

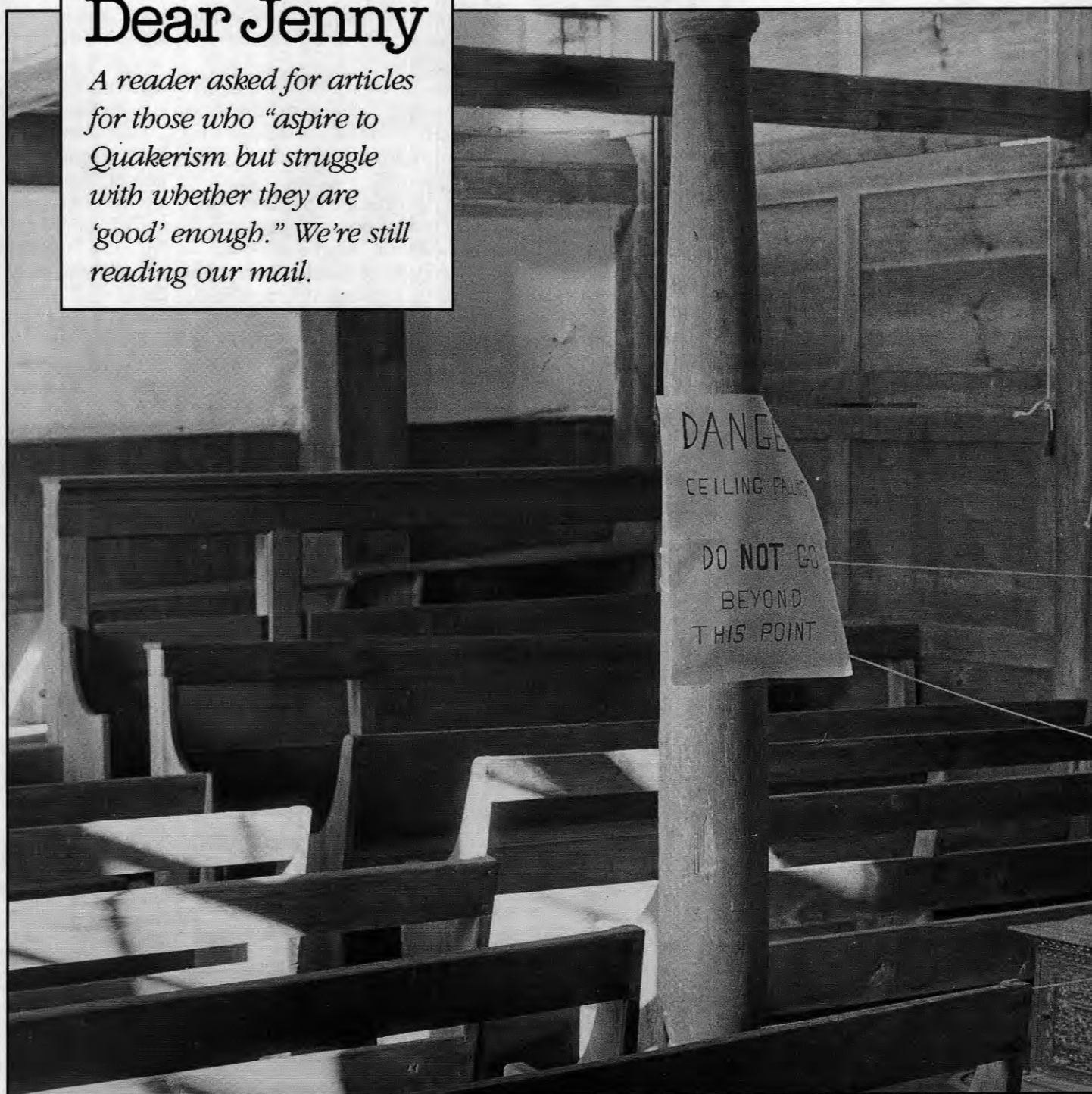
May 1995

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

Dear Jenny

A reader asked for articles for those who "aspire to Quakerism but struggle with whether they are 'good' enough." We're still reading our mail.



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Among Friends

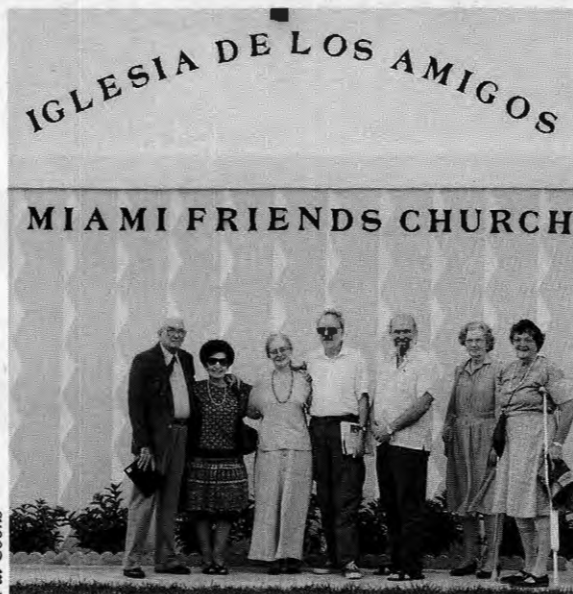
On the Road

Did I hear that right: a Friends church in the United States in which the service is conducted in Spanish? An unprogrammed meeting just a few miles away, where the outgoing clerk is the son of the pastor of the Friends church? Where is this, one might ask?

Until this spring I hadn't a clue. But after a long weekend in Miami, Florida, and visits to both Miami Friends Meeting and the Iglesia de los Amigos de Miami, I learned the answer. I was visiting the area at the invitation of the unprogrammed Miami Friends Meeting, there as resource person for a regional gathering of south Florida Friends. This meant leading a Friday evening discussion after a potluck supper, two workshops at the meetinghouse on Saturday (with another fabulous potluck, thank you), and a Forum discussion on Sunday morning, followed by worship and (you guessed it) lunch—this time a sit-down meal across town at the Iglesia, complete with Cuban coffee.

Contrary to my preconceived notions about Friends in the Miami area, they are not predominantly a flock of northern "snow birds" attracted to that glorious climate only in winter months. The meeting is alive and well, growing in membership. The meetinghouse is booked solid by many groups in the city for various meetings and programs. Miami Friends' ongoing efforts to assist victims of Hurricane Andrew, their support over the years for refugees from the Caribbean, and their current involvement with Alternatives to Violence (AVP) trainings are all indications of a vibrant, year-round community. During my visit I enjoyed meeting Doris Emerson and hearing first-hand of the work being done by Friends to rebuild homes in the Florida City area devastated by the hurricane ("Amigos in Word and Deed," *FJ* March); appreciated the warm hospitality of Carl and Kathy Hersh and discussing with them their work as war-time photojournalists in Nicaragua, El Salvador, and other political hot-spots; enjoyed getting acquainted with outgoing clerk Ed Diaz (actively involved in AVP trainings), his wife Clara, and Filiberto Diaz, Ed's father and the long-time pastor of Iglesia de los Amigos; and was grateful for the opportunity to be with Friends who drove over from Palm Beach and other outlying areas. Pat Coons made all arrangements for the weekend and did a superb job of planning.

And a footnote: Following my Miami visit I drove to Key West to visit Friends Sol and Barbara Jacobson and to spend an evening (yes, with another splendid potluck) with the Key West Worship Group. It was the perfect end to a long weekend, an opportunity for fellowship with the southernmost U.S. worship group. Thank you, Florida Friends—gracias Amigos. I feel well fed, in body and in spirit.



Pat Coons

Vinton Deming

Next Month in FRIENDS JOURNAL:

Nurturing Children and Families in Meeting
Friendly Divorce
Friends and Nuclear Power

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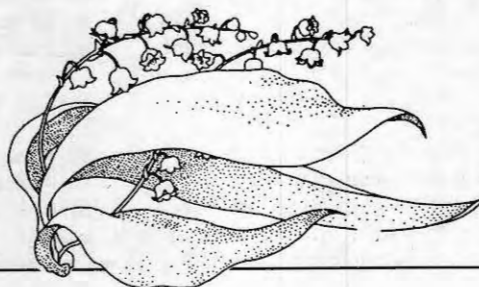
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Cover photo © 1983 by James Ross Bartholemew

The wrong shape

Oops! When you reproduced my "Breadth, Depth, and Stretch of Quakerism in North America" map with my article (FJ Feb.), the designation for symbols got switched! The triangle indicates evangelical meetings, the square pastoral.

If anyone wishes an 11 x 17 colored copy of the map, they are available at \$2 (plus postage and handling) from me at 121 Watson Hill Rd., Landenberg, PA 19350-9344.

Sally Rickerman

Our apologies, Sally, for this error. The map is an excellent one. We hope Friends will order the colored version!

Met her match

I played last year in the U.S. National Squash Championships in Baltimore, Md. It was my first Nationals and I was excited to be there, having planned and trained for over a year in preparation. I won the Women's 50-plus Consolations, losing to the world champion of this age group and winning the rest of my matches.

During my tournaments, and especially during the national level competition, I found myself doing short, intense versions of what I normally do in an hour during a meeting for worship. Before a match, in addition to the standard stretching and warming-up exercises, sprints, and mental focusing, I found a quiet spot near the courts and sat into a quick, deep centering, allowing the white light to appear in my mind's eye. This light had a black squash ball in the center of it! Allowing my upper body to relax, I waited for a sense of calmness, sometimes saying the name of a spiritual F(f)riend not at the competition; when warmth started to emanate from my forearms, I felt ready, and I stood up prepared to play my match.

During the match, if I was serving, I steadied myself into a good serve by chanting to myself silently, while focusing my eyes on the ball and the racquet, "I am one with the ball, I am one with the ball." If the pace of the match was slow, i.e., if I was winning and therefore in danger of losing concentration, I deep focused by extending that saying to, "I AM the ball, I AM the ball."

Between games, during the 90-second break, I stayed self-absorbed—oblivious to potentially distracting elements by recreating the white light with closed eyes and doing slow, deep breathing.

By using these techniques I was able to stay nearly 100 percent focused and play very well, exceeding my expectations for quality of play at the tournament. While it

was tiring to do this in a nonphysical sense, it was surely effective. Most definitely, body/mind/spirit was sparking there.

Joy Belle Conrad-Rice
Seattle, Wash.

A greater love

I have been thinking recently about my mother, who is most incredibly dear to me, and of how she has led me so gently to my God.

My relationship with my mother has always been close. When I was in elementary school and high school, I came home every day to find my mother available and interested in a recounting of the events of my day. Whenever I showed up she was there to spend 45 minutes together over toast or cookies in the kitchen before I was off to do my homework.

And I told her everything. Her interest and acceptance of it all was constant. As I became older I told her all the uproariously funny dirty jokes I'd heard. She never blanched. (Sometimes she did tell me what they meant, if I wanted to know. And frequently I was disgusted or appalled. But she never was!)

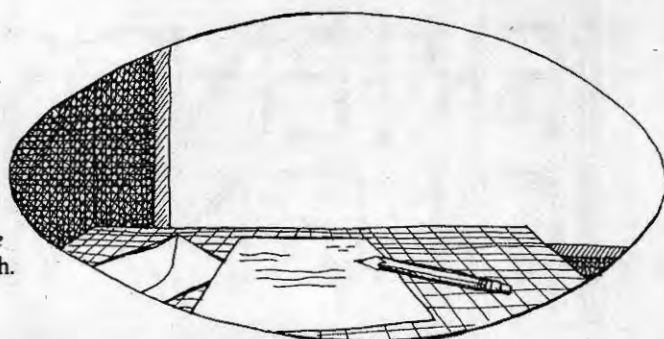
As I look back on it now, my recollection is that I never asked about her day. And that seems odd. But it never felt odd then.

I got married at age 19 and moved farther and farther away from the East Coast home of my parents. When I hit the West Coast and they hit their mid-60s, I realized I wanted to see more of them, so I moved back East again. So, over the past 17 years Mom and I took time to renew the expression of our loving appreciation of each other.

But Mom is also suffering from Alzheimers, and about ten years ago she started losing her ability to express herself verbally. More recently she became virtually unable to express herself in writing. She continued, however, to demonstrate her love and delight with her gestures and her face, so I felt she was still with me.

About five years ago I began a weekly ritual of writing to Mom—a one-way correspondence. I sent her summaries of my activities, wandering deliberations over personal choices, and recountings of family dilemmas.

Last June Mom fell down some stairs and is no longer able to understand much at all. I contemplated ceasing my writing. I decided, however, that Mom, who had saved all my letters on her dresser, might recognize that omission on some level and feel I was saying she no longer counted. So I



have continued to write to her, sending a sentence or a paragraph, often with a picture. And her caretakers read them to her. I doubt she is cognizant of the content.

What is impressing me these days is that as my mother retreats from my life, I have begun writing to God in more depth and with more confidence. (Some might call it "journaling," but for me it is always in letter form.)

I have come to feel that the last great gift my Mom is giving me is this one. That she exemplified for me in all those years of my growing into maturity a constant acceptance and love that I could touch and believe in. And that her growing silence is the way she has been weaning me from her finite love to a greater Love.

Many days I start a letter to God. What is different is that sometimes I don't actually need to write it.

Penny Yunuba
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

An expanding perception

There is a landmark memory I have as a ten-year-old child. I remember being in a playhouse my Dad made for us kids out of old appliance crates. I sat quietly, deep in reverie, seeking to be in touch with beings from other planets. Nobody in my life ever talked about life "out there." I hadn't read about life on other planets that wasn't regarded as science fiction. And there I was welcoming contact, which I was clear was there.

It's been three decades and my deeply felt experience to reach out to be in touch to an expanding perception of life is still with me. I've found myself in like-minded company with some people from my Friends meeting. In our similar and peculiar leading, we have come together as a group to make contact in the spirit of peace and friendship. We call ourselves Friends Committee on Outworld Relations, or FCOR.

If there are those friends who feel led to become educated, instrumental, or simply share their personal experience of real contact with otherworld craft or visitors, there is a body of friendly ambassadors who are building a bridge, and who welcome

This Is My Story

Here is my answer to Jenny (FJ Jan.) in which she requested articles for non-Quakers aspiring to Quakerism, those who struggle with whether they are "good" enough to feel comfortable among Quakers.

It was the summer of 1986. I was walking down Alcott St. on my way to the train station. I took this seven-block walk every day, and as I walked I would look at the trees, flowers, houses, and people who inhabit this neighborhood of Philadelphia.

I noticed an old man sitting on a bench. By the appearance of his clothes and the growth of stubble on his face, I knew him as one of the hundreds (thousands?) of homeless in the city. What stood out about this particular man, however, was the fact he was sitting in a pool of dried blood.

As I looked at him, he lifted his head and opened his eyes. He looked at me with weariness and entreaty. "He's dying," I thought.

And I walked right past him and went on my way to work, the same as I did everyday.

Throughout the day, I kept thinking about him. I kept thinking about his eyes. I didn't consider myself a Christian, but I kept having the feeling I had looked at the eyes of Jesus, the eyes of Christ. I had experienced a wordless communion with a dying man that I did not understand, and as the day progressed I felt a heavy sadness.

On my way home that evening I went past the spot where the old man had been. The bench was there, but he was gone.

The blood had been washed away. I walked home.

That man changed my life. After the event, I sat down to think about myself. What had happened to me, that I could walk past a dying man without a skip in my heartbeat? Did I like who I had become? Could I change who I had become? I decided to try.

I decided to volunteer at a shelter for homeless men called "My Brother's House." Every Wednesday for six months I went there. I washed dishes, cooked and served meals, and started talking to the men. Slowly, I started to feel better about myself.

I also started talking to the other volunteers and employees at the shelter. Through an acquaintance there, I found out about the Friends Center in Philadelphia. While looking for information there, I picked up some handouts on Quakerism.

I liked what I read in these pamphlets, so I went to a meeting for worship. I liked that too. I especially liked the belief of Friends that "there is that of God in everyone." If there is something of God in everyone, I thought, there must be something of God in me. I felt grateful that God had led me to this gentle place.

For months I attended meeting for worship, went to Attenders Committee meetings, and read *Faith and Practice*. I made a friend in my neighborhood who was a Quaker, and I was impressed with her generosity. I also admired Friends' conviction in self-empowerment and global responsibility. But mostly I loved that here was a whole group of people who believed in God, believed they could communicate directly with God, and believed we all have something of God in us.

That's when the doubts started. I admired

everyone so much that I couldn't figure out how I could ever fit in. In order to become a Quaker, I reasoned, I would have to drastically change who I was—and I couldn't do that. I'm just not that good a person, I thought. So I quit going to meeting.

Several months later, however, I noticed I was feeling more and more depressed. Life did not seem rich and full of color. I walked through my days, constantly looking for—what? I didn't know. One day I asked myself, "Are you happy like this?" The answer was a clear no. I knew I had to go back to the Friends.

Understand, I didn't go back because I now felt "good enough" to be a Quaker; I still couldn't quite figure out what God wanted me to do in that role. No, I went back only because I felt so strongly that God wanted me to.

I have been a Quaker for eight years now and I still struggle with trying to figure out what God wants of me in that role. I still feel strange when I identify myself as a Quaker.

Do I try to follow God's leadings for me? Yes.

Is there "that of God" in me? Yes.

Am I "good enough" to be a Quaker? Yes!

There is a salutation, "Namaste," which, loosely translated, means "The God in me bows to the God in you."

To Jenny, who aspires to be a Quaker, "Namaste."

To the old man sitting on a bench—thank you.

Judith Dutton-Shen
Philadelphia, Pa.

interest and experience. (FCOR c/o Dicken, 24 Tacoma St., Asheville, NC 28801.)

Diane Rhoades
Asheville, N.C.

... and chocolate

I was pleased to see all the sensible answers (but one) in the Feb. issue to your request (FJ Dec. 1994) for what Friends think about the use of the words *dark* and *light* in your pages.

As I look out my window early these mornings as day is dawning I am impressed with the beauty of the dark, nay, almost black, tree trunks against the lightening sky. I still can see a few stars twinkling. How could I see this beauty of contrast without both dark and light? What happened to

"black is beautiful" of a few years ago? Couldn't dark be beautiful too? I can think of no other words to adequately describe the difference between day and night. I choose to wear darker clothes in the winter time and lighter ones in the summer; am I more racially insensitive in one season than another? I also love to see the new light spring growth of leaves against the darker evergreens and the trunks of trees, which often look black after a rain. I am reminded that flowers come in many sizes, shapes, and colors. I have seen almost black tulips and lovely, very dark purple irises. It does not mean that one is more beautiful than another, just different. Though we may have our preferences. Beauty, they say, is in the eye of the beholder.

