They Ask for Change
A Return to Quakerism
Cousin William
A Letter from the Past

I have often felt a sadness when a Friend decides to resign from meeting. It seems that we Friends do not always have the best ways to say goodbye at such times, not nearly as clear as our ways of welcoming newcomers into membership with a dinner or such. With this thought in mind, I was intrigued to receive a letter from one of our readers, Rega Wood, from New Haven, Connecticut. She had been visiting the Quaker Collection of Haverford College and was kind enough to send me a copy of a letter written by Henry Hartshorne. Henry, I am told, was editor of Friends’ Review from 1881 to 1893. His letter, written to Walter B. Smith in 1893, was prompted by news of Walter’s resignation from the Religious Society of Friends. Excerpts of the letter read as follows:

After marrying and setting up a house for myself, for a whole year I did not go to Friends’ meeting at all. I would go to different places of worship, so visiting about all the churches in turn, finding a “home” in none. At last I concluded that I had no place in any of them, and would sometimes drive out into the country on First-day alone instead of going to any place of worship, after visiting my patients. I was then not irreligious, but indifferent, non-religious. Business, home comforts, society and study, filled my mind.

Well, my dear wife made the first break in this, by asking me if I would not read to her a chapter in the Bible. I could not refuse her; and, at her wish, I did so nearly every night before we retired, when my engagements would allow it. Not very long after this we went to Europe; and when in London I attended Friends’ Yearly Meeting. This interested me, and I saw there a prospect of the Society of Friends becoming something more than an organization of petrifled propriety, as it had seemed to me then. Catharine M. Shipley . . . stirred many of us up about Bible schools, and social devotional meetings. I was gradually drawn again into warm religious feeling, which . . . has never since left me, and I hope most earnestly never will: it is the very life of my life.

Now, why do I tell thee all this? Because I look back upon that time of non-religion as a sort of passage over a desert. Many interests and pleasures were mine then; O yes—but the very essence of happiness was absent . . . It is possible, of course, I once thought it would be so for me, to believe in God, and in a general way in Christianity, to be respectful, even reverent towards religion; and yet belong nowhere, and go nowhere for public worship. But indeed it is not wholesome—and the time will come, perhaps with sickness, or some misfortune or loss, when everything will fail that the heart and soul need, and we will cry out for God—what if then, having gone away from Him, He is not found of us?

Nearly 70 years old I am now, but my youth is very fresh in memory. My experiences in life have been varied. As physician, afterwards for years a teacher, professor at Haverford and elsewhere, and as a traveler, I have seen a great deal of the world. My conclusion now is, that my religion is worth more to me than all else; to be without it would be essential death. Sectarianism is not necessary, the needful thing is closed religion, to be at personal peace with God. But God means for us to have also fellowship in our religion. Please pardon me for pressing upon thee not to stay outside of religious fellowship, somewhere. With all their practical imperfections and failures, Friends have, I believe, the simplest and best ideals, and their worship and service cumber, at least, spiritual life less, and help to cherish it more than any other system. Think on these things.

Thy friend sincerely, H. Hartshorne

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Cover photo © by Bonnie Zimmer
Facing class issues

Brent Bower's letter (Forum, June) is an appropriate challenge for a researched and comprehensive study of the relationship of Quakerism to the labor union movement. As a convinced Friend and a labor union official, I attempt to apply our testimonies in the struggle to find equity and justice for those in the work place. Finding "that of God in everyone" is a basis to demand a living wage and economic justice for all workers. It is a strong testimony against "downsizing" and the casting aside of workers for increased profit. The new wave of union organizing, such movements as the livable wage campaigns in various U.S. cities, and the California strawberry movement are examples of current union struggles that easily mirror Friends testimonies. Quakers and labor union officials alike have spoken out against NAFTA. Cesar Chavez led a nonviolent movement of unionized farmworkers, which many Friends continue to support actively.

Historically Friends and organized labor have walked side by side to abolish sweatshops and eliminate child labor, to improve working conditions in the garment industry, and to advocate free public education. Many union members and top leaders actively opposed the Vietnam War. The links are there, and surely a collaborative history exists. Reflecting on this, it becomes clear that Friends testimonies have a certain relationship with labor historically and, more importantly, today.

Tom Newell
Mason, Ohio

Definitions

Why does it not occur to Kent E. Erickson (Forum, June) that people having ceremonies of commitment and same-sex marriages may be making "social commitments in the sense of traditional marriage"? It is possible that they intend to have children in their families and even that this is the central reason for their commitments.

Does it not occur to him that no one has ever questioned an older woman's right to be married, although she is not able to have children? I do not hear anyone saying that if I were to be married at the ripe old age of 50, I would be "expanding the meaning of marriage."

Finally, does it not occur to him that men and women who have children must be held responsible for them whether they are married or not?

There are many more ways to look at marriage than either as a social institution to hold men responsible for their children or as an essentially personal commitment. For myself and many Quakers, marriage is a spiritual calling. Some are called to a vocation with children in their marriages, and some are not. This concept is not so new that George Fox would not have understood it.

Barbara Benton

Contrary to Kent E. Erickson's opinion, the foundation of marriage is and always has been the personal commitment, not any expectations or mores imposed by society. Society, due to the inertia of tradition, responds slowly to a changing world. If today's world calls for a different paradigm for marriage, the change will occur first with individuals.

Because it is the personal commitment that is important, one manifestation of marriage cannot threaten or diminish another. Whether the Roman Catholic sacrament, the justice of the peace, or meeting for worship is used to make the commitment, the unions are equivalent to society. Likewise, whether the two committed people are of different ethnic origins, are opposing political philosophies, or are of the same sex, or their views on the place of children in marriage differ from our own, their personal commitment should not be valued any less by society than any other.

Marriage as a personal and public commitment to another human is an institution to be valued and celebrated regardless of any choices or accidents that result in children.

Marriage as a "social institution whose essential purpose is to hold people, men in particular, responsible for their children" (as prisons hold men responsible for their crimes) would seem to be a hardship to be avoided.

Kim Carlyle
Long Beach, Ind.

When a widow and a widower enjoy each other's company, they may think of living and traveling together for economy and companionship. But when the question of marriage comes up, it brings all sorts of inconvenient complications such as how it will affect pensions, social security, name changing, insurance, wills, estates, home and car ownership, checking accounts, investments, documents like licenses, etc.

These days they may want to consider a ceremony of commitment instead. This could assure their families and friends that they're "on the up and up" without disturbing all those legal matters that have been settled by now.

Jack Fogarty
Columbia, Md.

True worth

The piece "Who We Are, Whose We Are, and What Matters" by Thomas H. Jeavons (F July) was a remarkably succinct articulation of a simple code for living that provides a practical measure for what matters most. In this way it offers a counter to the usual money, power, fame way of measuring something's worth.

Many thanks.

Charles H. Simpkinson
Bethesda, Md.

Meetinghouse/Powerhouse

Too many decades ago I had an experience in the woods of Vermont that by no means was a turning point in my life. Rather, it was one of those sneaky Quaker happenings that slipped into my memory banks waiting for unplanned moments to pop out and shine light. The perpetrator was Kenneth Webb of the Farm and Wilderness Camps, the occasion was the daily meeting for worship in the woods, and the story was about a visiting camp director being shown around our deceptively simple camp facilities.

Ken told (eloquently, of course) of how the visiting director unfavorably compared our facilities with his (waterfront, athletic fields, crafts shops, cabins with showers, etc., etc.). Ken replied innocently to the visitor, "But let me show you our powerhouse!" Ken proceeded to bring the visiting director to the small chapel/meeting place in the woods.

Evidently, from the day of that message, delivered while we were sitting on a camper-made log bench, looking into the woods, I seem to have not really forgotten that meeting for worship.

While I was reading the sequences and articles by David Albert ("Some Notions on Why Friends Meetings Do Not Attract Minorities," F Oct. 1996), the meetinghouse/powerhouse image somehow

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arose. Activities of good immerse many congregations and meetings, fully supported by the members. Seekers, however, are not always seeking activities in which to involve themselves, but sometimes get mutual support (what I call “the warm fuzzies”) is not quite the same as plugging into a powerhouse connected directly to the creator’s energy, where all involved seem to feel a surge in their individual journeys to wholeness.

