November 1996

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought

and

Life

Today



SPIRITUAL LIFE AND THE WRITTEN WORD

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Among Friends

A Continuing Path

What more appropriate place to tell this story than in an issue on writing. Some of you may recall an article in our September 1995 issue, "A Long Path to Becoming a Quaker." The author, Kerttu Kay Barnett, told of an incident from her youth in Finland in the 1940s. While walking with a friend in a beautiful wooded area, they had come upon a human skeleton, likely the remains, they thought, of a Russian soldier who had fallen during a fierce battle several years earlier. Protected inside a leather wallet still at the skeleton's breast, with a bullet hole through it, was a photograph of five young men.

Over the years Kerttu has kept the photo. She has often wondered about the identity of the young men. Was one of them the dead soldier? Might he be the one in the center? Her own brother had been killed by Russians during the war, so she knew the pain of losing a loved one. In time she came to feel a close bond to the Russian family who must have awaited news of their own son or brother missing in Finland.

Following publication of her article with the photograph, Kerttu mailed copies to six embassies in Washington, D.C., asking them to publish the photograph in the newspapers of their countries—Uzbekistan, Ukraine, Azerbaijan, and others. Subsequently she learned that a man named Anatole Repin translated her article into Russian, and it was published in at least two newspapers in May. And then Kerttu began receiving letters.

"It is amazing," Kerttu writes, "how these letter writers are able to write such loving letters to the person whose countrymen, maybe my relatives, Finns, may well have killed their relatives. All the letters," she says, "except one were written in Russian; a friend translated them into English for me." One letter in particular, sent by Hamid Vakhid, from Tashkent, "is like a miracle," as Kerttu puts it. Hamid insists that he knew some of the men in the photograph! Other letter writers saw the likeness of a grandfather, an uncle, or other loved one.

The writers shared very personal family stories, poignant glimpses of the human cost of war. Raisa Valentinovna Chooeva wrote about her uncle: "When I looked at the photograph, I had an immediate instinctual feeling that it was him. Then the doubts began. We compared your photo with photos that we had saved. The likeness was remarkable. Yes, it is him—the one on the far right. Dimitri Evdokimovich Ermakov. He was (and it is difficult to even say this word now) very gifted—wrote poetry, drew, played on various stringed instruments (guitar, mandolin), sang. And what wonderful, kind stories he could tell!" Raisa concluded her letter with these moving words: "His mother lived for 92 years in hopes that he was alive and that he would suddenly be found because, in fact, he was never on the list of men killed in the war. We, the children, also hoped that he was alive. Even now, it is difficult to accept that he died at such a young age. War is frightening, war is horrible! How much sorrow, how much suffering!"

Writing, it seems, can serve the purpose of peace. It may move us beyond our deepest cultural prejudices and hatreds—Russians for Finns, Finns for Russians—to discover the most human things.

Vinton Dening

Next Month in FRIENDS JOURNAL:

Light on Death Row Peace "Within" and "Without" Being Jewish at Christmas

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Features

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Quakers and Writing

The editors received a wealth of wisdom and inspiration in response to our call for essays on Quakers and writing. The portion presented here shows that when it is filled with the Spirit, the letter, too, gives life.

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Cover art by Karen Norberg/CPF

Forum

Great wisdom

I wish to thank Roland Warren for his interpretation of the Apostle Paul (FJ August). It is important, I think, to be reminded that Paul wrote when times and circumstances were very different from the present. His attitude about women may be taken in the context of that long ago period of history.

This article also brought back to me the times Roland Warren reported to American Friends Service Committee staff in Philadelphia about his work in East and West Germany some 40 years ago. He spoke on one occasion of how he was able to communicate with both sides at a time when the Cold War was at its peak of hostility. He said he was always careful to speak as though persons on the other side were in the room. That point was most helpful to me later when I was working in difficult and hostile race relations situations.

> Thelma W. Babbitt Hancock, N.H.

Eyes and hearts

God bless you for the article in your May issue: "Jesus Among Friends," by John Pitts Corry. I, too, have come to know Jesus Christ—to experience great joy in his inward presence and love—since I became a Quaker 35 years ago. My experience has paralleled Corry's closely.

I'm sure his article has opened the eyes and hearts of at least a few Friends who have been critical of the presence among them of those of us who love Christ. That's good.

Jack Daniels Cobleskill, N.Y. Podolsky

lla

Oppose death penalty

To: Governor Christine Todd Whitman, Trenton, N.J.:

The New York Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers), which includes Friends of northern New Jersey, has watched with concern as the State of New Jersey prepares for execution. We reaffirm our long-standing opposition to the death penalty. We ask that you allow no one to be executed by the State.

We share deep reverence for human life and know that our religious beliefs deny us the right to take another life, whether in war, murder, or as punishment. We state emphatically that our government should not kill in our name. Our testimony is that there is that of God in everyone, that each person is valuable and sacred, and no one is totally beyond redemption. We believe that everyone can respond to God's Light.

Last year New York Yearly Meeting

approved our revised *Faith and Practice* with the following testimony against capital punishment:

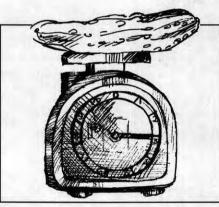
"We have consistently opposed capital punishment. Capital punishment rejects the message of forgiveness. In some cases, it legally destroys innocent persons, and in all cases it degrades the humanity of the executioners and of the society that endorses the act."

> Steven Ross, clerk New York Yearly Meeting

Encumbered?

John Woolman was influential in forming many of our testimonies, simplicity for one. He refused to take on more business than he needed, referring to excess and "cumber." Everyone is subject to cumber, but when Quakers take it on, should we call it "O" cumber?

> John Kriebel Chambersburg, Pa.



Way will open

Dan Conlon and I began getting acquainted with each other and Friends 60 years ago in a group of young adult Friends in Philadelphia. Dan, then and since, has been full of thought-provoking suggestions (Forum, Aug.).

"Burn out" of employees is a symptom of a very complex problem for Friends organizations that promises to get worse. The global rift between the "haves" and "have nots" and the testimony of simplicity are involved. When we want to be of service, but don't have the time and skill, we hire others; the issues multiply.

Consider what happened to AFSC when it tried to become an "equal opportunity employer" as well as a committee of Friends for service. As Pendle Hill and various Friends schools try to pay staff at a conscionable level, a younger generation of concerned parents and seekers cannot afford to participate, at least in traditional ways. "Way will open." Let's help it by seeing what suggestions may come in from Dan's initiative.

> Andy Towl Lexington, Mass.

Denies "adjectivity"

I've been trying to think of a good way to express my appreciation for Teddy Milne's "Summer Puzzler" in the July JOURNAL. Let this card signify my thanks.

However! I <u>utterly</u> deny the adjectivity of the underlined word! [See clue H.—*Eds.*]

Thanks again for the great work.

Charley Brown Wiscasset, Maine

Nantucket welcome

Nantucket (Mass.) Meeting was inadvertently left out of the Meeting Directory in August and October. We just want Friends to know that the meeting is alive and well and that visitors are welcome. The autumn is a particularly beautiful time to attend. Meeting is at 10 a.m. each First Day at Fair Street Meetinghouse, telephone (508) 228-0136.

Bob Leach Nantucket, Mass.

Traveling Friendly

Having made a trip by auto to Philadelphia, Barbara and I were returning to Oklahoma, driving round robin for the 40hour trip. We drove through Pennsylvania, and in deference to the local plain folk I had donned my own plain clothes, which I wear most of the time when it is not too hot.

About 2 a.m. we stopped at a rest area in central Illinois. I immediately noted a refreshment stand set up on behalf of the Make a Wish Foundation, staffed by what appeared to be Klingon warriors from the Star Trek television odysseys. Not wanting to pass up a good conversation I, dressed in plain clothes, marched over and inquired about their activities. They were fun-loving folks wanting to make some contribution to their community and dying youths.

As we spoke, I noted, out of the corner of my eye, several men dressed in plain clothes standing in the darkness beyond the trees lining the rest stop. A couple were talking among themselves and pointing—perhaps at the Trekkies and perhaps at me.

Beckoned by Barbara I ambled back toward our truck. As I approached a van near where we had parked, a man about my age, in plain clothes and moderately trimmed chin whiskers, addressed me in German, to which I responded in Grandmother's best Rhinelander Deutsch. I was unfamiliar with the Amish dialect though, and quickly we dropped into English. He introduced himself as Dan Zook, a conservative Mennonite. He was transporting several Amish/Mennonite fellows to some activity in Indiana from Pennsylvania in a windowless van. He then asked me about the strange apparitions at the refreshment stand:

"Do you know anything about those folks?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Are they devil worshipers?"

"No, they are just celebrating their favorite science fiction characters."

"Science fiction?... Explain?"

Well, that was a tall order. So I briefly explained that it was a story about future life in another part of the galaxy where humankind developed differently than it did here.

Dan then nodded and declared: "They should be spending their time considering their sinful nature."

I responded, "But they are celebrating the diversity of God's creation both real and imagined."

We both nodded on this and discussed the concerns of our own spiritual experiences. As we talked, a large Klingon brought me a cup of coffee. I returned to the truck, and both Dan and I returned to the highway and its diversity.

> Clarence M. Cullimore Oklahoma City, Okla.

Outreach ideas

Our tiny meeting is interested in any outreach ideas other meetings can share with us.

Visalia (Calif.) Meeting recently related an idea in a short letter in FRIENDS JOURNAL ("Expect a Crowd," July 1996) for a sixsession course called Quakerism 101 that they use for outreach. Perhaps they could write an article for FRIENDS JOURNAL detailing the structure and content of this course, along with any other helpful hints for being most effective in attracting attenders and keeping them throughout the course.

What tips do others have for making the meeting so welcoming and spiritually enriching that people just can't resist coming back?

Charity B. Gourley Galveston, Tex.

Friendly greetings

Reading your article, "A Letter Writing Ministry" by Mariellen Gilpin (FJ, June), helped me solve a problem. I was looking



for a service project to complete my "Spirit of the Truth" Girl Scout religious medal. I decided I could help Mariellen Gilpin by making cards for her.

During the month of June I made plans and got my idea approved by business meeting and Mariellen. During July and part of August I worked with the elementary First-day school children. I taught the Firstday school class and helped them design fronts for the greeting cards. We used everything from crayons to watercolor to cutouts from magazines. I used the money that I received for baby-sitting the children during and after meeting to pay for the greeting card stock and stamps. Then I carefully cut the children's pictures to fit the blank cards and glued them down. After stamping the envelopes and finding a pretty box to put them in, I sent them to Mariellen Gilpin. I have enclosed several for you to look at. (See above-Eds.)

> Bess Fulmer Coppell, Tex.

Inspiring poems

What a marvelous, sensitive, inspiring poem: "Sara in Quaker Meeting," by Elizabeth Addison (FJ, May).

Sorry it took me so long to write about the effect of this poem on this "old" poet. Thank you Elizabeth and Sara—it will stay with me forever and is well worth reprinting.

> Shirlianne Gunther Cape May Court House, N.J.

I am renewing my subscription because of the poem "Smashing the Idol" (FJ, Aug.). It says to me that many diverse ideas can appear in a Quaker journal.

> Dina Wills Bethlehem, Pa.

My grateful thanks to you and to Michael S. Glaser for the message on your August cover. Recovering as I am from major surgery, it has met and filled a deep need for "more than hope." I have memorized the poem and repeat it frequently to myself. I have also sent a copy to a close friend who loves poetry. This will go into our joint collection.

> Margaret H. Stevens Lake Elmo, Minn.

In solidarity

Many of you are aware of the legal controversy in Hawaii concerning same-sex marriage. You may not, however, be aware of the part that Friends there have played in building the case for legal recognition of same-sex couples. We at Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.) wish to publish our support for Honolulu Monthly Meeting and the AFSC Regional Office in Hawaii. Reaching clearness and unity on the issue of same-gender unions is seldom easy. Our meeting only came to clearness after more than seven years of painful seeking and discernment. Since then we have celebrated six same-gender unions under the care of meeting. We have grown and been enriched by this. We therefore invite you to reflect upon our letter to Honolulu Friends. Our hope is that Friends who have found similar clearness may be reminded that they do not stand alone.

> Grant Phelps Thompson, clerk Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.)

Dear Honolulu Friends:

Because of the controversy surrounding same-sex marriage in Hawaii, you must sometimes feel caught in a maelstrom. Please be reassured that many, many Friends elsewhere are mindful of your struggles and appreciative of your support of lesbian and gay people. As we understand it, you adopted a supportive minute for lesbian/ gay relationships in 1991, took under your care a same-sex couple in 1993, and, through members of your meeting, have been involved with important developments in the Baehr case. You may think that the part you have played is small, but we think not. We thank you and commend you for your faithfulness.

We believe that you have been about God's work. You testify to the equality of all people as children of God and to the power and preeminence of Love, which sanctifies all relationships—homosexual as well as heterosexual. Because so many in society do not understand these truths, they fear you and your words. Your courage in the face of ignorance and hostility has been evident. Stay calm and strong in the power of Divine Love. We hold you in the Light and in our prayers and will continue to do so as events in Hawaii unfold.

Our meeting knows firsthand the divisiveness that can attend the question of same-sex marriage. We know how difficult it is to achieve clarity and unity on such an emotionally charged issue, and how much hurt can be inflicted on individuals as Friends expose their fears and vulnerabilities to one another. We labored seven years towards unity. In the process, we discovered that we were strong. We persevered. We even experienced healing. Many gifts came to us as a result of the process: a clearer vision of what makes a union holy and good; a desire to nurture and support loving relationships better; a deepened sensitivity and spirituality in our meetings for worship; and an increase in the number of people drawn to meeting.

In February 1992 we adopted a minute supportive of same-sex relationships, affirming that our procedures of clearness, oversight, and care are the same for all couples, regardless of gender. In the four years since 1992, we have taken six samesex couples under our care. While we feel pleasure and pride in our progress, we recognize that we are not finished. We still labor with many of the same issues as before and strive for greater understanding, patience, and love within our meeting.

In closing, please know that we are with you in spirit. We join you in your continuing work in the name of Love. We send our best wishes and our love.

> Grant Phelps Thompson, clerk Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.)

A parent's love

I thought this letter I wrote to my daughter might be a useful contribution to the ongoing discussion among Friends about sexual abuse:

My precious Little Daughter,

I want for you that you should never be touched except by people you love and who love you. I know that for this to happen you must grow up and live in a different world than the one I grew up in. As you grow up, I will try to help change the world so that it is safe for you.

Until you are old enough to speak and to stand up for yourself I will try to protect you. When you grow up, you will need to feel free to say "I don't want you to touch me" and to leave or get the other person to leave if they don't respect you. You will need to be able to talk to people you love and trust to sort out "Do I really love him and want to touch him, or am I just feeling bored, lonely, angry, vengeful, obligated, indebted, attracted, or flattered?"

It hurts me that, even though I love you with all my heart, I cannot fully guarantee that you will never be hurt in this way. Please know that whatever happens you can tell me about it. I will be very angry at the person who touched you in a bad way, but not at you. If you ever can't or don't want to talk to me, keep telling people you think you can trust until you find someone who will believe and protect you.

I worry about you because you are so beautiful and perfect, and we live in a world that is sometimes ugly and imperfect.

I will always love you.

Lauren Ungar Pittsburgh, Pa.

Another version

John Lepke's comment on the hymn "Blest Be the Tie that Binds" was very thoughtful, I thought (Forum, Aug.).

I have another version I like to sing as I drive from my home to Albuquerque, N. Mex.:

"Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in friendly love; The fellowship of kindred hearts Is what we all dream of."

Jill Oglesby Los Lunas, N.Mex.

Habla español?

I'm just back from Cuba; I was honored and delighted to visit five Friends churches in eastern Cuba and one unprogrammed worship group in Havana.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could publish Spanish issues of FRIENDS JOURNAL or take outstanding articles from one year and publish them in a Spanish issue? Cuban Friends want information, but in a sense are kept from the Friends mainstream by the language barrier. I know there are many obstacles to doing this, most importantly money, but one can dream.

> Peg Morton Eugene, Oreg.

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

Books for Nicaragua

by Gracia Fay Ellwood and Jeanne Nash

ere begins a tale of two projects to build libraries in Nicaragua. Operation Bookshelf and Libros para Somotillo were conceived and brought forth separately and remain sister projects, but joined forces very profitably during a nine-day stay in Nicaragua in August of 1995.

Operation Bookshelf

Jeanne Nash

ne never quite leaves one's early concerns behind. The seeds of the project were sown in my childhood out in the country, far from public libraries. My parents were both writers, so the written word was highly valued in our home, but because we were unencumbered with wealth, there were not many books at home for me. I was isolated and grew up longing for the companionship of books—a longing that was amply remedied when I grew up.

In the 1980s I was engaged in a Read-Aloud program in Fort Collins, Colorado. I had accumulated quite a number of junior books on my shelves, and I became more and more aware that they could find

Gracia Fay Ellwood is a member of Orange Grove (Calif.) Meeting and teaches in the Department of Religious Studies at California State University, Long Beach. Jeanne Nash is a member of Fort Collins (Colo.) Meeting.



a better place in t

a better place in the hands of impoverished children who had little or no chance to know the joys of reading.

In 1991 I was in contact with a woman who had spent time on an island in the Grenadines, in the Caribbean. She told me of children there who were in just such a situation, and as a result Operation Bookshelf began with two boxes of books sent via her. In the early years books were sent to Kenya, Uganda, Mexico, and Guatemala, as well as other points closer to home. In 1994 I decided it would be better to concentrate on sending books to a single country; Nicaragua recommended itself because of the interest in reading awakened by the literacy crusade in 1980 and thus became the new focal point. Operation Bookshelf is now under the care of Fort Collins (Colo.) Meeting.

I came to be in touch with Southeastern Yearly Meeting's center in Managua, which works in support of various selfhelp programs in Nicaragua. Since the days of the embargo in the midst of the *contra* war, SEYM's project Pro-Nica sent shipments of goods by sea to that beleaguered country. Until the shipments were discontinued in late 1995, I was able to send my books in Pro-Nica's containers.

One of the groups they were (and still are) supporting is *Escuela Luis Velasquez*, a school in the desperately poor barrio of San Judas, bordering Managua. It was begun in the early days of the Sandinista regime by a very committed woman, Fanny Maria Silva. At present she has over 350 children, taught by ten accredited volunteer teachers in shifts. None of these children would be receiving an education otherwise, for their families cannot afford the fees, books, and uniforms now required by the public schools; many of them have little more to eat than the meal of beans and rice the school serves each day. To save money, Doña Fanny has given up her house and moved into the school together with some abandoned children. Operation Bookshelf concentrated on building a library for Fanny's school and by mid-1995 had sent enough books that Luis Velasquez can now claim to be among the very few schools in Nicaragua to have a real library.

One of the major frustrations of this work is the difficulty that Fanny and others engaged in such work have realizing the importance of regular reports. I received some secondhand accounts via the Friends Center in Managua, but became more and more aware that it would be necessary to visit the school and inform myself about the situation.

Libros para Somotillo

Gracia Fay Ellwood his project arose from a Witness for Peace delegation in which I participated in 1986. We visited the

Students in the courtyard of Escuela Luis Velasquez near Managua

town of Somotillo in Chinandega, located in the northwest of Nicaragua, where a grassroots organization called *El Bloque Intercomunitario* had for some years been fostering liberation theology and working toward improving the quality of life among the peasants and townfolk. I was particularly moved by the efforts to educate the campesino children.

One scene that stayed with me was a girl of eight or ten sitting on a stump in a courtyard, doing her homework while chickens and turkeys ambled past. It stirred strong memories. I had grown up on a farm, going to a small parochial school where a library was not a high priority. While I did not do homework on a stump, as in Jeanne's case my desire for books far outstripped my school's and my family's resources, while public libraries were out of reach.

