to organize resulted in the Multicultural Alliance. The brainchild of then-seniors Jonathan Pock and Jeremy Lash, the Alliance is meant to function as a network for the support of multicultural concerns. The organization is based on a combined philosophy of “multi-culturalism, anti-racism, and inter racial community,” values selected to fully address today’s complex race and ethnicity concerns.

Once the Alliance heard of Earlham’s decision not to renew the contract of an African-American faculty member, it began to distribute orange ribbons to be worn, as one member put it, “for all the faculty of color here, and all the faculty of color who should be here.” In an attempt to address the tide of questions and disapproval, academic dean Len Clark called an all-campus meeting to discuss the processes behind the faculty member’s contract not being renewed, without mentioning specific details of the case. The evening was winding down when one student said, “Everyone is dancing around this word and I just want to say it. Everything that we are talking about tonight has a name—institutional racism.” Whether the firing was based on racist attitudes or not, many students felt it was only the product of the Earlham climate.

On May 3, 1994, the Alliance called...
an all-student meeting to discuss possible action. Over 130 students came, a record number for an on-campus student body of approximately 900 students. Those attending discussed how to improve Earlham's multicultural climate in three realms—curriculum, faculty/administration, and student life. These concerns later became a refined set of "demands." As to this wording, Peck says, "We had no choice—if they were delivered as 'needs,' they would have been filed away with the 1986 Student Government Association Minority Report done by the school. We were repackaging similar needs from the last 30 or 40 years into a way that would be listened to."

Ten days later, these demands were presented to the administration. Some of the demands were: to restructure the humanities program so that multiculturalism would be central and place the texts read in a context that would give that culture historical meaning; add a question to course evaluations that would allow students to address multicultural content; hire an African-American woman with similar qualifications to fill the recently opened position; reach the three-year goal of 20 percent full-time faculty of color; re-evaluate decision-making processes; and create a permanent Multicultural Center with a full-time director, separate budget, and part-time staff. The center would provide anti-racism and cultural sensitivity training sessions for administration, faculty, staff, and students. Each demand was set up with a timetable for compliance. The introduction explained that students expected to discuss their implementation with the administration, the "deadline for serious consideration" being a week later.

The following Tuesday, the Alliance received a letter from Len Clark, academic dean. He wrote,

At Earlham we have chosen to work on [these problems] together, seeking the wisdom each can bring to the discussions, and trying to remain open to new ways of looking at the problems and open to each other. Our method has not been we/they; it has not embraced the notion that decisions are the result of "demands," of negotiations between enemies or adversaries... the stance of deadlines seems to imply that you do not wish us to use the criteria for hiring that have been established over time... rather, the rest of us should respond to your threatening language and make your judgments of appropriate percentages, regardless of other considerations, the basis of our decision making. IS THIS WHAT YOU MEAN TO BE SAYING?

Alliance members were disappointed. They had hoped a response would address the demands, not the legitimacy of their language.

When asked about steps taken to remedy the student complaints, the administration points to past grants to diversify faculty training. Students say this is great, but it is not enough. It seems to have taken little to no initiative in constructive action or even approval. If what students say is correct, they have been working within the school's language for a while without change. If what the school says is true, then to change a few words would allow them to embrace the Alliance's ideas. Neither says great things about the administration's attitude.

Perhaps insight can be found in an open letter to the Alliance from former president and board member Landrum Bolling. In the letter, Bolling cites many Quaker deeds, saying, "We are not latecomer converts to the virtues of multiculturalism." He then goes on to list the difficulties of providing the Alliance requests: the remoteness of Earlham from urban centers; the difficulty of finding faculty that fits the Earlham community; the evidence that "what most African-American students believe speaks to their needs and desires is not more courses in African-American studies... but access to and assistance in performing well in the liberal studies"; and, of course, money. He fears that "courses in homosexual studies and woman's studies are likely to have the unintended consequences of widen­

Students acknowledge that money is an issue; they are fully aware that Earlham is not need-blind. Yet, they believe Earlham must prioritize for a changing world where cultural awareness is of the utmost importance. Most curricular suggestions would not cost the school anything, they say. When the administration points out that faculty makes curricular changes with student input, students say that somehow this isn't working and diversification must be on the administrative agenda for it to be on the school's agenda.

As these events unfolded, I found myself puzzled by the school's staunch resistance. It must be said that Earlham is not a "bad" school, nor a failure at diversity; the point is that its claims to being an accepting, inclusive community are being challenged. Although the administration says it wants to work on this together, it seems to have taken little to no initiative in constructive action or even approval. If what students say is correct, they have been working within the school's language for a while without change. If what the school says is true, then to change a few words would allow them to embrace the Alliance's ideas. Neither says great things about the administration's attitude.
racism, not, as Bolling says, multiculturality. Lawrence A. Blum, in "Anti-Racism, Multiculturalism and Interracial Community: Three Education Values for a Multicultural Society," explains the difference. "Anti-racism is grounded in the idea of the equal dignity of all persons and of the consequent wrongness of any group dominating or suppressing any other. Equal dignity is a value rooted in sameness among persons; a humanity shared by all persons." He goes on to say that non-Jewish rescuers of Jews during the Holocaust rarely "showed an appreciation of Jewishness as a cultural form having value in its own right. The rescues were seen as having dignity independent of, and even despite their Jewishness."

This outlook sounds very familiar to me, and I think to all of the times that Quakers around me have talked about "looking past our differences." In our long history of valuing each person on the basis of their inner light, this approach seems to have worked. We are certainly well known for it.

Yet, when I think of my own Friends meeting and then of Earlham's atmosphere, I know that something is missing. I want to know why my meeting has never attracted more than a handful of people of color, although we meet in a large urban area. I want to know why every year at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, nearly all of the faces around me are white. I need to know why being at Earlham as a person of color could be more frustrating than being at a non-Quaker institution. I need to know why we are still talking about language when people are hurting.

Maybe it's time that we acknowledge our differences. You are only in a true position to share once you acknowledge that someone else has something of value, someone else has something else to give. As Blum writes, "multiculturalism calls for a respect for cultures, not in spite of their differences from oneself, but precisely for those differences." The two work hand-in-hand; as multiculturalism fosters appreciation, anti-racism acknowledges power inequities.

In recognizing the difference between anti-racism and multiculturalism, the lines that have been drawn at Earlham, intentionally or not, become more understandable. The administration, I believe, is working in confusion to protect the only way it knows, befuddled that someone is saying that this just isn't enough anymore. Students, on the other hand, are pushing hard to weave a new philosophy into the workings of the old, without understanding that the way that seems so clear to them—the introduction of a multicultural ethos—is so different from old schools of thought. As long as those perspectives remain undefined, the two are destined to lock horns, even if other differences are smoothed over.

Knowing what I do about the painful state of U.S. race relations, knowing that I graduated from an urban high school with only half the students I started with, and knowing that dreams can only be deferred so long, I can't help but feel that anti-racist efforts must be combined with multicultural education. In a country where racism is illegal on the books and the Holocaust rarely enters our consciousness, we must acknowledge our differences in order to make the future possible.

To achieve a constructive diversity, we have to become multicultural individuals as well as a multicultural society. A multicultural individual is a person who can function in more than one culture, who has developed empathy and understanding for cultures other than her native one. Most Americans of European descent, unless they themselves have little understanding of how our society has placed the burden of becoming multicultural individuals on people of color. As a price of success in U.S. society, we have unconsciously placed the burden of cultural adaptation to white, middle-class ways on everyone else. Similarly, women feel pressured to emulate some of the worst features of a traditionally male-dominated culture. Women of all colors, and men who are other than white, often feel with justice that they are "damned if..."
Constructive Diversity

The challenge:

- to increase diversity
- without losing
- the Quaker identity

they do and damned if they don't—pressed to behave in ways traditional among white men and then criticized as inauthentic if they succeed, or as self-alienating if they fail. As a manager, I find it particularly frustrating and disheartening when I encounter women who don't want to work for other women, feeling that a woman manager will be “worse than a man” in the ways men are so often bad.

Beyond continuing the struggle to end racism and sexism, those of us who were socialized from birth into mainstream U.S. culture need especially to become multicultural, to learn to understand, respect, and develop empathy with the ways of those of other backgrounds. We need to work, play, and worship with people from other cultures on their turf, deliberately becoming minorities for a time so we can learn cultural empathy. As I was worshiping in a wonderful African-American church recently, I could not help thinking how few European Americans have that experience.

We must not think developing this kind of multicultural orientation is primarily a matter of race; those of other backgrounds might be Hassidic Jews, Armenians, Muslims from various cultures (for it would be a big mistake to assume all Muslims share a common culture, any more than all Jews or Christians do), African Americans from various backgrounds, Afro-Caribbeans from various countries, Mexican Americans, Cuban Americans, etc. In short, as the 1976 student quoted by Charmaine Seitz said, we have to learn to receive as well as give, to listen as well as speak.

A community is only multicultural to the extent that it allows diverse groups to contribute to it. Just allowing diverse groups to live in it does not make a community truly diverse or multicultural. But this openness to diverse contributions does not take place in a vacuum, for each community and institution has a history and an identity, elements of which will be changed by such openness. Sometimes that process of change is very painful, sometimes rather easy. The current debate about prayer in the public schools is a good illustration, for many people feel real pain at losing that custom, but have also not yet come to terms with the extent to which it was based on the assumption that everybody was a Protestant. Here in Indiana, one of our Quaker centers, Plainfield, has also become the headquarters for a major Muslim group. What would school prayer, beyond a period of silence, entail for Plainfield?

Opening to multicultural contributions requires a community or institution to become clearer about its basic identity. In its nearly 150 years, Earlham College has moved from providing a “guarded” education to the children of Indiana Friends to being a national liberal arts college providing to a very diverse student body of young adults an education based in Quaker understandings of responding to that of God in every person, respect for the conscience of others, peaceful resolution of conflicts, and simplicity.

As President David Edwards pointed out in 1917, to be a good Quaker college, Earlham must first be a good college. Learning and teaching are at the heart of what we do, so we should not retain a faculty member unless that person is an excellent teacher no matter what other qualities they bring to their work, no matter whether they be Quaker, or represent important ethnic or racial diversity. Earlham affirmatively seeks as faculty people of color, women, and Friends, but we must not have a double standard in hiring and retention.

The same point applies to students: When Earlham faculty and students see a Quaker, or a woman, or a person of color, or a football player in their class, there must be no justification for thinking that person to be less qualified than are other students. Otherwise we contribute to reverse racism, sexism, and classism.

Being a Quaker college need not make us less welcoming to persons of other religions, as long as they understand they are being welcomed into a Quaker institution. A Quaker college must be able to hold meeting for worship without apology or embarrassment, for example. We must resist the cultural temptation to think that only the secular is welcoming. Enforced secularity—marginalization of religion to the private, the socially irrelevant—is hardly welcoming to me, a pacifist, Quaker Christian. But Earlham has found good ways to be welcoming to our Jewish students, through establishing a house, Beit Kehillah, to serve as a worship and cultural center, and through providing a Jewish studies concentration. In different ways, we are working to be welcoming to our Muslim, Buddhist, and Bahai students.