John Stevens
Miami, Fl.

A way to support

Elise Boulding (7 June) closes her moving article on the oppressed people in Chiapas, Mexico, with a plea for information on local Quaker-initiated projects in Latin America, which North American Quakers might wish to support. May I remind Friends that the International Quaker Aid program of Friends World Committee, Section of the Americas, currently supports Quaker projects in Cuba, Jamaica, El Salvador, Honduras, Bolivia, and Peru in this hemisphere, as well as two projects in Africa.

For copies of the current brochure or to send a gift to FWCC restricted to any of these projects, please write to Sara Palmer, FWCC, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102-1498.

Rosemary K. Coffey
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Boycott justified

Regarding Kathryn Parke’s letter (Forum, June) about sweeps-addiction, one must surely agree and commend her comments.

I have had occasion to write some of the perpetrators of this specious advertising and invasion of the postal system, also to the news media. It will take more than legislation to educate the public. It must take an actual retaliative reaction by boycotting any and all producers using the sweeps-addiction come-ons.

If each person wanting to reduce or eliminate this form of “entertainment get rich quick” would add protest by boycotting the products, we would surely make a dent in the mindset of the perpetrators and their victims. And victims are surely the ends intended.

Josephine W. Johns
Wilmington, Del.

Resisting taxes

When a draft call finds some conscientious objectors unable to participate in war, the government not only has provided them alternatives, but also has proceeded to draft others who will participate. It is individual conscience that makes the difference, not how the government allocates the recruits. Some Friends have been unable to enlist, and some cannot voluntarily send dollars in federal tax for military uses.

Interacting with the federal government through tax resistance as witness for peace is more than symbolic; it can be earnest, meaningful religious conscience in action. However, it does not change how the government allocates its resources, and efforts to witness for changed priorities are also significant. Many Friends and others work for passage of the Peace Tax Fund Bill by the U.S. Congress because it would not only provide a legal opportunity for pacifists to pay their full federal tax without supporting war, but also give the government an indication of the numbers of citizens exercising this option.

Yes, the federal tax on telephone service is refused by many pacifists (with a note of explanation accompanying the refusal and redirection of the money for constructive purposes) because that tax was specifically reinstated to support the war in Vietnam. Federal bookkeeping does not distinguish certain tax streams for specific purposes, and has not since John Woolman wrestled with this same issue. Nevertheless, many Friends are prompted to take a stand for peace via taxes and thereby find a forum for disclosing that witness with meetings, governmental representatives, families, and neighbors.

Marjorie Schier and Suzanne Day
Philadelphia Yearly Meeting
War Tax Concerns Support Committee

Welsh heritage

I appreciated Jim Kalish’s recent article (FJ May) describing his Welsh journey. A few years ago my wife and I, with our son Lloyd and his wife, worshiped with Friends in Dolgelau and visited ancestral houses and sites. Our Roberts Quaker forebears from this district, and our Bevan ancestors from Glamorgan, were among those who made the long journey to Penn’s colony, seeking freedom to follow Christian convictions with Quaker faithfulness. We honor their memory, grateful for a godly Welsh heritage.

Arthur O. Roberts
Yachats, Oreg.

The FRIENDS JOURNAL Campaign

We Made It!

As of June 30, the closing date for the FRIENDS JOURNAL Campaign, we are pleased to announce that we passed our goal of $800,000! Though we will have a full report on the campaign in our October issue, we wanted to share the following figures with you at this time. Our thanks to all those who contributed—the volunteers, the Campaign Committee, and the meetings and individuals who made gifts over the past 18 months!

Campaign Totals

<table>
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<th>Gifts to Endowment</th>
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<th>Amt. Received</th>
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</table>

Total Gifts and Pledges Received (as of June 30, 1997): $825,185.00
by Sally Campbell

This morning before meeting I stopped at a grocery store to buy a loaf of bread for coffee hour, and there I met a man who stands near the door asking for handouts. When I asked him what I could get for him, he requested a ham sandwich with tomato and lettuce, no mustard and no cheese; then I was sure it was the same man I’d helped before but whose name I’d forgotten.

Living in New York City means having to make a choice almost every day, and sometimes several times a day, as to how to react to people begging on the street, in the subway, or in the park. I long ago realized that either just passing them by or just giving them money was destructive both to them and to me.

When I first came to the city in the 1960s, I quickly realized that by giving money I was almost certainly putting temptation in the way of an alcoholic or an addict. Instead I gave food, insisting they tell me their choice from a nearby deli or coffeeshop. If they would not accept food, I would not help them. Sometimes I became quite angry with their not accepting my good deed. Clearly this was still not right.

When I pray at home or in meeting, those people from the city streets persist in coming to me in the silence. Jesus certainly had a great deal to say about those who ask for our help and what we will do if we love him enough to follow him. I read Tolstoy’s What Men Live By, which tells the tale of a naked “beggar” who is revealed to be an angel being taught to trust in God. I then got a very clear message in the silence, “Give from your bounty.”

Finally, over the past year I have begun doing what I’ve been urged in the silence to do for a long time—to use a survey approach. When people ask me for money, I say I’ll give them some if they will answer five questions for me. If they agree, and they all have so far, I then ask the following questions:

**What is your name?** They are relieved that the first question is so easy, and when they give me their name, I give them mine and shake hands. If they’re sitting on the pavement, I sit down next to them. I want as much as possible to show them we’re equals. You’d be surprised, by the way, how many of them have names of saints or angels.

**What do you love?** I’ve gotten a wide range of answers: music, specific foods, their mother, sex. More often than not, however, the answers will be religious: either the Bible or Jesus. For that reason I’ve begun carrying a little Bible to give away if that’s appropriate.

**Tell me more about this love. How have you shared it or enjoyed it?** This is when I’ve learned a lot about my new friend and about life on the streets of New York. Most of us like to be listened to as we talk on a topic we’ve chosen ourselves. Panhandlers who are so frequently ignored are no different.

**Please give me some advice or wisdom you’ve learned in your life.** They’ve given me some of the best advice, often just what I need at the moment and frequently deeply spiritual: “Praise God every day.” “Try to keep your heart open.” “Things have a way of working out.” “Do not drink.” “Always look up, keep the faith, be strong.” But also: “Go to Atlantic City.”

**Do you have a question for me?** This final question, which again is to make us equal partners, is usually the hardest one for them to answer. If they do come up with a question it is to ask me my name again, what advice I can give them, or why I’m doing this.

When the questions are over I give them money, at least a dollar—to pay them for answering the survey. Of course it may still go for drink, but everyone wastes money in one way or another, and I don’t judge or begrudge others whose help I pay for.

This morning when I gave my friend his ham sandwich, I only asked him two questions: his name (since I’d forgotten it—it’s Alphonse) and his advice for me. He said “Go with God.” We spoke a bit about blessings, and it became clear to me that blessings are like the air. We need to breathe both in and out. We need to accept blessings and give them forth, and so join the blessing circle. In other words, to “go with God.”

Sally Campbell is a member of Morningside (N.Y.) Meeting. She is the volunteer coordinator for Friends House in Rosehill, a Quaker-sponsored community of people living with AIDS in New York City.
A Return to Quakerism

by Sandy Perry

I was raised as a Quaker in Massachusetts in the 1950s and '60s. We attended meeting in uncomfortable folding chairs, in the assembly room of an old elementary school. Only two memories still stand out from my religious education: Joseph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dream, and Jesus' call to Peter and Andrew to become "fishers of men." There was some discussion of the Inner Light, working class, of all colors, to reorganize society. I attended thousands of meetings. In the 1980s, as the outlines of the social struggle became clearer, I linked up with the homeless movement. In 1991 I became a volunteer with the Community Homeless Alliance in San Jose.

For many years I had a hard time explaining the source of the radicalism that has driven me for all my adult life. Now I am beginning to think that on some level I was a Quaker all along.

All these people had one common characteristic: they had no hope whatsoever for the future. They were smart enough to sense that society had no use for them and despised them. This would not happen in a society that shared its wealth, that distributed its riches according to human need instead of private profit. Such a society would value all its people as its most precious resource.

These ideals I embraced more fervently than ever. My only question was—and still is—to find the right forms to express this vision and to politicize and organize the growing revolutionary movement of the poor.

