Among Friends

Cutting Through the Rhetoric

His words cut directly to the issue: “People want vengeance, pure and simple. They don’t really care that the death penalty is not by any means a deterrent, or that it’s far more expensive than a life sentence, or that it’s arbitrarily applied, or that living for years in a cell (22-24 hours a day) under the threat of being plugged into the wall like a lamp drives so many to insanity. That doesn’t matter. They want vengeance.”

The words are from a letter I received several years ago from Scott Blystone. For many years he’s been incarcerated in a state prison in Pittsburgh—one of 200 prisoners on Pennsylvania’s death row. Scott is a subscriber to FRIENDS JOURNAL and an occasional contributor to our pages. When he wrote to thank me for sending him the magazine, he said, “Maybe they should televise executions, especially those carried out by electrocution. Why not? We are allowed (encouraged) to watch very graphic, realistic-looking murders on TV, and we see actual shootings on the news, and all sorts of other bloody, tragic scenes. Why not executions? Maybe it’s because these ‘humane, sterile executions’ aren’t as humane and sterile as officials would like us to believe. Maybe after watching a few dozen real executions, after seeing what high-voltage does to the human body, after watching the convulsions and listening to the groans and gurgling sounds, maybe the general public wouldn’t have such an appetite for executions. Or for dinner.”

Maybe there’s another aspect to this as well. As Julie Biddle Zimmerman writes, “I believe that the supporters of capital punishment would be less apt to condemn a person to death if they could know him or her as a person, not just as a criminal.” If Scott Blystone becomes known to us not only as “a murderer” or “a prisoner” or “P-9152” (the number given to him by state prison officials), but also as Scott, a real person who has real emotions and feelings and a personality uniquely his own, we would be less likely to want to see him executed.

This effort to personalize seems the basis for the work Friend Jan Arriens has been doing in the United Kingdom (see page 16) with the organization LifeLines. More than 3,000 members, many of them Friends, are corresponding currently with U.S. death row prisoners. It is valuable work, which should be duplicated in the United States. It could be a useful antidote to the political rhetoric we are hearing across the country calling for more executions and getting tough on criminals.

Jan Arriens will be this summer’s Henry J. Cadbury Event speaker July 4, sponsored by FRIENDS JOURNAL at the Friends General Conference Gathering in Hamilton, Ontario. There will be opportunities during the week for Friends to meet with Jan and to share their experiences with one another. There is much useful work Friends are doing in abolishing capital punishment. In the coming months we look forward to receiving reports on approaches that have proved successful in changing hearts and minds, particularly among our political leaders.

Vinton Deming

Next Month in FRIENDS JOURNAL:
Notes from Fiji
Leadings in Life’s Work
Strengthening Our Meetings through Feedback
Voices from Death Row
Julie Biddle Zimmerman
Poetry written by, about, and for death row inmates is a powerful reminder of the humanity of those condemned to death.

The Death Penalty in Black and White
Michael B. Ross
The evidence shows that race plays a role in U.S. criminal sentencing.

A Letter from Prison
Tom Ryan
An inmate gains a new perspective on life through the Alternatives to Violence Project.

A Letter-Writing Ministry
Mariellen O. Gilpin
A simple letter can bring the world to someone in an institution. A Friend who has been writing for 20 years shares what works for her.

Allie Walton: Quaker Crone
Nancy Whitt
The richness of Allie Walton’s old age helped to reclaim the word crone.

In Service to Spirit: An Interview with Tobin Marsh
Hope Luder
The director of Casa de Los Amigos, Mexico City Friends Center, speaks about the rhythm between the life within and concern in the world.

Benjamin, the Meetinghouse Mouse
Clifford Pfeil
Benjamin gets to know more members of the meeting and has an interesting experience. (Part 4 of 8)
God's way

My father once told me a story about a young man who, when he turned 18 years old, could not believe how dumb his parents had become. After which the young man left for several years. Upon arriving back home he was amazed how much his parents had learned while he was gone.

There was a reason Dad chose to tell me that story. I could have been that lad, and I haven’t changed much. As I travel along in my life and on my spiritual path, I am constantly amazed how much everyone around me is learning.

That is why I believe the real story behind Herb Lape’s article (FJ Feb.) is not how much Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns (FLGC) has changed or grown but how much Herb has changed since 1984 to be able to see what has always been there: that of God. The article is about acceptance, about how when we encourage and nurture each other through acceptance we begin to see each other’s beauty rather than our faults. As a result we all grow and become more loving of others and of ourselves in the light of God.

I too have hope. We are on an evolution of the spirit. It won’t be my way because I want it. It won’t be Herb’s way because he wants it. It’s going to be God’s way because God wants it.

Bill Hendricks
Minneapolis, Minn.

Support needed

Several Friends around the country are hoping to recruit support for the Quaker Peace Center in Cape Town, South Africa. We feel that the multietnic staff and volunteers there are doing a marvelous job at helping to facilitate the radical changes taking place in the governance and economy of South Africa. The task is enormous, but the energy and helpfulness runs high. We want to hear from U.S. Friends who have a special interest in South Africa and would like to know more about the work of the Quaker Peace Center.

Elizabeth Boardman
3831 Cesar Chavez St.
San Francisco, CA 94131

Transforming power

We hear many criticisms of Ohio Yearly Meeting concerning the stand Salem Quarterly Meeting has taken against same-sex unions and their disassociation with Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting. Apparently many who oppose this action may have judged us without a hearing. It may be that they are unable to hear what we say.

We are a small yearly meeting with a concern and interest in the salvation of all people. Many visitors have stated that they feel a spirit of love when worshiping with us and in our business sessions. We name the source of that love as Jesus. It is our conviction that moral laws continue to be in place as Christ Jesus writes his law in our hearts.

Jesus welcomed everyone, but he didn’t send them back unchaged. If our call is for all to “come as you are, stay as you are,” we are denying the Gospel’s transforming power. Have we forgotten the purpose of the Gospel? God’s desire is to see everyone repent and be forgiven. He does not want sinners to die in their sin. Really loving someone is wanting, hoping, and praying that their lives will be changed through belief in Christ.

Our meetings should be an inspiration to us to be better than we are, challenging us to walk on a higher level. We need to be lifted up, to bask in God’s love, and to be in fellowship with him. When we accept Jesus Christ as our Savior, the whole world takes on a different look. Life becomes a love affair with our God. This is a blessing we desire for all people, but, we believe, it is not attainable unless we turn away from the enticements of sin, that he may surround us and dwell within us.

Each of us has temptations, and we must seek help to turn away from them, that we may fully participate in the body of Christ. When we have struggles overcoming, we should not ask the meeting to condone our immoral behavior.

We believe Christ overcame the world and with him it is possible to overcome evil with good. We feel our responsibility within the Christian community is to stand against all perceived immorality. With the Lord’s help, we desire to love the sinner while we bear witness to the transforming power of a risen Savior. We are not ashamed to confess our faith in Jesus Christ as both Lord and Savior.

Myrtle Bailey, clerk
Representative Meeting of Ohio Yearly Meeting

Inward and spiritual

I enjoyed the article “A Quaker Interpretation of the Lord’s Supper” (FJ March). I would like to add to T. Canby Jones’s information: there is another Christian group besides Quakers and the Salvation Army that “experiences baptism and celebrates the Lord’s Supper by inward and spiritual means only,” and that is the Christian Science church.

Ruth A. Den-smore
Chardon, Ohio

Inclusive language

As the FGC Hymnal Committee works toward a close, it is time for Friends to strive for clarity and unity in the spirit on the subject of inclusive language. Inclusive language is the use of language that is sensitive to all and describes beings in a global, ecumenical way. When older texts are edited, martial and monarchical images can be addressed at the same time.

There are three levels of gender-based inclusive language. The most common, which nearly all Christian denominations have accepted, is referring to the people, the congregation, the meeting as both male and female. Thus, “Good Christian Men, Rejoice” becomes “Good Christian Friends, Rejoice” or “Good Christians, All Rejoice.”

The second level refers to the deity: patriarchal imagery may be replaced by “Father-Mother God,” “Maker,” “Creator”; third-person male pronouns (he, him, his) may be replaced by second-person pronouns (you, your). Plain speech also may be useful (thou, thee, thy), particularly when editing older texts that already include archaic language (“How Great Thou Art”).

The third and most controversial level is how to describe Christ so that Christ’s message is more accessible to all and so Christ’s role modeling and leadership are completely available to everyone. Friends have always provided leadership for others in these areas; now our language needs to reflect our all-encompassing values. Those who describe Christ inclusively usually do so in order to give worshipers an alternative
choice, since one can always take a fully edited text and change back to a less edited version. Once the work is done, anyone who needs it can use it in the future. This level substitutes “Christ” or “Savior” for male pronouns, and includes such images as the “Source of Peace.” “Oh, Master Workman of the Race” becomes “Oh, Wonder Worker full of Grace.”

Whatever level of inclusive language upon which Friends reach unity, we must do so soon if we are to have a hymnal that creates clarity well into the 21st century.

Margaret Fruth
Menlo Park, Calif.

Charles Moran, Jr. (Forum, Jan.) suggests Friends return to the use of “thee” and “thy.” I feel I need to comment.

As I grew up, my family didn’t use “thee,” although many Friends in the meeting and at Westtown School did. George Fox used it as a leveler rather than address the king or judges as “you” and close friends as “thee.” I am sorry, too, that English has lost the second person singular, which I believe French and German still have. In the 20th century the use of “thee” became restricted to use with family and Friends, thus becoming exclusive. Now, “you” is the leveler. We are on a par with the president in terms of address.

I know some people of my generation who still use “thee” with their spouses, relatives, and close friends who are Friends, and I see nothing wrong with it in one’s home. It can be a term of endearment. It seems to me, however, that when engaged in conversation with a mixed group of family and strangers, it would be rude to address those close to us as “thee” and others as “you.” It can become a form of exclusion.

I don’t know how other meetings are teaching children to address elders, but there is one practice I think worth preserving. Usually people (Friends and non-Friends) don’t encourage children to call seniors by their first name. On the other hand, Friends have traditionally avoided titles, whether Dr., Mr., Miss, Mrs., or Ms. The proper way of addressing our elders as I grew up was to use the person’s first and last name, or, in some cases, first, middle, and last. What are other Friends practices in these matters today?

John Kriebel
Chambersburg, Pa.

Judge not

What does the picture [reproduced above] on page 7 of the March issue represent? Since the accompanying article refers to the homeless, I am supposed to conclude that this is a homeless person. Not an artist. Not a welder. Not someone “normal.” Not a peace demonstrator. Certainly not a Quaker! Watch out!

As a long-haired, bearded, and also toqued (very cold here) male, whose appearance resembles very much that of the gentleman in the photo, I wonder what the Quaker concept of diversity must be. I can see now that others at Quaker meetings must view me differently, in the stereotypical way you have represented. Someone different. Someone on the fringe. Not in the clean-cut, after-shaved, well-dressed mainstream. Someone to be patronized. Someone to be respected.

We should not judge each other on physical characteristics and cosmetics.

Peter Kelleher
Mill Village, Nova Scotia

Thinking about life

William Edgerton (FJ March) praised John Yungblut and then disregards his major point, which was that we should let go of the hubris of requiring our continued, eternal individuality to justify the worthwhileness of present existence. I believe William Edgerton makes an illogical connection when he says that since “the stuff of the universe is mind-stuff” (Edgington), therefore mystical and psychic experiences tell us the truth. I see no necessary connection there. No amount of effort will prove what happens after death. Because Unamuno thought all cultural achievements nugatory if human consciousness ends, hardly proves anything.

Unanswerable questions should make us inquire whether we have asked the wrong question. What is individuality, the self? What if it doesn’t exist? Where is William Edgerton the child? That person no longer exists. If William Edgerton survives somehow after death, which William Edgerton will it be? We constantly change.

I like Jesus’ answer to this question (Matt. 22:23–32). The Sadducees asked which man would be a woman’s husband after death if she married seven times. Jesus said that in heaven we will be angels and angels don’t marry. To me, this means we should not think what happens after death is anything like what occurred before, and it is foolish to think we can figure it out; we should trust God, not our reasoning; and if God is a loving God, we should not worry—something wonderful will happen.

Next, Jesus says God is the God of the living, not of the dead, which, for me, means we should stop focusing on what we cannot know and pay attention to living to the fullest.

Arthur Rifkin
Great Neck, N.Y.

Three cheers for William Edgerton’s article. His comparison of biblical fundamentalism with scientific fundamentalism is right on the mark. We forget that scientific method and the logic it is based on are, themselves, a human invention. To claim that these are God-given is very like pagans who worshiped the idols they had built.

There is another assumption that underlies both scientific and biblical fundamentalism. No, an assumption is merely a part of scientific thought that can be readily changed without altering the system of logic whereby we reach conclusions. The mental imprisonment forced on us by our experience of time is deeper than an assumption.

Our life experiences force us to think of time as something that passes. The experience of a sound, a view, a smell, a touch becomes past tense as soon as we move on to the next experience.

Some moments, however, last longer in our experience than others. We do not experience time as a carefully measured sequence of seconds, one following the other in military lock step. In addition, different cultures experience time in different ways. Who has not experienced the frustration of a seemingly endless wait for someone who grew up with a more relaxed sense of time?

I mention these examples not because
they will free us from our sense of time as passing but to point a direction for thinking about time in a different way. There is no question in my mind that God created the whole time-space continuum and that the two are inherently linked together. That is, time is part of the creation of God just as surely as space is. In our limited human view we tend to think of God locked in a sequence of time in much the same way we find ourselves. However, if you can imagine a God great enough, that cannot be so. God created time and therefore is greater than Her creation.

It follows that eternity, if there is such a thing, is not a never-ending linear stretch of time but something outside of time altogether. Similarly, any human existence beyond or outside of our lives here in this world must be not only outside of space but in some sense beyond time as well.

For those who cannot believe in eternity, a new concept of time leads us to the thought that each life is complete in the time to which it is assigned. It does not begin and end in quite the way we think. Rather, life is limited in both time and space. We cannot know what is going to happen two centuries hence in much the same way that we cannot know what is happening on some other planet. For that matter, we cannot know about the individual lives of millions of the people living on our own planet today.

Irving Hollingshead
Boyertown, Pa.

I am led to respond to William Edgerton’s article. The faith that sustains some of us depends not at all on beliefs about the immortality of human beings, either as individuals or as a species. We decline to think of Homo sapiens as in any sense the center of the universe.

Speaking personally, over several decades I have read hundreds of pages by philosophers like Miguel de Unamuno, but somehow I have never caught their mood. Perhaps my chromosomes lack the gene for existential anxiety! At the same time, I have experienced a Divine Presence whose wisdom and compassion sanctify the concrete births, lives, and deaths of individuals, civilizations, religions, species, and even planets and universes. The eternity I know is outside time, not a mere prolongation of time, and is fully present in each moment; each moment would not be so priceless were it not uniquely fragile.

Friend John Yungblut speaks my mind when he hallows “life’s greatest diminishment” as a gift from God. So does Friend Rhoda Gilman (FJ March): “The personality, an artifact of time and memory, evaporates like thought. Seeing this, the identity we normally consider ‘self’ becomes less solid and sacred. We can embrace the need to let it go and to move on.”

Parker Swanson
Corvallis, Oreg.

William Edgerton gives away the basis of his problem when he speaks of a “crue1” universe, thus projecting onto the universe human frustration. His difficulty is compounded by the old-fashioned, parochial model of a universe whose existence is considered no further than the life and death of our sun. When we hear the psalmist call to a God who “before the heavens were brought forth or ever thou hadst formed the earth and world [art] from everlasting to everlasting,” we must also imagine suns and worlds—billions of light years beyond our galaxy and a primal big bang so long ago that we gasp as we try to imagine it.

Friend Edgerton, in his search for assurance of individual life beyond death, appeals to classes of experience that have been intensely real, and indeed sometimes life-reorienting, to those who have reported them. Wonderful experiences, wonderful, and nevertheless I believe them also to springs from that same quality of mind as does imagination. For myself, I find the imagination of faith to lend itself more readily to finding in the wonders of galaxies and quarks the seed of love than to finding assurance of individual immortality.

Lindley Murray Winston
West Chester, Pa.

Thinking about death

As Rhoda Gilman implies (FJ March), it is important for all of us who are enjoying health and are mentally competent to recognize that death is a stage of life and a desirable one and to act accordingly. Those who tend to agree should think through their own choices as fully as possible and then discuss their decisions with family and friends and physicians. They might well also choose proxies and prepare living wills or health care directives to help others with the difficult decisions they may have to make.