Being a Quaker college does, of course, set some limits, limits without which our diversity would be destructive rather than constructive. Skinheads and neo-Nazis represent a racist ideology that is the enemy of constructive diversity. Anti-Semitism in all its forms is too often the leading edge of racism, and not acceptable at Earlham. People who are unwilling to seek peaceful resolution of conflicts, who are willing to use violence to
settle arguments, make constructive diversity impossible.

Properly understood, multiculturalism is good, but multiculturalism can take on an undesirable and unhealthy cast if:

• it becomes narrowly political, so that only certain kinds of black or hispanic students, for example, count as "multicultural." To use an example from the current Earlham faculty, both an African professor of Spanish and an African-American professor of German make an important multicultural contribution. But because one is African and one is African-American, one is male and one is female, they have different roles to play and different contributions to make to constructive diversity, as in fact both do;

• it becomes a euphemism for racial issues only, ignoring the fact that European groups are culturally diverse, or that social class divides African Americans as much as it does European Americans. David Hackett-Fisher's excellent book, Albion's Seed, shows how multicultural in significant ways England was in the 17th century, and how that influenced diverse cultures in the United States. We need a rich, multi-racial, multi-class notion of multiculturalism;

• it becomes a guise for attacking as evil all things "European" as patriarchal or racist. European cultures have no monopoly on patriarchy or racism or violence. Tragically these are found most everywhere, as are good features of human existence such as love, justice, and altruism. Earlham celebrated Kwanza a week before Old English May Day last year. Some students in the Multicultural Alliance based their demonstration against May Day on the evils the English perpetuated on India in the 19th century—hardly relevant to a festival simply re-enacting customs of 16th-century Elizabethan England. Their demonstration was no more appropriate than would have been a protest at Kwanza because some African nations enslaved others and participated eagerly in the evils of the North American slave trade. True multiculturalism has to allow appropriate celebration of our English heritage as well, for it is in English and U.S. Quakerism that Earlham has its roots and its identity.

That Quaker identity of Earlham should continue to develop and change as we are given greater Light. Certainly including and listening to and accepting the contributions of a wider diversity of students and faculty is one way to increase our understanding of what love can do.

Looking Beyond Light and Dark

by John L. Johnson

The editor's query in the December 1994 FRIENDS JOURNAL about the appropriateness of light and dark somewhat surprises me, yet I am appreciative of the opportunity to respond. My surprise comes from the thought that in this day and age, the language of race and racism remains problematic for Friends. Throughout U.S. culture and behavior, there is racism in our language, customs, and beliefs—particularly directed toward black people, people of African heritage. This is widely recognized, yet Friends seem to cling tenaciously to the "we are just all one human race" ideology. That is what I feel is behind the tone of your query. You must be aware of how the dominant culture has used the terms black and dark to signify evil, and the terms white and light to signify purity. This information has been made available over the past 20 years by black and white scholars who have examined our lexicon and entries in our dictionaries. Black and dark seem to have few positive qualities, and white and light seem to have greater positive qualities.

Yet why does this question now come to FRIENDS JOURNAL? David Zarembka, in his letter, is correct about the "obvious racial connotation in present-day U.S. society . . .", yet in your query you ask for "enlightenment." What a curious way to pose the query, given Zarembka's letter to you. It is a microinsult with profound effects on a black Quaker like myself.

What is required, perhaps, is some "endarkenment"—not just to be able to be "Friendly" in the political sense, but to help Friends to be more vigilant about the microinsults and microaggressions around race that exist within the Society of Friends in the good old U.S. of A.

To begin endarkenment, I ask that you take a look at the "cartoon" of the sheep published in the May 1, 1985, FRIENDS JOURNAL [see facing page]. I find this picture very descriptive of my own meetings, where it comes to race relations and ways to address white privilege in the Society of Friends. The picture also describes a great deal of my experience as a member of Ministry and Worship and my observations of Quaker organizations over several years. That is one reason why I have formed Friends of African Descent.

I feel strongly that Friends, as a Society, have not moved very much beyond what Friend Barrington Dunbar described in his "A Quaker Speaks from the Black Experience," published in 1970. Dunbar, in his talk that October at the Earlham School of Religion's Tenth Anniversary dinner, spoke of "Friends and the White Backlash." He spoke of having to constantly remind Friends of "the violence of racial discrimination which has prevented a whole race of people in America from achieving self-respect and self-fulfillment. . . ." Reading Dunbar today reminds me of what Yogi Berra said: "It's déjà vu all over again." We live in a time where Friends remain essentially silent in their mostly lily-white meetings while the IQ controversy is tearing at the dignity of
people of African heritage; and in times where a young white woman can accuse a black man of kidnapping her children, and black men up and down the East Coast are subjected to stop-and-question procedures by the police.

We have more black men in prison than in college, and more than 43 percent of those not in prison are unemployed.

More than 60 percent of black children live in poverty. Schools serving black children are inadequate and are increasingly becoming places for the Department of Defense to place military academies.

And while the dominant press spreads the ideology of "let's be sensitive to the angry white men," the Republican Party’s Contract with America could lead to more suffering among people of color, who have been more significantly disadvantaged in this society. If the Contract with America is an example of enlightened social policy, I don’t want any of it. In my view it is just another example of the dominance of white privilege. But I'm only speaking from the perspective of one who grew up behind the color line, which everyone knows exists in present-day U.S.A.

During the civil rights movement of the '60s, whenever something strong came up—like the specter of violence—there was always a call for "responsible black leadership" to step forward. Black people are hurting in a way like never before and are subjected to new, more genteel forms of personal, cultural, and institutional racism. It is in our language, customs, beliefs, fears, work, schools, and sports—and in our beloved Society of Friends. Something can be done to change this situation, but where is the responsible white leadership?

What we people of the darker hue can do without in this struggle is words and meetings, and the propensity of Friends to go about doing good, especially where there is lots of going about. Where is the responsible white leadership that will contract black, hispanic, and Asian trainers to provide Unlearning Racism Workshops within the Society of Friends?

And where is the responsible white leadership within FRIENDS JOURNAL that might print the House of Bishops of the Episcopal church statement, "The Sin of Racism" (or the Bahais’ statement, "The Vision of Racial Unity")? How about doing some Friendly investigative journalism to bring the particular forms of racism in Friends schools and organizations to light?

And where is the responsible white leadership within the Society of Friends that will work to fund Barrington Dunbar’s Black Development Fund in redemption to the promise once made to our dear brother? Where is the responsible white leadership that will help Friends look beyond light and dark and into race and racism in the Society of Friends?

I realize that some may proclaim "we are doing this and that" or "Friends have always been..."; but if we limit our "sensitivity" to a debate over whether or not to use light or dark in FRIENDS JOURNAL, we miss the opportunity for deeper understanding that will help us rid ourselves of what has been called America's original sin—white racism.

Where is the responsible white leadership? How can we work together to change the present situation and help make it more hospitable for people like me?
Lament in D-Minor
by John Samuel Tieman

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

I attended a series of interfaith prayer services this past year in St. Louis, Mo., which took place at a variety of places of worship—a mosque, a synagogue, a number of Christian churches, and others. During the first of these services, I heard the story of Vedran Smailovic, the story retold in my introduction and poem on this page. I was so moved by the story that I wrote the poem.

I ran into Paul Olson, a Ph.D. student at Washington University, who once played cello with the Des Moines Symphony. Together we created a performance piece, which became the signature piece for the remaining interfaith prayer services. That piece essentially overlays the written work with Albinoni’s Adagio.

This work, “Lament in D-minor,” which is about ten minutes long, was filmed by a Croatian, R.T. Radanovic, at Webster University. It was then taken to Zagreb by another Croatian, Miro Cutric, a doctor at Barnes Hospital.

At 8:30 p.m. on June 13 and 15, 1994, it played on a prime-time show on Zagreb’s Channel 3, a show I’ve been told has the name “In Medias Res.” (I am no Latin scholar, but I wonder if this should be “In Medius Res,” which would mean something like “in the middle of truth,” or, more poetically, “the heart of the matter”?) The show is a talk-show concerning religion and philosophy, which is of great interest in the former Yugoslavia, because free discussion of these subjects was essentially suppressed for so long. I have been told that the show will play in Sarajevo too, if it hasn’t already, and that copies of the tape and the text are to be presented to Vedran Smailovic. The work was shown with subtitles in Serbo-Croatian translation.

At least in part, this performance piece is designed to show how people of different faiths—I am Catholic, and Paul is Bahai—can work together and pray together in peace.

—John Samuel Tieman
A recent newsletter out of Bangor, Pennsylvania, carried the following story:

Vedran Smailovic is a cellist for the Sarajevo Symphony. One day last May at about 4 o’clock in the afternoon, 22 people were killed . . . by mortar fire while standing in line outside a bakery there. For the next 22 days Vedran Smailovic brought his chair and cello to that deserted street at 4 p.m., and with . . . shells crashing around him, played Albinoni’s Adagio to honor each person who had died.

These are the facts.

However, neither my colleague, Paul Olson, nor I feel that the mere facts convey the sorrow. Nor are the mere facts a prayer for peace. For, in the last analysis, all war comes down to a particular sorrow and a particular prayer.

My name is John Samuel Tieman. With a poem, which I wrote, entitled “Lament in D-minor,” I will accompany Paul Olson as he plays Albinoni’s Adagio.

[The music begins]

On the side-street outside a bakery, every day for 22 days at 4 p.m. in May 1993, Vedran Smailovic, a cellist in the Sarajevo Symphony, played Albinoni's Adagio for his brother plus 21 others killed by a mortar shell.

Today it’s all silence, the place where the words must go. A wail’s diminuendo to a gasp that never needs an explanation, that never knows another note, another measure.

Like when there is only a hush with a single lyric string praying this is the way we practice sorrow, this is the way we practice death:

22. 22. 22. The number ulcerates itself.

As a breeze tersely testifies to the space between the pain and the adagio in the street, it makes us yearn for the definition of implosion:

22. 22. The number multiplies each lament.

There was once a time for a theory of tragedy, how each crescendo culminates in the Phaedo praying, “How can we believe anything again?”

22. Perhaps it means nothing, the number.

Perhaps the sorrow we know today is only a prelude to the adagio we all call home, that place where all the brothers and all their friends are lined up against the wall, this wall that is the outline for our sorrow. Perhaps all sorrow is just a shell aimed at all our side-streets where we are all lined up for some bread, a chat, a song of someone’s brother.

A song in which slowly, slowly we pray, pray for another day, another road, another brother, for this we pray.