In 1994 I met Amos and Polly Brokaw of San Jose (Calif) Meeting. Through the meeting, they were able to secure temporary housing for a couple of homeless people I knew. Then, in the fall of that year, I went to Massachusetts with my daughter to celebrate my parents' 50th wedding anniversary.

Sandy Perry is a member of San Jose (Calif) Meeting. ©1996 Sandy Perry

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In 1994 I met Amos and Polly Brokaw of San Jose (Calif) Meeting. Through the meeting, they were able to secure temporary housing for a couple of homeless people I knew. Then, in the fall of that year, I went to Massachusetts with my daughter to celebrate my parents' 50th wedding anniversary. While there I made some brief remarks, thanking my parents for the values they had passed on to me: integrity, courage, respect, kindness, and racial justice. To my surprise, many Quakers who heard me responded very warmly. One of them said that Quaker Marxists were their favorite kind of Quakers. It had never occurred to me that there was such a thing.

During that same visit, which only lasted a couple of days, I found and read a book about Mary Dyer, who was hanged in Boston Common in 1660 for refusing to repudiate her Quaker faith. I had never even heard of her before. To my surprise, I discovered that she, like most of the early Quakers, was a revolutionary. For the very first time, I became aware of their profound egalitarianism: the meaning of their thee and thou, their respect for women, and their defiance of hat honor. I was im-

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pressed by their refusal to rely on scripture, church, or ministers to lead them: "You will say, Christ saith this, and the apostles say this; but what canst thou say?" I also admired their confidence that they could rise above sinfulness and imperfection. This religion was one of liberation and intellectual independence, not social control, as was borne out in its fierce struggle against persecution by the Puritans and the Stuarts.

All these features grew out of the core, the most fundamental concept of all Quaker theology: that the Spirit exists inside every human being. It occurred to me that perhaps this was the most revolutionary idea of all, and that it is as revolutionary today as it was in 1647.

When I returned to San Jose it still took me several months to arrive at Quaker meeting. Slowly but surely, however, I was drawn in that direction. When Affordable Housing Network asked for volunteers to speak at churches in March of 1995, I deliberately chose the Quakers. When I called them, they asked me to address them at noon. I arrived at ten o'clock, in time for meeting for worship. Once I made that connection, I never left.

I am still a philosophical materialist. But just because we're made of matter doesn't mean we don't have a soul. In fact, like Tom Joad, I believe we all are parts of one big soul, a collective soul that includes all humanity and all history. We are not islands. This is part of what Woolman meant when he wrote that "henceforth I might not consider myself a distinct or separate being." Our consciousness, or spirit, is more than just a complex of current sensations. It also reflects all our social relationships. It includes the wisdom of the ages, our heritage of centuries of intellectual, cultural, and moral development.

In Fox's day, materialism was known as the temptation to believe "all things come by nature." But we have come a long way since the dry, mechanistic conceptions of Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke. Modern Marxist materialism, contrary to popular opinion, is not some kind of crude economic determinism. It repeatedly stresses the important influence of intellectual activity and spirituality in human affairs. "The economic situation is the basis," wrote Engels, but the various components of the superstructure—political forms of the class struggle and its consequences, such as: constitutions drawn up by the victorious class after a successful battle, etc., juridical forms, and even the reflections of all these actual struggles in the minds of the participants, political, juristic, philosophical theories, religious views and their further development into systems of dogmas—also exercise their influence upon the course of the historical struggles and in many cases determine their form in particular.

Today it is impossible to experience a rich spiritual life if we stand apart from the fight for social justice. In order to be effective in that fight, we have to be clear on the influence of economics on political, social, and intellectual life. If we can agree on these things, then it does not really matter which one we consider ultimately primary, the spiritual or material world. Some of us examine history and seek to discern God's will. Others look for objective laws of nature and social development. The important thing is not the terminology we use but understanding the inner unity of the world and finding within ourselves that place "where the heart stands in perfect sincerity."

Are Quakers still too complacent? No doubt there are. I may even get frustrated and leave them again one day. But many communists are complacent also. And crisis has a way of bringing out the best in good people. No matter what you call it—the end of the world, the third wave, the social revolution—we are entering a crisis as profound as any in our history.

Quakerism is much more than social activism. The silence of the meeting for worship is opening me up to a new kind of community. Through it I have discovered something very valuable, which no one can ever take away from me, no matter what happens. Experience already taught me that in order to be effective, you have to be who you are. But for many years I had a hard time explaining—to myself as well as to others—the source of the radicalism that has driven me for all my adult life. Now I am beginning to think that maybe on some level I was a Quaker all along. Maybe all these years I was really listening to a voice, calling out inside me from across the centuries:

Let all nations hear the word by sound or writing. Spare no place, spare not tongue nor pen, but be obedient to the Lord God and go throughout the world and be valiant for the Truth upon earth; tread and trample all that is contrary under . . .

Paul and Friends by Roland L. Warren

The Apostle Paul said that we are saved by faith alone, to which James responded, "What good is it, my brothers, if a man claims to have faith but has no deeds? Can such faith save him?"

Many of us are perplexed by this dilemma: alternating between maintaining our spiritual base and operating joyously in the world of human betterment. Too much emphasis on cultivating the spirit may separate us from the world of action, but when we try to make an impact for good on the world around us, we often fear that our actions lack an adequate spiritual base. I recall the concern years ago by a member of our meeting who believed that in our pursuit of social betterment we were losing our spiritual base. He said we were close to converting our meeting into a sort of ethical club, no longer a sufficiently religious society.

On rare occasions, when we are engaged in a worthy activity that at the same time is socially costly or stressful or even dangerous, we are blessed with a feeling of being supported by "the everlasting arms." Then we have a deep conviction that we are doing the right thing and that we are in God's hands. The spiritual base is there. However, most of our good deeds are more mundane and involve neither great cost nor pain nor danger. They are mostly secular in context. There is the school board meeting where we want to oppose Junior ROTC in the school, or the visit to the congressman member to urge one of the measures supported by Friends Committee on National Legislation, or simply taking a caserole dish to a family in some type of need. Engulfed in such deeds, large and small, are we

Roland Warren, a member of Alfred (N.Y.) Meeting, is an emeritus professor at Brandeis University.
cumbered down with them, to use a Quaker expression, too busy to live in the Presence? Just doing busywork?

These questions came to mind recently as I pondered the short Book of James. My heart quickened as I read the passages urging us to put our religion into practice:

"Do not merely listen to the word, and so deceive yourselves. Do what it says."

"As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without deeds is dead."

"Show me your faith without deeds, and I will show you my faith by what I do."

Having always preferred Martha to Mary, I found these words most supportive. Although I am a great admirer of the Apostle Paul, I contrasted James' sayings with Paul's saying:

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With a rich history dating from 1827, FRIENDS JOURNAL is preparing to serve the Religious Society of Friends well into the 21st century. With subscriptions covering less than half the cost of publication, planned gifts are an important way in which Friends can support the JOURNAL and its future work among Friends. Here are ways of giving we ask you to consider:

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Many of us are perplexed by this dilemma:
alternating between

This calls to mind Thomas Kelly's treatment of this passage in *A Testament of Devotion*, especially his treatment of love, joy, and peace. He stressed the emptiness of good works without the sense of the Presence. He cautioned against the secular struggle for social betterment, in which "large areas of the Society of Friends seem to be predominantly concerned with this being led by the spirit that they take little account of the effects of their actions on others.

Thomas Kelly does not deny this need for careful deliberation and weighing consequences. Rather, he insists that we should view our social actions through the glass of the spirit. Living in the spirit should not result in immobility. Kelly separates himself from those who "bask serenely upon the sunny shores of the Eternal" while showing "a lofty scorn for this maimed and bleeding world... The fuller experience," he is sure, "is of a love which sends us out into the world."