Our extreme revisionism tendency bothers me, as it does Jane Snyder (FJ Feb.). So many good and useful words seem to be

in question these days. I have a friend whose parents evidently thought of her as a wonderful baby and named her "Gay." I hope they do not regret it. Then there are those "queer Quakers." It used to be, "everyone is queer except thee and me and thou art a little bit."

I hate to admit it in these pages, but I do have a color prejudice. I prefer brown bread, brown sugar, brown eggs, brown rice; I love wild rice which is almost black, and worse yet, dark chocolate.

Jane Morgan
Yellow Springs, Ohio

A possible change?

Once the term "non-Friend" caused an attender in Princeton (N.J.) Meeting to feel insulted. He interpreted it to mean "enemy."

It's in the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting queries; I've also seen it used in FRIENDS JOURNAL.

"Attender," "non-Quaker," or "small-F friend" don't always give the shade of meaning a person wants to express. Does anyone else have a suggestion for a change? Or am I the only one who doesn't like the expression "non-Friend"?

Mary Loomis Wilson
State College, Pa.

Prayerful seeking

At the Fall Gathering, Vassalboro Quarter, gay and lesbian Friends held a worship sharing, observed by others at the gathering, on the effect that being gay and lesbian in Friends meeting has in our lives. In the manner of a "fish bowl," there was no dialogue with those observing. There was, however, much sharing informally afterwards. The event was prompted by a desire to address stresses that have developed in such a way as to acknowledge, but not to increase, those stresses. This required significant planning and prayerful seeking.

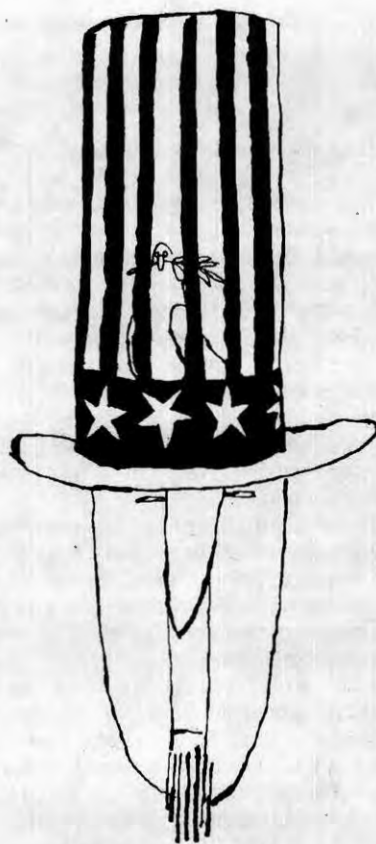
Susan Lathrop
Searsport, Maine

No CO provisions

In my opinion this country's draft laws should make no provision for conscientious objection. And those who base resistance to military conscription on such grounds should be subject to criminal prosecution. I say this not because I oppose the peace testimony but because I support it so fervently.

Friends must remember that when Quakers or others oppose war, we are only doing what God has demanded of all Christians—both explicitly through the Ten Commandments, and implicitly through the example of His son, Jesus Christ. God is the source of this position, not the Religious Society of Friends, and certainly not the U.S. government.

Unfortunately, all this tends to become obscured by draft laws that recognize conscientious objector status. Suddenly, our duty to God becomes a privilege for which the government sets the standards. This not only takes the moral grandeur out of the whole CO business, but makes it a lot harder to set an example. It is, remember, standard Selective Service practice to "track" CO applicants separately from other registrants. Separate swearings-in are held for those considered likely to refuse, lest other inductees witness their refusal.



Len Munnik

In the end, legal conscientious objection serves the government's ends by quieting those who claim to be pacifists. If Friends truly value peace, the very least we can do is treat our fellow citizens to the spectacle of God's people being dragged off to prison for obeying his commandments. Others have done much more.

Mark E. Dixon
Wayne, Pa.

Benefit of therapy

At the age of 19, I was sexually attacked in a public building at my college. The details are graphic, and I do not wish to share them here. I will say that I was left scared and dazed and feeling totally powerless.

Unfortunately, in the 1970s in that small rural town there was no such thing as a woman's center or a rape-crisis hotline. The college chaplain, with whom I was close, did not have the experience or the resources to support me adequately, so I turned inward. I knew no other way.

I took several other scarring experiences and a bigger community before I found the necessary resources to start healing. A good counselor was a critical component in this process. I am positive that the affirmation, support, and constancy of a trained professional helped to get me where I am now.

I read with great interest and sadness

about the experiences of the Kerman family (*FJ* March). I acknowledge their decision to choose the path which they feel works best for them, but Hannah's way did not work for me.

I am troubled that there was no accompanying article on the benefit of therapy, support groups, and other forms of treatment and healing in the same issue as the Kermans' articles. When I was young, scared, and hurting, a discussion of a wide range of healing options would have been a great blessing. I am sure there are many people who feel the same way today.

Linda Goldstein
Charlottesville, Va.

The Kermans let each family member choose whether or not to seek counseling and relied on their daughter's "inner wisdom" to heal herself. For any other individuals or families who have experienced the horror of sexual abuse, I strongly recommend a different approach: get professional help from a qualified therapist.

I was sexually abused as a child and entered therapy a few years ago. Last year I realized that my abuser had also molested my daughter, a pre-teen, when she was much younger. My husband and I took her to a child therapist even though she protested strongly. If she had been given a choice, she would not have gone because she was so scared and insecure. We felt that it was our duty as her parents to make the decision for her.

After only six months of therapy, she is a new person. She is no longer crippled by fear, shyness, and low self-esteem. Instead of being quiet and withdrawn around everyone outside her family, she is relaxed and happy, as full of life as any other child. I knew we had made the right decision when she recently told me, "Mom, I'm glad I went to therapy. I sure like myself a lot more now."

Anonymous

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

Dear Jenny,

In our January Forum, a contributor requested "more articles for non-Quakers who aspire to Quakerism but struggle with whether they are 'good' enough or 'committed' enough to be a true Quaker. . . ." Many of our readers were touched by her question. Here are their responses. —Eds.

To One Aspiring to Quakerism

by John Kriebel

Jenny, your expression about aspiring to Quakerism seems to me to imply that being a Friend is some state of perfection or sainthood. I hope you don't mean that. Like any other religion it is only one way (made up of many individual paths) to know God or God's will for you.

Do you call yourself an atheist? There are a few Friends, I believe, who do. If they attend meeting I assume it is for other reasons than communion with God. Perhaps they see humanitarian reasons for our testimonies.

Would you call yourself an agnostic? I'm sure we have many among us. At least they are open to the possibility and must get something from our meeting for worship. Revelation continues. We can all continue to make our own spiritual discoveries.

Do you believe in cosmic forces but not a personal God or creator? There's room for you here. Many scientists, including Einstein and Fritjof Capra, have recognized power or forces beyond the grasp of science, at least at this time. They seek to explain what may be unexplainable in scientific terms. Some, like Howard Brinton and Thomas Kelly, were led to a spiritual quest.

Do you call yourself a Christian? What does that mean to you? Following Jesus' teachings and example? That's a "tough act to follow," if I may be irreverent for a

moment. I know I can't achieve that in this lifetime. But one can try. Where could you find a better role model even if you don't achieve perfection?

I confess to being uncomfortable around evangelists. When I told that to a friend of mine, he suggested that I wouldn't have liked George Fox, who disrupted worship in the "steeple houses." He might be right. I have to admit, however, that our unprogrammed meetings have not harvested great numbers of members because we don't proselytize. If one looks back to our founders, many of them were out preaching and winning followers. I'm not recommending this but simply pointing to a fact. But Fox didn't simply preach the gospel and ask others to blindly follow him. God had spoken to him in a vision. He asked oth-

ers, "What canst thou say?" or, as I understand it, "What has God said to thee?"

Perhaps we of the silent worship persuasion convince more by example, by our social action, and by waiting for that still small voice, than through ministry. Some people join us for that reason. But our witness should come from the depths of the spirit as an expression of our beliefs.

Why do you "aspire" to be a Quaker? What inspires you about Quakerism? What is keeping you from it? You mention commitment. What kind of commitment do you see as required and why is it so difficult for you to undertake? We don't seek, or at least expect to achieve, perfection in this lifetime.

One of our key

testimonies, but not the only one, is the peace testimony. I heard one attendee at our meeting say she could never call herself a pacifist; she didn't know what she would do if someone attacked her family. Do any of us, really? We know what we would like to do or like not to do, but can we say with certainty, "I will never use violence"? It's hard to know until it happens. I hope it never does.

But suppose you would rise to the defense of an innocent child or other victim of brutality and violence. We need not encourage that or excuse it in advance, but is that the same as condoning war? Must I say, "Because I *might* do violence to someone attacking an innocent person under some unforeseen circumstance, then I'm not a pacifist and I can't oppose war or become a Friend"? I don't think so.



Terry Foss

During World War II, though I was a birthright Friend, I didn't follow the peace testimony, as my brothers did. I entered the navy. In terms of serving humanity, they did more than I. They worked in hospitals and fought forest fires, to name just two areas of service. As I look back at the time when the war broke out, I don't see how the world's democracies could have acted any differently. Mahatma Gandhi didn't have a worldwide following. We didn't have people like Martin Luther King, Jr., to lead us with enough nonviolent followers to stop the dictators. Had the seeds of peace been sown after World War I by governments and pacifists, it might not have happened. I'm not trying to justify WW II, or any war. I just realize, the older I get, how things become gray rather than black and white. What does your conscience tell you to do or not to do?

After WW II and Hiroshima, I opposed all wars. I still do. Yet there are times when I must ask myself, if I had the power to stop the United States from defending itself against an enemy aggressor, would I? Could I let innocent people die? It isn't always possible to get people to adopt nonviolent alternatives in the face of violence.

This is the dilemma early Friends faced in governing Pennsylvania and defending our borders against the French as well as Native Americans, who were angry about the settlements on their land. Friends had to get out of government or become hypocrites in one of two ways: either let settlers die by not letting arms go through, or go against their principles and raise a militia to protect them.

I love Edward Hicks's *Peaceable Kingdom* painting. Why? The quotation on which he based his paintings (Isa. 11:1-3, 6, 9) is unrealistic, naive, impossible. How could a lion, unless it had just fed on another animal, lie down with a lamb? How could a little child safely lead them? Can't we know that this is "the impossible dream" and yet let it inspire us to better lives? Can't it symbolize a world in which intelligent human beings who need not prey on each other to survive can, and someday might, stop killing?

I don't know if you have seen *Faith and Practice* of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting or of one of the other yearly meetings. It's worth reading. It's not a creed, but it's as close as Friends get to a creed; and to join, you don't have to follow it rigidly.

Think about the meaning of testimonies like living simply. If you don't have much to begin with, it's a lot easier. Inci-

dentally, it fits in with an ecologically sound lifestyle.

Do you believe you can receive guidance for your daily life through prayer or meditation as well as from many books—including, but not limited to, the Bible?

I was a birthright Friend for about 40 years. When I saw that I wasn't living my beliefs, I left. Many years later I found a little paperback book that spoke to me. It was the first book I read about the near death experience. Many of the cases were of children who had been declared legally dead. Each had had similar experiences of a spiritual world with a loving Being of Light or a departed relative. Some children said they had met Jesus. Later I read many articles about it.

Friends don't talk much about an afterlife, in my experience, but I came to it myself. Once I realized, to my satisfaction, that there is a caring, loving "Being of Light" I am not ashamed to call God, I gave up my agnosticism and knew I needed to come back to my roots. I no longer have any doubts about a God or the value of this mystical religion of Quakerism. I returned as an enthusiastic and convinced Friend. Since then I have had further personal revelations, which only add to my conviction.

I don't ask you to believe these things. I'm just sharing my own awakenings.

Perhaps another question you must ask yourself is, how important is this "tuning in to God"? To use a materialistic and perhaps anthropomorphic metaphor, God is "broadcasting" all the time. We just need to find the frequency and tune in to it. And we can. Prayers may be answered in ways we don't recognize.

You won't have my experiences. Each of us finds his or her own way. See if you can get into a Quakerism 101 course. Get a Quaker bibliography. Read how our founders' witnessing came from the promptings of the Spirit. Ask questions but keep searching, reading, worshiping, praying or meditating, and listening; above all, listening and watching for leadings. Then you will discover what you must do. Our witness (actions) should come from the Inner Light or inner voice, which is "that of God in everyone."

I hope you join us. We need seekers. □

A birthright Friend who left the Society for some years, John Kriebel is a member of Chambersburg (Pa.) Meeting.

From the Inside Out

by Wayne A. Gilbert

Jenny's simple request touched me because until recently I felt somehow unworthy, unqualified, or unauthorized to ever be "a true Quaker." Although I do not always feel fully confident in my Quakerness and look for guidance to more seasoned Friends, those feelings of inadequacy now generally serve as reminders to trust the truths I recently discovered, trust as a child trusts her little hand to the massive fist of her loving father.

I came to Quakerism in the summer of 1991 at the invitation of an attender friend. The very first meeting for worship was like a bubbling cold bath of fresh spring water after 40-plus years of life in a spiritual desert.

I was raised by faithful Methodist parents and attended Sunday school and worship regularly, even obsessively. I went to church camps and educational institutes and youth groups. I served on committees and even assisted the pastor during worship, once completely taking over when he was ill. I recall long thinking sessions in which I agonized over troubling biblical stories and theological incongruities. All before I was 18.

I attended a church-related college in preparation for the ministry, and eventually graduated from an accredited, moderately liberal divinity school. I served briefly as a pastor, but left before I could be ordained. I became a teacher, but stayed active at every level of a small, suburban Congregational (UCC) church where, for almost 20 years, I sang in the choir, served on boards and committees, filled pulpits, taught religious education classes of all kinds, and attended thousands of liturgical, social, and other events.

I was in every way the ultimate insider—experienced, trained, authorized, official. But I never felt "at home." I never "fit in." My entire religious life, which happens to have coincided with my entire biological life, was lived from the outside in. I was always trying to internalize doctrines, stories, beliefs, and attitudes I'd been taught. I spent over 40 years trying to mold and fold and sculpture myself, my inner life, to be in "harmony" with an external laundry list of orthodoxies and taboos. I'd spent my religious life desperately trying to be "good"

and "committed" enough to be "true."

I couldn't do it.

I left the church. It was my first act of faith born of my own inner Light.

My family and I became regular attenders at a Quaker meeting. I found the silence profoundly inviting (and occasionally terrifying). The spoken ministry I heard almost always inspired and relieved and challenged me. I had the first truly spiritual experiences of my life.

Meanwhile, I bought and read Quaker books. I read journals, novels, letters, histories, devotional materials, spiritual classics, and pamphlets. I devoured George Fox, John Woolman, Thomas Kelly, Rufus Jones, Howard Brinton, and John Punshon. I attended classes and retreats. I wanted to learn all I could; and all I learned made me want more!

You can probably see, I was still practicing my old religion—looking *outside* for ways to shape the *inside*, forcing external beliefs and ideas and events into my head and, I hoped, into my heart. I still

wanted to achieve or attain "authorization." I still wanted to be "true."

Luckily for me, Quaker writers and witnesses kept turning me back upon myself, turning me inside to my own experience and authority and Light.

Then it happened.

The meeting I'd just joined after attending three years broke into hostile factions. Even wise and seasoned Friends walked away, took sides, or acted as bewildered as I felt. My new family, I thought, turned out to be as dysfunctional as all the others to which I had belonged.

I realized immediately that Quaker meetings cannot be immune to the overwhelming idiocy and insanity of our surrounding culture. But this environmental/contextual insight wasn't very helpful.

As the meeting disintegrated, I wondered what Quaker methods and practices should apply. I wondered how I could help apply them, since I was only recently "convinced." I wondered how Quakers should actually behave in this cauldron of conflict.

As the meeting deteriorated further, I had to leave for a while. Even meeting for worship became intolerable. It was then I felt especially

ganization anywhere.

But, I thought, I was so sure about my decision to join the Religious Society of Friends! And I still felt "convinced" that the Spirit had led me to Friends! How could God have made such a mistake!

I swear that before the word "mistake" was out of my anguished inner mouth, I heard a chuckle. The chuckle *felt* something like this: You are a Friend—from inside out—and your Friendness does not depend in any way on membership in a meeting. Everyone's a Quaker, a Friend—at all times.

I realized that if I thought being a Quaker meant measuring up to and/or internalizing some external code or dogma or any other criteria for "membership," then I had missed the Friendly point entirely.

Quakerism is a way of being with God, not of being in some "steeplehouse," to use George Fox's term. Being a Friend never means living up to some standard or another, but *living outward from* that Light of God in all of us. It doesn't require "authorization"; it requires silence, humility, and patience. That's all.

Even now I want to apologize for being so fresh—such a novice speaking with the same authority as seasoned, birthright Friends, or George Fox, or, perhaps, of Christ himself!

Precisely.

The truths of Friends do not come from without, but from within.

Ira Progoff, the Jungian depth psychologist who developed a therapeutic journal-keeping method, wondered after his participation in World War II what would happen if *all* the holy, sacred texts of humankind were destroyed. After the devastation of the war, such a concern seems entirely reasonable.

Progoff agonized over this possibility, anticipating that the loss of all the world's scripture would mean the devastating end of what little human civilization remained.

He became convinced, however, that should such a catastrophe actually occur, the texts would *not* be lost, but be rewritten "from the same great source out of which the old ones came." "Each human soul contains a Bible within itself," and "each person contains the possibility of new spiritual events and awarenesses tak-

AT MEETING FOR WORSHIP

**The slender stalk of your stillness
with its unfolding leaves
may blossom, in its own time.**

**From the seed
along the length of your waiting
a blossom may be forming,
may come, luminously opening
speaking of Silence
speaking in lustrous, previously
unimagined ways.**

**As your human identity
with all its maze like history
evaporated into the dewy
freshness of this morning
you may draw on
what is deeper than the
you who will soon walk
through the door,
what is wider than the view
from any window in
a meetinghouse.**

—Ruth Winifred Dahlke

William Bliss



Ruth Winifred Dahlke
is a member of
Richmond (Va.)
Meeting.

lost, disoriented, and isolated. It was then I felt my trust misplaced. I was tortured by feelings of incompetence, impotence, and inadequacy. I felt betrayed. I felt angry. Friends, it seemed, were no better than those in any other all-too-human or-

ing place in his and her own experience." These seem Friendly insights to me, and I hold them in the Light.

To be "good and committed enough to be a true Quaker" is not to be a Quaker at all. Friends sit quietly and listen. Friends attempt to recognize and honor that of God in everyone. The Inner Light authorizes itself and one's experience of it. No Bible or priest or tribunal. No scholar or doctrine or edifice of any kind can stamp us with approval. None but the still, small voice within of the one, true God.