A writer of both poetry and prose, John Samuel Tieman teaches at Lindenwood College. He attends the St. Francis Xavier College Church and is a Ph. D. student at St. Louis University.
Dealing With Rape as a Family

by Kate Kerman

In Media, Pa., in 1987, it's the middle of the night and I'm asleep in my room, or should I say me and my brother Jesse's room. My name is Hannah Rose Kerman. I'm 11 years old, or at least I was in 1987. Now I'm 18 and I don't live anywhere near Pennsylvania. Anyway, I'm asleep in the little room at the end of the hall and I wake up with a hand over my mouth, a knife in my back, and someone saying "Be quiet or I'll kill you." I look up at him. He's black with a bandanna over the lower half of his face and he looks pretty strong. I nod my head and he lets me go and tells me to lie down. I do. I think to myself this can't be happening to me. He takes off my underpants and undoes his pants. He starts pushing into me. (IT HURTS) I just lie there and think to myself Jesse please don't wake up, just don't wake up. At some point the man asks me if I've done this before. I shake my head no. He stops what he was doing and makes me open my mouth. A little later he stops that too and pulls up his pants and says that I should count to 100 and not tell anyone. He leaves. I count to 50, wake my brother up, and tell him to get Mama. He goes.

Mama comes into the room and I say very calmly I was raped. She asks me if it was a bad dream. (I don't remember if I'm crying or not.) I say no it was not a dream and that I don't know if the man is gone.

Papa goes down to see if the man is still here. Papa finds my underpants and that the front window screen is ripped open.

He comes back up and tells us this and Mama says that we have to call the police.

The first blessing was that Hannah Kerman knew the word rape and what it meant. She didn't assume it was her fault, so she was able to talk to us about it.

The second blessing was that, although I dearly wanted this to be a nightmare, I assumed it was true, or worth acting as if it were true. Then I sought information, and Hannah's story was confirmed.

How many young women have been denied the truth of their stories in similar situations?

I was clear that we had to call the police in case we could prevent this from happening to someone else, so we started out by communicating to other people and taking responsibility for the welfare of others. This has helped anchor the experience in reality. Hannah went to the hospital to get checked by a doctor and to do an identikit picture for the police.

Other than that, Hannah has had control over the communication about this event. My husband Ed and I told her we had to tell a few people so we could get the support we needed, but we let her okay our selection of people.

Hannah was raped early on a Sunday morning. A friend of ours came to sit with her and Jesse as they slept for many hours while Ed, Ada (my oldest daughter), and I went to Meeting. I sat in the silence feeling foolish and angry at myself because I simply could not rid myself of the line from the musical Fantasticks: "The kind of rape you get depends on what you pay." Two days later, it was suddenly borne in upon me that I wasn't being frivolous. This was in fact a message from God. The response we made to this rape would determine what place it held in our lives, and if we paid with clear intention and hard work, it could become a point of healing rather than destruction for our family and other people. We are not victims of the events in our lives. God can work through anything that happens, if we are willing to listen.

The whole family slept together for several nights. Although we had not been in the habit of locking our door in this neighborhood, we began locking it.
Hannah and I tossed and turned for two nights, and finally I asked the family if we could stop locking the door. For me, it underlined a sense of fear and lack of safety which could never be appeased by locks. The rapist had in any case assumed that our door was locked and broken in through the screen. I had to face the lack of safety in the physical realm and remember the safety that God holds for us in order to move on with my life. I slept better with the door unlocked, and so did Hannah.

Almost immediately, I had to make a stand on how I expected this traumatic event to affect Hannah's life. Hannah had been a hard child for me to raise; before she was two, Ed and I were taking a parenting class because she was so intense. By the time she was 11, I had surrendered any idea I ever had of predicting her responses or controlling her behavior, and had started seriously listening to and respecting her intuitions about what was best for her. I marvelled in those first few hours at her fortitude in dealing with the doctor and the police and at the internal wisdom which led her to go back to the bed on which she was raped and sleep for hours and hours. I knew very soon that Hannah would make this an occasion of healing not only for herself but for many other people, and I have consistently acted on that knowledge and shared that conviction with her. This vision has sustained me through years when she couldn't be upstairs alone, when she wouldn't stop other people from taking advantage of her, when she couldn't speak up for her own needs, when she was afraid to try new things.

Each of us was in charge of our own healing process. As a family we went once to a counselor at Women Against Rape. She affirmed our decision to give Hannah control over communication and told us we were a strong, capable family. She also verified that it is rare for a stranger to enter a house and rape someone they don't know, which made life less scary for us. I sought a lot of peer counseling and Therapeutic Touch. Ed and Ada have also done some peer counseling. Jesse has yet to talk much about his feelings. Over the years, Hannah has mainly used the resources of adults and students at The Meeting School, and the book Courage to Heal as tools for recovery. So we haven't pushed for specific ways to work on this event in our lives. However, the rape was never denied as part of our family history. We mention the fact that it happened, or date things from before or after the rape when we talk as a family.

After four days, Hannah gave us permission to tell The Meeting as a whole what had happened. We were clear that we needed to process this happening without the strain of helping other people process it. We called someone at Meeting to share our news, and sent along with the information a request that people not talk to us about it unless we initiated the conversation. We asked that people who needed counseling seek it from other Meeting members. We were very much nurtured by food brought to us, by prayers, and by knowing that a community of people stood ready to help in any way possible. What we mostly needed was time to be together as a family and to be able to tell other people whether or not we wanted their company. Although we often had no specific answer, we appreciated people who asked if there was anything they could do, and were willing to leave us alone if there wasn't.

It is relatively easy to write about this more than seven years later and to see what we did right. At the time, of course, we felt confused, shocked, frustrated, and angry. Most of the people we knew were wonderful. Some were frustrated and anxious when we wouldn't tell them what was going on because it was Hannah's right to decide who heard about it. One woman pestered me and pestered me and finally said she just had to know if Hannah had AIDS, since Hannah played with this woman's son. I told her no in as civil a manner as I could muster, and after she left I raged and pounded on things and pictured her being torn from limb to limb.

What insensitivity and ignorance! Raging about her really helped, I think my anger was directed at a person I might reasonably expect to be careful of, and that is perhaps why to this day I do not feel especially angry at the rapist, since I had no prior relationship that would lead me to expect any consideration from this man. Over the years, my anger is directed more generally at society that allows the kind of damage to young men that makes them want to rape women. I have come to accept that anger as appropriate, as are any other feelings that arise.

Within a year of the rape, our family moved to The Meeting School, where Ed and I had accepted faculty positions. Hannah was 12, very shy, very resistant, afraid to be alone, unwilling to talk about the rape or much of anything important to her. Fortunately, she was enrolled as a junior high student at The Meeting School, which was essentially a homeschooling program, so she had a lot of time to read, to think, to spend time with friends, to go to the woods and absorb healing from her beloved natural surroundings. We mostly let her set her own timetable for learning and reaching out to others, and her natural wisdom allowed a gradual opening up.

In August of 1989, two years after the rape, our family was at yearly meeting. Hannah was sick and, as usual, uncomfortable with her peer group. She clung to Ed, who was working with the elementary school children. She looked far older than 13, and some people who saw her with Ed at first thought she was his wife. They were shocked to find out she was his daughter and began to question whether Ed and Hannah were in an incestuous relationship. As far as we can make out, the handling, cuddling, and hugs which are a normal part of our family and community life, were misconstrued, along with the signals that Hannah was sending out to trained observers that she was the victim of sexual abuse. Two staff members of the children's program felt concerned enough to work on finding a way to confront Ed and me, which led (after a two-month delay) to a meeting between them and us, facilitated by two members of our meeting's Ministry and Counsel Committee.

There were many things that did not feel right or good about this meeting, but I want to affirm the basic intention behind it, which was to make sure that Hannah was safe. Having been in the position myself of reporting physical abuse to the authorities, I know how awkward it feels to step into a family's life. Our Friends meetings often do not have experience or guidelines on how to do this well. (See page 23 for the conclusions I have reached.)
from my experience on how to proceed in a loving and Friendly fashion.)

Ed and I had had a lot of experience with meetings for confrontation. We use them frequently at The Meeting School. From that knowledge, we took a support person to the meeting. We also took Hannah, because we felt that the meeting was about her and she deserved to hear what was being said. She also took a support person. Our meeting made no provisions to offer us support, and from where we sat the M & C members seemed to be siding with the confronters rather than offering neutral facilitation. The emotional damage from that lack of support by the meeting is gradually being healed after five years, but it was significant.

We felt that people accepted Hannah’s and our statements that she was not in an incestuous relationship with Ed and that there was something else that had happened to her. It was also good that the specifics of that something else were not demanded of her. If the meeting had ended there, it would have served its primary purpose. A secondary purpose emerged at that point, which was to tell us that we were not parenting well and to try to lay ultimatums about what we should or shouldn’t do to help Hannah heal. This felt intrusive and would probably have been better done by a gentler process through the local meeting. In the past year, two of the people who were at the meeting have apologized to us, recognizing that the process caused us hurt.

Ed and I had been eldered about our parenting in various ways ever since Ada was 18 months old. These meetings were often painful, and in one case caused the demise of a worship group we had started.

Over the years, we had struggled as parents, making many mistakes, but also trying a style of parenting and respect for our children that was uncomfortable for many Friends. As we were confronted yet again by the question of whether we were good parents, we were able, with the help of our support people and other friends at The Meeting School, to finally affirm our parenting from the center of our beings. As Ed said when we got home, “I may be lacking in imagination, but I cannot think that anyone else in the world would make better parents for Hannah.”

This meeting, painful as it was and hurtful of our relationship with our local and yearly meetings, was truly a turning point for Hannah and for us as parents. Hannah started to talk to students about...
the rape and also began going to a chiropractor to attend to the headaches and stiffness which had affected her since the rape. Ed and I went forward with much more confidence in the wisdom of trusting Hannah's ability to heal.

The pace of her healing process, which seemed so slow and painstaking at first, picked up evident speed. Five years later, I rejoice to see her self-confidence, her ability to counsel other young people who have been sexually abused, and her clarity as clerk of Community Meeting. She has spoken in classes and to the whole community about her experience, and has started writing about it for a wider audience.

Living in community is so tough and so rewarding. Everyone in my family has benefited from our time at The Meeting School. The elements which I think have particularly helped us and Hannah with our healing process are acceptance, ongoing commitment, a balance between encouragement to open up and willingness to leave us to our own process, a larger context than a single family can provide, safety to express feelings, and training in and support for honest communication. We often talk about issues related to recovery from sexual abuse — the ability to say no, setting boundaries, sexuality. We have given Hannah and other students tools for communicating and discharging feelings, and the structural framework of the Courage to Heal book and workbook to see where they are along the healing continuum. A meeting community could offer many of these things to most people. For Hannah, the immersion in community has greatly enhanced this process.

Similarly to the unexpected death of a loved one, the rape initially made no sense to me. It felt like a tear in the fabric of reality. As I have acknowledged its reality and asked God for help in dealing with it, it makes more and more sense as an incident that can be used as a source of finding strength, experiencing safety, and working for healing.