He cautions against spreading ourselves too thin: "I wish I might emphasize how a life becomes simplified by returning to the apparently contrary advices of Paul and James, it is possible to take seriously the duty to live our faith, as James admires, while still seeking, insofar as possible, to be spirit led. In his commentary on the Book of James, M. Ironside sees no inconsistency in these two positions. "Paul was dwelling on justification before God; James on justification before men." I find it hard to believe that Paul would have made such a distinction. Martin Luther's statement on the problem seems more compelling: "You are saved by faith alone, but if faith is alone it is not faith." Luther, I gather, was highly critical of the Book of James, apparently because of its great emphasis on deeds. But to me, James' emphasis on deeds is most compelling, coming as it does from a man whose faith was so important that, like the Apostle Paul, he gave his life for it.

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Cousin William
or
My Weighty Quaker Genes

by Su Penn

I have been to two Quaker gatherings this past month, and in my two days among strange Friends I must have heard a half-dozen variations of the following, upon perusal of my name tag: "Now there's a weighty Quaker name. No relation to William, I suppose." In fact, it is a great source of pride in our family that we are related to William, "direct descendants," we like to say, meaning we are descended through men and still carry his name. I can remember as a child, before I learned to recognize patriarchal B.S. when I heard it, being disappointed that I could not pass the name on to my own children, that they would be descended only "indirectly" from our illustrious ancestor.

What is the source of my family's pride? Why does being related to William Penn, even at three centuries' remove, mean so much to us? Here is the myth of William Penn as I learned it from my family, who are not Quakers.

William Penn the elder, our William's father, was an admiral in the British navy, as was his father before him, as could William himself have been had he not thrown away the opportunity. Their wealth was unimaginable, so vast that the king of England was in their debt. Our William received the land that became Pennsylvania in settlement of that debt, but even before that the king had given the family landed estates in Ireland merely out of friendship. (The Irish were being systematically driven from their land by the conquering English and were the targets of an explicitly stated plan of genocide, but the family myth fails to mention that.)

In later generations we were a family of farmers and industrial workers, but we are comforted to know we were nobility once. If William threw away his fortune, at least he had the good sense to become famous in the process and to have a state named after him, a distinction so unique we share it only with the Washingtons and a scattering of Anglo-European royalty. Never mind that William did not want his name attached to the territory; more reasonable heads prevailed over his unseemly modesty, and our place in history was therefore assured.

My family's William was the powerful son of powerful men, so exalted and awesome that he spoke not at all to the condition of a girl in the late 20th century, except to confer on me some glory by association. But in the three years since I began attending meeting for worship, I have discovered through his writings, through biographies, and by speaking to Quakers a William Penn who left a legacy much greater than the name of a state, and who could have been a help and role model to me all my life.

Surely he would have supported me, as my family did not, when I declared myself a feminist at the age of 10. And the William Penn who was expelled from Oxford for refusing to be compelled to worship in the Anglican church could have helped me to know, when I came out as a lesbian at the age of 19, that even a dependent student must do what she knows is right, whatever she might lose in the process. A plain dealer with Native Americans who honored his treaties with dark-skinned people, he would approve my work against racism within myself and in the world. He would have been a help to me when I was a graduate student in political philosophy in the late 1980s, his great Pennsylvania experiment and its legacy in the freedoms codified in the U.S. Constitution a reminder that the dry texts I was reading and the philosophy I might someday create could be put to the test in the world, with good results.

I could have looked to him repeatedly during the past 20 years, as I look to him now, for reassurance that it can be right to overturn the values one was raised with, that it is good to be—as I have been as a lesbian, as a feminist, and now as a...
Quaker—one of a small group of people with a radical vision for transforming the world.

My ancestor William and I have a great deal in common, not the least being that we are valued by our family, if at all, for the wrong reasons; we endure among our relations a repressive silence about the values we hold and the work we do that is most important to us. I have seen in the past three years what is truly worthy and good in him, and I know he sees what is worthy and good in me, and it is a comfort to us both. He is no longer a distant icon to me, but a presence in my life, with whom I share a sense of kinship at last. Technically, he is my many-greats grandfather, but I call him Cousin William, Friend William, and he answers me as an equal, with love.

**FAMILY LINES**

Must be your witch-blood, Mother said when my childhood photos came back red-eyed. Witches again the time our milk went sour just after I opened it.

And again when I climbed down from the forbidden pine, arms covered in tree-blood, shaking with words. I tried to translate the creaky cry of the pine I'd heard as I held on to the tip, swaying, on my ride through the sky.

But she never knew just who our witch ancestors were, though her father had traced the two soldiers who'd fought in the revolutionary war so we could be good members of the DAR, and found witches by mistake.

I asked again at eleven as I refused to be confirmed, stepping around Presbyterian paradigms, in search of inner light the way a bumble bee enters the womb of the foxglove bloom.

An old letter from Great Aunt Grace told of Cassandra and Lawrence who lived in the valley of Gallows Hill. Manufacturers of glass and earthenware. They were whipped, imprisoned, and finally banished to Shelter Island. Long Island Sound in 1659, and died in the spring of 1659 from privation and exposure within three days of each other. Their daughter, Provide, was sold into slavery.

For attendance at secret Quaker meetings they were whipped many times.

The witches in our family were Quakers.

Historical texts told more: Quakers, named witches for threatening the male—Quaker women had direct channel to God. Quakers are a contagion, said Minister John Norton. Puritans must save their nurselings from the poison of the destroyers.

Today I hold my granddaughter, Kelsey, who is afraid of nothing. She screams in delight as webbed, silver water from the garden sprinkler touches her skin. What will I tell her about peace-loving Quakers, about persecutions of women in the name of religion? The skin on my hands holding her is finely webbed with lines, but still durable in the winds of aging. I think of my recurring dream. The Bible turns to a black, hard-shelled beetle, its translucent pages winging their way across my past to the pine.

I set my granddaughter down, lean into earth, planting perennial wildflowers for her as she plays. Lupine. Cosmos. Whirling butterfly starts. Foxglove, and other sins of the flesh.

I pull wild grasses from around the rosebush but let the fireweed stay.

—Diane Averill

Diane Averill lives in Beavercreek, Oregon, and teaches English at Clackamas Community College.
William Penn—
Liberal Universalist

by T. Noel Stern

Although I respect William Penn's fundamentalist side, I identify with his broad-minded, liberal universalist side. The liberal universalist thread in Penn and several associates was far ahead of organized Christianity in his day. In a number of ways, his universalism is far ahead of many Quakers today.

On Penn’s fundamentalism, read the long title to his No Cross, No Crown (1682, 1694). Penn dedicated the work to the “Holy Cross of Jesus Christ,” and to the “Daily Bearing of Christ’s Cross as the Alone Way to the Kingdom of God.” Or read the opening section of the Rise and Progress of the People Called Quakers (1694), where Penn speaks of Jesus as the “Son of God in the flesh” and as “man’s Savior and Redeemer.”

But Penn was not strictly orthodox or closed-minded at all. Penn’s liberal universalism came in essays, books, constitutional documents, and political action. He defended freedom of religion throughout his life. In the Great Case of Liberty of Conscience (1670), Penn asserted, “God Almighty has made of one blood all nations . . . [Therefore] where any enacts the belief or disbelief of anything upon the rest or restrains any from the exercise of their faith to them indispensable, such exalts himself beyond bounds, enslaves his fellow creatures, invades their right of liberty, and so perverts the whole order of things.

A well-known poetic saying in Penn’s Fruits of Solitude (1693) integrates the spirit and ethic of Greek Cynics, Greek and Roman Stoics, and Jesus:
The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion, and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the divers liveth they wear here makes them strangers.

In Fruits of a Father’s Love (c.1699) Penn addressed his children, praising both New Testament writers and pagan philosophers. After quoting the Bible, he wrote,
I have chosen to speak in the language of Scripture, which is that of the Holy Ghost, the spirit of truth and wisdom, that wanted no art of direction to man to speak by and express itself fitly to man’s understanding.

Penn also found the “eternal Word” in non-Christian thinkers, citing Pythagoras, Socrates, Zeno, and eight other pagans. Penn observed,
Those were some of those virtuous gentiles commended by the apostle (Romans ii, 13, 14, 15) that, though they had not the law given to them as the Jews had, yet doing by nature the things contained in the law, they became a law unto themselves.

In No Cross, No Crown, Penn praised many non-Christian ancients. On Plato, Penn wrote,
He addicted himself to religious contemplations; and is said to have lived a virtuous and single life, always eyeing and obeying the Mind, which he sometimes called God, the Father of all things.

