

September 1995

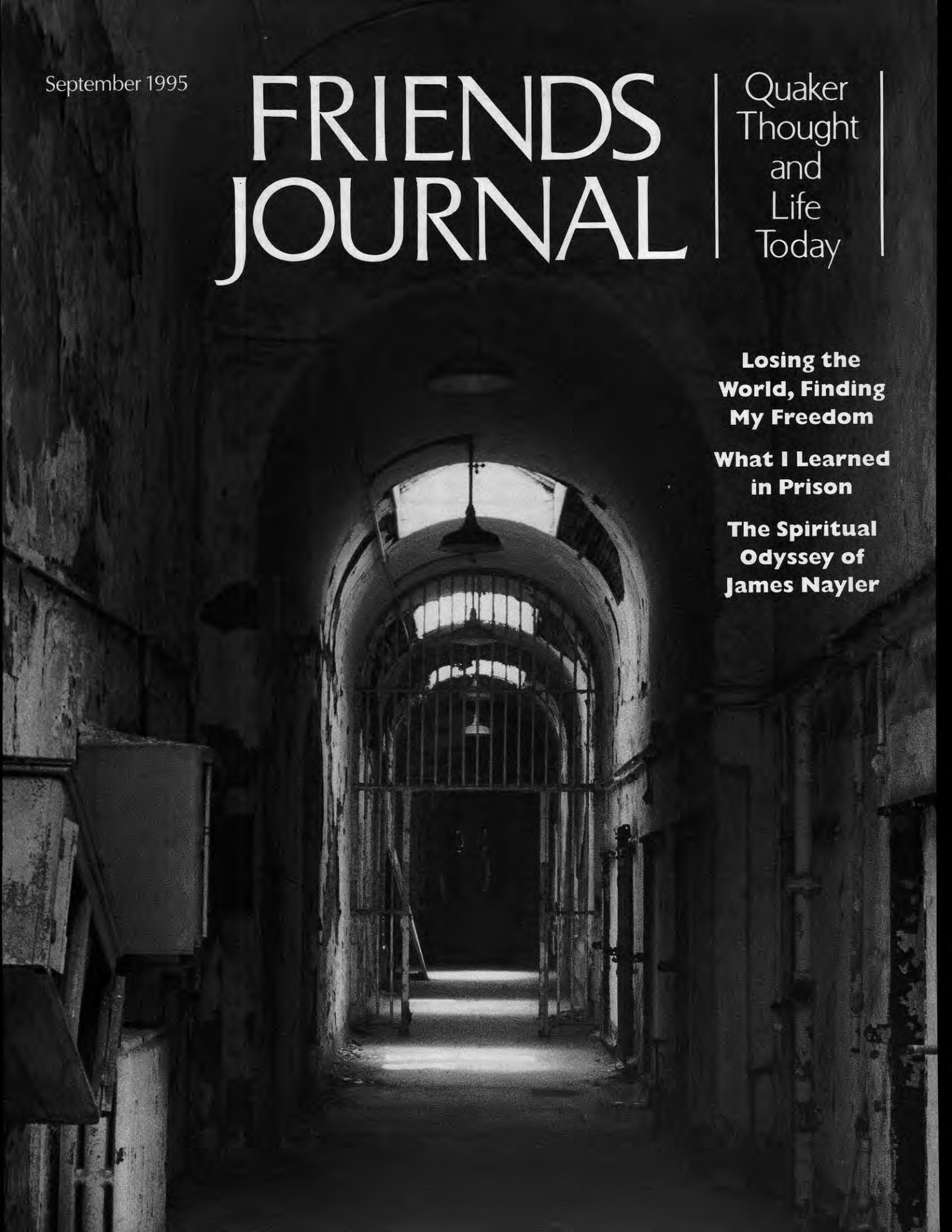
FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

**Losing the
World, Finding
My Freedom**

**What I Learned
in Prison**

**The Spiritual
Odyssey of
James Nayler**



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**Among Friends**

A Plea for Help

It was, to quote Yogi Berra, "déjà vu all over again." I didn't experience it at the Reception-Diagnostic Center in Plainfield, Indiana (as described by our author Steve Groninger), but clearly I've "been there."

Specifically, it was at the Delaware County (Pa.) Prison about 25 years ago. A small group of us had been given short sentences there following a peace demonstration at a local draft board. We weren't in the jail very long, just a few days, but I vividly recall the frustration of being denied books, one of which was a Bible. My former wife had brought them to the jail and requested that they be given to me. She was told, no, that was against the regulations. When she pressed the warden for an explanation, she was told that if I were granted such permission others might ask for books too, and this would cause security problems. Well, my tenacious spouse countered, wouldn't it be a good thing if prisoners had good books to read? Some might actually read them and be motivated in positive ways. No, not a good idea at all, the warden responded. In fact, he said, most of the inmates had *no* interest in reading. They would only use the books to stop up the toilets. End of conversation: no books, no Bible.

It may have been that same year that I was invited as part of a citizens' group to tour the brand new state prison in Delaware. As part of the visit we saw the sparkling clean library, well stocked with a variety of attractive books. During the question phase of the tour I asked about the library. How often could prisoners use it and check out the books? Only the trusted ones, a prison official responded, could use the library, and at very limited times. And check out books? They can't, we were told. The prisoners, after all, could not be trusted to return them. When I suggested that this might not be such a bad thing after all, that some of us would be glad to collect good books to be donated to the library to replace those lost, the response was no thank you, we know what's best, there are security questions after all. End of question-and-answer session.

Several articles in our September issue indicate that there is still work to be done in our jails and prisons. For those who wish to get involved, how, one might ask, might they do so? At least two Friends-related organizations mentioned in our current issue provide such opportunities. For individuals who want to volunteer their assistance, I can recommend the Alternatives to Violence Project and Prisoner Visitation and Support (see page 12). Both groups are making positive contributions toward improving prison conditions. Both deserve Friends' support.

Most pressing just now in many areas, including my own state of Pennsylvania, is the steady increase in the numbers of prisoners facing the death penalty. There are 3,000 prisoners on death row nationally, many of whom have lived for years in near isolation and been denied regular exercise and visits. For readers wanting to receive regular updates on death row numbers, the status of appeals, statistics on the race and gender of offenders/victims, etc., I suggest that you contact the NAACP Legal Defense Fund (suite 1600, 99 Hudson St., New York, NY 10013-2897) to request their "Death Row, U.S.A." The Winter 1994 issue, for instance, reveals that capital punishment exists in 39 jurisdictions (including the U.S. government and U.S. military); there are 14 without such statutes, some of which are actively considering it. There is work to be done in these areas to educate the public. Friends in Iowa, I have been told, have worked very effectively to oppose reintroduction of the death penalty. Others of us may learn from their experience.

The words of prisoner Danny Trent (p.11) should challenge each of us. As Danny writes, "We do need for you people on the outside to put pressure on the system to help us. I will pray for you all and your help."

Vinton Deming

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Women Divided, Women United
Sharing My Light with Other People of Color

FRIENDS JOURNAL

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Volume 41, No. 9

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Lavrans/The Catholic Worker

Cover photo by Barbara Benton. Eastern State Penitentiary, in Philadelphia, Pa., was built in the early 19th century and abandoned in 1971. Quakers were influential in the design of the prison, a misguided attempt to help prisoners reform by keeping them in solitary confinement.

Forum

Needs of the handicapped

I want to thank those Friends at the annual meeting of Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, who typed for Eleanor Chinn, our loved and respected Friend from Alaska, who can no longer hear. The hand-held microphone is a big help in one-to-one conversations, but it still takes a lot of courage for Eleanor to attend such gatherings.

In our meeting in Fairbanks, the younger people have assisted by getting a microphone that can be passed around the circle as we introduce ourselves and share with one another after worship. A volunteer often types the meetings for business or lectures; a Friend in the telephone company arranged to have a phone in Eleanor's home that could have typed messages. The children in First-day school decided they wanted to learn American Sign Language.

Eleanor Chinn's presence and messages have blessed our young and growing meeting. Few working people can get to the FWCC annual meeting, but she brings an awareness of the world body to our part of the world.

Like the general public, Friends may not have had much experience in communicating with the handicapped. I hope Friends will grow in awareness of the needs of the handicapped among us, and recognize the blessings they give to those who can receive.

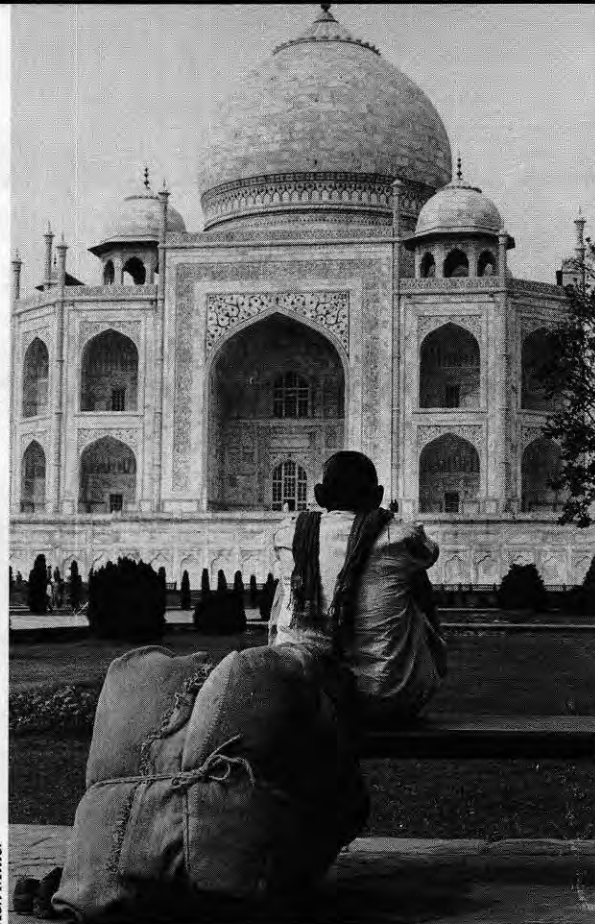
Jennivieve Westwick
Fairbanks, Alaska

On diversity

As a student from India, I have known the United States since the early 1950s and have been a frequent visitor. Since the beginning, it was brought home to me that the country is a "melting pot," and that people from other cultures were expected to "melt" into this monoculture. Western Quakers in the U.S. and Britain, in another way, are faced with this underlying problem of being a Society largely made up of white Protestants and mostly middle-class intellectuals. Working-class members are scarce, if any. This is also true for African Americans, Latinos, and Asians, to say nothing of Native Americans.

It would seem that the "culture" of meetings may tend to distance Friends from other cultures. The reverse is also likely to be true, that people from other cultures may find themselves "out of place" or "not at home" in such meetings. All this may not be deliberate at all.

I find this monoculture concept of the West significantly different in India. If you



Ken Miller

walk on any Bombay beach on Sunday evening, you are likely to hear easily ten different Indian languages (leave alone dialects) and see ten different forms of dress. India is a highly diverse society. It is pluralistic also in its perceptions and attitudes. Hindus, who constitute the majority, do not have a creed. There is a natural acceptance of diversity. Its positive acceptance does not create friction, normally, and the variety adds to the spice of life. If an Easterner does not like some Southern custom, she/he lets it pass; "that's their way," they say.

Westerners came to India and to Africa as colonizers, "sending missionaries before they sent their troops," to use a trite but realistic phrase. They imposed their centralized system of nation-states on highly pluralistic societies. The results have been disastrous. It is often said in India, they no more send missionaries, they send the World Bank and International Monetary Fund to impose a global market system of monocultural worship of mammon and consumerism.

From the point of view of non-Western societies, a basically fresh look is called for in faith and practice so we may joyfully walk, as witnesses, in the world, answering that of God in *every one* (emphasis added).

Aziz Pabaney
Bombay, India

Jesus' teachings

Ben Richmond (Forum June) says "there

A pilgrim at the Taj Mahal, India

is only one way to be saved, and that is by the name of Jesus." Apparently Jesus didn't know about this formula or he chose to ignore it. I cite one example:

On one occasion a lawyer came forward to put this test question to him, "Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He said to him, "What is written in the Law? How do you read?" And he answered, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind; and your neighbor as yourself." And he said to him, "You have answered right; do this, and you will live." (Luke 10:25-28)

Now that we live in the Global Village, dare we draw the circle too small?

Ray E. Stewart
Indianapolis, Ind.

By and large I agree with Blanche P. Zimmerman's article, "The Message and the Myth" (*FJ* June). Jesus' teachings are sound and righteous regardless of the facts about himself. He does not exhort us to worship him; he exhorts us to act in godly ways.

Having observed fundamentalist Christianity during the past year here in southern Georgia, I must point out that theirs is a religion of conformity more than an expression of the literal interpretation of the Bible. They speak the words of the King James Version, yet their actions stem not from those words but from conformity to their group's norms. In my view it is a very superficial religion whose aims are none other than power. For them the Christian myth comes without the teaching that they ought to emulate Jesus. Their rationale is that Jesus is perfect and they as human beings cannot be perfect; therefore it is impossible to do as he did. For all I disagree with this, it is a self-consistent argument that they have the free will to believe. I have made more than a few mistakes in my search for Truth; do they not have the right to make their mistakes, too? Shall we who believe in world unity and cooperation believe our way to be the one and only right one that all must embrace?

Denise Larson
Jesup, Ga.

Please let us stop the squabbling about Christocentricity and universalism. If we do not, Friends, another unneeded split in

It Doesn't Exist

Quakerdom is on the horizon. To that I say, God forbid.

I am humbly a Trinitarian, Christocentric, universalist, and evangelical member of the Religious Society of Friends.

We have but one Foundation, Rock, Truth, and Savior: Christ Jesus. He is still speaking "to thy condition." If only we will open our ears, eyes, and hearts. Friends, if thee be deaf, blind, and heartless, then I find it necessary to ask: How can thee hear thyself? When thou art listening to the cacophony both inside and outside thyself?

Friends, I ask thee to read the late Lewis Benson's *Catholic Quakerism* and his soon-to-be-published *None Were So Clear*. Or, to obtain more information, write: George Fox Fund, Inc., P.O. Box 15142, Portland, OR 97215.

Joseph E. Broderick
Cranston, R.I.

Why is universalism juxtaposed to Christ-centered? Thomas S. Guthrie, a universalist minister, in his *Life and Works* (1911), listed as a tenet of the universalist faith that "We believe Jesus is the Son of God and Savior of the world; that He was God manifested in the flesh." That seems Christ-centered, doesn't it? Job Scott and Elias Hicks, the theologically liberal 18th- and 19th-century Quakers, were both Christ-centered. This same Elias Hicks proclaimed, "The blood of Christ, the blood of Christ—why, my friends, the actual blood of Christ in itself was no more effectual than the blood of bulls and goats—not a bit more, not a bit." He also asserted in his journal, "If we would be Christians we must also be united with Christ."