That's it.

Only God "authorizes," and it's done from within.

It's that simple. Really. □

Wayne A. Gilbert joined Mountain View Meeting in Denver, Colorado, last June. He is an English instructor at a local community college.



DEEP CALLS TO DEEP

**From long, slow silences, we draw our strength
as women drawing water from a well,
cool and rewarding in the dust of day.
Deep calls to deep,
and from the all-encompassing, creative source
a new awareness of forgotten faiths.
Fresh patterns form,
true purpose is made plain.
Ripples of surface restlessness are stilled.
For an indefinable
measureless moment out of time,
we live.**

—Alice Mackenzie Swaim

*A native of Scotland,
Alice Mackenzie
Swaim lives in
Harrisburg, Pa.*

A Quaker Wannabe—Maybe

by Peter Fuchs

There are three potential obstacles to my becoming a Quaker by conviction: Judaism, Zen Buddhism, and agnosticism. One of my questions is, must Quakers accept the divinity of Jesus Christ? Additionally, I wonder, even if the answer is "no," can an agnostic become a Quaker? However, I suspect, being Jewish is my biggest obstacle. I consider myself more than a "cultural Jew," e.g., one who likes bagels and cream cheese with the *New York Times* on Sundays, understands a smattering of Yiddish, and feels some solidarity with Jews throughout the world. I have celebrated my Bar Mitzvah, attended temple on the High Holidays for the last 45 or more years, and have read Jewish theologians such as Rabbi Abraham J. Heschel and Martin Buber.

Ironically, Buber's I-Thou philosophy also gives me a way into Quakerism. Buber believed that our everyday relationships were mainly in the realm of I-It, wherein we do not treat people as people but as objects to manipulate, e.g., we see

our waitress as only one who brings us food, not as a woman who may have a sick child at home, a mortgage to pay, attends art school, and likes late-night, old-time movies. Buber advocates developing I-Thou relationships. The primary example of an I-Thou relationship is God meeting a human being. But Buber stressed we can have I-Thou relationships with living things—trees as well as human beings. The I-Thou relationship involves really *listening* to one another and *responding* out of the depth of our being. An authentic sharing which Buber sometimes referred to as "meeting on the edge" in the space *between* the two persons. Buber believed that we are not encapsulated individuals but have the capacity to change and grow through genuine dialogue. This space between two people in dialogue seems to me similar to the meaningful silence at meetings.

While my parents and grandparents are all dead, if they were still alive they would view my wish to become a Quaker as odd at best and a betrayal at worst. It is this sense of betrayal that troubles me. I know that Hitler dreamed of a world free from "vermin Jews." If I become a Quaker, do I have to give up being Jewish? And if so, isn't that a tiny step towards handing Hitler a posthumous victory? (Am I being too dramatic here?)

As with Martin Buber, Thich Nhat Hanh is probably more a way into rather than an obstacle to Quakerism. His gentle teaching of the importance of paying attention to our breath, meditation, trying to live in the present moment, looking deeply into things and people with a heart full of compassion, seem compatible with following the Light Within.

I am in a spiritual formation group at the Alexandria (Va.) Meeting. It gives me pause to realize that I have yet to find a Quaker text that speaks to me as deeply as those of Thich Nhat Hanh or other Western Buddhist practitioners. Yet our meeting had a wonderful educational series on Buddhist philosophy and meditation practices, and the leader permitted me to do an experiential presentation of Thich Nhat Hanh's meditation/prayers.

Despite my reservations, here are some of the reasons I am still interested in investigating Quakerism. The Friends I have met have almost all been gentle and welcoming. I do not feel that I am rejected

because of my questions or doubts. It is a pleasure to sit in silent worship and know the fellowship of others trying to lead a more peaceful life, one committed to being of service to others. I agree with Quaker positions (as best I grasp them) on peace, against capital punishment, and in favor of an expansive view of civil rights for minority groups.

Our meetinghouse is a pre-Civil War, simple, white, wood-framed building, with plain wooden benches and a wooden floor. It seems a fitting place to "put away one's social airs" and to come together in simplicity for worship. I have volunteered for a few jobs: bringing food for fellowship hour, and helping to rake leaves on an especially rainy December afternoon. I sense the satisfaction others have taken in dusting the meetinghouse benches and polishing the floors. These simple tasks that I and others have done enhance my connection to the meeting.

Perhaps it is ironic that I, a Jew, happen to attend a Christocentric meeting (at least, I think it is). Yet, I suspect I am more comfortable here than at other "social cause" meetings. While I have always considered myself to be an atheist, and more recently an agnostic, my yearning to find and believe in God has been strong; sometimes I sense that I may be on an alternate path towards the Light. At other times, I console myself with the thought that if the Light is a beautiful illusion, it appears that at least for Friends it has been primarily a force for the good—despite some lapses, such as the one written about by Catherine Peck in "A View of the 'Steeple' from Jerusalem" (*FJ* Jan.), when, during the Hicksite/Orthodox split, Friends came to blows, and a clerk, who was bodily thrown out the back door of a meetinghouse, asked, "What kind of religion is this?" □

Peter Fuchs has been a regular attendee of Alexandria (Va.) Meeting and is a member of their spiritual formation group.

As Way Opens

by Lynne Harbert

I attended my first Friends meeting on a bright August morning, edging self-consciously into the furthest back row of seats. Outside the meetinghouse, sparrows bickered noisily in the lilac bushes; inside, Friends were chatting in the kitchen and putting songbooks on the chairs.

I don't know exactly what brought me to the Friends meeting that morning. I know that in sixth grade I thought I had a kind of light, or a candle in my heart, and that if I dressed plainly, people would be able to see it better. And I knew what Quakers looked like because I had seen the movie *Friendly Persuasion* when I was a teenager. But I had been raised a Lutheran, and Quakers seemed as far from real life as fairy tale characters.

But here I was, and as we settled into the silence, the room became soft and still, except for the humming of the slowly turning ceiling fan and the occasional rustle of friends shifting in their seats. I was next to the open window, in a chair whose cover was slightly concave from decades of silent worship.

It was a perfect morning, a perfect Sunday, a perfect First Day . . . and in ten minutes I was ready to walk. A Friend stood up to share a leading on the Gulf War: "There are some Friends," he said thoughtfully, "who call themselves Quakers but who still want to see Saddam Hussein killed. . . ." The rest of the message is a blur, but I believe the word "hypocrisy" was in it.

I'm out of here, I thought. If I joined the Quakers, I would be one of those Friends. In a decade where the destruction of land and people was spiraling out of control, I had concluded that peace and justice, if they came at all, arrived too late to do any good. In my despair, I wanted to just wipe out all the bad guys and replace them with good guys—and the sooner the better. An inauspicious beginning for a Quaker.

I had a few other problems too. Rock 'n roll, for instance. I was sure that Quakers frowned on it, but I needed it: A sort of managed wildness was crucial to my happiness. I also had a feisty nature and was quick to judge. And I was often irreverent. All in all, my becoming a Quaker seemed a rather chancy proposition, rather like splicing an odd gene into a new body. I had what might gently be called "concerns."

These concerns surfaced abruptly when, after a year, I asked to become a member, and then met with a clearness committee. Usually our clearness committees meet with a petitioner only once. As we shook hands to say goodbye that first evening, however, they said that they had best meet with me one more time. "Why?" I asked, a kind of "I knew it" feeling washing over me. "Well, we had such a good time tonight," said the clerk, "that we're not sure you know how serious it is to be a Friend." I wanted to be a Friend. The next meeting was far more sober, and soon after, I became a Quaker.

But to my chagrin, becoming a Friend did not make me peaceful and wise. I found myself not a better person but a person more in conflict with myself. On the one hand, I still wanted to wipe out all the bad guys; on the other, I began to feel a longing for the numinous ways of the Spirit, which, let loose in the human heart, burned away "right" and "wrong," "good" and "bad," until only the Truth remained.

Within this conflict, however, the silence, the leadings, the music began to have their effect. Our meeting is quite fond of the "George Fox Song," with its admonition to walk in the Light no matter where you go, no matter what you do. I loved this song, and was deeply moved by its expression of faith. I was also deeply mystified by its practice. How did people do that anyway? How did they hold their tempers in the face of injustice? How did they refrain from the perfect retort when they just *knew* someone was being obnoxious?

I want to say that it was my relationship with the Spirit that answered these questions for me, but in truth it was the examples of individual Friends that taught me the most. One evening, for example, two of us were invited to meet with the Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns group. This was during the time that our meeting was struggling with the issue of same-gender marriage and we were, as a body, heading into the storm. As we handed dishes around the potluck table, one of the group pulled back and shouted angrily at the person with me, saying something about him that I knew just wasn't true. I felt a surge of resentment and wanted to defend him. But he did not retort. He sat quietly for a moment and then replied simply, "You could be right."

Why, I asked later, had he not spoken plainly and met the matter straight? "Because," he said, "I didn't feel that I was in a state of grace." Like other Friends in the meeting, his relationship with the Spirit

came first. It was more important than the conflict in which he had been placed. (What the weighty Friend had said earlier about Saddam Hussein began to come into focus.)

But this incident and many others only convinced me that real Quakers had a natural inner peacefulness that I was born without. Could I ever hope to be an authentic Friend if I wasn't one by nature already? I was overcome with a desire to have a sudden grace fall on me and turn me, overnight, into a "real" Quaker: Please, God, let me wake up tomorrow a Friend.

Well, it hasn't happened yet. It is clear to me, in fact, that I may never get "there" at all. At the same time, I am aware that I have been changed simply by worshiping and working with these Friends. I am more peaceful, feel more friendly, have actually felt love during conflict, and have had the overwhelming, ineffable experience of a gathered meeting. The sense of being a Quaker steadily becomes clearer to me, like a photographer's print emerging slowly in a darkroom.

And in the midst of this loving, demanding faith, I have learned:

- Being a Quaker is a process, not a product.

- As long as it's done gently, being honest about who you are is more spiritual than trying to act like a spiritual person.

- All that is asked of me is that I wait on the Spirit, and then do what is put in front of me, no matter how small that might be.

To be honest, this last one was hard. I still wanted to make big changes all at once, and would end up feeling inadequate and frustrated. I tried to quiet myself by meditating on that wonderful Quaker saying, "As Way Opens." But it wasn't enough. Too often, I felt like a failed Quaker.

One day, however, a Canadian Friend gently rephrased that saying, making me feel that it was possible to live with my shortcomings, acknowledge my imperfections, and still call myself a Friend.

"As Way Opens," he said, "and as best I can." □

Lynne Harbert is a mediator and co-clerk of Ministry and Counsel at North Columbus (Ohio) Meeting.

About Being a Friend

by James Baker

In the 1920s my father and his brother, Congregationalist settlers from England, started a small Sunday worship service near a tiny little farm town in western Canada. Strangely, they called it "Sunday Meeting," though so far as I know, none were Quakers. After some time it was thought "scriptural" to be associated with other "believers," so they voted; there were more Baptists, so it became a Baptist gathering. I call it Accidental Baptist. We knew that the church wasn't the building. The church was my parents and the Meldrums and the Teeses and the Groses and all the other people in the world trying to find God and to live as if it mattered. We sang the lovely, old hymns. Dad played the piano. We studied the Bible, prayed, and gently invited others "into the fold" too. I grew up in that small church, mostly happy. I heartily disliked wearing a tie around my neck, and appreciated the title in the hymnal index of one hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

My mother's family abounded with earnest, friendly Salvation Army people who worked in interesting places around the world. Her loving persistence still moves me when I pick up the tattered, read-to-pieces Hurlbut's *Story of The Bible* from which she read to my brother and me before we went to sleep. My imagination was populated with all its wonderful stories of God and humans trying to love and put up with each other. My first "spiritual" experience was when I found that Jesus was killed. I wept and asked her, "Why did they kill him? He helped people!"—and early wished to become a medical missionary, like some I had heard about in family discussions.

I served my apprenticeship in that little band of people. Occasional fiery traveling evangelists coming to speak. Daily family Bible reading, followed by prayers on our knees around the breakfast table. Sunday school. Prayer meeting. Early being bored with sermons, though when small I wanted to grow up and "preach hard, like mister Mundy." But it was all others' experience, not mine. Until I was 12. I was baptized in a lake by immersion. I didn't feel different, but that meant I could become a member of the church at the following monthly communion service. My father was on rotation as a deacon and, as he prayed aloud afterward, he

started to cry and could not continue. I was shocked, for I had never seen him cry. I thought, "There must be something more to this that I don't know." Little did I know.

In my late teens I left home to go to technical school in the big city, and joined other young people in a Baptist gathering. One Sunday night, coming home alone after a meeting, my inner turmoil came to a boil. I stopped on the street, shook my fist up at God like Tevye in *Fiddler on the Roof*: "I've done everything I know to be right. Other people say they talk to You, and You talk to them. Now You either talk to me, or You shut up and leave me alone." For a split second there was a thunderous silence. Then inside my head the most beautiful small voice, yet not a voice, said, "I've been here all the time—I've just been waiting for you to ask." And suddenly the God that I had constructed outside, with a sort of reverse explosion, became inside—and has never left. I had never asked with my whole being before.

Not a voice, yet sometimes. I call it the Presence. Not a light, yet an inner knowing, an illumination of the soul. Did I become perfect? No way. I still make every mistake in the book. But when I do, the Presence becomes quieter, less distinct. Then I become lonely, not at peace. Then I remember the Presence and begin to listen again. Now I had a center to my life. Possibly the experience that the pentecostals call the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Perhaps the illumination described by mystics down through the ages. Probably "that of God" described by Friends since George Fox.

After marrying, making several moves to different cities, and some church-shopping, we actively attended an Anglican church. At first I was put off by the large wooden statue of a crowned Jesus with outstretched, cross-like arms hanging above the altar, but I grew to love it when I discovered it was the first sculpture of a dedicated friend who had contributed it to a community-built edifice.

Parallel to this, through reading *The Search for Bridey Murphy*, we were led to the life and work of Edgar Cayce, the photographer and devoted Sunday school teacher who was sought after for his advice given from a prayer-induced altered state of consciousness. This led to a long

and richly rewarding experience of private and group meditation, personal journal-keeping, working with my dreams, and eventually to a major career and life change.

The meditations began by focusing, not on an unknown work or physical object, but on an "affirmation" or phrase of spiritual meaning with which to occupy and bring the restless, chattering mind firmly into the same direction as the deep inner intent of soul purpose. My favorite is the simple, "Be still, and know that I am God," from Psalm 46:10. Recently, from a friend, I have joy-

ously learned to successively truncate it, with silences between each phrase. But where do Quaker doings fit in all this winding trail? Well, I was well prepared for silence.

Over a year-and-a-half ago I ran across a pamphlet on inner silence that I picked up in the single Quaker meeting I had attended many years ago. Reading the forgotten pamphlet, I had a sudden and quietly insistent urge to seek out a Friends meeting to experience the Presence with other seekers. I found myself at the nearby Downers Grove (Ill.) Friends Meetinghouse. To my joy, the greeter at the door was an acquaintance I had not known to be a Friend, and we had an involuntary joyous embrace. I was early, so I explored the pamphlet rack and surprisingly attractive library. Then, time for meeting.

Tears come too easily for me. Like now, when I try to wrap words around what I want to describe to you, Jenny. Tears are one way I know my heart's mind. I have found that Friends silence is one of the most holy places on earth for me—whether it is meeting for worship, meeting with a concern for business, or

impromptu meeting in a Friend's home. One can carry its effect around for hours or days or weeks at a time: like a buckskin bag of everything one needs for life's daily travail; like a medicine bag for the soul; like the Israelites carried the tabernacle around the desert for years; like a Light inside. It's like being at home inside.

In the mostly silent meeting for worship, there may be the occasional quiet life-comment by a Friend in the silence; the obvious concern of all for an angry soul trapped in a frozen body in a wheelchair, or for that of God in a toddler, as one Friend said, so thrilled with communication that he makes frequent quiet comments to his family, himself, or his toy; the amused acceptance of a fire-drill's shrill bell breaking the silence, but not breaking meeting, for after due excursion outside, the covering fell around again like an invisible mantle of manna for the soul; the heart-rending beauty of two



Peter Stettenheim

THE BENCH AT SANTA FE MEETING

**After all this time,
I am reluctant
to call you just
a bench.**

**In another type
of meetinghouse, you
would deserve the title
of pew.**

**But that is not our way—
nor the way of
those who have
quietly waited here
before me, and**

**I wonder at the years you
have sat wide, inviting
against these mud thick
walls washed a simple
white.**

**Your pine
worn smooth
the color of honey.
Dark knots
now higher than the surface
remind me of my
grandmothers' hands.**

**Age, spots
your seat lid
stretched silently
thin at the edge, and**

**After all this time
your arms reach out
saying,
sit, and I'll give
you the gift
of inner light
stored within.**

—Lon Risley

*Lon Risley is a
member of Inland
Valley Friends
Meeting in Riverside,
California.*

Friends' simple promises to wed each other in the company of loving witnesses.

I don't know whether meeting is Christocentric or Universalist; whether there have been splits and divisions and differences of opinion down through the years; whether there still are. I just don't care, because there is something beautifully attractive at the center of it all. Perhaps it's in spite of (because of?) an astonishing diversity of Friends' backgrounds. As one Friend commented, "We just welcome diversity, we fairly wallow in it."

We have just finished an educational series, Quakerism 101 and 102, a marvelous record of Friends' writings and doings down through the years as a counterpoint to present Friends' experience. I don't like the word *Quakerism*, or any isms or schisms. It feels like a catechism or doctrine that one must memorize. I'm not even really comfortable with the word *Quaker*. It seems like a label or banner to wave. I like *Friend*. It is simple. It is truthful. It is hard won.

I was attracted by the silence, but I discovered that rather than just silence, Friends are a seething hotbed of quiet social revolutionaries: trying to live in the world but not of the world; being stewards of resources and of the unfortunate; righting wrongs; seeking justice; striving for peace. Perhaps this is most evident in the astonishing meeting with a concern for business. There is worshipfulness and gentleness and laughter and determination and dogged persistence and courage in facing thorny issues.

Is Friends' way perfect for me? No. But neither am I perfect. I miss the often rousing singing of hymns that we used to do in other spiritual gatherings. I miss hugging and back-rubs and friendly pats. (Friends usually content themselves with a warm handshake and a smile.) There are subtle, unspoken rules and pressures. If pushiness exists, it is so discreet that it may not even be present. Overt emotion is neither encouraged nor discouraged, though tears are not unknown, and never laughed at.