On Plato’s teacher, Socrates, Penn wrote, he was “the most religious and learned man of his time. . . Well were it for poor England, if her conceited Christians were true Socrates.”

Penn’s Treatise on Oaths (1675) exemplified his ecumenism. Written with Richard Richardson and endorsed by 12 other Friends, it addressed the king and Parliament. Impressively scholarly, the treatise not only quoted Jesus and the Apostle James in opposition to oath-taking, but cited 120 historical figures—including Scythians, Romans, and Greeks—as well as Mennonites of Holland.

Particularly interesting is Penn’s attitude to the Delaware Indians of Pennsylvania, set forth in his “Letter to the Free Society of Traders” (1683). Although Penn described them as in darkness in respect to Christian “tradition,” he respected the Delawares’ worship:
They believe [in] a God and immortality, without the help of metaphysics. For they say there is a great king that made them, who dwells in a glorious country to the southward of them, and that the souls of the good shall go thither where they shall live again.

Penn’s treaty with the Delaware Indians at Shackamaxon (and other treaties) is part of Quaker mythology, immortalized by Edward Hicks in his primitive paintings of the Peaceable Kingdom. Less well known are the progressive provisions regarding native peoples that Penn included in the Concessions and Agreements of West New Jersey (1767). The document guaranteed American Natives the right to mixed juries of Indians and whites. Penn’s friendship with the Indians contrasted with religious and political leaders in most colonies, including Massachusetts. Penn did not murder the First People of Pennsylvania and West New Jersey.

Penn’s universalism extended to the Muslim Turks in his Essay Towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe (1692). He proposed a Parliament—a league of nations—in which the Ottoman Empire of Asia Minor and Europe would be a member. A sensible, practical idealism.

Of course, Penn was an imperfect liberal and universalist; he was a man of the 17th and early 18th centuries (1644–1718). Penn held slaves during his lifetime, until his death. Though Penn was a rebel, he and his family were part of the upper crust of Britain and America; as proprietor of Pennsylvania, Penn was a friend of the king. In England, Penn and his friend, John Locke, espoused the Whig political faith, which was liberal for its time, but granted very limited voting rights to men and none to women.

Yet Penn was far more catholic in belief and action than most religious leaders of his day. He preached liberty for everyone. His goal was a community of brotherly and sisterly love for people of all nations, to be won by nonviolent means.

I hope that Friends will accept Penn’s broad-minded, liberal universalism and build upon it today.
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WHAT HAPPENS
in the
SILENCE?

by Kara Newell

I was asked, many years ago, to do a workshop on “What Happens in the Silence.” I was surprised because those asking me to do the workshop were unprogrammed Friends, and I was then, and am now, an Evangelical and programmed Friend. Out of the experience of preparing for that workshop (which I have done many times in various forms), I developed an interest in the essence of worship and the many ways in which worship is expressed, practiced, and experienced.

As I have traveled and worshiped among Friends, I have often been startled to hear someone say that they don’t understand what the silence is about, saying that they come to meeting “for an hour of quiet,” “to escape from the world,” “because it feels good,” and other reasons. Of course, there is nothing wrong with any of those reasons for attending meeting. They demonstrate that we Friends have a wonderful opportunity to add to those reasons by reaching clearly the depth and breadth of the worship experience and then allowing, even encouraging, the practice in our meetings.

At the Friends World Committee for Consultation Mission and Service Conference near Kampala, Uganda, in August 1996, one of the central purposes of the gathering was to spend significant time in worship. During some of the small group times, several of the African Friends from the programmed tradition expressed curiosity about “silent” or unprogrammed worship. As a result, one of the afternoon worship periods was given to unprogrammed worship, which I felt led (spontaneously) to “guide” based on my earlier workshops, which were essentially experiential. Participants were anxious to have at least a brief outline of the “guidance” that was given during that worship time.

What follows here is the outline I prepared and distributed to them, along with the brief guidance that was given in preparation for each of the periods of silence. I am keenly aware that this outline, including the number of minutes for each section (to make an hour-long worship experience), is far too rigid. However, I would be quite comfortable in defending the various elements as fairly essential to a holistic worship experience, whether programed or unprogrammed.

Centering—eight minutes

Acknowledging and set aside for the period of worship all of the cares, concerns, and distractions that you bring with you—whether debts, children’s problems, outside noises, health, pain, disagreements, conflict, future responsibilities. Take the time to set them aside mentally for the next hour. Empty yourself, creating a space for God, the Holy Spirit, to work within.

Presence—eight minutes

Acknowledging God’s presence in the space and in your heart. Welcome God there and give thanks for the love and care that you are experiencing from God in the moment.

Acknowledge your co-worshipers, being intensely aware of and thankful for the faith community with whom you are worshiping and of which you are a part, if only for the period of worship in which you find yourself.

Experiencing—eight minutes

Allow God’s spirit to cover you and fill you. Consciously experience the wonder, power, tenderness, and love of God.

Acknowledge your co-worshipers to be spiritually close to you and to each other, becoming sisters and brothers in faith and worship.

Kara Newell is a member of Reedwood (Oreg.) Friends Church. She is executive director of American Friends Service Committee.
Cleansing—Deep Emptying—eight minutes

This is a time for confessions, for putting hurts and longing before God, for making petition, for expressing thanks to God, for preparation to be filled and made whole.

Filling—eight minutes

Experience the Holy Spirit's work of filling you with peace, joy, and courage. It is the experience of being made whole once again. Often what comes with this filling is a desire to smile or play, to sing or even shout. It can also engender a deep peace that is quite calm and happy simply to be silent.

Listening—fifteen minutes

Invite God to speak to you, exercising the discipline of listening. Visualize hearing God's voice, seeing God's face, knowing God's truth and call for you personally. Be ready to risk being obedient to God's leading, whether to remain silent (a personal word from God) or to bring a spoken message to your faith community.

Blessing—two minutes

Conclude the time of worship (whether privately or publicly) by acknowledging and experiencing God's blessings—of peace, joy, love, comfort—as a basis for going forth into the dailiness of life as a renewed person and witness.

Handshake

Offer the open hand of trust and unity to your co-worshipers.

Over the years that I have worshiped among Friends, I have become convinced that this very personal form of worship, which is, as well, very corporate, includes all of the elements of worship that one finds in the traditional liturgies, and even in worship traditions beyond Christianity and Quaker practice. I often have said that Quakers practice the "highest" liturgy, in that we come to it and practice it ourselves, without an intermediary, and therefore we are exposed directly to the power that we are promised in God's presence. I find it an exceedingly demanding discipline, personally, yet the rewards of renewal and strengthening are always worth the effort.

The other observation I think is important is that each one of us comes to the experience of wor-
Water Colors
by Wynne Busby

The last weekend in September, four of us from Northampton (Mass.) Meeting went on a camping and canoeing trip in Vermont. By the time we reached the lake, the wind had picked up. The water looked rough. Ahead of us in the yellow canoe Peg and Jane wore red and yellow life jackets. I wore the wrong one, too bulky for comfort. Lucy, as usual, refused to wear one. She sat in the front, wearing her blue and black plaid shirt, the one I don't like because it's prickly when she hugs me. A few hardy picnickers on the shore watched as we pushed off. Was it unreasonable, the fear that filled me as I surveyed the huge expanse of the lake, so small on our map? No one else seemed afraid, so it must be unreasonable.

Once out of the sheltered bay we were caught by the wind. The water was grey and bumpy and unfriendly. We pulled the canoe through the rushing water. The waves were rocking the boat from side to side. I know they are best met head on, but that would take us in the wrong direction, out into the exposed open water in the middle of the lake. "Paddle left!" I called to Lucy. "Now right. Right!"

Finally I decided I was not enjoying myself. "I want to turn back," I called. Lucy turned her head.

"Should we just go a little further?"

"I want to go back. Now." I'd finally got clear that even if no one else was scared, I was. As we made our turn, I felt the canoe tipping and leaned my weight forward to steady it. I'd never been out in such strong wind before. I wished Lucy had worn her life jacket and wondered if she could swim in those rubber boots she was wearing. The others passed us, waving, and we headed towards the beach. We paddled and paddled and paddled. My shore markers were two white birches, but we were facing into the wind now and our position out on the lake seemed as eternally fixed as the mountains. My nose was running, but I didn't feel enough to stop paddling and search my pockets for a handkerchief.