What is the problem here? My liberal, highly educated Hindu friends attend pujas, where they ardently adore Krishna. They are all "Krishna-centered." Maybe the difficulty is superstitious accretions that have glued themselves like barnacles to the persona of Christ in the last two millennia, which Christians cannot easily wash away. Hindus have no such problem; they know their God is a myth and they are therefore free to worship that God without qualm.

It may be that someday the liberal Friends will evolve back to Christ—an evolved Christ!

Charles Chappell
Scottsburg, Ind.

Christ is right: If we want to enter the kingdom of heaven, we must possess the purity, innocence, and spiritual beauty of children. Christ was talking about children like the ones I recently encountered at the Hodding Carter YMCA in Greenville, Miss.

I recently traveled there to play

Except as a vague ideal or a convenient fiction, so far as I can see, the Religious Society of Friends doesn't exist. Oh sure, there are monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings of Friends, plus a wide miscellany of other Quaker organizations such as FGC, FUM, FCNL, AFSC, FWCC, and, of course, FRIENDS JOURNAL. But why should we go on pretending that by joining a Friends meeting or church one becomes a member of something called "the Religious Society of Friends"? Tell me, please, who are the officers of this Society? How can I arrange to attend one of the Society's meetings? Can anyone give me its address or telephone number?

I believe (no doubt someone will be happy to furnish the details) that the term "Society of Friends" wasn't even invented until well after the death of George Fox. In any case, to say that someone is a member of the Society of Friends is really only another way of saying that he or she is a member of some Friends meeting somewhere. In *Quaker Strongholds*, a book popular among Friends a century ago, Caroline Stephen stated that London Yearly Meeting "in a certain sense, is the Society of Friends of Great Britain." Of Great Britain, perhaps, but try, if you please, to complete these two similar sentences:

"In a certain sense, _____ is the Society of Friends in North America."

"In a certain sense, _____ is the Society of Friends on planet Earth."

I began by saying that the "Society of Friends" is an ideal or a fiction. This needn't be taken as dismissive. Ideals and fictions—or, if you like, "myths"—are sometimes of the highest importance. In our case, the Society of Friends might be taken to be a timeless, spiritual community, like "the body of Christ" or

"the communion of saints." In more Friendly parlance, we might speak of our Society as inclusive of all friends of the Truth, or all those who walk in the Light. But, of course, such an ideal Society as that would have to include countless people who aren't Quakers at all, and a person couldn't automatically become a "member" of it just by joining, much less being born into, a Friends meeting.

There is also something to be said for the ideal of a united Society of Friends in a practical, organizational sense—provided we bear in mind that, as I have said, no such thing is now in existence. Paraphrasing Voltaire, we might say that if the Society of Friends doesn't exist, then it is incumbent upon us to invent it. Certainly, the world is in crying need of Friendly ideals, and strong organizations to promote them. The sad reality, though, is that love and unity still do not prevail among Quakers, who are rather more divided today than a moderately hopeful observer might have projected as recently as the 1950s.

These reflections have been occasioned by a monthly meeting for business at which we approved changes in our procedure for admitting members and reviewed our budget for the next fiscal year. The revised membership document still says that we admit people to membership in the Society of Friends—entirely on our own authority, apparently, since we don't even belong to a yearly meeting. On the practical side, I am glad to say, our budget includes contributions to FRIENDS JOURNAL and other Friends organizations. Will it—*should* it?—ever include a contribution to the "Society of Friends"?

Robert Kunkel
Chapel Hill, N.C.

basketball with a good family friend, Danny Snyder. After Danny and I had played together for an hour, a young black boy came up to me and asked me to play pool with him. Since he had no one his own age to play any games with him, I asked two white boys to help him learn the game. It was beautiful and inspiring to watch the two friendly and polite white boys teaching a little black child how to play a new game.

On another occasion I played basketball with a charming young girl named Marla. Despite my encouragement, Marla was despondent because she was having difficulty scoring any baskets. So I asked

two boys her own age—one black, the other white—to help her with the game. Together the boys kindly and patiently helped Marla with her dribbling, passing, and shooting.

Certainly the best way to overcome racial prejudice and bigotry and to foster racial harmony and understanding is to practice the basic Christian affirmation that we should treat others the way we would like to be treated. As Christ so eloquently put it, "Do unto others what you would have them do unto you; love your neighbor as you love yourself."

Haven Bradford Gow
Eudora, Ark.

Close down the SOA

How can we reduce federal spending? Close down the U.S. Army School of the Americas (SOA)! This "school," which trains South and Central American military personnel and is funded by U.S. taxpayers at a cost of billions of dollars a year, has a proven record of giving future dictators the skills to overthrow civilian democratic governments and commit other acts of oppression, tyranny, and human rights abuse.

Graduates have engaged in some of the hemisphere's worst human rights atrocities. Colonel Alpírez, who ordered the recently discovered killings of a U.S. innkeeper and rebel leader in Guatemala, was an SOA graduate. In El Salvador, 48 of the 69 military officers cited by the Truth Commission for Human Rights Abuses were SOA graduates, according to SR #103-287. These included three officers who planned or covered up the rape and murder of four U.S. churchwomen, 10 of the 12 officers responsible for the El Mozote massacre, and 19 of the 26 officers who ordered or covered up the Jesuit murders.

Latin Americans refer to the SOA as the "School of the Assassins." Ten former Latin American "presidents," none of whom were democratically elected, attended the SOA. Three achieved power following the overthrow of elected civilian governments; two became dictators by overthrowing other dictators; four were installed by military juntas; and the other was Manuel Noriega.

This "school" teaches techniques of oppression and tyranny that are the antithesis of the democratic ideas and ideals for which the U.S. people and our elected representatives profess to stand. The school also increases enmity for and distrust of all other U.S. efforts to assist countries in desperate need of our expertise in education, health, and community development.

Ithaca (N.Y.) Meeting believes it is time to close down the school. As Quakers, we believe there is a divine spirit in each person and that killing is immoral. We strongly believe funding for the SOA should be eliminated from this year's Department of Defense appropriations.

William Tyler, clerk
Ithaca (N.Y.) Meeting

Questers

Mary Wilson's request (Forum June) for possible terms for seekers and attenders other than "non-Friends" leads me to suggest "Questers." We still have "the world's people" for those neither Quakers nor Questers.

Mary Ann Nicholson
Kennett Square, Pa.

Just perfect

Wayne A. Gilbert's "From the Inside Out" (FJ May) is the perfect answer to Jenny. I only wish every person aspiring to be a Quaker could read his answer that the only requirement (it took him and me over 40 years to find it out) is "None but the still small voice within [us] of the one true God"; that "only God authorizes [us to be Quakers] and it's done from within [us]."

Perfect, just perfect!

Nelson W. Babb, Jr.
W. Suffield, Conn.

Terrorism

How can any cause justify the carnage in Oklahoma City? We are all praying for the victims. We should pray also for those who committed this wretched act, but it is very hard. Over the years I have tried to understand the terrorists who blew apart my neighbors in peaceful nearby towns. I have had only very partial success. We have seen over and over again in the last 25 years in Britain and Ireland that the people who organize and commit such atrocities appear to be essentially normal citizens. There are psychopaths and there are deluded innocents, but these are a minority.

Typically, it seems, terrorists are members of loving families. They are as likely to be kind to animals and to help little old ladies across the road as the next person. They see themselves as soldiers acting in a just cause.

In one way they remind me of the concentration camp guards who could be heard by the prisoners singing "Silent Night" in the family accommodations outside the wire. They have learned to compartmentalize their lives; the visible, worthy Dr. Jekyll and the hidden, unspeakable Mr. Hyde. Sound familiar? We all do this, and we all would like to forget the darker side of ourselves. We push it away, and terrorists make very good scapegoats for this purpose. We can see they are hellishly evil!

In order to even think about praying for terrorists it is necessary to realize there is that of God in them, as in everybody—also that there is evil in them, as in everybody. (Perhaps evil is only lack of God? As Dorothy Sayers made Satan say in one of her plays: "I am the shadow cast by the world in the Light of God.") Perhaps it is a question of degree. It is a mystery I do not pretend to begin to understand.

But this I know: If I reject another human being as worthless, I am thinking like a terrorist. If I do that, terrorism has won. I am become mine enemy.

Roger Wilson
Liverpool, England

A common witness

In the death notices in the June issue I saw described the lives of three people who had touched me profoundly—two largely by their writing, and one by personal interaction. The lives of Douglas Steere, Merle Tjossem, and Mildred Binns Young all expressed to me the best in Quakerism, both in their diversity and by their common witness to the power of divine love. One was a college professor, one a farmer, and the third devoted most of her life to helping those in need. But all three, each in his or her own way, were great teachers and compassionate ministers to the needy. And all three had integrated in their own lives worship with social action, the spiritual and the practical—inseparable components of the faith.

What a glorious witness they made to God's power in the world. When I was a struggling young man, how much encouragement they gave me early in my spiritual pilgrimage. It was indeed a joy and inspiration to review their lives in your pages.

Edward W. Beals
Unity, Maine

Southern France, anyone?

Our family has just returned from a trip to Costa Rica—seen advertised in your magazine. We've also answered other ads and enjoyed wonderful vacations on Sanibel Island, Fla., a Quaker Tour of Britain and the former Soviet Union, and a villa in southern France. So if we're thinking of an adventure with interesting traveling companions, we run for our FRIENDS JOURNAL—the best travel magazine in the world!

Betty Kuhn
Orchard Park, N.Y.

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.

A Brush with ANGELS

by Susie Fetter



© Sandy Clay Bauer

With angel books on the best-seller lists and scores of people proclaiming their divine encounters, I am pulled back to a rare moment when a stranger's soul touched mine. A few years ago, before angels enjoyed their current rush of popularity, I had my own brush with angels.

On a mild day about three winters past, I found myself standing outside a sealed church, staring at my car keys locked inside my car. No cause for alarm. With the arrival of my literacy student, I would get into the church, make a few calls, and be rescued from my carelessness. Shortly, a car pulled up, and a young man leapt out.

"My mother can't come this morning," he announced.

Considering my plight, he suggested that I try the home of the church organist across the street. I could make my calls from there.

In response to my knock, the door was opened by a woman of indeterminate age in curlers, a robe, and slippers. She

squinted at me, and after I explained my problem she ushered me into her kitchen and offered me a cup of tea. A feeling of safety and security enveloped me. My plan was to call my husband and ask him to rescue me with the spare key. It was at least 30 minutes before he was due to reach his morning destination, so we settled down with hands cupped around mugs of herbal tea for a get-acquainted chat.

My hostess, Lavinia Smith, was organist for the Deliverance Church of Christ. Many times during my tutoring sessions I had heard the rousing rhythms of gospel music from the organ upstairs, so I asked her about her music. She told me that she currently was teaching Victoria Bond, conductor of the Roanoke Symphony Orchestra, how to play gospel in preparation for an upcoming concert with the orchestra and a gospel choir. Lavinia and Victoria were to supply the keyboard accompaniment.

"Not everyone can play gospel," she said. "It must come from the soul."

The music I had heard from the fingers

of Lavinia was definitely spirit-led.

As our intimacy deepened, she told me about her battle with diabetes, her daily dialysis, and her near-blindness. She could see well enough to be aware of my crutches. Mutual miseries cut through formalities.

"Do you believe you will be healed?" she asked suddenly.

"I am healed," I replied without a moment of reflection. "My body will always be crippled, but I accept my condition and live life fully—so I am healed."

I don't know where this came from, as I had never articulated such a concept.

"The angels sent you to me," Lavinia uttered with quiet conviction.

My religious faith does not rest on an elaborate theology, and it certainly does not include angels, but I understood exactly what she meant. Her condition was far worse than mine; she was struggling with survival. She was hoping for a kidney transplant, but that possibility seemed remote. We quietly sipped our tea, awed by the realization that we, two strangers, had experienced a moment of perfect communication.

Susie Fetter is a literacy volunteer in Roanoke, Va., where she is a member of Roanoke Meeting.

Our silence was broken by a loud knocking on the door, followed by the appearance of an exuberant woman.

"How are you, Lavinia?" Plump and middle aged, Georgia exuded the energy and generosity of a person committed to service.

Georgia delivered surplus government food and cheer to the poor and elderly. I suspect that her economic circumstances were just a little better than those she served. Lavinia was not a recipient of the commodities, but was on Georgia's route for a daily check. Her personality filled the room, and she joined our tea party with enthusiasm. As we became acquainted, I sensed genuine rapport and affection for her clients. When I explained why I was there, Georgia's eyes widened,

and she exclaimed, "Why, don't y'all belong to triple A?"

Of course we do, but it never occurred to me to call them. The tow truck was there in under 20 minutes. Had I called AAA initially, my contact with Lavinia would have been polite and distant. Another intervention of angels.

I thanked my new friends profusely and expressed embarrassed gratitude to my liberator. I drove home with the glow of divine encounter.

About a month later my husband Bob and I attended the dress rehearsal of the gospel concert with Lavinia and Victoria rocking at their keyboards. Lavinia looked beautiful, and no one would have guessed that she was nearly sightless. Afterward, I thanked Lavinia for her performance, and

neither of us referred to our morning together in her kitchen. We had each assumed the reserve required for public occasions.

Barely six months later, I read a notice in the paper that Lavinia Smith, 52, organist for the Deliverance Church of Christ, community activist, and one of the founders of Council of Community Services had been "carried home to rest with Jesus." The brief account listed her major contributions, but neglected to mention that she was a great soul.

Lavinia never received her kidney, but she was healed. She continued to give her gifts of music and spirit freely and was at peace with her condition. That perfect moment in Lavinia's kitchen was a gift to each of us—orchestrated by angels. □

One Little Sparrow



Chris Willard

by Leslie Ann Carroll

I used to think that you would have to climb to the top of a mountain or row to the middle of a lake to find peace. One day I learned I was wrong. Here is how.

I was angry. I had 20 chores to do. My friends were all busy. No one wanted to come over. There was nothing to do.

I climbed up into the Pepper Tree, as if I could hide from my worries. A sparrow landed below me to eat birdseed. He chirped as he ate when sparrows, male and female, landed. They all ate together peacefully. They chirped happily.

I realized I had been rather selfish. My mom hurt her back so I had extra chores to do. My friends were busy that day, so why not another day?

Then I knew peace wasn't as complicated as climbing a mountain or rowing a boat to the middle of a lake, nor is it as rare as a gem or precious stone. It is as simple and common as one little sparrow. □

Leslie Ann Carroll, 11, has attended Santa Monica (Calif.) Meeting since she was a baby. When asked what she wants to be when she grows up, she quickly responds, "An author."