Hannah still exhibits the signs of someone who has been sexually abused. She had a pregnancy scare two and one-half years ago, she struggles to stand up for her own needs, she at times succumbs to tension by acting hystERICALLY or giving up. But we both understand why these things happen, and as a result we do not misunderstand them to be a core part of her being. I appreciate her strength and courage every day. I also appreciate the impulse Friends have had to act in support of Hannah and the rest of our family as we struggle with this and other issues. May our story help others find useful ways to act clearly and lovingly in support of healing traumatic or chronic abuse.

**IF YOU SUSPECT SEXUAL ABUSE**

1. If you suspect current incest or sexual abuse, act promptly.
2. Don’t leap to conclusions or act without investigation; there could be other explanations for what you see.
3. Before the confrontation, maintain strict confidentiality outside of those involved, but do not hide the issues from the people you are confronting.
4. When you are meeting, be prepared to ask relevant questions and to listen to their answers. Limit your investigation to the question at hand.
5. After the confrontation, if the suspicions are justified, or if you are still not sure, find ways of getting this information into appropriate hands. Seek professional help, report to the Department of Social Services, let Friends know if someone should be kept away from children.
6. Find a way to offer support to the person being confronted.
7. Find ways of looking at the process you have undertaken, and evaluate what came of it. If you draw conclusions that might be helpful to others dealing with similar issues, pass them on to your yearly meeting M & C committee or to the Friends General Conference Task Group on Sexual Abuse and Violence.
8. Be respectful of people’s own approaches to healing. Don’t try to force forgiveness or closure.
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FRIENDS JOURNAL

Witness

Amigos in Word and Deed

by Doris Emerson

Disasters happen almost every day somewhere in this increasingly small world of ours. Our impulse to help is usually immediate and the donations of time, energy, and money are always welcome and usually well used. When another disaster comes, we rise to that immediate need, forgetting the disaster we last responded to. This is the story of a local, combined Quaker response to a disaster that is opening possibilities for more long-term effects.

On August 27, 1992, Hurricane Andrew roared across south Florida with devastating fury. The fourth poorest “city” in the United States, Florida City, south of Miami, was nearly flattened. Poverty level residents, many of them African Americans or Caribbean immigrants, lost their homes or apartments. Most spent the following winter living in tents, Federal Emergency Management Agency trailers, or jammed into small quarters with other relatives. Many just moved away, giving up their ruined homes, as they had no money for repairs or even demolition.

Quaker response was immediate and generous. Within a week Friends from the Miami (Fla.) Friends Meeting (affiliated with Southeastern Yearly Meeting), the Miami Friends Church (or Iglesia de Los Amigos, affiliated with North Carolina Yearly Meeting), and the American Friends Service Committee, through its local office in Miami, met to see what the Friends response might be. Donations had been arriving daily. Within another week the needs of our meetinghouses and members were assessed and problems began to be addressed. A joint committee was set up, and it soon became apparent the best way to help was to go into Florida City and use our pooled excess funds for rebuilding there.

Nelson Salinas, from Miami Meeting, initially led the way. He had previous experience in Florida City, as well as with AFSC and Friends World Committee for Consultation. He also had the valuable asset of being bilingual. AFSC Southeastern Regional Office gave advice on organization of a corporation duly licensed by the state of Florida which could engage in building reconstruction as well as look for possible grants to augment our funds. A joint committee from the three

Doris Emerson is a long-time member of Miami (Fla.) Meeting, where she serves as treasurer. She also serves Southeastern Yearly Meeting as finance clerk.

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local Quaker entities began to meet. Our combined business experience was less than minimal, but the need was evident and our leading was very strong. Our previous joint effort consisted of organizing a pre-World Conference Workshop for FWCC attendees at the meeting in Tela, Honduras, two years earlier. The committee of Friends (Amigos), later augmented by Friends (amigos and even Creole zanmios) from the neighborhood and other organizations working in Florida City, met weekly for almost a year to steer the newly founded Amigos Construction and Community Development Corporation through all the necessary legalities, including becoming an IRS recognized 501(c)3 corporation.

Meanwhile, volunteers from our local meetings, Southeastern Yearly Meeting, Bucks County, Pa., the North Carolina Friends Disaster Unit, Guilford College, and teenagers from several Friends schools came to put roofs over the heads of elderly residents in the low-income, African-American neighborhood we chose to work in. We cooperated with volunteers from the Centro Campesino, from Mennonite, Lutheran, and Methodist churches, local colleges, and with Florida City officials to work where it was most needed. We soon felt the necessity for a construction superintendent to coordinate the on-site work, and John Rogers, a builder from Burlington (Vt.) Meeting, answered the call. His 6'8" commanding presence, high work standards, and easy ability to work with all sorts of volunteers soon established Amigos within Florida City, though we were never able to command the necessary political backing for governmental grants.

In its first year, Amigos participated in many reroofings and completed 12 in its particular neighborhood. Our costs were a mere $50,000 because of volunteer labor and donated building supplies. A few of our homeowners had small amounts of insurance that were used, and Amigos was also the recipient of three grants totaling almost $20,000. Recently, Amigos has been rebuilding five houses almost from the ground up—two of them with the families living in only one or two rooms as the necessary work takes place around them.

As this particular work is coming to an end, Amigos is beginning to tackle the goal of community development. Local residents desperately need job training as well as job opportunities to enable families to stay together even at the poverty level. Almost everyone in the neighborhood exists on Social Security or SSI benefits. Amigos already is training several local men for construction skills, and one is almost ready to apply for a contractor's license. A grant has been received to help establish a roof truss factory and train local residents to operate and eventually own it. Another grant will enable Amigos to acquire an abandoned shell of a house, rebuild it, and sell to a low income owner using government grants to lower the mortgage costs to an affordable range. Right now, Friends meetings all over Southeastern Yearly Meeting are loaning Amigos funds to build new houses for resale in the targeted neighborhood that lost a third or more of its homes to the hurricane. In mid-January, 60 North Carolina Friends, part of the Friends Disaster Service, completed the roof and interior walls, including electrical and plumbing work, for a brand new, four-bedroom house, as well as preparing the shell for a three-bedroom home next door—what good Friends!

Though Florida City is still showing great evidence of continuing disaster effects with broken trees, deserted homes, evaporating support, and loss of public interest, Amigos has done its best to ameliorate the lives of the local people. Even better, Amigos has done this with little money but lots of volunteer hours. Best of all, Amigos is showing all Friends that Quaker leadings of the Spirit can easily transcend variations in manner of worship or witness, and Friends working together locally can make a real difference. Our new neighborhood friends truly think of us as a gift from God—a God that cares about people, not doctrine.

Last year a mailing went out to all Friends meetings in the United States asking for donations and volunteers. Amigos is grateful for all the responses, but the need continues. You, as an individual Friend, can be an "Amigo" by asking for information, by volunteering, by steering us to possible grantees, by buying T-shirts, and by sending donations to 1205 Sunset Drive, Miami, FL 33143. We need all kinds of friends to continue this work.
Parents' Corner

Grandparenting:
Defining Our Role
by Harriet Heath

Well, I've learned my role at last... at least as a grandmother... and maybe more," exclaimed Julia. We were sharing a cup of coffee, a habit we'd been enjoying since our daughters, now mothers themselves, were infants.

I knew Julia was feeling her way with her daughter, Beth. They'd had many stormy years through Beth's adolescence. Julia wanted very much to have a close relationship with her daughter, but both she and Beth had quick minds and fast tongues.

Now Beth had just had her first child, Andy. She was reading 'the books' and discussing her problems with her husband and the pediatrician. Julia felt her daughter saw her as out of touch. Their relationship was shaky once again.

Beth was having problems getting Andy to sleep. During the day, Andy wouldn't sleep unless Beth held him. At night he'd only sleep between her and her husband. Beth felt him every time he stirred, and heard his every sound.

Julia had tried to stay out of the discussion about what to do. Those early years, she knew, were difficult. She tried to drop by the house when she could so Beth could get a nap.

"Yesterday," Julia started her story, "I went over to let Beth sleep. She met me at the door with Andy upright and curled in her arms sound asleep. He looked so peaceful but Beth didn't; she looked wane with dark circles under her eyes.

"I took the baby from her, keeping him in the upright position, and tried to shoeh her off for a good long sleep. But she didn't go. Instead she started to talk. 'We're going to change the system. I just can't rely on you like this. We've decided that Andy has got to learn to sleep for longer periods of time. We're going to put him on this regimen. The doctor told us the way to do it.' She described the plan of letting the baby cry. Mother or Dad could go in every so of ten to calm the child but not to pick him up. 'Just be firm,' he told her. 'It will be harder on you than on him.'

"I gave Andy back to her and made us both a cup of tea as she continued in a low voice, 'It's going to be hard. I don't like to hear him cry. But we can't continue this way. Neither of us are sleeping. I can't do anything because he is always in my arms. I'm even getting angry at him.' She looked about to cry.

"I didn't have to say anything. I knew she knew how I felt about letting a baby cry. So why make her feel worse? This time I vowed I'd keep my mouth closed. I thought it would just help to let her talk, so I asked her, 'Do you ever manage now to put him down?'

"'Yes,' she'd replied, 'if he is very very tired, he'll sleep in his cradle until that first deep sleep is over. Then he jerks. His arms swing. I've seen them. And he wakes himself up.'

"While she talked," Julia went on, "I kept getting pictures. One was the way I'd seen Beth put Andy down for a nap. She'd held him snuggled right up against her chest and then lean way down over the bed until he rested on the mattress. If she didn't have him would swing out in a startled reaction and he'd be screaming and wide awake. I watched how she held him, snuggled so tightly against her. I pictured him asleep, again snuggled, this time between her and her husband.

"I couldn't help myself; I described to her what she had described to me. 'You know,' I said, 'every time you describe Andy asleep he is snuggled up very very tightly.' And I pointed out when he was asleep on my chest.

"Beth smiled for the first time that afternoon. 'It's like when we swaddled him at birth,' she observed.

"'When did you stop?' I asked.

"'The doctor told me to when he was a..."
month old. Said it would slow down his development.

"Well I could only laugh at that and ask her, 'Like the Indian papooses and the South American children who are swaddled for the first year of life, their development is all slowed down?'"

"I didn't think about them,' Beth had laughed. 'Gosh, it's hard to think when you're worried and haven't been sleeping. I wonder if that would make a difference?"

"It might," I'd responded, and I finally got her to go off for a nap.

"Well, Beth called at seven this morning. They'd swaddled Andy tightly. He'd slept for two four-hour stretches in his own bed. She was feeling like a new person! And all I did was listen and reflect."

Parents have so much advice given them— routine advice which may or may not fit the specific parents, their desires for their children, or the needs of their specific child.

Instead of giving advice, Julia had observed and listened and reflected back. She had listened to the tiredness of her daughter. She had also listened to the descriptions of the conditions under which her grandson slept well. These she related back to her daughter. She also offered counter information about the advice on the negative affects of swaddling that had been given. Doing so helped her daughter think through the situation and find a solution on her own. It's helpful to have someone to listen and reflect, to help sift and sort but not tell or advise. What better role for a grandmother who loves them all, whose goal is the same as theirs, who is willing to let them decide what is to be done?