At last back into sheltered water; I caught my breath. We pulled into the place we left, a sandy spot next to a big flat stone. Lucy got out first, then steadied the canoe as I leaned forward, shifting my weight, and then got out, unbuckling the life jacket.

On Sunday we held meeting for worship around the fire at our campsite and then had to pack up our gear and start home. On our way, we stopped by a tiny lake, a pond really. As we walked across the grass, carrying our picnic basket, two little girls ran past us towards the water. The smallest wore a bright pink bathing suit; her sister's was royal blue. It was a beautiful, still day, but very cool. We all wore sweat shirts; Peg a jacket. We sat and watched the bright little figures as they ran to the edge of the water, then retreated, then in again, hand in hand, giggling. They broke and scrambled back up the beach. Eventually the bigger one did go in up to her knees.

Their father paddled a red canoe out on the glassy smooth water. He approached the beach, and the two children climbed in. Another adult joined them, and they pushed off. The sun came out, reflecting the green, copper, and crimson of the foliage in the barely rippled surface, reflecting too a perfect mirror image of the red canoe, the two adults in dark blue, the brightly dressed children in the middle, the orange life jackets. They paused in the middle of the pond for a few minutes and then crossed slowly towards the reed beds, the little girls each wielding a paddle.

I have such a STRONG desire for the safety, the calm, and the harmony that this second picture seems to represent. Yet I know that it may be illusory. After all, my life is once what might be called smooth water—prosperity and a conventional marriage. I chose to abandon that security; I had to choose life for myself. There wasn't room in that calm Dutch interior for the turmoil, the chaos, the growth of my life journey. In the choppy waters of my life, in the cold, I sometimes forget that. I'm tired and discouraged, and God seems to have taken off for somewhere else.

I looked for you everywhere today. I looked in the mist over the wetland and in the gleams of light that filtered through. I looked for you in the black waters of the brook where fallen leaves were rushing along, but I didn't see you there.

I looked among the peach-colored leaves of the big maple on Main Street. Its foliage trapped the sunlight hidden in the mist, and it glowed like a beacon, but you weren't there.

I drove over to the state park and took the dogs, thinking we might find you. I looked among the yellow and brown ferns under the trees, but I couldn't see you there. The dogs looked in the potato puddles beside the dirt road and in the clear, cold water at the end of the lake, but they came up, but they didn't say I watched their glossy coats, the gold one and the black, as they ran to and fro. I saw the curvature of the Frisbee and the black dog leaping to catch it in midair, but I didn't see you. I looked among the summer cottages beside the lake, closed up now for the season, the wisteria turned off the picnic tables, I looked in all the places where you
used to seeing you. Where were you?
Perhaps it's not so much that you weren't there, in the dark waters of the brook, in the leaves, in the running dogs, but that I simply couldn't see you. When my terrors threatened to overwhelm me, I close the doors against them. I batter down the hatches to keep them at bay. But somehow I think I've shut you out too. You are there, outside among the terrors, the boiling demons, the doubt and despair. I want to let you in, if I want to be able to see you again in the places where I know you are. I'll have to open up the hatches and let in the waters that might close over my head.

I want an assurance from God that in the end everything will be alright. This seems very childish, written down in black and white like that, yet it isn't what we all desire, that assurance of safety, so that we can launch out onto the rough waters knowing that even if the "worst" happens, even if the boat capsizes, God still will be there to comfort us, swooping across the waves with rubber rafts and blankets and hot cocoa like some cosmic rescue squad! I have no such assurance. I call for it, I beg for it, I demand it... but none comes. In fact, God seems to have cut off communications altogether—bored with my moaning and complaining no doubt.

I remember that in the past there has been communication, that I have experienced God's presence. I remember that there have been times when I knew that assurance. This is the best I have. Holding the memory, I get up off the rock and push out my boat again. Putting on my life jacket, yes, but pushing out again, taking my courage in my hands and hoping that somewhere in the tumult of my life we'll meet up again.

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I am a Quaker
by Kirsten Partenheimer

Years of ridicule had shamed me into hiding an important piece of who I am, but now I'm proud to say I am a minority. While some may laugh when I say I'm a minority, they forget that you can't see one's religion like you can see the color of one's skin. One's religion can make one a minority. I truly believe I am a minority because I am a Quaker. A year ago you might not have heard me admit that so openly. I can say that now without hesitation, although it still upsets me to know that ridicule and ignorance can make people ashamed of who they are. I know because that's what happened to me.

Today, there are fewer than 130,000 Quakers nationwide and only about 300,000 worldwide. In the United States, Quakers founded towns, schools, universities, hospitals, and even helped found this country. Historically, our influence has far surpassed our numbers, but today it seems as though no one has heard of the Quakers. This is even true in my home town of Haddonfield, N.J., which was founded by Quakers.

Though I am proud of my religion now, what I am not proud of was my fear of what others thought about me and my reaction when others heard that I was a Quaker. I was both embarrassed and ashamed to tell people that I was a Quaker, the result of people confusing us with the Shakers or the Amish. Many assumed we were either extinct or didn't use electricity and dressed as people did 200 years ago. Worse, some thought we were part of a satanic cult.

I even heard such comments in my own Friends meetinghouse. For years my meetinghouse has been on the Medford Historical Society's Christmas house tour, and my mother has been a guide on those occasions. She has always introduced herself as a Quaker and a member of the meeting, which holds meeting for worship in the building each Sunday. Despite her introduction, the questions she has answered are astounding: Are Quakers extinct? Is this place a museum? Aren't you Amish? Do you still dress like the guy on the Quaker Oats box? Where's the altar and minister? Do you still talk funny? Do you celebrate Christmas? Are your marriages legal? After my mother answered the last question, the lady who asked it told the woman next to her that Quakers married

Kirsten Partenheimer, a member of Medford (N.J.) Meeting, wrote this essay as part of her application to colleges. She begins her freshman year at Bowdoin College in Maine this fall.

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without a minister live in sin.

Ironically, my old school—a Quaker school, no less—made me self-conscious about being a Quaker. The school taught so little about my religion that when some kids heard I was a Quaker, they admitted they hadn't heard of the religion. The fact that there were 12 Quaker students out of a student body of more than 900 probably contributed to such ignorance. Not only had some not even heard of the religion, but many did not know why they had to sit in silence in the auditorium for 45 minutes once a week. Others, including two Jewish students, thought I celebrated Hanukkah. My bus driver laughed when he heard I had been to a dance and told me that in my religion, Quakers aren't allowed to sing or dance. Kids used to push my younger brother around and then tell him he couldn't fight back because Quakers aren't allowed to fight. Non-Quaker administrators and teachers at my school—only three teachers in the school were Quaker—told me I shouldn't do this or say that because it was against Quaker beliefs. I was told I didn't have an honor roll because that, too, was against Quaker beliefs. Even worse, kids weren't allowed to curse because "Quakers don't believe in cursing," not because it isn't polite. I must have missed all this in my religious upbringing.

I grew tired of other people telling me what I believe, what I should believe, and what I could or could not do because I was a Quaker. I was tired of being teased, having to answer to ignorant people, and being mixed up with the Amish. God forbid you should ever make a joke about Judaism, Islam, or any other religion, yet people feel free to say what they like about Quakers.

I began to take the comments and treatment I received as normal, the way it was supposed to be. I'd try to hide the fact that we're a Quaker family. I'd say I went to church on Sunday instead of saying I attended meeting for worship. If pressed to admit that I was a Quaker, I found myself degrading my own religion. I acted as though it wasn't as important as other religions and that it wasn't important to me. I started to copy the reactions I had seen others take towards Quakerism. I thought that if they asked me a degrading question, I was to pretend it didn't hurt me. I often made a joke because that was what I thought I was expected to do. Perhaps if there were an abundance of Quakers or if I had been more

A year ago you might not have heard me admit that so openly. Ridicule and ignorance can make people ashamed of who they are. I know because that's what happened to me.
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Friends in Florida are protesting the upcoming launch of a NASA space probe because of its cargo of plutonium. Scheduled to be launched on Oct. 6, the Cassini probe poses a danger to all living things on earth because of the possibility of an explosion high in our planet’s atmosphere that could disperse radioactive material all over the world. The problem will not only exist as the probe leaves the earth on a Titan IV rocket, a launch vehicle that has exploded in the past, but will occur again weeks later when the probe returns to earth to use the planet’s gravitational force to increase its velocity in a slingshot maneuver to reach Saturn. Adding disperse radioactive material all over the world.