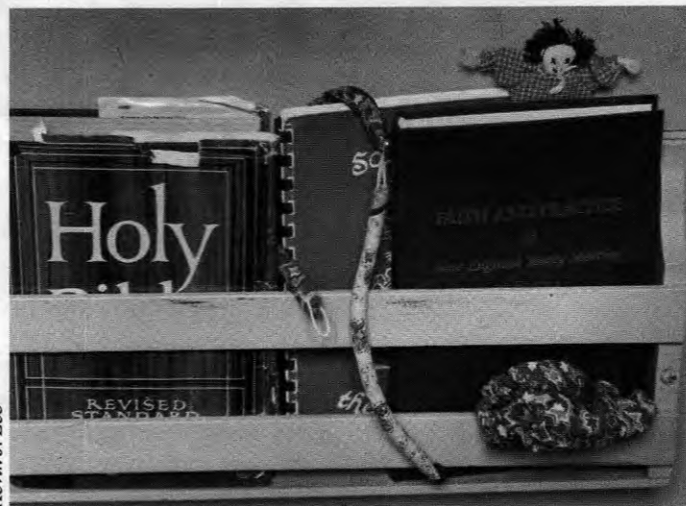
What keeps me? The holy silence. Friends' implicit trust in that of God in each other person. Simplicity. Participation. It is easy to be joyful in the presence of Friends. The queries. I have never encountered a spiritually oriented group who did not have answers to everything. Instead, Friends ask questions—of themselves and of each other. They truly seek. Even if they disagree, which is a lot of the time. Meeting with a concern for business

is a real treat. To see the clerk's patient skill in bringing Friends' business to an acceptable point, then moving on, is like watching the waves of a wind roaming here and there among a field of ripened wheat ready to give its rich blessing of food.

Am I a member? No, I am still an attender. Why? Because I never know if I may have to move my domicile, and I am not sure what that would mean to my continued participation. I participate as much as my other commitments permit. Will I seek membership? Probably. But I never thought of being "good" enough. That's a language that does not seem to compute in this context. Am I comfortable? That is a good word to describe what I experience: deep-down, inside comfort, in the place where my soul lives.

Jenny, wherever you are, I don't know if this helps you or not. My experience is not yours, nor should it be. I do know that if you come and see for yourself, you will know whether this is right for you. It may be soon or it may take time. Be patient. Take one step at a time. Listen inside. Maybe you are a Friend. That of God in you knows. □

James Baker is an attender at Downers Grove (Ill.) Meeting.



Kevin J. Lee

Seeking the Presence

by John C. Morgan

The philosopher Soren Kierkegaard never claimed to be a Christian, but always on the way to becoming one. In the same way, I suspect, I am not a Quaker, but have been on the way to becoming one most of my sojourn on this planet.

Before my family moved to the suburbs, I attended a private school in West Philadelphia, which began each morning with a few moments of silent worship. Though I have long ago forgotten what else I learned in that school, those moments of prayerful quietness stayed with me. Whenever I could, I returned to meeting for worship to remember and renew the presence of God—for that is what I think this gift of silence was about, and what I found so lacking in other churches.

Over the years, I have come to find great strength from the witness of Friends, past and present, and a sense that I know that in the midst of suffering, I will discover Friends doing what they can to help. Because Friends keep to the vision

of God within each person, and perhaps all creation, and because they live this truth in acts of compassion and service, I am drawn to this community as a flower drawn to sunlight. Were it not for Quakers, I would long ago have given up any hope that the teachings and life of Jesus still had meaning today. Not that other religious groups do not live

the teachings of Jesus—they do; but only Friends have spoken to my heart of the great, unspeakable joy that comes from God alone and the terrible burden of being children of light in a world that can be violent.

Although not a Friend, I have nonetheless stayed in touch with Friends over the years, either by attending meeting when that is possible or in other ways. Though a stranger, I have always felt at home among Friends, and when I could not attend meet-

ing, felt a deep pull drawing me homeward.

I keep a painting I did of the old tree outside the windows of the meetinghouse in Media, Pennsylvania. From time to time, I gaze at that picture and find myself linked to others, some alive and some long gone, the famous and the unknown, the interconnected web of life brought together only in the spirit that transcends time and place and even death. Part of this painting includes the backs of chairs, hard chairs at that, which line the meetinghouse. And, by imagination, I can put myself back in a chair, sitting expectantly, waiting for and being waited upon by the presence of God.

So why am I not a Quaker?

In one way, I am, if the circle be drawn

large enough. I have never left. The deep pull of the spirit still draws me homeward.

But in a more practical way, I am not a Quaker. To an outsider, becoming a Friend is not easy, nor should it be. It is not the same as joining the Kiwanis Club, but involves a deep, abiding commitment to the way of life symbolized by Friends. Quite frankly, in some ways, I have not become a Friend because the cost seems too much to bear. I will not be like so many Christians I see who talk a lot about the Resurrection but forget the Cross.

Someone has written that the person who views the world at 50 the same as he or she did at 20 has wasted 30 years of life. The same could be said of me. Maybe it's time to come home to stay, no matter

the cost, for what does it profit a person to gain the whole world and lose his or her own soul? Rather, "turn all the treasures we possess into the channel of Universal Love," and this becomes "the business of our lives" (John Woolman).

If I think of what I might lose by becoming a Friend, the thought scares me. But when I consider what I might gain, I find great joy. And with Caroline E. Stephen (*Quaker Strongholds*, 1890), perhaps I will be able to say that "at last I had found a place where I might, without the faintest suspicion of insincerity, join with others in simply seeking [God's] presence." □

John C. Morgan, a frequent contributor to FRIENDS JOURNAL, lives in Westerville, Ohio.

Sincerely your Friend,

I went to my first meeting in Pittsburgh, Pa. I was quickly convinced that I had found the right kind of worship service for me. Then my husband and I moved to California. After settling in, I found the Friends meetinghouse in San Jose. When I went to my first meeting, I was greeted so warmly and in such a friendly manner that I felt dazzled.

A few days after that first meeting, I learned I had breast cancer and would need a year of chemotherapy plus radiation.

My husband and I had just moved 3,000 miles, and like the pioneers, we had done it on our own. I had not had time to find a job in California. My husband, who was starting a consulting business, was in that stage where you spend thousands of dollars on marketing and equipment and bring in no income. The client he counted on to bridge the gap from corporation to self-employment was forced to retire. Potential clients who had encouraged us to move to California had lost their jobs. We were living on our savings. We'd left all our friends and family in Pennsylvania. We'd left our doctors there, too, of course. We were on a COBRA extension of our health insurance, which was going to run out before my treatments were over. Our house in Pennsylvania had not sold and the weather was so bad that no one was even looking.

In short, just as we decided to invest our resources in a sunny day, we found ourselves at the beginning of a rainy season, which, one year later, has not let up.

After learning I had cancer, I went to

the next Friends meeting and told some people my news. Again, I felt enveloped in the caring, kind, loving attitude of the members. I had never experienced anything like this.

There I was, a total stranger—emotionally devastated, seriously ill, unable to make any kind of contribution to the meeting, sad, teary-eyed, and needy. And there were the members of the meeting—welcoming, giving, sympathetic, nurturing, and loving.

One lively and intelligent woman, a treasure of the meeting, welcomed me into her home and counseled me on handling adversity from the perspective of 92 years of giving and living. Many people told me their stories of overcoming or living with cancer and other serious illnesses, and each story of courage and survival gave me hope. After I'd been attending for a few months, people started calling me if I missed a meeting. People told me they were "holding me in the Light."

People offered me rides to meeting and to other events. People loaned me books. I have never before felt so cared for by individuals I hardly knew.

I was disappointed that I had nothing to give in return. I wanted to make a contribution.

One day I voiced my disappointment to a member. He stunned me by telling me I was making a contribution. I felt humbled. Here was a man who could make me feel valued just because I existed.

I began to sense the holiness of the group.

Each person in the group is only human, of course. But together, these individuals forge a fierce and awesome power. Many of

the messages of ministry have sustained me this past year. I have listened and folded the wisdom into my withered heart, unfolding it deep in the night when I lay awake thinking I wanted to die, yet finding myself clutching the hope harvested from meeting.

I have listened and learned from this group for a year now. No one has asked anything of me. Everyone has given to me. When chemotherapy drugs made me bald, I was told my hats were creative and attractive. When treatments made me fearful, I was told I was an inspiration. When I felt ugly, I was complimented for the colorfulness of my clothes. When I felt weak, people said they admired my strength. I have received and received with amazement and sometimes fear.

I have never spoken during meeting. I have wanted to. I have wanted to thank each and every person in the meeting for their gifts. But my gratitude fills my eyes with tears, chokes my words, flusters my tongue, and swells unexpressed.

I have prayed often, Jenny, to be good enough and committed enough to be a member of this meeting I have come to love. I have been inspired as I've learned bits of different members' life stories. I have compared myself and judged myself unworthy.

But reading your letter brought me up short because one thing I have learned from the good and generous people in our meeting is this: Good or

Continued on next page

not, committed or not, strong or not, healthy or not, there is that of God in me. And in thee.

Rest assured, Jenny. You are "committed" enough. You are "good" enough. You are welcome.

*Diana Ryckman
Santa Clara, Calif.*

I was a non-Quaker (a Catholic) for 73½ years before making the plunge into Quakerism. Please take my advice: Don't wait any longer!

When President Bush began the Gulf War in 1991 I made a New Year's resolution to visit the Phoenix (Ariz.) Friends Meeting. This was about three years after I had written to Friends General Conference for Quaker information. So I know how you feel. Of course you don't have to become a member right away; you can be what the Quakers call "an attender" until you're firmly convinced.

You can call me if you want to talk.

*Franklin P. Witte
Phoenix, Ariz.*

Yes, thee is "good enough to be a true Quaker," and probably committed enough. Goodness and commitment are by-products of the Quaker experience, as are love and community. So what is the Quaker experience? I can only speak for myself.

Seventy-eight years of membership in the Religious Society of Friends does not make me a great Quaker. I rarely speak in meeting, nor am I noted for devotion to Quakerly causes or enthusiastic service on committees. The central theme of my Quakerism is the Holy Spirit, the divinity I discovered daily in everything and every person. Each star and stone and living thing is a part of me, and we are a part of God. This is enough to bring joy and meaning to my life, especially when I can give some to others.

Frequently I falter and, indeed, fail. Then I am one with the thief and the destructive forces in society. In our sin we diminish the richness of God's Being, and bring sorrow to all the world.

But fortunately there are many whose work enhances God's divinity—good people, beautiful plants, loving and positive forces in nature. Prayer, play, art, and service are the stuff of God's creativity. In meeting for worship I need only to be still and receive from others God's grace, which through them and through me goes forth to enliven and

WHAT COULD BE

**The pieces of what could be
Come to us in such tiny fragments,
A pause in doubt, a prick of pain,
The warm breath of concern.
There unexpectedly, gone in a moment.**

**In silence, we can wait,
Hoping to hear again
The faint, guiding voice.
Lovingly, we may listen,
If we choose.
Patiently, we may open the folds
Of possibility,
If we let our hearts hope.
Tenderly, we may begin
The slow and human task
Of building what could be.**

—Rick Ells

*Rick Ells is a
member of Salmon
Bay Monthly Meeting
in Seattle,
Washington.*

hallow the cosmos.

So come and join us, Jenny. With us, likely, thee will never get rich, or famous, or popular, and we shall love thee all the more.

*Nancy McDowell
Richmond, Ind.*

I too am a non-Quaker, and I've been aspiring to Quakerism for over 20 years.

"Good enough," and even "committed enough," are not necessary requirements for being a Quaker. It is because we're not good enough that we, members and attenders alike, are drawn to Quakers and their form of waiting worship. Though Quakers may seem good (and most that I know *do* seem good), they, like you and me, are also aspirants—trying to discern the spirit's leadings, seeking strength from the Spirit and their meeting to follow those leadings and live harmoniously with the rest of God's creation. Their commitment may seem strong (and usually is), but they are also human beings and are just as likely to falter as you and I. Membership in and association with a faith community of Friends helps give their resolve an added boost.

Admittedly, feeling comfortable among Quakers can sometimes be difficult. In a meeting as small as mine, this is seldom a problem, though limited numbers can occasionally put newcomers in the spotlight more than they'd prefer while they are getting to know the meeting. Though a larger meeting may provide the safety net of anonymity, a newcomer can quickly become

uncomfortable if he or she does not become involved in the life of the meeting or, worse, is taken for granted or ignored by long-established members and attenders. The same problem can exist on a larger scale at yearly meetings or national gatherings. At times the Quaker preference for silence can leave an individual uncertain about how he or she is being perceived, and the silence can sometimes be mistakenly taken for judgment. However, most Quakers that I know are not judgmental; they are sensitive to the needs of their fellow-seekers and go out of their way to make them feel comfortable.

As a long-time attender I would very much like to be a Quaker, but I have not yet felt the Spirit's leading to become one. Even so, my meeting has always made me feel welcome—even to the point of forming a clearness committee to help me discern where the Spirit is taking me. Though technically I'm not a member, I think of myself as a practicing Quaker—one who needs all the practice he can get! I continue to hope that the Spirit's "Not yet" will someday change to "It's time." Meanwhile, I'll keep working, along with the rest of the people of my meeting, on seeking to improve my goodness and commitment—comfortable both in giving and receiving support.

*Myron Bietz
Rochester, Minn.*

On Living Simply



Photos by Barbara Benton

by Catherine Coggan

The Shaker hymn " 'Tis a Gift to Be Simple" is more than a pretty tune for Quakers. Our deepening spiritual journeys should be leading us to act on that imperative. However, the challenge for us is *how* to be simple in a world where we depend on telephones to speak, computers to connect, and televisions to know.

Deciding what form simplicity could take in my spiritual development proved a serious consideration when I turned 50 recently. I knew to a large degree how I had spent my first half-century. How would I spend my next?—assuming I live that long!

To gain time to think things through I decided to sojourn through the Southwest. So, leaving behind generations of furniture and belongings, and renting out my house in Massachusetts, I trusted the hand of God to lead me where I needed to be.

Catherine Coggan is an attender of Santa Fe (N. Mex.) Meeting.

How daringly delightful to whiz along that new track seeing the country, meeting new Quakers. Among the many nights I spent among Friends, the most memorable were a night with the wonderful Mary and Wilf Howorth at their gorgeous Rocky Mountain aerie in Colorado, and several weeks in Albuquerque, New Mexico, with Dyk and Avis Vermilye, using their beautiful *poustinia* for prayer and meditation. Also in New Mexico, I painted the meetinghouse kitchen in Santa Fe (*FJ* July '94) and spent time on the Navajo reservation near Thoreau, visiting a school and helping with a literacy program.

The red rock mesas, the vivid vistas, the intense sunrises and sunsets, and the smell of the pinon smoke floating through the crisp mountain air enchanted me. With little but a car, a few clothes, and some books, a world I once only guessed at enticed me into a commitment.

And here is where the whole idea of reckoning the simplicity of my life came rolling through my mind. The Southwest experience begged the question: If I were to build a fresh life, in a radically new environment, how simple did my life need to be? If I could enjoy my existence so happily with a minimum of accoutrements, did I need all that paraphernalia I had left behind in Massachusetts? Nothing I *owned* seemed to draw new friends to me as I toured. Rather I drew people to me.

Immediately, I recognized an irony. Before I had left Massachusetts, I thought I had pared down all my possessions to the essentials. I had believed that what was left represented the bare essentials: those things of great significance for the right maintenance and continuance of the family history. But driving along the elegantly spartan roads of New Mexico, for example, gave me a sense of the beauty of simplicity. Apparently, what I thought to be a pared down treasure chest in New England needed reassessment in the light of this Southwestern clarity.

Just how completely *had* I streamlined when all those boxes and bags of "indispensable" goods lurked in the attic and cluttered the cellar, filling every inch of a nine-room house I no longer needed? How important was all that china? Or the chairs my grandmother sat in? Or the picture my father's mother had lugged from Italy? I had to accept that unless I acknowledged the pall those possessions held over my present and future existence, the spiritual journey had stalled in the middle of the path.

Last Christmas, I consulted with my



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26-year-old son Seth, who stood to inherit the goods I hoped to shake off. Would he mind if I sold all our worldly wares?

"Mom," he responded, "we should be handing on to each other knowledge, stories, and love. Not stuff. Get rid of it."

And so, I returned to Massachusetts during a dripping-hot summer to clear the road for future passage. On a cloudy day in August, not too hot and not too cold, auctioneer Jim Leach stood under a yellow and white striped tent in my back garden and unloaded three generations of antiques, china, glass, furniture, and paintings. Away went my grandparents' things, my parents' freight, and all the stuff I once thought I could not live without. Away went the Broadwood piano I no longer played, the Royal Crown Derby china I rarely used, the sterling I hated to polish. All rushed into the hands of young couples starting out, dealers with a greedy glint and an eye to glamorous profit, and a few tag sale shoppers who wandered in. What a relief! What a load off my future!

I felt I understood lessons I had learned from the Native American philosophy that surrounds us in the Southwest. If we are ready to listen, it teaches that possessions have limited value—and objects certainly don't indicate one's social importance.

How clearly, now, I can perceive that it is we Anglos who always seem to want to use belongings to reinforce a class system that ultimately exploits us all. Sadly, we believe that if we have the right china or the right painting or an "intelligent" collection of the right books, if we can point to our great-grandfather's portrait, we become socially superior to those "lesser" folk who cannot.

Not only does this attitude demean all people but it also serves a ruthless market economy. The more we buy, the more remorseless dealers and marketers exploit our greed for preeminence and the more the factories churn out commodities that use our precious natural resources.

Native Americans regard possessions as simply articles of use. Some tribes even celebrate potlatches at which their members give away everything they own.

Taking a page from *that* intelligent book, I, too, had a similar ceremony back in restrained New England. Before the auction, I gave away many small items to friends. My grandmother's cutwork tablecloth rests with a loyal and true pal. The beautiful handmade copper tray I kept in my kitchen went to a companion who always loved it. The television is now with some hard-working young cousins who couldn't afford a new one. The extra clothes and all my bedding are now at the

shelter for indigent women and children. Some people thanked me, some did not. But all of them were delighted to receive a nice thing—no strings attached.

When I shared the idea of what I was doing, many responded with "I could never let my things go. I love them! They're old family pieces!" Inevitably, though, a few days later, they'd say, "You know, I went to the attic yesterday, and I couldn't believe the junk up there. I called the Salvation Army.

They're coming next week."

With the auction/potlatch behind me, I now know that simplicity means owning only what I need. It doesn't have to be ugly or purely functional or junky. It can be beautiful, even graceful, but I must need it. My son and I have made a pact: If we buy *one* item, we will get rid of *two* we already possess. Each time we reach out to own, we'll ask: How important is this to my well-being? What will it mean in terms of the environment? Am I using this merely to define me or is it essential?