And I wondered if there were not insights here for all of us struggling with situations where differences of opinion are causing havoc. We Quakers speak of accepting differences, but too often when we act upon our beliefs our sense of community is lost. Would, as Julia and Beth did, identifying and keeping focused on our mutual goals help as we discuss our differences? Would looking for observable information (such as Julia did when she described how Andy slept) and accepted facts (as when she noted that papooses were not developmentally delayed) guide us toward solutions acceptable to all participants? Julia and Beth's experiences searching for how to help Andy sleep came to have meaning for me beyond the warmth of a new mother and grandmother working together for the good of the family.
Baltimore Yearly Meeting

Baltimore Yearly Meeting Friends were blessed with an abundance of rain as we gathered joyously during our 323rd sessions at Wilson College in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, August 1–7, 1994. We felt graced as epistles from many yearly meetings around the world were shared with us.

Last year we ended our epistle on the theme that grows is to change. This year we are thankful for continued growth. Frank Masseys, our general secretary, likened the yearly meeting to Niagara Falls, which constantly changes—the falls having traveled seven miles over time. Frank reported that “the Spirit is flowing in our midst and we are changing.”

Our meetings are fountains of living water where we gather to be nourished and refreshed. Like the spray of falling water, God’s care falls on us all. We are changed, and change those about us. Some of the changes are reflected in our Spiritual State of the Meeting Report, including rapid growth in membership and attendance in a few of our meetings and a resurgence of enthusiasm for religious education for adults and children, plus a rise in Bible study activity in many meetings.

The report goes on to speak of the “deepening concern for intervisitation among Friends.” Our theme, “How do you interpret your faith in the light of our Quaker heritage?” was interpreted by Junior Yearly Meeting as “I’m a Quaker Traveler,” and this seemed to catch the spirit of our gathering. Peace Pilgrim II paused on our doorstep in his travels for peace, and Junior Yearly Meeting experienced a living example of someone traveling with a concern. Visitors from Indiana, Philadelphia, and South Central Yearly Meetings enriched our gathering. Posters covering our walls urged us to “Widen our Circle of Friends. . . Try Another Bench. . . Visit Another Meeting.”

As travelers we all carry baggage: Claire Walker told the story of “The Wanderer and the Way.” One moral of the story was a call to examine both old baggage and new, lest we find ourselves burdened in our journey. Is what we carry worth the toil and delays? If we cannot lay down our knapsack, at least we should periodically examine the contents.

Much of our business involved an examination of the demands and products of our yearly meeting committee structure. “Friends value the yearly meeting both for the human connection and for the spiritual: seeking truth together.” A participant in our Quaker Leadership Institute commented that “the greatest significance for me was in connecting with the larger Quaker community outside my own meeting in a much more intimate way than ever before. I feel refreshed, like I’ve taken a long drink from that jug of living water . . . .”

Our children are the living present and future of our meeting. Their gift to us this year was the traveling song, “Woyaya,” recorded by the Quaker singer Susan Stark:

“We are going, heaven knows where we are going. We know we are.

We will get there, heaven knows how we will get there. We know we will.”

Our voices rose in three-part harmony as the different generations of yearly meeting sang together. Music ministered to us throughout our sessions.

We lost many dear Friends this year. Seven memorial minutes were read at yearly meeting sessions. In the Carey Memorial Lecture, Bruce Birchard, general secretary of Friends General Conference, spoke of his experience of God, the paths to the Spirit he knows, and his own experience of facing the terror of death. Beauty, love, centering, and worship strengthened and transformed him. We all shared that strength and transforming power when a Friend collapsed during the lecture. The initial rush to cover the practical quickly grew into a deeply shared meeting. The paramedics, too, were drawn into the loving quiet as they tenderly ministered.

The tenderness of BYM Friends towards one another takes us into “a place between silence and speech,” a place explored by our own poet, Henry Taylor. Henry writes that “some experiences are better left beyond the reach of words.” Together, BYM Friends seek to find these places. “But those who drink of the water that I will give them will never be thirsty. The water that I will give will become a spring of water gushing up to eternal life.” (John 4:14, NRSV)

—Miriam D. Green, Clerk

Canadian Yearly Meeting

In its session, August 6–13, 1994, in Windsor, Nova Scotia, Canadian Yearly Meeting reached joyful unity in a decision as an employer to stop remitting to Revenue Canada the military portion of taxes for those employees who request it.

This decision follows several years of study, prayerful consideration, and the attempt during early 1994 for use of legal means of expressing our conscientious objection to paying for the military. The remittance will instead be paid into Conscience Canada, with consideration given to establishing in the future a specific trust fund.

Other significant issues included our support for the World Council of Churches’ new Program to Overcome Violence, endorsement of the celebration of the 1995 Doukhobor Centennial of the Burning of the Arma in Russia in 1895, and assistance for suffering children in war-torn parts of the world, such as Rwanda. John Calvi, a released Friend from Putney, Vermont, spoke to us about being effective healers.

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Gender issues continue to challenge us, The Young Friends of North America Caravan was an effective ministry in sharing with us the way in which young men and women are experiencing and grappling with gender differences and commonalities.

—Barbara Horvath

Quakers Uniting in Publications

Quakers Uniting in Publications (QUIP) gathered for its annual meeting September 15-18, 1994, at Twin Rocks Friends Camp on the Pacific coast northwest of Portland, Oregon. Hosted by Barclay Press, 28 Quaker publishers, booksellers, and authors from the United States and the United Kingdom attended the meeting; communications were received from more QUIP members. The 1995 annual meeting will be held September 14-17 at Woodbrooke College, Birmingham, England. Future annual meetings will be held in April, beginning in 1996 in Greensboro, North Carolina.

Having launched Quaker Books in Print at last year’s meeting, QUIP members discussed ways to provide for its stable growth. Roland Kreager, QUIP’s part-time manager of the Quaker Books in Print program, reported that 1,752 verified entries now comprise the database of Quaker titles. Plans are underway to make the list available to the general public in various formats, and a list of known Quaker titles in Spanish will be added to the database this year. For more information about Quaker Books in Print, contact Roland Kreager, 3960 Winding Way, Cincinnati, OH 45229-1950.

A panel of representatives from Quaker periodicals, led by Nancy Yarnall of Friends Bulletin, presented the current status of several publications. In other business, QUIP members agreed to sponsor a table at the New York Book Fair next year. The continuing concern about and need for Quaker titles in English to be translated into other languages, especially Spanish, and conversely having Quaker titles translated into English was addressed by several people, most notably by Pablo Stanfield of North Pacific Yearly Meeting.

QUIP publishes A Writer’s Guide for authors seeking information about Quaker publishers’ requirements. To obtain a copy send $3 to Gertrude Beal/QUIP, 205 Hermitage Road, Greensboro, NC 27410.

For general information, including QUIP membership, contact Jan Hoffman, QUIP clerk, 343 West Street, Amherst, MA 01002.

—Jan Hoffman
News of Friends

John Wagoner, president of William Penn College, announced his resignation effective this summer. A 1958 graduate of the college, Wagoner has been affiliated with the school for 31 years, first as development director, and then as president since 1984. The college’s board of trustees accepted his resignation with a great deal of reluctance, and requested that he continue to remain active in the life of the school. A number of improvements were made on the Oskaloosa, Iowa, campus during Wagoner’s tenure, including the building of a fitness center and the Industrial Technology annex. Major renovations were also completed in other buildings, and more capital improvements are currently underway or planned. Though he had battled cancer in recent years, Wagoner assured the campus during Wagoner’s tenure, including letter that his decision to leave was not health-related. He will be 65 in August and stated his desire to have more time for himself and his family. A search committee has been formed to find a replacement before the next academic year begins in August.

David Throgmorton resigned as executive vice president and academic dean at William Penn College on February 28. A member of the school’s administration since 1989, Throgmorton has accepted a position as vice president of academic affairs at Barat College, Lake Forest, Ill. The college’s president, John Wagoner, announced that two current professors will share the position in the interim. “In anticipation of the appointment of a new president before the 1995 fall semester,” Wagoner said, I believe it is appropriate to give her/him the opportunity to select new academic leadership.

The following statement on participation of gays, lesbians, and bisexuals in its meeting community was approved by Pima (Ariz.) Meeting in December 1994 by Pima (Ariz.) Meeting:

We believe that Friends’ testimony of equality requires a single standard of treatment for all human beings and that all people share in the Light. We affirm that we welcome to our meeting all who share our search for Truth. We therefore extend our loving care, concern, and support to all individuals and couples in our meeting community including lesbian, gay, and bisexual people. In all aspects of life, it is our wish to recognize as fully as we can the Light within us all by keeping open to the many reflections of that Light.

As Quakers, mindful of being effective witnesses for social justice, we commit ourselves to educating ourselves and others in the Religious Society of Friends about the condition of homosexual and bisexual people in a society that is frequently hostile to them. We also commit ourselves to action to end ignorance about, prejudice concerning, and discrimination against people based on their sexual orientation both in the Religious Society of Friends and in society at large.

Friend Gilbert F. White was awarded the National Geographic Society’s Hubbard Medal on December 8, 1994. White, a pioneer in natural hazards research and resources management, a professional geographer, and a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting, was cited for”60 years of commitment to promoting harmony between humans and nature, and for unwavering dedication to geography, environmental science, and education.” His efforts to increase understanding of human and environmental relationships have been applied to a broad spectrum of problems and issues. White’s policy-setting work in water and land planning began in the 1930s on the Mississippi Valley Committee and the National Resources Planning Board. His 1942 doctoral dissertation, “Human Adjustment to Floods,” and subsequent writings challenged the sentiment at that time that nature could be managed with engineering solutions, and stimulated wide reform of public policy on floods and other natural hazards. As a two-term president of the Scientific Committee on Problems of the Environment (SCOPE) from 1976-82, he guided a multinational study of the environmental effects of nuclear war. Published in 1985, his findings detailed the concept of a “nuclear winter.” By presenting only evidence, and no suggestions for policy-makers, the study was supported by 300 scientists around the world, and influenced nuclear arms negotiations between the United States and the Soviet Union. In addition to his public service work, White served as president of Haverford College from 1944-55, and as professor of geography at the University of Colorado at Boulder, where he directed the Institute of Behavioral Science until 1978 and returned in 1980 as the Gustavson Distinguished Professor Emeritus of Geography. He has also served on the American Friends Service Committee board, of which he was chairperson from 1963-69. Now 83 years old, White is currently working toward integrating policy on global river-basin development. The Hubbard Medal, named for the National Geographic Society’s first president, Gardiner Greene Hubbard, has been awarded 30 times since 1906 for distinction in exploration, discovery, and research.