Modern technology and scientific discoveries in the health area are not always the boon to humanity people want to think them. Rather, they are often pernicious, especially in the hands of medical personnel who have been trained to believe their duty is to keep a patient alive whatever the attendant suffering, indignity, and desire for easeful death. Is life preferable to death for the person who must remain anchored to machines for breath and nourishment, whose pain is intense and cannot be alleviated? Aren’t those who decree the continuance of such a condition consulting their own selfish wishes? If or when the mind goes, whatever the cause, and a person is comatose or has lost reasoning ability, is not death clearly better than life?

Francis D. Moore, Moseley professor of surgery emeritus at Harvard University, has written that “It is becoming part of our responsibility [as physicians] to help patients safely and painlessly out of this life.” He believes that before doing so becomes legal there must be cultural change and a change in medical education, making it fully acceptable for families and physicians to end agony rather than to prolong it.

It is time, as Rhoda Gilman says, to think of death as only “another change” in the continuous process of existence and often one to be chosen with hope, not fear. It is also time, for the benefit of humanity, to discuss the choice widely. I recall Quaker writer Jessamyn West’s beautiful account some years ago of helping her terminally ill sister with her choice of death. I regret it didn’t, at least so far as I know, produce discussion among Friends. I hope Rhoda Gilman’s article will.

Norma E. Bentley
Syracuse, N.Y.

Hurrah for Benjamin

I have never read a copy of FRIENDS JOURNAL such as the March issue, which I wanted to read over and over again. How I anticipate reading further “Benjamin” episodes!

In fact, I am glad I subscribed for my Episcopalian friends. This particular issue will help them understand the urgency I feel as a Quaker. A wonderful Easter issue.

Mary Gray Legg
Canaan, Conn.
Several years ago, my uncle was murdered by a man who planned, bragged about, and carried out the killing. The rage and grief felt by my family, by any murder victim's family, is something we can all understand. We hope justice will be served and that that will ease the pain.

Many states are bringing back capital punishment in the belief that executing criminals will make our streets safer. Our solution to crime and violence seems to be more prisons, harsher punishments, more executions. It is easy to rally support for killing a killer, a criminal who is known only through the crime committed, but vengeance is a poor basis for a criminal justice system.

The facts that the death penalty is handed down inequitably, allows for no mistakes, and is a heavy financial burden are all good reasons to eliminate it from our courts. But primarily, whether carried out by an individual or a society, killing is wrong. I believe that the supporters of capital punishment would be less apt to condemn a person to death if they could know him or her as a person, not just as a criminal.

With this concept in mind, in the fall of 1994 I sent announcements to prison publications soliciting poems from death row inmates. By expressing themselves through poetry, I thought, maybe they can reach beyond the political rhetoric and show that creativity and caring exist in the stagnation of prison. Maybe through their poems we can meet the men and women who face death sentences. Maybe we will listen to voices from death row.

Am I not worthy, have they no compassion, is my life worth so little, can they not see my tears, and do they not know I need help? Is it I, O Father, that must reach out and help them?

Bring them through this walk of Death we must all take?

from "Condemned to Die" by Richard Shere, death row, Raiford, Florida

Poetry submissions arrived from every corner of the United States; the book that resulted is called Trapped Under Ice. [See review in FJ April—Eds.] Although not all of the prisoners represented in it were given the death penalty, it remains a death row anthology. It was written by, about, or for the death row inmate. Twenty-eight men and one woman write of enduring incarceration and of facing execution. They make it difficult for any reader to look at electrocution or lethal injection in quite the same way.

Julie Biddle Zimmerman is a member of Brunswick (Maine) Meeting. She lives in Harpswell, Maine, with her husband, Sandy.

The poems in this article are excerpted from Trapped Under Ice: A Death Row Anthology, 1995, Biddle Publishing Co., P.O. Box 1305, Brunswick, ME 04011, (207) 833-5016. Royalties from Trapped Under Ice are donated to the National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty, the American Friends Service Committee, and the American Civil Liberties Union's National Prison Project. Retail price $8 + $2 shipping.

continued on next page
The correspondence I received from the poets pack an emotional punch as strong as the poems themselves. Eric Rodgers is the author of “On My Mind.”

ON MY MIND
I find that you’re on my mind more often than any other thought. Sometimes I bring you there purposefully... to console me or to warm me or just to make my day a little brighter. But so often you surprise me... and find your own way into my thoughts. There are times when I awaken and realize what a tender part of my dream you have been...

And on into the day, whenever a peaceful moment seems to come my way and my imagination is free to run, it takes me running into your arms and allows me to linger there, knowing there’s nothing I’d rather do. I know that my thoughts are only reflecting the loving hopes of my heart... because whenever they wander, they always take me to you.

Following the mailing of the acceptance letters I sent to the poets, Eric was the first to respond:

I just received your letter. WOW. You just don’t know what it mean to me to first—help the men on death row. And second to have my poems publish... I’m not on death row, but I have 17 year in prison! I’m a young black man, 35 yr. I lose my Mom and Dad. I’ll be release in 14 months. I have a positive heart and a lot of goals. The state of Michigan don’t have no program set up for prisoners that’s being release, other than $50 bucks and you know that really aren’t going to go far. I’m scare as hell. But I’m ready to go.

His phrases “I’m scare” and “I have a positive heart” stay with me. Here is one of the few prisoners involved who will actually be getting out, and in only months. Yet what chance does he have with $50 in his pocket, a man jailed since he was 17? I would be “scare” too. What kind of future awaits the person who wrote “On My Mind”?

DEATH ROW
I’m closing out 1994 with a dedication to our special brother man, Mumia Abu Jamal, because he is on death row. Death row is a heavy blow for a human heart, mind, body, and soul because it is so damn cruel!

Then let me say hello to the father and mother of slavery—how many rows of death before you realize it is only the wickedness of your slave system in North America that is the birth of death row.

So you told them to get prepared immediately, because in 2 minutes it will be 12 o’clock and they will be called for death row. They responded and said to you, where is your Jesus Christ’s boat, so we can flow far away from the shock of your death row? You said, I don’t know and I don’t care. Well, we thought you had abolished the death row in 1865, but that was a big lie.

Willie Pharaoh White rails against the white man’s justice system and questions the forgiveness supposedly inherent in Christianity. His poem “Death Row” is dedicated to a black Muslim friend.

Who will sentence the father and mother of slavery? Who will pay for our lives?

Willie’s response to my acceptance letter is possibly the most overwhelming piece of correspondence I have received through this project. I was not prepared for this reaction from the author of “Death Row.”

Dear Zimmerman,

You truly have my permission to editor my Death Row poem! Because you haven’t changed death row meaning, but you have perfected the English of death row. And February 13, 1995 will always be a day in history that I will never forget, because you and the staff of Biddle Publishing Company have given me an opportunity to give something back positive to life. Thank you.

Very truly,
W.P. White
John Yarbrough sent a stunning poem about the last moments of a prisoner during his execution by lethal injection. This powerful work became the Epilogue of *Trapped Under Ice*. John writes:

I hope the book is a huge success. We need people to know and understand that “real people” are being killed by our government, not just names they read in the paper. . . . I want to help the book be a success as the goal of ending the death penalty in the country has a long uphill battle, I fear.

**INTO GOD’S HANDS**

(Hail Mary, full of grace)  
There are no courts left to go to, that was the last place.  
(The Lord is with thee)  
The governor didn’t call, I waited to see  
(Blessed art thou among women)  
There are five in the waiting room, I believe all kin,  
(And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus)  
Show them you’re a brave man, don’t make a fuss  
(Holy Mary, mother of God)  
As they roll out the gurney, look at your folks and nod  
(Pray for us sinners)  
We may have lost, but your family are winners  
(Now and at the hour of our death, Amen)  
It will only hurt a little, when they stick the needle in.

(Our father who art in heaven)  
Do you have any last words, son?  
(Hallowed be thy name)  
Like finally accepting the blame  
(Thy kingdom come, thy will be done)  
They said you shot him with a gun.  
(On earth as it is in heaven)  
Why not just say you’re sorry, son?  
(Give us this day our daily bread)  
In less than fifteen minutes you’ll be dead  
(And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors)  
His mother said he was the only child of hers  
(And lead us not into temptation)  
You can’t change things, what’s done is done.  
(But deliver us from evil)  
Killing you will make things level  
(For thine is the Kingdom)  
An eye for an eye, a son for a son  
(And the power)  
Your casket’s waiting over by the tower

(And the glory forever, Amen)  
They’ll release your body to your next of kin.

(The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not. . . )

John wrote “Into God’s Hands” in 1991 when he was on death row in Texas. I’m very happy to tell you that his sentence has since been commuted to life in prison.

Sharing this poetry is not an attempt to minimize the crimes or to glorify the criminals. It is meant to be a protest against the death penalty, but its message is for those who support as well as those who condemn capital punishment. If we as a society condone legal execution, we need to face the fact that we are intentionally taking human lives. We must at least acknowledge the humanity of the men and women we imprison and remember that they are still a part of our world. If we forever still a human voice, we should first listen to what it has to say.

**SONG OF LOVE**

The music plays, yet no one hears.  
Listen, I say!

People turn as if to pity,  
“poor thang, he’s gone mad.”

Can’t you hear it?  
The melody sweet as cotton candy.

Cool like “Grover” . . .  
A horn that wails out a message,  
yet no one hears.

Am I mad to hear the birds sing?  
First of all  
who are they to question—

Listen, I say!  
to the music that plays  
in my heart.

—Willie Christopher Tucker
The evidence shows that there is a better than even chance in Georgia that race will influence the decision to impose the death penalty: a majority of defendants in white-victim crimes would not have been sentenced to die if their victims had been black."

Surprisingly, those words were written by former U.S. Supreme Court Justice William Brennan when he criticized the Court majority for continuing to uphold a "capital-sentencing system in which race more likely than not plays a role...."

Racism: it's a nasty word, and many people would prefer to look the other way and deny its existence. But not only does it exist, it exists in one of the most sensitive areas of our judicial system—capital punishment.

The question of racial discrimination in capital sentencing procedures has prompted an ongoing debate. Retired U.S. Supreme Court Justice Harry Blackmun deplored our country's continued use of the death penalty, stating: "I feel morally and intellectually obligated simply to concede that the death penalty experiment has failed." He further stated, "It surely is beyond dispute that if the death penalty cannot be administered consistently and rationally, it may not be administered at all."

There is much evidence to show that race is an important factor in determining who will be sentenced to die for a crime and who will receive a lesser punishment for the same crime. Extensive research on capital sentencing patterns over the past two decades has repeatedly found that racism, whether conscious or subconscious, permeates decisions of life and death in both state and federal courts throughout the United States.

One simple way to see this is to examine the makeup of the current death row population. According to the NAACP's Legal Defense and Education Fund publication, "Death Row, U.S.A.,” as of August 31, 1995, 1,224 (40%) of prisoners under sentence of death in the U.S. were black, despite the fact that blacks compose only about 12% of the national population. In some states, blacks condemned to death outnumber whites condemned to death. Finally, if you consider all minorities as a group, 1,561 (52%) of the 3,028 men and women on death row today are non-white.

Consider a few figures from the August 31, 1995, issue of "Death Row, U.S.A.":

Mississippi—35 (63%) of their 56 death row inmates are black; blacks make up 36% of the state's population.

North Carolina—71 (47%) of their 151 death row inmates are black; blacks make up 23% of the state's population.

Virginia—27 (49%) of their 55 death row inmates are black; blacks make up 19% of the state's population.

Although many people find these statistics shocking, others might not be surprised. After all, the South has always been perceived as being more racist than the rest of the country. Consider a few figures from some other, non-Southern states:

Illinois—100 (62%) of their 161 death row inmates are black; blacks make up 25% of the state's population.

Ohio—73 (50%) of their 146 death row inmates are black; blacks make up 10% of the state's population.

Pennsylvania—118 (61%) of their 193 death row inmates are black; blacks make up 10% of the state's population.

Statistics on the race of offenders do not necessarily prove bias given that roughly 50 percent of those arrested for murder are black. Of far more significance are the racial disparities revealed by an examination of the race of murder victims in cases where the death penalty is imposed. Numerous studies have been conducted to try to quantify the extent of racial disparities in capital cases. One study done in the late 1970s at Northeast-
ern University in Boston, Mass., by William Bowers and Glenn Pierce compared statistics on all criminal homicides and death sentences imposed in Florida, Georgia, Texas, and Ohio. Death sentences in those four states accounted for 70% of all death sentences imposed nationally at that time. They found that although most killers of whites where white, blacks who killed whites where proportionately more likely to receive the death sentence than any other group.

In Florida and Texas, for example, blacks who killed whites were, respectively, five and six times more likely to be sentenced to death than whites who killed whites. Among black offenders in Florida, those who killed whites were 40 times more likely to get the death penalty than those who killed blacks. No white offender in Florida had ever been sentenced to death for the killing of a black up through the period studied. (A white man sentenced to death in Florida in 1980 for killing a black woman was the first white person in the state to be sentenced to death for the murder of a sole black person—and he has yet to be executed).

Several other studies, conducted in a variety of capital punishment states, have arrived at the same conclusion: killers of whites are far more likely to be sentenced to death than killers of blacks.

Northeastern University published a study conducted in the early 1980s by David Baldus that sought to discover why killers of white victims in Georgia received the death penalty approximately 11 times more often than killers of black victims.

Baldus found that the two most significant points affecting the likelihood of a death sentence were the prosecutor's decisions on whether or not to permit a plea bargain and whether or not to seek a death sentence after a murder conviction. Black-victim murder convictions were far more likely to result in pleas to manslaughter or life sentences than cases with white victims. Black defendants with white victims were less likely than others to have their charges reduced and more likely than others, upon conviction of murder, to receive the death penalty.

Baldus noted that the prosecutors had sought the death penalty in only 49% of the cases where defendants were convicted of capital crimes; the others received automatic life sentences without a penalty hearing. Perhaps the most disturbing finding was that although cases with white victims tended to be more aggravated in general, the levels of aggravation in crimes involving black victims had to be substantially higher before prosecutors would seek the death penalty. Thus the overall disparities in death sentencing were due more to the prosecutor's charging and sentencing decisions than to any jury sentencing decisions.

Several other studies have also found significant racial disparities in prosecutors' decisions on charging. The Bowers study found that the victim's race had a significant "extra-legal" influence on whether or not a capital charge would be filed. A study done by Michael Radelet and Glenn Pierce, "Race and Prosecutorial Discretion in Homicide Cases," found a tendency by prosecutors to "upgrade" cases with white victims and "downgrade" those with black victims.

These findings do not necessarily imply that prosecutors deliberately discrimi-
individual state legislative bodies, for it is their responsibility, not the Court’s, to determine the appropriate punishment for particular crimes. They noted that:

Despite McCleskey’s wide-ranging arguments that basically challenge the validity of capital punishment in our multiracial society, the only question before us is whether in his case the law of Georgia was properly applied.

In a dissenting opinion, Justice John Paul Stevens noted:

The Court’s decision appears to be based on a fear that acceptance of McCleskey’s claim would sound the death knell for capital punishment. . . . If society were indeed forced to choose between a racially discriminatory death penalty (one that provides heightened protection “for whites only”) and no death penalty at all, the choice mandated by the Constitution would be plain.

It is interesting to note that two of the justices who voted with the majority in 1987 now believe that they made the wrong decision. Both former Justices Lewis Powell and Harry Blackmun have stated they should have voted with the minority. That would have made the decision six to three in favor of McCleskey, which would have effectively outlawed capital punishment as racially biased in violation of the Equal Protection Clause of the 14th Amendment of the U.S. Constitution.

Following the McCleskey ruling, a Congressional bill entitled the “Racial Justice Act” was drafted. The bill would forbid “racially disproportionate capital sentencing” and would outlaw any death sentence found to have been imposed in a racially discriminatory manner. The Racial Justice Act was debated and defeated in the U.S. Senate by a vote of 52 to 35 on October 13, 1988. In subsequent years, this same bill has been defeated on every occasion that it has come up for a vote.

We cannot continue to live with the illusion that capital punishment works in the perfect, unbiased manner that we desire. While we may wish otherwise, race has an indispensible and integral part in our capital punishment system. The overwhelming evidence is not speculative or theoretical but empirical. One of the most telling statistics from the Baldus study was that six of every eleven defendants convicted of killing a white person would not have received the death penalty if their victim had been black. These figures may vary from state to state, but the underlying conclusion remains the same: the taking of a white life is worth greater punishment than the taking of a black life. This is clearly unacceptable and can no longer be tolerated.