I fervently blessed the efforts to bring learning to the children of the Nicaraguan countryside, but no particular avenue of involvement suggested itself at that time. In 1988, when I was living for several months in Wellington, New Zealand, I learned that a mobile library stopped on the hill several streets above our apartment. Another poignant memory awakened: the great excitement my siblings and I felt when the county "bookmobile" began to make stops a mile or two from our farm. We would make the biweekly trek, returning heavily and happily laden with books that we read through long before the next scheduled stop of the treasure vehicle.

Fantasies and plans began to form in my mind: a mobile library centered in Somotillo, making the rounds of the villages of Chinandega, bringing to the bookstarved the joy I had known. A Salvadoran friend suggested early in 1992 that there was no reason not to begin right away on a smaller scale. So I wrote to El Bloque describing my plan, and receiving an encouraging letter from them, I began to collect Spanish books. Since most of the funds came out of my pocket, in addition to buying new books. I stretched my dollars with used books from the discard shelves of the local public library. I developed techniques of repairing damaged ones; I also reinforced new paperbacks with pieces of posterboard cut to size. It was (and remains) so much fun as to seem positively self-indulgent.

I mailed three boxes directly to Somotillo in 1992, finally receiving word after several months that they all arrived safely and that a library room was being prepared "con gran entusiasmo." That summer I made contact with Pro-Nica and began to send the boxes to them for inclusion in their yearly shipments to Managua; from here they were trucked up to Somotillo. While this route was slower, it was both cheaper and more secure. After Pro-Nica discontinued their shipments we were able to send a number of boxes with a Pastors for Peace caravan in November 1995, but now have to depend on the U.S. mails again.

"I" became "We" when the Central America Committee of Orange Grove (Calif.) Meeting adopted the project; a knot of us now occupy our committee meetings with posterboard, scissors, and contact paper.

After two letters I received from El Bloque in 1992, in response to our various queries there was only silence. We managed to contact them about a year later by telephone and were told that schoolchildren were reading the books. Once or twice we got brief reports from Pro-Nica's representatives based in Managua. The program coordinator, Jenny Atlee, wrote that there was a thirst for books, but also that there was little awareness of the concept of a public lending library; promotion was needed. She added that the library room was rather dark, so we arranged to send several lanterns. Without direct reports from El Bloque we could not get clear answers to our main questions: how many people were using the library, and what sorts of books should be emphasized and which omitted? Why did we get no letters? Had the library fallen into disuse, and were our efforts now largely going to waste? Clearly it was time to go back to Nicaragua and investigate the situation for ourselves.

In Nicaragua

The six members of the Friends Library Delegation arrived in Managua on August 9, 1995. The group was comprised of two from Ft. Collins, Colorado (Jeanne Nash and Carol Nees), two from Altadena, California (Gracia Fay Ellwood and Richard Ellwood, mother and son), and two from St. Petersburg, Florida (Louise deGregory and Hugo deGregory, spouses). None of the pairs of delegates had met the others before.

Our plane flew in accompanied by near-continuous lightning and thunder, and we were quite delighted to reach the ground safely and step into the sauna bath of Managuan weather. We were met by Marc Forget, the newly installed program coordinator for Pro-Nica, who was to be our translator and guide. He drove us in a battered pickup to the El Centro guest house, also known as Casa Cuaquera, for



our nine-day visit. Most of our travels took place in this vehicle—we got a lot of curious stares, as though people were thinking "If those gringos are rich enough to come down here, what are they doing in the back of that heap?"

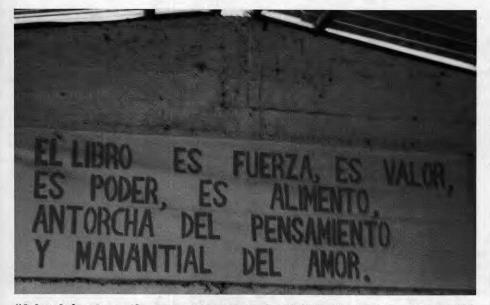
Escuela Luis Velasquez

ur first visit was to Doña Fanny's school. At the end of a steep and bumpy road in the southwest part of Managua we found the inconspicuous and rather battered front of the school. We found Doña Fanny resplendent in pink and running over with compassion for the suffering poor, enthusiasm for the school and those who contribute to it, and love for all. It was hard for her to remember to pause for the translator. We tried to be low-key in presenting new books and school supplies, but Fanny was almost tearful in her gratitude on behalf of the children. At one point she picked up a bag of donated crayons, hugged them to her bosom, and said, "This is a treasure!" She proudly showed us the "Biblioteca Jeane Nash," two shelves stuffed with slim books, and stood with Jeanne for photographs.

We learned a little more about the school; Luis Velasquez was a boy who was hunted down and shot by Somoza's troops during the 1970s for his imprudent shouts of "Patria libre o muerte?" ("Free Homeland or Death!") The school is a little larger on the inside than it appears, its cramped classrooms opening onto a spacious central courtyard. Here the children of the morning shift were lined up, neat in their navy and white uniforms, two in front holding a banner welcoming "Jeane y su grupo." After the welcome, with a song and a bouquet, we sat at a little table under a tree drinking soda pop while children milled around, some coming by to hug Fanny or one or another of us. Their warmth was wonderful. Fanny told of her hopes to raise funds to have a roof constructed over this courtyard to protect the classrooms from rain, which enters freely through the unglassed window openings. She also has dreams of procuring sewing machines so that the school's alumnae and other penniless women of the barrio will have a chance to learn a marketable skill. But as it is, even getting enough rice and beans each day is a struggle.

The courtyard entrance to Escuela Luis Velasquez

8



"A book is strength, courage, power, food; it is the igniter of thought, and the wellspring of love": motto in the Mateare Public Library

Somotillo

ur visit to El Bloque, the project supported by Gracia Fay and Orange Grove Meeting, took us out of Managua. The road northwest to Somotillo was paved (this had not been the case in 1986) and heavily traveled by large trucks and buses, not to mention oxcarts and occasional herds of cattle. The town itself looked much the same, with unpaved roads, oxcarts, trucks, pigs, chickens, and turkeys in evidence. El Bloque house was also largely unchanged. Estevan Calderón, the executive director of the organization, proposed to give us a presentation on the activities of El Bloque. I was already familiar with them and was eager to see the library, but Señor Calderón was not to be hurried. Finally we had the big moment of entering the library, with an estimated total of a thousand books. There were some surprises. It was good to see a number of books, including encyclopedias, that we had not sent. But there were very few of the hundreds of children's books we had sent. We were told that they had decided to pass them on to the schools in the comarcas, the neighboring small villages, and to a preschool in town.

We unloaded the cartons of books we had brought, including a book of Ernesto Cardenal's poetry purchased in a supermarket in Managua. (Managua supermarkets are too much like U.S. ones, catering to the haves, but they do have a few redeeming features.) There was no sign of any of the townspeople using the library at the time, and we suspected that the children of the town seldom darkened the door. We invited in a group of children passing by and showed them some of the books. They immediately became very absorbed. Gracia Fay read a copy of *Donde Viven los Monstruos (Where the Wild Things Are)* in her uncertain Spanish to a threesome and was pleased to see the oldest girl following with her lips. Asked to finish reading it aloud, the girl did so quite competently. Jeanne kept several smaller children totally absorbed with a book illustration dealing with the human body. Richard, our staff photographer, took yards of video film.

We were of course concerned about the apparent non-realization of our hopes to bring books to the children of Somotillo. We asked one of the El Bloque staff, Juan Benito Espinal, to go with part of our group through the increasing rain and show us the local school. This he did. Escuela Felix Pedro Osorio is quite large, occupying several modern buildings. We diffidently interrupted a teacher leading a class, talked to her for a time, and were directed to the principal, Rosael Soriano Martinez, who was open and welcoming. Contact with U.S. Americans was not new to him; among the posters on the wall of his office was a drawing of a New England covered bridge, sent by a school in Bennington, Vermont, Somotillo's sister city. He also showed us a large child-authored book they had sent. Language difficulties limited communications, but Rosael Soriano seemed to be telling us that he was unaware of the El Bloque library. We encouraged him to have the school take advantage of it and of the Libros para Niños project (see below).

Because of tight scheduling and the inconvenience of housing six visitors overnight in the country, we returned to Managua without being able to visit any of the villages where the children's books had been sent. We were able, however, to visit several other literacy projects based in Managua.

Acahualinca Community Center

o Managuans, Acahualinca is known as the site of the vast city dump. One-third of Managua's sewer system dumps here, as well as the effluent from tanneries. Fourteen thousand people live in this maze of twisting dirt roads and open sewer channels, in shacks jerrybuilt from wood scraps, flattened steel drums, palm thatch-anything to give a little privacy and relief from the insistent sun and rain. Despite the primitive living conditions, we often saw people sweeping their floors and yards; sometimes we saw little patches of vegetables and flowers; we noted that nearly everyone's clothes were clean.

We also found that some Acahualincans have a serious interest in culture. As we clambered out of the back of our pickup we were met by three community leaders and ushered into a simple wooden community building that has one or two small rooms and a large room used for meetings, classes, dance lessons, and the library. The building was erected during the early Sandinista years with the help of grants from Europe. The library, consisting of about 1,500 books and periodicals, was started by a nun six years ago. We were surprised to see on the shelves a few of the books we had intended for Somotillo.

The library is the province of a capable young woman named Maria Elena. Children's books were in short supply, and this library is much used; children from a large primary school not far away, which has no library, come here. We resolved to make substantial contributions in the future.

Libros para Niños

few days later we had the opportunity to visit the Managua offices of *Libros para Niños*, an indigenous organization concerned with supplying library books to Nicaraguan schoolchildren. It is headed by Eduardo Baez, son of Adolfo Baez. Adolfo was tortured and killed by Somoza's *Guardia Nacional* for his part in the 1954 April Rebellion, an event immortalized in Ernesto Cardenal's poem *Hora Cero*. Gracia Fay had read this, so meeting his son was a little like meeting a man out of a storybook. Like the father he venerates but never **Join Friends** in searching together for peace testimonies in the post cold-war world.... The Pendle Hill 1997 Jaker Peace dtak

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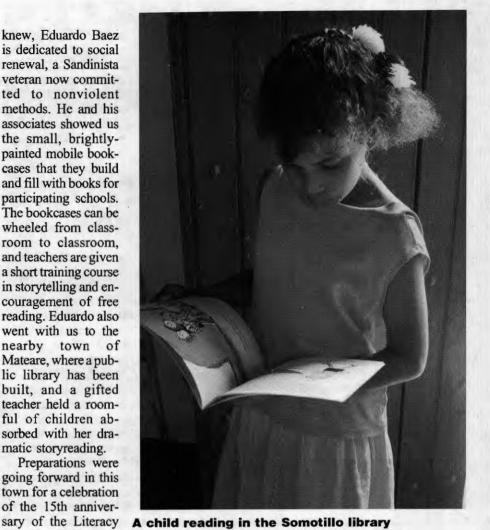
knew, Eduardo Baez is dedicated to social renewal, a Sandinista veteran now committed to nonviolent methods. He and his associates showed us the small, brightlypainted mobile bookcases that they build and fill with books for participating schools. The bookcases can be wheeled from classroom to classroom. and teachers are given a short training course in storytelling and encouragement of free reading. Eduardo also went with us to the nearby town of Mateare, where a public library has been built, and a gifted teacher held a roomful of children absorbed with her dramatic storyreading.

Preparations were going forward in this town for a celebration of the 15th anniver-Crusade, which was to

be the week after our visit. Fernando and Ernesto Cardenal, priests and the ministers respectively of education and culture under the Sandinistas, are both supporters of Libros para Niños.

Quincho Barrilete

erhaps our most moving encounter was with the small community of Quincho Barrilete in the hills south of Managua. The community is the creation of an Italian woman named Zelinda Roccia, a former professor of literature. She visited Nicaragua several times during the 1980s and in 1991 came to stay and give her heart to the homeless children of Managua, many of them war orphans who live by their wits and still their hunger pangs by sniffing glue. She approached them in the marketplaces where they hang out, inviting them to meals. At first they pitched rocks at her, but after a time some found out that this incredibly good news was real. Some took longer to come around, she said, while still others never did. She reported that by the time she was feeding 20 of them, she could open the door and 70 more would



push in, with 100 still outside.

She got funding from friends in Europe and use of an old church-owned building from a Jesuit priest in Managua. After extensive repairs and remodeling in the building the new community seemed to be all set, but the wealthy parents of the children in the church-run school next door objected to the outcasts' presence, and they had to move-but only after Zelinda told them what she thought of their Christianity.

At present there are four houses of these ex-street children. Quincho Barrilete is one of them, an Edenic farm (once a coffee plantation) above the heat of Managua for 20 of the boys who have shown responsibility. As we sat at an outdoor table, an affable green parrot on the table dined elegantly on a slice of green mango; one boy stood with his arm around Zelinda, who talked and gestured with traditional Italian vivacity. We were told that the boys go to the local school (one or two proudly showed us their highly-graded papers); they do their chores and practice crafts and skills. They also have a swimming pool (really a large tank

of murky water) and enjoyed showing off as they jumped in and splashed about. Zelinda told us that swimming was good for their lungs, still damaged from gluesniffing. They have a common room and a large bookcase, but only a handful of books; one boy was deeply immersed in a book while others performed for us a jazz-type dance they had learned. They showed definite talent.

Zelinda remarked that when she began this work she did not believe in Providence, but now she does. Though hundreds and probably thousands of abandoned children continue to suffer on Managua's streets, the way has opened for her 200 reclaimed children.

It was clear that books sent here would be more than welcome, that Zelinda would encourage their use. The boys especially like adventure stories and how-to craft books. Since returning to the states we have sent a set of large Disney storybooks as well as various other works for children and teens, including a book on making paper airplanes.

Reflections

One notable insight we gained during our visits was that most of the children responded eagerly to the idea of books and libraries; some adults were also enthusiastic, while many others had no conception of the idea of a public library and the enrichment it can bring. We have decided that at present it makes sense to send our books to Fanny's school, the Acahualinca center, and Quincho Barrilete, where they are actively welcomed. That is what both projects, with undiminished enthusiasm, are doing.

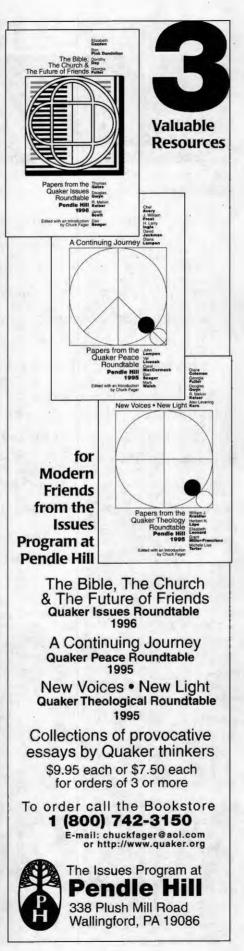
During the trip we found ourselves frequently moving between distress and inspiration. Everywhere there are signs of the crushed hopes of the Revolution, bottomless need, rising cynicism and crime, and commercialization. But there is also the lush beauty of the country and the beauty of bronze faces and glossy black hair; there is the dogged work of those who refuse to despair: those who believe in themselves despite their life of scraps and rags; those with some resources who keep working to empower hundreds or scores of people, though they had hoped to change the lives of millions.

The pictures and knowledge we gained from the trip are proving invaluable in planning for and promoting our library projects. We invite others to join us. Donations of Spanish books may be sent to the Central America Committee, Orange Grove Friends, c/o Friends House, 980 Fair Oaks Ave., Pasadena, CA 91103, or to Operation Bookshelf, 1828 Busch Court, Ft. Collins, CO 80525. Children's books of all sorts will be appreciated, but especially science books and books for children of middle years and for teens. Donations of funds are also welcome and are tax deductible when made through the sponsoring meetings. If any individual or group is interested in beginning a library project of their own, we will be glad to send them photos and more information about any of the above groups, or about other fledgling libraries.



Former street children enjoy the pool at Quincho Barrilete.

FRIENDS JOURNAL November 1996



THANKINGOUR

Enerve

As Jesus was going into a village, ten men who had leprosy met him. They stood at a distance and called out in a loud voice, "Jesus, Master, have pity on us!" When he saw them, he said, "Go, show yourselves to the priests." And as they went, they were cleansed. One of them, when he saw he was healed, came back, praising God in a loud voice. He threw himself at Jesus' feet and thanked him—and he was a Samaritan. Jesus asked, "Were not all ten cleansed? Where are

the other nine? Was no one found to return and give praise to God except this foreigner?" Then he said to him, "Rise and go; your faith has made you well."

> -Luke 17: 12-19

by Anthony Manousos

Luke's story of the ten lepers is a puzzling one. Why is it that one leper offered thanks when he was cured, and the other nine did not? Was it because the nine lepers were so excited by their healing that they simply forgot to give thanks? Many of us have had the experience of forgetting to thank someone in the midst of our excitement. When our excitement dies down, however, we usually remember to give thanks, especially if someone has saved us from a dreaded disease. If you asked the ungrateful lepers why they failed to thank Jesus, they would probably have given answers like these:

"Sure, this guy Jesus cured us, but so what? He's a prophet: healing is his job. Anyway, he's not a real prophet: our religious leaders say that he's actually a magician in league with the devil. In any case, he's not one of us; he's spreading a lot of questionable ideas about our religion. Besides, he hangs around with the wrong kind of people—tax collectors, foreigners, and even subversives like the zealots. They say he wants to change society, create a revolution or something. If I go back to Jesus and offer thanks, people would get the wrong idea. They might think that I belong to his cult."

This kind of thinking has not disappeared. We frequently do not thank others for their help when we are suspicious of their motives or when we feel they are not "one of us." Not to give thanks is sometimes a way of saying: "I don't accept your help, and I don't accept you." Withholding thanks can be the ultimate form of rejection.

This kind of ingratitude can be incredibly painful. To paraphrase Shakespeare: "Sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful person." It is no accident that gratitude and grace are rendered in Spanish by the same word, *gracias*. To be truly ungrateful (and not simply forgetful) is to have fallen from grace and to have lost touch with God and your fellow human beings.

How do we become ungrateful? Are we born that way, or is it a learned response?

Anyone who observes children realizes that they may be born with selfish tendencies, but they are

Anthony Manousos worships with Whittier (Calif.) First Friends Church. He is the newly appointed editor of Friends Bulletin. not born entirely ungrateful. Even though children have to be taught how to say "thanks," the word and the concept are usually not hard for them to grasp. Most children have no trouble recognizing that they are dependent on others for the good things of life; nor is it hard for children to express their pleasure and appreciation when they get what they want. This kind of gratitude is so natural that even animals feel and express it. Just give a cat a dish of food and watch the way that it rubs up against you and purs. Isn't that a cat's way of expressing thanks?

But something happens to children when they turn into adolescents. They no longer like to think of themselves as dependent on others; they pride themselves on being self-reliant. If a father drives his daughter to band practices, she is apt to reason: "Why should I thank him? Chauffeuring is Dad's job." If a coach spends hours after school or on weekends trying to whip the team into shape, the teenage players are apt to think: "Hey, big deal, that's what a coach gets paid for." Teenagers often equate ungraciousness with being grownup, independent, and cool. This kind of ingratitude is not mere thoughtlessness; it is an act of rebellion. It's also a sign of spiritual immaturity. When teens are ungrateful, mature adults usually excuse this phenomenon by saying that they are "going through a phase."

Unfortunately, some people never outgrow this phase. As a college professor, I have worked with economically disadvantaged students, and I have worked with those who are affluent; the former, I find, are usually much more grateful than the latter for help that is sincerely given. Successful, middle-class people are often prone to believe in the myth of individualism: "I have worked hard for what I have achieved. I have no one to thank for my success but myself." Middle-class people often feel they deserve help and are thus less ready to give thanks.