I now understand how much things can be the tools of dysfunction. No ancestral portrait can replace what that relative passed on to me and how I saw him/her live. No set of Royal Crown Derby china can be better than a joyful meal with people I love—even eating from paper plates. No property can enhance me as a human being more than can my inner life. The strength of my compassion, or goodwill, and the love I have for my son and my close friends define me, not the right set of Waterford crystal.

This experience has shown me that not only is it a gift to be simple, but also "a gift to be free." □



Our TLC Support Group

by Gladys H. Swift

A Friend stands up in meeting for worship to whisper shakily.

"It's been a terrible week. I think I'm losing my faith in God. Bob just told me he is leaving me for a woman I don't even know. I've been a good wife and always have done what I thought was right, but he hardly speaks to me any more and won't discuss it with me."

An unprogrammed Friends meeting is not organized to provide the "pastoral care" that a church with paid ministry is expected to provide. It's true that Friends from Overseers or Ministry and Worship are able to meet emergency needs on a short-term basis—a death, marriage, financial problems—but long-term support for someone with emotional trouble is another matter. It is hard for us to provide emotional support week after week. After a month, six months, a year, who is able to continue listening to this Friend's problems? Friends reach out to help others in prison, in financial need, in other parts of the world. We hate to admit that we need help ourselves. But sometimes we do.

One way to meet this gap in Friends' service is a small weekly support group open to anyone who wants to come. In the Bethesda (Md.) Friends Meeting we call this group the "Transition, Loss, and Caring" group (TLC). It started when one of our members lost her brother. She gathered a small group of Friends who had lost loved ones. A

year later this group was laid down. Then another Friend needed the group. Her husband was seriously ill. She was joined by a Friend who was in transition and most unhappy. A woman going through divorce came to the group and stayed. Problems brought to this group have been the death of a spouse, a dying parent, the loss of a child to an institution, job transition, employment problems, mental illness, and so on. Any kind of problem is acceptable and met with loving support. Several of the group have found support is not enough and have moved on to private therapy. Others have come to us after leaving private therapy.

We decided to meet from 6:30 to 8:30 p.m. so that some can come directly from work. Some bring a snack, or share food. That is not important. The group has had a coordinator but no "leader." Different Friends take leadership as led. After five years we have written some rules, but the group really moves with the sense of the meeting. In some ways our group has been similar to a worship-sharing group, a sharing of experience with no interruption while one person talks. No criticism

or correction. There is often silent waiting.

When the group was small, each person had half an hour to talk and receive loving, listening attention from the others. As the group has grown, however, an issue has developed—the problem of a shortage of time, and the monopoly of one person. To meet this problem the group holds a quick go-round at the beginning with each person stating how much time will be needed. We also have passed around a speaker-sign (a teddy bear, etc.) which is held while the person talks; it is passed on as the person finishes. This makes it clear who has the floor and is a reminder to others that they do not.

Questions are sometimes asked. Sometimes there is a short comparison with a similar experience of someone else, but care is taken not to intrude on the time of others. Sometimes a suggestion is given in the form of "Have you tried . . . ?" or "Have you asked . . . ?" but we do not tell another person what to do.

This group has provided intensive, ongoing support and nurture for those Friends who want it. We have found that the bonding in the TLC group is so strong that some Friends do not leave even when the immediate trouble is over. We have called on each other when we need material help. We have lunch together. We meet each other's families. We now have monthly pot-lucks. The group of TLC Friends has become closest friends. But the listening support is the strongest bond. □

Gladys Swift recently moved from Bethesda, Md., to Charlottesville, Va. She is a social worker and counselor with the Baltimore Yearly Meeting Counseling Service.

Narcissa Weatherbee



SUN'S DAY

by Melinda Glines



I get out of bed early, in half-darkness, because the walk to church takes an hour and a half. I have an umbrella and a bottle of water for the journey. The day could make the whole island swim in torrents of rain, or leave everything steamed to limpness in damp heat, or both. Tropical weather: I can't predict. Right now it's raining gently, the sky a soft grey.

The road is the shortest way, but it's low tide, so I walk along the ocean. It's not a white sandy beach; it's a rocky grey one that stops in places, so I have to climb over big boulders and wade through sandy streams to keep going. My sandals make a zig-zag path of footsteps, and I get wetter and grittier and more

scraped-up the farther I go. The coral pieces make tinkling sounds under my feet, like wind chimes.

I pass tin-roofed houses, with chickens and dogs and children running free, already awake. The children watch me go by, laugh when I say *Bula!* back to them—"Life, health to you!" I go by three women with bright sulus wrapped under their bare arms, washing their hair. Looking at them, you can tell how good it is to come out of a dark, musty house and scrub hard with lye soap and cold water, squinting into the morning light. The feel of strong fingertips on tight-curved hair. Later they'll rub coconut oil into it and into their skin to make it soft, and then they'll have again the sweet, musty smell that all the people and houses have.

Stepping over tidepools, I see a fluorescent blue fish dart out from under a rock. As I squat down to watch, another fish appears, brown and sandy-looking, and then two bright green ones, and a pair of hermit crabs. I stay to watch them until the pain in my legs forces me to move, and then they all flash away, back under rocks and into murkier water. Climbing over the rocks, I see dozens of little black fish with beady eyes running away, but they're not really fish because they're out of the water; they have little fins that act like feet. They don't seem to know that they aren't supposed to exist, fish with feet, evolution caught in the act. I smile into their shiny eyes, promising to keep their secret, since I feel like a fish with

Melinda E. Glines is a member of Strawberry Creek (Calif.) Meeting currently serving as a Peace Corps volunteer in the Fiji Islands. She writes, "I am the only Quaker in the country, as far as I know! [My article] is something like a journal entry, the happenings of just one day. My Friends Journal subscription is a lifeline out here! Thanks!"

Narcissa Weatherbee

feet sometimes too.

Looking ahead, I see that the next set of boulders is too high to climb over, so I go back to the dusty road. As soon as I do, a car pulls over to let me in, a taxi driver on his way back to base. He takes me as far as he can; and then for a few minutes I ride with an old woman who beams at me for speaking the island dialect; and then I'm walking again, turning away from the sea onto the smaller road that leads up to the church. It's a steep climb the whole way, a hot, sweaty, half-hour hike.

Mass has already started when I walk in, so I hurry to settle myself on the floor between the rows of cross-legged worshipers in their Sunday clothes. The church is small and beautifully built, with bamboo shoots covering all the walls. The priest always wears a bright green robe with a stripe of the traditional tapa pattern down the front.

I love the solemnity of the mass, the order, the ceremony. "Peace be with you..." "and also with you." "May you live the faith you profess," the priest says. "Let the words of the Lord be written on your heart."

The homily is about giving yourself to God with all your heart, strength, and love. The priest tells a story about a sports day for children, which he organized on a small island that had no flat ground, using a track so hilly that you could only see the runners come up over one hill, and then disappear, come up, and disappear again. The priest stood at the finish line and one little boy came up over the last hill and was running so hard, with all his might, that he had lost his sulu and was wearing nothing at all. This is how we should love God, the priest says, with all of our selves, nothing held back, just as this little boy gave all of himself to winning the race. There is murmuring laughter at this. It was a good story. It will be remembered and told again, to the ones at home, to each other after the mass is over.

There are prayers offered, called out from the silence in different languages. I think of the fisherman who was killed yesterday in the water just off the north part of the island, half his chest taken off by a shark. It was a shock when this happened; sharks are the island's sacred animals and never attacked people until recently. Modern ways are blamed for making the shark god unhappy. I wonder if any of the prayers offered, the prayers that I can't understand, are for the fisherman. "This we ask of the Lord," a single voice calls. "Lord, hear our prayer," the worshipers respond.

I stay sitting while the people around me stand for communion. I watch old and young humbled by this ritual that I only half understand. After the mass, I look around to find Linda, the other light-colored head among all the dark-haired ones. Linda is a Peace Corps volunteer, like me. Sundays after mass, she waits for me while I sit in silent worship in the little chapel above the church. Every week I tell her she doesn't have to wait, but she always does. She smiles good morning and says, "Meet you in half-an-hour?"

In silence, I think of the different Friends meetings I have attended—Berkeley, Strawberry Creek, Santa Cruz. I think of how each meetinghouse will feel, eight or nine hours from now, when the sun is rising over California. I know how the chairs will squeak and how the light will filter in through the windows as Friends gather to worship. I think of the people I love in each meeting. Then I draw myself back to where I am, the morning already bright, a view of green mountains and blue sea in front of me through the chapel windows. I am the only Friend here, but I am not entirely alone. I am many places at once.

Linda sits in silence with me for a few minutes when she comes to pick me up, and then we leave together, slipping our sandals back on at the door. Outside, we are both electrified by the rain-cooled air; we run down the hill like crazy people, our feet slapping loud on the wet path. I hold my umbrella over my head with both hands, so it feels like I could keep running down the hill and take off from the ground like a hang-glider, over the banana trees and palms, out over the ocean, sailing on the wind. We're laughing, exhilarated, imagining how the headlines will read: Two women in missionary dresses sighted flying over the Fiji Islands, Samoa, Tonga, New Zealand, holding what appears to be a large umbrella. . . . We stop at the bottom, breathing hard, pick up a few papayas to take back, and start on the long road home.

I'm hot and hungry and wet and sunburned when I finally get back, so I bathe and eat and rest for the remainder of the day. I imagine the Goddess close by. To me, right now, she's an enormous, round-bodied woman in the sky, smiling as she dips her toes in the ocean and licks papaya juice off her fingers. Hours later, when the sky turns pink and gold and finally black, I imagine the sunset as her sigh of pleasure at the day she has created, settling into the clouds as she reaches out her arms to embrace the night. □



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THE MARRIAGE VOWS: Being Truthful

by Herb Lape

The following article is a product of a lively e-mail discussion on the marriage vows that occurred recently on the Quaker-L discussion group. I wanted to share the piece more widely through the Journal to encourage others to participate in the dialogue.

In the interest of the Quaker commitment to truth telling, some have asked, should our marriage vows drop the promise of a life-long commitment? This discussion reminds me of the long and difficult ones we have had in New York Yearly Meeting over proposals to change our *Faith and Practice* testimonies on the issues of marriage, family life, and sexual practice. Those wanting change have also appealed to a Quaker standard of truth telling. Many Friends, after all, have felt led to be in relationships outside of marriage; should our Faith statement reflect this fact? As I have engaged in these discussions, I have been prompted to ask the question, what do we mean by truth?

Speaking as someone who was divorced and then remarried in the Society of Friends, I would still urge us to keep the promise to make marriage a life-long commitment. I am concerned about the weakness of marriage and family life in this culture, and I believe this creates an unhealthy situation, especially for children. I have a wonderful second marriage and family of faith (two step-children and an adopted son), but I still believe the ideal would have been for these children to have lived with the parents who conceived them. At the same time, I must recognize that we live in a fallen world in which, for many reasons, we fail to achieve this ideal. Some of the reasons are not our fault, and this applies to all of our testimonies, not just the one on marriage. Fortunately, God is forgiving and has enabled our family of faith to be a family none the less. We seek to live this ideal of love and

faithfulness to each other.

I want my children to feel a security that is especially important to them, given the wounds they already have received through no fault of their own. When my adopted son asks why his mother gave him up for adoption, I want him to rest in the knowledge that my wife and I promise to be there for each other and for him as long as we both shall live. I believe that anything short of that promise is not consistent to the Truth God desires that we live.

It would be more "truthful" in a certain sense to change our testimony on marriage to reflect the reality of the way things are. Most marriages are not life-long, but I don't believe we are called to live this kind of truthfulness. This would make our actions the measure of our ideals, instead of our ideals being the measure of our action. It seems to me that our testimonies, such as our peace testimony, are meant to be a witness to Truth, usually spelled by early Friends with a capital "T" for what they believed to be God's will.

At least in my monthly meeting, during World War II most of the eligible Quakers served in the armed forces believing that nonviolence was not capable of overcoming an evil like Hitler. Using the "truthfulness" argument, would it not have been more truthful for us to have changed our peace testimony to reflect the reality of what God seemed to be revealing in the lives of those who served in the military during the war?

Our testimonies attempt to articulate our highest ideals for ourselves, God's hopes and Truths for us. These inherited Truths from our tradition need to be open continually to challenge and new insight. They need to be tested by new leadings as we are now doing on issues of marriage and family life, but I don't believe the test of truthfulness can be what is happening in our lives.

Friends have always tried to maintain a healthy tension between living in the world and not being conformed to it. This is not an easy task. When the surrounding culture is caught up in a war hysteria that

seems very justified, it is hard not to get swept up. At the same time, our present secular culture seems determined to apply laissez faire economic theory to all aspects of life, including our moral decision making. In this vision, life becomes a great supermarket in which the autonomous individual is free to pick and choose according to his or her felt desire or perceived need, with little social sanction other than the classic capitalist admonition, "let the buyer beware."

If marriage becomes just another consumer product that enables us to simply make an exchange as we would with any other unsatisfactory product, I think we are moving away from the Truth, not towards it. Testimonies are corporate ideals that we strive—through the grace of God and the help of the meeting community—to live up to. Do we fall short? Of course, especially in those areas where the culture is pushing us in a different direction. Should we change our testimony to describe our actions? Not unless we want to become a people who are merely captive to the spirit of this passing age.

This is not to say there should be no changes in our approach to marriage and family life; it's just that the basis for change should be whether it helps us lead lives more in sync with God's Truth for us.

I would propose that we ask the following questions as we seek to discern God's leading for us on marriage and family life:

- Would the changes in the marriage declaration help people be more loving and faithful to each other in marriage?

- Would such changes help children feel more loved and secure?

- Would the changes help us to discern the Light within—as opposed to selfish desire, which often disguises itself as the Light?

If we keep these questions in mind and lovingly wrestle with each other—always listening to the cloud of witnesses who have gone before us—then I believe we can hope to discern the Truth, at least as well as humans are ever capable of knowing it. □

A member of Matinecock (N.Y.) Meeting, Herb Lape heads the Religion and Ethics Department at Friends Academy. He is also active in New York Yearly Meeting on concerns related to marriage, family, and sex.

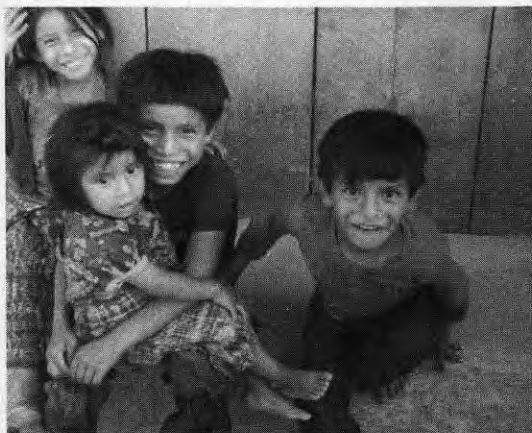
International Quaker Aid

In tune with the Quaker tradition of service to the wider community, many of us in the United States regularly share our time and money with people and projects in our immediate vicinity that need our support. But have you ever wondered what Friends in other countries are doing? Fortunately, we can turn for an answer to the Friends World Committee for Consultation (FWCC), an organization created to nurture the sense of a world community of Friends. Today FWCC serves as a vehicle and a catalyst for sharing among Friends in different countries. The International Quaker Aid (IQA) program, sponsored by FWCC Section of the Americas, offers one means of participating in the work of Quakers in other parts of the world.

How International Quaker Aid began

Some years ago, a number of world-traveling Friends came across Quakers in other places doing work that the visitors recognized as an important witness to our shared testimonies. When they recounted their experiences to the Section of the Americas office of FWCC, the Section (in time-honored Quaker fashion!) created a committee to review projects for approval at the annual meeting. Section staff and committee members soon saw that, in many corners of the world, valiant Friends were attempting important Spirit-led work that was beyond their human and financial resources. IQA came to be viewed as a way for the Section of the Americas to identify with this work, to give loving support to the brave and ambitious efforts of these Friends, and to reinforce the bonds that

make us all a world community of Friends. The committee decided to tell people in our Section about the work of Friends overseas and to offer them the chance to join in that work, even from a distance. The committee also wanted Friends abroad to know that Friends in the Americas cared about them and were interested in engaging with them, at least financially, in their projects.

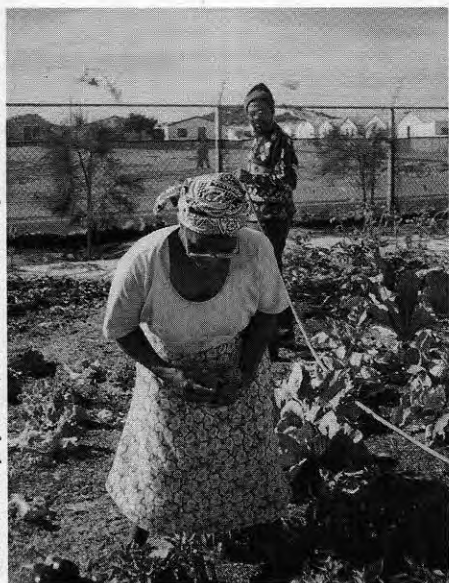


Why support International Quaker Aid?

North American Friends are conscious of the trap inherent in financial support of other people's work. It is tempting to move into a problem-solving mode, to engage in "good work" on behalf of others, to risk creating dependencies. Another danger is that we may fail to respect as equals our less wealthy Friends, or inadvertently invite Friends to look at us as a funding source for which they need to invent a project instead of following their own Light to do what God requires of them and then allowing us to be part of it through IQA. FWCC is committed to limiting IQA projects to those that other Friends are already doing and will continue doing regardless of our level of support. Joining them in that work allows us to express our love for them as our partners in faith. The International Quaker Aid program is a concrete way of affirming our sense of religious community throughout the world.

Above: Homeless orphans in Guatemala cared for by the Committee for Social Action in Latin America

Left: A community worker and a gardener at the Quaker Peace Center in Capetown, South Africa



Photos courtesy of Friends World Committee for Consultation

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Current IQA projects

International Quaker Aid seeks assistance for the following projects:

South America

Bolivian Friends High School (La Paz): The National Evangelical Friends Church (INELA) seeks to improve the school's quality of education by providing better equipped libraries, science laboratories, computers, and agricultural and cattle-raising experiments.

Secondary School Project (Ilave, Peru): The National Evangelical Friends Church of Peru, having finished construction of three out of four classrooms needed for a Friends school, is already offering a Christian secondary education not only to the children of all Friends in the yearly meeting but to any others in the community who wish to attend.