Justice Brennan once wrote: “We have demanded a uniquely high degree of rationality in imposing the death penalty. A capital sentencing system in which race more likely than not plays a role does not meet this standard.”

Racism cannot be tolerated, especially in a punishment as final as capital punishment. It is clearly time to abolish the death penalty. It is no longer consistent with the values of our supposedly enlightened and humanistic society. We have evolved beyond the need for such a savage and barbaric punishment symbolic of our less-civilized past.

There are suitable alternatives that are more humane and more consistent with our current values. The choice is not between the death penalty and unconditional release but between the death penalty and meaningful long-term sentences. The replacement of capital punishment with natural life sentences (with no possibility of release) is clearly a suitable alternative that fulfills society’s requirements of protection. Race will undoubtedly still be a factor in other non-capital cases, until we can find a way for our society to resolve its problems with racial discrimination in the judicial system. We must do all we can to prevent race from being a factor in determining who lives and who dies for a given crime.

It is the least we can do.

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What can you do?

You can get involved. There is no justice if everyone leaves the work of justice to everyone else. Here are several organizations working hard to abolish capital punishment. They need your help and support.

- **Friends Committee to Abolish the Death Penalty, P.O. Box 18106, Washington, DC 20036-1810; (301) 881-8024**
- **National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty, 918 F St. NW, Suite 601, Washington, DC 20004; (202) 347-2411**
- **Amnesty International—Program to Abolish the Death Penalty, 322 Eighth Avenue, New York, NY 10001; (212) 807-8400**
- **Murder Victims’ Families For Reconciliation, P.O. Box 208, Atlantic, VA 23303; (804) 824-0948**

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A LETTER

by Tom Ryan

I want to share with you some of God’s glory that I experienced at Attica Correctional Facility in a program to assist people in personal growth and change. This Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP) workshop was sponsored by New York Yearly Meeting. AVP is based on the belief in an inborn power for peace in everyone. It was founded by Quakers, but it draws participants and trainers from all religions, races, and walks of life.

The workshop included a variety of step by step experiences and exercises that focused on “affirmation, communication, cooperation, and resolving of violence by means of creative conflict resolutions.” The purpose was to assist individuals to change their lives for the better.

As the three-day workshop began we all sat on chairs in a large circle. We were asked to introduce ourselves one by one with our first names only, and our names had to be preceded by a positive adjective beginning with the same letter as the first letter of our name. After the first person was introduced in this fashion, the second person had to reintroduce the first person before giving his or her own name. Six outside guests volunteered their time, and their names were Jubilatin’ Judy, Dazzling Debbie, Peaceful Paula, Magical Muffy, Daring Dave, and Bashful Bill. There were also six AVP inmate counselors and twenty other inmates, of whom I was one. I had to introduce 14 others before I gave my name as “Talented Tom.” By the end of an hour, it was amazing how everyone seemed to know everyone else by name! It was a marvelous memory device that also helped build self-esteem and lay the foundation for trust.

Group exercises helped to improve listening skills. Strict ground rules were set up: no one was permitted to interrupt while someone else was talking, and making judgments or criticisms of others was totally avoided. This encouraged respect and caring for others. An
example of such an exercise was that we were all asked to speak about an animal we most admired and why. Everyone in the group laughed when I told my baboon story.

Various exercises encouraged cooperation. We split up into groups of four. Each person had an assortment of four cardboard cutouts of different shapes and sizes. The goal of each small group was to have each member of the group make a perfect square. You could use pieces from other members of your group, but the rule was that no one could take from another without first asking. Since complete silence was to be maintained, this meant eye-contact and finger-pointing. Your small group was not done until everyone completed their individual squares. After all the groups were done we discussed what we had learned from the experience.

One of the guests, Daring Dave, said that he let everyone else take from him whatever they needed. In so doing, he didn’t have to expend any real effort to complete his square; after everyone else struggled to get their perfect squares done, the remaining pieces were his and his alone. They automatically formed the geometric shape. This served as proof to me that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

We also had a “light and lively” session, which included the types of games one would most likely play in kindergarten. People who may have been enemies, or at least not the best of friends, were seen laughing along with each other. All hostility, at least for the time being, melted away. Laughter is one of the best types of medicine, and it is completely free.

Prior to playing these games, we shared with a small group something that was bothering us in our personal lives that tended to make us feel unhappy. If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each one’s life sorrow and suffering to disarm all hostility.

We also practiced, through role playing, new and creative ways to respond to conflict situations. The group I was in consisted of Bob-Bob, who portrayed a drunken, flirtatious wife; Dazzling Debbie, who played the role of Bob-Bob’s frustrated, angry husband; Talented Tom (that’s me), who acted the part of the unfortunate bartender; and three drunks, Big Bill, Joshful Jonathan, and Ravishing Rashine, all of whom were acting obnoxious and making demands on me to get them another round of drinks. All the while they were making wise remarks to Bob-Bob, thereby greatly upsetting Dazzling Debbie. I was supposed to keep the peace, but was unsuccessful in my attempts; the situation got more and more tense until Dazzling Debbie and Joshful Jonathan ran at each other with fists clenched. The scene ended at that point, whereupon a counselor asked each of us how we felt in our role. I said I felt totally helpless to stop the conflict; it was impossible to communicate with a bunch of drunks. In retrospect, however, I could have possibly used a humorous distraction to reduce the tension by standing on my head or doing cartwheels while whistling “Yankee Doodle Dandy.” Part of what is stressed in AVP is to risk being creative rather than violent.

From this workshop, I learned that true freedom is not being in any certain place on earth. It’s a quality or state of being in mind and spirit, and neither climate nor comfort has anything to do with it. We were all prisoners, separated from our families and friends, yet our hearts were nevertheless seemingly filled with joy—I know mine was. God’s love was flowing amongst us all, whether others looked at it that way or not, and that’s what I perceive to be the real beauty and glory of it all. No matter what we did in order to get to Attica, God was being glorified.

AVP workshop at Sussex Correctional Institution in Georgetown, Del., June 11, 1995
A Letter-Writing Ministry

by Mariellen O. Gilpin

I have been writing letters to people in institutions for about 20 years. I began by writing to prisoners I met during my regular visits to Illinois prisons. A few years later I became mentally ill, and as part of my recovery I began writing cards and letters of support to mental patients in hospitals and nursing homes. Along the way I have written to a few people who were terminally ill. At times I have had a list of more than a dozen post card recipients, but currently I have four or five people to whom I regularly write letters. Over the years I have developed some guidelines that might be helpful to others engaged in this sort of ministry.

Matters of procedure

I make a regular time to write. I write on Sunday afternoons, while I'm still centered after meeting for worship.

I try to write only about current events in my life. This rule developed because my medications make it hard for me to remember when and what I've written to whom. I try hard not to repeat myself; if I write only about events of the last two days, and if I last wrote seven days ago, I am less likely to say the same thing twice.

Each Sunday, I work out a basic strategy in one letter, and then vary it appropriately for the others on my letter list. (It helps that the recipients usually don't know each other!) I vary each week who will receive the first-written letter.

I write every week, whether or not I get an answer. People in institutions need regular evidence that I care for them. When I get a letter back, that's wonderful, and it makes for easier letter writing. But I try to give regular, dependable evidence of my continued friendship.

At this time, my letters to people in institutions are all handwritten. I hope to acquire a word processor and printer soon. When I do, I'll write one long letter, print it, remodel the text for the next person, print that, and so forth. This will be a great labor-saver and easier for people to read.

What to write about

I write about the real world. People who are institutionalized need to be reminded there is a world that is not punctuated by meals on trays, flying visits from doctors, and four concrete walls. Under the heading of "writing about the real world" come the following strategies.

I share my interest in nature. I often write my letters in the shade of my apple tree and comment on the passing scene: short observations about a bunny psyching out a dog on a leash, a squirrel teasing a cat, the state of the crops in my garden. I poke fun at my efforts to beat back the jungle in my back yard. I write about the sparrow trying to fly off with a cicada as big as itself. Institutionalized people often feel a deep hunger for contact with the natural world; many people I have written to have expressed appreciation for my efforts to help them remember about sky, trees, the passing of the seasons.

I tell stories about doing my household tasks. I write about my adventures trying to get the laundry dried outside when rain is forecast. I celebrate when my husband takes the closet doors off so I can get full access to the contents. The process of canning applesauce when it's 94 degrees outside and steamy hot in the kitchen is good for a paragraph or two. I think it's probably letters on such subjects that caused my mother to write to me that after reflection on the ministry. I am particularly likely to share minis- try if the reader is a Friend, but I think the special blend of the deeply personal experience with the objectivity that can come during Friends worship is a refreshing breeze in a depression-clouded mind. I'm not shy about sharing my own ministry, by the way, but I try hard to give other speakers an equal share of space. People have expressed appreciation, saying these letters left them in a thoughtful mood and better able to cope.

I write about my work. I happen
to enjoy my work and my office mates. I share the clever repartee over the lunch table, the basic approach I'm using to write for a new grant, the issues I'm trying to address in my work. When I worked in computer-based education, I compared the prisons I visited to the community colleges to the inner-city schools. When I was looking for my new job, I got several good stories out of my various job interviews, one of which involved demonstrating to a roomful of people the proper installation and removal of a condom. Now that I've changed jobs, I write about the people, the new issues, and my efforts to learn a new field.

I tell other people's stories. My brother tells stories to community groups as a hobby. When he tells me his latest gems during a phone conversation, I repeat them line for line in my letters. My husband saves the human interest stories he hears on public radio, and those are good for a line or two.

I try to be personal. I use the reader's name in the body of the letter. I say what I think and ask what he thinks. I ask how things are going on some issue she brought up. I ask him to write and tell me how he is. I reflect back to her what she said and respond to her thoughts and feelings. I tell them I'm praying for them and ask them what they would like me to pray for.

I let people give to me. I tell people my issues and say, "I'd appreciate hearing your thoughts about how I should handle this." When I'm down, I ask for prayers. Even tough guys need to feel they have something to offer, and I have never failed to get some sort of support when I let someone know I am hurting. The point of this is not to look for competent help, although I have gotten very beautiful, caring responses. Partly what I'm doing when I ask for support is trying to bring more real communication into our letters by making the exchange genuinely two-way. People in institutions often need to know that they can still have normal conversations on real subjects with normal people—and even get appreciation for it. It's important to thank those who offer support and really ponder their responses.

I tell people what they need to hear about themselves. When a letter from a mental patient is more cogent and coherent than before, I tell the writer how much better the person seems; a word of encouragement helps people keep on keeping on. When a mental patient wants to take a course in hypnosis, I suggest that he wait a year or two until he's stronger before he learns something that he might use to sabotage himself. When someone is down on herself, I tell her that God doesn't make junk. When he has just messed up his life royally, I tell him, "If God can forgive me, I know he will forgive you." And always, I tell them that I care for them.

What to do when I'm fresh out of ideas

I keep a collection of prize cartoons. When I am short of things to say, I photocopy a cartoon onto my letter paper. The reader has something to laugh at, and I have less space to try to fill up with words that week.

I haunt card shops. (Now that I'm only semi-employed, I can't afford to buy cards very often.) Peanuts cards are pretty reliably positive in tone without being sentimental or too personal. I like to buy cards with no message on the inside, cards with photographs of bannies, kittens, puppies; once I even got a priceless one of a baby snake coming out of its egg. When I'm short of things to say, I take out a card from my collection, try to imagine what the animal on the cover is thinking, and write about that.

Cardinal rules

I never write while I'm depressed. I may say I have been depressed and what about, but I always say what I did about it.

I never ever make negative comments about anybody, whether the reader knows the person or not. If I say something negative about one person, the reader knows I might say something negative about them, too. There's enough negative thinking in institutions already.

When sex becomes an issue

Four out of five prisoners are male, and I expect that four out of five people who write to prisoners are female. Problems arise on a regular basis. Now that I'm in my 50s, people seldom make advances to me. It may be one of the perks of growing older, but I doubt it. Back in the days when prisoners regularly thought they were in love with me, I reflected that people in institutions are lonely and starved for touching. It was often hard for them to tell the difference between my caring for them and my wanting to arouse them sexually. When I got a love letter, I tried to write back in a forthright but kind spirit: "I care. I care a whole lot. But I'm not in love with you. And I'm not up for a relationship just for sex." Then I went on writing to them just as before. Most of them became content just to be friends, but one rather slimy fellow persisted in writing obscene letters. After many efforts to get the letters onto other subjects, I eventually broke off the correspondence. For other women choosing such a ministry, I have two bits of advice that may help.

Set and maintain the level of discussion. When I was a leader of a self-help group for mental patients, there was a period of about 18 months when everyone in the group was male but me. While I knew that my friends (who ranged from 20 to 65) approved of my sexuality, not one ever made advances, although I often met them one-on-one for coffee or lunch. I have reached this stage of being a human rather than a sex object through the usual process, that is to say, by many trials and errors. I took my responsibility to my friends seriously and never met one alone that I didn't remind myself firmly, "What this guy needs is a friend. He doesn't need me to feel romantic about him."

I'm not sure precisely what I mean by being a friend, although I'm told I send "I'm married" signals loud and clear. When I told them I cared for them, I always said it in a matter-of-fact voice. I didn't like all my men friends equally, but I genuinely liked each of them. I think my caring was a precious commodity they didn't want to tamper with. If someone said something a little suggestive, I'd grin and say, "I think I'll leave that one alone," and move the discussion firmly to my level. I have learned to be in charge of myself, and my men friends respect me. I'm sure my attitude toward sexuality, learned in my self-help group, saves me from having difficult letters to deal with nowadays.

Sexual innuendo can be a problem. Prisoners talk about playing mind games: they needle one another in order to get the mental stimulation their environment denies them. A few prisoners used sexual innuendo to play mind games with me. I first experienced this as a college student working in a men's prison. I was never physically threatened, but a prisoner would politely and consistently try to turn every conversation into a game of double entendre. The technique I developed for dealing with it was to politely, consistently, turn the conversation to the harmless literal meaning of the word in question, responding at length with a straight face. Some prisoners were quick enough to know they were being outfoxed, but each one eventually got frustrated enough to quit the game. I have had occasion in the years since to use the technique in
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responding to letters from prisoners. I'm not sure the technique is truly Quakerly, that is to say gently straightforward, but it has worked for me.

**When a prisoner gets out**

I don't worry about being accosted in my home by a violent ex-felon. I've been told by several sources that the people prisoners write to while they are in prison are not the people they want to spend time with on the outside. Once people get out of an institution, they rapidly become too occupied to write. I offer a transitional support system in the form of continued letters as long as the person seems to want it. Usually within a year it's clear the person no longer needs friendship in letter form. Shortly, someone tells me of someone else in need of supporting letters.

Basicallу, my strategy is to help the person in an institution to stay involved with life and with another human being. I try to share hope, my sense of his or her value as a human being, my continued caring for him or her as a person. It sometimes takes a great effort of will to pull myself back from the brink of insanity in order to write to my friend in need. But the process of trying to connect someone else with life has often helped me save myself from hallucinations. In helping someone else deal with their nightmare, I've helped myself conquer my own.

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Jan Arriens

The annual Cadbury Event, sponsored by FRIENDS JOURNAL at the Gathering of Friends General Conference in July, will be a lecture by Jan Arriens, a British Friend who knows a great deal about the 3,000 "dead men walking" on death row in the United States. Drawing on a long tradition of Quaker concern for prisoners, he has helped to teach and nurture the spiritual awareness and insights of condemned prisoners. After the BBC documentary "Fourteen Days in May," British people spontaneously began writing to condemned prisoners. Jan facilitatеd this, then in 1987 he founded LifeLines, a nonpolitical organization that helps people correspond with prisoners. More than 5,000 British people have written to U.S. prisoners awaiting death. Currently, 3,000–5,000 are writing. Members of LifeLines also give support to one another when an execution is imminent and lobby influential people in the state that is moving toward an execution.

Jan’s book, *Welcome to Hell*, published in Britain, has just been picked up by a U.S. publisher. Jan is pleased that men on death row, the real authors, will now have this public voice in their own country. The correspondence with prisoners is two-way, and, from his own experience, Jan feels that the men give more than he gives to them. They often share the insights, the spiritual awareness, and the inner resources of people in extremis.

The kind of spiritual humanitarianism that Jan Arriens lives transcends national boundaries. He is Dutch, born in Britain, educated in New Zealand, and has served in the Australian diplomatic service in several countries. He has a Ph.D. from Cambridge University and is a member of Hartington Grove Meeting in Cambridge. He is the author of a Quaker pamphlet, "The Place of Jesus in Quaker Universalism," and is a regular contributor to *The Friend* and *The Seeker*. Since 1991 he has been editor of *The Seeker*. Outside Britain, he has advised on penal reform in Romania and opened a cultural festival and death row museum in Graz, Austria, last year. He knows U.S. prisons well and is an expert on the death penalty. His presence at FGC may help U.S. Quakers find common cause and strategies for opposing death penalties, and help Canadians resist the current U.S. political enthusiasm for executions.