It usually takes a serious illness or some tragedy to shake such people out of their egotism and make them realize how dependent we human beings are on God and on each other. The mature person understands that the most important things in life—love, good health, happiness cannot be achieved through individual effort alone. A truly fulfilled life is a gift, not an achievement. Such gifts are meant to be shared.

Sometimes thankfulness is a mere ritual, not a deeply felt understanding of our human condition. As we get older and acquire social skills, we learn how to go through the ritual of thanking people. It's called "being polite," and it usually pays off by procuring friends and respect. Thanking our friends is usually easy. It's like giving oneself a pat on the back. When a friend does us a favor, we unconsciously assume that we actually deserve the favor: "I'm a nice person; that's why my friend was nice to me." Expressing gratitude to a friend requires little effort and produces little by way of spiritual growth.

What's hard is thanking people we don't like, those whom we class as our enemies. Whenever such a person does us a good turn, we are apt to look for ulterior motives: "Sure, he was nice to me, but he was just showing off. He really hates my guts. His being nice didn't mean anything." No matter what good turn our "enemy" does for us, we find fault with the gift.

It's possible of course that we are right—sometimes people do good deeds for the wrong reasons—but how can we know for sure what's in another person's heart? How can we judge another's motives? Isn't that God's job? When we condemn the motives of others, aren't we also condemning ourselves?

This came home to me when I was involved in citizen diplomacy with the Soviet Union in the mid-1980s. At that time, Ronald Reagan was building up our arms stockpiles and talking about the "Evil Empire." It seemed very clear to progressive people that our president was acting stupidly, if not wickedly. Having made a commitment to peace, I felt very good about myself and what I was doing. In fact, I felt so good about myself and the uniqueness of my work that I was shocked when Reagan went to Moscow and made peace overtures to Gorbachev in 1986. Not only that, Reagan gave Gorbachev a copy of the movie Friendly Persuasion and paid a glowing tribute to Friends!

When I talked about this to Friends at Pacific Yearly Meeting, they all seemed incredulous. "A speech writer wrote this tribute. Reagan didn't really mean it," was a common reaction. Then it hit me: if there is "that of God" in everybody, there must be "that of God" in Ronald Reagan. Not only that, at some level Reagan wants peace just as much as I do. Whether he wrote the words himself or not, Reagan paid us peacemakers a gracious compliment. We owed him our thanks.

When I proposed writing a "thank you" letter on behalf of Friends, I was initially met with skepticism. But as Friends began reflecting, and as the Holy Spirit opened our hearts, it became clear that we had to thank Reagan for all that he was doing. So we wrote a gracious letter, gathered as many signatures as we could, and sent it off to Reagan with our prayers.

Thanking someone you dislike is hard at first, but it's also liberating. You realize that God works not only through "good people" (those who are "like us"), but also through those who do not seem good (those who dislike us or whom we dislike). Being thankful even for our opponents is probably the surest sign that God's grace is at work in our lives.

The hardest test of one's faith is being thankful to a difficult person who is close to home. Thanking a political leader you disagree with is easy compared with thanking someone in your meeting or in your immediate circle of friends who has treated you coldly. "How can I be thankful?" you ask yourself. "I've been treated like dirt. How can I possibly affirm such a person without being a phony?"

It isn't easy. In fact, it's probably impossible without divine help. To express thankfulness to one's antagonist, and to mean it sincerely, one has to pray hard and deeply. But grace (i.e., gratitude) comes to everyone who is open to it. When you express appreciation to those you disagree with, you are lifted above personal likes and dislikes and beyond feelings of self-interest and superiority. You realize that God has placed each of us here for a reason, and that we owe each person a debt of gratitude. Acknowledging this, we enter into a state of grace, which really means a state of unconditional thankfulness. What a joy that state of thankfulness is!

he Gospel parable concludes with profound paradox. When the Samaritan returns to offer his humble thanks, Jesus turns the tables on him and responds, "It is you who have healed yourself, through your faith."

What an amazingly gracious turnabout! Thinking that his cure came from an outside source, the Samaritan learns, through thankfulness, that healing actually comes from within. "Your faith has made you whole," Jesus assures him. Suddenly we realize that the ungrateful lepers were cured physically, but they were not healed, they were not made whole. By being thankful, by humbly admitting our need for others and for God, we discover our Wholeness, and a new and abiding source of strength is revealed to us: the Christ Within, Who is our true Healer.



by Francis D. Hole

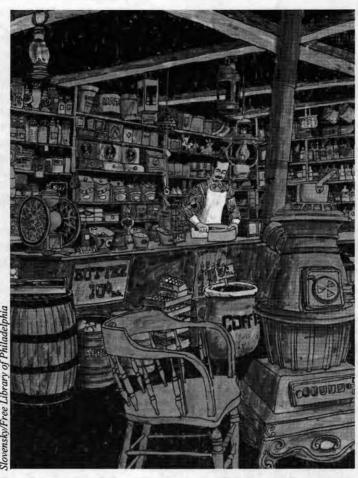
t is as if the divine companion (the Friend) were a merchant who keeps a shop. The shop has no lock on the door and no cash register. The counters are piled high with goods that we all need. We may discover that besides this general store (it is a big shop ... big enough to serve the entire human race), the Friend has a small shop for each of us, personally. "I keep this one just for thee!" whispers the Merchant-Friend in each person's ear, if the person lends an ear for the in-whispering.

When I first came to the Merchant's just-for-me shop, my arms were too full for me to get in the door, not to mention per to pick up free goods from the counters. On that day I was loaded with fears and accompanying anger and turmoil, all of which I hid under a nicelooking gray (Quaker-gray) sheet. I wanted any passersby to think of me as a nice person carrying something well wrapped to some proper desti-

nation. The expression on my face would have given me away, if anybody had noticed. I was not happy.

The second time that I sought out the little "just-for-me" shop, nobody was around . . . nobody but me outside the shop and the Merchant-Friend inside the shop, waiting to give me goods. I was still carrying a neatly covered fear-angerturmoil stack, so I could not wedge my way into the little just-for-me shop, and I couldn't have accepted any goods from the Merchant even if I had squeezed in. My fear-anger-turmoil stack was not yesterday's stuff. It was fresh. I kept get-

Francis Hole has been a member of Madison (Wis.) Meeting since 1938. He is a retired professor of soil science.



ting new supplies in those days. Since nobody else was about, I made bold to call out to the Divine Merchant: "Please come take my fear-anger-turmoil burden from me. And please replace it with a pile of fresh peace from the front counter."

The Friend stepped out lightly and kissed me on both cheeks and my forehead. "Our shop does not provide dumpster service. As soon as thee manages to dispose of the burden that thee staggers about with, do come in and get as much fresh peace as thee can carry!" In the next moment, the Merchant was back in the shop, tending the goods that we all need.

I felt insulted. "What kind of Friend is that!?" I asked myself. "That Merchant won't help me out when I ask to be relieved of burdens (fear-angerturmoil weigh tons) and supplied with fresh peace (which is like a many-colored balloon). So I just walked away. For years and years I walked away from the little shop "just-forthee." I turned my back on it. I never considered what an insult that was to the Merchant-Friend. It took that long for me to get the Divine message. To make a long story short, the message was that the "just-forme" shop was actually a "justfor-us" shop, the "us" being the Friend and me.

The third time that I sought out the shop, I was heartened to see it was still there, door wide open, counters piled high with goods that people need that I need—and the Merchant-Friend, standing radiant, ready to give eternal goods to me. I was embarrassed, then absolutely swept in by a rush of love. My fears lost all their power, and so did my anger and my turmoil. I laid them down and used them for step-

ping stones. I turned the gray sheet inside out, and it became a rainbow-colored cape upon my shoulder, as I entered easily into the "just-for-us" shop. The Friend filled my arms with a supply not only of peace but also of strength.

"What else have you got?" I asked as I turned to go.

"Well," said the Friend. "We've got plenty of whatever is true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, gracious, excellent, and worthy of praise. Think about these things!"

I plan to return to the little "shop-justfor-us" daily. I might even like to take up residence there. The chief good that I wish now is the Merchant-Friend. Just being in that Presence is so fine! It is beyond all the goods piled high. I love to feel where good comes from.



New Scriptures

by Marcelle Martin

That all may know the dealings of the Lord with me, and the various exercises, trials, and troubles through which he led me in order to prepare and fit me for the work unto which he had appointed me, and may thereby be drawn to admire and glorify his infinite wisdom and goodness, I think fit (before I proceed to set forth my public travels in the service of Truth). briefly to mention how it was with me in my youth. and how the work of the Lord was begun and gradually carried on in me, even from my childhood.

Thus begins the autobiography of George Fox, called his journal, which he began dictating in 1674 or 1675, more than 20 years after he proclaimed the year of the Lord to a multitude from a rock on Firbank Fell. By the time Fox started composing his life story, it was evident what work God had prepared him to undertake. During the difficult years of his early seeking he suffered periods of tremendous unhappiness and temptation to despair and underwent a difficult puri-

Marcelle Martin has led "Writing a Spiritual Autobiography" at the Friends General Conference Gathering and at Newtown Square (Pa.) Meeting, where she is a member. fication process, during which he was shown that within him were the seeds of all evils in the world. In his early years of seeking God, he was "brought through the very ocean of darkness and death, and through the power and over the power of Satan," into what he testified was "the same power and Spirit that the prophets and apostles were in" and a sinless state. Divine Light, Truth, and transforming power were manifested through Fox's tireless ministry in subsequent decades. Thus, by the time he began his autobiography, it was evident that all his trials and troubles had served as preparation for his later work.

Those who write their spiritual autobiographies at an earlier stage in their lives, however, or whose life's work is not so striking, may write in order to understand for themselves the workings of God in their lives. I began keeping a journal as a young child, but since my early 30s have been feeling and responding to inner promptings to record the story of my life in a different way, focusing especially on the inner and spiritual dimensions of my experience. Some of the chief results of that work have been to see more clearly the shaping hand of God in my life, gradually to comprehend more of my life's purpose, and to have an ever clearer sense of where I am being led. I can therefore echo the words of Dorothy Day from the opening of her autobiography, The Long Loneliness: "I can write only of myself, what I know of myself, and I pray with St. Augustine, 'Lord, that I may know myself, in order to know Thee.'

I am not motivated to write of my life merely to receive personal illumination, however. Like so many writers of spiritual autobiography, I, too, hope through written accounts of my life to testify to the reality and power of God, that others might be helped to know the divine Presence and be transformed. The opening lines of John Woolman's journal tell that it was love that motivated him to write an account of his spiritual experience: "I have often felt a motion of love to leave some hints in writing of my experience of the goodness of God." Dorothy Day speaks of the same loving impulse: "Writing a book is hard, because you are 'giving yourself away.' But if you love, you want to give yourself."

It was her experience of a fulfilling love with her common-law husband and the joy of their daughter's birth that moved Dorothy Day, until then a secularly oriented social radical, to turn to God with gratitude and praise, thereby reorienting her entire life. In contrast, many spiritual autobiographies, including George Fox's, reveal that the point when an individual turns away from worldly values to focus increasingly on the Divine often comes after a painful recognition of something very wrong in themselves or in the surrounding culture, or both. Dan Wakefield's recent spiritual autobiography, Returning, opens with a vivid description of a crisis when he was overwhelmed by the destructiveness of his worldly ways:

One balmy spring morning in Hollywood, a month or so before my 48th birthday, I woke up screaming. I got out of bed, went into the next room, sat down on a couch, and screamed again.

The crisis in which he found himself gradually forced him to turn away from his former ways of living and return to the spirituality he had abandoned in childhood. Part of this process involved taking a course offered at his new church in "religious autobiography." Remembering, sharing, and writing about memories connected to his sense and experience of God gave him a new way to see his life. Writing this religious autobiography enabled him, he says, "to discern the spiritual direction of my own 'wandering path.' " Returning grew from this, and he began to teach the process to others. His subsequent book, The Story of Your Life: Writing a Spiritual Autobiography, is now a guide for many who wish to use writing to see the shape of their spiritual development and connect more consciously to the Divine. Wakefield insists that a clear concept or belief in God is not necessary:

Anyone who feels the awareness of [the] universal force in their life can write a spiritual autobiography. A person who feels no such awareness but wants to discover it, or to find a meaning in the absence of it, could write about that search: this would also be spiritual autobiography.

Wakefield's recent books are not the only useful guides available to those wishing to write a spiritual autobiography. The Intensive Journal Process, developed



in the 1960s and '70s by Ira Progoff, a proponent of depth psychology who studied with Jung, provides a system-

atic method of recalling all the important elements and experiences of one's life in a way that evokes wholeness and connects individuals with the spiritual nature and purpose of their lives.

After World War II, Progoff was haunted by the Nazi burning of sacred books. He often lay awake wondering what would happen if all the scriptures of the world were destroyed. One night he heard a voice, speaking in everyday tones, that answered his question: "We would, the voice said, simply draw new spiritual scriptures from the same great source out of which the old ones came." His opening is much like the one George Fox received that became a guiding principle for Friends, namely, the understanding that each can come into the same power and Spirit that the prophets and apostles were in when they wrote the Scriptures. The answer Progoff received to his question led to further inquiry and insight:

If mankind has the power to draw additional spiritual scriptures out of the depth of itself, why do we have to wait for a tyrant to burn our Bibles before we let ourselves create further expressions of the spirit? . . . It may indeed be that the creation of multiple spiritual scriptures, and especially the extension of old scriptures, is an event that needs to happen in our time as part of the further qualitative evolution of our species. Progoff developed the Intensive Journal method not only to help people contact their deep psychological and spiritual resources for individual integration, but also to encourage the process whereby holy scriptures of and for our time may be created by the collective testimony of numerous lives, as a valuable addition to the sacred scriptures of the past. Early Quakers, who kept spiritual journals and autobiographies in great numbers, may have been prompted, in part, by a similar motivation in corporately testifying to the work of God as manifested in their lives and times.

I have been helped in the ongoing process of writing my spiritual autobiography by workshops in the Intensive Journal Process and by Progoff's wonderful book, At A Journal Workshop; by Life's Companion: Journal Writing as a Spiritual Quest by Christina Baldwin; and by many other courses and books on using writing to tap into the deep springs of inner and spiritual experience.

I have learned that direct experience of the Divine cannot happen just through the thinking process; my mystical experiences have engaged not just my head but also my heart and my whole being. I am interested in Truth as it is revealed to, and experienced by, actual people in the context of their lives. I know God primarily through my own direct experience, and secondarily through the lived experiences of others, shared personally or in writing, including the Scriptures.

I have read dozens of moving and instructive spiritual autobiographies. In

On Paying Attention

by Amy Runge Gaffney

The disciplines writers practice are mostly internal and selfimposed. Perhaps the most challenging is that of paying attention. Paying attention to what is truly going on around and within us takes effort.

The "bug under the rug" is that the discipline of paying attention will inevitably push us at times to realizations that are difficult or painful. Some will require us to take actions we'd rather not take; others will place us in *Amy Runge Gaffney is a member of Chico* (*Calif.*) Meeting. quandaries from which there seems to be no escape. In this way, a writer's discipline can be personally challenging. The alternative to paying attention to life's realities—and ambiguities—is an endless number of small deaths: of experiences gone unrecognized and unappreciated; of missed opportunities to experience the world, to learn and grow. Lifeless writing is a result as well. Closing our eyes and our hearts to the truth of our experience reduces our observations to pap. addition to George Fox's journal, those that have had the most profound impact on me include Carl Jung's *Memories*, *Dreams, Reflections; Grace and Grit* by Ken Wilber; *Peace Pilgrim: Her Life and Work in Her Own Words*; and *The Autobiography of a Yogi* by Paramahansa Yogananda. I look forward to reading many more, including classic autobiographies of Christian mystics.

The patterns of the spiritual life that are revealed by reading Scripture and spiritual autobiographies can help us understand the deep inner purpose of many of our experiences and help us to accept more fully the joys and challenges of the spiritual journey. Reading how the Divine has manifested intimately in the daily lives of numerous individuals gives me glimpses of how humanity is being collectively shaped by God in ways prophesied in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, scriptural promises that the first Quakers recognized as being fulfilled in their day through their direct experience of being taught and led by God and Christ:

I will put my law within them and write it on their hearts. I will be their God, and they will be my people. None of them will have to teach his fellow countryman to know the Lord, because all will know me, from the least to the greatest. I will forgive their sins and I will no longer remember their wrongs. [Jer. 31:33– 34]

Though I love to read the spiritual stories of others, both in scriptures and in biographies, I repeatedly feel called to turn away from books to read what God has written in my own heart. This process feels lonely and painful at times. It takes time and patience. Ultimately it requires facing everything I have been; even more frightening, it requires me to awaken to what I am called to become.

In the particulars, if not in the larger patterns, our lives are unique, and we are each uniquely called. Writing the story of our spiritual experience, in journal or autobiography, can help us to discern that call, step by step. Many of the most important experiences in our lives are like time-release capsules. When they happen, we learn from them in a certain way, but often their transforming energy is not released all at once but gradually, bit by bit, as we become ready to integrate the transformation they activated. When we stop to reflect on our experiences at intervals later in our lives, as we do when

Continued on page 18

In the Silence by Vic Kryston

speak out of the silence. About 20 of us have gathered at Goose Creek (Va.) Meetinghouse one fall morning, not for meeting for worship but for a workshop in Ira Progoff's Intensive Journal. I tell those gathered the general idea behind the structure of the Intensive Journal. Unlike traditional journaling, the Intensive Journal is a structure that presents exercises designed to have us look at our lives in fresh and affirming ways. I explain that we should work toward making our writing as free, open, honest, and spontaneous as possible, and not to be concerned with issues of grammar or rhetoric; we are here to witness our thoughts, not to judge them. We will write knowing that no one else will ever read our journals without our permission.

We look at the journal book itself. It is a three-ring, loose-leaf binder, an easy device to add future writings. The book comes equipped with 21 color-coded dividers that mark off particular kinds of writings. All of our work is dated, this so we may return in future years and read what we have written on any given day: an invaluable aid to discovering all of the movements in our lives. On the cover is a circle surrounding a center point from which—or is it to which?—radiate a full supply of lines. Or rays? Or directions?

In my training to become an Intensive Journal consultant, I learned to end each set of directions with the phrase, "in the silence." Everyone is delighted by how particularly fitting a phrase this is given our location. I'm sure George Fox would approve.

In the Period Log we describe our own particular present moment. What is happening in our lives now? Who are the people, the projects, the feelings, the activities that fill our lives at this time in our journey? I suggest as a way to begin the words, "Now is a

Vic Kryston is a member of Goose Creek (Va.) Meeting.



time in my life when ...," and we write, the silence broken only by the soft whispers of pens marking our lives across journal paper. This writing will act as an anchor, a place to which all of the other work we do this weekend will connect.

Writing the Period Log is a fairly straightforward description, but a straightforward description is not the only way to account for what we experience. In doing this kind of journaling it is important to honor a deeper, more symbolic way of thinking. And so we sit in the silence, witnessing the random images that come to us all day long. Ephemeral glimpses of images that seem too meaningless, too irrelevant, to be of any use. When we are asleep, we call these images "dreams." When we are in an Intensive Journal Workshop, we call them "Twilight Images." Come to find out, the images that present themselves are another way of thinking about the concerns we describe in the Period Log. I notice more and more heads nod as people begin to see how their own connections play out.

Who we are today is formed by what we've experienced before. We list 12 or so "significant" events in our lives that come to us from the silence. "Significant" is meant to be a neutral term; it is neither good nor bad. Failures are equally important as successes. Nor do we mean significant in other people's terms; learning to blow bubbles with bubble gum was a significant moment to me, but perhaps not to anyone else at the workshop. All of our lives have both high and low points, and it is a good thing to look back over these highlights to catch the rhythm of life.