Gravitational force to increase its velocity in a coming launch of a NASA space probe because of its cargo of plutonium. Scheduled to launch vehicle that has exploded in the past, the Cassini probe has been delivered to its launch site at Cape Canaveral. Because President Clinton has final authority for approving the launch, individuals should direct their primary correspondence efforts to the White House, and secondarily to their congressional representatives. Friends can learn more about how to oppose the Cassini launch by contacting the Florida Coalition for Peace & Justice, P.O. Box 90035, Gainesville, FL 32607, telephone (352) 468-3295.

Dorian Bales and Dorothy Craven, both recorded Friends ministers, were disciplined by Mid-America Yearly Meeting in February because of their support of same-gender couples. Dorlan and Dorothy are both members of Friends of Jesus, a covenant community under the care of Mid-America Yearly Meeting that works in the inner city in Wichita, Kans. The situation began several years ago when Friends of Jesus realized a lesbian couple was participating in one of their programs. Friends of Jesus laid down the program rather than risk a controversy with the yearly meeting, which officially does not support same-gender couples. However, the experience led the group to study homosexuality and Christianity, and their conclusions, issued in a 1994 statement, challenged the yearly meeting’s position. Friends of Jesus submitted the statement to the superintendent of MAYM, asking for counsel. At the 1996 yearly meeting, MAYM’s Spiritual Life Board approved a resolution asking Dorlan and Dorothy to either disavow the statement or surrender their ministerial credentials. Then in February the Spiritual Life Board approved a recommendation to revoke their ministerial credentials, and the Administrative Council also approved the decision. Dorlan and Dorothy are concerned that Quaker process was not followed in this decision and have written a letter formally declining to either restate the statement or resign. The Friends of Jesus paper on homosexuality and Christianity is available from the Friends of Jesus home page, www2.southwind.net/~foj, or by contacting Friends of Jesus Community, 1124 N. Hydraulic, Apt. 204, Wichita, KS 67214-3169, telephone/fax (316) 263-7325.

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Bulletin Board

- Washington Quaker Workcamps is currently accepting individuals and groups to volunteer for a week or more in a church building effort in Dillon, S.C., through Oct. 31. The spiritually-based, interfaith workcamp is rebuilding the 100-year-old Spring Hill AME Church, which burned by arson in Aug. 1996. Cost for the workcamp is $150 per week. Washington Quaker Workcamps' Ministry to Burned Churches is also seeking individuals who can serve as staff as volunteers or on a stipend. For more information, contact WQWM Ministry to Burned Churches, P.O. Box 205, Greensboro, AL 36744, telephone (500) 675-1224 or (334) 624-7004.

- "The Changing Nature of War: Human Costs and the Price of Peace" is the theme for Wilmington College's seventh annual Westheimer Peace Symposium, Oct. 29, in Wilmington, Ohio. Former senator and presidential candidate George McGovern will deliver the opening address. Other speakers will include Le Ly Hayslip, a Vietnam War survivor who founded the humanitarian relief organization, East Meets West Foundation; Elias Chacour, a Palestinian Melkite Christian priest and Nobel Peace Prize nominee working to improve Jewish and Palestinian relations; and Marjorie Nelson, a life-long Friend and physician who was taken prisoner during the Vietnam War. For more information, contact the Peace Resource Center, Wilmington College, Pyle Center Box 1183, Wilmington, OH 45177, telephone (937) 382-5338, e-mail prc@wilmington.edu. (From News from Peace House, Spring 1997)

- An ecumenical conference addressing the death penalty from a religious perspective will take place Nov 14-16 at the National 4-H Center in Washington, D.C. Sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee Criminal Justice Program, the event will include a diverse group of religious leaders and lay persons from across the United States. Sister Helen Prejean, author of Dead Man Walking, will give the keynote address, "Envisioning A World Without Violence: Organizing the Religious Community to Abolish the Death Penalty." Conference activities will include workshop presentations and discussions, and study groups, now forming nationwide, will share long-range action plans. For more information, contact Pat Clark, AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, telephone (215) 241-7130, e-mail pclark@afsc.org.

- The 1997 International Day of Peace will be observed on Sept. 16 with ringing bells and a moment of silence throughout the world. The day will begin at the United Nations Headquarters in New York City at 10 a.m. with messages from the UN Secretary-General and the President of the Security Council, followed by the ringing of the Peace Bell and a moment of silence. Since the annual ceremony was established at the UN in 1983, several major cities around the world have adopted similar observances at 1400 hours GMT. Individuals are encouraged to bring the bell ringing ceremony to their communities. Some suggestions on ways to help establish the Day of Peace include writing to federal, state, and local officials, asking for their support and recognition of the observance; contacting local church, school, and civic groups, asking that they participate; and distributing and wearing purple ribbons on that day as a witness to the dream of peace. Jim Bresky, who is leading the effort to establish the International Day of Peace, requests that individuals inform him of their activities and how their communities observe the day. Write to James J. Bresky, 28 Academy St. #3, Wilkes Barre, PA 18702-3802.

- The Fellowship of Reconciliation is seeking nominations for its 1998 Martin Luther King Jr. Award. Established in 1979, the award, which consists of a commemorative scroll and $2,500, has benefited individuals and organizations working for social justice in the nonviolent tradition of Dr. King. A member of the FOR, Dr. King was serving on the FOR Advisory Council at the time of his death. Nominations are limited to individuals and organizations working in the United States and will be accepted from now until November 1. Persons wishing to submit a nomination must use a nomination form, available from the Awards Coordinator, FOR, P.O. Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960, telephone (914) 358-4601.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER
15-18—Reunion of Friends formerly active in Young Friends Conferences and international work from 1947 to 1955; at Quaker Hill Conference Center, Richmond, Ind. Contact Lois Forbes Sexton, (410) 323-7897; Byron Branson, (513) 221-0868; or Chris Baldwin Nicholson, (765) 962-8646. 25-28—"Cultivating the Spirit," the 21st annual Quaker Lesbian Conference at Camp Onas, Ottsville, Pa. Activities include worship, sharing, workshops, dancing, singing, and fellowship. Contact QLC97, 6906 Sherman St., Philadelphia, PA 19119, e-mail QLC97@aol.com.

26-28—"Even a Jasper Stone," a women's weekend led by Margie Abbott of Mokshah (Oreg.), at Quaker Hill Center in Ben Lomond, Calif. Contact Quaker Center, P.O. Box 686, Ben Lomond, CA 95005, telephone (408) 336-8333. In September—Missouri Valley Friends Conference, at Camp Chishowa, Lawrence, Kan. Contact Jan Powell, Clerk, 1501 Barker, Lawrence, KS 66046, telephone (913) 749-1316.
Witness in Washington: Fifty Years of Friendly Persuasion


In 1675 English Friends established “Meeting for Sufferings” in order, according to the minutes of London Yearly Meeting, “that the cruelty and oppressions (which also under pretense of Law are committed) tending to the ruin of innocent families may not be hid but be laid before those in power to redress.” Through Meeting for Sufferings, Quakers organized a national network of Friends who visited and wrote letters to members of Parliament, judges, bishops, and others in authority, appealing to them to end the severe religious persecution of the day and enact laws to establish religious freedom.

Friends who read Witness in Washington: Fifty Years of Friendly Persuasion, published to mark the 50th anniversary of Friends Committee on National Legislation, are likely to be moved to reflect upon the continuity between 17th-and 20th-century Quaker activities—and upon the similarity of the tensions and questions Friends face whenever they seek effective ways to speak their truth to those in power. Witness in Washington is an engaging and highly readable account of FCNL’s contemporary Quaker lobbying. It prompts interesting historical comparison, but more importantly it reports to Friends on work in progress and encourages them to join in asking: What next? How can we do more? and What are our responsibilities for the future?