—Carol MacCormack

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June 1996 FRIENDS JOURNAL
My favorite biblical woman is Wisdom in Proverbs 8. I imagine her as an old woman standing in high places, along the roadways, at the doorways of all patriarchal institutions, speaking Truth to Power. She speaks of excellent things and of right things. For me, she's the crazy lady, the hag, the crone. Keepers of the status quo consider her a public nuisance, but seekers of change and liberation approach her with awe and gratitude. When I attended the Friends General Conference Women's Center at the Wichita Gathering of Friends in 1977, I met Wisdom in the person of Allie Walton. She was to become my mentor, my comforter, and my friend. She was my older sister, the latest in a fairly naive or primitive now. feminist theology-discussions that seem awe and gratitude. When she divorced, she lost four inches of height as her vertebrae gradually collapsed. She was reared under an oppressive Quakerism that disallowed human frailty, though she told me her early Quakerism and continues to exemplify what I most value in other Quaker women.

It's important to me that Allie was no sentimentalist. She raged over her illness that destroyed her tall, straight, athletic body and sapped her energy. She was a woman who only stopped climbing trees at 70—she who said her first room was a tree and whose drawings include trees with full, leafy branches. Allie carried inside her a cosmic anger. The anger was not only for physical losses, but for the spiritual and emotional burdens that women bear. Allie was a battered wife. She was reared under an oppressive Quakerism that disallowed human frailty, though she told me her early Quakerism also held joy and fun. When she divorced, she felt she had to leave Friends for a while. When she remarried under the care of a Friends meeting, she was afraid to tell them of her first marriage. Even her artistic talents were looked upon with suspicion under the Quaker piety of her day.

She carried with her, then, an experiential knowledge of the burdens of oppression, of the circumscription of women's spirits, of the denial to us of our abundant spiritual lives. She knew from learned about her continues to inspire me and continues to inspire me how to lose. As Jungian analyst Marian Woodman says, she lives with the straight, flat-out naked truth. The crone is wise and compassionate, but she can also be stern and cruel. She's the culmination of a full life and knows loss, grief, and death. She's not cute, she's not sweet—she's not necessarily even kind.

My life has been, and continues to be, enriched by three Quaker crones. I decided I had to get to know Elizabeth Watson of the clear voice and gentle spirit upon reading her book, *Guests of My Life*. I met Betty Woodbury, of Massachusetts, at the Center, and her gift of unconditional love and her alter ego, Obstreperous the Clown, still sustain my heart. I wanted to be like both of these women, and as I told Elizabeth once, they spoke from my heart. Because of her manner, which tended to be straightforward and acerbic like mine, I identified most with Allie Walton. Her spirit is a continuation of Eve's story, Elizabeth Hooten's story, of Margaret Fell's story, of Lucretia Mott's story, and lives on in the stories of those women who try to remain spiritually centered while struggling to improve the world. At the Women's Center, courageous women on the cutting edge of spiritual and social change extend physical, intellectual, and spiritual limits and thus free and empower us all.

Let Allie, my friend for 12 years, represent our spirits, our values, and our goals. At 80 she lived with the effects of severe osteoporosis and emphysema; she missed the Gathering of Friends General Conference that summer, maybe for the first time. Physically, she was almost the stereotypical, bent-over hag of western fairy tales; she lost four inches of height as her vertebral gradually collapsed.

The summer Allie missed the FGC Gathering I asked her women friends to tape record stories involving Allie. I wanted to send them to Allie so she would know she was valued and missed. What I
experience the value of our freedom to make our own life choices arising from the measure of Light we've been granted.

Allie's daughter, Marty, tells the story of Allie's illness during one of her last Christmases. She caught a cold; because of her emphysema, she couldn't get enough oxygen into her lungs, and she seemed to be dying. She was incredibly weak, and the family felt they were saying good-bye to her. As she lay in her hospital bed, barely breathing, beside her was her oxygen tank with a red ribbon tied around it. The nurse who asked the meaning of it was told by Allie, "That ribbon is for rage." Her rage at that point was for the denial by the U.S. Supreme Court and by the Pennsylvania legislature of women's right to make moral choices concerning our own bodies and about childbearing. Every nurse on the floor soon learned the lesson of the red ribbon.

Another quality of Allie was that she recognized evil and despised the superficiality that denies the dark. She once led a workshop at the FGC Gathering called "Oceans of Darkness," and she brought to it her collection of devils and dragons. Like other seekers whose visions are not recognized or are feared and denied by others, she often felt alone. It was hard for her to get Quakers to face her understanding of evil. She despised sometimes at the easy, complimentary responses she got; she wanted but lacked companions to face the depths with her. "Challenge me," she said when she sensed the superficiality of praise coming her way. I think it's very difficult for FGC Quakers to face the shadow side of life. Allie was one who could and did. She was there for us in our own times of despair, a woman of sorrows, acquainted with grief.

Allie knew women were her people; she was woman-identified. Her life from the time I met her was about supporting and liberating women. She was 65 when she helped call Friends women together to share our theology and spiritual journeys. She told me once that the Women's Center was the only group to which she felt she truly belonged. This was a woman who had been a lifelong Quaker—she was reared on the campus of a Quaker school, clerked Illinois Yearly Meeting, worked with the American Friends Service Committee counseling conscientious objectors and helping establish an affirmative action program, and was part of numerous committees of Friends—but it was the Women's Center that finally gave her a home. Each year for 15 years she shared in our journeys as we moved through feminist liberation theology and theories of androgyny to goddess metaphors and celebrations.

She was also on the editorial collective of Illinois Yearly Meeting when they produced Friendly Woman, and those editions, 12 or 15 years old, are still among the most radical and most readable of all the editions. She led several women-only workshops at the FGC Gathering, and participants still talk of being introduced to strong Quaker women through her. She put together a "family tree" of outstanding Quaker women that is used all over the United States today without attribution or knowledge that she was the source of it. She wrote a play called "Feminism and Its Quaker Roots," which was performed at a plenary session of the Gathering. Her needlepoint ribbon panel of the "Poor Old War God, Losing Power Hour by Hour" went from being part of the ribbon around the Pentagon in Washington, D.C., into the Chicago Peace Museum as a work of art. All this was the ministry of her old age, after her 60th birthday.

Another major gift of Allie's was clarity. She followed a clear vision. I was struck by the recognition, in looking closely at Allie's cronehood, that the one theme of her ministry, the strong thread in the tapestry of her life, was her recognition of the measure of Light given to each person. She lived in the knowledge of that Light that lights each person that the Gospel of John says comes into the world. Everything for which she struggled for herself and for others came from her sense of the wrongness of someone's interference with the measure of divine Light given to another. All the nurture she provided was to empower each person to live by the Light within.

This knowledge and commitment, so strong that I doubt it was even conscious for her, enabled her to be on the cutting edge of human rights issues without being faddish. She was always absolutely centered in what she was doing and saying. I believe this centeredness is the reward of cronehood, a time of wisdom after a life of healthy engagement in physical, emotional, and spiritual struggles.

This commitment to empowering each person to follow the Light within was the thread that ran through her rage and gentleness as she led Quaker women and men through struggles over the refusal to fight in our government's wars; the rights of women to make moral choices concerning our own bodies; the rights of couples to decide with whom they will live and when they will marry; the innate dignity and spirituality of partnership choices for gay and lesbian couples; the rightness of women's use of feminine metaphors for god/goddess. Her radicalism came from her radical (root) Quakerism—her experiential knowledge of the Light within that impels each of us sometimes to make unpopular choices that go against our traditions, our governments, our cultures. More than anyone else I know, Allie knew that the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life.

In some sense, Allie was not at home in the world. How many of us, when we follow the measure of Light granted to us, feel "at home" where we live and work? Elizabeth Watson and Allie told me the story of the women who came to Elizabeth asking her to tone Allie down. Of course, they had the wrong person, since Allie and Elizabeth, though different in manner, were soulmates. When Allie told me the story of a businessman calmly spitting on and handing back an antiwar pamphlet she had given him, she was able to laugh at the experience. It made me aware of how strong we have to be in our own spirits to live without the approval or understanding of anyone else. Most women in a patriarchal culture go through times when nobody seems to understand our

One of Allie Walton's drawings from Friendly Woman

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insights. I'm glad Allie found "home" in the Women's Center and that she helped make it home for the rest of us. The Women's Center has been for Allie, and for many of us, the place Adrienne Rich says we need where "we can weep and still be counted as warriors."

Another quality of Allie, last but not least, was her humor. It kept her and all of us centered and sane. Over and over Friends named her sense of fun as her outstanding quality. Humor is hard to translate—you have to be there—but let me try one story that Illinois Yearly Meeting women spoke into Allie's tape with great glee. Some years ago, Allie was at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting when Margaret Bacon introduced her words to "The Lucretia Mott Song." Allie learned them, and it became important to her to teach them to attenders at Illinois Yearly Meeting. At the time, women were coming into consciousness about how little of our traditions specifically named women, and Allie thought the words were important. Since she could not sing—even her children asked her to stop singing to them after they learned the real tunes to her songs at school—she was in trouble. Being scared to face the audience and sing out to them, but still wanting to share words she felt energizing to women, she turned her back to the audience and sang, until she gradually got courage to turn around and face them. Attendees of Illinois Yearly Meeting that year learned the words to "The Lucretia Mott Song."

Allie’s spirit remains a beacon to me as it does for many women. I carry Allie’s spirit inside me as I face personal and professional dilemmas. While meditating during a difficult winter, I lit candles I named Allie and Elizabeth, and the light of the candles reminded me that others also have lived through struggles and prevailed.

Paradoxically, Allie’s life makes me aware of the hardships of growing old—the physical infirmity, the loss of friends, the downside of being on my way to cronehood. When I’m 80 like Allie was, I won’t have older women mentors to prepare the way for me. I’ll have had to incorporate their spirits inside as internal guides. Gwendolyn Brooks, another spirited woman from Illinois, has a poem beginning, "one wants a teller at a time like this." Allie was my "teller," the one who tells me I can survive and prevail, that all will be well, that I have courage and good sense even though others may trivialize my feminine experiences, ideas, and statements. As I approach 53, my "tellers" are fewer and fewer. There is a loneliness to aging that may demand more courage and strength than any of our outward trials.

In her last years, Allie lived in a retirement village and was characteristically blunt about what she had or hadn’t found there. She found no soul mate there. She told me during her last autumn that all old people are not crones; some are just old. In dark times she could doubt her own cronehood, and Allie knew the darkness.

Allie’s willingness to be much maligned and to be much beloved—both are trials in their way—inspires me. Those of us who know her story learn to live better with loss and to fight oppression. We face life led by her energy, rage, wisdom, and grace.

For several years I have not been able to attend the FGC Gathering, and I miss the Women’s Center. Allie’s life represents the strengths of the women I find there. A history of the Center will one day be written and the lives and works of all the Allies will be honored. Meanwhile, may the Light granted to Allie be granted to me.

You can’t kill the spirit
She is like a mountain
Old and strong, She goes on and on....
Tobin Marsh’s connection with the Casa de Los Amigos in Mexico City began in 1990 when he met Director Ellen Gonzalez in Colorado. She invited him and Carrie Lipe to come to the Casa as house managers. He said he particularly liked “the integration of Quaker service as an expression of Quaker community,” a theme to which he returned. “I felt very comfortable with where Ellen was. I felt that she was moving deeply from a Quaker foundation and not from either a politicized one or a purely humanitarian one. Yet she was working with all of that in Latin America.”

Tobin is a convinced Friend, coming from what seemed to me an unusually intense and varied spiritual journey. He said he went from anger, as a student activist demonstrating and working against U.S. policy in Central America, to an awareness of the harm of polarizing issues into simple good and evil. After studying Asia, Chinese language, and religion, “I took some time to travel, in around 1985–86. I was in Asia for about eight months, and it changed my perceptions on social change. I started to get more interested in faith-based service work. I saw the structures and conditions of poverty and violence.” He traveled in rural areas and cities, off tourist routes, in Pakistan, India, Bangladesh, and other countries. He was impressed with the remarkable people he met, the simplicity of village life, the people’s orientation toward the past and present rather than the future, and the ever-present religious symbolism and ritual, as well as the pain he felt over the tremendous poverty and suffering. He realized he had not had enough understanding of what he was doing as an activist, although he still believes the protests against U.S. policy were very important.

The trip was “a pivotal experience, to see the massive dimensions of poverty. But the situations of suffering and violence are not black and white, and I became less accepting of the idea of the use of violence to solve these problems.” (One of the issues he saw as too black and white back in the United States was the negative treatment of Vietnam veterans.)

“What is it to be an American in the latter part of the 20th century?” he asked. “How does one work on issues of human suffering? Americans don’t experience what most people on the planet suffer. Our suffering is different—we often do not recognize our own suffering—yet we have our own kind of tortures and our own lessons and wisdom that come out of that. But they’re different than the basic raw lack of options and lack of resources that so much of the world suffers. I suppose that humbled me a little bit.”

While he was asking himself what he should be doing with his life, he was also spiritually seeking “first in the East, then in the West, studying Christian tradition and the nature of Christian mysticism.” His exposure to Gandhi’s ideas challenged all his assumptions. “He landed like a question mark in my life.” Gandhi’s simplicity and focus on the sacredness of life “seemed to open in me a desire for God that I had previously been unable to recognize as such.” Thomas Merton’s name kept coming up. “I came to Quakerism through Thomas Merton. … I traveled to China in 1989 and was there during the student uprising, for about four and a half months. It was a sort of pilgrimage. I had brought about a dozen Merton books with me. I had a very small pack and half of it was full of Merton books,” he laughed.

Back in the United States, he worked with homeless people and started a spiritual practice, spending time with prayer,
An autonomous project of Mexico City
spiritual practice was in the challenge of
mission very simply:
the work, being present to the sufferings
and challenges of the street... The first
time I sat in Boulder (Colo.) Meeting, I
felt, ah, this is the communal dimension
of what Merton has been talking about.
When Tobin got a master's degree in
theology from a Jesuit school, he wrote
his thesis on the thought of George Fox.
I commented that I had seen very little
spirituality in the activists I knew in the
1960s, and I wondered for how many
people the political and the spiritual had
been coming together. Tobin said he knew
some comments of Daniel Berrigan, that
seeking justice and inner growth are
complementary. Berrigan also commented
that his group of activists had not been
very mature in the '60s and that some of
the rebellion teenagers felt for other
reasons went into young adult activism at
that time.

During his years as a house manager
of the Casa, he joined Mexico City Meet-
ing. Then, to care for his grandparents,
Tobin and Carrie spent a year and a half
in Santa Barbara, Calif., where he grew
close to Santa Barbara Meeting and was a
social worker at Catholic Charities. This
was a very "rich" time.

Just as he arrived there, the meeting
was taking up the Alternatives to Vio-
ence Project, "an extraordinarily hopeful
project... Santa Barbara is a special
meeting... with wonderful courage and a
deep deepness to its silence."

Tobin feels AVP was the most re-
warding service work he has been in-
volved with. He feels sure the program
had a profound and positive impact on
participants, as it had for him, in learning
about "my own capacities for love and
violence."

Several years later, he accepted an
invitation to come back to the Casa as its
director.

We enthusiastically agreed that Casa
de Los Amigos is a very special place that
can affect people's lives. I questioned
Tobin on what had gone on since I was
last there and his plans for the future.

The Casa was born out of many years
of American Friends Service Committee
workcamps in rural Mexico. The work-
camps are long gone and the Casa is no
longer formally associated with the AFSC.
An autonomous project of Mexico City
Meeting, Tobin defines the Casa's mis-
ion very simply: "At its best our work
reflects the faith and spiritual experience
of this small Quaker meeting."

"For about ten years, refugee work
was central to the identity of the Casa,
and anyone who came through witnessed
it. Many thousands of people's lives were
touched by this work. About ten a day
came to the door." Ellen Gonzalez over-
saw this, and Tobin said he never saw a
project that made money go further.
There is less need now for refugee aid due
to less political persecution and the end of
two wars in Central America. The project
was laid down. "Any good Quaker project
should have a good finishing. Rufus Jones
was clear on that."