We list quickly, allowing only a phrase or two to sum up these moments. The somewhat arbitrary goal and limit of 12 Stepping-stones are enough to give us a sense of our life's movements, but few enough to cause us to make some forced choices.

The connections become more and more clear as we work to re-enter those times. Each Steppingstone event carries with it an embedded

collection of memories, ideas, feelings, and the like. We write to remember as much of them as we can. And as we write we find we are flooded with details and observations of those distant moments, discovering, perhaps, that making those choices, or having choices made for us, resemble in no small way the process we experience making choices in our lives today.

After the workshop, having learned the process, people will write whatever exercises to which they feel drawn. But in the workshop there is a structure. During the closing exercises we look at the structure and what has happened to us individually: our histories, our relationships, our inner and outer lives.

We review what we have written, making notes to ourselves about what might be written next. And then, we look at ourselves standing on the edge of a present moment, making written testament about where we've been and where we are going.



writing our autobiography, we learn from them in new ways.

Some may fear that writing a spiri-

tual autobiography is not time well spent. Though we can indeed become self-indulgent when writing about ourselves, ultimately recounting and understanding the story of our inner development is not solipsistic work, for if we go deeply enough within, we discover our intimate connections with all creation and with creation's Source. Doing so leads us into more profound spiritual experience and understanding, and ultimately takes us out into the world to share our transformation. If Friends turn inward intensively enough to contact and clearly hear the

Buttoned

by Gillie Bolton

O pening the button box can be taking the lid off a Box of Delights. No one has button boxes these days, I'm told: worn clothes are thrown away. I have two. One contains practical all-sorts and lives near needles and cottons.

The other button tin is kept with my work equipment, alongside shells, skulls, birds' nests, and so on (if you can imagine what such a so on could be). Its use is to create magical journeys: whether out into fictions of who could possibly have worn such outrageous glittery things; or inwards, perhaps towards memories of the clothes mother made.

My work is with all kinds of different people. Some are groups of unemployed people at one of the residential colleges. Most of them, however, are health professionals who expend energy, time, and love caring for other people. They have little time and almost no encouragement to reflect productively on the sometimes painful, sometimes elating, aspects of their work.

Gillie Bolton is a member of Balby (Britain) Meeting and the author of several adult religious education resources for Britain Yearly Meeting. Guide, we will all be led to play our given roles in blessing others. The act of changing the world must come as a consequence of our inner change and as a manifestation of God's intention; it must not merely be an acting out of our own agendas, however lofty. As John Woolman explained, while discussing how he was taught to become a "channel of the true gospel ministry":

From an inward purifying and steadfast abiding under [the pure Spirit], springs a lively operative desire for the good of others. All faithful people are not called to public ministry, but whoever are, are called to minister of that which they have tasted and handled spiritually.

If Friends are not having the transforming effect in the world that we once did, perhaps it is because we are not go-

ing inward deeply enough to be truly purified; maybe we are not reading the law that is written on our hearts; maybe we have not digested our own spiritual experiences well enough to make a transforming testimony; maybe we don't know the Divine as intimately as we are invited to do; and maybe we are not surrendering to the Light, individually and collectively, sufficiently to become channels of the true gospel ministry, as John Woolman was. To become the agents for the Spirit's transformation of human culture that we aspire to be, we must become highly sensitive to the operations of the Light within us, that it might flow through us without impediment. Keeping a journal of one's inner life and writing a spiritual autobiography can be powerful ways to open oneself to the movement of the Spirit.

I run courses offering them space to explore aspects of their professional selves and whatever aspects of their private selves seem appropriate. The medium we use for these explorations is a powerful

and sensitive therapeutic tool that, having practiced, they can use with their clients or patients.

We write together. We listen intently, laugh, and cry at each other's stories. Everyone comes thinking only writers or academics or very clever people can write. They go home clutching a new knowledge to themselves: they can write vivid accounts. These stories have not only created intense interest and response for the rest of the group, but have opened up fresh avenues of thinking and feeling, fresh experiences.

Writing about things helps sort them out; it gently pushes understandings deeper; it creates fresh angles and insights; it is pri-

vate—no one need read it, ever; it can be burnt along with the angry or fearful feeling; it can still be there the next day in the same form to be extended, drawn upon, reconsidered, perhaps opinions reversed.

And buttons? Many, many things can

Everyone comes thinking only writers or academics or very clever people can write. They go home clutching a new knowledge.

set one musing and exploring in writing. A pile of buttons, laid out on the floor and played with by group (an inservice training day school at Leeds University), made one woman remember her first pair of jeans—

ber her first pair of jeans bought by herself aged 13. We had begun with group members each choosing a set of buttons for a partner. We were all strangers to each other, so this became a delicate and delightful sort of introduction.

Many of us wrote about childhood clothes. One man explored feelings of being buttoned in, buttoned up in his work. Another woman wrote about the way buttons connect two halves together temporarily, as in sex and love.

A button box could be a Pandora's Box, offering images to one of my group's patients for the exploration in writing of otherwise impossible memories or fears. Oddly enough, for a female-associated and

feminine-shaped object, the word *but-ton* derives from one meaning strike or thrust. I certainly find they have a surprising impact.

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A Through Line

by Nancy Wick

was 16 the first time it happened. A junior in high school, I was a walk-on for the newspaper staff, with absolutely no experience in journalism. I got my first assignment, did the interview, and boom, I found myself doing something I knew how to do, even though I'd never done it before.

Fast forward ten years. I was unemployed and reading what was then a new book, *What Color is Your Parachute?* The exercises made it clear that whatever I did next, it had to include writing. A year later I was in the newsroom of the local newspaper, feeling unmistakably at home, even though I'd never been in a city newsroom before.

Ten more years went by, and I was in a new city with no job and no money. I told myself I would take anything that paid the rent, but I was lucky. The local university wanted me to help produce its faculty/staff newspaper. I wrote my first story and felt that feeling again: at home, at my center.

Another decade takes me up to last year. My friend Tom, who edits an alumni magazine, called me and begged me to do a last-minute assignment. It was a historical story, like nothing I'd ever done before, but as I sat in the library poring over the personal papers of my subject, I felt the excitement, the feeling of "yes, this is just where I'm supposed to be."

It sounds like a through line, and in one sense it is. Viewed all at once, there is no mistaking the promptings of the spirit: I am led to write. It's that simple. But being human, I have made it complex. I have delayed it with my fear. I have confounded it with my ego. And I have confused it with my guilt. Fortunately, spirit is stronger than I am. I always come back home.

My first stirrings, back in high school, were like being touched by magic. To discover something you can do well almost without effort is exhilarating. I don't

Nancy Wick lives in Seattle, Wash., where she is a member of Salmon Bay Meeting. Her life can be summarized in the inscription on a sweatshirt she sometimes wears: "Writing is a life sentence."

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mean to imply that my first pieces of writing were of professional quality; rather, I was like the person who has perfect pitch but still needs to train his or her voice. I just had this strong feeling: I know how to do this. When my first story was published with minimal changes, I was affirmed in that belief. So why after begging my parents to send me to the University of Missouri, one of the finest journalism schools in the country did I not major in journalism?

The answer is fear, which has been

enemy number one. At Missouri, one spends two years in the liberal arts before entering the journalism school. I did my two years, was accepted to j-school, then changed my mind and my major at the last minute. I told myself it was because I loved theater (which I did) and wanted to spend more time on it, but the truth was, I was terrified.

What was I afraid of? Strange as it sounds, I think I was afraid to be myself. I had the "Who am I?" problem: Who am I to think I can succeed at the best journalism school in the country? Who am I to think I can go around asking important people questions and getting answers?

And the real kicker: Who am I to think my writing is good enough? In high school I had been a big fish in a little pond; at Missouri, I was just one of many talented writers. I was in awe of the others; I was jealous of them. I was afraid to join the race for fear a loss would hurt too much.

But as I said, the promptings of the spirit are strong. Five years after graduating from college, I was back in journalism, having convinced the local newspaper editor to give me a chance on the strength of clips from my student newspapers. I didn't lose my fear though, and now that I had dared to work at a job that really mattered to me, it became entangled with my second enemy, ego.

I have said that journalistic writing came easily to me. That was both a blessing and a curse. The blessing is obvious; the curse came about because newspaper editors are busy, harried people. They tend to pay attention to that which demands attention and to slough off that which doesn't. They knew and I knew that I could write an acceptable story with minimal editing, so I did, and they let me do it. Over time I began to feel that I didn't need editing, so in the years when I should have been seeking out feedback and working to improve, I was turning out story after story on my own.

The results were predictable. I got better and better at doing the same things, but I didn't grow much. One might have

Writing wouldn't go away. I tried to leave the field several times, but I always returned. When opportunities are repeatedly thrown at your feet, you can be sure spirit has a hand in it. said I was arrogant, but that wouldn't have been true. I was fearful and so personally invested in my writing that I couldn't distinguish editing that would help me from a personal attack. In my own defense, I also lacked a mentor. From the time I joined the newspaper staff. I was steadfastly uninterested in the attentiongetting beats: city government, the courts, social services. I knew myself to be a feature writer, and as such I attracted little attention from the hardnosed newsmen who ran my paper.

After all, these "soft" stories didn't really matter. It was then that my third enemy, guilt, began to enter the picture.

Whenever I thought seriously about what I was doing, I couldn't help questioning it. Not only were attacks on "the media" everywhere, but since I wasn't writing the sort of thing that would, say, bring down a president, I had to ask myself, "What good do I do in the world?" Writing a nice feature on the newly started ballet troupe or the theater production opening next week was all very well, but in the grand scheme of things it was meaningless. Why, then, did my writing matter? Why give so much energy to making it better? Why strive to overcome my fear, put my ego on the line? But if I didn't,



how could I go on with my life? There would then be no purpose.

There is only one answer to all these

questions. I can't say I found it in a blinding flash of light; rather, it came to me gradually, in a series of events.

First, there were books. There was Barbara Sher's *Teamworks*, a book that argues people need a team of supportive friends if they are to achieve their goals. Most people fail not because they are lazy or unmotivated, Sher says, but because they need others to help them and cheer them on. Shortly after reading this book, I collaborated with another member of my meeting to form a group called Leadings. The group, which is still meeting, supports its members as they follow their leadings.

Then there was *The Artist's Way*. Julia Cameron's book helped me to see myself as an artist—a writer instead of a daily hack. I adopted the practice she recommended of doing morning pages—three pages of longhand writing first thing in the morning. The purpose is to dump everything onto the page, to clear the worries and fears away so as to make room for creativity.

In the 18 months I have done morning pages and attended the Leadings group,

My Most Appreciative Audience by Robert Kunkel

n 1818 the Chief Justice of Ceylon wrote that the Governor spent his time "writing himself to death about every trifle and nonsense that entered his brain." I know the temptation.

I write a great deal, taking pleasure in the act of composition even when my words are unlikely to be read by anyone other than myself. In fact, narcissistic as it may sound, one of my keener pleasures is to find amusement or edification in words that I myself once wrote and have since forgotten. "How nice," I think, "to rediscover a half-forgotten author with a mind so like my own."

I recently found a poem in a drawer where I tend to "file" things that I am not yet ready to throw away.

All Things Stream Away

The rain that taps the roof And murmurs in the spouts Falls softly on the Neuse, Whose further shore, aloof, Hides in a veil of mist. The tide turning, the day Ending, the river blending, Somewhere, with the bay, All things dissolve, sway, Ebb, flow—world without end.

Robert Kunkel is a member of Chapel Hill (N.C.) Meeting and the FRIENDS JOURNAL Board of Managers. I wrote this poem, or a draft of it, some years ago while staying in a house by the Neuse River in North Carolina. The Neuse is there a tidal river, a variable mix of salt and fresh water, and very wide. On the rainy afternoon I wrote the poem I had a fever and sat quietly for several hours by a window staring at the river, the rain, and the mist.

When I couldn't get the poem to come out right I soon gave up on it. When I came upon it recently, though, it seemed obvious what needed to be done to it. I ruthlessly lopped off an additional two and a half stanzas that had gone nowhere, made a few minor changes in what remained, and came up with a new title. I also came to see clearly for the first time what the poem was really about. That, of course, might mean that I decided what I wanted it to be about now, but I prefer to think that to some extent I discovered what my half-forgotten collaborator actually had in mind, five or six years back, although he himself didn't realize it.

My new title, "All Things Stream Away," is a loose translation of a saying attributed by Plato to the pre-Socratic philosopher Heraclitus, "All things flow; nothing abides," which Plato couples with another supposed saying of Heraclitus, "You can't set foot in the same river twice." Similarly, in what may or may not be an authentic fragment of Heraclitus' lost book, we find, "We step and do not the following things have happened:

- I presented an academic paper to a conference, and the paper was accepted for publication.
- · I won eight writing awards.
- I got the prospectus for my dissertation approved and began the dissertation.
- I acquired an accomplished editor with whom I am working to develop a longer, more literary piece.

How did all this happen? It would be incorrect to say I have defeated my enemies. These are enemies that do not die. Let us say I have learned to dance with my enemies. More important, I have learned that I do not fight alone.

If I could sum up Barbara Sher's mes-

step into the same rivers; we are and are not."

As it happens, I have excellent reason to believe that my collaborator knew virtually nothing about Heraclitus when he placed his unfinished poem in my desk drawer. However, his title for the poem, "River," although apt enough in its own right, suggests to me that he may have been thinking, if only half-consciously, of the saying, "You can't set foot in the same river twice." Anyway, it's evident to me that he was thinking about the mutability of the world we live in. It turns out, though (look at that last fragment again), that what Heraclitus may have been thinking is not that rivers change, but that we change. Or maybe, that we and the world are changing simultaneously.

We long for permanence. "Oh thou who changest not, abide in me." And to some extent we get it; when I read something I wrote and have forgotten, I am pleased to find someone who so much resembles myself, and I fancy that this erstwhile "me" would be glad to know how much I appreciate him. But I also note our differences. That half-forgotten writer knew things I don't, and I know things he didn't: sometimes I like him very much, and sometimes he makes me wince. And I see that he lived in a world that both resembles and does not resemble the one in which I find myself today.

sage in one sentence, this would be it: "Isolation is the dream killer, not your bad attitude." This is a sentence she repeats like a mantra, and I think of it often as I work to overcome fear. I had been writing professionally for 20 years before I entered the Leadings group, but I had never won an award for my work. Some years I would send off one entry I agonized over and not win anything; other years I didn't enter at all. I also had been a graduate student for several years, but had never submitted a paper to a professional conference. In both cases there was the fear of not being good enough, the inability to put the ego on the line.

With the group's encouragement, I began to take risks. I went to a colleague to get help picking entries for two different contests; I went to a fellow graduate student to seek advice on the paper I wanted to submit. When it was time for the presentation, I practiced—with my Leadings group and with a graduate colleague. The presentation went so well that the chair of my panel invited me to submit it to a publication; a number of my contest entries won.

Guilt was a more difficult, though less obvious, opponent. Fear and ego kept me from putting what I had done out into the world; guilt would discourage me from doing anything to begin with. After all, why do it? It's just another feature story in a publication that will be thrown away tomorrow. It didn't help that over the course of my career I had developed a speciality in the personal profile. When I could have been writing about important issues that affected people's lives, I was writing about people's lives—ordinary people's lives.

It all started when I was on the arts beat and was frequently called upon to write about individual artists of all kindsvisual artists, dancers, actors, directors, musicians. In each case, we talked about what they did, but we also talked about how they had come to do that thing. I was fascinated. I began seizing upon any pretext to ask people about their lives beyond the specific assignment I'd been given. Each time there was a characteristic reaction. The person would stop, surprised, look at me with a smile, and begin to tell the story. I learned that if I just acted interested and listened, people would tell me almost anything-even private things they rarely spoke of.

I didn't have to fake my interest. I felt privileged to receive a person's story. In return I tried to pull the threads together, find the through line, write it like the drama it was. Very often I would receive thanks from the subject after it was published, saying something like "I can't believe you took my disjointed ramblings and made something interesting out of it." I was proud of these stories, felt attached to them. Yet I kept thinking, "What good is this? So I make my subjects and their friends happy for a little while—so what?"

Then came the day I was assigned to do a profile of a man who had run a university press for many years. I was on a tight deadline. I was interviewing him Thursday afternoon, then had Friday and Monday morning to write it. He was leaving town Tuesday morning, and I needed to show him the copy before he left. He rambled. I thought as I sat there making notes and watching my tape recorder turn, "How am I ever going to make something out of this?"

The interview concluded, I went home and forgot about it. Or I thought I did. The following morning as I stood in the shower, the lead came to me. I wrote it down quickly. When I got to work, I transferred what I had written into the computer and kept on going . . . and going. By the time I went to lunch I'd finished what looked like half a story. The rest came just as easily Monday morning. I read it, polished it, and faxed it off to my subject. He loved it. It had been easy, almost like taking dictation. My hands were on the keys, but the words came from somewhere else. If someone had asked me where I got the idea to tell the story in that particular way, I wouldn't have had an answer.

Did that mean it wasn't me doing the writing? Did that mean I was just a stenographer for the great writer in the sky? If so, why did I feel most myself when I was doing this? I thought of my profile subjects, of the thing that had always struck me about people's lives. It was the flukes, the seemingly random events that led them to do what they did. The press director I had just talked to had been heading to Harvard for a graduate degree in American studies when he was offered a year's internship in scholarly publishing. "I'll do this for a year," he thought. "Then I'll go to graduate school." Of course he never got there. Spirit had other ideas for him. I thought of my own life, of how I'd joined the high school newspaper staff "on a whim." I thought of how I'd shrunk



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from the challenge of a journalism major, only to end up working for a newspaper.

I thought of how

I'd left the newspaper and moved to another city believing I would do something else for a living. But within two years I was back at it. Were these really flukes? Mightn't they instead be nudgings from spirit, hints about where I was "supposed" to be? I began to think that just as I had three enemies, so too, did I have three friends—three reassurances that I am following a true leading.

First, I knew how to write newspaper stories before I had ever written one. Such an ability had to be a gift of the spirit; my obligation was to use it and develop it to the fullest extent possible. Second, whenever I was doing this writing I felt at home, at my center. How could such a feeling lead me astray? And third, writing just wouldn't go away. I tried to leave the field several times, but I always returned. When such opportunities are repeatedly thrown at your feet, you can be sure spirit has a hand in it.

So it seems my writing is a leading, but to go back to my earlier questions, is it really my writing? The answer, I have finally decided, is yes and no. At its best, my writing is the most authentic expression of myself that I know. But to achieve that best, I must move my "little self" out of the way and hook up to something greater. My best work, in other words, comes through me and not from me. It belongs to my Self but not to my self.

I would be lying if I said I was able to do this with everything I write. I am still dancing with my enemies just as often as I leave them behind to be the wallflowers they deserve to be. But with every instance of letting go, of letting the words come through me, I experience a freedom. My ego is not on the line so there is nothing to be afraid of. And how could I feel guilty when spirit is my partner? I still have no idea what good there is in writing the things I write. But then, it isn't my part to know, is it? It's my part to follow where I am led.

A Journal about Meeting for Worship

by Mariellen O. Gilpin

wenty-five years ago. I began writing about meetings for worship to help me reflect on the ministries. Sometimes I have recorded in a journal and sometimes in letters. Currently I am writing about worship experiences to two Friends who are far from a meeting; it's a way of helping them keep in touch with our meeting and with their own spirituality. Keeping a journal helps me listen in the Spirit. Often I am still listening several hours after completing the journal entry, reinforcing the attitude of openness to the wind of Spirit that meeting for worship brings about.

I try to remember the gist, the kernel, of each ministry. Sometimes I can retain a ministry almost intact: the words, the images, the dynamics that lead from introduction to conclusion. Sometimes I only remember the barest outline of the ministry; whatever I can remember, I try to write down.