Losing the World, Finding My Freedom

by John Pope

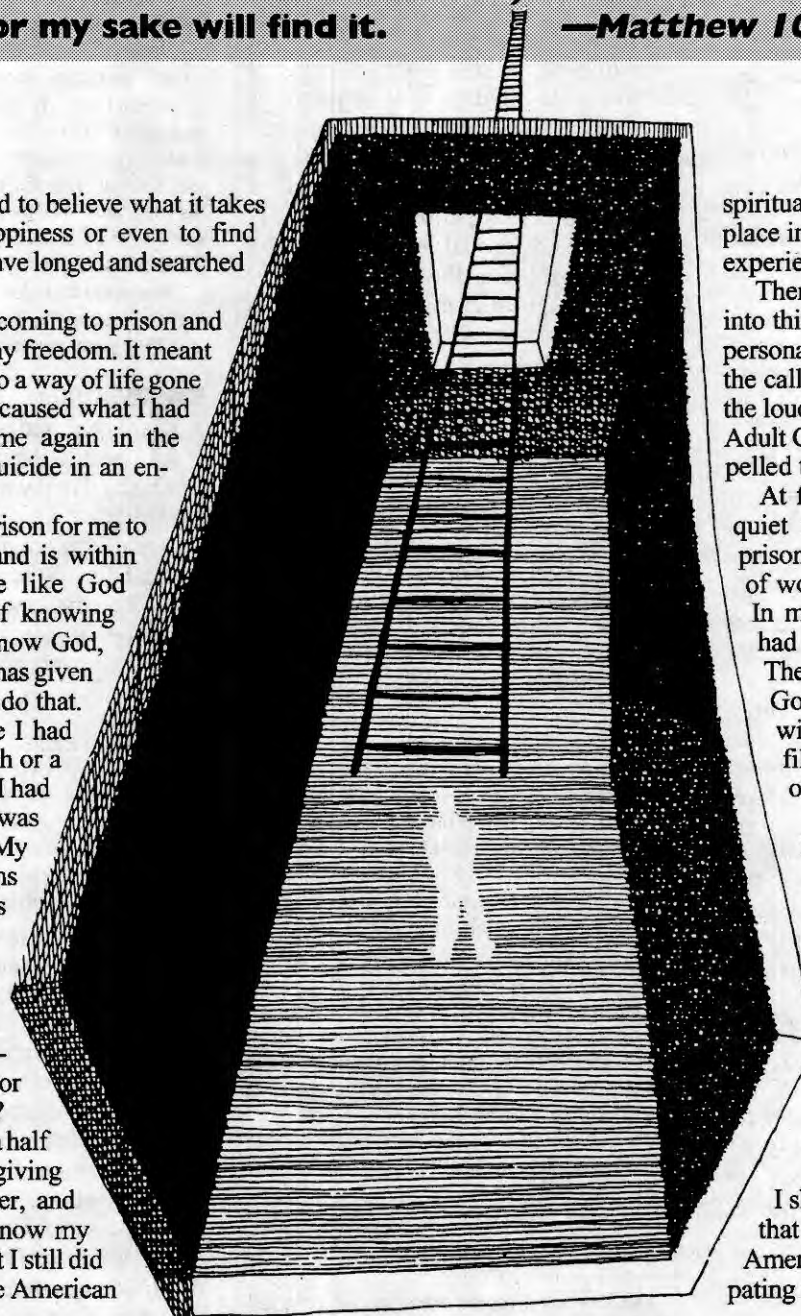
**Whoever finds his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life
for my sake will find it.**
—Matthew 10:39 NIV

It is sometimes hard to believe what it takes for us to find happiness or even to find what it is that we have longed and searched for.

For myself, it took coming to prison and losing the world and my freedom. It meant losing the time I gave to a way of life gone so wrong it ultimately caused what I had intended time and time again in the past: suicide. It was suicide in an entirely different way.

It took coming to prison for me to find that which was and is within myself that someone like God could love. Instead of knowing about God, I had to know God, and this time in prison has given me the opportunity to do that. In my 37 years of life I had never felt part of a faith or a religion, any religion. I had "tried" most but felt I was never really accepted. My experience of religions was that it was always their way or no way. If Christ asks us to have a personal relationship with him, how can anyone dictate how that is to be, or what that is to be like?

Through three and a half years of study and giving time to thought, prayer, and devotion, I came to know my creator personally. But I still did not "fit in." My Native American



spirituality and beliefs did not have a place in the conventional churches of my experience.

Then a group of people started coming into this place and sharing their time and personal experiences of God with us. As the call for "Quaker services" came over the loud speaker here in the Rhode Island Adult Correctional Institution, I felt compelled to go.

At first I was just seeking peace and quiet from the never-ending noise of prison life, but I was also seeking a way of worshiping the creator of all that is. In my first "quiet worship" I knew I had found my place in finding God. The depth and honesty of listening for God, giving time to God, and looking within myself was so intense and filling that I could feel the presence of Christ with me.

Even more immediate is the feeling of personal participation in the service, within both the quiet worship and the worship-sharing. There is an openness and honesty as well as an earnest commitment to ourselves, to one another, and to God. It is a way of giving ourselves freely and completely to our Lord in a way that is both personal and open to others.

When I worship I feel fed. When I share I feel I am returning that food that I was fed from. In my Native American tradition I am thereby participating in the circle of life. □

John Pope writes from Rhode Island, "It is most refreshing to know there is a group of people who still believe in reaching out to others and following Christ's teaching. 'I was in prison and you came to visit me' (Matt. 25:36). . . . We may not have a large gathering, but it is a devoted group that returns week after week and feels a connectedness with each other and the Divine. . . . I am sharing all this with you in hopes that it will encourage others to reach out to not only those in prison, but anyone who may not have that personal relationship with that which is of God within each of us."

A PRISONER'S NEED

by Steve Groninger

It seemed to be a simple need. It was expressed in a letter to the editor, printed in *The Indianapolis News*:

I am writing you in hopes you can help me with a problem. I am an inmate at the Reception-Diagnostic Center in Plainfield. I, like many others who have been locked up, have changed my ways and am trying to lead a Christian life.

They are supposed to hold you here for 15 days. But with the overcrowding, the stay here can be indefinite.

The problem: They do not offer everyone who comes in a Bible, and when they do offer you a Bible, it is just a New Testament.

There is no reason they cannot let us have an Old Testament Bible, too. Seems to me if they are going to hold us here for long periods of time we should have the right to go to church on Sunday and Bible studies for the ones who desire to study the word of God.

This prisoner signed himself as Danny E. Trent; his residence was given as Plainfield, Indiana, the site of the Indiana Department of Corrections Reception-Diagnostic Center (a facility that obtained overnight national notoriety as the address of Mike Tyson).

The Reception-Diagnostic Center (RDC) is a relatively large facility that was designed as the welcome mat to the Indiana prison system; convicted felons were to be sent here to determine precisely which prison in the state system would be most appropriate for them. By examination, testing, and review of each incoming prisoner, it was thought that the most efficient placement of each prisoner would result.

It looked like an extremely good idea, on paper; it would permit the existing assets of the state penal system to be utilized most effectively, to the benefit of both the prisoner and the state. The RDC has actually become a prison in its own right, something it was never designed to be.

The cells of Indiana prisons have long been filled to capacity. The state's newly

convicted felons, after their mandatory 15-day evaluation period at the RDC, simply have nowhere else to be sent. The Indiana Department of Corrections thus continues to keep them there long after they have been "evaluated."

Getting permission from residents of any town for building a state prison is never an easy task. The negative connotations of the "state prison" label become inevitably intertwined with the name of the town, affecting the town's reputation, its future, and its real estate prices. By contrast, permission for building a "state reception-diagnostic center" is much less difficult to obtain. The label affixed to this state institution was a simple marketing tool, and the residents of the town bought it.

Whatever this facility may be called, it sits, now, in Plainfield, Indiana. And it houses prisoners, such as Danny Trent. And it was difficult for me to read about Trent's lack of a complete Bible without asking why. Just why shouldn't convicted felons be granted access to Bibles?

I wrote a letter to Trent on that day. I sent it to him in care of the chaplain at the RDC:

Thank you for your letter to the editor of *The Indianapolis News*, concerning the problem of supplying complete Bibles to inmates at the Indiana Reception-Diagnostic Center.

I shared your letter with the Plainfield Friends Meeting this morning, and asked if there was anything else we could do in response to your problem. Our pastor said he was sure that there was.

Two Friends met with me after meeting, seeking to assist you. We obtained an edition of the Bible from the bookcase of one of these Friends, and we took it to the visitors center at the Indiana Reception-Diagnostic Center.

We presented it to the uniformed people on duty, and asked that they place it in your hands. They refused to accept it, and said that the only way to get it to you would be to mail it. When I asked for your address, they did not know the proper zip code.

The Friends dropped me at my home and I called the center, asking for the chaplain. I was informed that he had left. I called the center again and asked for the chaplain's office number. I obtained it, and called the chaplain. He was indeed in, and he allowed me to share your concerns with him. His most memorable words about the lack of complete Bibles

at the center was that pages of the Gospel "are being turned into cigarette paper."

I requested the chaplain to permit me to send you a Bible in his care. He graciously granted me permission to do so, and he supplied me with his precise address.

Probably the most impressive thought that struck us today was the degree of difficulty you must face. My Friends and I were thwarted and rebuffed by the RDC in trying to meet your simple request for a complete Bible. We left sharing the feeling that the more potent hurdles and blockades you face daily must surely be of a level of difficulty on a vastly different scale.

We hope that you may acquire some comfort and strength from the words enclosed, and that your perseverance continues.

The Bible was enclosed with the letter, and a copy of the letter was sent to the chaplain at the RDC.

Danny Trent was not permitted to have the Bible.

Trent wrote a five-page letter to me, scribbled with pencil on prison stationery. The envelope was a yellow, prison envelope. In the lower left corner was printed an eyebrow-arching warning:

This stamp identifies this correspondence as having been mailed by an offender incarcerated at the above correctional institution. **Warning:** Not responsible for contents. Any enclosed money orders should be referred to your local postmaster before cashing.

I pondered the significance of this "warning" as I opened the thin, yellow envelope, and wondered just what sort of a bearing I should give to it as I read the letter itself.

The letter was not easy to read; the penciled words were similar in style to those of an elementary school student, and it soon became apparent that Trent's spelling was supplying a sort of biographical background. Above the salutation, evidently scribbled in as a final message, he had written, "Thank you for the beautiful Bible even though I just got to see it in the chaplain's office. Thanks and God Bless."

Here is the body of Danny Trent's letter:

I truly appreciate your concern and your quick response. I can see you have already

Stephen T. Groninger has served as a part-time instructor of microeconomics at the University of New Haven and at Southern Connecticut State University. He lives in New Haven, Conn.

encountered the obstacles you have to try to get a bible in here. As for the bible you sent me they would not let me have it. The chaplain said he would put it in my property and I could have it when I get to where I am going. His excuse for not letting us have a Old Testament bible was truly flemesy. He called me down to his office to question me about your letter. Then he started asking me questions about the bible. Some I could answer some I could not. The reason for wanting the Old Testament bible was to study Gods word. He tells me the only bible I need is the New Testament. He kept trying to question me to see how my ignorance of the bible was. I told him that is why I wanted to study the bible. I asked about bible studies and church services. He says they are not set up for it here. Well I don't know why. There is no excuse for not letting the ones to worship do so. There other excuse is there is no place to hold services. But they have a day room here and a big dining room that can be used to have services. I ask him about letting volunteers from the street. He says it cannot be done. For the sake of our souls and beliefs, I do believe it would be a small price to pay for the people of the prison system to make the facilities here for us to worship.

As you know I am a struggling Christian who wants to be the best Christian I can be. But they make it so very hard for you here. The church services would make it so much easier to keep the faith. I will never give up because I do love being a Christian. I waited along time to change my life. It took this tragic thing to happen to me for me to change my life. I do mean to excercise my beliefs a 100 per cent. We do need for you people on the outside to put pressure on the system to help us. I will pray for you all and your help. God bless you my Christian Friend.

Sincerely yours your struggling Christian Friend, Danny Trent.

P.S. The more people that will write me and put pressure on the system will help.

P.S. I would also appreciate your help in another matter. I am handicapped and so are a few others here. They have no facilities set up for our safety, like the showers and bathrooms so please help us. God Bless!

An objective analysis of these penciled words was no easy task, but the noble simplicity of the requests was just too elementary to ignore. Even in the worst-case scenario, if the prisoner was a self-centered charlatan seeking only the furtherance of his own



ends, it would still be difficult to deny him a Bible. Indeed, in the worst case, placing a Bible in his hands seemed to take on, somehow, even more import.

The goal of getting a Bible to Danny Trent quickly took on a quality of simple necessity. It was something that was going to get done, one way or another. I began to wonder who might be interested in such a matter.

It didn't take long to come up with the Gideons International as a reasonable prospect. The Gideons place Bibles in hotel rooms worldwide. Would the Gideons be interested in helping convicts have Bibles in their cells?

I wrote to Harlan Leimenstoll of the Danville, Indiana, Camp of the Gideons, enclosing my letter to Trent and Trent's reply. More than two months passed; nothing happened.

I then wrote to Wendell McClinton, the executive director of the Gideons International. It worked. It worked to a degree far greater than any I had anticipated.

Harlan Leimenstoll of the Gideons' Danville Camp wrote to describe just what had happened:

I sincerely apologize and ask your forgiveness for not responding to our telephone conversation and your letter sooner. . . . We do have some good news, however. Shortly after our discussion, we received a request from the custodial supervisor at the [RDC]. . . [for] whole Bibles for the inmates in that facility. We checked very carefully to determine if used Bibles taken from hotels and motels would be satisfactory. I had been advised that used Bibles were unacceptable by the chaplain at the [RDC]. This is one of the reasons I personally had never tried to send one to Mr. Trent. But the custodial supervisor said, absolutely, that this would be all right. So I personally have delivered 225 Bibles to the [RDC]. These were placed in the library, and may be checked out and kept by the inmates for as long as they are at the facility. They advised

us they would contact us if there is further need for more Bibles.

I truly wish to express my appreciation for the efforts of you, the Plainfield Friends Meeting as well as the others to see that Danny Trent was supplied with the Word of God. You truly participated in a miracle from the Lord, I feel. All doors seemed to be shut. Yet God worked around the chaplain and through those in authority that his Word was available to those in need. Thanks for praying. Please continue to pray that those Scriptures will accomplish their intended purpose. Isa. 55:11 & Heb. 4:12.