The meeting now supports two small
women-to-women projects, one among
refugee communities returning from
Mexico to Guatemala and one working
with an indigenous women's craft coopera-
tive in Mexico City. Tobin says the
emphasis on women is very consistent
with development theory, which indicates
that "when development does not have
women involved, it is unlikely to be trans-
formative or successful on local village
levels especially."

The Casa also helped rebuild homes after the earthquake of
1985. Over the years, members of the
meeting have translated various short
Quaker works into Spanish. John
Woolman's Journal, translated by Jorge
Hernandez, currently awaits a publisher.

The troubles in the southern Mexican state
of Chiapas are a concern, and current visi-
tors and volunteers have been involved as
international observers to prevent violence at
meetings between the rebels and the
government. The Casa was also involved, along
with several other organizations, in initiat-
ing a new international peacemaking effort in
Chiapas called SIPAZ (International Service
for Peace).

I was especially interested in efforts
regarding Chiapas, which I saw as very
important. While in Mexico I certainly
noticed from street vendors and others
that the spokesman for the rebels,
Subcomandante Marcos, is a hero to
many Mexicans. Ellen Gonzalez's hus-
band, Ignacio, told me enthusiastically
that he agrees with all of Marcos's ideas
and believes he is an intelligent and ca-
pable man; the only thing he disagrees
with is Marcos's method: the use of vio-

Tobin said that the guesthouse is what
keeps the organization going, though it
cannot pay for projects. It can hold 40
guests at a time, plus several volunteers.
In the last few years it has gotten into
budget travel guides and has grown enor-
mously. "Priority is given to people doing
human service work, studying social prob-
lems, volunteering, or here on delega-
tions. Groups that stay here include Wit-
ness for Peace, Global Exchange, Habitat
for Humanity, Mennonites, Quaker col-
leges, and private high schools. That has
brought a lot of people who generally
find it wonderful—comfortable, with an
open environment and a lot of social ac-
tivity. They enjoy the breakfast con-
versations, which often have a social topic.
It's a very important part of the Casa's
service to have a place for travelers to get
together. There are evening talks and
videos, also. "The socially concerned trav-
ellers have really dwindled since the
Sandinistas lost the election in Nicara-
gua. Many people felt a loss of hope. . .
The Casa is in transition now, and not
only because of the change in directors.
The end of the refugee program and the
increase in general travelers have led to
something of an identity crisis. While it is
primarily a center to promote interna-

tional understanding, some people com-
ming through experience it as little more
than a youth hostel, and it is in danger of
being seen as primarily that."

The meeting and the Casa are asking: What can Quakers contribute in Mexico
and Latin America in times of crisis with
this center of service, hospitality, and
worship? "Can Quakers find ways to pro-
mote examining social issues in a nonvio-
 lent, nonpolarized, peacemaking way? How can they help foreigners experience
this country in a deeper, potentially life-
affectionaffecty way... There is a great need for a broader understanding of the relationship between Mexico and the United States, which is deeper than we know—rich and not always just.

There has been a remarkable boom of grassroots organizations in Mexico in recent years. Tobin feels the Casa could do much to make connections between non-Mexicans and Mexican groups focusing on issues such as pollution, human rights, and community organizing. The non-Mexican groups would include many contacts the Casa already has with meetings, churches, universities, and humanitarian organizations. Many of the travelers coming through now are young backpackers who are on long trips and might be willing to take a week or two of their trip to get some sort of in-depth experience of the country.

I found these ideas exciting and told him I wished something like this had been available when I was here as a student. He said he was not sure what that would look like but that was in the process of discussion with many groups.

"Perhaps the Casa could offer a week of tours of Mexico City and talks and contact with Mexicans working to improve their country, getting insight into the problems of poverty in one of the world's largest cities. There are exciting issues—Chiapas, urbanization, NAFTA. Perhaps part of the week could be spent working on a project—painting, planting trees, doing an activity with homeless children, helping dig a drainage ditch. This may be too hard to organize as short-term workers can be more trouble than they're worth from the host organization's point of view." Yet working under the direction of Mexicans would avoid the possibility of service work being patronizing, "as it can be but doesn't have to be."

Perhaps the emphasis will be more on education than service. Education is a large part of Quakerism's social message, Tobin feels, and experiential education is highly valued now. "I've found that the experience of working side by side with poor people of another culture can shape people's lives and change their opinions. That is part of what the work-camps were about. Many older Quakers would not be Quakers without such service. Perhaps a different model is needed for cultural interchange in the 1990's," but work is important. "People walk away from that experience questioning all of their previous assumptions about poor people and the developing world and find it deeply meaningful—just the types of people they work with, that they are not just poor—and how enjoyable it was and how unique. And then they talk of how to integrate this kind of service more deeply into their lives at home. Even just a week or two can be very important in the formation of a person."

[Since the time of this interview, the Casa has developed a new Service and Education Project that places medium- and long-term volunteers in internships with Mexican service organizations and coordinates one-to two-week group seminars that study issues of social concern in Mexico City and offer labor assistance to community projects.]

We chatted about ways and means and seemed to be drawing to a close. Then I asked him to comment further on his views on religion, social service, and community. His thoughts gave me personally much to consider.

"I think that in contemporary Quakerism we are practicing often a kind of idolatry. The meaning of Quakerism for me has to do more with the practice, the ongoing activity, of nurturing and maintaining our spiritual lives, our religious foundations, our focus on the nature of God and of our relationship to God, and in a sense being obedient to that. Maybe the word obedient isn't so appropriate anymore. It's the ongoing activity of listening and discerning what our spiritual experience is telling us. That draws us into reaching out toward human suffering, social problems, ecological collapse, unjust economies; whatever the issues may be, we will be called into addressing them."

"When the Spirit is an active voice calling us, I think our resources and abilities will work in harmony with the greater good, will be drawn upon not only in the most meaningful and appropriate ways for that community, but also the most effective ways, and will best use our intelligence, our wisdom, and our experience. I think God is already at work on these things. The ways of God are functioning in the world, things are happening even when they aren't so evident."

"What we have to offer is most tapped into when the Spirit is involved in the discernment process. I think that is so much the case with AVP in Santa Barbara Meeting. We simply found ourselves showing up and everything was changing; everything was happening. We couldn't have been doing more effective work no matter how hard we worked at it. I am convinced of that. We just happened to be using the few great resources that we had in the most effective way that we could, and I think that the discernment was thoroughly spiritual."

"When we get so attached to the social problems and the immediacy of their needs and the obligation to be involved in solving the problems and putting all of our energy into making the world a better place, then it's easy for that priority to take a step above the listening and discernment aspect. I think that's moving away from the heart of Quakerism, which has to do with being in a relationship with God, being in a proper relationship with God—as Fox would put it, being in a righteous relationship with God—making us children of that Spirit, living within that Spirit."

"I do think it is a form of idolatry. I think that we miss God when we put the social problems and our political and social and economic activism ahead of our spiritual identity: that should be at the center."

"I truly think our efforts will be far more effective if the Spirit is coming first. So I think it's pragmatic as well as healthy."

"If the service work that a Quaker community is doing is not directly felt by that same community to be deepening or enriching their worship experience, then I think it is a sign that something may not quite be on track. When it's not, there's some kind of discontent or feeling of separation. Casa de Los Amigos and Mexico City Meeting feel this strongly: when the Casa service work is going well it deepens the meeting. The meeting might not even exist without it. It is an incredibly small meeting that's transcended many decades and has cultural things going against it."

"It seems to me that this is the Quaker way—that service and worship have to harmonize with and enrich each other. One thing that Quakerism has offered very directly to Christianity is this same thing that I mentioned earlier about Daniel Berrigan's 'double rhythm of the heart,' deepening the life within and at the same time going out with concern into the world with 'a sense of Biblical justice.' Most Quakers might give a different name to that—perhaps the light of the world. But both of those are complementary. Certainly when I've felt that Quakerism was really on the move it has had both these dimensions to it."

To receive the Casa quarterly newsletter and/or learn more about their plans and projects, contact: Casa de Los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, 06030 Mexico, DF Mexico.

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My favorite time of meeting is when the children come walking in. They come in all smiles, search out their parents, and settle into laps and chairs. Some of them are sure to wave to me and grin. “Just ten more minutes until snack time, Benjamin,” they seem to be saying. Soon comes “Shaking of Hands” (Emily always shakes my paw first), then “Introduction of Visitors,” and finally “Time for Snack,” and the children come crowding around to offer me crackers, cookies, raisins, and whatever they think I would like best. It is a grand time.

One First Day I noticed an elderly lady watching me, the elderly lady who made that fine suggestion that a chair be found for me and that I be invited to meeting. (I keep calling her “elderly lady,” but she seemed in some strange way very young. Her eyes were like children’s eyes. They shone with curiosity and excitement.) I continued talking with the children from First-day school, and they kept offering me morsels to eat, but out of the corner of my eye I could see her still watching me.

“What’s her name?” I whispered to Emily.

“What’s whose name?” Emily whispered back, and she took a bite of cookie.

“That lady over there, the one with the gray fur.” Emily laughed. “Gray hair!” she said by way of correcting me.

“In mouse language it’s fur,” I retorted testily.

“Anyway, what’s her name?”

“You can ask her yourself,” said Emily. She waved the lady over.

“Hello Benjamin,” said the elderly lady. “I’ve been wanting to meet you. My name is Laura.”

“Pleased to meet you, I’m sure,” I replied. “Do you like the refreshments today?”

“Oh, yes,” said Laura, and her eyes sparkled. “I think the cheese is exceptionally fine.”

“You do?” I said, warming up to the subject and to Laura at the same time. “My cousin Katherine lives in a High Church. She says that they sometimes have Brie, or Camel-Bear.”

“That’s grand!” said Laura. “Perhaps we could visit your cousin sometime and sample the cheeses.”

“What’s your favorite cheese?” asked Emily.

“Well,” said Laura, “It depends on the season and the time of day. On chilly winter evenings, for example, when the sky is deepening into dark purple and the stars are just beginning to appear, I prefer a fine smoked cheese for its tangy taste and pungent bouquet.”

“Yes!” I squeaked enthusiastically, “and with some warm milk to wet the whiskers.”

“Exactly,” said Laura. “Laura, you don’t have whiskers,” said Emily, laughing.

“True,” said Laura, “but if I did, a saucer of warm milk would be just the thing.”

The three of us were smiling at each other. I had a vision of Emily and Laura with whiskers, drinking milk from a saucer. That’s why I was smiling.

Our trip to visit Katherine took careful preparations. Laura made a little tie for me to wear, a “four-in-hand” she called it. She said I would attract less attention if I wore a tie.

“I would think a mouse wearing a tie would attract more attention,” I said.

“While visiting High Churches,” countered Emily, “we must look more elegant.” Emily decided to wear a green skirt with matching shoes and a snowy white blouse, instead of the tee shirt, shorts, and sandals she usually wore to meeting.

When the special day arrived, Laura and Emily
came by for me in Laura’s VW, and off we went. For safety’s sake, I was to stay the whole morning in the pocket of Emily’s blouse. My tie, a solid green that matched Emily’s skirt, hung out of her pocket.

The church was made of old, gray stone. It was enormous. Ivy climbed up the stone blocks of the bell tower to the top. It hung like a thick, green beard over the entire building. As we walked from the car to the church, the old church bells began to ring. The sound rose out of the belfry to the low-lying clouds and echoed from them back down to the ground. The sound seemed to roll out of the sky and rise up out of the ground at the same time.

It was dark inside. A faint, colored light seeped in through stained-glass windows. Above, the ceiling was crossed by great arches made of wooden beams. A gray mist floated through the arches. The floor beneath was of cold, gray stone. I could see rows of people sitting on long, wooden benches on either side of the aisle, watching us as we walked along.

We sat in an empty pew, and somewhere in front of us, a resonant voice began to sing out.

Solomon Grundy,
Born on Monday, . . .
All around us the voices of people joined in chanting:
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday,
And that was the end of . . .

"Psst, Benjamin!" someone whispered. I looked out of Emily’s pocket.

"Benjamin!" someone whispered again. Quickly I scrambled to the floor, which was covered in dry leaves. No one was in sight, but in the dim light I could see a trail of mouse footprints leading off through the night. I had entered a forest. An owl hooted softly, a long way off.

"Benjamin!" someone called again.

"Who is it?" I called out. But there was no answer.

I began to run through the forest. I ran wherever my legs took me: lengthwise across fallen logs, over mossy rocks, and under the exposed roots of trees. Finally, out of breath and exhausted, I stopped beneath a dead, leafless tree. The bark was ripped by a lightning strike. Leaning against the tree was a sign that pointed in two directions. On one side the sign said "Whence." On the other it said "Whither." There was smoke in the air.

"Benjamin! Benjamin! Benjamin! Wake up!"

I sat up suddenly. I was in bed, my own bed, in my own hole in the wainscoting. The meetinghouse was dark and still. A dim light from the street lamp came in through the window, and on the window there was a shadow.

"Benjamin! It’s me, Emily!" said the shadow. "It’s important!"

"Emily!" I called out, running to the window.

"What are you doing here in the middle of the night!? I was having the strangest dream . . . ."

"Not now," said Emily. "I need your help!"

"Is it about queries?" I asked, rubbing sleep from my eyes. What Emily said next brought me fully awake.

"There’s a fire down the street. An apartment building. People are in there. And MICE!"

Continued next month . . .
Prisoner Visitation
by Jeannie Graves

Once a month I meet with inmates in the Los Angeles Metropolitan Detention Center, a federal prison about an hour's drive from my home. I take a day off from work to do it because the prison's officials don't want me there on a Saturday. They are busy enough on Saturdays with social visits.

I began visiting prisoners in October 1989, responding to a long-time feeling that I needed to get into the prisons. I didn't know why. I certainly didn't know what use I could be. I didn't even know how to go about it. The funny thing about a calling is that it doesn't go away when you ignore it, pooh-pooh it, stuff it down inside you somewhere, or try to think about something else. It just keeps reemerging. I resisted this calling mightily for several years. I began to feel a new sympathy with Jonah—he didn't want to respond to his calling either. That little, persistent, nagging thought got so painful that when someone else would tell me about their charitable work, I would well up with tears. The thought would come, "And you're supposed to be in the prison, and you haven't done it, have you?"

One of my friends from Orange County (Calif.) Meeting had been inviting me to go with her to various Friends World Committee for Consultation meetings between unprogrammed and pastoral Friends. I finally ran out of excuses and agreed to go. She gave me the address and it turned out to be the Friends church in which I had attended (and later taught) Sunday school, went to Christian Endeavor meetings in high school, and where I was married. The church had a new name, but I was clearly coming home. I was late for the meeting and slipped into a Quaker dialogue group. The subject was "How do we respond to the call to service?" When it was my turn, I cried and cried and cried. About all I could say was that I had not responded to the call to service, and I told them about my relentless feeling that I needed to go into the prison.

After the meeting, a Friend came up to me and said, "I know how you can get into the prison. I will give you your address." So that's how I found out about Prisoner Visitation and Support (PVS).

PVS is an interdenominational, nonproselytizing organization sponsored by 34 national groups and supported in large part by individual contributions. PVS has access to all federal and military prisons in the United States. I had to be approved by the Federal Bureau of Prisons before I was permitted to visit. PVS visits are considered special appointments and do not count against the prisoners' allotted number of social visits.

PVS was started in 1968 by a Quaker, Fay Honey Knopp, and a Methodist Minister, Bob Horton, who visited conscientious objectors. The C.O.s soon asked if their PVS friends would meet with other prisoners who never received visitors. They did, and we still do. Some of the people PVS works with never get any other visitors. Many of the people are in solitary confinement (which prisoners call "the

Victor Bono, an inmate at the federal prison in Terminal Island, Calif., has been visited by PVS for 29 years. Jeannie Graves is at right; at left is Denise Mosher, a navy chaplain.
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hole” and the Bureau of Prisons calls “the Special Housing Unit”.

What do I do when I visit? Mostly I listen. People tell me about their cases, the attorneys, the judges, the sentences, and eventually, their feelings about it all. (To my own surprise, only two people have declared their innocence.) I tend to ask about their families. “Do you write? Do you receive visits? How are your kids?”

What do I offer? Presence. That has been one of the lessons for me to learn. I am the kind of person who has lived by check lists and schedules. But I learned that the real gift I have to offer is simply my presence as another human being. Whatever it is that I do is not as important as my just being there.

What do I see? A heart-aching lack of self esteem and a common tendency to give up on things too soon. I also see people really concerned about being a parent, and as hard as that is on the outside, it is even more frustrating from the inside. I see people afraid of losing touch altogether with their families and friends, and that’s a realistic concern. Relationships do tend to wither when one person is in prison. At visiting hours, I see that prisoners’ mothers visit, as do their wives with young children. A few women without children are there. Very few same-sex friends come to visit, although I did observe two young men trying to bring in some paperback novels to their buddy (not allowed—books can come only directly from the publisher or bookstore).