Sometimes a phrase will linger in my mind long after a ministry, often repeating itself in my worship. I try to record those phrases in as much of the speaker's context as I can remember.

I record what I know of the worshipper's spiritual journey. Each person in meeting is wrestling with God

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

in his or her own way, about his or her own issues; God deals with each of us in the terms most appropriate for us.

I try to reflect on the speaker's needs; sometimes I am moved to pray about the worshipper's issues. More often, I am filled with a sense of wonder as I observe the individual finding his or her own sense of direction over the lifetime of an issue; if I pray, it is a word of gratitude for what has been given to my friend in meeting for worship.

I try to reflect on my own issues in light of what the speaker has shared. Sometimes it leads to ministry during meeting, in which case I record it in my journal. Often I reflect and do not share in meeting at that time, and then I record my private thoughts. Sometimes the effort to write down what I've thought during meeting helps me listen further to the Spirit and get closer to a resolution of my issues.

I began my journaling of meetings for worship in order to reflect on the spoken ministry, but rapidly was reminded that Spirit was in the silences. Trying to describe a silence in words has been a challenge I have frequently failed to meet. I find myself sharing someone's words, and simply recording that the ministry was followed by a living silence, or that the silence deepened.

When there is a lot of ministry, recording the silences helps to differentiate meeting for worship from a conversation. Sometimes all the ministry of a particular meeting follows a single theme, as in a memorable Easter Sunday when many Friends shared their deeply felt experience about forgiving. I spent that afternoon lovingly reconstructing not only the words of each speaker, but the order in which ministries occurred and the deep silences between. It seemed to me that each ministry followed on what previous speakers had said, and that the Spirit was also in what was not said. My letter was an attempt to follow the Spirit from speaker to speaker, recording also the silences so that the Spirit's work in the silences could be sensed.

When there is only a little spoken ministry, I journal what happened for me in the silence—I started meeting dealing with an issue, ascended into the wordlessness of deep inner silence, returned refreshed sometime later, and looked around me to realize that others had been beyond words for a while as well. It's as if we all breathe in at once, and realize that we have been Elsewhere. The wind of Spirit has held us, and has let us go.

Art, Life, and Light by Lucy Aron

need to write. And I need to worship. When I pick up my pen or sit down at the computer, I engage in a process not unlike what happens when I center down at meeting. Time slows. I become contemplative. There is a silence and a waiting. Both can try the patience. Both I have learned to trust. Without the silence and the wait-

ing, what needs to be expressed will not emerge. The more I allow them space and time, the richer, more authentic the outcome. Though it sometimes feels like a void, the waiting is dynamic. When I am immersed in the silence, a communion occurs between myself and what Thomas Kelly calls "the Bevond that is within." Like the exchange of oxygen and carbon dioxide in my body, the interplay fosters my growth and sustains me.

I began writing out of desperation. Because of a long ill-

ness I could do little else. I did not feel that I was in possession of any particularly profound take on reality. I just had to write.

The creative process is therapeutic, but as I continued, my writing became less cathartic and more re-

Lucy Aron is a member of Santa Barbara (Calif.) Meeting.

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flective. I began to find my voice, my reality. I did not intend to use language as a means for achieving insight or discernment. I simply wrote and wrote. In my naivete, I believed that writing consisted of recording what I knew, or thought I knew. What I discovered is that clarity and illumination emerge from writing.

They are its effect, not its source.

Writing is communication as well as selfexpression. The words communication and community have the same linguistic root. Both, so integral to the corporate worship of Friends, imply a sharing. In the gathered meeting, the Light of each enhances the whole. It's about connectedness-with each other and with something more, higher, deeper, brighter. When the writer speaks her truth, she becomes a conduit of something more, higher, deeper, brighter. The Light of that truth generates a sympathetic resonance between herself and the reader.

In meeting, as in writing, I'm often drenched in doubt. Yet a sense of reverence for the process gives me courage to confront the initial chaos of thought with its convoluted pathways, to explore the infinite nuances of language and the complexities of emotion. Ideas, words, and feelings spin, wheel, transmute, ferment. There is more silence. More waiting. More

turbulence. Sometimes, through an inexplicable alchemy-and grace-all coalesce into something unique. The Light blazes.

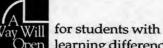
At other times, however, I see only a dimness. I'm learning to make peace with the mystery, with times of creative or spiritual desiccation. Again and again they call upon my capacity to trust, to open my heart, to let go. They're lessons in acceptance.

I'm also learning to embrace what I do see. In 1908, Caroline Stephen wrote, "Many a painful revelation is made to us in these hours; many an unwelcome duty opened before us; many a secret weakness laid bare." There are times, indeed, when I feel that I'm being devoured by my own shadows. I want to resist. But when I'm willing to honor those crabbed corners and gnarled, murky niches of the self, the darkness generates its own light. It is an arduous, exquisite journey from the opaque to the pellucid.

Perhaps had I had the choice I would have chosen a more comfortable religion or a less demanding art. But probably not. I distrust facile answers, institutionalized mandates and homilies, a paint-by-the-numbers response to life. They engender complacency. I'm certain that, in a sense, my religion and my art have chosen me because I need them for my unfolding. Like nature or music or friendship, they teach me about what matters. They increase me. The challenges energize, the revelations fortify. There is power, magic, and miracle. I am amazed and humbled; I am unspeakably grateful.



When I pick up my pen or sit down at the computer, I engage in a process not unlike what happens when I center down at meeting. Both can try the patience. Both I have learned to trust.



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Special Books Section · Review-Essay

Leading by Serving: One Friend's Witness

by Lee Neff

In the early 1980s, did you receive an invitation to become a part of the John Woolman Institute of Persuasion? Neither did I. But we shouldn't feel too neglected by the Institute's selection panel, for both it and the institute itself were born of the imagination of Robert K. Greenleaf, a Quaker who died at Crosslands retirement community in 1990. He had been a member of Monadnock (N.H.) and Kendal (Pa.) Meetings who hoped for building and supporting institutions with a commitment to community and to the growth of all those whose lives they touch.

As Greenleaf wrote in a 1983 "Fable," the John Woolman Institute of Persuasion was set up by six foundation representatives who had concluded that,

with the exception of the evangelical churches, all the rest of the churches were declining in influence, and some were declining in members as well. Most of them seemed not to have in them, or have available from denominational bodies or seminaries, the self-regenerating capacity to rebuild their influence or sustain their members. . . . The basic deficiency seemed to be that churches were not adequately serving contemporary society. They were not healing or immunizing society from widespread alienation; and they were not preparing and supporting people as they build and maintain serving institutions in business, government, education, health, and social service.

To find out what Greenleaf's fictional John Woolman Institute of Persuasion accomplished by the year 2000, you will have to obtain a copy of Seeker and Servant, a collection of primarily unpublished essays by Robert K. Greenleaf published earlier this year and edited by Anne T. Fraker and Larry C. Spears, executive director of the Robert K. Greenleaf Center for Servant-Leadership and a member of the Religious Society of Friends. The collection is subtitled Reflections on Religious Leadership, and it is divided into four sections, all offering sustenance to Friends who wish to provide leadership within their meetings, families, businesses, and contemporary society as a whole.

In Part One, "Nurturing the Spirit: The Challenges of Religious Leadership," and Part Two, "Leaders and Inspirited Persons," Greenleaf focuses on qualities of leadership that can lead "toward a more caring and less power-ridden society." His ideal leaders

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Seeker and Servant, ed. by Anne T. Fraker and Larry C. Spears. Jossey-Bass, San Francisco, Calif., 1996. 359 pages. \$30/ hardcover.

On Becoming a Servant-Leader, ed. by Don M. Frick and Larry C. Spears. Jossey-Bass, San Francisco, Calif., 1996. 394 pages. \$28/ hardcover.

Reflections on Leadership, ed. by Larry C. Spears. John Wiley and Sons, New York, N.Y., 1995. 352 pages. \$25/hardcover.

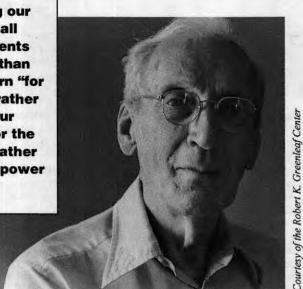
(George Fox, John Woolman, Nikolai Grundtvig, Pope John XXIII) are invariably informed by the best Friends attributes. They are good listeners, mediators, consensus finders, healers. They listen for the truth and believe that truth is continually revealed.

Part Three, "Seminaries, Churches, and Foundations: Partners in Spirit," and Part Four, "Toward the Caring Community: Reflections of Seeking, Giving, and Receiving," challenge contemporary religious institutions and individual seekers to "improve the serving quality of all institutions." In one of the essays, "On Being a Seeker in the Late Twentieth Century" (originally published in FRIENDS JOURNAL, Sept. 15, 1975), Greenleaf compares the times in which Quakerism was founded to the late 20th century.

What made George Fox's service to seekers (and their response to him) so exemplary was the significant move to new and more exacting ethical standards, the force of which carries to this day. Fox's major contribution was not his theology, not even his encouragement to care for suffering-important as these were. Rather, it seems to me, what gave durability to the Quaker tradition was the practical result that so many of those who called themselves Friends behaved more lovingly toward all creatures and assumed an impressive level of responsibility for their society and its institutions. Perhaps the most innovative result was that, by the effort of those whom Fox inspired, the quality of some contemporary institutions, notably commerce, was markedly improved.

Robert K. Greenleaf's life and work are witness to the belief that we, Friends who live our faith, can continue to improve the quality of contemporary institutions. We can see ourselves as part of a nonexistent but powerful John Woolman Institute of Persuasion; using

Hope for improving our society rests with all people's commitments to "justice (rather than order)," and concern "for the performance (rather than the form) of our institutions, and for the appropriateness (rather than the result) of power and authority."



our faith and sustenance from Friends, we can find renewed energy to "build and maintain serving institutions in business, government, education, health, and social service." Either for Friends who have given themselves to the service sector for a lifetime or for Friends who have only recently begun to wonder how to fully connect faith and work, *Seeker and Servant* is a powerful and inspiring collection of writings.

Seeker and servant are also two apt words to describe Robert K. Greenleaf's approach to his own life and work. For 36 years Greenleaf worked for AT&T in management research, development, and education. His primary mission was to use his unique gifts to influence the institution from the inside. In On Becoming a Servant-Leader, a companion collection to Seeker and Servant, Greenleaf reveals that an AT&T president once described him as a "kept revolutionary."

In 1964 Greenleaf retired from AT&T to think, write, consult, and teach. In 1970, after reading Herman Hesse's *Journey to the East*, he wrote his inspiring essay, "The Servant as Leader," the first of many writings on the servant-leader concept, which he defined like this:

The servant-leader is servant first. . . . It begins with the natural feeling that one wants to serve, to serve first. Then conscious choice brings one to aspire to lead. . . . The difference manifests itself in the care taken by the servant—first to make sure that other people's highest priority needs are being served. The best test, and difficult to administer, is: do those served grow as persons; do they, while being served, become healthier, wiser, freer, more autonomous, more likely themselves to become servants? And, what is the effect on the least privileged in society; will they benefit, or at least not be further deprived?

Well known in business and nonprofit leadership circles, Greenleaf and the servant-leadership concept are scen as the "grandfather" of contemporary leadership models that emphasize service to others, shared decision-

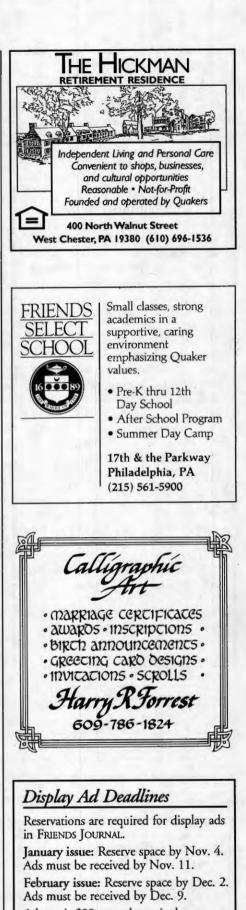
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making, and the integration of personal and spiritual growth with work. In fact, it is through Greenleaf's writing on servant-leadership that many aspects of Quaker belief and process have been introduced to nonQuaker organizations.

Also published in 1996, On Becoming a Servant-Leader is edited by Don M. Frick and Larry C. Spears. In Part One, Greenleaf traces his own becoming a servant-leader in a previously unpublished manuscript entitled "The Ethic of Strength." Focusing on his belief that change in family, political system, or society always begins with the individual, this series of essays describing his own search for personal strength was written for young people, as was Part Three, "Leadership and the Individual: The Dartmouth Lectures." Greenleaf's work on college campuses in the 1960s might have left him, as many others, feeling depressed about the alienation of young people. Rather he found hope in the "widespread disenchantment with this society among contemporary young people and their determination to do something about its failures." He energetically sought to help young people defy cynicism and heal the distrust and alienation characterizing their elders' institutions.

In fact, he had the same message for able young people who want "to use their lives well in a progressively more structured, more complex, more organized world" that he had for the older generation in control: prepare to both serve and lead. He often used John Woolman, "the model of the great and gentle persuader," as an example of one whose work changed a fundamental, societal institution:

By 1770, almost a hundred years before the Civil War, no slaves were held by Friends, almost wholly the result of the single-handed effort of John Woolman, who, over a period of 30 years, traveled by foot and horseback up and down the East coast talking to slaveholding Quakers one at a time, persuading them to free their slaves... His main



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argument was not that it would be better for the slaves, although he believed it would be. His main attack was questioning the slaveholder: "What does slaveholding do to you, as a person? What kind of moral institution are you binding over to your children?"

The question is a good one in this time: What kinds of moral institutions are we binding over to our children?

Throughout his entire life, Greenleaf found new wisdom in reflecting on his own past experiences and the lives of individuals he admired, new ways to share those continuing revelations with others, and the foresight to know that hope for improving our society rests with all people's commitments to "justice (rather than order)," and concern "for the performance (rather than the form) of our institutions, and for the appropriateness (rather than the result) of power and authority." Whether we who are Friends are working within Quaker organizations or those secular organizations that link us with wider society, we can learn from Greenleaf's example to become more effective servantleaders.

A third recently published volume, Reflections on Leadership, examines "How Robert K. Greenleaf's Theory of Servant-Leadership Influenced Today's Top Management Thinkers." Again edited by Larry C. Spears of the Robert K. Greenleaf Center, this collection of essays focuses on the application and practice of Greenleaf's principles in a wide variety of businesses and organizations. Among this collection of essays are particularly thoughtful reflections by Carl Rieser, M. Scott Peck, Isabel O. Lopez, and Peter M. Senge. As a whole, the collection is a candid, down-toearth discussion with individuals who have applied Greenleaf's ideas to their own lives and leadership challenges and have found his guidance helpful.

In "Pyramids, Circles, and Gardens: Stories of Implementing Servant-Leadership," Don M. Frick writes about the courageous people who have used the ideas of Greenleaf and others whom he inspired to change the institutions in which they work:

They have joined with their coworkers in redefining the workplace to make it an integrated expression of the human spirit. In the process, they have dismantled pyramids, turned squares and triangles into circles, invented new metaphors to explain the process, and have continued planting and nurturing their new gardens. A few are "kept revolutionaries" like Greenleaf, working quiet alchemy to turn organizational lead into gold. Others are more open and systematic about the process. None of the resulting new structures is alike because each is a product of human creativity and openness unleashed in a specific situation.

It is said that there are no Quaker voices in this collection. Friends who seek to both serve and lead need to catch up with nonFriends who have already found Robert K. Greenleaf's

writings profoundly helpful. These three volumes provide more than an introduction to Greenleaf's teachings. They can help Friends relate servant-leadership to their own religious seeking; follow the path of one individual as he applies the fundamental testimonies and practices of Quakerism to the opportunities we have to improve all of the institutions we work with and for; and hear current witness to the successful and practical application of Greenleaf's ideas.

In the foreword to Seeker and Servant, Parker Palmer writes,

I had the privilege of knowing Bob Greenleaf and of spending time with him in conversation. He was a realist about institutions and leadership, and his discourse was always tinged with the sadness that comes when one is too experienced to expect miracles. But at the same time, his discourse was laced with the liveliness that comes when one knows that the human heart has the potential to transcend the most demanding of circumstancesand even to find in those very circumstances the energy of transcendence itself.

The ultimate test of Robert Greenleaf's hope for institutions is not to be found in a critical analysis of the words he left behind. It is to be found in the willingness of those of us who read these words to incarnate them in the living of our lives.

As Max DePree writes in the foreword of Reflections on Leadership, "Servant-leadership is never permissive. It always sets high standards of being and doing. It is an idea and a process that follows a path of study, reflection, practice, and evaluation. It is the one setting in which the mystery of potential can be adequately plumbed." This collection of essays, "makes clear that crucial to good practice in leadership is the understanding that what we intend to be determines what we are able to do."

If we care for the aging, vote in local and national elections, serve on the board of a Friends school, own a small business, or belong to a Quaker meeting, we work in a structure that can be improved by servantleadership. These volumes of Robert Greenleaf's essays and about the impact of his ideas can do much to sustain our commitment to "improve the serving quality of all institutions."

Further information about these books can also be obtained from The Robert K. Greenleaf Center for Servant-Leadership, 921 East 86th Street, Suite 200, Indianapolis, IN 46240, telephone (317) 259-1241. First founded in 1964 as The Center for Applied Ethics, The Greenleaf Center is a membership organization that sponsors workshops and conferences and publishes and distributes a wide array of essays, books, and other materials on the subject of servant-leadership.

The Covenant Crucified: Quakers and the Rise of Capitalism

By Douglas Gwyn. Pendle Hill Publications, Wallingford, Pa., 1995. 403 pages. \$16/ paperback.

This is a large book packed with provocative ideas. Among them is the theme of God's covenant, of which there are two sorts in the Bible. Gwyn sketches covenant theology as experienced by Hebrews, early Christians, and mid-17th-century Friends. Covenant is juxtaposed with the contracts of capitalism, which seek to make everything and everyone into a commodity that has a value (or not) in the marketplace. Gwyn uses a Marxist lens to view the paradigm shift in modes of production from feudalism to capitalism, and sees early Friends offering a radical challenge at the focal point of the shift. As history unfolded, capitalism won, with the result that spirituality and the sacred are banished to the realm of personal opinion, and the secular, scientific, rational marketplace is seen as "reality."

Gwyn's major thesis is that early Friends combined personal salvation with sociopolitical-economic transformation through a spirituality of desolation. The Light showed them not only their own dark, shadow selves, but also unmasked the political, economic, social, and religious idols of their time. The resulting crisis of despair was resolved by yielding to Christ Within, who consoled them, but also led them to be a living challenge to the status quo. They experienced the paradoxical reality of inward freedom, peace, and joy while enduring the violent opposition of

the enraged power structure. They called this spiritual exercise "the cross." It is the necessary refining fire by which we learn, in each moment, to follow God's will rather than our own. But this intensely private, individual "inner work" was organically connected to the group. Friends as a corporate entity embodied God's hand reaching into history at a specific time and place. It was Friends' communal life, their communal covenant, through which they offered a new political, social, ecclesiastical, and economic possibility. But such a covenant was ob- 3 tained only by individuals experiencing "the cross."