I sent Trent a letter to inform him of the Bibles that the Gideons had placed in the library for the use of prisoners. I told him about others who had experienced incarceration, such as Quaker George Fox and philosopher Bertrand Russell, and I urged him to turn to their writings, as well as to the Bible, when feelings of loneliness and despair encompassed him. I recommended that he obtain a copy of his letter to the editor and that he hold it and utilize it to his best benefit at his future parole hearings. I suggested obtaining a note from the librarian describing what he had accomplished and that he utilize it in a similar fashion. I closed with the citations obtained from the Danville Camp of the Gideons International: Isa. 55:11 and Heb. 4:12.

Perhaps this will help him; perhaps it will not. As Trent wrote, "I will never give up because I do love being a Christian. I waited a long time to change my life."

I hope that the author of those words can continue to change his life. His letter reveals that the environment surrounding him will not make his goal an easy one. His story shows that he must overcome not only the influence of his fellow convicts, but the hefty indifference of the correctional system itself, if he is to have any success.

Prisoner Danny Trent expressed his need for a Bible in his cell and the Gideons were able to supply it, but he expressed a myriad of other needs as well. The magnitude of difficulty he encountered in meeting his simple need for a Bible causes me to contemplate the true vastness of the efforts that will be necessary to meet his other needs. □

What I Learned in Prison

by Stanley Zarowin

I recently spent time in prison, which for me is not that unusual, since I'm a facilitator for the Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP)—a nationwide, Quaker-sponsored program that provides conflict resolution training for inmates. I occasionally spend weekends in various prison workshops, but this visit, as you shall see, was unique. I'm also an AVP director, and our board scheduled its business meeting inside prison walls—a first—joined by a half-dozen inmates who are also AVP facilitators. The prison is in Elmira, New York, a small city about 250 miles from Manhattan. I came away from this 13-hour meeting with a new sense of Quaker witness.

The meeting's agenda seemed ordinary. Halfway through our business one of the board members matter-of-factly reported that plans finally were getting under way for a research project to determine the efficacy of AVP workshops. While we have always assumed AVP was effective, in our 18-year history we never had an opportunity to develop verifiable proof. Now several AVPs who are social sci-

entists were planning such a project.

Shortly after the research plans were disclosed, one of the inmates asked to speak. He said he worried that the information-gathering part of the project could jeopardize inmates' privacy. Confidentiality is a critical concern at AVP. We want participants to feel that what transpires at a workshop stays in the workshop. Inmates have enough to deal with without worrying that confidential information might reach prison authorities and be used against them; that's one reason why guards are never allowed in our inmate workshops.

My immediate reaction to the inmate's concern, I'm embarrassed to admit, was to try to minimize it. Trust us, I thought, we know what's good for you; we will not jeopardize your privacy.

Comments by board members to that effect did not satisfy the inmate. So we assembled a "fish tank," a workshop process to elicit participants' views in a safe way—much like Quaker worship-sharing. In a fish tank, only those taking a seat in the middle of the circle of participants are allowed to speak, and when they finish, they release the seat to someone else.

It took nearly an hour of active listening with the inmates before we board members, all of whom are white, understood the concern of the inmates, most of whom are black. We agreed to bring the researchers to the prison and let the inmates question them. We also agreed not to proceed with the project until the inmates were satisfied that confidentiality could be ensured.

For me, the lesson was clear. I realized during that fish tank that I had viewed my efforts as being helpful to these "less fortunate" people. And since I was not an inmate, I presumed that alone qualified me to determine what was good for them. I had somehow lost sight of their feelings, their needs, and their wisdom; worse, I had failed to acknowledge that of God within them. It took me time to reprocess my thinking: doing "good" does not qualify me for knowing what is good for them.

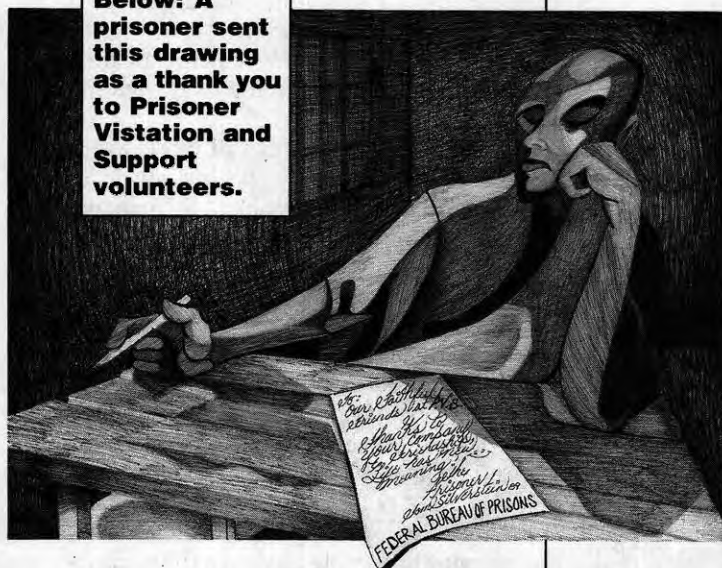
I must say, these six inmates were very gentle and patient with us. They kept us engaged until finally we could hear their message—and that still, small voice we all share.

I look forward to my next day behind bars in Elmira Correctional Facility. □

Stanley Zarowin, a member of Brooklyn (N.Y.) Meeting, lives on Staten Island, N.Y.

Prisoner Visitation and Support

Below: A prisoner sent this drawing as a thank you to Prisoner Visitation and Support volunteers.



Two concerned Friends, Bob Horton and Fay Honey Knopp, founded Prisoner Visitation and Support (PVS) 27 years ago. They were carrying forward a Quaker tradition of caring for prisoners, one that goes back to the pioneering work of Elizabeth Fry in Newgate Prison in the early days of the 19th century.

In the beginning, PVS focused on visiting imprisoned conscientious objectors. In the years since, its work has expanded and broadened to cover 55 of the 85 federal and military prisons in the United States. Their 175 volunteers provide the necessary human contact to those prisoners serving long sentences, those in solitary confinement, and those who receive no other visits. PVS is the only organization in the United States given complete access by the director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons and the Pentagon to all federal and military prisons.

The PVS volunteer visitors bring with them no religious or philosophical agenda, but try to reach out in friendship and caring to women and men whom society-at-large wants to ignore or forget. PVS can be contacted at 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, telephone (215) 241-7117. □

Giving Witness



To the Light

by Carol Roth

The Light for which the world longs is already shining. It is shining into the darkness, but the darkness does not apprehend it. It is shining into the darkness, but the darkness is not overcoming it. . . .

from *The Eternal Promise* by Thomas Kelly

In the darkness and despair of a dysfunctional family, my early experiences of Light were rare but powerful to me: a smile from a kind teacher, time spent alone in awe and reverence at the beauty of nature. These were gifts I treasured. They brought joy into the years of abuse and poverty and into my role as caretaker and rescuer of my siblings. There was also something else that sustained me and strengthened me during those years. It was a deep, innate knowledge that the violence and unhappiness in our home was not the way God intended us to live. Somehow, despite the bitter messages from my parents that faith was hopeless, that unhappiness and pain were all we could ever expect in life, I had an inner conviction that whispered to me that Love was the real way. I tried to cling to this inner voice but it was difficult, for human voices, thick with ridicule, said that God didn't care: to hope for the gift of God's love in a world that was cold, ugly, and devoid of tenderness was only a childish illusion.

I didn't want ever to believe that the statements from my parents were true, but when I was raped at age 18, the small, inner voice inside of me was no longer able to persuade me to listen to it. Nor could I see Light anymore, not in others, not in nature, and especially not in

Carol Roth, a member of Mickleton (N.J.) Meeting, writes: "It was only upon leaving the position of coordinator of Salem (N.J.) Quarterly Meeting in 1991 that I decided to share [this incident] with the wonderful people that I served, and I am glad that I did, for other Friends have since shared with me their own experiences of times when mystical or spiritual incidents have happened to them."

myself. When I looked around, all I could see was fear. When I glanced into a mirror, all I saw was shame. There were no support groups for victims of rape, and I couldn't tell my parents, so I kept everything inside: all the shock, the horror, the anger. I didn't own any of it, nor did I discuss it with anyone. I let all the feelings of shame and disgust grow and fester inside of me until in my own eyes, in my own heart, I was a non-person. I was

convinced I was filthy, not worthy of human love, and not worthy of God's love.

With that sort of victim mentality, I married the first man who asked me, grateful that someone would even consider me as a wife. We had a daughter I adored. In her pure and loving spirit I saw once again the innocence and wonder I had fought so hard to retain as a child. I clung to her as she did to me, for we needed each other desperately. My husband was a spouse abuser. For years, I kept his beatings a secret, for I was certain there was something I was doing wrong that was the cause of his unhappiness and cruelty. When our child was four and my husband's violence threatened to turn in her direction, I knew that this living hell could not go on. I am certain that even though I had turned off the small, inner voice, God had not deserted me, because my daughter and I managed to escape with our lives.

This miracle of escape, of a chance at a new life, enabled me to hope, to open the door to trust in the possibility of happiness and love again. As my child looked to me for stability, direction, and protection, I also wanted to be an example for her that our world held Light, not only darkness, that if she would only reach out, love would be there. So I reached out, and someone reached back: a gentle man, a good and decent man whom I married. We had a son, and we were given two years of joy and happiness together. Then a shadow called cancer came into our lives, and in our fourth year of marriage, at the age of 31, this gentle man died.

My spirit died, too. My body was alive. It moved with me to feed my children, to

Lucy Durand-Sikes

**The American Friends Service
Committee in Post-World-War-II
Germany and Austria:**



Rebuilding Mending lives Sharing memories

If you worked with American or British Friends in post-World-War-II Germany or Austria, the American Friends Service Committee needs your help. The German Historical Museum in Berlin is assembling an exhibit to document international Quaker efforts to heal the wounds of war. The exhibit will travel throughout Germany in 1996 and 1997.

Needed:

- photos (if possible, with names, locations, and dates)
- AFSC/Quaker uniforms
- memorabilia and letters

Our call goes out to those who

- volunteered in or staffed feeding and relief, reconciliation, or reconstruction programs,
- assisted displaced people and refugees before, during, and after the war,
- served as volunteers or staff in the United States to support programs such as material aids shipments and refugee work,
- benefitted from feeding, material aids or refugee programs,
- contributed in other ways.

(We also are interested in hearing from those who are familiar with Quaker Service in Germany in the 1920s.)

Please contact AFSC, Sara Jane Stone,
1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA
19102.

care for their needs. But their love for me, and my love for them, could not penetrate my inner darkness. I was filled with anguish, with overwhelming loneliness and torment at the loss of this man. I *hated* God for the first time in my life. I hated even the idea of God. All the time I had spent as a child trying to retain the illusion of God, the insane idea that God existed, all that energy spent trying to believe in God—for what?

Wrapped in my own self-pity, I moved like a zombie through the summer and fall months after my husband's death. Winter came and I was relieved and glad to draw the heavy, lined draperies across the windows. I wanted no bright sun in my eyes. I wanted it dark, as dark and black as I felt in my mind and heart. Spring came again and another summer. Still, I kept the house dark. I would never, ever, allow myself to believe in Light again.

Then one night, as I sat in the darkness, from inside of me something cracked in the core of my being. Tears surged up, ripped through the surface, and exploded in racking sobs I could not stop. It was my own soul that was crying, weeping bitterly for all the hurt, all the pain, all the struggle. The little child inside of me that was never allowed to cry or express her emotions gave vent to all the feelings until, trembling, exhausted, spent, I pleaded for God to rescue me from the darkness in which I was imprisoned.

Light came. It filled the room. It was under me, on top of me, surrounding me. Warmth flooded me. Light was in me, pouring into me, coming out of me. I was one with the Light. I was enveloped in it. This Light had no shape, no form. It was pure, radiant Light. It stayed in that room with me, comforting me, loving me as a mother's or father's arms must feel to a child. I don't know how long it flooded me. I had no sense of time.

The Light was still with me as I rose and went to the door and opened it to a day filled with early morning. I crossed my front yard, unable to comprehend what I was seeing. Radiant, silvery, golden Light was everywhere. Everything shimmered, everything was changing before my eyes. I could see the veins in the leaves of the trees above me and the veins were moving, dancing with some kind of life force. The trees emitted a kind of current, as did the roadway before me as I opened the gate to the picket fence, which seemed to pulse under my fingers. I could see into everything I looked at, and all was motion and force, pulsing with in-

credible, light-filled energy.

Somehow I was able to see in a way beyond our normal way of seeing. There was no sense of time, no boundaries of any kind. My sight expanded and I saw scenes before my eyes: an Indian walking through the forest, bow slung across his shoulder; a Chinese woman with an infant bound on her back, bending over as she transplanted rice seedlings, her sturdy legs immersed in mud. I saw a black slave, his face sullen as he stripped cotton, iron chains around his bare feet, dragging, as he moved slowly across the red earth. I saw cities also, filled with people cloaked in darkness, unaware of the Light so alive within themselves and others. I knew Earth and all in it contained this living Light.

I was given to know (not audibly but from inside of me) that spirit is eternal. We can't comprehend this because our human sight is limited. I was also given to know that what happens to us, how our lives are lived, is related to how we think and how we perceive. If our seeing, our feeling, is one of darkness, it is often because we are choosing to see, to feel, this darkness. It does not mean that the Light is not here. The Light is real, in us, always available to us. We may try to deny it. We may try to empty ourselves of it. But we are part of it as it is part of us. If we only allow ourselves to believe it, truly believe it, we will be able to see, to feel, the Light in ourselves and in each other.

The luminosity of the Light faded. I was filled with joy, awe, and wonder at what I had experienced. I felt that my limited, human language could not ever hope to convey what had happened to me.

This gift of Light did not blast away all my darkness forever. When I do not focus on the Light, when I lose my way, I am capable of much hurt to others and to myself. This gift of seeing the Light so clearly also did not mean that I would not struggle or have pain or sorrow in my life. But this experience did teach me that when I am weary or afraid, I can draw strength from the power of the Light. I am learning to choose to see Light when I look at myself, at others, and at the world around me. This changes my perception, and in turn this helps to influence the way I think, feel, and act. I am not always successful at this way of Seeing, but I am determined to keep trying, for I know the Light is real. I know that what Thomas Kelly wrote is true: "The Light for which the world longs, is already shining. . . ." It shines, dear Friends, it shines. □

A Long Path

TO BECOMING A QUAKER

by Kerttu Kay Barnett



In my treasure box there is a crumpled envelope containing an old photograph of five young men. I have kept it with me for 50 years. I have never met them, and I don't know their names or who they are. Or it may be that I have seen one of them, but I am not sure.

In any case the event when the photograph came to my possession strongly influenced the course of my whole life.