There are federal prisons all across the country and more are being built. Although PVS currently includes about 175 visitors, more are needed. There is a special need for visitors who are fluent in Spanish. Many prisoners have no English skills, and I have struggled to understand and to be understood, and yet they come down for a visit. I am always touched by their willingness to come even though verbal communication is such a challenge (we are united in the moments of silence, of course).

With the new sentencing guidelines, most of these people face long prison terms. I talked to a man in his early 20s who is up for 18 years on a first-offense drug charge. But he will be out, one day. They all will come out eventually. They long to stay out but few have real confidence in their ability to do so. Several studies have shown that prisoners who receive regular visits do have a better chance of not returning to prison.

The visits continue to provide me with lessons in compassion and tolerance—an endless challenge, a never-ending gift.

For more information on prisoner visitation, write to PVS, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102-1497, or telephone Eric Corson, PVS General Secretary, at (215) 241-7117.

June 1996 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Reports

Central and Southern Africa Yearly Meeting

Ongoing to Roma, Lesotho, for Central and Southern Africa Yearly Meeting, January 2-7, was a sort of homecoming for me. Thirty years before I had arrived at Roma to work as a volunteer graduate tutor at the university. I had met my husband there, and we had married in the university chapel. Apart from some time in England, we spent most of the next two decades in Lesotho, until apartheid began to be dismantled and our family could move to my husband’s hometown, Cape Town, ten years ago.

Lesotho was a tiny country completely surrounded by South Africa, but steadfastly independent ever since the great Chief Moshoeshie begged for Queen Victoria’s protection from the Boers. Much of the land is too mountainous for anything but tourists and summer grazing for cattle, sheep, and mohair goats. The population is concentrated on the lowlands of the Great Valley, grazing summer maize and winter wheat. The major export is labor: half the able-bodied men are employed outside Lesotho in the mines and on the farms of South Africa. A new export is water: an enormous dam and elaborate tunnels are being built in the highlands in order to provide the mines, industries, and people of the Johannesburg area with water, and Lesotho itself with hydroelectricity.

I traveled with other Friends from Cape Town, leaving at two in the morning, driving for hours across the semi-arid Karoo, and arriving at Christ-the-King High School, Roma, in time to settle in before supper.

Roma had had good rains, and Roma Valley, below its rim of golden sandstone cliffs, was radiantly green, but signs of bad soil erosion were as conspicuous as ever. Roma was where the first Catholic missionaries settled in the mid-19th century, and it is full of educational institutions, including the university and the school that was our spartan but comfortable home for yearly meeting.

I felt very happy to be part of the widespread family of African Friends as we gathered together in the old sandstone school hall. There were fewer of us than at some yearly meetings, but this made sharing easier. This year we had not only representatives of Quaker Peace and Service (Martin Wilkinson), Friends World Committee for Consultation (Roger and Hilda Sturge), and American Friends Service Committee (John Stewart), but also a very welcome group of pastoral Friends from Kenya.

Our theme was “The evolving Central and Southern Africa Testimony.” George Ellis of Cape Town gave the keynote talk, the second Richard Gush lecture, asking, “Is Quakerism viable in light of modern science?” This theme was continued in some of our business meetings and in our daily worship sharing. To quote from our concluding minute, “It was Roger Sturge who asked us if we really know the treasure which is our Quaker heritage. Do we really know those testimonies and traditions which have grown from the holy experience of many generations of Friends who have lived in close obedience to God’s guidance?” We also need to be aware of our own contribution to that heritage, especially during the dark days of apartheid, both within South Africa and in the rest of our yearly meeting area.

There were two distinct groups of younger Friends among us: the youngest consisted of seven boys aged between five and eight, a very jolly bunch who enlivened our meal-times and sometimes our meeting-times. Then there was a group of teenagers, mostly girls, who perhaps shamed us a little when, after being presented with ideas to keep them actively entertained, they requested some Quaker input, too. One talented Friend devoted much time to them, resulting in an excellent drama in which Friendly intervention prevents a war between two nations.

Our last evening concluded with the traditional concert, with contributions by Friends of all ages, romantically illuminated by candlelight—a tremendous thunderstorm had knocked down power lines. Next morning we held our final meeting for worship after breakfast and dispersed with the usual mixed feelings of jubilant spiritual regeneration and sorrow at separation.

—Petronella Clark

Quakers in Pastoral Care and Counseling

“How to the mark and let the chips fall where they may” is one way keynote speaker Allen Oliver spoke of his spiritual journey as he offered vivid descriptions of his life and work as a pastoral counselor and family therapist, as well as director of mental health services, in rural Brandenburg, Ky. Oliver, Nurse Coordinator for Friends General Conference, lives a philosophy of “Truth as a way of being.” Respondent Linda Veal, pastoral counselor at Newberg Friends Church, Newberg, Ore., advised holding on to integrity despite great costs. During the discussion that followed, it was suggested that in addition to self-care by intention, we also must be alert to opportunities for self-care that happen by surprise.

Saturday’s keynote address, “Discernment: The Soul’s Eye View,” was presented by...
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- July 26–29 Dances of Universal Peace  
  - Jeanne Ayesha Lauenborg
- Aug. 2–6 Clay, Color and the Word  
  - M.C. Richards
- Aug. 2–6 Photographer’s Retreat  
  - Danna Cornick
- Aug. 9–13 Writing Poems  
  - Jeanne Lohmann

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Felicity Brock Kelcourse, a pastoral psychotherapist at Riverside Church in New York City who is completing her doctorate at Union Seminary. She stated, “Discernment, to sift apart, is a process, it is an art of attention. The soul sees through the culturally transmitted collective unconscious toward God.” Kelcourse was joined by David E. Wolfe, a member of the pastoral team at Manchester Church of the Brethren in North Manchester, Ind., who described ministry as the active response to God’s call.

Following each keynote address were enriching, thought provoking, and often eloquent open discussions on such topics as living our lives through the prism of our values, how we maintain the spiritual within mental health treatment, and managed care concerns.

The three-day conference, “Ministering from the Divine Center: Spiritual and Emotional Integrity for the Caregiver,” was sponsored by Quakers in Pastoral Care and Counseling, February 29–March 3. Held at Quaker Hill Conference Center in Richmond, Ind., it offered the over 40 attendees ample opportunities for spiritual renewal, networking, and personal growth. Small group meetings were central to the conference and, using the Shalem method for spiritual guidance and nurture, provided support, consultation, and feedback on our spiritual, as well as professional, journeys. There was also ample time to worship, sing, hike to the waterfall, and contemplate. The hearty, bountiful meals nourished our bodies, the provocative ideas nourished our minds, while the conference, overall, nourished our souls. For those who wished to stay, a silent retreat was held from Sunday following lunch until Monday afternoon.

Next year’s conference will be held March 6–9, 1997, again at Quaker Hill Conference Center, with the theme of “Sharing Our Sacred Stories.” It promises to be an enriching experience with plans already underway for more creative expression. For information or to be put on the mailing list, contact Bill Ratliff, Earlham School of Religion, Richmond, IN 47374, telephone (800) 432-1377, e-mail ratlijo@earlham.edu.

Pacific Northwest Quaker Women’s Theology Conference

Greetings from the Pacific Northwest Quaker Women’s Theology Conference, June 8–11, 1995, in Newberg, Oreg. We are 63 women who have come together for four days to share our stories, to listen, and to grow in the Spirit. We come from three yearly meetings: Canadian, North Pacific, and Northwest. Through discussion, prayer, and worship we worked to establish links of fellowship and understanding across the divisions within the
Religious Society of Friends in this part of North America.

This conference has its roots in the regular, informal gatherings of women from Reedwood Friends Church (pastoral) and Multnomah Friends Meeting (unprogrammed) in Portland, Ore. The idea for the conference gained impetus from the example of the international Quaker Women’s Theology Conference in Woodbrooke, England, in 1990 and from the Western Gathering of Friends in 1992. A group of about 20 women has been meeting annually since the Western Gathering; our conference is the fruit of their efforts and their vision of an expanded circle.

The theme of our conference was “What Canst Thou say?”—those words of George Fox which led to Margaret Fell’s conviction as a Friend. We examined this theme in light of Jesus’s words, “Blessed are those who hear and understand the Word of God and follow it” (Luke 11:28). In addition to sharing stories from our spiritual journeys and our experiences of God, we were inspired by women from Scripture and from Quaker history: Sarah, Esther, Mary the mother of Jesus; Margaret Fell, Alice Hayes, Catherine Evans, Sarah Cheever, Lucretia Mott. In worship and discussion groups we were challenged with queries: How do we discern God’s truth? How do we understand the words “I am the Light of the World”? How has the Light given us power, direction? We responded to these and other queries with honest and deep sharing.

Some of us came to the conference with a burden of preconceptions and fears, but the experience has been an open door. We learned from each other through Bible study, writing, music, dance, and art; through communal worship in both programmed and unprogrammed forms; and through laughter and play. With God’s help we experienced an environment of mutual trust and care.

We have come to know each other’s faces, names, and voices, but we know this is just the beginning. We leave with a new respect for the richness of Quaker tradition, with a deeper sense of God’s presence in our lives, and with the intent to build upon our experience together. We plan to publish papers that were written for the conference and to meet again in 1997 or 1998. We hope other Friends will be encouraged to seek discernment and follow similar leadings toward connection and understanding.

—Betty Polster, Marge Abbott, and Celia Mueller
News of Friends

The Journal of John Woolman can now be read in Russian, thanks to the efforts of Friends in the United States. “The life of John Woolman reminds me of the lives of some of our Russian saints,” said a Russian teacher after reading Woolman’s Journal in English. Because of her response and other positive feedback from Russians who read the book in English, Friends United Meeting and the Quaker Former Soviet Union (FSU) Committee contracted with Astreya Publishers in Moscow to print and distribute a paperback Russian-language edition with illustrations provided by Friends Journal and Haverford College Library’s Quaker Collection. Thanks to the generous contributions of friends, both individual and corporate, four other books have also been translated for Russian seekers: Testament of Devotion, by Thomas Kelly; Introduction to Quaker Spirituality, by Douglas Steere; The Prophetic Stream, by Bill Taber; and Quaker Practice After the Manner of Friends, by Mary Moehlman. FUM and the FSU Committee have established close communication with a Russian publications committee, comprised of three Moscow Meeting attenders, concerning the appropriateness and presentation of published material in the context of Russian culture. Lighting Candles in the Dark, the popular Friends General Conference children’s book, will be the next Russian publishing project. Friends can see a copy of the Journal of John Woolman in Russian and hear about the progress of Lighting Candles in the Dark at the upcoming FGC Gathering. For more information, or to make a financial contribution, write to Russian Quaker Library, c/o Janet Riley, 1517 Nipomo Ave., Los Osos, CA 93402.

Friends from Conscience Bay (N.Y.) Meeting are forming the National Campaign for the Peace Dividend in response to current trends in the United States of reducing social spending while increasing military spending. The project is an ambitious political action, modeled on the 1982 Nuclear Freeze Campaign, that is proposing a military spending referendum for the November 1996 election. As the federal budget crisis developed throughout the fall and winter of 1995-1996, congressional and public debate focused entirely on reduction of social programs while the Pentagon’s budget was increased to $243 billion, by far the single biggest expenditure in the federal budget. Neither political party has subjected military spending to the same accountabilities as federal spending on the environment, the arts, education, and social services. The NCND seeks the attention of elected representatives in a way they cannot ignore—the ballot box. So far the campaign has negotiated with existing peace and disarmament groups for organizational support, held discussions with professional campaign consultants, and applied for grant funding.

Janet Riley (second from left) with Moscow’s Astreya Publishers, who produced the Journal of John Woolman in Russian

The procedure for getting an initiative on the election ballot varies from state to state: citizens can either put a referendum directly on the ballot, or the state legislature and/or individual representatives may be lobbied by citizen groups. The language of the referendum is intended to draw support from across the political spectrum. To be successful, the Peace Dividend initiative must appeal to fiscal conservatives as well as to liberals. It will also have to take into account the national security concerns of a citizenry that has been conditioned by five decades of extreme military preparedness. The proposed referendum reads as follows:

We, the People of the State of , believe that the United States should remain the world’s strongest nation, but we find current levels of military spending to be unnecessary, unwarranted, and excessive. We direct our representatives in the Federal Government to begin an orderly, long-term program to substantially reduce military spending to levels more in keeping with the present world situation and with our national economic capabilities. For our part, we pledge to monitor the budgetary actions of our Federal representatives more closely to help ensure reasonable progress toward these ends.

For more information, interested individuals can contact the Conscience Bay Peace and Social Concerns Committee, RFD 2, Box 4, Friends Way Rd., St. James, NY 11780; or Paul Teese, telephone (516) 689-8781, fax (516) 632-7626, e-mail TEES3@LIFE.BIO.SUNYSB.EDU. (From Spark, March 1996)

Moratoriums on antipersonnel landmines were recently announced by both Canada and the United States. On Jan. 17, the Canadian Ministers of National Defense and Foreign Affairs announced a moratorium on the production, export, and operational use of antipersonnel landmines. Then-Foreign Minister Andre Ouellet stated, “With these moratoriums in place, Canada moves to the forefront of countries seeking a total ban on these weapons.” Earlier in the week, Switzerland announced its support for a comprehensive ban, bringing to 22 the number of countries supporting a total ban.

In the United States, the Leahy/Evans moratorium on the use of antipersonnel landmines by the U.S. armed forces became law when the Foreign Operations bill was incorporated into a Continuing Resolution and passed and signed on Jan. 26. The one-year moratorium will take effect on Jan. 26, 1999, and the existing three-year moratorium on U.S. exports of antipersonnel landmines will be extended for another year.

The United Nations’ Convention on Conventional Weapons reconvened in Geneva on April 22 to continue its debate on the landmine issue. The U.S. delegation is still favoring self-neutralizing or self-destructing “smart-mines” over a comprehensive ban on all antipersonnel landmines. A Quaker delegation from Friends World Committee for Consultation was active during the first session, and the Quaker United Nations Office in Geneva is supporting and facilitating NGO activities throughout the convention. (From Quaker Concern, Spring 1996, and FCNL Washington Newsletter, March 1996)

Haverford College President Tom G. Kessinger resigned from the school at the end of this academic year for a position with the Aga Khan Trust for Culture in Geneva. He will also be involved with Aga Khan University in Pakistan and a research institute in London. Tom Kessinger has served Haverford College as president since August 1988. During this time he increased the number of faculty and improved the campus’ physical plant, both made possible by a capital campaign that doubled the college’s endowment. Also during this time, Tom worked to give the Quaker character of the college fresh expression through the exercise of Quaker values, practices, and concerns. Student participation in self-governance, community service, peace studies, peer training, and awareness programs reflected his values of personal responsibility and integrity and his imaginative and energetic leadership. He also promoted efforts to interest Quaker students in Haverford, including a new Quaker Scholarship fund and the presence of distinguished Friends as Rufus Jones visitors, and was active with Friends Association for Higher Education.

Maha Ghosananda, the Supreme Patriarch of Cambodian Buddhism, was nominated for the 1996 Nobel Peace Prize by the American Friends Service Committee on Feb. 2. Ghosananda was cited for his international and ecumenical work for peace, justice, human dignity, and the integrity of the environment. In Cambodia, Maha Ghosananda has worked tirelessly for peace for more than 35 years, refusing to work solely within the realm of the contemplative, which is the tradition of Buddhist monks. He is widely known as the “Gandhi of Cambodia.” After the Khmer Rouge were expelled in 1979, he took an
active role in reconciliation efforts by reestablishing Buddhist shrines, preaching the message that “haired can only be appeased by love,” and sponsoring training programs for human rights advocacy and nonviolent conflict resolution. As the violence continues in Cambodia, Maha Ghosananda supports peace negotiations and the constitutional movement, organizing annual walks for peace across the most war-ravaged provinces of the country. Beyond Cambodia, he has led an interreligious delegation to support peace negotiations in Sri Lanka, participated in the 1995 Interfaith Pilgrimage for Life and Peace, organized world days of prayer for peace, and met with world religious leaders to gain support for peace and human rights initiatives. Ghosananda has also taken a leading role in the effort to eliminate landmines both in his own country, one of the most heavily mined in the world, and with the International Campaign to Ban Landmines. The AFSC, as a corecipient of the 1947 Nobel Peace Prize, has embarked upon an $800,000 fundraising campaign. The priority within the Campaign is to build a much needed endowment and substantially increase income from the Journal’s Associates Appeal. Specific need areas addressed by the Campaign are: strengthening the magazine’s content; increasing staff salaries and benefits; improving the Journal’s computer technology; and expanding internships for young Friends.