Calendar

MARCH

11—"Quaker Farmers Gathering," an opportunity to meet other Quaker farmers and explore common interests and concerns, 9-45 a.m. at The Meeting School, Rindge, N.H. Formal discussions will include “Quakerism and Farming: How do they come together in our lives?” and “Farming in Unity with Nature: An Exploration of Our Calling as Quaker Farmers, Facilitated by Friends in Unity with Nature.” Participants will examine how Quaker farmers can support each other, and if there is a need for an Association of Quaker Farmers. Attendees should bring food for potluck lunch, photos of their farms, and examples of their products. Overnight hospitality is available at TMS if needed. Contact Doug Cox, 1138 Sunset Lake Rd., W. Brattleboro, VT 05301, telephone (802) 257-1024.

16-19—The Annual Session of Friends’ World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, at the Red Lion Inn in downtown Portland, Ore. The gathering is hosted by Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting and Reedwood (Oreg.) Friends Church. Contact FWCC, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, telephone (215) 241-7250.

17-19—"The Anti-Career Workshop: How to Create Work That You Love," a program led by Rick Jarow at Kirkridge, Bangor, Pa. This workshop is for those who believe that it is still possible to forge one’s life into an art form, to live and act from the most authentic part of ourselves, and to express our strongest values, energies, and talents. Cost is $225. Contact Kirkridge, Bangor, PA 18013-9359, telephone (610) 588-1793.

24-26—"Workshop for Social Action Trainers," a training program led by George Lacey in Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn. The workshop will increase training skills, teach new techniques, and allow participants to network with other trainers. Contact Future Now, 1081 Laurel Ave., St. Paul, MN 55104, telephone (612) 222-4238.

24-26—"Contemplative Dance," a workshop at Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa., led by Christine Linehan. To ancient peoples, dancing one’s own rhythm was an expression of one’s own space and timing in life. Using movement, music, art, and writing, as well as small group discussion, the program will support and celebrate the body’s wisdom and creativity as participants awaken the dancer within. Cost is $165. Contact Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Rd., Wallingford, PA 19064-6099, telephone (610) 566-4507, or (800) 742-3150.

29-31—"Crime: Is there a Christian response?" is a training session on how to start a church-based Victim Offender Reconciliation Program (VORP), in Fresno, Calif. The program includes an in-depth look at the vision and mission of VORP, training on corporate organizational, case management, volunteer management, and mediation, plus intensive instruction. The $500 fee pays for up to three participants. Contact Kathy Stock at (800) 909-VORP.
**Bulletin Board**

- "Kent State Remembered: A National Day of Conflict Resolution," will mark the 25th anniversary on May 4 of a tragic and controversial event in U.S. history. Four students were killed and nine others wounded when the Ohio National Guard opened fire during a protest against the U.S. invasion of Cambodia, which escalated the Vietnam War. Abington (Pa.) Meeting, along with Abington Friends School, will be hosting a week-long symposium on conflict resolution beginning April 29 and culminating on May 4 in what is hoped will be a national observance. The program will consist of workshops, seminars, guest lectures, and a benefit concert. Monthly gram will consist of workshops, seminars, and a peaceful and non-threatening means of resolving conflict in all facets of our daily lives, and the need to have these techniques taught in schools beginning at an early age. For more information or to make program suggestions, contact Fran Oldynski, coordinator, any evening except Tuesdays at (215) 745-7061.

- A National Quaker Youth Seminar, "Hunger in America," will be held in Washington, D.C., April 9-12, for high school juniors and seniors. Created by William Penn House and supported by the Chase Fund, the program will focus on the success, shortcomings, and future of federal programs, as well as on the role of the individual in working towards the elimination of hunger in our society. Participants will have the opportunity to discuss the issues with activists working at these different levels and to hear the voices of those who have experienced the pain of hunger. Field trips will include a visit to Capitol Hill and an area shelter. Cost is $45, and the application deadline is March 24. For more information, contact National Quaker Youth Seminar, William Penn House, 515 E. Capitol St. SE, Washington, DC 20003, (202) 543-5560.

- "Blended Families" is the title of an upcoming Powell House program, March 10-12, which will explore the joys, challenges, frustrations, and agonies of being in a "blended family." According to the session's leaders, Adam and Susan Corson-Finnerty, most of our expectations and assumptions about what a family is, and what it does, still come from the traditional nuclear model. Yet, many of us are living in a family network which includes children from previous relationships, creating a wide variety of biological, legal, and emotional links. The conference will focus on how to make a blended family a loving and supportive network for all members, how children can be nurtured and taught what "family" means, and how to cope with the complications of creating a new family from the pieces of previous families. A limited program for younger family members, and childcare, will be available. Cost for the weekend is as follows: adults $130, teens $75, children $55, and infants $15. Scholarships, discounts, and work exchange opportunities are available. For more information, contact Powell House, RD #1, Box 160, Old Chatham, NY 12136, telephone (518) 794-8811.

- Food Not Bombs co-founder Keith McHenry is being prosecuted under the new "three strikes" felony law in an effort to silence the group's opposition to governmental treatment of the homeless. The United Nations Human Rights Commission, Amnesty International, and dozens of local groups have come to the aid of the organization, but more support is needed. McHenry will be touring the United States this month with the following program: vegan cooking, squatting with Homes Not Jails, starting an unlicensed FM radio station to organize for political violence and resist censorship, a viewing of the "Food Not Bombs Greatest Hits" video showing arrests of food servers, and information on the Food Not Bombs International Gathering in San Francisco, Calif., June 15-27. The tour will be at the following locations and dates: Dallas/Ft. Worth, Tex., March 3; New Orleans, La., March 10; Saint Louis, Mo., March 17; Washington, D.C., March 24; Philadelphia, Pa., March 31; and Boston. Mass., April 7. For more information, contact Food Not Bombs, 3145 Geary Blvd. #12, San Francisco, CA 94118, (800) 884-1136.

- Do you have a Quaker service experience to share with other Friends? Several decades ago, American Friends Service Committee work camps, international relations institutes, family camps, college programs, and high school programs involved 700 or more participants each year. Many of these participants found the experience to be a turning point in their lives. However, for various reasons, most of these opportunities were discontinued. The AFSC Relations Committee of Illinois Yearly Meeting is planning a retreat for the weekend of May 5 to share recollections and evaluations of the effect of these experiences, and to consider how similar experiences can be made available in the future. Friends are asked to send a written or cassette-tape description and evaluation of their experience with these projects and their impact on their lives and on the life of the Quaker community. Friends organizations are asked to send their evaluation of the impact of these experiences in the development of leadership in the Society of Friends. The primary task of the retreat will be to prepare a publication which uses the past to help plan the future of this type of Quaker Service. Send reports by March 31 to Judy Jager, 1002 Florence, Evanston, IL 60202.

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The Scar of Race
By Paul M. Sniderman and Thomas Piazza.

Paul M. Sniderman and Thomas Piazza have written an analysis of current white racial attitudes, "what Americans are disagreeing over now—not a generation ago—and why." This work is a study of "five large-scale surveys" of 7,235 non-Hispanic whites living in the United States.

The authors draw a number of conclusions, chiefly that the nature of prejudice has not changed. Racial bigotry has not lost its place in U.S. society; however, the shape of racial politics has changed. "Specific issues of race take on their defining characteristics depending on the larger policy agenda to which they belong": social welfare, race-consciousness, or equal treatment. Also significant to the authors is that "the best ways to tell how whites feel about blacks...is to find out how they feel about Jews." The principle findings of the Sniderman-Piazza study are: 1) there is no one issue of race; 2) whites openly believe and express negative characterizations of blacks; 3) racism is not built-in to core United States values; 4) ideological differences over public policies are more a genuine difference of political outlook rather than covert racism; 5) stereotypes play a larger role in the negative judgments and treatment of blacks as a group rather than as individuals; 6) education continues to powerfully influence genuine racial tolerance; 7) prejudice no longer controls the formation of public policies designed to assist blacks; 8) the U.S. public is still deeply divided over governmental action to ensure equal treatment for blacks; and 9) issues of race are pliable.

Written in academic style, with frequently long and convoluted sentences, this work is most useful to those interested in the applications of opinion polls. The authors' research and analysis is also useful as a personal seeking of their own truths about racial attitudes and behavior. Human nature is dynamic, as is the history of the North American Republic, subject to the vicissitudes of subjective considerations. Certain of the authors' interpretations appear more to support rather than dispel racial myths, particularly regarding the American Creed (liberty, equality, and the pursuit of happiness). A thoughtful reader not cloaked by skin privilege is likely to conclude that gradualism, as a substitute for real change, is still the acceptable order of the day.

The principle findings of this work to Friends and others seeking the Light is that the truth suffers from too much analysis. I fear the authors run the risk of trivializing racial prejudice. What comes first, deductions based on assembled data or a point of view that can be supported by statistics? The chicken or the egg? In any case, it is fried to fit the taste of the cook. The authors acknowledge that racism and its debilitating consequences abound. Rationalizations we may ascribe to behavior, however, serve more to stunt our growth rather than illuminate solutions to our problems.

—Vivian Thomas Rankin

Vivian Thomas Rankin, a resource developer with a vested interest in racial concerns, is a member of Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting and its Diversity Committee.

By Land and By Sea:
Quakers Confront Slavery and Its Aftermath in North Carolina

This slim volume, part of a series commemorating the 1997 tercentenary of North Carolina Yearly Meeting, is a revised and expanded version of the author's Toward Freedom For All, published in 1984 by Friends United Press. It treats the struggle of North Carolina Friends to balance their opposition to slavery with their desire to live law-abiding lives. It was not easy. Friends at a remove in time or geography must not be quick to judge them for instances of accommodation to an evil system.

Early North Carolina Friends did not at first recognize the sin of slavery, but they began to question the system before most other Christians, and tried to separate themselves from it. Simply freeing their own slaves, the most obvious solution, was extremely difficult. Emancipation was illegal in North Carolina except in narrowly-defined cases or unless the freed slaves were removed from the state.

Facing such obstacles, Friends employed what Hilty calls "elegant subterfuge" to transfer ownership of their slaves to the yearly meeting, which then allowed them to live and work in freedom. Quakers helped freed slaves emigrate to Haiti and Liberia or to settle in northern states. Many Friends also freed themselves by emigrating to the North. Between 1800 and 1861, 83 North Carolina meetings were laid down, while all of those in South Carolina and Georgia disappeared.

The Civil War was devastating to North Carolina Friends. They suffered, like all Southerners, from economic stress and the depredations of both armies, and had also been caught behind the lines, so to speak. Twin testimonies against war and slavery put them at odds with their neighbors, and some Friends suffered severely.

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After the war, North Carolina Friends, with help from Northern Quakers, rebuilt their lives and meetings and established schools and colleges not only for their own children but also for the former slaves. In that work they accepted the doctrine of "separate but equal," a practice that did not change in Friends schools in the South until the 1960s.

Chronological organization of the material would have improved the narrative of this volume, which is sometimes confusing as it moves back and forth in time. A chapter on the Underground Railroad is too brief to do justice to that subject, though we learn too little about Levi Coffin, who, though a native of North Carolina, lived most of his adult life in Indiana and Ohio, where he established a reputation for helping fugitive slaves.