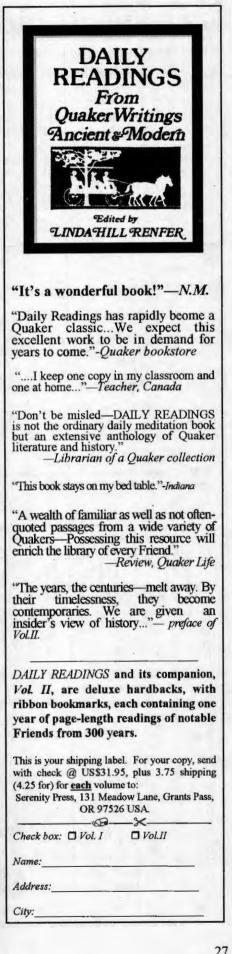
Perhaps the most easily accessible theme of the book is Gwyn's penetrating analysis of the stages through which Quaker theology moved in its first halfcentury. They were directly related to events in England; Friends both challenged those events and were shaped by them. The first, radical phase was made 3 possible by the chaos of the civil war and Commonwealth, by the crumbling of the

medieval certainties under attack by competing new ideologies and practices. Quakers offered a breathtakingly revolutionary synthesis of personal salvation with socio-political-economic transformation through a spirituality of desolation. This was a direct challenge to the powers and to the newly emerging capitalist ideology that called for total secularization and commodification of everything, including religion. Gwyn sees James Nayler's ride into Bristol as the symbolic point of confrontation and gives this event cosmic significance.

The second phase followed the collapse of Commonwealth dreams in the renewed persecution of the restored monarchy, church, and aristocracy of birth and wealth. Under George Fox's leadership Friends developed the institutional structures that enabled the movement to survive and provide the space in which Christ's Spirit could continue to teach and lead his people. While usually seen as the beginning of a long decline, Gwyn suggests that as God works in history, the importance of "the times" needs to be taken into account. As the times change, might not God lead Friends in new directions? Instead of continuing the confrontational challenge to the world, Friends turned inward, building a model of family and gender relations that invited eventual acceptance and imitation.

Gwyn sees a third phase in the work of Robert Barclay and William Penn who, perhaps unknowingly, further shifted the Quaker understanding from its early radical vision to a reasonable, liberal faith offered as one of many faiths in the marketplace of ideas. By diminishing Quakerism's powerful and challenging vision, they made it respectable and therefore safe to be tolerated. Gwyn sees Penn





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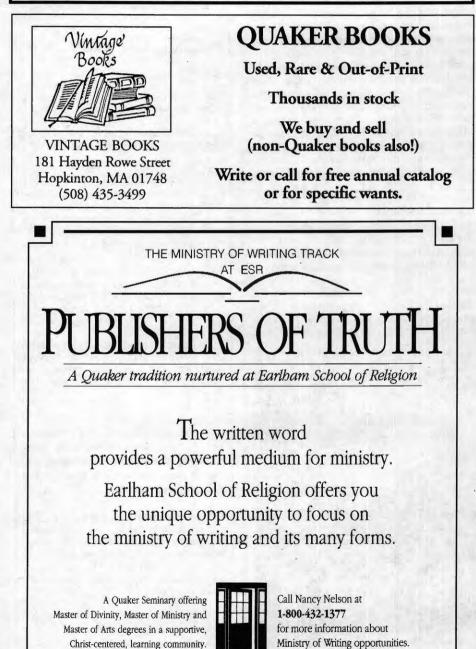
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symbolizing the split that remains among Friends to this day.

While overtly a history of Quaker theology as it evolved in the first 50 years, the book is also a theology of history. It assumes that the God of our Judeo-Christian tradition is present in history. Thus it is important to discern what is going on in our (or any) time. Gwyn describes three times when opportunity opened, creating a space in which a people in covenant with God could challenge the "principalities and powers." The first was when the Hebrew tribes were "conquering" Canaan. Those who have trouble with the usual bloody interpretation of the biblical account will be intrigued by Gwyn's reading. The other two examples were the early Christian communities and mid-17th-century Friends. Gwyn concludes by asking if we are moving into a similar time now.

Gwyn explores evidence of a newly emerging covenant, which he awkwardly labels the "X-covenant." He sees the faint outline of networks of grassroots covenantal groups, experiencing varying degrees of spiritual desolation and joining together across denominational and cultural lines to act out a vision of God's justice. He warns that as the powers are challenged they will strike back. The covenant requires sacrifice, not political power, not ideological competition. It requires groups of people living in the paradoxical point where the contradictions of our times meet and are held together in God's love.

Gwyn writes that the issue before us is not between justice and peace but between justice and freedom. We are continually tempted to choose one or the other, and thereby lapse into alienation. He sees early Friends in the paradoxical stance of peace that is where freedom and justice meet and thus challenge and disturb the status quo. God's peace is the center of the conflict. Gwyn suggests that there is no one left to fight once we have conquered ourselves; there is no one else to fear once we have surrendered ourselves to God.

This is an important book for understanding our origins and our current situation. It is full of fascinating insights about which whole articles could be written. Meetings could use the entire book as the basis for a series of discussions, or parts could be used to supplement discussions on James Nayler or William Penn, to study early Quaker history, to see a critique of multinational capitalism, or to encourage deeply-grounded ecumenical actions for social change. It invites discussion. Its length and density preclude it as an easy read, accessible to the casual browser. It will amply repay the thoughtful reader.

-Marty Grundy

A member of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting, Marty Grundy serves on the FRIENDS JOURNAL Board of Managers.

Spirituality and Community: An Autobiographical Memoir

By Donald Calhoun. Schenkman Book, Inc., Rochester, Vt., 1995. 187 pages. \$14.95/ paperback.

Don Calhoun has written an engrossing memoir about his lifelong participation in various communities and broad social movements, such as the Labor Movement, the Peace Movement, and the Civil Rights Movement.

Don is the son of Arthur and Mildred Calhoun. Arthur, Don's mentor, was a distinguished sociologist and radical Christian socialist. Mildred, a teacher, also was a person of independent views. Their married life included many moves and family resettlements.

I found especially fascinating Don's memories of his childhood at Brookwood, a school founded to train workers for leadership in labor unions. A. J. Muste was director and Arthur one of the teachers. While being educated at home, Don was exposed to the views of many distinguished people who flocked to Brookwood, including Norman Thomas, Scott Nearing, and the Reuther brothers.

At the age of eight, Don learned to type stencils and helped produce "The Holy Terror," a one-page mimeographed daily news bulletin. When only seven, he delivered a lecture on coffee in the social hall one evening. "After I had extensively covered the dangers of coffee addiction, I was asked to comment on the current price of coffee. My reply was worthy of a budding professor, 'I am not prepared to discuss the economic aspects of the question.""

These were early indications of the life ahead. Don was to become a professor at a number of institutions, including the University of Miami, where he taught from 1962 until his retirement in 1988. Along the way, he earned a Ph.D. at the University of Chicago, grew organic citrus fruit in Florida, and wrote a number of books, including Social Science in an Age of Change and Persons in Groups.

The year 1968 was tragic and life-changing for Don. His wife had recently died, leaving him, at 48, a single parent to an adopted child of two, when he was in an automobile accident that resulted in a depressed skull and a paralyzed left side. After months of rehabilitation, he was able to walk and to resume teaching. Don credits his spiritual recovery to the practice of giving and receiving unconditional love.

Don's relationship to the Religious Society of Friends has been ambivalent. While serving as a conscientious objector during World War II, he was highly critical of the American Friends Service Committee. He believed that by setting up opportunities for alternative service, AFSC was collaborating

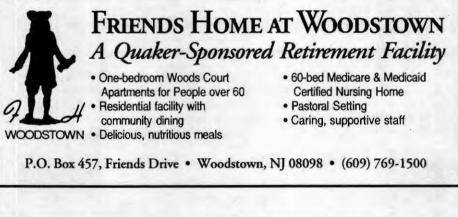
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Edge of the Night Sky



BY TERI PROBASCO, ILLUS. BY MARGARET BRACE

A young child experiences God's presence late at night in a cold barn while helping nurture new-born lambs. Inspiring narration; beautifully illustrated. Written and illustrated by Friends through the FGC Religious Education Committee. • FGC, 1995, 32 pp., HARRIET TUBMAN paperback \$10.00

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1216 Arch Street, Suite 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107 (800) 966-4556 e-mail: <bookstore@fgc.quaker.org> with the military. Although attracted to the service programs of AFSC, it was 1964 before he became a member of Miami (Fla.) Meeting.

Don writes extensively of his experience in communities, especially Quarry Hill in Vermont, where he continues to live parttime with his fourth wife, Barbara. He suggests reasons why some communities succeed while others fail and discusses various types of charismatic leaders. Friends thinking of joining or organizing a community may find much of interest in this book.

-Yvonne Boeger

A past contributor to FRIENDS JOURNAL and a member of Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting, Yvonne Boeger lives at Crosslands in Kennett Square,

What the Scarecrow Said

By Stewart David Ikeda. HarperCollins, San Francisco, Calif., 1996. 445 pages. \$24/ hardcover.

This novel, extraordinary in its own right, has special meaning and interest for Quakers.

The American saga of William Fujita's family begins with his birth in 1897 as the ship carrying his parents from Japan reaches Los Angeles, Calif. According to family legend, his creative and highly opinionated mother demanded that her husband bind her legs together to assure that the baby would be born in the United States.

And so it goes: a life built on elaborate myths, acts of courage, and strength, as well as bubbling humor, amidst competing cultures and historical forces beyond his control.

Moving from Los Angeles to Pasadena, Calif., the simultaneously passive and obstinate young man becomes a perplexed husband, proud father, and skilled gardener/nurseryman. Then his extended family gets caught in the cataclysmic events following Pearl Harbor and the incarceration of all West Coast Japanese and Japanese Americans.

But Ikeda's novel is not about "the internment." The real heart of the story is Fujita's solitary "relocation." On his own once again, after a brief stay in camp at Gila, Ariz., he moves to a small Quaker town in New England. In this harsh climate and tough soil, the awkward nurseryman nurtures new growth in others' lives while recovering the tough roots and twisted branches of his own.

If your book groups "loved" David Guterson's Snow Falling on Cedars (as mine did), and found it a means to learn and talk about the historic injustices of our World War II treatment of Japanese Americans, you may want to think of What the Scarecrow Said as a sequel-that-is-better-than-the-original. Where Guterson used "the internment" as a dramatic plot device, for Ikeda it was the defining historical experience of his Japanese American community, and he knows better than to oversimplify. Guterson describes acts of bigotry; lkeda's characters experience, and transcend, racism in their daily lives.

This book is infused with Quakers. From the references to Herbert Nicholson and Friends as the community was departing from Pasadena, through meeting life in New England, it is informed by Ikeda's careful research and his student years at Friends Central School in Philadelphia, Pa. The connection works well, both from a historical and a literary perspective. Referring to their detention during World War II, more than 50 years later Japanese Americans still speak with particular affection and respect for the Religious Society of Friends: "They were the only ones who stood by us." Quakers and everyone will be richly rewarded when they learn What the Scarecrow Said.

-Claire Gorfinkel

Claire Gorfinkel, an attender at Orange Grove (Calif.) Meeting and a fundraiser for AFSC in Pasadena, Calif., recently published The Evacuation Diary of Hatsuye Egami.

When the Bottom Line is Faithfulness: Management of Christian Service Organizations

By Thomas H. Jeavons. Indiana University Press, Bloomington, Ind., 1994. 236 pages. \$27.50/hardcover.

The author has recently become general secretary of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. For ten years he held this position for Baltimore Yearly Meeting. He was on the board of the American Friends Service Committee and also served it in other capacities. More recently he has been director of the Center on Philanthropy and Nonprofit Leadership at Grand Valley State University in Michigan. Meanwhile, he has found time to teach at Grand Valley State, Yale University, and other institutions of higher learning. He was awarded a doctorate from the Union Institute and previously a master's degree from Earlham School of Religion. He has published extensively.

When the Bottom Line is Faithfulness has two parts, with four and six chapters, respectively. Each chapter is divided into sections and some of these into subsections. Appropriate headings are provided for each of these divisions. Part One discusses philanthropic organizations in general, emphasizing that religion has always been a strong factor in U.S. culture, though now encroached upon by secularism. A sociologist-type approach discusses religious service organizations as organizations.

Part Two is mainly the result of case studies of seven Christian service organizations Pax World is a no-load, diversified, open-end, balanced mutual fund designed for those who wish to receive income and to invest in lifesupportive products and services. Pax invests in such industries as pollution control, health care, food, clothing, housing, education, energy, and leisure activities.

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CARL & KRISTIN CURTIS Box 136, Newfoundland, PA 18445 Phone: (717) 689-3911; 0604 and responses to a questionnaire. The seven selected include four considered most effective by the respondents. The author visited each and conducted interviews with the chief executive officer, board members (where there were boards), staff members, and other employees or volunteers. Each organization willingly supplied pertinent printed material. All were related to one or more religious denominations.

The book notes the extent to which each was Christian. Those considered most effective strongly emphasized the need for divine leadership, a committed staff, and a close relationship to their founding churches. The least effective of the seven organizations were

For Young Friends

Hannie

By Barbara Luetke-Stahlman. Butte Publications, Inc., Hillsboro, Oreg., 1996. 186 pages. \$10/paperback.

Hannie, written for fourth-grade-level readers, is a special book, not only for fourth graders, but also for their parents and others. It is not an ordinary story book, for it is based on one year in the life of Hannah, a real nine-year-old girl who has a father, a mother, an older sister, and two younger adopted sisters who are deaf.

Written by Barbara Luetke-Stahlman, Director of Deaf Education at the University of Kansas in Kansas City and a member of Penn Valley (Mo.) Meeting, the book uses real and imagined events to give insight into the family's life. The story is told from Hannie's viewpoint and real names are used. Capitalized dialogue denotes words that are signed as well as verbal. The book contains a number of photos borrowed from the Luetke-Stahlman family album.

Hannie opens on the Fourth of July, the day before Hannah's ninth birthday, and continues with the travels of the summer and glimpses into the early months of school, followed by Halloween and Thanksgiving. Then comes Christmas, drastically altered from previous years because of Daddy's severe injuries from a collision with a train. During the following months his recovery, of great concern to Hannah and the family, is chronicled. Other events of the year are trips to see friends, the fall festival at Winfield, Kans., an Easter visit from friends who live in Illinois, then the end of school, with Hannie's tenth birthday in the offing. Sprinkled throughout are Hannie's reflections on her relationships with friends and family, and especially of the rewards and

lacking in some of these respects, especially commitment of staff to the organization's professed values. The penultimate chapter contains a perceptive treatment of usual and ideal relationships between executives and boards. Finally, after summarizing the book's contents, the author attempts to formulate a philosophy of management of Christian service organizations.

The book is necessarily full of abstractions. Its difficulties are enhanced by aspects of its style: too many sentences are five or six lines long. Working definitions of "religious" and "Christian" would have been helpful. The words "Friend" or "Quaker" are virtually absent from the book. "Quaker" is used once,

sacrifices of being an older sister to the two little girls.

The reader is privileged to see a special family strive to create a normal environment for each member as they recognize and accommodate the special needs presented by two deaf children. The family is involved in activities not only with the public school classes of each child, but also with programs that enhance the particular needs of the little sisters as they learn to live in both deaf and hearing worlds. Always there is the "signing" by the family as it attempts to bring as much richness as possible into the younger daughters' lives. Through it all, it is evident that this family, like all families, is a work in progress as they adjust to the hard times and celebrate the good times.

The book is dedicated to Lydia Moore, beloved member of Penn Valley Meeting, who died in an automobile accident in 1994. In one chapter, Hannah is depicted as watching Lydia with admiration as she reflects on Lydia's life as a physician for underprivileged persons.

This is a unique, educational, and readable book.

-Reva Griffith

Reva Griffith is a member of Penn Valley Meeting in Kansas City, Mo.

Lucretia Mott: A Guiding Light

By Jennifer Fisher Bryant. William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1996. 182 pages. \$8/hardcover.

Increasing interest in Lucretia Mott and her pioneering role in 19th-century reform has led in recent years to more materials on her life prepared for children. In 1991 Kem Kapp Sawyer published a lively picture book referring to Herbert Hoover. In this book, references are in the text in parentheses. However, numbered footnotes would have aided a careful reader concerned with sources for factual statements or origins of ideas.

Nevertheless, and despite these caveats, many of us will find When the Bottom Line is Faithfulness rewarding. It contains helpful suggestions for those involved at any level with Quaker organizations, especially those engaged in Christian service.

-Ralph H. Pickett

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

for younger children, Lucretia Mott: Friend of Justice. Now Jennifer Fisher Bryant, an author of junior biographies, has written and published the first Mott biography for junior high children since Dorothy Sterling wrote Lucretia Mott: Gentle Warrior in 1964.

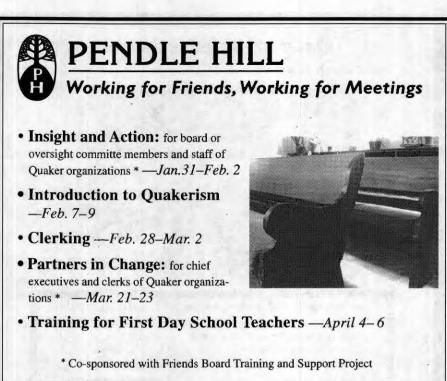
This new biography was prepared for a series called Women of Spirit, emphasizing the role of faith in the lives of women who made significant contributions to society. The biographer has done a good job of describing the flow of faith into action that was at the heart of Lucretia Mott's pioneering. Drawing on previously published biographies, especially my own Valiant Friend, she has prepared a comprehensive story of Lucretia Mott's many-faceted life, with chief emphasis on her Nantucket childhood and on the events leading up to the Seneca Falls Convention of 1848.

Mott's life story is a complicated one. and the use of secondary sources results in a few mistakes. Mott was a member of the joint committee on Indian Rights of the three Hicksite Yearly Meetings, not a New York State committee. Elizabeth Cady Stanton did not attend the London Convention as a delegate and was therefore not barred from participation. There are a few errors in dates.

None of these are important enough to detract from the usefulness of this book in introducing junior high students to one of the most important women in U.S. history. We are thankful to Jennifer Fisher Bryant for undertaking this not inconsiderable task.

-Margaret Hope Bacon

Margaret Hope Bacon is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting and editor of Wilt Thou Go on My Journey.



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Reports

Friends United Meeting

Drawn from Acts 3:6, the theme "In the name of Jesus rise up and walk" infused the 1996 triennial sessions of Friends United Meeting, held in Indianapolis, Ind., July 3–7. From Indiana Yearly Meeting's Wednesdaynight welcoming celebration to the Sundaymorning closing worship, Friends considered the place and power of Jesus through worship, business, fellowship, and speakers.

Louise Wilson, from Virginia Beach (Va.) Meeting and North Carolina (Conservative) Yearly Meeting, gave the Johnson Lecture. Coming from a childhood environment where Jesus was felt but not named, Louise shared stories from her life, telling of encounters with Jesus and his invitation to call him by name. Louise encouraged us to live into three disciplines, beginning with giving thanks. Building upon Meister Eckhart, she strives to "give thanks for everything as though I prayed for it." In the early days of this discipline, she said, she just kept on until she did believe it. The discipline of love enables God's love. Louise warned against pity: "Nothing lower than pity. Never helped anyone with it, so don't try it." Finally, the discipline of forgiving brings home the need for inward transformation.

The second major speaker, Tony Campolo, an American Baptist pastor and educator, challenged the meeting, "It's one thing to believe in what Jesus did for you, but what will you let him do to you here and now?" Preaching with passion and humor, Tony insisted upon the need to take the beatitudes deeply into ourselves. He scolded Friends for our homogeneity and our lack of true simplicity. The audience responded with "amen" and "mmhm" until Tony turned to "the pure in heart" and "those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake." After making clear his belief that Romans 1 prohibits homosexual acts and gay marriages, Tony accused the Christian church of an unwholesome unwelcome to gays and lesbians. Noting that while Jesus said nothing about homosexuality but was very explicit about divorce and remarriage, Tony questioned the ways in which churches exclude gay people. Telling how some Christian bookstores no longer sell his books because of this stance and recalling his sense of responsibility as a Christian for the suicide of a persecuted gay high school classmate, Tony testified that he believes Christian witness and Jesus' example compels us to stand in solidarity with gay and lesbian people.