Thanks to the generous support and commitment of many Friends, the Campaign is off to a good start. Since the Campaign was publicly launched, small groups of volunteers in various Friends communities have been providing opportunities for people to learn more about the Journal’s needs and to consider how they, as individuals and meetings, can support this important effort.

April and May have been especially busy months. Thanks to the good work of Jane Jenkins and Phoebe Cottingham, Vinton Deming was able to share the needs of the Journal with a gathering of approximately 30 Friends at Foxdale Village in State College, Pa., on April 16. Similar gatherings were also hosted by Friends at Crosslands in Kennett Square, Pa., and Broadmead in Cockeysville, Md., the first week in May.

In an April 16 letter from Richard Eldridge, clerk of the Friends Journal Board of Managers, each of the 112 monthly meetings within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting was asked to make a commitment to the Campaign and to the important role the Journal has played in connecting Friend to Friend both locally and throughout our broader Religious Society of Friends. Within the next few months, a similar appeal will be made to monthly meetings throughout the country.

While the first few months of the Campaign have concentrated on the greater Philadelphia area, we have been encouraged by the support of Friends around the country who have inquired as to how they can support the Campaign. If you need information or would like to know more about how you can assist with the Campaign in your area, please call Vinton Deming at (215) 241-7277.
Guidelines for Writers

The articles that appear in FRIENDS JOURNAL are freely given; authors receive copies of the issue in which their article appears. Manuscripts submitted by non-Friends are welcome. We prefer articles written in a fresh, nonacademic style, using language that clearly includes both sexes. We appreciate receiving Quaker-related humor.

- Maximum 8–10 double-spaced, typewritten pages (2,500 words)
- Include references for all quotations
- Author’s name and address should appear on the manuscript
- Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return of manuscript

Submissions are acknowledged immediately; however, writers may wait several months to hear whether their manuscripts have been accepted.

For more information, contact Kenneth Sutton, Associate Editor.
Some Quaker contributions . . .
to services for the aging

At the risk of appearing insensitive to our Quaker tradition of understatement, we think Friends should know some of the contributions their programs for the aging have made in this important field.

Quaker programs in Maryland, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania have pioneered in quality care. Among the members of Friends Services for the Aging are organizations that have:

- practiced, promoted, and demonstrated the abolition of physical restraints in nursing home care and successfully advocated federal regulations that drastically restrict their use in the whole nursing home industry;
- developed (early in the 19th century!) the first model in this country for treatment of the mentally ill based on respect for their humanity;
- provided early models and continuing leadership for continuing care retirement communities, featuring managed care with an emphasis on wellness;
- implemented the first continuing care program for older people in their own homes;
- created innovative architectural designs that provide home-like nursing home settings;
- pioneered in day programs to provide activities, social stimulation, and support to frail older adults.

This tradition of innovation provides a sobering challenge to each of our organizations as we face the rapid changes in health care. What are we called upon to do in the decades ahead that will improve the lives of older adults and assure that more of the increasing number of elders will receive the services they will need?

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- Fun and fellowship, community work projects, and Taizé singing.

Barbarajene Williams is an educator, poet, and nature writer. After 20 years as a professor of writing and literature in Oregon, Barbarajene was led to study at Earlham School of Religion and in the School of the Spirit’s Spiritual Nurturer program. She is a member of Clear Creek Meeting, Richmond, IN.

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**Calendar**

**JUNE**

2—Open house at The McCutchen, New York Yearly Meeting’s Friends retirement facility, 2:30—4 p.m. Contact The McCutchen, 112 Linden Ave., North Plainfield, NJ 07060, telephone (908) 755-4243.

5—9—Rocky Mountain Yearly Meeting, at Camp Quaker Ridge, Woodland Park, Colo. Contact Stanley Perlish, 3350 Reed St., Wheat Ridge, CO 80033, telephone (303) 238-5200.

6—8—Nebraska Yearly Meeting, at University Friends Meeting, Wichita, Kans. Contact Allyson Bowen, NYM, 1126 North 26th Street, Kingman, KS 67068, telephone (316) 352-5222.

10—23—“Bringing Women’s Human Rights Home,” the Fourth Women’s Global Leadership Institute on women, violence, and human rights. Contact the Center for Women’s Global Leadership, Douglass College, 27 Clifton Ave., New Brunswick, NJ 08903, telephone (908) 932-8782, fax 932-1180, e-mail cwl@igc.apc.org.

13—16—Lake Erie Yearly Meeting, Bluffton College, Bluffton, Ohio. Contact Damon Hickey, LEYM, 208 West University St., Wooster, OH 44691, telephone (216) 262-7059.

13—16—“We Seek Our Homes Restored,” the 25th gathering of Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting, at Warren Wilson College, Swannanoa, N.C. Contact Sandy Marshal, 701 W. Howard Ave., Decatur, GA 30030, telephone (404) 377-2474.

14—16—“Rediscovering the Scriptures Through the Spirit That Brought Them Forth,” a weekend family Bible conference at George School, Newtown, Pa. The conference will include workshops, children’s programs, intergenerational singing, worship, Friends Bible study, and opportunities for recreation. Contact Shirley Dodson, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, telephone (215) 241-7182.

14—16—Workshop for social action trainers, led by George Lakey in Philadelphia. Contact Training Center Workshops, 4719 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143, telephone (215) 729-7478, fax 729-1910, e-mail peacelearn@igc.apc.org.

19—21—Intermountain Yearly Meeting, Ft. Lewis College, Durango, Colo. Contact Chuck Rostkowski, 962 26th St., Ogden, UT 84401, telephone (801) 399-9491.

21—23—“We Seek Our Homes Restored,” the 25th gathering of Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting, at Warren Wilson College, Swannanoa, N.C. Contact Sandy Marshal, 701 W. Howard Ave., Decatur, GA 30030, telephone (404) 377-2474.

26—28—Quaker Ridge Institute on women, violence, and human rights. Contact the Center for Women’s Global Leadership, Douglass College, 27 Clifton Ave., New Brunswick, NJ 08903, telephone (908) 932-8782, fax 932-1180, e-mail cwl@igc.apc.org.

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June 1996 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Books

The Little Quaker Sociology Book with Glossary


Developed originally as an undergraduate thesis, this attractive compilation is part history, part current analysis— an easy-to-read overview of Quakerism grounded in the clashing cultures of the times. Lyn says she wrote the book for her children and their friends who don’t know the entertaining stories of Quaker experience or the suffering Quakers have endured through the centuries. As such, the book serves as an introduction to the personalities, testimonies, and theological trends within the Religious Society of Friends over the years. Included is a broad array of practical information about Quaker organizations and current Quaker process in meetings.

Lyn’s family background and education among conservative Friends and her experiences in her own monthly meeting with Friends from both liberal and evangelical traditions have enabled her to write with understanding about the perspectives of the different branches of Friends. Especially interesting are her study of Space Coast (Fla.) Meeting and her reflections about how young people see Quakerism—and Quakers. By frankly reporting what her research has discovered, Lyn’s book is also a mirror of the contemporary reality of unprogrammed Quaker meetings.

There’s an energy and charm to the book. It is written in an engaging and conversational style that uses a minimum of “Quaker-speak.” As Lyn herself notes, there are other more scholarly books on Quaker history and philosophy; there are other deeper writings about Quaker spirituality and religious experience. What makes this book distinctive as an introductory volume, in addition to the forthright and sometimes humorous text and classic illustrations, are the resources found in the appendices—addresses of Quaker organizations, an extensive and entertaining glossary of both old and contemporary terms, and a list of suggested readings. Friends and meetings can give The Little Quaker Sociology Book with Glossary to someone wanting to read what Quakers are all about and know that, under one cover, illuminating windows will be opened onto the past, present, and future of Quakerism.

—Marty Walton

A member of Bellingham (Wash.) Meeting and former general secretary of Friends General Conference, Marty Walton writes and publishes stories of people’s lives for family and friends.

(Continued on next page)
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Tying Rocks to Clouds: Conversations With Wise and Spiritual People


In order to write Tying Rocks to Clouds, William Elliott traveled the world for over a decade to interview 20 people known as spiritual leaders. In his conversations with the Dalai Lama, Mother Teresa, Jack Kornfield, Toni Packer, Brother David Steindl-Rast, Stephen Levine, Ram Dass, Harold Kushner, Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, Norman Vincent Peale, and others, Elliott searched for the answers to the questions of existence.

What is life’s purpose? Why is there suffering? Do all major religions lead to the same place? The author has wrestled with these and similar questions since the untimely death of his parents when he was 12. He was pursuing a master’s degree in counseling at the University of Wisconsin and living in a mobile home when he created a list of people he intended to interview in order to get the answers.

Few of his friends thought that the luminaries on his list would respond, let alone grant interviews. Nonetheless, Elliott borrowed a typewriter and composed a letter. He copied the letter several hundred times, typed the names in later, and mailed them off. Many declined interviews, but to the amazement of his friends, acceptances also trickled in.

Elliott financed his travel to conduct the interviews by selling his blood for lab experiments and working the graveyard shift at a psychiatric hospital. Originally intending the book to be a simple compilation of interviews, the author says, “I wanted to involve myself as little as possible. My intention was to get in and get out.” When he told Ram Dass that the book would be easy because all he had to do were a few interviews and transcribe them, Ram Dass said, “That’s what you think.”

These proved to be prophetic words, for this book is no mere compilation. The author is candid and endearing in sharing the details of his difficult personal search to know God. Engaged by his sincerity, his subjects give intriguing answers to his questions. The result is a book about contemporary spirituality that is refreshingly joyful.

—Constance Faye Mudore

Constance Faye Mudore is a counselor and writer who lives in Black Earth, Wis.

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Milestones

Births/Adoptions

Griese—Emily Clare Griese, on Jan. 10, to Mary Ann Percy and Tyler Underwood Griese, Mary Ann is a member of Westbury (N.Y.) Meeting and Tyler is a member of Matinecock (N.Y.) Meeting.

Haecker—Cecilia Eliza Rose Haecker, on Dec. 22, 1995, to Catherine Elizabeth Puckett and Harry Frederick Powets Haecker, of Batton Rouge (La.) Meeting.


Lewis—Heather Anne Lewis, on Sept. 15, 1995, to Anne Ursell Lewis and Peter A. Lewis, of Washington (D.C.) Meeting.

Murphy—Adam Murphy, on April 14, 1995, to Kate and Paul Murphy, of Hemdon (Va.) Meeting.


Remsberg—Emma Alice Remsberg, on Sept. 11, 1995, to Virginia R. and Edwin H. Remsberg, of Little Falls (Md.) Meeting.

Sieverts—Ned Hollinshead Sieverts, on May 17, 1995, to Barbara Hollinshead and Michael Sieverts, of Langley Hill (Va.) Meeting.


Treber—Samuel Thomas Avagliano Treber, on July 28, 1995, to Karen Avagliano Treber and David Treber, of Langley Hill (Va.) Meeting.


Yaple—James Alfred Yaple, on Aug. 21, 1995, to Mary and Rodney Yaple, of York (Pa.) Meeting.

Yokota-Murakami—Yu Yokota-Murakami, on March 6, to Gerry and Tak Yokota-Murakami, both members of Osaka (Japan) Meeting.

Marriages/Unions


Donnelly-Michelson—Burl Michelson and Helen Donnelly, on Jan. 6, under the care of Ridgewood (N.J.) Meeting, of which both Burl and Helen are members.

Gregg-Elliott—Scott Elliott and Amy Gregg, on March 16, under the care of Virginia Beach (Va.) Meeting.

Deaths

DeGroot—Elisabeth Pratt DeGroot, 92, on Jan. 9, at home in Doylestown, Pa. Elisabeth grew up in Lima, Pa., and graduated from Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa., in 1926. In 1928 she married John B. B. DeGroot, whom she met at Swarthmore College. In the years that followed, Elisabeth taught in various schools and raised three sons. She and her husband joined Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting.

PAX World Fund, the first full-scale social investment fund in the nation, produced a total return of 29.19% for the year ending December 31, 1995. This compared with a total return of 24.61% for the average balanced fund, according to the Lipper Balanced Fund Index. On December 21, 1995 Pax World paid out income dividends of 53 cents per share and capital gains of 14 cents per share.

Value Line’s Mutual Fund Survey (1/23/96) reported Pax “should appeal to investors seeking a fund with a strong income component.” As of the end of 1995, Pax’s six largest holdings were Merck & Company, H. J. Heinz, Campbell Soup, Johnson & Johnson, Peoples Energy Corporation, and Bristol-Myers Squibb.

Pax World, a no-load fund organized in 1970 and first offered to the public in 1971, invests only in “life supportive products and services,” including the following industries: health care, food, clothing, housing, pollution control, education, retail, utilities, and leisure. Pax does not invest in weapons in general, or in the one hundred largest U.S. defense contractors in particular. The fund assesses companies for environmental soundness, for fair employment of women and minorities, and for their fair treatment of disabled persons.

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Individuals in Community

Meeting in 1975. They worked together for the 
Encyclopedia of American Biographers until retir-
ing in 1980. Elisabeth loved poetry, classical mu-
sic, and her family and friends. She will be remember-
ered for her capacity to enjoy life and to accommod-
ate all that she experienced with cheerful ap-
preciation or acceptance. Elisabeth was preceded 
in death by her husband, John, and a son, Peter. 
She is survived by two sons, John and Joseph.

Di Giacomo—B.J. Di Giacomo, 79, on Aug. 1, 
1995. B.J. graduated from nursing school in 1937 
and later was one of the first graduates from the 
Palmer School of Chiropractic and from Domani 
and Delagado's School in Neurological Organi-
zation in Philadelphia. She served as an army nurse 
during World War II and later helped found the 
Free Clinic of San Antonio, Tex., in the 1960s. She 
was a believer in holistic medicine and alternative 
medical practices and often instructed people in 
biofeedback at no charge. B.J. valued the dignity 
and sacredness of the human spirit, and she sup-
ported organizations and activities that embraced 
those beliefs. She was involved with the Red Cross throughout her life. She also served with the Ameri-

can Friends Service Committee during the Viet-

nam War and was a valued member of San Antonio 
(Tex.) Meeting. She worked closely with the 
meeting's children and was always showing her 

care for the well-being of meeting members 
with telephone calls and herbal remedies. She loved 
to share her knowledge and the books in her library 
with others. B.J. is survived by her husband, 
Joseph; a daughter, Michelle; three sons, Peter, 
John, and Steven; and five grandchildren.

Heckman—Eva Cooper Heckman, 91, on Sept. 
27, 1995. Eva was born in McConnellsburg, Pa., 
graduated from the Cumberland Valley State Nor-
mal School (now Shippensburg State University), 
and taught in Pennsylvania public schools for 25 
years. In 1927 Eva married Oliver Heckman, who 
later was an assistant professor at Earlham College 
in Richmond, Ind. While at Earlham, the couple 
became members of West Richmond (Ind.) Friends 
Church. Later Eva and her family moved to Penn-
sylvania, where they were members of Harrisburg 
and Langhorne Meetings. They were also mem-
bers of Middletown (Pa.) Meeting for over 20 
years. Eva later moved to Arizona, where she 
participated in Phoenix (Ariz.) Meeting and pur-
sued her interests in gardening and interior deco-

rating. Eva is survived by her husband, Oliver; a 
son, Richard; three grandchildren; and a niece.

Born in Toledo, Ohio, Virginia became a member 
of the Religious Society of Friends when she mar-
ried Robert Leinau in 1932. Her memberships in-
cluded Inland Valley (Calif.) Meeting during the 
1930s and 1940s, Corvalis (Oreg.) Meeting in the 
1940s, Santa Barbara (Calif.) Meeting from the 
1950s through the 1970s, and Prescott (Ariz.) Wor-
ship Group, of which she was a regular attendee. 
Virginia is survived by a daughter, Columbia Leinau; 
two sons, Robert K. Leinau and Harold A. Leinau; 
two grandchildren; and a brother, F. Kingsley 
Schneider.

Neveil—James L. Neveil, 74, on Feb. 11, at home 
in Ambler, Pa. Jim was born and raised in Philadel-
phia and graduated from Girard College in 1938. 
Later he attended the Wharton School of Business 
at the University of Pennsylvania. For the last 16 
years, Jim worked as the accountant for Friends 

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Quakers survided by his wife of 47 years, Gwendolyn Thomas Neveil; and two sons, Thomas Neveil and George F. Neveil.