In the summer of 1944 I was 20 years old and lived in Finland. I was spending my summer holiday from college with my parents, who were teachers in a small village a short distance from Lake Ladoga in Karelia. After the first, short, 100-day winter war with the Soviet Union three years before, the Soviet troops took that part of Finland. My family had been forced to leave our home and flee across the new border to the main part of Finland.

The circumstances that summer were extraordinary. New fighting had broken

out; the Finnish army was opposing the advance of the Soviet troops into Finland. Because the Soviet army had to deal with the approaching German army, there was not much fighting between the Soviets and the Finns that summer. The Finnish army managed to take back territory that included my village. Some civilians, my family among them, were allowed to return to their homes even though the war continued not far away.

When we returned there were marks of heavy fighting everywhere; the neighbor's farmhouse was burned down. In spite of all of this I was very happy to be back in my childhood home.

My friend Irene came to my house one afternoon and asked me to accompany her to find a lost cow. The cows were left loose to forage in the nearby forest, and one cow had not returned. We started off, happily chatting and laughing.

We walked deep into the woods, calling the cow and trying to hear its bell. It was a warm, sunny summer day. The forest was very lush. The birch tree groves

*Perhaps one of
the young men in
the photo had met
his death here
in the dark
northern woods of
Finland, very far
from his home.*

and the openings like small meadows were full of flowers and ripe berries. A chorus of bird songs followed us. Little by little, we forgot to look for the cow and wandered around in this enchanted place, eating fragrant strawberries and picking flowers.

Together we stepped into a small meadow surrounded by young birch trees. There among the daisies and blue bells something caught our eyes. We walked closer and saw a full-sized human skeleton lying on its back. A bit of dried flesh around the leg bones could be seen disappearing into a pair of elegant brown leather boots. The arm bones of the skeleton were stretched out. The mouth of the skull was

Kerttu Kay Barnett is a member of New Paltz (N.Y.) Meeting.

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wide open, displaying a good set of teeth. There was nothing more, only the white bones lying on the green grass.

I had never seen a real skeleton in my whole life. The mellow evening light was bathing the clearing. The birds were singing, and the skeleton, surrounded by wild flowers, seemed to be so much a part of the woods that we were not frightened at all. It was so very unreal.

We stepped closer and decided that the skeleton belonged to a male, perhaps to a soldier who had died alone here when heavy fighting moved over the area a few years before.

On the rib cage just above where the heart had been there was a brown leather wallet pierced by a round hole. Perhaps it was a single bullet right to the heart that killed the soldier, since the skeleton did not show any signs of a death struggle. I rolled the wallet to the ground with a stick. When we opened it, we found some letters and a photograph.

The leather had preserved the photograph well. It was a picture of five young, well-dressed, intelligent-looking men. It seemed to us to be a photo of five friends. The faces were solemnly staring at us from the photo, which also had a round hole in it.

At that age I had met only a few foreigners, but I could imagine these men living somewhere in the warm, sunny, southern part of Russia, riding fast horses along vast treeless steppes. Perhaps one of the young men in the photo had met his death here in the unfamiliar, cold, and dark northern woods of Finland, very far from his home.

Irene, pointing at the skeleton, suddenly asked: "Which one is this man?" We studied the photo and could only guess.

I took the wallet and the photo with me. Before we left for home we agreed never to tell anybody about the skeleton in the woods. While living in this area we were under Finnish military rule and were supposed to report to the police anything unusual we found—that would include dead bodies! The police would ask us to show them the place, and they would insist on burying the skeleton. We felt that the place where the fallen soldier slept was a holy place and should not be disturbed.

The lost cow was waiting for us near the barn gate.

Later I felt uneasy about keeping the wallet that belonged to a dead person. I threw it away, not understanding that perhaps I could contact the soldier's family when the war was over. But I always kept

the photograph near me.

On later occasions, while looking at the photograph, questions would flood my mind. I was taught from childhood that Russians were our enemies. It was really a very natural conclusion considering that for the last 1,000 years Finns had fought numerous wars against the Russians to protect their ancient culture and way of life.

During the war my beloved brother was shot dead during the fighting in the forest that belonged to the Soviet Union.

He was such a wonderful, gentle man, perhaps like the young man in my photograph. I started to ponder. Why were young men asked to fight wars, to be shot dead in foreign countries far away from home? Perhaps these men in the photograph had sisters and mothers like my brother had. What would I say to the mother of the skeleton we found if I were ever to meet her? I was quite horrified by the idea that somewhere far away in a foreign country lived women—mother, sisters, or wife—who were waiting for their beloved to come home.

My father was a very strong religious leader, so I went to him and asked him about Russians who were trying to enter our country and the section of the Lord's Prayer that reads: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us." Obviously the young man who died in the woods was a trespasser. My father instructed me that this section of the Lord's Prayer included everybody else except the Russians. I started to doubt my father's words. I could not believe anymore that the fallen soldier was beyond forgiveness.

The war ended. I had graduated from the teachers college and was employed as a youth worker for a settlement house when I attended a weekend workshop given by the American Friends Service Committee. I knew that the settlement house movement in Finland was helping the AFSC in their relief work in Finnish Lapland.

One of the speakers was David Richie, a Quaker from Philadelphia, Pa. I had no

idea who the Quakers were. I had never heard about them. After dinner some of the participants were sitting around David Richie, talking and asking questions. My English was not very good, but to my astonishment I understood that Quakers were religious people who said no to any war and refused to be enlisted in the army. It had never occurred to me that it was possible to oppose wars. This was an answer to my questions that had started the day Irene and I found the skeleton of the Russian soldier.

Later during the same year, 1947, I visited Rovala, the settlement house in Rovaniemi, in Lapland. The Germans, while retreating from Finland through Norway, had used a scorched-earth policy, and this town of 70,000 people was completely destroyed.

There amongst the ruins, mud, and debris was a row of rustic brown barracks serving as the headquarters of the AFSC. In spite of the dismal living conditions, the staff members and Finns who worked or volunteered for the AFSC seemed very cheerful. Their high spirits were so catching that the next summer I took part in an AFSC-organized workcamp in Lapland. We helped a farmer build his house and clear the forest for his fields. I remember clearly how foolish and impractical it seemed to me that the Quakers had a rule that all decisions for any project had to be approved by all campers. Making decisions by consensus seemed to take forever.

Later I took part in another Quaker workcamp in England and spent a semester at the Quaker study center Pendle Hill in the United States. It took over 28 years after the encounter in the woods before I joined the Religious Society of Friends, the religious body behind the American Friends Service Committee.

When I now look at the photograph of the five young men, I believe, but am not sure, that the second man from the left in the top row is the Russian soldier whose skeleton Irene and I found. It was his death in the Finnish woods many years ago that opened my thinking and life beyond the boundaries of my childhood culture. □

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away lived
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The Spiritual Odyssey of James Nayler

by Rebecca M. Osborn



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His shame had been great. His sentence had been harsh. A year after his release from prison and his reconciliation with Friends, he was on his way home from London when he took ill and was robbed, tied up, and left to die. Toward evening a fellow countryman saw him and took him to the home of a Quaker, who sent for a doctor. He did not live long, but he made a remarkable statement before he died. His name was James Nayler.

"There is a Spirit which I feel," James

Nayler said, "that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong. . . . Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention. . . . As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thoughts to any other. . . . Its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned. . . . I found it alone, being forsaken. . . ."

Who was James Nayler? What was the twisted path that took him from a four-year ministry as impressive as that of George Fox (and shared with him) to an event that resulted in severe corporal punishment and three years of imprisonment that left him weak and debilitated? Perhaps no suffering is more intense than that we bring upon ourselves and for which, in the end, we must accept responsibility. Nayler had allowed himself to be drawn into an illusion that proved a disgrace to him and an embarrassment to a fledgling Quaker movement. How was it that James Nayler endured all this without rancor or despair? What kept alive in him the Spirit that "outlived all wrath and contention" and inspired his moving and gracious statement of faith?

Nayler was a young man of 21 and a successful farmer when he married Anne. They had three daughters in the next four years. At 25 he joined the Parliamentary Army against the Royalists. Before the end of his military career he was promoted to the rank of quartermaster, a responsible post that involved making arrangements for the feeding and housing of the troops. He was becoming known, at the same time, for his eloquence as a preacher. Many men found the army of Cromwell a good place to exhort and declaim, and Nayler was one of the most effective, both in his words and his delivery. At 33, ill with symptoms of tuberculosis, he left the army.

That same year, 1651, Nayler first heard George Fox preach. A little later he met Fox and talked with him at the home of Margaret Fell. Within the year, Nayler was won over to the thinking of Friends and, soon after that, had the experience of "hearing a call" to go forth and minister.

"I was at the plow meditating on the things of God," Nayler wrote, "and suddenly I heard a Voice saying to me, Get thee out from thy Kindred and from thy Father's house."

He went. Mabel Richmond Brailsford, in *A Quaker from Cromwell's Army: James Nayler*, reports Nayler made arrangements for his farm to be worked by others, disposed of all his money, and left his wife and children. It was not easy. Brailsford goes on to say: "He put off going from day to day, till the sense of the wrath of God upon his disobedience had become intolerable. So great was his distress that he became unable to speak or even to eat, and his very life was despaired of." However we might interpret that today, it is clear that the decision to leave his family and his home was a hard one for Nayler.

Nayler and Fox traveled and ministered together for four years. Nayler was eloquent and appealing—so appealing, indeed, that he soon acquired a large and enthusiastic following among Friends. Some began to prefer him to Fox, who was often acerbic and impatient and unyielding. In time a small group of Nayler's followers began to emerge and to ascribe extraordinary qualities and powers to James Nayler. History has identified them as Martha Simmonds, Hannah Stranger and her husband John, Dorcas Erbury (who insisted that Nayler had raised her from the dead), Timothy Wedlock, Samuel Cater, and Robert Crab. There is evidence from their letters and activities that some, if not all, wished to replace Fox with Nayler and were responsible for some deliberately divisive acts. William Bittle, author of *James Nayler, 1618–1660: The Quaker Indicted by Parliament*, says that they wanted Nayler to present "a sign" of the approach of the Second Coming of Christ.

Fox urged Nayler to dissociate himself from this group, but Nayler did not. Martha Simmonds, most of all, seems to have worked on Nayler's emotions. At one point, after Nayler had refused a request

Rebecca Osborn, a member of Unami Meeting in Pennsburg, Pa., is a retired family counselor. She is grateful to the staff of the Quaker Collection at Haverford College Library for their assistance.

Graphics here and on page 18 show caricatures of James Nayler from a German pamphlet entitled, "The Great Deceiver and False Messiah, James Naylor, King of the Quakers in the Year 1657." Below, he is shown raising a woman from the dead.

of hers, Martha "cried aloud in a passionate lamenting manner, which so entered and pierced poor James Nayler that it smote him down into so much sorrow and sadness, that he was much dejected in spirit and disconsolate. Fears and doubting then entered him, that he came to be clouded in his Understanding. . . ."

In August of 1656, Nayler and others set out to visit George Fox, who was

imprisoned in Launceston Jail. This was forbidden, and Nayler was himself imprisoned, as he had been on many other occasions. The order for his release from Exeter Prison came on October 20. Three days later, on Friday, October 23, 1656, James Nayler was persuaded by members of the Simmonds group to mount a horse and was led, first by two young men, later by two of the women of the



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group, from Exeter through Glastonbury to Bristol. One or two of the women sang, "Holy, Holy, Holy" and "Hosannah" as they proceeded and strewed articles of clothing in his path.

As soon as Nayler's procession reached the town of Bristol, sodden from continuous rain and weary, the mayor of Bristol sent them all to Newgate Prison, describing them as part of a "generation of seduced and seducing persons among us, called Quakers."

Did Nayler himself believe that he represented the Second Coming of Christ, as his followers declared? Nothing in his answers to those who questioned him at the time of his trial suggests that he did. To them he said, "I do abhor that any honour due to God should be given to me as I am a creature. But it pleased the Lord to set me up as a sign of the coming of the Righteous One. . . ." Signs were frequently demonstrated and attested to by Friends in the early days of Quakerism. Brailsford writes that it was clear to her that Nayler "regarded himself simply as a symbol of Christ. . . and the pitiful triumphal entry as a sign of his coming."

However the entry into Bristol appeared to Nayler, to George Fox it was shameful and dangerous. Under English law, it was blasphemy.

Even more damaging to Nayler, perhaps, was a letter written while he was still in Exeter Prison by Hannah Stranger, with a postscript from her husband John. In the letter she addressed Nayler as "the fairest of Ten Thousand, and the only begotten Son of God." The postscript read, "Thy Name shall be no more James Nayler, but Jesus."

"A fear struck me," Nayler later wrote in his *Works*, "when I first saw it [the letter] and so I put it in my pocket, close, not intending any should see it."

But the letter was seen, by members of the Parliament that tried Nayler for "horrid blasphemy" following his entrance into Bristol.

Nayler's accomplices were released from prison after a short time, but Nayler was not. He was first questioned by a Committee of Justices, then, after their unfavorable report had been issued, was tried by Parliament. Some of the 103 speakers who took part in the long debate wanted him to receive the death penalty. Others protested that his tongue should be cut out and his right hand cut off. In the end, it was decided that he should be set on the pillory for two hours on two occasions; be whipped by the hangman with 311 lashes as he walked, tethered, behind

a horse-drawn cart; have his tongue bored through with a hot iron; be branded with the letter "B" on his forehead; be sent to Bristol riding backwards on a horse; and be whipped again. Following that, he was to be sent to prison in Bridewell, where he was to be put to hard labor and "restrained from the society of all people." Pen, ink, and paper were to be denied him. James Nayler was to spend the next three years in prison.

Quoting a person present at the scene of Nayler's whipping, Brailsford writes: "Yet opened he not his mouth, nor doth a harsh word come out of his mouth against them that thus used him. . . ."

Just as amazing were his words to Parliament when he had received his sentence: "God has given me a body: He will, I hope, give me a spirit to endure it [the sentence]. The Lord lay not these things to your charge. I shall pray that He may not."

From prison, James Nayler wrote a confession of his fault to Parliament. After his release in 1659, he traveled to Bristol and there, "on the spot where his offense had been committed," made a public confession of his guilt and repentance. One is tempted to say this was, indeed, another Coming—a coming again of the spirit of Christ in caring and in courage.

Geoffrey Nuttall, in *James Nayler, a Fresh Approach*, sees more than courage and humility in James Nayler's response to suffering. Amusingly, he notes: "practically never in my researches have I come across a Friend who acknowledges a mistake. Nayler does so; which at once puts him in a class by himself." He goes on to make a very important point. In acknowledging that he had submitted to temptation, that he had been overtaken with a fault, and that his judgment was taken away, to use some of Nayler's own words, he was balancing Fox's "tremendous idealism" with his sure knowledge—wrestled from experience—of the fallibility of us all, and even more importantly, the need for forgiveness and love from those we have injured. He exhorted us "to cast over a brother's nakedness, a garment of . . . love. . . beholding each other with that good eye which waits for the soul and not for the sin."