David Phillips is pastor of Wabash (Ind.) Friends Church, one of the most vibrant and fastest-growing congregations in Indiana Yearly Meeting. On Saturday night, he shared three things crippling to meetings: dialoguing without deciding, trusting in dying forms, and accepting without discerning; and five healing things, which David called reclaiming our



Chris Jorgenson, New England Yearly Meeting, and Dorothy Grannell, Indiana Yearly Meeting, at the FUM triennial sessions

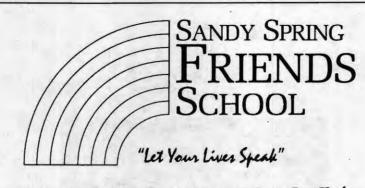
heritage: knowing Jesus, knowing Scripture, loving each other, loving people, and worshiping intimately.

David LeShana, president of Western Evangelical Seminary, in three Bible hours drew from Acts 3 that the focus of Christian witness is the Son of God; the message of witness is the Kingdom of God; and the community of witness is the people of God. Throughout the triennial sessions, the music ministry of Mauri and Sherry Macy of Newberg (Oreg.) Friends Church drew Friends into fellowship. During congregational singing, Mauri would frequently stop and invite Friends to truly consider the words we were singing and to make them real in our lives. The triennial sessions also included workshops, ranging in topic from "The Inward Cross" and "Praying with the Bible" to "Support Groups, Counseling, and Other Ways to Meet the Needs of People" and "Friends in Ramallah Today."

Business, of course, is a major element of FUM triennials. In these sessions, East Africa Yearly Meeting-North ("Kitale" Yearly Meeting) was accepted into membership, and it was noted that East Africa Yearly Meeting-South has split amicably into two new yearly meetings. Among extensive changes in organizational and business procedures that were approved was the addition of the new Western Association of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) as an "affiliated organization." This will enable Whittier (Calif.) Meeting, formerly a member of FUM through Southwest Yearly Meeting, and other meetings to participate in Friends United Meeting.

The most contentious item of business was membership in the National Council of Churches of Christ in the USA and the World Council of Churches. Despite the strong opposition of some Friends in Iowa Yearly Meeting to continued participation, the triennial sessions accepted the recommendation of the General Board that FUM continue its membership in the ecumenical councils. Financial support of the councils will depend upon earmarked contributions, but concerned Friends within FUM will be enabled to participate as representatives of a member organization. Over 400 representatives and visitors par-

ticipated in the sessions, which were held for



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and action so gracefully that all who come can be refreshed. —Elise Boulding

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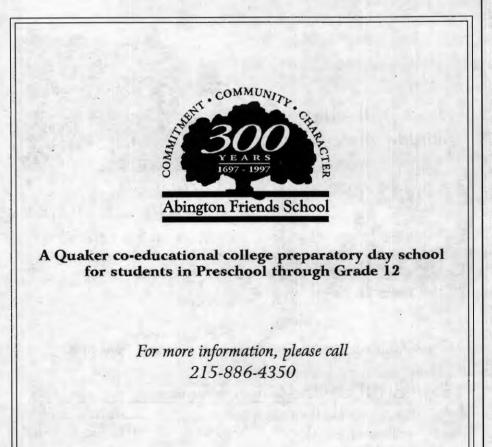
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Lunchtime in the courtyard at Britain Yearly Meeting

the first time in a hotel. Meals, sessions, displays, and accommodations were all available in convenient, if a bit expensive, proximity. The 1999 triennial sessions will be hosted by Baltimore Yearly Meeting at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Va.

-Kenneth Sutton

Britain Yearly Meeting Epistle 1996

This year's theme, "Worship, faith, and witness are all inseparable," guided Britain Yearly Meeting Friends as they met at Friends House in London, May 3–6, for their annual gathering. Faith in action: being and doing. Our 1996 yearly meeting was truly a meeting for worship for church affairs, in which we were vividly reminded that worship, faith, and witness are all inseparable.

The diversity of form and non-form in the kaleidoscope of Quaker worship around the world may take us by surprise, but epistles from other yearly meetings reflect that at the center is the same Spirit, the universality of the leadings of God.

The stirring social witness of the past challenges us. We must now face squarely the problems of the present, however uncomfortable that may be for us. May this creative unsettling lead to transformation in our personal and corporate lives. We must listen to the world's needs and to what God wants us to do about them, becoming active dissenters once more.

We need to think now about the processes involved in linking our local and central corporate work and be prepared to take responsibility at all levels. Without strong links, our corporate witness will come to nothing.

We have felt how unity can be won through an often painful and passionate spiritual exercise that still leaves room for individual liberty. With love and trust we will find the courage to speak openly to one another and so discern the way forward.

There is much to be gained from the insights of all generations of Friends. By sharing the being and doing, the teaching and learning, the life of our meetings can be set alight.

We need to have a vision in which we go out into the world in joy and conviction from a life rooted in the Spirit. The silence of our meetings is not an end in itself but a means to an end. It is through a holy expectancy that we will be led into important places and find that which is pleasing to God. Only then will we come to the realization that we dwell in God and God in us.

God of the Prophet Elijah, set light to our pale hopes. God of Jesus of Nazareth, teach us that passion is both suffering and a fire in the heart. God of Julian of Norwich, enfold us in love; give us courage.

-S. Jocelyn Burnell, clerk

Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting

A near record number gathered for the 176th sessions of Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting in Georgetown, Ky., July 17–21. The campus setting and the town had seen many changes since Ohio Valley brought its spirit to Georgetown just two years before.

The sessions themselves were exciting as this growing yearly meeting moved towards actions in new areas. Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting began the process to take on a sister relationship with Central Alaska Friends Conference. CAFC consists of four unprogrammed monthly meetings and several small worship groups that had sought help and advice from FGC. Ohio Valley now offers to step into what we are sure will be a meaningful twoway relationship.

Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting also accepted an invitation to take over the 51-acre Braddock farm in Ohio. This historic Quaker site has many assets that make it ideal for a conference ground or camp. The bike trail from Columbus to Cincinnati cuts through the farm. One of its boundaries is a river used for recreational boating. In addition to a farm house, there is an apartment and a wash house for campers. The yearly meeting, in true Quaker fashion, appointed a committee to begin work on details and think about possibilities.

The sessions were saddened by the leaving of our youth director, Becky Sharp, but showed its appreciation with fond memories of her years with us.

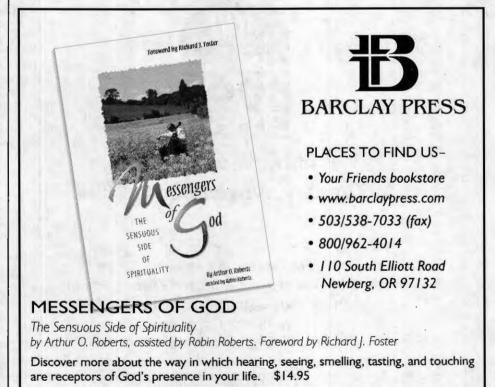
This was the first year for a separate nominating committee, a task that for years before had consumed the time of the executive committee. This year the nominations were almost all reported in the opening session, for the work had been nearly complete before yearly meeting.

During the year, OVYM faced the struggle of its clerk moving his membership to another yearly meeting and resigning his clerkship in We carry a unique selection of books about social justice, Quakers, peace, conflict resolution, women's and men's studies, African Americans, the Middle East, Asia and the Pacific, Mexico, Latin America and many other topics.

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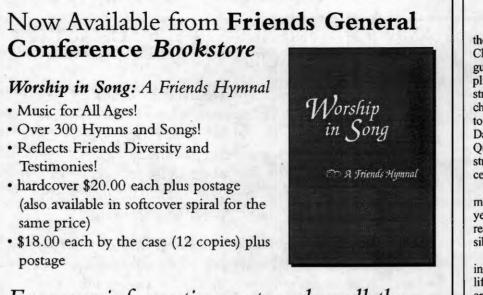
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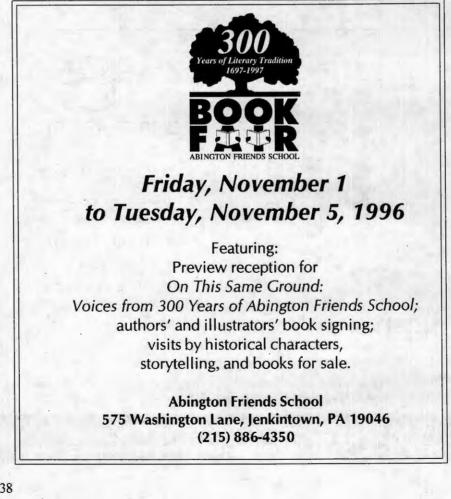
FRIENDS JOURNAL November 1996



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the middle of the year. The incoming clerk, Christine Snyder, looked to our Discipline for guidance in her tasks and found the Discipline wanting. It became clear to her that the structure and tasks of the yearly meeting had changed without written procedures or changes to the Discipline. A request had come from Dayton (Ohio) Meeting, through Miami (Ohio) Quarterly Meeting, to consider changes to the structure of the yearly meeting, and the process was begun by appointing a committee.

Many other exciting actions by the yearly meeting made this a memorable session. This year the budget was approved on its first reading. It helps when growth makes it possible to lower the assessment.

The informal part of the gathering, following our theme, "Gifts of the Spirit," was uplifting: an evening of song by Susan Stark, another evening with a panel of adults and young people, an afternoon of remembering with Barbara and Sterling Olmstead their many years together in Quaker service, workshops, worship sharing, and late evening pizza while socializing or watching the Olympics.

There were moments to remember, like the session, running only slightly behind schedule, that was interrupted for half an hour by the campus fire alarm. They were testing a furnace. Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting will gather next year at Earlham College.

-Ron Haldeman

Intermountain Yearly Meeting

Intermountain Yearly Meeting met for its annual gathering June 19-23 at Fort Lewis College, Durango, Colo., with 319 Friends registered. Thunderstorms interspersed with periods of calm sunshine seemed an appropriate setting for this year's guiding theme: "Maintaining Your Spiritual Base in Busy Times."

In a keynote address early in the meeting, Douglas Gwyn offered food for thought on spiritual maintenance. Doug reminded us that our seeking for the Inward Light opens the way for the seed of God in each of us to flourish. Striving to turn conflict into concern and enthusiasm into ecstacy and resentment into resolution can benefit us all.

Young Friends enjoyed a trip to Tremble Hot Springs and while in transit had a rousing discussion about George Fox, Lucretia Mott, and Obadiah. The Young Friends have an impressive knowledge of Quaker history-a credit to our First-day school programs.

Again we find ourselves a yearly meeting in transition, struggling with the formalities of a structured gathering and seeking to establish an institutional memory to help future coordinators. We are grateful for the diligent efforts of Continuing Committee and pointed

November 1996 FRIENDS JOURNAL

suggestions from coordinators and often notso-brief concerns expressed at meeting for worship for business. We are tackling the obstacles of formality and look forward to smoother sailing at future gatherings.

Interest groups were plentiful this year with topics on "Verbal Ministry in Meeting," "Quaker Anger and Personal Relationships," "Service and Study Opportunities in Mexico City," and "Religious Education for Children," to name a few. Reports from the Joint Service Projects were very positive, with the theme of "Hope and Life Carrying Friends into Service."

-Shirl Olmstead

Quakers Uniting in Publications

Quakers Uniting in Publications (QUIP) gathered for its annual meeting, April 18–21, at Glenagape Retreat Center, Oak Ridge, N.C. (near Greensboro). In the tranquil sylvan setting of Glenagape, QUIP members conducted organizational business, enjoyed worship and fellowship with colleagues in the publishing ministry, and shared tasks to carry on the work of QUIP in good order.

A lively panel discussion on pricing books was presented by Rebecca Mays (Pendle Hill Publications), Jim Pym (Britain Yearly Meeting), and Ardith Talbot (Friends United Press). To varying degrees, Quaker publishers balance their "second order ministry" with prudent business decisions, according to their individual missions, institutional requirements, and target audience. They cautioned that overhead, print run size, royalties, co-publishing agreements, distribution agreements, outside editing or graphics work, and market potential are factors in determining the price of a publication.

QUIP continues to refine and develop its Quaker Books in Print database and intends to make the information available beyond the Quaker audience, especially to university and theological libraries. Research done by two QUIP members on the current use and format of Quaker Books in Print led to decisions to establish a site on the world wide web for general QUIP information this year and also to put Quaker Books in Print on the web.

An updated and revised edition of QUIP's pamphlet, A Writer's Guide to Quaker Publications, is available from the FGC Bookstore.

Next year's annual meeting will be held April 24–27, 1997, at Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. Visitors are welcome to attend. For more information about QUIP, please write to Jim Pym, QUIP Clerk, 3 Field Road, Kingham, Oxfordshire, OX7 6YR, England, or Kenneth Sutton, QUIP Recording Clerk, P.O. Box 53571, Philadelphia, PA 19105.

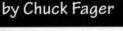
-Ann Trueblood Roper

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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 nonFriends 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.

FRIENDS 1501 Cherry St. Philadelphia, PA 19102-1497 Telephone (215) 241-7282 E-mail: FriendsInl@aol.com



POLITICS QUAKER STYLE A History of the Quakers from 1624 to 1718 by John H. Ferguson

A new book about the Quaker founding fathers and their influence on the tumultuous political life of 17th-century England, which was characterized by persecution, ideological conflicts, and a gradual movement towards toleration. Based on years of original research. By the former chairman of political science at The Pennsylvania State University. Published Oct. 1995, 216 pp. \$21 paper (ISBN 0-8095-1101-0) \$31 cloth (ISBN 0-8095-0101-5) The Borgo Press, P.O. Box 2845, San Bernardino, CA 92406 USA. Phone: (909) 884-5813. Visa/MC.

News of Friends

Three Friends were awarded leadership scholarships by the trustees of the Clarence and Lilly Pickett Fund for Quaker Leadership this summer. The 1996-97 grantees, who will share \$4,000 in stipends, are Arden Buck of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting; Aaron Fowler, an active member of Northridge (Kans.) Friends Church and the Friends of Jesus Community; and Daniel Rouse, a member of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting. Arden Buck, who holds two electrical engineering degrees, will use his grant to develop further an acoustical device to detect land mines. Aaron Fowler took a leave of absence from public school teaching for "Hope Street Publications." Through a special curriculum for children ages 5-18, he is teaching life skills with an emphasis on goal-setting, problem-solving, decision-making, communication, self-responsibility, refusal skills, self-concept, positive action, and critical thinking. Daniel Rouse, a primary school teacher at Germantown Friends School, is working on a project to support, validate, and affirm educators doing service work and to explore more deeply the concept of service in Quaker education. He seeks to build a curriculum concept of "service as learning." Individual Friends, Friends organizations, and meetings are encouraged to submit nominations for 1997–98 grants to Allen Bowman, Clarence and Lilly Pickett Fund Coordinator, William Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa 52577.

New flooding has again raised calls for contributions to the Korea Relief Fund, sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee. In 1995 floods destroyed 40 percent of North Korea's farmable land and left half a million people homeless. According to Edward Reed, AFSC's Quaker International Affairs representative, "New flooding and destruction of crops due for harvest this season will compound already severe grain shortages resulting from last year's floods." AFSC has already raised over \$35,000 from Korean American and Quaker groups, and a cooperative shipment of rice from AFSC, Mennonite Central Committee, and others arrived in North Korea in August. For more information, or to make a contribution, contact Korea Relief Fund, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, telephone (800) 226-9816.

Correction: The author of the quote in the July issue's "Summer Puzzler" by Teddy Milne is Louise Dunlap.

The FRIENDS JOURNAL Campaign

With the FRIENDS JOURNAL Campaign well beyond the halfway mark towards our goal of raising \$800,000 in gifts and pledges, there are many wonderful stories to tell about the hundreds of gifts made so far.

Thirty years ago a donor we will call "Jim" made a modest \$375 investment in a "penny stock" that is now worth over \$17,000. The stock has never paid much of a dividend, but if Jim were to sell it, he would owe more than \$4,700 in capital gains tax. As an active Quaker and a lifelong friend of the JOURNAL, Jim wanted to make a gift to the Campaign but also needed to supplement his social security and modest pension. When he saw our campaign materials that told about charitable gift annuities, he decided to send in the postcard to request a personalized illustration.

This illustration told Jim that if he made an irrevocable gift of this appreciated stock, he would receive, being age 81, a fixed lifetime income, beginning now, of 9.1 percent or \$1,576 per year. Jim could have elected to defer this income and receive an even higher annuity rate. This income is guaranteed by FRIENDS JOURNAL. A portion of this income is taxfree, while the balance is taxed as either ordinary income or capital gains income. Jim can also take a \$9,271 charitable income tax deduction for his \$17,320 gift. Plus, Jim can remove this asset from his estate and make a significant gift to the Campaign.

Jim immediately called our office to confirm the information we had sent in his illustration. We were also able to give him simple instructions for transferring his stock. Once we received his stock gift and his application form, we sent Jim a one-page gift annuity agreement that details the arrangement. Jim is now a satisfied gift annuity donor. He receives quarterly checks for \$394 and tax statements at the end of each year.

If you would like to receive a free, noobligation personal illustration of how a charitable gift annuity might help you make a significant gift to the Campaign, please complete and return the enclosed postcard (or call Vinton Deming at [215] 241-7277). You may find that, like Jim, giving for income works for you.



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Bulletin Board

•"Reflections on the Friendly Pursuit of Science" is the theme for the Friends Historical Association's annual meeting, Nov. 11 at 6 p.m., at the Arch Street Meetinghouse in Philadelphia, Pa. The featured speaker will be Joseph Taylor, a Friend and a professor at Princeton University who won the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1993. For more information, contact Ann W. Upton, Friends Historical Association, Haverford College, Haverford, PA 19041, telephone (610) 896-1161, e-mail aupton@haverford.edu.

•Investors are being sought to support Quaker meetings. Friends Extension Corporation, an affiliate of Friends United Meeting, loans money to Friends meetings for various needs, especially that of meetinghouse construction and improvement. Currently, applications for loans exceed the money available. The loan fund is accepting deposits, for which investors will receive a 6.5 percent rate of annual interest. For more information, contact Margaret Bennington, Administrator, FEC, 101 Quaker Hill Dr., Richmond, IN 47374, telephone (317) 926-7573, fax (317) 966-1293. (From the July/August issue of the Adelphi Friends Newsletter)

·Peacemaker Congress III, "Joining the Nonviolent Struggle: Getting in the Way," will take place Dec. 27-30, in Washington, D.C. The event is sponsored by Christian Peacemaker Teams and New Call to Peacemaking, projects of Quaker meetings and Church of the Brethren and Mennonite congregations. Keynote speakers will be Lucius Walker of Pastors for Peace and Kathleen Kern and Art Gish, CPT volunteers working in Hebron, Palestine. In addition to workshop sessions such as Theory and Practice of Nonviolence, Mediation for Activists, Women's Experience in Nonviolence, and many more, the gathering will feature worship and singing, a concert, folk dancing, public witness, and networking with other participants. For more information, contact NCP, P.O. Box 500, Akron, PA 17501, telephone/fax (717) 859-1958; or CPT, P.O. Box 6508, Chicago, IL 60680, telephone/fax (312) 455-1199, e-mail cpt3@igc.apc.org.