Perkins—Mary Helen Perkins, 84, on Sept. 1, 1995, in Santa Rosa, Calif. Born and raised in South Dakota, Helen, along with her four sisters, moved to Aladena, Calif., to live with her aunt and uncle following her mother's death in 1926. There, as a teenager, she became active in the First Friends Church in Pasadena, Calif., and later transferred her membership to Orange Grove (Calif.) Meeting. Following her graduation from the University of Southern California in 1938, Helen began a 40-year career of service with the American Friends Service Committee, both in Pasadena and in Philadelphia. During these years with AFSC, she developed a deep concern for the needs and rights of refugees, farm workers, and native people in the United States and Central America. She helped support and expand the Guatemalan Scholarship Program for the education and economic advancement of young indigenous Guatemalans. After retiring in 1978, Helen moved to Santa Rosa and became an active member of Redwood Forest (Calif.) Meeting. Helen and her sister, Virginia Heck, helped establish Santa Rosa Creek Commons, the cooperative housing community where they both lived. They were also active in the founding of Friends House, a Quaker-sponsored retirement community in Santa Rosa. Helen was a remarkable, energetic woman who used her office and administrative skills, as well as her culinary and handwork talents, in the service of Redwood Forest Meeting, Pacific Yearly Meeting, and other Quaker organizations. She will be remembered for her voluminous correspondences that brought news and support to Friends, family, and colleagues around the world.

Polacheck—Dearest Lloyd "Dem" Polacheck, 77, on Jan. 16, in Massillon, Ohio. Born in Milwaukew, Wis., Dem was raised not in a pacifist home but in a socialist, antiwar home. A graduate of the University of Chicago, he was a 1938 All-American on the fencing team and an alternate member of the 1948 U.S. Olympic team. He earned a master's degree in fine arts in theater from Yale University and a master's degree in library science from Kent State University in Ohio. Dem served in the army during World War II as a noncombatant and later directed community theater in West Virginia and Michigan. He worked as a physical therapist at the Fels Institute in Yellow Springs, Ohio, where he and his wife joined Yellow Springs Meeting. Dem later taught high school English and drama in Massillon, Ohio. He was a member of the Massillon Urban League, the NAACP, the American Society of Physical Anthropologists, and Actor's Equity and served as a board member of the Joe Sparma Community Center and the Stark County Council on Agri. He also worked for several years as a voluntary income tax counselor at Massillon Senior Center. His greatest interest was with Habitat for Humanity, and he freely served on its board. Dem and his wife joined Wooster (Ohio) Meeting in the late 1960s and attended regularly until confronted with health problems. Dem's input to meeting discussions was always stimulating, and he is remembered as a person whose life of service to others was very much in keeping with Quaker principles. Dem is survived by his wife, Janet; two sons; three grandchildren; a brother; and two sisters.

Van Arx—Helen Van Arx, 88, on Oct. 25, 1995, at home in Santa Rosa, Calif. Born in Brooklyn, N.Y., Helen graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University in 1929. She worked as an actress in several productions before becoming the director of an acting group at New York City's Central YMCA. In 1931 and 1935 she traveled throughout Europe, visiting friends and attending theater festivals, and in 1937 she attended the Yale Graduate School of Drama. Helen married Hugo Van Arx in the late 1930s and raised two children. During this time she also taught remedial reading in an elementary school. In 1957 Hugo retired, and the couple moved to Patzcuaro, Mexico, where they helped build what is considered the country's finest children's library. The couple became members of Mexico City Friends Meeting. In 1972 they moved to Tzacabane, located in a rural area of Mexico, where Helen started a library in a nearby one-room school. Hugo died three years later, but Helen continued her work at developing the school into a complete primary school. Eight years later, when she reached the age of 75, Helen moved to Santa Rosa Creek Commons, a cooperative housing community in California, and transferred her membership to Redwood Forest (Calif.) Meeting. She served as co-clerk of the meeting's Library Committee and updated and cataloged the meeting's book and pamphlet collection. In 1968 Helen was honored by the Santa Rosa YWCA as one of the "Women of Achievement" for her volunteer work with Friends Outside, a Quaker service organization for prisoners and their families. Helen returned to Mexico each winter, a sojourner she shared with many members of Redwood Meeting. She is survived by a son, Peter; and a daughter, Nancy.
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BOSTWNA
GADBORNE-Kagиеon Centre. 375262 or 353622.

Botswana
Gaborone-Kagиеon Centre. 375262 or 353622.

CANADA
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA-902 461-0702 or 477-3600.
OTTAWA-Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m.
91A Fourth Ave. (613) 232-9862.

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

COSTA RICA
MONTVERDE-Phone 645-2027 or 645-5036.

SAN JOSE-Urgently programmed meeting. 11 a.m. Sunday. Phone: 224-2476 or 236-6186.

EGYPT
CAIRO-First, third, and fifth Sundays at 7 p.m. Call
Johanna Kowitz, 357-3653; (0, or Ray Langstan, 357-6969
(6), 384-8347 (a)

FRANCE
HAMBURG-Urgently programmed meeting 10:30 a.m. Sundays. Winterthurweg 98 (Altenhof). Phone (040) 2700352.

June 1996 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Maine

INDIANAPOLIS. Valley Mills
First Days,
PORTLAND. Unprogrammed
Worship 11 a.m.
Meetinghouse, East Harbor.
MANHATTAN- Unprogrammed.
MID COAST- Unprogrammed meeting for worship
10 a.m., on Coast Rd.
State Rd.
WESTPORT- Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m.
Sunday school 10 a.m. at 26 Benville St. Phone: (517) 237-2866.

WELLESLEY-Meeting for worship and Sunday school
10 a.m. at 216 W. Serbia St. Phone: (978) 278-0236.

WEST FALMOUTH-Meeting for worship 10 a.m.
57 W. Fairfield St. Phone: (508) 386-3773.

WESTPORT-Meeting, Sundays 10 a.m. Central Village.
638-4663.

Worcester- Unprogrammed meeting for worship
11 a.m. 501 Pleasant St. Phone: 754-3887.

Michgan

ALMA-MT. PLEASANT-Unprogrammed meeting
10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m. Clerc: Don Nagler, (517) 772-2421.

ANN ARBOR-Meeting 10 a.m.; adult discussion 11:30 a.m.
Meetinghouse, 1420 Hill St. guest room reservations,
(313) 761-7435. Co-clerks Pam and Phil Hoffer,
(313) 382-3433.

BIRMINGHAM-Meeting 10:30 a.m. Brookside School
Library. N.E. corner Lone Pine & Cranbrook.
Meetinghouse, 11 a.m., Sundays. Phone: (313) 377-1960;
Clerc: Margaret Knaudt, (313) 378-6665.

DETROIT-First Day meeting 10 a.m. Call 341-9404,
or write 4011 Nortok, Detroit, MI 48211, for information.

EAST LANSING- Unprogrammed Worship and First-day school,
10:30 a.m. All Saints Episcopal Church Lounge,
600 Albright Road. Contact (517) 371-1574 or 551-3304.

GRAND RAPIDS- Worship and First-day school 10 a.m.
(616) 942-6953 or 397-2044.
HOUGHTON- Hancock Kewenaw Friends Meeting;
Worship and First-day school and first Sundays. (906)
296-0560 or 492-6557.

KALAMAZOO-Meeting for worship and First-day school,
discussion and childcare 11 a.m. Friends Meetinghouse,
505 Denoyer. Phone: 519-745.

Mississippi

BRAINERD- Unprogrammed meeting and discussion,
Sundays 9:30 a.m.

DULUTH-SUPERIOR- Unprogrammed worship and
First-day school, 9:30 a.m. Mary-B. Newcomb, clerk.
(218) 724-6161.

MINNEAPOLIS-Minneapolis Friends Meeting,
4401 York Ave. South, Minn., MN 55410. Call for times.
(612) 923-1859.

NORTHFIELD-Cannon Valley Meeting Monthly Worship
Meeting (unprogrammed) and First-day school 10 a.m.
Sundays. First Sunday each month, meets in private homes.
Other Sundays, meets at Laura Baker School, 211 Oak
Street, Northfield. For information: Corinne Matney,
6857 Spring Creek Road, Northfield, MN 55057.
(507) 663-1048.

ROCHESTER- Unprogrammed meeting. Call:
(507) 253-8006. or 285-5408.

ST. PAUL-Twin Cities Friends Meeting, 172a Grand Ave.
S. Paul. Unprogrammed worship, 10:30 a.m.
(612) 699-0900.

STILLWATER- Croix Valley Friends, Unprogrammed
worship at 10 a.m. Phone: (612) 777-1698, 777-6651.

Missouri

COLUMBIA-Discussion and First-day school 9:30, worship
10:30 a.m. 640 Locust Grove Dr. (314) 442-8328.

KANSAS CITY-Penn Valley Meeting, 4406 Gillham Rd.
(816) 393-5928 or 393-5925.

ST. LOUIS-Meeting 10:30 a.m. 2539 Rockford Ave., Rock
Hill. Phone: 962-3091.

SPRINGFIELD-Friends Meeting. Worship and First-day
school 11 a.m. Each First Day of the Ecumenical
Center, SMSU campus, 680 S. Florence Ave.
(417) 882-3963.

Montana

BILINGS-Calling: (406) 252-0556 or (406) 566-2163.

HELENA-Calling: (406) 442-3058.

Missouri

MISSOURI- Unprogrammed, Sundays, 11 a.m. winter,
10 a.m. summer. 1601 South 12th Street W. Phone:
(816) 549-2676.

Nebraska

LINCOLN-Unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m. 3319 S.
46th St. Phone: 486-4178.

OMAHA-Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m.; University Relig.
Ctr., 101 N. Happy Hollow, 289-1416, 559-1912.

Nevada

LAS VEGAS-Unprogrammed worship group.
Call (702) 986-7569.

RENO-Unprogrammed worship, for information call:
329-9400.

New Hampshire

CONCORD-Worship 10 a.m. Children welcomed and cared
for, Merrimack Valley Day Care Center, 19 N. Fruit St.
Phone: (603) 773-6261.

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TRENTON-Meeting for worship and primary First-day school 10 a.m. Hanover and Montgomery Sts. Children welcomed and cared for.

TUCKERTON-Little Egg Harbor Meeting. Left side of Rte. 9 toward north. Worship 11:15 a.m. (914) 465-9026, if no answer call (914) 672-2677.

WOODSTOCK-First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m. July and Aug., worship 10 a.m. N. Main St. Phone: (908) 398-3526.

New Mexico
ALBUQUERQUE-Meeting and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 1902 Old San Mateo Rd., NE.

LAS CRUCES-10 a.m. worship, childcare. 2619 S. Solano 522-0672 (match) or 521-4260 (Anne-Marie & ISR).

SANTA FE-Meeting for worship, Sundays 9 and 11 a.m. One Storey St., Grahamsville. Phone: 983-7934.

CHAMA FRIENDS PREPARATORY MEETING-4 p.m. worship/childdren’s prog. at Westminster Presbyterian Church on Manhattan St. (505) 466-0269.

SILVER CANYON AREA-Glad Friends Meeting, 10 a.m. Call: (303) 398-3386, 398-3365, or 535-4137 for location.

New York
ALBANY-Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 727 Madison Ave., Phone: (518) 445-3099.

ALFRED-Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m., each First Day in The Parish House, West University St.

AMAWALK-Worship 10:30 a.m. Quaker Church Rd., N. of 366. Yorktown Heights (914) 258-3513.

AMURC-Corporate worship 1 p.m. Sevenday worship. By appointment only. Auburn Prison, 13 State St., Auburn, NY 13021. Phone: (315) 252-3532.

BROOKLYN-Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. childcare provided. 110 Schoen Place. For information call (212) 777-9666 (Mon-Fri). Mailing address: Box 730, Brooklyn, NY 11205.

BUFFALO-Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 72 H. Parade near Science Museum. Call for summer hours. 892-6645.

BULLS HEAD RD.-Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. N. Duchess Co., 14 mile E. Taconic Pkwy. Phone: (914) 266-3223.

CANTON-St. Lawrence Valley Friends Meeting, (315) 396-4546.

Catskill-10 a.m. worship, Rt. 55, Grahamsville, November-April in members’ homes. (914) 965-7499 or (914) 434-3494.

CENTRAL FINGER LAKES-Peek Yan, Sundays. Sept.-June, 270 Lake St., rear, adult and children’s study 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m. July through Aug., worship in homes. Phone: (607) 967-2644.

CHAPPAQUA-Unprogrammed meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Rte. 100 Quaker Rd. (914) 258-3187.

CLINTON-Meeting, Sundays. 10:30 a.m. Kirkland Art Center, On-the-Park. Phone: 853-3085.

CORNWALL-Worship with childcare and First-day school 10:30 a.m., Quaker Ave. Phone: 534-7747.

EASTON-Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Rte. 40, (518) 664-5667 or 677-3699.

ELMIRA-10:30 a.m. Sundays. 155 West 5th St. Phone: (607) 739-5524.

FREDONIA-Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. Call: (716) 672-4427 or (716) 672-4518.

HAMILTON-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Upper Perry Meetinghouse, Route 20, east of west of Smyrna. Phone: 674-0044.

Hudson-Taghkanic-Hudson Friends Meeting, Unprogrammed meeting for worship every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. 120 Hudson Ave., Hyde Park (914) 672-2677.

THACA-Worship 11 a.m., Anabel Taylor Hall, Oct.-May, worship 10:30 a.m.; Hector Meeting House, Perry City Rd., June-Sept. Phone: 273-5432.

LONG ISLAND (QUEENS, NASSAU, SUFFOLK COUNTIES)-Unprogrammed meetings for worship, 11 a.m. First Days, unless otherwise noted.

PECOS RIVER-Bayou-Tech Administration Building, Southport, Collegeville, (516) 282-7502 or 282-7591; Sag Harbor, 96 Hempside Street, 10301, (516) 729-2547; Southampton College, 386-4648.

FARMINGDALE-BETHPEACE-second and fourth First Days, preceded by Bible study, 10:30 a.m.

FLUSHING-Discussion 10 a.m.; First-day school 11 a.m. 136-17 Northern Blvd. (718) 358-9830.
FRJ ENDS JOURNAL

Box 25. Gladys Dradt, clerk:

10:30 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. in the home of Glen Forum. Phone: (913) 837-2933 for information.

JULIUS-Forum 11 a.m., Wednesday at 7 a.m., 12 noon, 5:15 and 9:30 a.m. in homes of members. Please call (206) 488-2406 or 488-2406 for information.

OLYMPA-Worship 10 a.m. 219 B Street S.W., Tumwater. (804) 426-2101 or 426-2101 for time and information.

SEATTLE-Universiy Friends Meeting, 4001 8th Ave., Seattle, WA 98109. Phone: (206) 567-3226.

TACOMA-Tacoma Friends Meeting, 3919 N. 21st St., Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m., First-day discussion 11 a.m. Phone: 759-1010.

TRI-CITIES-Programmed worship. Phone: (509) 948-4000.

WASHINGTON-Worship for worship 4 p.m., Sundays, First-day school 5 p.m. 133 James Street Road, (206) 228-6693.

WINCHESTER-Hopewell Meeting, 7 Mile N. on Rta. 11 (Clay Road), Unprogrammed worship for worship 10 a.m., First-day school 11 a.m. Clerk: (703) 607-1018.

WYOMING-Worship for worship 8:45 a.m., First-day school 9:30 a.m. 10:45 a.m., worship 9:30 a.m., unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. For time and information please call (206) 335-3435.

WASHINGTON-Worship for worship 11 a.m., unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Phone: (206) 335-3435.

Worcester-Worship for worship 11 a.m., First-day school 11 a.m. Phone: (206) 335-3435.

Worcester-Worship for worship 11 a.m., First-day school 11 a.m. Phone: (206) 335-3435.
How Sarah Jones uses her house wisely.

Sarah Jones (not her real name) is 57 years old and planning to move to a retirement community in the next few years. She dreads having to sell her house and having to pay the capital gains tax. Sarah also worries about investing her accumulated savings, knowing that she must make wise investments in order to supplement her pension when she retires in three years. She has no children and plans to leave her assets to the American Friends Service Committee.

Should Sarah consider giving her house to fund a charitable remainder trust? She will avoid the capital gains tax, reduce her taxable income by reporting a charitable deduction, and receive income from the trust for her lifetime. Sarah will have made a generous gift to AFSC. As trustee of the charitable remainder trust, AFSC will sell the house and invest the proceeds for social responsibility and performance.