Central America

El Salvador Medical Clinic (San Salvador): A social aid project of the yearly meeting, the clinic provides medical consultations and also offers medical assistance through visitation to several rural areas affected by war. As funds become available, pediatric and gynecological medical services will be added.

Cuban Church Reconstruction Project (Gibara): For 25 years, no repairs to churches have been allowed; now, however, funds are sought to complete the dining room of the yearly meeting headquarters, furnish the dormitory, and provide books and other school materials for the Bible Institute.

Jorge Fox Bible College (Honduras): This co-educational school serves the community by training young people to work with youth around drug addiction and sexually transmitted diseases, encouraging workers to remain in rural areas rather than migrate to the cities, and offering pastoral care and marital counseling.

South Africa

Kagisong Refugee Center (Botswana): At

this small Quaker refugee center people are encouraged to rebuild their violence-shattered lives in an atmosphere of trust and cooperation. The center plans to establish a shelter for battered women and offer counseling to street children and persons with AIDS. It also supplies food and sponsors activities for the surrounding village of Mogoditshane.

Quaker Peace Center (South Africa): Under the auspices of Cape Western Monthly Meeting, a team of peace workers unites with South Africans to further peace in their society through development programs, conflict resolution sessions, a resource library, and the distribution of a "Handbook of Education for Peace."

Middle East

Ramallah Play Center (West Bank): Through this project, a Friendly witness in a troubled area, Palestinian children and their mothers learn about Quakerism and our concern for peace, love, and friendship.

Other projects

International Quaker Aid also welcomes gifts to support the following ongoing activities: in Costa Rica, the Committee for Social Action in Latin America (CASAL) and the Monteverde Friends School; in Belgium, the Quaker Council for European Affairs; in England, the reconstruction of Swarthmoor Hall; in Jamaica, renovations to buildings of Kingston Monthly Meeting; and in Ireland, Ulster Quaker Service.

How to help

If you are moved to contribute to IQA, checks (tax-deductible) should be sent to Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Amounts not designated for specific programs will be divided among current IQA projects.

—Rosemary K. Coffey

**Children
at the
Ramallah
Play Center
are treated
to milk and
sandwiches
when the
center can
afford it.**



Reports

Germany Yearly Meeting

About 200 Friends and attenders with 20 children and 26 Young Friends took part in this year's yearly meeting, November 3-6, 1994, in the Quäkerhaus in Bad Pyrmont, Germany.

Harvey Gilman of Britain Yearly Meeting presented the Richard Cary Lecture with the title: "Spiritual Friendship—new models/new relationships."

In small groups we spoke about our images of God and the importance of spiritual friendship within our Religious Society of Friends. Outreach was also again a theme of discussion.

In our various approaches to one another and to our visions of God, the experience of each individual is important. The silent meeting for worship, in which we can find ourselves in mystical experience, is of great significance.

In our commitments to projects such as "alternatives to violence," civilian peace service, war tax refusal, and in our decision to give financial support to the setting up of a Quaker Center in Moscow, Russia, we express that we not only ask ourselves "how do we see God?" but also "how do we do God?" as we were bidden at the end of the Cary Lecture.

—Lore Horn, Hellmut Stegmann, clerks

Central and Southern Africa Yearly Meeting

Who could resist the invitation to join the children on an outing to watch the dolphins at the oceanarium? Fortunately, some Friends could resist and the second business session of the day went ahead, but with fewer participants. This was not a sign that yearly meeting business sessions were so bad that Friends were ready to escape at the first opportunity. No, it was rather an indication that the whole yearly meeting was well grounded. There was time for business and time for play—time to take part in things and time to opt out. Many present at Central and Southern Africa Yearly Meeting, Dec. 10-15, 1994, in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, could justify a breathing space. The previous year had been one of momentous political and social changes in the region covered by C&SAYM. There were democratic elections in Botswana, Malawi, Namibia, and South Africa. Meetings and individual Friends have been actively engaged in the processes of social change. Not only overseas visitors were impressed by the vitality of the smallest meetings. The stillness deepened as, one by one, local meeting clerks delivered their "state of meeting reports." Cape Western Monthly Meeting, which is closely involved with the Peace Centre in Cape Town

and Quaker Service, tends to take the lime-light from other meetings, all of which play a vital Quaker witness.

Active participation in social issues is not without cost. Concern was expressed over the spiritual health of meetings. Certain meetings felt that they were at a low ebb or in danger of "burning out." Smaller meetings were worried about the paucity of spoken ministry. They stressed the importance of intervisitation in an area where meetings are small and geographically far apart. It is easy to appreciate the value of a yearly meeting gathering under such circumstances. Friends drank heartily from the river of Life which flowed through all sessions.

In the business sessions, yearly meeting adopted a new constitution, approved work on its own handbook, and gave the go-ahead to the production of an outreach booklet. This latter was in keeping with the theme of yearly meeting, "Outreach-Branching Out." The emphasis on outreach, however, remains on faith in action. Yearly meeting approved a minute calling for the end to arms production and trade throughout the region and urging support for the international campaign against landmines. A second minute called for an end to capital punishment in the region.

There was sharing of talents on the final evening in which young and old participated together. Beautiful singing was a feature not only of the concert but also of worship. The presence of the children was an attractive feature of yearly meeting. When they were not being taken to the beach or to see the dolphins they would wander in and out of business sessions and worship. A group of "Younger Friends" interviewed "Older Friends" about their beliefs and reported back. As one of the interviewees I certainly found this a valuable exercise.

A very warm welcome was extended to Friends from other yearly meetings. In 1994 I not only attended Central and Southern Africa Yearly Meeting for the first time, but also yearly meeting in London, England, for the first time. Despite the difference in size of the gatherings, around 500 in London, around 70 in Port Elizabeth, there were many similarities; for example, the balance of humour and seriousness in the clerks was the same. As a member of Britain Yearly Meeting who was made to feel truly part of C&SAYM, I was able to draw on the strengths of both yearly meetings and felt at home in a worldwide fellowship of Friends.

—David Pulford



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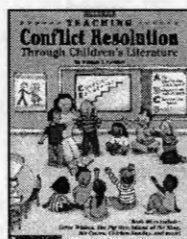
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News of Friends

"Jerusalem: Barrier or Gateway to Peace"

is the title of a joint statement of concern issued on Feb. 23 by the American Friends Service Committee and Friends Committee on National Legislation. The statement sets out five "broad principles of fairness and equity" that the Quaker organizations feel should guide a settlement on Jerusalem. They also hope the statement will help encourage a wide-ranging public discussion on the subject. The five principles are as follows:

1. A settlement on Jerusalem must be reached by negotiation between the Israeli and Palestinian leaderships and approved democratically by the Israeli and Palestinian peoples.
2. A settlement must leave Jerusalem physically undivided and open to the entry and free movement of peoples throughout.
3. A settlement must accord equal political and national status to Israelis and Palestinians in Jerusalem.
4. A settlement must permit the equitable growth and development of Jerusalem to meet the needs of both Israelis and Palestinians and must allow the political, economic, and cultural institutions of both peoples to flourish in Jerusalem.
5. A settlement should give formal expression to the special significance of Jerusalem for Judaism, Christianity, and Islam.

These principles "have the power to produce an agreement on Jerusalem that can be the strong cornerstone of Israeli-Palestinian peace and an example to the world of concord and cooperation in the wake of bitter conflict." The statement also cites the year-long Israeli military closure of Jerusalem to Palestinian residents of the West Bank and Gaza, on-going Israeli settlement construction and land seizure, and delay in achieving democratic Palestinian self-government among the conditions threatening to upset the peace process and preempt a negotiated settlement on Jerusalem. The AFSC/FCNL joint statement calls on the Clinton Administration to urge Israel to end the military closure of Jerusalem and halt settlement activity. It urges the PLO to promote genuine Palestinian democracy, including free elections, and it warns against recent calls in Congress to move the United States embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem before an accord is reached on the city's future.

Friends in Belize now have the facilities to accommodate visitors. Friends Services International's (FSI) Mission Belize has just completed the purchase of the already established Sea Side Guest House in Belize City. The budget guest house makes an excellent base of operations for an FGC Friends' presence in Belize, and all after-expenses income will be available to support other FSI projects throughout the country. Even before the involvement of Friends, the guest house had a reputation for high quality and friendly ser-

vice. Friends are invited to visit Belize for a vacation or to pursue the many options for volunteer work in this English-speaking, Central American country. Guests are welcome year-round, but especially during the slow tourist seasons, May-June and September-November. For more information, contact Friends Services International, Mission Belize, P.O. Box 2060, Belize City, Belize, Central America, telephone (501) 2-78339, fax (501) 2-71689.

The Peace Tax Fund Bill lost relatively few Congressional cosponsors in the November 1994 elections despite sweeping changes in the now Republican-controlled U.S. Senate and House of Representatives. Through lobbying efforts by the National Campaign for a Peace Tax Fund, many Congressional Republicans have come to understand and appreciate the purpose of the Bill as a protection of religious liberties. They are moved by the fact that many religious bodies have resolutions supporting their adherents who are conscientious objectors. While many members of Congress are still not ready to cosponsor the Bill, they are indicating for the first time that they will not work actively against it, and that may make all the difference. The possibility of a Senate hearing is expected in 1995.

An effective way for taxpayers to support a Peace Tax Fund Bill is through the "10,000 Letters: A Witness for Conscience" program. Launched in November 1994, the campaign's goal is for 100 activists to generate 10 letters each month. Over the next year, this program will produce 10,000 letters of support to Congress, as well as boost the profile and priority of the issue of conscientious objection to military taxes. Over 50 activists have made a commitment to the program, which means 50 more are still needed. For more information on how to participate, contact the National Campaign for a Peace Tax Fund, 2121 Decatur Place NW, Washington, DC 20008.

A Center for Nonviolent Action opened in Israel on Oct. 10, 1994, when it was registered as a Public Association. The center plans to translate and publish material in Hebrew on nonviolent approaches to conflict resolution, organize seminars, and help develop non-violent methods for action. "Despite a long tradition of public activism in Israel on levels of political, economic, and social involvement," says its chairman, Yisrael Medad, "there does not exist as a neutral organization any group that promotes the idea of nonviolent activism to further such goals. This past year has seen a spurt of protest activity and many have been trying to shape the campaign, and others, with the principles of non-violence uppermost." Yisrael Medad may be contacted at P.O. Box 31603, Jerusalem, Israel. (From Peace Media Service, reprinted from Fellowship, January/February 1995)

Bulletin Board

•“Gathering the Light” is the theme of Friends General Conference’s 1995 annual gathering, July 1–8, at Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo, Mich. The gathering will include worship, Bible study, hymn singing, programs for all ages, and a wide variety of workshops. Grounded in worship, workshops will examine social, personal, and Friendly concerns, and many will focus on core Quaker topics of spirituality, Friends faith and practice, and Friends testimonies. Activities and workshops are planned for children and young adult Friends, and childcare is available. Friends’ centers, gathering places for participants with common interests, include areas for men, singles, women, Friends of color, and campers. Evening programs will include presentations and performances addressing Quaker interests and issues. Featured speakers include Harvey Gillman from Britain Yearly Meeting, Kara Newell from AFSC, singer/songwriter and activist Si Kahn, and Marty Grundy from Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting. Registrations that include children participants must be postmarked by May 31. A \$50 late fee will apply to any registration postmarked after May 31. For more information, contact FGC, 1216 Arch St., #2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107, telephone (215) 561-1700.

•Events are being organized this year throughout the world to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan. The War Resisters’ League has developed a comprehensive “Organizing Packet” to assist groups or individuals to sponsor events in their own communities. The packet costs \$7, plus \$1.40 for postage. To order, contact the War Resisters’ League, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012, telephone (212) 228-0450. (From Conscience Canada, *Spring 1995*)

•“Education and the Culture of Peace: Teaching, Learning, and Decision-Making” is the theme for the 16th annual conference of Friends Association for Higher Education, June 22–25, at Haverford College, Haverford, Pa. Co-sponsored by Haverford College and Friends Council on Education, the weekend’s speakers will include David Mallery, Mary Rose O’Reilly, and Michael J. Sheeran, S.J. Queries for the conference are: “How would the classroom and the institution change if we took seriously the Quaker belief in that of God in everyone?” and “How would governance in our institutions change if we relied more fully upon the Quaker decision-making process?” Workshops and presentations will be offered on the peaceable classroom, conflict resolution, cooperative learning, and consensual decision-making. Child care will be available. For more information, contact Helene Pollock, President’s Office, Haverford College, 370 Lancaster Ave., Haverford, PA 19041, telephone (610) 896-1020, e-mail hpollock@haverford.edu.

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•Washington Quaker Workcamps, in cooperation with Martha's Table Children's Center, will conduct two international voluntary workcamps, July 1–29 and July 29–Aug. 26, for young adults 18 and older. These workcamps will include several days of training in nonviolence and conflict resolution skills, appropriate ways of working with children, and general team building activities, then three weeks of work with the summer program staff at Martha's Table Children's Center in Washington, D.C. Opportunities will be available for weekend field trips. The deadline for applications is the end of May. For more information, contact Washington Quaker Workcamps, 1225 Geranium St., NW, Washington, DC 20012, telephone (202) 722-1461, fax (202) 723-5376.

•The 1995 Leo and Freda Pfeffer Peace Prize of the Fellowship of Reconciliation is open for nominations. The prize is given to persons or groups of any nation who have dedicated their energies and passions to building structures of peace by nonviolent means and eradicating the injustices that beset societies. Those who receive this prize have shown, through the tenacity of their purpose and the impact of their achievements, that peace is indeed the way. The Pfeffer Peace Prize confers \$2,500 and a scroll. The closing deadline for nominations is June 1. For more information or to obtain a nominating form, contact the Awards Coordinator, Fellowship of Reconciliation, P.O. Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960, telephone (914) 358-4601, fax (914) 358-4924.

•An intensive program of leadership development and nonviolence training for youth will be held June 24–30 in Santa Cruz, Calif. The program is sponsored by the National Coalition to End Barrio Warfare/Barrios Unidos and the Resource Center for Nonviolence. Activities will include meetings with community organizations, examination of non-violent social change theory, skill sharing workshops, and shared reflection on participants' successes and challenges in organizing work. The cost for the week-long program is \$250–\$350 on a sliding scale basis, including housing, food, travel during the program, and materials. Scholarship assistance and childcare are available. Deadline for applications is May 15. For more information, contact the Resource Center for Nonviolence, 515 Broadway, Santa Cruz, CA 95060, telephone (408) 423-1626, fax (408) 423-8716.

•Peacemaker Congress '95, "50-year Jubilee: Transforming Violence, Embracing Nonviolence," will take place May 26–29 in Chicago, Ill. Sponsored by Christian Peacemaker Teams and New Call to Peacekeeping, the conference's main speakers will be Elise Boulding and Hubert Brown. Workshop topics include Domestic Violence, Victim-Offender Mediation, CPT Urban Violence

Project, Parenting for Peace and Justice, Native People: Justice and Peace, Homophobia and Christian Peacemaking, Taxes for Life: Systemic Violence and Military Taxes, Peace During War: Peacemaking on the College Campus, Christian Peacemaker Corps: Stories from Haiti, and Congregational Conflict and Mediation. Conference activities include daily worship, folk dancing, children's programs and workshops, nonviolence training, and a Memorial Day peace action. To register, contact Peacemaker Congress '95, CPT, P.O. Box 6508, Chicago, IL 69680, telephone (312) 455-1199.

Calendar

MAY

4—"Kent State Remembered: A National Day of Conflict Resolution," the 25th anniversary of the shootings at Kent State University. Abington (Pa.) Meeting and Abington Friends School are hosting a week-long program, April 29–May 4, and Quaker meetings and schools are encouraged to participate at their locations. Contact Fran Oldynski, coordinator, any evening except Tuesdays, at (215) 745-7061.

5–7—Piedmont Friends Fellowship, at Quaker Lake Conference Center, Climax, N.C. Contact Mary Smith, 1804 Madison Ave., Greensboro, NC 27403, telephone (919) 272-2430.

5–8—Britain Yearly Meeting, at Friends House, London, England. Contact Recording Clerk, Friends House, Euston Rd., London NW1 2BJ, England, telephone (0171) 387-3601.

7—Spring meeting of Friends Historical Association, at Old Caln Meetinghouse, Caln, Pa. Beginning with meeting for worship and followed by a bag lunch, the program includes brief historical comments on Caln Meetinghouse by Francis G. Brown, and "Removing to a Remote Place: The Migration of Friends to Western Pennsylvania, 1780–1810," a presentation by Neva Jean Specht. Contact Friends Historical Collection, Haverford College Library, Haverford, PA 19041, telephone (610) 896-1161.

12–14—Denmark Yearly Meeting, Copenhagen, Denmark. Contact DYM Clerk, Quaker Centre, Vendersgade 29, 1363 Copenhagen K, Denmark, telephone (39) 696983.

19–21—Netherlands Yearly Meeting, at Woudschoten, Zeist, Netherlands. Contact Quaker Secretariaat, Vossiusstraat 20, 1071 AD Amsterdam, Netherlands, telephone (20) 6794238.

25–28—Sweden Yearly Meeting, Svartbacken, Sweden. Contact SYM Clerk, Kvakargården, Kristinehusgatan, Box 9166, S-10272 Stockholm, Sweden, telephone (175) 71243.

26–29—"Forced Into Its Nature: Masculine Aggression As a Path to the Soul," a program with Jungian analyst Eugene Monick, at the 53rd annual Friends Conference on Religion and Psychology, at Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa. Contact Carol Kimball, 97 Gunderman Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850.

Books

The Largest Amount of Good: Quaker Relief in Ireland, 1654-1921

By Helen E. Hatton. McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, Canada, 1993. 270 pages. \$44.95/cloth.

The book begins with a survey of relevant Irish Quaker history. By the 1840s there were about 3,000 Irish Friends. Irish peasants, nearly all Roman Catholics, had subsisted almost entirely on potatoes. In 1845 a good crop rotted in the ground, and the blight recurred in several following years. People began to die of starvation. Throughout Ireland, food and means to obtain it were lacking by 1847. Corpses were buried without coffins or left lying in the streets. Winters 1845-49 were unusually severe. Clothes were in rags and fuel was lacking. "Famine fever" and cholera became widespread. Of Ireland's 12 million people, an estimated one million died during the famine of starvation or related disease, and another million emigrated. British prime minister Lord John Russell believed destitution should be a local concern, and belated government relief programs were ineffectual.