Nevertheless, this overview of North Carolina Quakers and slavery brings together a wealth of information about ordinary humans who often rose above their frailties to do extraordinary things. It is well worth reading and adding to Quaker libraries.

—Lenna Mae Gara

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

Bridge of Courage


One may admire a person who uses her Harvard Law degree to represent migrant workers in Texas. Wondering why so many of her clients came from Guatemala, Jennifer Harbury went to learn. That led her to marrying a commander in the guerrilla army and writing this book, which gives the testimonies of two dozen or so guerrillas, some now dead, together with bits of her own experience. Though not a Quaker, she told me in July 1994 that she had always been a nonviolent person. As a Quaker, I find the book disturbing, though not necessarily persuasive, on the issue of violence.

Life as fighters binds these people close and kills them often. Their words make sharp the hardship, fun, solidarity, and heartbreak of fighting against pawns of local and U.S. power and privilege. The first ten tell why they left family and shelter to go into the mountains to kill and likely die—reasons far more searing than the "taxation without representation," etc., that led U.S. rebels to fight the British. A few samples:

Ana: "The tortures that had been inflicted on those poor people, the expressions on those dead faces, I will never forget. It is because of the morgue, I am positive, that so many of us medical students, and yes, even professors, joined up with the underground that year."

Gabriel: "Do you know the history of our peaceful reform efforts here? I once worked in a union, but after a march one day my friends were found dead in a gutter rolled up in their banners. . . . For Gandhi's methods to work, there must be a government capable of shame. We lack that here."

Jennifer: "Once, after hearing a mother tell me of her lost son, I awoke in the middle of the night to find her standing in the shadows, sobbing, as she ironed and re-ironed his fading shirts."

Bernardo, who was later killed: "It is difficult here, but it is good. I want to see the triumph. It is so close, but I can accept death now. Only God is immortal. I want to die with my boots on."

The author writes with more clarity and passion than most lawyers. Noam Chomsky's introduction about Guatemala sets the scene,
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On Earth as in Heaven: A Liberation Spirituality of Sharing

By Dorothee Soelle, translated by Marc Batko.
Westminster/John Knox Press,

On one level On Earth as in Heaven is a polemic against capitalism and its fruits of
war and exploitation, racism and sexism, pov­
erty and pollution. At another level the author
offers a new way to do theology, through
narrative and dialogue, producing a four-step
liberation theology. The first step, praxis, asks
"who is victimized?" The next step, analysis,
asks "who profits?" The third step, medita­
tion, asks us to remember to search the Bible
for help. The final step is a renewed praxis,
prayer and action. She posits the need for a
new language, since our present one has had
the words for feeling robbed by advertisers,
and the feminine language of myth and narra­
tive pushed aside by the cold masculine
language of science.

But most Quaker readers, not particularly
well versed in traditional theological meth­
ods, probably won't read this to discover
Soelle's new method. Instead they will read it
for its content, as a series of somewhat dis­
connected essays. They are disjointed because
she is trying to do something else by her
juxtapositions. She quotes Kafka, "a book
must be like an axe to break the frozen
soul." She has written a meat cleaver where a skal­
pel might have been more convincing.

Soelle has interesting things to say about
Germany's struggle with the shame of its
20th-century history. (The book was written
for a German audience.) Her descriptions of
Jesus as feminist, and the role of women in
the early church, support our Quaker heritage
and understanding of sexual equality. She
writes about socialism and the bleak eco­
nomic options open to the post Cold War
world where the rich get richer and the poor
get poorer.

Soelle offers familiar polemics, interesting
biblical exegesis, and thoughtful insights
into today's Germany. But overall, the book
disappoints by its sometimes shrill voice and
unwillingness to seek "that of God" in oppre­
sors.

Marty Grundy

Marty Grundy is a member of Cleveland
(Ohio) Meeting and of the FRIENDS JOURNAL
Board of Managers.
Resources

Friends General Conference publishes two worship resources for meetings. *The Practice of Quaker Worship*, by Larry Miller, simply and directly describes the experience of unprogrammed worship, including examples of how some Friends prepare for worship and center down. Having a truly descriptive subtitle, *The Wounded Meeting: Dealing with difficult behavior in meeting for worship: meeting the needs of the many while responding to the needs of the few* was developed by a task group of the Ministry and Nurture Committee. It gives practical examples of how various meetings have responded to problem behavior. For prices and ordering information, write to FGC Bookstore, 1216 Arch Street, 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107, or call (800) 966-4556.

Speeches and interviews by Cornel West, author of *Race Matters*, have been collected in *Beyond Eurocentrism and Multiculturalism*. Volume One, *Prophetic Thought in Postmodern Times*, looks at the interplay between prophetic thought and pragmatism. Volume Two, *Prophetic Reflections: Notes on Race and Power in America*, examines the cultural crisis and the relationship of politics and the intellectual, and moves toward prophetic action. Throughout, West calls us to compassion, community, and justice. Available for $14.95 each from Common Courage Press, P.O. Box 702, Monroe, ME 04551.

*The Blinded Eye* is a book which both condemns 500 years of oppression and exploitation unleashed by Columbus’s voyage to the “New World,” and sets forth a manifesto of principles and action to liberate and empower those oppressed. The book is written by a group of Asian scholars and activists. Cost is $9.50; order from Apex Press, Suite 3C, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017.

*The Love of Enemy and Nonretaliation in the New Testament* is an anthology of essays edited by Willard M. Swartley. Part of a series sponsored by the Institute of Mennonite Studies, these essays examine biblical teachings about peace. Further, they probe the significance of the context of war in which peace issues are addressed in the Bible. Available for $29.99 from Westminster/John Knox Press, 100 Witherspoon St., Louisville, KY 40202.

*Parable of the Leaven*, by Helen Caswell, is a beautiful picture book for children. She conveys the message of the parable through gentle, colorful illustrations and simple words. Intended for children in preschool through grade three, it reminds persons of all ages of the light within themselves. Available for $5.95, paperback, from Abingdon Press, P.O. Box 801, 201 Eighth Ave. South, Nashville, TN 37202.

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**During a nonviolent protest on Sept. 1, 1987, Brian Willson sat down in the path of an oncoming U.S. naval munitions train. Following orders not to stop for any reason, the trainmen ran over him. Miraculously, he survived, but lost both of his legs. Willson’s autobiography, *On Third World Legs*, tells how he went from being a supporter of U.S. actions in Vietnam to risking his own life for peace. He also explains how the train incident transformed his life and gave him the opportunity to experience solidarity with the people of the Third World. The 96-page, illustrated book includes an introduction by Staughton Lynd and is available for $9.45 from Charles H. Kerr Publishing Company, 1740 West Greenleaf Ave., Chicago, IL 60626.

**Addicted to War**, by Joel Andreas, is a hard-hitting, carefully documented, illustrated exposé that bluntly takes on U.S. militarism. Though presented in a witty comic book style, the content is very serious and intended for mature readers. The 64-page book is available for $5.95/paperback from New Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield, Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143.

**The University Conversion Project is a national clearinghouse founded during the Gulf War to promote peace activism and investigative journalism on campus. UCP helps students and faculty work for peace on more than 100 campuses in the United States and Canada. For more information, contact UCP, P.O. Box 748, Cambridge, MA 02142. (From Voices, March/April 1994)**

**A Quaker Bible Index, compiled by Esther Greenleaf Murr, is available on computer disk from Friends General Conference. The index lists near 10,000 Bible references in modern editions of early Quaker writings, including the works of Fox, Barclay, Penn, and Woolman. Cost is $50. For more information, contact FGC, 1216 Arch St., Suite 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107, telephone (215) 561-1700.**

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**Static Lines and Canopies**, edited by Asa Mundell, is a 78-page anthology of reflections written by former ‘‘smoke jumpers’’ in a World War II civilian public service camp. The book is available for $13 from Asa Mundell, 5420 SW Erickson Ave., Beaverton, OR 97005-3847. (From Fellowship, January/February 1994)

**Peace grows has published a manual, workbook, and teacher’s guide on alternatives to violence. The group also offers courses and training weekends throughout Ohio. For more information, contact Peace Grows, Humanity House, 513 West Exchange St., Akron, OH 44302.**

**The choral artistry of Earlham College’s music department has been captured on compact disk. Singing Out of the Silence is a collection of 19 songs by the Earlham Concert Choir. The first five, “Secular Music by Friends,” are by Quaker composers. Other works include a series of Christmas songs, four Renaissance works, and three spirituals. The CD is available for $14.95, plus $4 shipping and handling, from the Earlham College Bookstore, Richmond, IN 47374.**

**Shipping Stones is a non-profit children’s magazine that encourages cooperation, creativity, and celebration of cultural and environmental richness. It provides a playful forum for sharing ideas and experiences among children from different lands and backgrounds. Children and young adults are invited to send original art and writings for publication. Adults may also contribute material that increases multicultural awareness and reader participation. The magazine encourages submissions from underrepresented populations worldwide. Submissions are welcome in all languages and should include the contributor’s age or grade, cultural background, and interests, along with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Subscriptions (5 issues) cost $18, $30 airmail, and low-income discounts are available. For more information, contact Shipping Stones, P.O. Box 3939, Eugene, OR 97403, telephone (503) 342-4956.**
Milestones

Births/Adoptions

Benedict — Hannah E. and Matthew G. Benedict, twins, on July 30, 1994, to Gail and Michael Benedict. Michael is a member of Fredonia (N.Y.) Meeting.

Bert — Thea Amelia Bert, on Sept. 18, 1994, to Shondra and Chris Bert, of Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting.

Cahalan — Dylan Jordan Cahalan, on Aug. 11, 1994, to Deborah Jordan and Bill Cahalan, Jr., of Community (Ohio) Meeting.

Churchill — Grace Churchill, on June 4, 1994, to Robyn Churchill and Bill Ladd, of Madison (Wis.) Meeting.

Davies — Abigail Lily Davies, on July 17, 1994, to Carys and Michael Davies, of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting.

Evans — Samuel Evans, on Sept. 19, 1994, to Agnes Kanikula and Brian Evans, of Madison (Wis.) Meeting.

Eyle — Catherine Ellsworth Eyle, on Sept. 27, 1994, to Edie Gleason and John Eyle. Edie is a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting.


Grant — Ian Cary Grant, on Sept. 15, 1994, to Ruth Cary and Bruce W. Grant, of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting.

Greenler — Scott Majors Greenler, on June 18, 1994, to Karen Greenler and Penny Majors. Karen and Penny are members of Iowa City (Iowa) Meeting, but currently attend Madison (Wis.) Meeting.

Hardesty — Rolf Daniel Hardesty, on Nov. 30, 1994, to Rachel and R. David Hardesty. Rachel is a member of Pima (Ariz.) Meeting.