•Friends Committee for the Abolition of the Death Penalty is seeking coordinators for a number of states throughout the United States. Energetic Friends with a concern for the death penalty who are interested in serving in this capacity may contact Kurt Rosenberg at FCADP, P.O. Box 18106, Washington, DC 20036, telephone (301) 881-8024. (From the Spring 1996 issue of The Quaker Abolitionist)

•"Taxes For Peace Not War" is the title of the sixth international conference on peace tax campaigns and war tax resistance, Nov. 29– Dec. 1. Cosponsored by Quaker Peace and Service, the gathering will be held at the High Leigh Conference Centre in Hoddesdon,



Hertfordshire, United Kingdom. For more information, contact Kiri Smith, 175 Bell Hagg Rd., Walkley, Sheffield, S6 5DA, United Kingdom. (*From the June issue of* Conscience Canada)

•The global nuclear abolition campaign is circulating a "Citizen's Pledge" to establish support for the elimination of all nuclear weapons. Signers include 11 Nobel peace laureates and prominent U.S. religious leaders. The pledge, signed by over 10,000 individuals and some 300 citizen action groups representing millions of people throughout the world, reads:

Nuclear weapons threaten life, liberty, and security of person. A world free of nuclear weapons is a human right for us and future generations.

Nuclear weapons serve no justifiable military purpose, and pose a threat to all forms of life. Reliance by governments on these weapons of indiscriminate mass destruction is immoral and must be ended. The responsibility for ending this reliance lies with all people on Earth, particularly the citizens of the nuclear weapons states.

Article VI of the 1968 Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons, signed by some 178 states, calls for "negotiations in good faith on effective measures relating to cessation of the nuclear arms race at an early date and to nuclear disarmament, and on a treaty on general and complete disarmament under strict and effective international control."

We support the goal of nuclear disarmament.

We urge all governments, and especially the nuclear weapons states, to initiate negotiations immediately for an International Treaty on Comprehensive Nuclear Disarmament.

We pledge to seek the abolition of all nuclear weapons in the world, and to take actions toward realizing this goal.

To add your name to the "Citizen's Pledge," contact Methodists United for Peace with Justice, 1500 16th St., NW, Washington, DC 20036, fax (301) 896-0013. (From the July-August Christian Social Action)

November 1996 FRIENDS JOURNAL

Calendar

NOVEMBER

1—Church Women United's World Community Day. This year's theme is "Women and Violence and the Church." Contact Church Women United, 475 Riverside Dr., Room 812, New York, NY 10115, telephone (800) 298-5551, ext. 3339.

1—The Peace Concert with Sri Chinmoy, 8 p.m., at the Corestates Spectrum in Philadelphia, Pa. The evening will include music and meditation to transcend barriers of race and nationality and lay the foundations for a world of profound abiding peace. Admission is free. Contact Peace Concert, 37421 Walnut St., Suite 430, Philadelphia, PA 19104, telephone (215) 222-8200.

1-3—"Couples Enrichment for Friends," a conference led by Jenny and David Foster at Woolman Hill in Deerfield, Mass. This is not a therapy-encounter program but an opportunity for couples to grow as they develop insights and skills. Cost is \$90. Contact Woolman Hill, 107 Keets Rd., Deerfield, MA 01342, telephone (413) 774-3431.

First week of November—Guatemala Yearly Meeting, Amigos de Santidad, Chiquimula, Guatemala. Contact Apartado 5, 20901 Chiquimula, Guatemala, telephone (502-9) 420-362, fax c/o Madrid 420-290.

7-10—German Yearly Meeting, Bad Pyrmont, Germany. Contact Religiöse Ges. der Freunde, c/o Quäkerbüro, Planckstrasse 20, D-10117, Berlin, Germany, telephone (49-30) 2082284.

8–10—"Intentional Living: Where Inner Work Meets the World," Common Boundary's 16th annual conference, in Arlington, Va. Keynote speakers include Margaret J. Wheatley, Angeles Arrien, and Ram Dass; evening programs will feature The Voice of Spirit with Michael Meade and Malidoma Somé and An Evening with Sweet Honey in the Rock. Cost for the weekend is \$299. Contact Common Boundary, 5272 River Rd., Suite 650, Bethesda, MD 20816, telephone (800) 937-8728.

15–17—"Mysticism Among Friends," a weekend to examine the movement of the Holy Spirit in our lives personally and among us as a community of faith. Led by Elaine Wadle, Jean Roberts, and Walter Sullivan at Quaker Center, Ben Lomond, Calif., the gathering is extending a special invitation to persons serving on monthly meeting ministry and/or oversight committees. Cost is \$110. Contact Quaker Center, P.O. Box 686, Ben Lomond, CA 95005, telephone (408) 336-8333.

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Practiced In the Presence edited by Neil Snarr & Daniel Christopher Smith, Festschrift to T. Canby Jones, \$18.95

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in hard copy, or see our website.

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Milestones

Births/Adoptions

Coates-Milagre Coates, on Jan. 8, to Nancy and Jim Coates, of Red Lodge (Mont.) Worship Group.

Grace-Isaiah Robert Grace, on May 29, to Eden and Jim Grace, members of Beacon Hill (Mass.) Meeting.

Matteson-Lliam Forrest Matteson, on May 27, to Mare Tracy and Sumner Matteson, of Madison (Wis.) Meeting.

Richie-Lucas Shoemaker Richie, on May 6, to Cynthia Terrell and Rob Richie, of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting.

Schmidt-Thomas Hargett Schmidt, on June 12, to Holly and Mark Schmidt, of Winston-Salem (N.C.) Meeting.

Selker-Jordan Thomas Selker, on May 5, to Laurie Childers and John Selker, of Corvallis (Oreg.) Meeting.

Souders-Timothy John Souders, on June 16, to Margaret Hopkins Plank and David Monro Souders. Margaret is a member of Storrs (Conn.) Meeting.

Urban-Nathaniel David Urban, on March 6, to Margaret Joan Urban, of Minneapolis (Minn.) Meeting.

Marriages/Unions

Anderer-Dew-Kevin William Dew and Lynda Jean Anderer, on June 7, under the joint care of Milwaukee (Wis.) Meeting and Wilmington (Del.) Meeting, of which Kevin is a member.

Ashworth-Scholz-Howard Scholz and Sara Ashworth, on July 6, under the care of Rogue Valley (Oreg.) Meeting. Sara and Howard are attenders of San Jose (Calif.) Meeting.

Child-McCue-Thom McCue and Linda Child, on June 29, under the care of Santa Cruz (Calif.) Meeting.

Dycus-Hinshaw-Robert E. Hinshaw and Linda F. Dycus, on Feb. 11. Robert is a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting.

Goodwin-Klinkman-Paul Klinkman and Liberty Goodwin, on June 1, at and under the care of Providence (R.I.) Meeting, of which both Paul and Liberty are members.

Snow-Lisi-Roy Lisi and Leila Snow, on April 20, under the care of Eugene (Oreg.) Meeting.

Tabbutt-Fink-Arthur Jablow Fink and Ann Foster Tabbutt, on June 22, under the care of Portland (Maine) Meeting.

Waddington-Sorrel-Margaret Sorrel and Lynn Waddington, on April 13, under the care of University (Wash.) Meeting.

Zee-Johnson-Larry Johnson and Lisa Zee, on June 23, at Quaker Center in Ben Lomond, Calif., under the care of Santa Cruz (Calif.) Meeting.

Deaths

Chilson-Rachel Edna Chilson, 85, on March 13, in Kenya. Rachel was born in Kaimosi, Kenya, in 1910. Her father was one of three missionaries from the U.S. who established the Friends African Mission at Kaimosi in 1902. Rachel graduated

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from Wichita Friends College in Kansas in 1932 and returned to Kenya to work with her parents. During the 1940s she worked with the Kenyan government's Social Service Department, uplifting the welfare of indigenous Kenyan women. She was fluent in Luhya and Kiswahili languages, and she could communicate in other local dialects such as Kikuyu, Kalenjin, and Luo. Rachel never knew retirement in the traditional sense. Age moved her out of service with the Kenyan government, so she joined World Gospel's Bethany Bookshop. Thirteen years later, she established Christian Video shows. Rachel was a tough, uncompromising authority on the sustenance of truth and justice. Many who met her admired her strong spiritual character. Rachel is survived by a sister, Esther Choate.

Cook-Elizabeth Malcolm Conant Cook, 74, on March 18, in Harrisburg, Pa., Hospital, of a heart attack. Betty was born in Littleton, Mass., and grew up in Southampton, Mass. In 1943 she graduated from Mt. Holyoke College with honors in history and married Donald B. Cook. The couple lived in New York City from 1943 to 1950 and attended Friends meetings then held at Riverside Church. During this time she was employed by the geology department at Columbia University. After moving to Wilmington, Del., in 1951, Betty became a member of Wilmington (Del.) Meeting, where she was active in Ministry and Worship and authored the Friends General Conference publication "Let's Listen." She was gifted in enlightened ministry and skilled in reaching consensus in committees. She served for 15 years on the board of Wilmington Friends School, which she chaired from 1972 to 1978. Later she was employed by Head Start and worked as a secretary for the Eleutherian Mills Historical Library. After retiring in 1986, the Cooks moved to Spring Run, Pa., and became sojourning members of Menallen (Pa.) Meeting, where she served as recording clerk in 1994. Betty is survived by her husband, Donald Cook; two daughters, Dorothy Cook and Elisabeth Coady; three sons, Roger, Alan, and Avery Cook; nine grandchildren; and a brother, Frank P. Conant.

Ellis—Hudson Ellis, 74, on April 14, in St. Petersburg, Fla. Hudson grew up in Heightstown, N.J., and was a graduate of Princeton University. He was a member of Crosswicks (N.J.) Meeting and worked as a stockbroker in Philadelphia before moving to Florida in 1963. Hudson was preceded in death by his sister, Margaret Ellis Wright, in January.

Kent-Ernest Daryl Kent, 83, on April 15, at Friends Homes at Guilford, Greensboro, N.C. Born in Woonsocket, R.I., Ernest graduated from Guilford College, received his bachelor of divinity degree from Hartford Theological Seminary in Connecticut, and earned a Ph.D. from Columbia University. He also did post-doctoral work in Eastern thought at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. During World War II, he served as a chaplain in the U.S. Navy. Ernest became the Craven Professor of Religion and Philosophy at Guilford College, where he also served as academic dean and filled a number of other administrative positions during his 39-year tenure. A recorded Friends minister, he was a member of New Garden (N.C.) Meeting, where he served as clerk and taught the men's brotherhood class for many years. Ernest is survived by his wife, Mary Elizabeth (Ebbie) Osgood Kent; two sons, Peter Kent and Robert Kent; a daughter, Louise Kent Haltom; two grandsons, Stuart Lloyd Kent and Jackson Ross Kent; a brother, William Wendell Kent; and a sister, Hazel Burgos.

Minshall-Frederic Mortimer Minshall Jr., 91, on April 21, in Atlanta, Ga. Fred graduated in 1925 from the University of South Carolina, where he edited the school's newspaper and yearbook. He played clarinet and piccolo in the college band, and he loved ragtime music. While in college he took up the hobby of cartooning, and he was able to sell his cartoons now and then for nearly 60 years. Fred graduated with a degree in journalism and worked for two newspapers in South Carolina during the 1930s. In 1938 Fred met and married Peggy Woods. In 1939 their only child, Janet, was born. During World War II, he was the city editor of The News and Courier in Charleston, S.C. After the war, Fred took a job as a feature writer for The Louisville Courier-Journal in Kentucky, where he worked for the next 25 years in various reporting and editorial capacities. His assignments included coverage of union meetings during the Kentucky coal mine strikes in the 1940s and '50s. In the late 1950s and early '60s he covered the local courts during the earliest demonstrations of the Civil Rights Movement in Louisville. In 1970 Fred and Peggy retired to Clearwater, Fla. Fred was forced to stop drawing his cartoons when he began to lose his sight from glaucoma. He then became known in his community for his efforts to clean up area beaches. He enhanced his retirement income by recycling metal and glass containers that he collected from the beach twice each day. Following the sudden death of his wife in 1989, Fred moved to Atlanta, Ga., to be near his daughter. At age 90 he became a member of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting. On that occasion, he expressed that he felt like he had been a Friend all his life. Fred was preceded in death by his wife of 51 years, Peggy Woods Minshall. He is survived by a daughter, Janet Hemphill Minshall; three grandsons; and a sister, Rachel Minshall Waters.

Neal-Margaret Ruth "Peg" Calbeck Neal, 79, on April 2, in Asheville, N.C. Born in Blackwell, Okla., Peg grew up in Joplin, Mo. She earned a BA in 1938 from Ohio State University, where she was vice president of the YWCA, and she attended graduate school at Chicago Theological Seminary and Western Carolina University. Much of Peg's early career was related to the YWCA in several Midwestern cities. She later served under the Board of Global Ministries of the United Methodist Church. as a church and community worker in western North Carolina. Deeply committed to the cause of equality for women, she taught women's studies at Warren Wilson College near Asheville from 1976 to 1982. She also was a past president of the Asheville branch of the American Association of University Women. Peg was the author of several one-act plays and pageants and a three-act play, "No Church Is an Island," which was produced several times at Methodist conferences. After becoming a member of Asheville (N.C.) Meeting, she served with her husband as co-clerk of that meeting, and she also served as clerk of the Long-Range Planning Committee. Her cheerful activity on various committees and her regular attendance at meeting for worship, even after her health began to fail, were much valued by Asheville Meeting. Peg is survived by her husband, J. Philip Neal; two daughters, Edna Neal Collins and Emily Neal; two grandsons; and a brother, Joe W. Calbeck.

Classified

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Assistance Sought

Help us find these members: Loretta Feller Bosserman, Lina (Caroline) Carter-Mears, Edward Kevin Deren, Paul McGregor Dickie, Robert Dale Doane, Elizabeth Taylor Doane, Taylor Dale Doane. Please send any information to Friends Meeting of Washington, 2111 Florida Avenue NW, Washington DC 20008. Telephone: (202) 483-3310, Fax: (202) 483-3312.

Audio-Visual



New Video Release! Of Lime, Stones and Wood: Historic Quaker Meeting Houses of the New York Yearly Meeting Region, by Claire Simon.

Three historic Friends meetinghouses come alive with exciting stories of their past, including the Colonial period and Abolition: Flushing, Nine Partners, and Shrewsbury, N.J. Narrated by Friends who have intimate knowledge of these meetinghouses. Appr. 50 min. V.H.S. \$35.

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Books and Publications

Wider Quaker Fellowship's mailings (in English and/or Spanish) are a view into the wider Quaker world. Brief readings nurture the spirit and call Friends and friends of Friends to witness. The Fellowship has been open to all since 1936. Gift memberships are encouraged; we need and welcome financial support. 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102-1498, USA, (215) 241-7293; a program of Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas.

The Backside of Yesterday—Arthelia H. Brooks. Hardcover. 62 pages of pictures—autobiographical. Chapter on Arle Brooks, C.O. who worked for AFSC in Prison Section 1940-47. \$12. 266 Merrimon Avenue, Asheville, NC 28801.

Friends Bulletin

Friends Bulletin is the Quaker magazine of the West. It reports on the news, opinions, and activities of western Friends. Recent issues have focused on membership, peacemakers, gay and lesbian concerns, what makes us Friends, and maintaining our spiritual base. For a year's subscription (ten issues), send \$24 to Anthony Manousos, Editor, 5238 Andalucia Court, Whittier, CA 90601. (310) 699-5670, amanousos@aol.com.

Worship in Song: A Friends Hymnal, 335 songs, historical notes, indexes, durable hardcover, available early September. \$20/copy (U.S. funds) plus shipping/handling. Softcover spiral copies at same price. Call for quantity rates. Order FGC Bookstore, 1216 Arch Street, 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107 or call (800) 966-4556.

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Upcoming Conferences at Pendle Hill Writing from Life Experience, Kendall Dudley, Nov. 15–17.

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New Year's Celebration: choice of three workshops: Reading and Writing as Contemplative Practice, Mary Rose O'Reilley; Celebrating Your Playful Spirit, Louise Brill; Silent Retreat, Elizabeth McClung. Includes evening fun; New Year's Eve candlelight worship. Dec. 29– Jan. 1.

Our Stories, Cosmic Stories, and the Biblical Story, Walter Wink and June Keener-Wink, Jan. 10–12.

Insight and Action (for staff and board of Quaker organizations), John Carnell and Karen Thomas, Jan. 31– Feb. 2.

Contact Registrar, Pendle Hill, Box F, 338 Plush Mill Rd., Wallingford, PA 19086-6099, (610) 566-4507 or (800) 742-3150.

1997 Study Vacations for the Socially Concerned Tour Guatemalan precolumbian, colonial, and contemporary communities 12/31-1/11, 2/18-3/1, or over Easter 3/ 22-4/2 with Quaker educator, Robert Hinshaw–30 years research/service among Maya Indians. Also, to the Peruvian Amazon and Cuzco/Machu Picchu August 2-17, and Nova Scotia in late September. For travel with an anthropological focus, write Hinshaw Tours, 2696 W. 160 Terrace, Stilwell, Kansas 66085. (913) 685-2808.

Mexico City Volunteer Opportunities: Service-learning seminars and internships. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 06030 D.F.

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Consider a Costa Rican Study Tour January 30 to February 10, 1997, with an optional five-day extension to Nicaragua. Write Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 1182 Hornbeam Road, Sabina, OH 45169, or call Lori Musselman, telephone: (513) 382-2869.

Consider investing in affordable retirement property in the southern Arizona high desert. We envision a supportive community of friends (Friends) enjoying one another and the spacious, dry climate near an established Friends meeting. To be part of the planning process, or merely to gain more information, write Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 1182 Hornbeam Road, Sabina, OH 45169.

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

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Positions Vacant

Director, Monteverde Friends School. MFS is an English-dominant, bilingual school in Costa Rica's rural mountains with 65 students in multi-graded classes from preschool to grade 12. We seek individuals who share Quaker values, have experience with Quakerism and/or Quaker institutions, are bilingual English-Spanish, love children and working with people, have excellent communication and consensus-building skills, are available by July 1997, and are willing to consider committing for three years. While the salary is low, the experience is rich. Simple housing included. Please apply by January 31 to Katy VanDusen, Apartado 32-5655, Monteverde, Puntarenas, email: vandusen@sol.racsa.co.cr.

Monteverde Friends School needs K-12 teachers to begin August 1997. MFS is an English-dominant, bilingual school with multi-graded classes in Costa Rica's rural mountains. While salaries are low, the experience is rich. Simple housing included. Please apply by January 31 to Jean Stuckey, Monteverde Friends School, Monteverde-5655, Puntarenas, Costa Rica. Tel./Fax: (506) 645-5302. email: jstuckey@sol.racsa.co.cr.

William Penn House. Quaker seminar and hospitality center seeks dynamic Executive Director to lead WPH to prominent role in areas of peace and justice education and conflict resolution. The successful applicant will have demonstrated experience in fundraising, marketing, program development, management of staff, and management and recruitment of volunteers. Send resume and cover letter to Barbara Ginsburg, Personnel Committee, William Penn House, 515 East Capitol Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003.

Beacon Hill Friends House, Quaker center and residential community, seeks Director. Desire to live in diverse community of 19 interested in spiritual growth and social concerns and commitment to Quaker faith and practice essential. Oversee programs for residents and area Friends, supervise kitchen manager, manage guest rooms, and administer finances and daily operations. Salary, housing, benefits. Inquiries: BHFH, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108, (617) 227-9118.

Chicago Monthly Meeting is seeking a part-time Meeting Secretary. We are a Christ-centered meeting who believe we are all ministers in the world. The primary purpose and function of this position is to perform administrative functions that promote the sense of community, to be meeting liaison to provide visibility to the wider community, and to assist us in promoting meeting growth. If you are interested, please write Rebecca Garris Perry, 9127 S. Leavitt, Chicago, IL 60620, or call (312) 881-3190.

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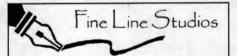
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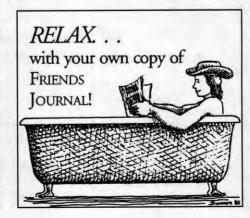


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