Reading these words, I can well understand that "there was scarcely a dry eye in the meeting" when Nayler made his public confession in Bristol, and that "those who retained the clearest memory of his errors were melted into forgiveness." □

Waiting in Parenthood

by Elisabeth Lusia Baer

Waiting seems intrinsic to parenthood. Once news of conception confirms pregnancy, nine months become chronicled as the child develops and the mother's body grows to accommodate the life within her.

In Hebrew, the word *wait* literally means "to twist or be stretched in order to gain strength." In time, the unborn child stretches within the womb, strengthening the child's capacity for life outside. At the same time, the mother's swelling belly literally stretches, contributing to the life within. However, this "stretching" signals the beginning of a lifetime of strengthening our personhood as parents. With the onset of parenthood, waiting seems to become a way of life, and this waiting seems to strengthen and instruct us. Allow me to speak of how this experience of waiting informs my parenting.

Conceiving, carrying, and birthing three children necessarily usher in waiting. With my first child, I was enthralled with the changes that inevitably come with bearing a child. My swelling belly, tender feelings, and images of an anticipated birth imparted awe, sometimes fearsome awe. The cumbersome slowness of a quite pregnant woman characterized my spirituality during this time. However, much "birthing" came about in this advent.

Waiting became a way of life, before and after the birth of my children. Perhaps this waiting has been the greatest gift to my spirituality. How so? One illustration comes to mind as I recall those early days and nights of mothering.

My days begin early with the crying of an infant newly placed in his own room. I awaken, and in the dim light of dawn, make my way. I gently pick up the crying child and quietly settle in the rocking chair beside his crib. I put the young child to my breast and allow him to nurse until he is full and satisfied. As I watch his newborn intensity subside to a gentle, satiated calm, I marvel at the completeness of this child, born less than five weeks ago. God is indeed miraculous!

Yet there are nights when I resent the intrusion into my deep sleep. I resent giving of my self—my warmth, my milk, my time—to this creature, who at this dependent age oftentimes passively receives and seldom gives. All the same, at the first cry, I am out of bed and feeling my way through the dark hall to meet the needs of my first-born son.

My travels down that dark hall in the night and early morning teach me about God's steadfast love. How can I more closely ap-



proximate the loving-kindness shown to us by our steadfast Creator? In small, everyday ways, my three children show me ways to do so. Often I fail—but, always, my children remind me, and in the days to come will continue to remind me, of the path. My experience as "mother" informs my understanding of God and instructs me in the loving endeavor called parenthood.

Now my children are older, and soon they will enter adolescence. Parenting takes on a different sense of waiting, I imagine, as parents' arms can no longer ward off harm. Waiting honors *kairos*, God's time—not our own worldly time, *chronos*.

Chronos, measured in increments, is devoid of mystery, whereas *kairos*, laden with mystery, reveals God in the gracious fullness of time. As my children grow into individuals possessing and expressing their own thoughts, I too am growing in my capacity to stretch with them. Waiting with them as they come upon their own truths, despite my wishing sometimes to intervene and insist on my truths, is to honor God's time. Indeed, I most see that of God in my children when I patiently wait to see and hear them as the unique individuals they are.

Lastly, while I learn to wait with my children, I learn about the providence of God. God waits with us, granting us the freedom to become who we are destined to be. Many of our lessons are learned the hard way—through mistakes that bring pain into our lives. Yet God makes use of our suffering to usher in greater wholeness. God's steadfast love is ever present to us, and God continues to wait for us even in our slowness to turn toward the Presence.

The challenge, for me, remains to approximate God's enduring love toward my children. If I grant them the gift of waiting alongside them as they become who they are destined to be, I will show them a steadfast love reminiscent of the Prodigal Son's father—arms outstretched welcoming his wayward son's return (Luke 15:11–24). No less challenge remains for me as my three children begin to make their travels away from home. □

Elisabeth Lusia Baer is a chaplain at Deaconess Hospital in Evansville, Ind.

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Reports

Youthquake: My Journey as a Young Friend

Youthquake '94, the "national conference for Quaker youth," took place Dec. 27, 1994-Jan. 1, 1995, at the Glorieta Conference Center in Glorieta, N. Mex. Royce Frazier, the main organizer of Youthquake, spoke on Tuesday night. Though his talk was interesting, he was a bit too dramatic for many, and he disturbed a number of people by finishing in a position of crucifixion. This set the tone for the first few days, and I felt I needed to be in a defensive position, or even to point out what I thought were unQuakerly points of view, as I understood Quakerism. However, I was fortunate in having a diverse family group with many of its eleven members able to speak clearly and intelligently about their beliefs. This allowed better communication to occur than I was led to believe thanks to the off-putting start of the week.

Every night the "Lounge" was open for refreshments and conversations. Discussions ranged from the use of spanking as a disciplinary tactic to whether one approved of abortion and homosexuality. Some f/Friends' emphasis on the idea of original sin in their relationship with God, and their blind faith in the Bible, bothered me because I felt it emphasized a negative and unhealthy relationship with the Spirit. But I learned an enormous amount about where young Friends from different backgrounds were coming from and often why they had certain views.

Two of the four evening talks were given by Buster Soares, a Baptist minister from New Jersey. One of his addresses spoke of working to please God alone, not other people. This was couched in phrases that were so very Christocentric that I wonder if a number of the East Coast kids just tuned him out.

On Thursday, Tom and Joani Shultz gave a presentation that dealt with the unconditional gift of love. Unfortunately, the second half of their presentation was a story that turned into communion. This was hugely disturbing for me, and a large number of Friends from every background, since it was a ritualistic show of faith, quite contrary to our understanding of Quaker beliefs. Though a number of young Friends felt this was very affirming of their faith, I, and the majority of those I spoke with, felt that the Shultzes had ignored what they knew of our beliefs and were very disruptive to a community that was having a tough enough time trying to overlook differences as it was.

For me, Youthquake helped to develop my beliefs. I learned how to take something of importance from methods and beliefs different from mine. I even found that beliefs that seemed so utterly different from mine in fact held similarities when I looked at everything in the right way—however, I shouldn't

have needed to squint as much as I did. I was forced to translate what others said into my interpretations of their words, into what I had been led to believe they were trying to communicate with certain phrases. I believe that a lot of the spoken phrases did not allow the relationship with God that I had, and yet, here they were being expressed as the view of Quakerism! It even seemed to be THE view, by virtue of being spoken on the stage by the recognized speakers, and in songs by the approved singer, John Fisher. I know what others get from Quakerism is not the same thing as I get. Words may in the end have the same meaning, but their connotations have a huge impact on those who hear them. As a result, sometimes it was difficult to concentrate on the helpful messages. They were there, in the form of Buster Soares' emphasis on spiritually minded living, the Shultzes' loving lifestyle, and Deborah Saunders' re-emphasis on "living the life."

I welcomed my first experience with programmed meeting, since my conversations with Friends from that background had primed my curiosity. I enjoyed the overall experience as one of learning, and I could see a number of merits in the programmed style of worship. The unprogrammed meeting held little weight with many programmed Friends, though it was my happy experience to be with the few who understood and shared a relationship with God that could be reached in that context. Those who did not understand this idea created an artificial situation for all involved, since too many were not sitting expectantly. However, on Saturday morning Jan Wood felt led to have unprogrammed/open worship rather than the usual Bible hour prior to the scheduled programmed worship. Many were moved, and hopefully all got a true sense of what my style of worship can be. This second unprogrammed meeting was very powerful, because it came at a point in the week when people had finally moved as a body towards embracing each other in love.

As we left Glorieta, all that mattered was the pain of leaving new friends, people whom I had come to love dearly. We had opened ourselves to each other with Love in our hearts, a deep and spiritual love that we each had our own names for. Perhaps the most important message was that no matter what the background or names/phrases, the people gathered there were all extraordinary because they were full of love. There was a feeling of a common thread, however thin. The thread was a reminder to give love, and a belief that, in those who called themselves Quakers, that love would always be returned.

—David Perry

From the Wilton (Conn.) Meeting newsletter

News of Friends

Oklahoma City (Okla.) Friends Meeting's associate clerk, Laura E. Neece-Baltaro, shares the following update:

Since the April 19 bombing of our city, we have been receiving letters, phone calls, and contributions from other Friends. . . . Our meeting was fortunate not to lose anyone, although one member, Noel Osborne, was injured. . . . My own home was slightly damaged (lots of cracking and one broken window) since we live on the block between the same two streets as the Federal Building, just 13 blocks north. Our meeting's two teenagers are distraught over the premeditated destruction, and our youngest member, my four-year-old son, witnessed the bombing from his playground nine blocks north. He is still concerned for Noel and continues to talk about "the big boom" with the white and black smoke. As Noel has said, "Healing our physical injuries was the easy part. Healing our spirits will take much longer."

In trying to recover ourselves, we have not yet decided how we can best use the donations that we have received to help our community. The explosion was enormous, devastating several blocks of Oklahoma City, and recovery will take a long time. The community, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and Feed the Children have all done a tremendous amount to alleviate the pain and loss.

Our meeting has established a special account for the donations we have received so that in the coming months we may help as we are led. We have begun a process of discernment and welcome Friends' insights. We believe that as the larger organizations leave and move on to help others elsewhere, there will be a place for our help. . . .

Because this tragedy did not come only from our community but from our society as a whole, we encourage other meetings and Friends to work diligently and creatively in their own communities to love and care for the children and encourage nonviolent conflict resolution, especially in our young people.



Melissa Kay Elliott/AFSC

. . . We have appreciated Friends' prayers and support. It has helped to feel love after witnessing the devastating effects of hate.

Oklahoma City Friends Meeting may be contacted at 312 SE 25th St., Oklahoma City, OK 73129.

School supplies for Haitian children were personally delivered to the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia, Pa., this spring by 24 young Friends from Durham (N.C.) Meeting. The group, ranging in age from 9 to 14, had collected nearly \$400 worth of materials. The young Friends learned about life in Haiti and the things being done there from Angela Berryman, coordinator of AFSC's Latin America/Caribbean program. They also visited historic Quaker sites, toured Friends Center, and helped in AFSC's Material Aids program, where they folded used clothing to be sent overseas. The Durham young Friends meet monthly for silent worship, and they hold fundraisers throughout the year. For more information contact Angela Berryman, Haiti School Supplies Campaign, AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102-1479, telephone (215) 241-7180.

William Penn College announced the appointment of **Dr. John A. Fallon III** as its 24th president on June 12. Dr. Fallon, an experienced teacher, administrator, author, researcher, and scholar, left his position as Vice President of Public Affairs at Saginaw Valley State University in Michigan and assumed the William Penn office in Oskaloosa, Iowa, in August.

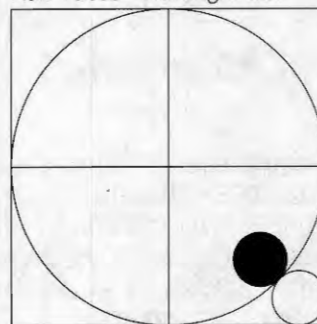
British Quakers had the opportunity to benefit from World War II celebrations this spring in London, England. Though Friends may have been uneasy with the sentiment, a commemorative "travelcard" allowing for unlimited travel throughout London during a weekend of VE celebrations, May 6-8, proved useful for commuting attenders of Britain Yearly Meeting, which was gathered during those same three days. It is not known how many Friends took advantage of the coincidence. (From *The Friend*, April 28, 1995)

Young Friends from Durham (N.C.) Meeting fold clothes in AFSC's Material Aids program in Philadelphia, Pa. (See "School supplies," above)

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Bulletin Board

•Pendle Hill is seeking applicants for the 1996-1997 Henry J. Cadbury Scholarship. The scholarship is awarded to a Quaker scholar with serious interest in Quaker faith, practice, or history to work on a research project benefiting the larger Religious Society of Friends. It covers tuition, room, and board in the Resident Study Program at Pendle Hill for one academic year. Other scholarships are available for people working in education or peace, or showing leadership in the Religious Society of Friends. Henry J. Cadbury, a Bible scholar and Harvard professor, served Pendle Hill for 52 years as a teacher, lecturer, mentor, and member of its founding committee. For more information or an application, contact Kay Herreshoff, Pendle Hill Admissions, 338 Plush Mill Rd., Wallingford, PA 19086, telephone (800) 742-3150, fax (610) 566-3679. Applications are due by March 15, 1996.

•Quaker United Nations Office associate representative Berit Collett is coordinating a team of five women to represent Friends World Committee for Consultation at the Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing, China, this month. As a non-governmental organization (NGO), FWCC is able to have input into the governmental conference as well as the parallel NGO Forum. An estimated 30-35,000 NGOs are expected to attend the Forum, where women from around the world will meet to share their concerns and ideas, and send a call to the governmental conference to "look at the world through women's eyes."

The Commission on the Status of Women met in New York City, March 15-April 7, for its 39th annual session. From this gathering came a draft version of a Platform of Action, a document to be adopted by the Conference in Beijing. As the Platform of Action stresses, local interest and action are crucial to the successful implementation of the text. QUNO is encouraging anyone interested in the Conference to hold a "Beijing in the Backyard" to discuss or devise actions relating to the 12 key areas of the document. For more information and a copy of a 12-page report on the Draft Platform of Action, contact QUNO, 777 UN Plaza, New York, NY 10017. A contribution of \$3 for printing and postage is appreciated.

•The United Nations' International Day of Peace will take place on Sept. 19. The central focus of the day is a unified ringing of bells to coincide with the ringing of the Peace Bell at the UN at 10 a.m. EST. Established in 1981, the International Day of Peace occurs on the third Tuesday of September each year, the opening day of the regular session of the UN General Assembly. Since 1983 a special ceremony has taken place on this day at the UN Peace Bell. Messages from the Secretary-General and the President of the Security



Courtesy of Pax World Service

Council are delivered, followed by the ringing of the Peace Bell and a moment of silence. All are invited to join in "commemorating and strengthening the ideals of peace both within and among all nations and peoples... especially through all means of education." Individuals are encouraged to promote national recognition of the day with all levels of government, organize local observances, ask local churches to participate in the bell ringing, and wear and distribute pins or stickers bearing a purple ribbon, as a witness to the dream of peace.

•An innovative way to show support for the United Nations is to use a "Stamp of Approval for the UN" seal on the lower left-hand corner of all outgoing mail. Thousands of envelopes bearing this seal will raise consciousness about the UN and its important role. The project, sponsored by Pax World Service, has raised over \$20,000 for UN agencies like UNICEF and WHO, and for UN environmental, development, and peacekeeping programs. The seals come 50 to a sheet (minimum order 100 for \$5) and are available from Pax World Service, 1111 16th St., NW, Suite 120, Washington, DC 20036.