Hawkinson — Griffith George Hawkinson, on Oct. 2, 1994, to Cassie and Paul Hawkinson, of Third Haven (Md.) Meeting.

Kane — Cary Anne Kane, on Oct. 20, 1994, to Dorothy Cary and Philip Kane, of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting.

Neuhaus — Robin R. Neuhaus, on July 8, 1994, to Cecily Garver Neuhaus and Robert Neuhaus. Cecily is a member of Buffalo (N.Y.) Meeting.


Saunders — Paisley Anne Forster Saunders, on March 9, 1994, to Susie Carolyn Forster and Charles Allen Saunders, of Santa Barbara (Calif.) Meeting.


Walden — Emily Joyce Walden, on July 22, 1994, to Sherry and Ken Walden, of Reno (Nev.) Meeting.

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Marriages/Unions


Bowden-Guenther—Eric Guenther and Rebecca Bowden, on Oct. 8, 1994, under the care of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting.

Burch-Nobben—Nils T. Nobben and Mary Ann Burch, on Sept. 3, 1994, Mary is a member of Poplar Ridge (N.Y.) Meeting.

Cater-Carlyle—Kim Carlyle and Susan Pfiester Cater, on Nov. 25, 1994, under the care of Friendship (N.C.) Meeting, of which Susan is a member and with the support of South Bend (Ind.) Meeting, of which Kim is an attender.

Clapham-Cavanaugh—Patrick Joseph Cavanaugh and Elizabeth Carol Clapham, on May 28, 1994, under the care of Birmingham (Pa.) Meeting, of which Elizabeth is a member.

Cobham-Crumpler—Reuben S. Crumpler and Christina Cobham, on July 16, 1994. Christina is a member of Matinecock (N.Y.) Meeting.

Curtis-Hudson—Mark Hudson and Christine Curtis, on July 9, 1994, under the care of Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting.

Jackson-Peterson—Tom Peterson and Jennifer Jackson, on Sept. 17, 1994, under the care of Media (Pa.) Meeting.

Jewkes-Johnson—Scott Johnson and Trish Jewkes, on June 25, 1994, under the care of Salt Lake City (Utah) Meeting.

McBride-Gruber—Farid Robert Gruber and Rebecca McBride, on April 16, 1994, under the care of Old Chatham (N.Y.) Meeting, of which Rebecca is a member.

Moore-McCall—Tom McCall and Samantha Moore, on Sept. 17, 1994, at Third Haven (Md.) Meeting.

Starr-Evans—Tim Evans and Eileen Starr, on July 9, 1994, under the care of Fort Collins (Colo.) Meeting.

Sullivan-Weld—Charles Weld and Ruth B. Sullivan, on July 6, 1994, under the care of Poplar Ridge (N.Y.) Meeting, of which both are members.

Vachudova-Snyder—Tim Snyder and Milada Vachudova, on Sept. 10, 1994, under the care of Dayton (Ohio) Meeting.


Deaths

Cavell—Winston Wesley Cavell, 79, on Sept. 17, 1994, of pneumonia. A native of Richmond, Va., Winston was a graduate of Virginia Union University, earned a M.S. from the University of Michigan, and did two years of post-doctoral work at the University of Iowa. After teaching at the collegiate level for several years, he took a job as a government scientist in Philadelphia, Pa., in the field of pyrotechnics. Winston helped develop the device that activated emergency escape systems for manned space capsules. He held seven patents and
in the U.S. Army. In 1946 Hans joined the philosophy department at Penn State University and taught there until his retirement in 1970. He served as head of that philosophy department from 1954-1958, and published several books. Hans was a long-time member of State College (Pa.) Meeting. He had the gift of seeing the best in people, and many lives were changed by his acts of love and affirmation. His messages in meeting for worship were always welcome for their spiritual depth and insight. Hans was preceded in death by his wife, Marjorie Aiderfer Freund, in 1993. He is survived by three sons, George, Howard, and Peter Freund; and two grandsons, Seth and Saul Freund.

Helfrick—Sylvia Merrill Helfrick, 77, on Sept. 29, 1994, at home in Connecticut, of cancer. Born in Weymouth, Mass., Sylvia graduated with honors from Radcliffe College in 1940. She received her medical degree in 1944 from Johns Hopkins Medical School, where she met Francis Helfrick, who was a resident at Johns Hopkins Hospital. They were married in Baltimore, Md., under the care of Homewood (Md.) Meeting. After completing her internship in Allentown, Pa., Sylvia and Francis worked for two years in Puerto Rico at a rural hospital operated by the Church of the Brethren. In 1948 the couple returned to the United States and raised a family in Manchester, Conn. In 1972 Sylvia completed psychiatric training in Middletown, Conn., and worked in two psychiatric clinics and for the Social Security Disability Administration. Sylvia and her husband helped found the Manchester Symphony Orchestra in 1960 with a dozen doctors and their spouses, who would meet in the Helfricks’ home to play music together. She played viola in the group for 33 years and served as its treasurer for several years. Sylvia was a very active, long-time member of Hartford (Conn.) Meeting, in which she served as clerk, and had a special interest in religious education. Sylvia is survived by her husband, Francis; five daughters, Elizabeth Helfrick, Sylvia Helfrick Smith, Margaret Helfrick, Dorothy Helfrick, and Christina Helfrick Mante; a son, John Helfrick; ten grandchildren; a sister, Hilda A. Marston; and a niece and nephew.

Moffett—Barbara Moffett, 71, on Oct. 8, 1994, at the home of a friend in Philadelphia, Pa. Born in Cape May, N.J., Barbara was a graduate of Moorestown Friends School and the New Jersey College for Women (now Douglass College), where she received a journalism degree in 1944. She worked for the former Philadelphia Record, where she was a steward in the American Newspaper Guild, before joining the American Friends Service Committee in 1947. Barbara began at AFSC as a writer and moved to the race relations department in 1954. She was named to lead the Community Relations Division two years later and held the position until her death. In 1963 Barbara’s involvement in the struggle for civil rights led her to print and help distribute the letter written by Martin Luther King, Jr., from the Birmingham, Ala., jail, in which he outlined his ideas on nonviolent action. The AFSC then printed 10,000 copies, which were distributed by Friends and other religious groups. In addition to her concern for black-white issues, Barbara also fought for the causes of Mexican workers, women, prisoners, immigrants, native Americans, and the poor. Barbara was preceded in death by her husband, Timothy Haworth, in 1973.
Nichols—Bernice Nichols, 79, on June 27, 1994. Born in Chicago, Ill., and raised in Columbus, Mo., Bernice graduated from the University of Missouri and the Chicago Art Institute. Her first job was as an administrator for the Camp Fire Girls. In 1941 Bernice traveled to Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa., to work and study. The following year she was employed as a case worker for Sheltering Arms, an Episcopal agency for unmarried mothers in Philadelphia. She later worked with Friends World Committee, serving as correspondent for the American Young Friends Fellowship. Here she met Herbert Nichols who served as treasurer. Bernice became a member of the Meeting in 1957 to be closer to Pendle Hill, and the couple actively contributed to Media (Pa.) Meeting. The work she felt most rewarded by, however, were her years as curator of the Jane Adams Peace Collection in the Friends Historical Library at Swarthmore College. She also was a member of the Pendle Hill board for almost 30 years. Bernice was truly a “Serving Leader.” Bernice was survived by her husband, Herbert Nichols; two children, Janice Scales and Bradford Bussiere-Nichols; and four grandchildren.

Romig—Mary Warner Romig, 91, on Sept. 29, 1994, at Bryn Mawr Hospital, Bryn Mawr, Pa. Mary was born and grew up on a farm family in Pymatuning, Pa., and spent most of her adult life on a farm in Kennett Square, Pa. She graduated from Westtown School in 1920 and from Wellesley College in 1924. She took a job teaching Latin and mathematics at a Unionville, Pa., school, where she met her husband, a fellow teacher and an Oberlin College alumnus. She herself was a gunnie and hockey player, and continued to enjoy swimming and tennis during her senior years. Mary was a longtime member of the Kennett (Pa.) Meeting and community. During the past ten years she was a member of the Kennett Area Senior Center, and for the last six years she resided at Crosslands senior community. Mary’s Quakerism was an integral part of her life, and she showed how to live one’s beliefs, including the Quaker testimonies of simplicity and integrity. She had a warm and caring zest for life with a quiet dignity. Mary was predeceased in death by her husband, John L. Romig, in 1984. She is survived by her two daughters, Betsy Romig McKinstry and Nancy Romig Harrison; six grandchildren, Bobby, Polly, Beppy, and John McKinstry, Cindy McDadden, and John Harrison; and nine great-grandchildren.

Williams—Ruth Conrow Williams, 98, on July 12, 1994, at Cadbury nursing home, Cherry Hill, N.J. Born in Cinnaminson, N.J., Ruth graduated from Moorestown Friends School in 1914. She was a member of Moorestown (N.J.) Meeting and, for many years, a very interested member of the Worship and Ministry Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Ruth was predeceased in death by her husband, J. Walker Williams. She is survived by two stepchildren, Mary Williams and Mary Ellen Butler; a niece, Mary Conrow; and a nephew, Kenneth Conrow.

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Personals

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Contact: Registrar, Pendle Hill, Box 338, Mill Hill Road, Wallingford, PA 19066-6009, (610) 566-4507 or (800) 742-3150.

Family Reunion: Descendants of Richard & Mary Edge Pim, married April 24, 1833, will gather late June 1995 in Chester County, Pa. If interested, write to Pim Reunion, P.O. Box 1790, Westtown School, West Chester, PA 19385-7799.

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Summer Internship Program: Serve in local community service agencies, work on campus at Pendle Hill, and take part in discussion groups and skill-training sessions during a six-week session. For more information, contact: Alex Kern, Pendle Hill, Box F, 338 Mill Hill Road, Wallingford, PA 19066-0609, (610) 566-4507 or (800) 742-3150.

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Summer Program Co-coordinators: Organize and lead Pendle Hill Summer School and Pendle Hill Young Friends School, and the Pendle Hill Community School and Leadership Development Internship for people ages 16-24. Young Friends School seeks qualified people with knowledge of Quakerism required. Room, board, and salary. Contact: Alex Kern at (800) 742-3150.

Wanted: Resident Friend for Summer. May 30 to June 15. Contact: Registrar, P.O. Box 1797, Friends House, 515 East Chester Road, West Chester, PA 19385.

Updated: August 30, 1995. Phone: (334) 233-CMLS; Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

Students seeking work on campus at Pendle Hill should contact: Alex Kern, Pendle Hill, Box F, 338 Mill Hill Road, Wallingford, PA 19066-6009, (610) 566-4507 or (800) 742-3150.

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Summer Youth Programs Co-coordinators: Organize and lead Pendle Hill Summer School and Pendle Hill Young Friends School, and the Pendle Hill Community School and Leadership Development Internship for people ages 16-24. Young Friends School seeks qualified people with knowledge of Quakerism required. Room, board, and salary. Contact: Alex Kern at (800) 742-3150.

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Schools

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