Meanwhile, Quakers established soup kitchens and other means of relief. Local committees were set up, and a Central Relief Committee (CRC) coordinated these efforts. Quakers with complete impartiality distributed aid as needed, and were never accused of trying to proselyte, as some Protestant agencies were. Numerous problems arose. Most goods and money came from the United States. In an appendix, the total relief given by the CRC is evaluated at £151,114. The CRC was an ad hoc committee, not part of yearly meeting structure. But Irish Friends contributed heavily of time and money. Notable was wealthy Jonathan Pim who contributed much from his own resources, and as secretary of the CRC, he was indefatigable in supervising distribution.

Friends were concerned about long-term causes of Irish destitution. They distributed gratis seeds of root crops, gave financial backing to improvement of fishing and fisheries, and promoted flax and linen production. Also, they were deeply involved in legislation which benefited Irish peasants. Jonathan Pim represented Dublin in Parliament 1865-74.

The CRC was dissolved in 1865. But Irish Friends had already begun to participate in relief of need outside the British Isles, and Helen Hatton enumerates 12 such instances, usually results of wars. Chronologically the book concludes with Quaker relief of victims of the Anglo-Irish War, 1919-1921.

The book has an overabundance of detail, and contains a few factual errors pertaining to Quaker history. But it is valuable for its presentation of Irish Friends who, without definite backing of their yearly meeting, contrib-

uted generously of their time, money, and strength to relief of suffering. Light is thrown on problems arising from hunger in many parts of today's world.

—Ralph H. Pickett

Ralph H. Pickett, a retired history professor, is a member of Providence (Pa.) Meeting.

Path of Resistance, The Practice of Civil Disobedience

By Per Herngren, translated by Margaret Rainey. New Society Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa., 1993. 214 pages. \$14.95/paperback.

Per Herngren describes civil disobedience as a democratic action with the purpose and power to stimulate dialogue in unjust situations, bringing what is morally right to the public's attention in order to promote positive change. He tells of first learning as a child the difference between protest and resistance. He would argue and scream, but would eventually comply. His baby brother, on the other hand, when something was wrong, simply refused to cooperate. Disobedience often requires practice and overcoming fear. Herngren challenges us to recognize situations where we are asked or commanded to do something which may be hurtful to someone else. He encourages us to take every opportunity to refuse to be obedient in such cases.

A Swedish activist and nonviolence trainer, Herngren has engaged in Plowshares actions in the United States and spent time in Danbury Federal Prison. His book provides history, philosophy, practical guidance, and a wealth of examples from hands-on experiences of civil disobedience, including engaging vignettes from the sanctuary movement, Plowshares actions, the Pledge of Resistance, disarmament, peace camps and blockades, and conscientious objection. It covers the how-tos of outreach, public education, planning an action, overcoming fear, turning the opponent around, consensus/participatory decision making, and effectively dealing with court and jail.

An excellent overview of civil disobedience from Thoreau to current struggles is presented. It is for anyone seeking to understand or engage in civil disobedience, for friends and supporters of activists, and for those of us who encounter injustice in our lives. That means all of us.

This book is especially of value for Friends. As we endeavor to live God's will, we may be called to a higher, divine obedience that at times may conflict with the law. We may be required to engage in civil disobedience to remain faithful. Other members of our worshipping community may be so called and may

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need our understanding and support. Resistance is not only for activists. Our divine obedience may also be called for in our work places or in our families. The principles in this book can be applied to any situation in which our consciences won't allow us to obey the rules or authority we are presented. They strengthen our testimony to speak truth to power, challenging us to stand firm and live that truth and its consequences.

—Mary Link

Mary Link is a member of Mt. Toby (Mass.) Meeting, a promoter of nonviolence, a war tax resister, and former international secretary of Peace Brigades International.

Wilt Thou Go on My Errand? Three 18th-Century Journals of Quaker Women Ministers,

Susanna Morris
1682–1755, Elizabeth
Hudson 1722–1783, Ann
Moore 1710–1783

Edited by Margaret Hope Bacon. Pendle Hill Publications, Wallingford, Pa., 1994. 416 pages. \$16/paperback.

These are journals of three American Quaker women of the 18th century who were "drawn to travel in the service of truth" in England as well as in the American colonies. The accounts are day-by-day chronicles of where they traveled, where they lodged, and what meetings they had. They traveled mostly with a companion, mostly by horseback, and in all kinds of weather—oppressive heat, rain, sleet, and snow. They visited many First Day and weekday meetings, often two a day, many quarterly and yearly meetings, and even many large meetings called especially for non-Friends in court houses, town halls, and markets, as well as in their hosts' homes, where they were pleasantly surprised at what large crowds came on short notice and how attentive and responsive they were.

All three were constantly concerned about



John Davis Gummere/Wilt Thou Go on My Errand?

either "outrunning the Guide" or failing to follow a leading. One—Elizabeth Hudson—tells of sitting silently through several meetings where she was expected to speak and twice feeling constrained afterward to explain why she didn't: she had been given no message to speak.

When a message was given them, it often was a particular Bible verse that they were to expound on, and they were sure it was because of the special needs of certain hearers who were present.

Hearers were described as light and airy or as sound and solid. Meetings were described as exercising, close, or hard, or as rendering good service, comfortable, satisfactory, sweet, or "heavenly because the master blessed us with his presence." Especially difficult times were seen as "baptisms." Dry spells brought agony but were seen as times of testing, when the master was bringing them low for their own good. Misfortunes, even shipwrecks, were seen as kind interventions by God to test and strengthen them. Once, when Susanna Morris's horse threw her, she said God was pleased to see that she was set down in a soft, muddy place.

Their biblical knowledge was extensive, and at least one enjoyed giving tit for tat to an attender she had not realized was a Methodist preacher. When he reminded her that Paul said women should not speak in church, Ann Moore said yes, but in another place he recommended several women as fellow laborers in the church, and the prophet spoke of the day that was to come when the Lord would pour out his spirit upon sons and daughters, "and said I, why could he not qualify a female as well as a male inasmuch as male and female is one in the Lord Jesus." The minister allowed as how God could do that but there were some things he wouldn't do, and besides the "laying on of hands of the Presbytery, as said in the Bible, was necessary too." But when she asked him to show her where, he pled lack of time and escaped to another room.

Far from being feminists, these women accepted the belief of the time that women were weak, especially subject to evil. They believed that they were "poor worms" honored by a gracious god to work for his glory. They saw this life as preparation for the next and believed that the Reasoner (Satan) was constantly trying to lead them astray. To be traveling ministers, they must thus totally subjugate their personal selfhood and creaturely wishes, including their desire to be with their families. They do all confess to feeling joy when God finally let them go home after perhaps three years away and they found their families well.

—Marnie Clark

Marnie Clark is a member of Chapel Hill (N.C.) Meeting and the Friends Journal Board of Managers.

Anne Hutchinson and the Puritans: An Early American Tragedy

By William Dunlea. Dorrance Publishing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 1993. 286 pages. \$10.95/paperback.

Anne Hutchinson and her family followed her Puritan teacher, John Cotton, to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1634. Anne was a gifted healer and midwife, and soon became



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widely known and loved. She also was an intelligent and charismatic teacher who gathered over 60 women twice a week in her home to discuss the sermons preached in Boston's church. She challenged the male establishment, especially by teaching a "covenant of grace" by which individuals, through the gift of the Holy Spirit, come into relationship with God. The official Calvinist theology, which she dismissed as a "covenant of works," distrusted the Spirit and depended on a statement of faith, an upright life, and membership in the church as the basis for knowing one was part of the elect. When, during her trial, Anne told of a revelation, her doom was sealed; her prosecutors believed the Spirit stopped teaching with the completion of the Bible. Anne was banished and excommunicated. Only her family and Mary Dyer stood beside her as she was cast out of the church. Others, however, joined her in exile in Rhode Island.

After the death of her husband, Anne purchased land in New Amsterdam. Unknowningly, she moved into a tense situation between the Dutch and disgruntled Native Americans who were not paid for their land. They eventually retaliated by massacring whites, including the pacifist Hutchinson family, and were in turn wiped out by the Dutch.

Anne is an important figure in Protestantism, immediately preceding the Quakers. Although occasionally the author's infatuation with his own words obfuscates rather than clarifies, the book describes Anne's strengths and weaknesses and puts her solidly into her New England Puritan context. The Bay Colony establishment's fear and hatred of her help explain their cruel treatment of Quakers two decades later.

—Marty Grundy

Marty Grundy is a member of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting.

Silent Friends: A Quaker Quilt

By Margaret Lacey. Stormline Press, Urbana, Ill., 1992. 108 pages. \$14.95/hardcover.

Silence is a vehicle for passion and repression, inspiration and denigration. Margaret Lacey uses Quaker silence in *Silent Friends: A Quaker Quilt* in as comprehensive a way as any author I know. She describes the interlacing of three generations in her slender book about Conservative Iowa Friends in a series of short stories and vignettes that, affixed to each other (the other metaphor of the quilt), illustrate how a family lives and inherits its own culture.

In some ways, her portrait is all Quaker and not Quaker at all, and this is its strength. The people she describes are real for their

Resources



own selves; that they append a Quaker culture makes them more real, but not more isolated from the rest of humankind. She infuses her characters with a passionate reticence—sometimes more like a deranged quietude—that speaks for an experience at once graceful for its restraint and grotesque for its repression. I admire Lacey's ability—rare in writers of Quaker life—neither to idealize nor to editorialize about Quaker life but to use it as a backdrop, showing how people cope or indeed find beauty in a cultural pattern that determines the catalyst and not the limitation for human behavior.

The most fully presented portraits are of Abner and Rachel. Abner is a lobotomized brother of Rachel's husband, an incessant rocker in his rocking chair, a man who pounds the table occasionally as an echo of his former life wherein oppressed and obsessed rage rendered him incapable of living a normal life. In one way Abner is the Silent Friend of voracious quelling of anger that turns inward, like the locust that will devour its own body. Abner says his operation made him free of violence, but we know the cost. Abner's suicide is a gift to his family—the pond he built on the farm becomes the instrument of God's will for life as assured as his own death in that pond.

Rachel, his sister-in-law, has endured Abner's presence in the house over many years and is terrified that he will turn his rage against her daughter. Rachel lives in the shadow of duty and love—with the conviction that restraint is its own form of silence whose gift elicits a humble obedience to the greater forms of continuity and family. She prevails over the years of fear, with experiences deeper than her daughter Caroline's view of her Uncle Abner as the giver of a pond he built for her. At her own death, Rachel releases to her daughter her own indignation at a life as unfulfilled as it was patient. "Was it a hard death?" Caroline's husband asks her. "No," Caroline answers, "it was a hard life."

The Iowa landscape is bleak but deep—it is hardly flat. And while the story is fondly narrated, it is not sentimental. It is unusually difficult to write well about Quaker life, I am convinced, and I don't quite know why. There seems to be an elevation of faith as good works rather than as God's grace that somehow forces Quaker life to be breathed better by essay rather than by fiction. But Margaret Lacey uses story-telling effectively about the Quaker experience, a life that may be dying in the Conservative Iowa plains but which she imprints with a passion that is hardly silent.

—Richard Eldridge

Richard Eldridge is a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting and a sojourning member of 15th Street (N.Y.) Meeting. He is clerk of the Board of Friends Journal.

•*Gardeners in Community*, the newsletter of a group by the same name, is published by Helene Huber. The group's mission statement is "Gardeners in Community, realizing the need for God's continuing guidance and spirit, seeks to cooperate with persons of good will to foster garden culture and recreate pastoral atmosphere as a vital part of a just, free, and sustainable society." Introductory copies of the newsletter are available from Helene at P.O. Box 86, Salford, PA 18957. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

•*Colonialism on Trial*, by Don Monet and Skanu'u, is a documentary of the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en sovereignty trial in Canada. A rich compilation of cartoons, photos, court transcripts, newspaper articles, political dialogue, and incisive arguments from the indigenous peoples, this book poignantly details the events of the *Delgamuukw vs. Her Majesty the Queen* trial in 1991. Order for \$17.50 from New Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143.

•*Reg and Ethel*, by Robert Huxter, chronicles the lives of two influential English Friends and their work for peace, justice, and international understanding. Reginald Reynolds (1905–1958) and his wife, Ethel Mannin (1900–1984), were involved in issues from the Spanish Civil War to nuclear disarmament, from freedom for Africa to the plight of Palestinian Arabs. The 263-page, illustrated book is available from William Sessions Ltd.,

The Ebor Press, Huntington Road, York YO3 9HS, England.

•Interested in taking a private spiritual retreat on the Great Plains? Perhaps North Dakota Friend Holly Jennings can help with her book, *Prairie Retreats: A sojourner's guide to places of spiritual renewal in North Dakota*. The guidebook includes information on 20 monasteries, church camps, and retreat centers, plus drawings of each site. Copies are available for \$9.75 from ScatterSeed Press, 1311 Elm St. North, Fargo, ND 58102.

•"Creative Conflict Solving for Kids Grades 3–4" is designed to help students develop a wide range of conflict resolution skills and attitudes, from positive self-esteem to decision making. "Mediation for Kids Grades 4–12" is a classroom package on third-party involvement in conflict resolution. It includes guidelines for fighting fair, paraphrasing, and active listening. Prices range from \$12.95 to \$76.95. Order with Visa or MasterCard from Peace Education Foundation, Inc., telephone (800) 749-8838. (From Fellowship, January/February 1994).

•*Math for a Change* is a publication for math teachers in search of a way to make their students more aware of injustices in the world, and at the same time make their teaching more interesting and effective. The resource offers problems for high school math students up to and including BC Calculus. Lessons include: Inhumane Working Conditions: solving equations; A Blow to Democracy: comparing ratios to percents; Race and Poverty Trends in the U.S.A: percentiles, percents, and misleading statistics; Overcrowded Living Conditions: area, volume, and measurement; Foreign Debt in Central America: Analyzing data and manipulating large numbers; and The Poor Get Poorer: choosing a suitable graph to represent data. For information on how to order, write to Kevin J. Mistrik, Loyola Academy, 1100 N. Laramie, Wilmette, IL 60091.

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Thursday May 4, 1995

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Kent State Remembered:

A National Day of Conflict Resolution

Abington (Pa.) Monthly Meeting in conjunction with Abington Friends School will commemorate the 25th anniversary of one of our nation's most tragic and controversial events: the senseless killing of four Kent State University students during a confrontation with the Ohio National Guard. Our week-long program will focus on the need for peaceful and nonthreatening resolution of conflict in our global and local communities. Featured will be guest speakers, seminars, workshops, a candlelight meeting for worship, and a benefit concert. We invite other monthly meetings and schools to consider joining us in this important initiative.

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Milestones

Births/Adoptions

Adams—*Maraina Lo Relle Adams*, on Jan. 14, to Priscilla and Bruce Adams, of Medford (N.J.) Meeting.

Bank—*Allison Carinthia Bank*, on Oct. 12, 1994, to Daryl Stoner Bank and Bradley Bank, of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting.

Fleck—*Maeghan Aileen Fleck*, on Jan. 16, to Marilyn and Joel Fleck, of Quaker Street (N.Y.) Meeting.

Florio—*Jesse Roger Florio*, on Dec. 21, 1994, to Ann Marie and Roger Florio, of Housatonic (Conn.) Meeting.

Gumpert—*Laura Elise Gumpert*, on Dec. 13, 1994, to Sue Silveira and Peter Gumpert, of Beacon Hill (Mass.) Meeting.

Hall—*Isaac Leigh Betts Hall*, on Nov. 29, 1994, to Chris and Jim Hall, of Housatonic (Conn.) Meeting.

Holt—*Kathleen Joy Holt*, on Oct. 28, 1994, to Mary Beth Spinks Holt and Edward Spinks Holt. Mary is a member and Edward is an attender of Orchard Park (N.Y.) Meeting.

Jones—*Bridget Marie Jones*, on Oct. 5, 1994, to Renee and James (Jim) Jones. Jim is a member of Shrewsbury (N.J.) Meeting.

Nicholson—*Eric Stephen Nicholson*, on Oct. 31, 1994, to Cynthia and Stephen Nicholson, of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting.

Paulmier—*Beau Silas Paulmier*, on Nov. 10, 1994, to Lillian and Gregory Paulmier, of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting.

Reed—*Joseph David Reed*, on Nov. 5, 1994, to Tracy and Paul Reed, Jr., of Durham (Maine) Meeting.

Scanlon—*Louis and Ruth Scanlon*, twins, on Dec. 13, 1994, to Mary Eagleson and Matthews Scanlon, members of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting.

Stuart—*Megan Stuart*, on Jan. 16, to Maureen Jaquette-Stuart and John Stuart, of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting.

Marriages/Unions

Baym-Clark—*Rex Clark and Nancy Baym*, on May 21, 1994. Rex is a member of Albany (N.Y.) Meeting.

Brown-Bortree—*William Bortree and Carol Brown*, on June 4, 1994. William is a member of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting.

Rogers-Kahn—*Barry Kahn and Joanne Rogers*, on Oct. 13, 1994, under the care of Poplar Ridge (N.Y.) Meeting, of which Barry is a member.

Strakosch-Walz—*John Walz and Kathy Strakosch*, on Jan. 14, at and under the care of Summit (N.J.) Meeting.

Stewart-Robertson—*Lewis Robertson and D. Lyn Stewart*, on Dec. 31, 1994, at and under the care of Baltimore (Md.) Meeting, Stony Run.

Deaths

Pyle—*Ricarda Pearson Pyle*, 91, on Sept. 3, 1994, in Los Gatos, Calif. Ricarda was born in Whittier, Calif., to Quaker parents. Her mother was a recorded Friends minister, and although she suffered

a paralytic stroke early in Ricarda's life, Ricarda was deeply influenced by her life and ministry, which helped to shape Ricarda's commitment to Quaker values and to the importance of an educated ministry for Friends. Ricarda and her husband, Randolph Pyle, were active in the Quaker college communities in which Randolph taught mathematics: William Penn, Earlham, and Whittier colleges. (They especially enjoyed leading Whittier College's student program in Copenhagen, Denmark.) The Pyles participated in Friends activities wherever they lived. They were deeply involved in work with the Southern California branch of the American Friends Service Committee during the World War II years and immediately thereafter. Their church home for much of their lives was First Friends Church in Whittier, Calif. After the death of her husband in 1987, Ricarda continued her active participation in San Jose (Calif.) Meeting, serving on the Ministry and Oversight Committee. Her Quaker background and her personal qualities provided wisdom, common sense, and a spiritual depth invaluable to the meeting. In addition to her meeting activities, Ricarda's interests included her family, her doll collection, and her study of Japanese culture, especially haiku. She enjoyed writing, and wrote essays and poems until her last days. Ricarda is survived by a daughter, Nancy Andreasen; four grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Ramberg—Edward Granville Ramberg, 87, on Jan. 9, in Southampton, Pa., of complications resulting from meningitis infection. Born in Florence, Italy, Edward spent his childhood there and in Munich, Germany. He attended college in the United States at Reed and Cornell colleges, followed by graduate work at Cornell and Sommerfeld's Institute for Theoretical Physics in Munich, where he received a PhD in 1932. Edward was a member of Southampton (Pa.) Meeting. He served for a decade as recorder for the Peace Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and was secretary for the Peace and Social Service Committee of Bucks Quarterly Meeting. Through his absolute dedication to the work and issues of the United Nations, Edward founded and served as a volunteer for 25 years on Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's United Nations Committee. He also served as treasurer for the Bucks County branch of Amnesty International. In 1939, with his wife, Sarah Sargent Ramberg, Edward was among the founding families of the cooperative community known as Bryn Gweled Homesteads in Southampton, whose purpose was to establish an atmosphere where families of any race or creed or beliefs could live fully. Edward did alternative service during World War II as a mental hospital attendant. A gifted physicist employed by RCA Laboratories in Princeton, N.J., he developed much of the theory of the first electron microscope, and contributed to the design of the television tube, color television, and electron and light lenses. In recognition of his contributions, he was awarded several David Samoff Awards, named after the founder of RCA, and was a Fulbright Lecturer. Edward's later life was full with his volunteer work and making jams from wild berries and fruits found on walks around his beloved Bryn Gweled. Edward is survived by seven nieces and nephews; and many friends.