These seals are not a substitute for postage, however, a first class stamp commemorating the 50th anniversary of the UN is available from the U.S. Postal Service.

•A Leadership Training Workcamp, sponsored by Washington Quaker Workcamps, will be held Sept. 15-17 in La Plata, Md. This is the fourth annual program held to train leaders of weekend workcamps for Washington Quaker Workcamps. Some leaders have found this training to be useful as generic leadership training and have gone back to their own monthly meetings to run their own workcamps. This year's program will also include specific training for participants hoping to serve as leaders of international workcamps at home and abroad. Cost for the weekend is \$50. For more information, contact Harold B. Confer, Executive Director, Washington Quaker Workcamps, 1225 Geranium St., NW, Washington, DC 20012, telephone (202) 722-1461.

•"The Soul of Leadership," the 1995 International Conference on Servant-Leadership, will

take place Oct. 19-21 in Indianapolis, Ind. This year's gathering celebrates the 25th anniversary of Robert Greenleaf's influential essay, "The Servant as Leader." The weekend will include pre-conference workshops, case studies on applied servant-leadership, dinner with poet David Whyte, and workshops on servant-leadership in healthcare, non-profit, business, religious, academic, and personal settings. Featured speakers include experts on leadership, management, and spirit in organizations. For more information, contact The Greenleaf Center, 921 E. 86th St., Suite 200, Indianapolis, IN 46240, telephone (317) 259-1241.

•Mennonite Central Committee now has a World Wide Web site on the Internet. Computer users can find general information about MCC, press releases indexed by date and subject, the "Ottawa Notebook," the video resource catalog, and essays on various MCC-related topics. The address of the MCC site is <http://www.mennonitecc.ca/mcc/>. The site can also be found by using many of the standard indexes to the World Wide Web. (From The Mennonite, July 11, 1995)

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

22-24—Missouri Valley Friends Conference, at Camp Chihowa, Lawrence, Kans. Contact Saunny Scott, 1901 Barker, Lawrence, KS 66046, telephone (913) 749-1316.

22-24—"Training Workshop for Social Action Trainers," led by George Lakey, in Vancouver, Canada. Contact Pam Cooley, P.O. Box 78080, Vancouver, BC V5N 5W1, Canada.

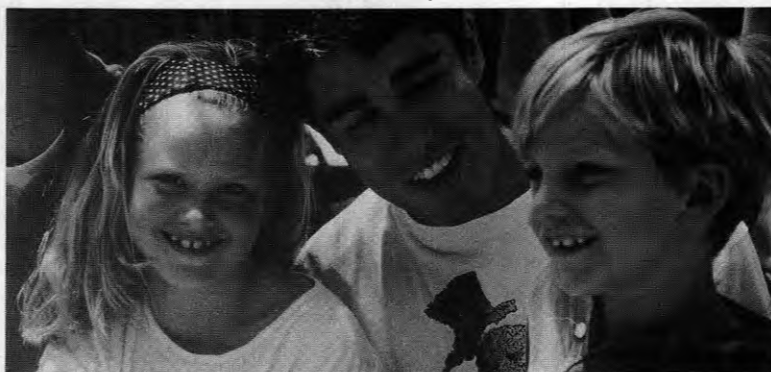
30—"Exploring Faith as a Force in History," the theme of this year's Penn Heritage Day, which will emphasize the link between the unique Christian faith of Pennsylvania's Quaker founders and the egalitarian spirit that characterizes modern U.S. society. Friends meetings in Chester and Delaware counties will sponsor a tour of historic sites with links to the struggles for freedom of speech and worship, women's rights, and racial equality. Tickets are available for a \$5 donation per adult, free for participants under 18. Proceeds will be given to the Friends Association for the Care and Protection of Children. Send checks payable to "Penn Heritage Day" to Penn Heritage Day, c/o West Chester Friends, 425 N. High St., West Chester, PA 19380. For more information, telephone (610) 356-9799.

OCTOBER

3-5—"Crime: Is there a Christian response?" training with Ron Claassen, founding director of the Fresno, Calif., Victim Offender Reconciliation Program, at Fresno Pacific College. Telephone (800) 909-VORP.

5-8—German Yearly Meeting, at Feriendorf Mauloff im Taunus, Frankfurt, Germany. Contact Lore Horn, Wikinger Ufer 5, D-10555 Berlin, Germany, telephone (30) 3914867.

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Books

Books by Thich Nhat Hanh

Touching Peace (1992); *Love in Action* (1993); *For A Future to be Possible* (1993); *Interbeing* (1993); *Call Me by My True Names* (1993); all are written by Thich Nhat Hanh and published by Parallax Press, Berkeley, Calif.

This review discusses major ideas found in all of Nhat Hanh's writings; brief descriptions of each book are given at the end of the review.

Thich Nhat Hanh is known to many Friends as the Vietnamese monk who championed a nonviolent solution to the Vietnam War. In 1963 he formed a new order of Buddhism called Tiep Hien, meaning Engaged Buddhism. After the war ended and he was still denied permission to return home, he and close friends formed a community in southern France, calling it Plum Village. From this time on (1983), Thay (meaning teacher, pronounced "tie") decided to teach Engaged Buddhism to the Western world. This name distinguishes it from other schools of Buddhism since Tiep Hien requires members to be engaged in the world, not turn their backs to it.

If this sounds as though it is compatible with Quakerism, you're right! After attending three of Thay's workshops during his biannual U.S. tours, I formed a meditation group. Three years later, it continues to meet twice a month; its seven core members are all members of my Friends meeting. We find no contradiction between Quakerism and Engaged Buddhism since meditation is different from worship.

Various elements draw us to the practice, but a few stand out. What in meditation had earlier seemed odd and strange have become practices that make sense. We had heard the concept to "empty" our minds. Why? How? In meditation we are encouraged to focus only on the here and now, not to let our minds swing from thought to thought, always busy. The supreme value in Buddhism is awareness of the here and now. If we cannot pay attention, then we miss reality. Meditation is designed to be a training exercise to help us learn to pay attention, even when there are great distractions.

One way to do that is to pay attention to our breathing. Zen Buddhism (of which Tiep Hien is a branch) sees that the breath connects mind/soul with the body. So, every ten minutes, a bell is sounded, which reminds us to return our attention to our breathing.

Another element is that Buddhist meditation often leads us to the same insights as Quakerism does, but the different route often offers deeper understanding about why the insights are true. The most important example is the concept of interconnectedness, expressed in many ways. We can become aware that in



Mayumi Oda

every thing there are elements of other things. In the morning breakfast, I could meditate to see the baker behind the toast I eat, and his family, and the wheat grown to make the bread, and the machines to cut the wheat, etc.

Another simple way of expressing this interconnectedness is "to be able to see the rose becoming garbage, and to see garbage becoming roses." If we don't see it, wait a while!

The Buddhist concept of emptiness has long been mistranslated in Western explanations. All "emptiness" really means is this: All beings are empty of a separate existence. In other words, ALL beings are related. There is nothing that is completely separate from all else. And this concept has profound implications. For example, I learn that the violence in U.S. culture is related to our music, arrangement of cities in the United States, newspaper comics, everything.

A short review prevents more examination of Nhat Hanh's ideas. For a list of his (and others') books (and audio and videotapes and films), write to Parallax Press, P.O. Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707. A quarterly magazine called *The Mindfulness Bell* is available from the same source.

Brief reviews of the five books listed above: *Touching Peace* is a continuation of other books Thay has written. It offers a running explanation of central Buddhist concepts; it is easy to read, yet the concepts are profound. *Love in Action* is some of Thay's essays on social change. *For A Future to be Possible* is an anthology of essays written by many people, Thay included, about the meaning of the five basic precepts of the Tiep Hien order. *Interbeing* explains all 14 precepts of the Tiep Hien order. *Call Me by My True Names* is Thay's collected poems.

—Lynne Shivers

Lynne Shivers is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

Quakers Observed in Prose and Verse: An Anthology 1656-1986

Compiled and edited by Mollie Grubb.
William Sessions Ltd., York, England, 1993.
134 pages. £7.50/paperback.

This entertaining little book shows Friends through the eyes of non-Quaker writers. Extracts are arranged chronologically to emphasize the changing opinions about Friends. It is not comprehensive enough for a scholar, although Grubb has ferreted out some obscure and unfamiliar quotations. The popular perception of Quakers has changed over the centuries as Friends have changed from evangelical enthusiasts who broke laws and social conventions, to quiet, solid businessmen and quiet, charitable ladies, to nonviolent social activists. Some of the writers just don't understand Quaker faith and practice. But the sharp barbs of others are uncomfortably close to the mark. There are charges of spiritual pride and hypocrisy. Some authors paint Quaker men as lechers, misers, and cheats. Other writers are quite laudatory. Quaker women are nearly always seen as demure, virtuous, lovely, and altogether desirable. The book only includes British authors, and does not account for the American experience that has diverged so greatly from Britain's in the 19th and 20th centuries. Friends who enjoy British letters or pithy quotations will find much to savor here.

—Marty Grundy

Marty Grundy, of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting, has occasionally written critically of Friends herself.

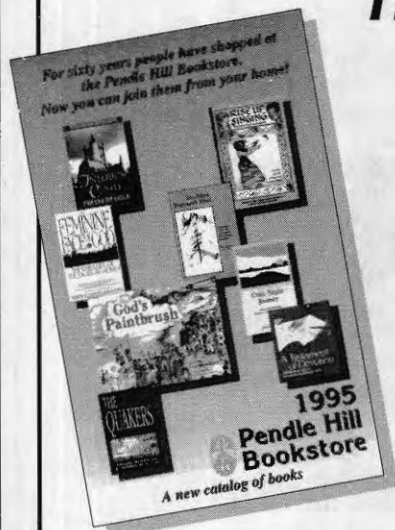
In Brief

The White-Robed Queen

By Christopher Greenfield. William Sessions Ltd., York, England, 1994. 40 pages. £1.95/paperback. The subtitle is *A View of the School at Sidcot since 1699*; the title refers to a line in an 1876 school song. Written by the current headmaster, this slim, attractive book succeeds in its aim to provide a brief, general introduction to the "roots and growth" of this co-ed Quaker boarding school in Somerset, England. It is profusely illustrated with carefully selected drawings and photographs. Although Sidcot's primary aim is education, not maintaining Quakerism, Friends' influence has kept out the British "fagging" system of hazing younger students. When compared to Friends boarding schools in the U.S., however, the British flavor seems obvious, particularly in terms of an unintended but apparent class consciousness. Recommended particularly for libraries of Quaker high schools.

—Marty Grundy

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Milestones

Births

Bracker—*Mason Fielding Bracker*, on May 25, to Rachel Countryman and John Bracker, of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting.

Cook—*Seth Amos Cook*, on April 18, to Jay and Gary Cook. Gary is a member of Miami (Ohio) Meeting.

Fenner—*Colin MacLean Fenner*, on April 26, to Claire and John Fenner, of Brevard (N.C.) Meeting.

Stone—*Peter James Neumann Stone*, on Dec. 21, 1994, to Gretchen Neumann and Philip Stone. Gretchen is a member of Miami (Ohio) Meeting.

Marriages/Unions

Edelman-Dempsey—*Sam Dempsey and Dee Edelman*, on June 10, under the care of Asheville (N.C.) Meeting, of which Dee is a member. A member of West Knoxville (Tenn.) Meeting, Sam has been sojourning at Nashville (Tenn.) Meeting.

Ravdin-Taylor—*Richard Taylor and Anne Ravdin*, on May 6, under the care of Media (Pa.) Meeting.

Somogyi-Howenstein—*Mark Howenstein and Karen Somogyi*, on May 28, under the care of Rockland (N.Y.) Meeting.

Urquhart-Kofodimos—*Tom Kofodimos and Lesley Urquhart*, on April 29. Lesley is a member of Asheville (N.C.) Meeting.

Deaths

Arneson—*Eleanor Peters Arneson*, 90, on May 17, at Foulkeways retirement facility in Gwynedd, Pa. Eleanor was born in Guernsey, Pa., and graduated from George School and from Gettysburg College in 1926. She was a lifelong member of Menallen (Pa.) Meeting. She worked as secretary to the headmaster at George School for 15 years, and then as a private secretary in Philadelphia, Pa., until her retirement. Following her marriage in 1974, she and her husband lived in New Bedford, Mass., until moving to Foulkeways in 1986. Eleanor is survived by her husband, Carl A. Arneson; a brother, F. Herbert Peters; and seven nieces and nephews.

Jennens—*Dorothy Overmyer Jennens*, 80, on April 12, in Hendersonville, N.C. Dorothy was born in Hartford City, Ind., and lived for many years in Dayton, Ohio, where she worked for the American Friends Service Committee. After retirement she moved to North Carolina. In 1983 she transferred her membership from West Wilton (Ohio) Meeting to Asheville (N.C.) Meeting, where she was a faithful and valued member. Her sound judgment in fiscal matters, her loyalty in friendships, and the efficiency and delight she had in all endeavors are greatly missed. Dorothy is survived by three daughters, Jane E. Silven, Julie A. Jennens, and Jill A. Blankinship; a son, John Jennens, Jr.; a brother, John T. Overmyer; four grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

Meyerding—*Esther Smith Meyerding*, 80, on Feb. 19, of lung cancer at her Seattle, Wash., home. Born in Elk City, Okla., Esther's father was a minister in the Church of the Brethren, and Esther grew up in North Dakota, Arizona, and Oregon. In

1937 she graduated from Manchester College in Indiana and taught English and physical education at an Indiana high school. During World War II she worked with European refugees at a Friends' settlement hostel in Scattergood, Iowa. Esther was studying at Pendle Hill when she met and later married Ed Meyerding. She then served as director of a Philadelphia, Pa., hostel for Japanese-Americans. Ed and Esther were active members of 57th Street (Ill.) Meeting and Lake Forest (Ill.) Meeting. Esther assisted Ed as director of the American Friends Service Committee program in Vienna, Austria, from 1955 to 1957. She was particularly involved in refugee work during the 1956 Hungarian Revolution. Ed died in 1961 and Esther returned to the Philadelphia area where she worked for ten years for the William Penn Charter School and was a member of Abington (Pa.) Meeting. She moved to Seattle, Wash., in 1972 and worked for the AFSC until she retired. She was an active member of University (Wash.) Meeting and served in various leadership roles. Esther had the rare gifts of recognizing the divine in everyday life and of celebrating excellence wherever she found it. She especially enjoyed the company of her children and friends, reading, and listening to classical music while working on quilting and knitting projects. Esther is survived by three daughters, Anne Louise Sliney, Susan Farmer, and Jane Meyerding; a son, Henry Meyerding; a sister, Virginia Poling; 10 grandchildren; 10 great-grandchildren; three nephews; and a niece.

Neal—Bruce William Neal, 75, on April 1, outside Boulder, Colo. The son of Iowa farmers, Bruce studied engineering at Iowa State University in 1937. As a college student he became active in the American Friends Service Committee, and it was at an AFSC conference at Grinnell College that he met his future wife, Barbara Holly. Bruce became a conscientious objector during World War II. He worked in a Civilian Public Service camp in Colorado and finished his bachelor's degree at the University of Denver, where he continued on to earn a master's degree in international relations. As war conditions in Europe became publicly known, Bruce began to feel that perhaps the only way the atrocities could be ended was through military force, and he decided to join the army. As a result of this very difficult decision, Bruce felt he could never speak in Quaker meeting for worship again. Bruce was blacklisted during the McCarthy era and, with a family to support, he left international relations for work in marketing and advertising research. He and Barbara eventually settled in Ann Arbor, Mich., where he worked for the Ford Motor company and the couple joined Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting. In 1970 Bruce ran in the Democratic congressional primary as an antiwar candidate. In the mid-70s he took an early retirement and started his own market research company. In 1987 the couple moved to Boulder, Colo., and became active participants in the life of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting. Bruce is survived by his wife, Barbara; two sons, Douglas and Robert; two daughters, Holly and Mary Elizabeth; and nine grandchildren.

Roberts—Ruth Morrow Roberts, 72, on Aug. 14, 1994, of cancer in Claremont, Calif. A native of Parsons, Kans., Ruth attended the University of Kansas. In 1954 she and her husband moved to Claremont, Calif., and she obtained her bachelor's degree from California State University in Los

Angeles. She taught in the Chino school district for 20 years, until her retirement in the mid-1980s. Ruth joined Claremont (Calif.) Meeting in 1976 after several years of regular attendance and participation on meeting committees. She served that meeting on its finance and ministry and counsel committees, and as clerk. Following her retirement she was a docent for a local botanical garden, continued her interest in children, and continued her long-time love of bird watching. She was a primary volunteer and served on the board of an agency and shelter for battered women. Ruth later grew away from the meeting and attended the Unitarian Church. However, she considered herself a Friend and did not grow away from Quaker practice. Ruth is survived by two sons; two daughters; a sister; and eight grandchildren.

Troutman—Dorothy J. Troutman, 81, on Feb. 17, at Prairie Homestead, Wichita, Kans. Dorothy was an active member of 57th Street (Ill.) Meeting for 40 years before transferring her membership to Heartland (Kans.) Meeting. While at 57th Street Meeting, Dorothy served as newsletter editor and reporter; meeting librarian; recorder of membership and statistics; piano player for hymn singing; on membership, welcoming, nominating, clearness, and meals committees; and as presiding clerk in 1973-1974. After moving to Wichita, Kans., in 1986, she became a founding member of Heartland Meeting, transferring her membership in 1991. She served as clerk for several years and was a member of ministry and counsel. Dorothy originally trained to become a deaconess in the Methodist Church, but decided on a career with the Red Cross instead, retiring in 1979. She spent the summer of 1957 at Pendle Hill in Wallingford, Pa. She took several courses at the University of Chicago, studied voice, participated in a local camera club, and was an effective story teller. She will be deeply missed. Dorothy is survived by two sisters, Edith Butcher and Helen Martin.

Webster—Margaret W. "Peg" Webster, 82, on May 16, while visiting Westtown, Pa. Peg was born in Philadelphia, Pa., and completed her bachelor of arts degree at Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., in 1934. She also attended Columbia University in New York City, where she earned her teaching certificate. Peg worked as an apprentice teacher from 1934 to 1936 in second and third grade classes at Friends Select School in Philadelphia and at Hindman Settlement School in Hindman, Ky. In 1936 she married Dr. Merritt S. Webster. Both active, founding members of Lafayette (Ind.) Meeting, Peg and Merritt were also involved in the Audubon Society, Lafayette Geographic Society, and Travelogue. The couple traveled throughout the world attending Friends gatherings such as FWCC triennial meetings, and to pursue their love of bird watching. Peg was a past president of Church Women United, a long-standing member of the Girl Scouts, and a member of the American Association of University Women and the League of Women Voters. She also helped establish a coat loan program at Purdue University for foreign students from warm climate countries. Peg was preceded in death by her husband, Merritt S. Webster, on Jan. 15; and by a son, John S. Webster. She is survived by two daughters, Anne Weaver and Edith Shugarts; eight grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

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Announcement

To those whose orders for *Downwardly Mobile for Conscience Sake* were returned by the Post Office. A misunderstanding regarding the Tom Paine Institute address, 467 River Road, Eugene, OR 97401, to which orders were sent, has been cleared up and mail is now being delivered to that address.

A survey of current issues among Friends

The Pendle Hill Issues Program has prepared a report on its survey of more than 300 Friends nationwide. In the survey these Friends described the issues they are confronting in their personal spiritual journeys, in their meetings, and their concerns for the larger Society of Friends. This report is part of an ongoing series, intended as resources for study and discernment among Friends. For a complimentary copy of this report, or for information about the Issues Program, write: Issues Program, Pendle Hill, Wallingford PA 19086-6099. (Or by e-mail at: chuckfager@aol.com) Ask for The Survey Report.

Heron Dance: A newsletter of high ideals, of the search for a life of meaning. The meaning behind service. A celebration of beauty. Write for a complimentary issue or send \$27 to subscribe. P.O. Box 318, Westport, NY 12993 or call (800) 962-8630.

Quaker Life, ten issues annually, \$19.95. News of Friends worldwide; encouragement in Christ; energy for evangelism; peacemaking, faithfulness in the Holy Spirit, and renewal; discussion of issues important to Friends future. For a free sample, Friends United Meeting, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond IN 47374. (317) 962-7573.

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Books—Quaker spiritual classics, history, biography, and current Quaker experience, published by Friends United Press, 101-A Quaker Hill Dr., Richmond, IN 47374. Write for free catalogue.

Quaker Books. Rare and out-of-print, journals, memoirs, histories, inspirational. Send for free catalogue or specific wants. Vintage Books, 181 Hayden Rowe St., Hopkinton, MA 01748.



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Opportunities

Apprentice to learn organic farming and crafts on a small Quaker farm. Room and board provided. Must have own transportation and spending money. Opportunity to attend local community college. Write or call Dr. Wm. Vitarelli, 375 Kawelo Road, Haiku, HI 96708. Telephone: (808) 572-9205.

Network Associates wanted for homebased business. Wild, organic superfood; residual income; supportive team, socially conscious and fast growing 11-year company in Organic Health field. Call (800) 927-2527, ext. 6558, for free informational cassette tape.

Upcoming Conferences at Pendle Hill

Basic Quakerism, Elaine Craudrueff and Wallace Collett, September 15-17.
Quaker Institutions: Mission, Leadership, Accountability, Lee Neff and Warren Witte, October 13-15.
Gospel Order Among Friends, Marty Grundy and Lloyd Lee Wilson, October 27-29.
Spirituality of the Eastern Church, Jim Forest, November 17-19.
Quaker-Jewish Dialogue, Marcia Praeger and Rebecca Mays, December 1-3.
Journal Exploration, Kendall Dudley, December 8-10.
Advent Retreat: Praying the Scriptures, Sara Beth Terrell, December 8-10.
Contact: Registrar, Pendle Hill, Box F, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099. (610) 566-4507 or (800) 742-3150.

Active, aged Quaker couple will exchange / reduce rent of two-bedroom cottage for help with upkeep of rural residence, 20 miles from Cincinnati. Call (513) 683-7559.

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Join Quaker educator, Robert Hinshaw, on anthropology-focused tours to Guatemala (winter), Scandinavia (June), Peruvian Amazon and Andes (August), or Nova Scotia (September). Write or call Hinshaw Tours: Box 412, Allenspark, CO 80510; (303) 747-2658.

Quaker House intentional community seeks residents. Share living and meal arrangements in historic Friends meetinghouse. Common interests in spirituality, peace, and social concerns. One- or two-year terms. Directors, Quaker House, 5615 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637. (312) 288-3066, p-nugent@uchicago.edu.

Consider a Costa Rican study tour. January 31-February 12, 1996. Call, Fax, or write Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 1182 Hornbeam Road, Sabina, OH 45169. Telephone/Fax: (513) 584-2900.

Performing Arts

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Positions Vacant

Director, Friends School of Minnesota: A 75-student Quaker elementary school that provides children of all backgrounds with an education that enables them to develop to their fullest potential while learning how to become responsible world citizens. The school provides inclusive education through its conflict resolution and diversity initiatives. Salary: \$30,000-\$34,000 + benefits. Starting Time: July, 1996. If you are excited about and skilled in: Consensus-building, progressive education, budgeting and fundraising, Quaker principles, academic and administrative leadership, please send resume, cover letter, and statement of educational philosophy by January 5th, 1996 to Search Committee, Friends School of Minnesota, 3244 34th Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55406.

Secretarial Position: Requires excellent typing/word processing, computer skills, attention to detail, ability to facilitate a wide variety of correspondence with authors and financial contributors. Full-time position available immediately. Application and resume as early as possible to: Editor, FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 241-7280.

Seeking a School Head for the fall 1996 for **Newtown Friends School**, a 280-student, coeducational kindergarten-grade 8 day school located in Bucks County, Pa. The candidate will be knowledgeable about the development and evaluation of children, curriculum, and faculty. Prefer elementary school experience, an advanced degree, and an understanding of Quaker principles and practice. The successful candidate must have significant leadership and administrative experience. Please send resume to Search Committee, Newtown Friends School, P.O. Box 978, Newtown, PA 18940. Resumes must be received by November 15, 1995.

Executive Director: The National Interreligious Service Board for Conscientious Objectors (NISBCO) is now accepting applications for the position of Executive Director. Closing date for applications October 1, 1995. The position begins January 1, 1996 (negotiable). Please contact NISBCO for a job description and additional information. Write or call NISBCO, 1612 K Street NW, Suite 1400, Washington DC, 20006-2802. Telephone: (202) 293-3220. Fax: (202) 293-3218. E-mail NISBCO@igc.apc.org.

Winthrop Center Friends Church, a small programmed meeting in south central Maine near the state capitol, seeks a full-time pastoral minister. The position is available September 1, 1995. Send resume to William Rosenbaum, Clerk, 28 High Street, Winthrop, ME 04364.

Head of School: We seek a well-organized individual who understands Quaker values and how they apply to schools; has a vision concerning schools and education, together with experience; can communicate clearly and provide inspiration; and shows clear thinking about diversity of learning and teaching styles. Lansdowne Friends School, an elementary school serving suburban and urban areas of Philadelphia, maintains a vigorous commitment to traditional Quaker values including understanding and appreciating racial, cultural, and religious diversity. Send resume to Search Committee, Lansdowne Friends School, Lansdowne, PA 19050.

Friend in Residence position for Twin Cities Friends Meeting, St. Paul, Minnesota. For information, call Emily Grizzard at (612) 699-6995. Applications accepted through September 30.

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

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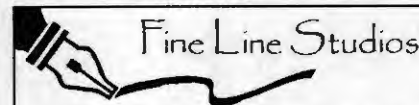
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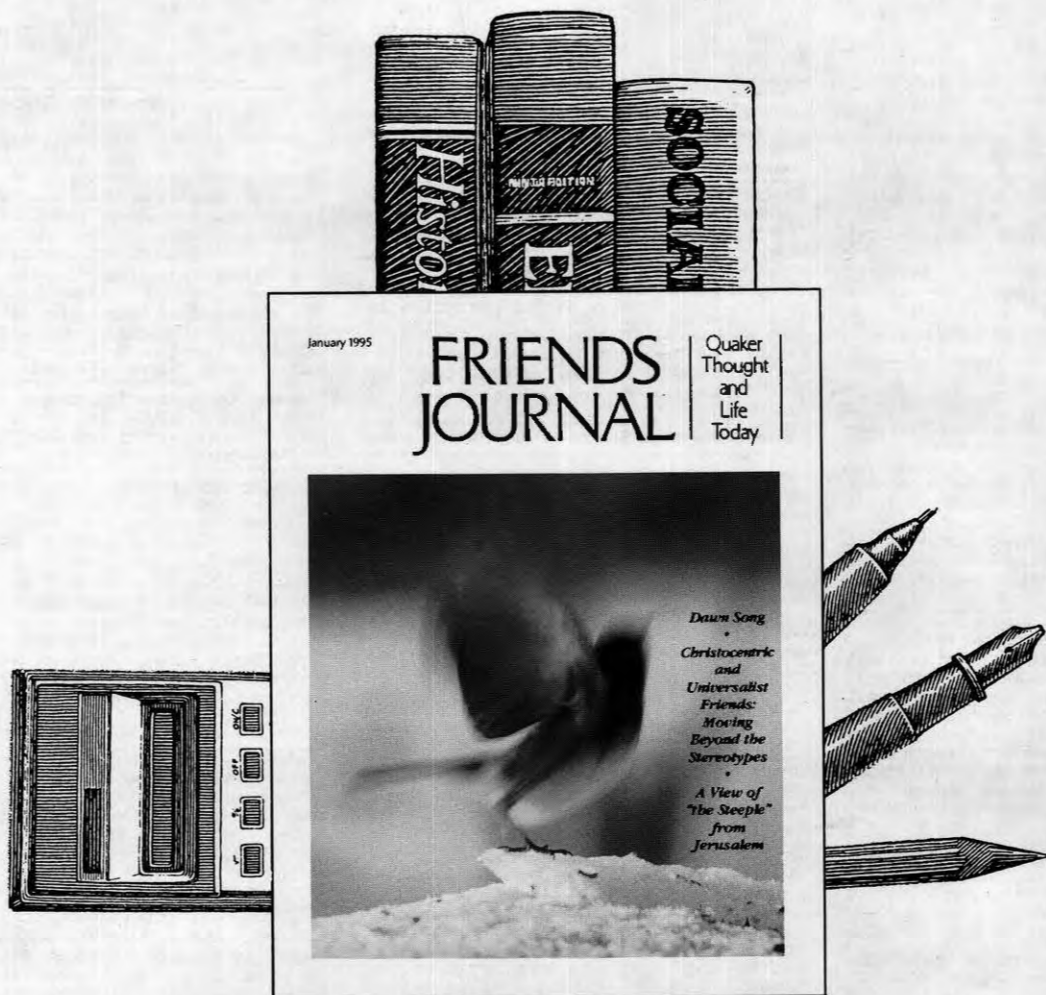
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