Sanders—Edwin Allen Sanders, 80, on Jan. 29, at the Germantown Nursing Home, Philadelphia, Pa.

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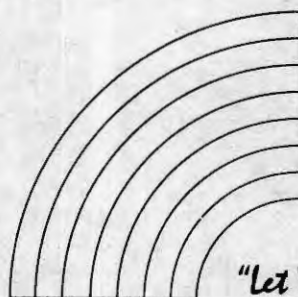


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Born in Dayton, Ohio, and raised in Wilmington, Ohio, Ed was active with the Young Friends organizations of Wilmington (Ohio) Meeting. He graduated from Earlham College in 1938 and received a master's degree from Haverford College in 1939. Ed married his college sweetheart, Marian Binford, in 1939 and soon after they both joined the staff of Pacific College (now George Fox College) in Oregon. That summer the couple participated in the American Friends Service Committee work camp at Quaker Hill, Richmond, Ind. Ed could not compromise his Quaker pacifist ideals with the reality of the United States' build up for war, and was among the first to be arrested for violating the Conscription Act of 1940. Sentenced to a year at a federal prison camp, he was paroled in 1941 to the San Dimas Civilian Public Service camp where he served the duration of his sentence. In 1943 Ed was arrested again for refusing to sign his conscription questionnaire. He was paroled to Pacific Ackworth Friends School outside Los Angeles, Calif., to be their substitute teacher and bus driver. Ed and Marian settled in Temple City, Calif., and began raising a family. The couple later helped found the Pacific Oaks Friends School, where Ed served as director of community education. In 1950 Ed became the executive secretary for the Southwest Regional Office of AFSC. He served as clerk of Orange Grove (Calif.) Meeting and Pacific Yearly Meeting, and was a long-time editor of the *Friends Bulletin*, published by Pacific Yearly Meeting. Under the auspices of AFSC, Ed traveled to Oxford, England, for the World Conference of Friends, and to Europe to help coordinate post-war relief efforts in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Turkey, and Palestine/Israel. Ed was involved in the Civil Rights and anti-Vietnam War struggles of the 1960s. He served as a draft counselor and secretary for AFSC Youth Services, and marched with Martin Luther King, Jr. in Selma, Ala. During the mid-1960s, Ed and Marian accepted a Friends United Meeting assignment and moved their family to Kenya, where Ed spent two years as an English teacher and vice-principal of Kaimosi Teacher Training College. Upon their return, Ed served as a fund raiser and finance secretary for AFSC. After nearly 25 years of service to the organization, Ed became director of Pendle Hill, the Quaker study center in Wallingford, Pa. From 1974-1981 he focused his talents on administering, fund raising, and promoting Pendle Hill's 50th anniversary celebration. In 1981 Ed and Marian left Pendle Hill to become resident Friends of Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting. They retired in 1985 and returned to the Philadelphia, Pa., area. Ed remained active in Quaker concerns and attended Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting. Ed was a man of great public good will and community activism, he was also a lover of literature, music, poetry, and a good joke. He will be remembered for his personal warmth, his sense of humor, and his stubborn resolve in matters of conscience. Ed is survived by his wife of 55 years, Marian; a daughter, Beth Sanders-Blevans; six sons, Michael, Richard, John, Robert, David, and Erin Sanders; six grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Webster—Merritt S. Webster, 85, on Jan. 15, of Parkinson's disease, in his sleep at home in West Lafayette, Ind. Born on a farm in Cheyney, Pa., Merritt attended George School and graduated from Swarthmore College in 1931 with highest honors. He later earned master's and doctorate degrees from the University of Pennsylvania. Merritt be-

gan his teaching career at the University of Nebraska, and in 1938 he joined the mathematics department at Purdue University. He was an active member of Farmers Institute (Ind.) Meeting. Merritt served as a representative on the Friends General Conference Central Committee and the Friends World Committee for Consultation, and he attended FWCC triennial meetings in Sigtuna, Sweden, and Sydney, Australia. In 1936 Merritt married Margaret Meader Wildman in Philadelphia, Pa. The couple shared a love of bird-watching and travel, visiting Venezuela, Austria, and 48 states. Merritt was a member of the Mathematics Association of America, the Sycamore, Ind., and National Audubon societies, and the Lafayette Geographic Society. As a volunteer, he served the Lafayette Adult Reading Academy, counseled conscientious objectors, made deliveries for Meals on Wheels, and tended a local food pantry. He also enjoyed playing bridge. Merritt was preceded in death by a son, John S. Webster. He is survived by his wife, Margaret; two daughters, Anne Weaver and Edith Shugarts; eight grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

Worley—R. Edwin Worley, 88, on June 26, 1994. Ed was born in Swatow, China, where his parents served as missionaries. Tragically, his father drowned shortly before Ed's birth, but his mother stayed in China to continue her work. Ed attended the American School in Shanghai, and later graduated from Pomona College in California. He received a graduate degree in physics from the University of California, Berkeley, where he specialized in the field of optics and served as a teaching assistant. Ed began his career in education teaching at the California State University at San Diego, and later at the University of California at Los Angeles. In 1948 Ed joined the University of Nevada's physics department in Reno, Nev. Ed was able to pursue his specialized work in optics there, as well as fulfill his desire to teach and nurture students, helping them develop their highest potential. He remained in Reno for the rest of his academic career, with the exception of a one-year teaching sabbatical at Fisk University in Nashville, Tenn. While attending graduate school at Berkeley, Ed met Dorothea Finsson, a graduate student of sociology and anthropology. The couple shared a commitment to a world in which there would be justice and peace for all human beings. They were married and later raised two children. Ed and Dorothea shared a love of music, gardening, and hospitality, and opened their home not only to friends and students but to foreign visitors who were learning about life in the United States through SERVAS International. They supported the American Friends Service Committee and a small group of like-minded friends met weekly in their Los Angeles home. Though no Friends meeting existed when the couple moved to Reno, Ed continued his efforts with Quaker concerns by working out an arrangement with the University of Nevada so that students who were conscientiously opposed to war and military service would have an alternative to the compulsory R.O.T.C. In 1961 Ed and Dorothea joined a small Friends worship group



Alice Josephine Smith

which met in attenders' homes. They later joined the Society of Friends and helped establish Reno Monthly Meeting, of which

Ed served as clerk. Ed loved the outdoors, camping, and mountain climbing. He helped found the Sierra Interfaith Action for Peace, and was a member of and contributor to the Union of Concerned Scientists, Amnesty International, The Sierra Club, and AFSC. His work for peace and justice was recognized with the Thornton Peace Prize, he was a regular letter writer to Congress, and he was a founder and leader of the Memorial Society of Northern Nevada, a vehicle for providing modest funeral arrangements. Ed lived simply, embodying the Quaker testimonies of peace, equality, and human dignity. His life has been, and will be, a gift to us all. Ed was preceded in death by his wife, Dorothea, in 1967. He is survived by a daughter, Kathleen; and a son, David.

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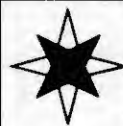
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Spiritual Renewal for Educators, Paul Lacey, June 26-30, limited child care.

Quaker Values in Family Life: A Weekend for Families, Harriet Heath, July 7-9.

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Rentals & Retreats

House on Lake Wallenpaupack. Private dock, lawn, and front porch. House sleeps eight. Available June, July, August, September. Fall weekends available. \$700/week. Call (215) 885-1941 after 7 p.m.

A Friendly Maui vacation on a Quaker Family Organic Farm, 20 minutes to most beaches. New building of stone and cedar with large octagonal room and skylight, 300 degree ocean view, walk-in closet, beautifully furnished bedroom and tile bath. Use of organic garden and studio shop, including outdoor shower and hot tub, if desired. Bed & breakfast \$70 per day—weekly and monthly rates available. Write or call: Wm. & Henrietta Vitarelli, 160 Kawelo Road, Haiku, HI 96708. Tel: (808) 572-9205. Members: Honolulu Friends Meeting.

Cozy Maine Cottage—On quiet island minutes across swing bridge from restaurants and shops of Boothbay Harbor. Great home base for exploring Maine coast. Sleeps six. \$400/week. Homan (610) 828-3192.

Vermont. Comfortable housekeeping cabins at Forest Echo Farm in Mount Holly near Appalachian Trail. Simple, secluded, swimming, boating. **Contact:** Caroline Bailey, 1029A Upper Dummerston Road, Brattleboro, VT 05301. (802) 258-4544.

Oak Park, Illinois. Furnished 3 bedroom/2 bath family home available for rental from August 1995 through July 1996. (708) 386-3967.

Bald Head Island, N.C. Lovely panoramic view of ocean, dunes, lagoon, and golf course from four-bedroom, two-bathroom, beautifully furnished house with wrap-around deck, electric golf cart. 14 miles of beach, championship golf, tennis, croquet, swimming, and fishing. 13,000 acres of maritime wilderness. Many birds and wildflowers. No cars on island. Peaceful, friendly. Rental by day or week. (215) 699-9186.

Maine coast. Attractive house on Westport Island (with bridge). Deck, spruces, deep water, small rocky point and cove. Weekly rates: June \$375, July \$500, August \$550. (617) 489-2465.

Costa Rica—Charming furnished apartment, spectacular Manuel Antonio jungle and Pacific ocean views. Pristine beaches. \$300/week, lower off season/long term. Telephone/Fax (904) 461-3175.

Nantucket Island oceanfront summer house. Antique charming three-bedroom cottage. Beautiful ocean beach. Comfortably furnished, quiet, private. Sleeps five. Available June to September. \$700 to \$1400 weekly. (212) 255-0259.

Retirement Living

Friends House, a Quaker sponsored retirement community in Santa Rosa, California, offers garden apartments, an assisted living home, a skilled nursing facility, and adult care services on its six-acre campus. Friends House is situated one hour north of San Francisco with convenient access to the Pacific coast, Redwood forests, cultural events, medical services, and shopping. Friends House, 684 Benicia Drive, Santa Rosa, CA 95409. (707) 538-0152.

Walton Retirement Home—a nonprofit ministry of the Ohio Yearly Meeting, invites you to come and retire with dignity at Walton. Set up your new home in an Independent Living Apartment as part of a sharing and caring community. For further information please contact: Nirmal Kaul, Manager, Walton Retirement Home, 61675 Roosevelt Road, Barnesville, OH 43713. Telephone: (614) 425-2655.

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

FRIENDS HOMES West

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

Schools

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

Lansdowne Friends School—A small Friends school for boys and girls 3 years of age through 6th grade, rooted in Quaker values. We provide children with a quality academic and a developmentally appropriate program in a nurturing environment. Whole language, thematic education, conflict resolution, Spanish, after-school care, summer program. 110 N. Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050. (610) 623-2548.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Services Offered

Quaker photographer with over ten years' experience. Weddings, celebrations, portraits captured with sensitivity. B/W and color. Philadelphia Yearly Meeting area. Call or write: David Di Micco, 2840 Bristol Road, Bensalem, PA 19020. (215) 752-5554.

Logos, Brochures, Newsletters, Fliers. Layout, illustration, writing, editing. Personal attention. Quaker artist. Local/long distance. Jane James Designs, 16 Laurel Lane, Media, PA 19063. (610) 358-1528.

Socially Responsible Investing

Using client-specified social criteria, I screen investments. I use a financial planning approach to portfolio management by identifying individual objectives and designing an investment strategy. I work with individuals and business. Call: Sacha Millstone; Raymond, James & Associates, Inc., member NYSE, SIPC. (202) 789-0585 in Washington, D.C., area, or (800) 982-3035.

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

Put Your Best Look Forward! Creative Video Productions and Multi Media Presentations: including corporate identity, new product releases, employee/customer training, specialty video presentations, broadcast quality commercials for television and radio. From scripting to post production. Felice Philip Verrecchia, 120 W. Union Street, WC, PA 19382. (610) 429-4484, Fax (610) 429-4485. Member: London Grove Meeting.

Marriage Certificates. Fine calligraphy and beautiful custom-designed borders. Call or write for information. Carol Simon Sexton, 820 West Main Street, Richmond, IN 47374. (317) 962-1794.

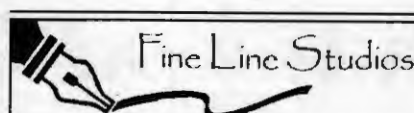
Buying or selling a home in Montgomery Co., Bucks Co., or Philadelphia area? Call Fran Oldynski of John N. Weiss, Inc. Realtors, at (215) 379-2002 (Q) or (215) 745-7061 (H). Fifteen years experience. Member Abington Monthly Meeting.

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

We are a fellowship, Friends mostly, seeking to enrich and expand our spiritual experience. We seek to obey the promptings of the Spirit, however named. We meet, publish, correspond. Inquiries welcome! Write **Quaker Universalist Fellowship**, 121 Watson Mill Road, Landenberg, PA 19350-9344.

General Contractor. Repairs or alterations on old or historical buildings. Storm and fire damage restored. John File, 1147 Bloomdale Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19115. (215) 464-2207.

Celo Valley Books: Personal attention to all phases of book production (25 copies and up). Typing, editing, layout, final delivery. Free brochure. 346 Jensen Mile Ridge Road, Burnsville NC 28714.



Marriage certificates, Birth announcements, Invitations, etc. Do justice to your event with our calligraphy and award-winning graphic design. Call (800) 763-0053 or Fax (610) 692-3394.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pine-wood Dr., Greensboro, NC 27410. (910) 294-2095.



Forum Travel

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

Wedding Certificates, birth testimonials, poetry, gifts all done in beautiful calligraphy and watercolor illumination. Book early for spring weddings. Write or call Leslie Mitchell, 2840 Bristol Rd., Bensalem, PA 19020. (215) 752-5554.

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

Summer Camps

Mountain Meadow Summer Camp. Multi-racial camp for kids from progressive families including those with gay parents, near Philadelphia. Emphasizing cooperation and creativity. Ages 9-14. One- and 2-week sessions 8/20-9/2. Sliding scale. SASE to 35 W. Mt. Airy Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19119. (215) 242-3037.

Friends Music Camp: Fantastic music-Quaker-community experience, ages 10-18. FMC, PO Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (513) 767-1311 or (513) 767-1818.

Summer Rentals

Kendal at Hanover, N.H. Two-bedroom apartment. Ground level. Linens and weekly housekeeping provided. June through September. Swimming, tennis, golf nearby. \$1600/month. (603) 643-6423. After May 10, (207) 354-8815.

Summer rental, five-room cabin sleeps nine, in wildlife refuge on Dyer Bay, Steuben, Maine. Beautiful sunsets, bird watching. Linens, telephone provided. \$425/week. Call: (207) 546-7472.

Adirondacks—Housekeeping cabins on quiet, unspoiled lake—fireplaces—fully equipped—June through September—(609) 654-3659 or write Dreby, Cranberry Lake, NY 12927.

Downeast Maine. Secluded cabin on shore in National Wildlife Preserve. Sleeps four. All conveniences. \$600 plus utilities for two weeks. Mid-May to October. (610) 649-7037.

Prince Edward Island, Canada. Seaside cottage on private peninsula. 180-degree sweep of sea and sky. Warm swimming, excellent birding, bicycling, fishing. Regain contact with the natural world. Completely equipped. \$450/week. Available late June and July. (610) 399-0432.

Summer rental by week or month, well equipped house on coast south Bristol, Maine. Sleeps six and includes use beach, float, and mooring. (610) 558-2656.

Follow the trail of the Great Blue Heron. P.E.I. Canada. New bay-front cottage—3 bedrooms, 1 1/2 baths. 3 acre lawn. Splendid view. Berry picking, private picnics on miles of clean sand beaches. Fresh seafood. \$550 per week. James Fox, 18 Power Court, Greenfield, MA 01301. (413) 774-3733.



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What's so Quakerly...

about Friends' programs for older adults?

We are often asked: "Are there special qualities that can be found in these programs that Friends have established in New Jersey and Pennsylvania?" We think the answer is yes.

First, all were begun by Friends. Some by individual Friends with a sense of mission. Some by monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings. Some by small groups of Friends who shared a vision of providing needed supports in new ways.

Then there is governance. Each of the organizations belonging to Friends Services for the Aging is operated with oversight of a predominantly Quaker board, carrying out its business through Friends' processes.

Perhaps most important, we all seek to embody in our services the Quaker commitment to respect for all individuals. We recognize and seek to enhance the independence of older adults, including those who may be frail or suffering from dementia. We focus on capacities and strengths, not disabilities and needs.

Our staff and those we serve come from many different religious backgrounds. They find that there is something authentically Quaker in our conviction that the later years of one's life are full of potential for love, growth, friendship, and contributions to others. We find that our Quaker service is enriched by our staff's dedication to the values we hold in common.

Write or call for a free copy of *Guide to Quaker Services for the Aging* for yourself or a loved one.

*The Barclay-Friends Hall
Cadbury
Chandler Hall
Crosslands
Foulkeways
Foxdale Village
Friends Home at Woodstown
Friends Hospital
Friends Life Care at Home
Friends Rehabilitation Program
The Greenleaf
The Hickman
Jeanes Hospital
Kendal at Longwood
The McCutchen
Medford Leas
Mercer Street Friends Center
Pennswood Village
Stapeley in Germantown*

Friends Services for the Aging

6834 Anderson Street
Philadelphia, PA 19119-1422
(215) 849-4428