The principle author of Witness is Ed Snyder, who has served FCNL for more than 40 years, 28 of them as executive secretary. In “FCNL’s First Fifty Years—A Personal Perspective,” Ed Snyder mines his years of experience and FCNL’s meticulously kept archives to provide searching and richly illustrated answers to eight questions about FCNL: Is it naive about the real sources of power in government? Does it speak for all Friends? Can it—as a pacifist organization—be relevant on national security issues? Has it been faithful to the Quaker belief in love and nonviolence? Has it put too much faith in the UN? Supported the right approach to development abroad? To ending poverty and building community at home? Has FCNL lobbying been “effective”?

Ed Snyder takes the reader on a tour of FCNL’s advocacy on a wide range of domestic and foreign policy issues over the years in which “FCNL worked in the thick of three unprecedented developments in human history: a cold war . . . the advent of nuclear weapons . . . and a dawning recognition that planet earth is indeed ‘one world,’ a global village.” The result is an informative account of FCNL work on arms control and disarmament, military spending, the UN, the Middle East, human rights, antipoverty programs, civil rights, and many other issues. But beyond this, the result is also an enlightening display of the wisdom and insight gained over a lifetime of observation and work on national policy concerns.

“Today most citizens are sleepwalking through one of the most exciting and dangerous periods in human history,” he writes in one illuminating passage. “We are drugged by the mass media, advertisers, the siren call of the shopping mall, and status quo special interests which encourage us, at every turn, to avoid or deny reality.” In another he observes, “Public witness and civil disobedience can be supportive of sound legislative action, in my experience. The best radical witness can sensitize members of Congress and make them more open to new ideas and creative legislation.” Such distillations of experience and insight alone make Witness in Washington a rich and valuable book for Friends and...
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others to read.

Joe Volk, FCNL’s current executive secretary, contributes an essay on the meaning of the Quaker peace testimony in the post-cold war world, where questions of international peacekeeping and armed humanitarian intervention increasingly challenge Friends. Reviewing the problems posed in Cambodia, Bosnia, and Somalia, Joe writes, “I do not see how Friends could endorse or advocate military intervention, even for purposes of humanitarian intervention.” He adds, “God’s work cannot be done with a sword or a gun.”

The two other main contributions are Wilmer Cooper’s “FCNL in Historical Perspective,” and Stephen L. Klingberg’s “Envisioning the Next Fifty Years: Six Revolutionary Trends.”

(Witness in Washington, it should be mentioned, is offered as a companion volume to E. Raymond Wilson’s 1975 Uphill for Peace, which recounted FCNL’s first 30 years and which the authors have sought not to duplicate.)

“New insights based on Quaker values and continued openness to God’s leading will be required as people everywhere search for security in their communities and their world in this new era,” FCNL General Committee clerk Don Reeves writes in his introduction. “PCNL invites all Friends, and others,” he adds, “to join us in envisioning a rightly ordered world and the role of Spirit-led Friends in its creation. This is a task that has engaged every generation of Friends since the establishment of Meeting for Sufferings in 1675. Reading Witness in Washington is a good first step to carrying on that task for the 21st century.”

—James Fine

A member of the Policy Committee of Friends Committee on National Legislation, James Fine works on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania.

In Brief

George Bishop: Seventeenth-Century Soldier Turned Quaker

By Maryann S. Feola. Sessions of York, York, England, 1996. 156 pages. £8.00/paperback

Maryann Feola’s book documents the political disillusionment of 17th-century England and the spiritual path to which many turned. George Bishop, a brewer from Bristol, England, joined the parliamentarian New Model Army after the royal implementation of economic and civil limitations on the city. His efforts in support of Cromwell’s government were rewarded with a political appointment to the Committee of Examinations, the state
intelligence operation. Bishop’s hopes for the new Commonwealth included religious liberty, but Cromwell’s government, at first ambiguous and later discriminatory against Quakers, led Bishop to seek involvement with those who suffered under the new restrictive laws.

—Claudia Wair

Starting Out
By Mary Shideler, Scribendi Press, Boulder, Colo., 1996. 331 pages. $22.95/hardcover, $14.95/paper. In Starting Out, the first in a series of books about her life, Mary Shideler, a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting, relates how she became acquainted with Friends when she was a student at Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania. Through narrative, letters, and journal entries, she relates her religious and psychological development. Starting Out takes Mary Shideler from her birth in 1917 through graduation from Swarthmore. Later volumes bring her through her discovery of her vocation as a writer, her marriage, and her experience of growing and being old.

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September 1997 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Goldstein—Abram Breol Goldstein, 82, on March 3, in Eugene, Oreg. Born in Rochester, N.Y., Abram attended the University of Rochester and later transferred to Oberlin College in Ohio. He earned a master’s degree from the University of Chicago. A conscientious objector, Abram worked in Civilian Public Service during WWII. Among his CPS assignments were office work at a hospital in Chicago, forestry work, and patient care at a mental hospital. After the war he worked as an office manager at Hyde Park Food Co-op, where he met Norma Levesconte. They were married at 57th Street (Ill.) Meeting in Chicago in 1947. Though he worked briefly for the Internal Revenue Service, Abram left that position during the Korean War to avoid aiding the collection of taxes for war. In 1953 he and his family moved to New York where he worked for the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Abram later worked at Brooklyn College as an accountant until his retirement in 1976. In 1978 Abram and Norma moved to Florence, Oreg., and five years later they moved to Eugene. They transferred their membership from Westbury (N.Y.) Meeting to Eugene (Oreg.) Meeting in 1984. Abram is survived by his wife, Norma; two daughters, Marianne Robbins and Jeanne McClintock; a son, Michael Goldstein; and four grandchildren.

MacCormack—Carol Pulley MacCormack, 63, on May 15, at the Essa Flory Hospice Center in Lancaster, Pa., following a stroke one week earlier. Born in Downey, Calif., she received a BA magna cum laude in history from Millersville University in Pennsylvania and earned her PhD in anthropology from Bryn Mawr College. She was a social anthropologist who taught at Franklin and Marshall College in Pennsylvania, Cambridge University in England, and the University of London’s School of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene. Following retirement from the University of London, she was the Katherine McBride Professor of Anthropology at Bryn Mawr College for three years, and then returned to Franklin and Marshall as head of the Women’s Studies Program. For more than 25 years she did intermit-

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tent fieldwork in West Africa, conducted anthropological research in East Africa, Asia, and the Caribbean, and worked as a consultant for the World Health Organization, the World Bank, and the Rockefeller Foundation. In the latter years of her work, she often applied anthropological to health and development, especially as it affected the lives of people in rural communities. She felt at home among people in many places: in a women’s secret society in Sierra Leone, in a Buddhist monastery in Burma, or among Jamaican market women. She was quick to recognize that of God in them all, and the vibrant spirituality of people in diverse religious systems. A Quaker by conviction, she was profoundly at home with the testimonies of peace, simplicity, and social responsibility. In recent years, she and her husband, Jack Mongar, explored together and occasionally wrote jointly on the transition to the holistic worldview they felt is so needed in our Western materialistic, mechanistic, and individualistic society. Carol was active in Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting, serving as clerk at the time of her death, and in Quarterly Meeting, was a former member of the Friends Journal Board of Managers, and volunteered for Hospice of Lancaster County.

A keen gardener, she experienced great peace and harmony among her flowers, feeling at one with growing things. She was preceded in death by her daughter, Robin Lea Michitsch. She is survived by her husband Jack; a son Paul; four grandchildren, Kevin, Katharine, Elizabeth, and William; and two brothers, Lewis T. Pulley and L. Thomas Pulley.

Ravafon—Claire Thomas Ravafon, 89, on March 28, at Crosslands retirement community in Kennett Square, Pa. Born in Philadelphia, she graduated from the Fontaine School in France and Smith College in Massachusetts. She also received a Master of Social Work degree from the University of Pennsylvania. Claire had a distinguished 45-year career as a social worker, family therapist, and teacher. She taught at the University of Pennsylvania School of Social Work, at the College Cévenol in France, in Finland, at the Meeting School in New Hampshire, and at West Chester University in Pennsylvania. After retiring to Crosslands in 1977, she volunteered for several organizations, including the Chester County (Pa.) Hospital and Friends Hall. She was the local representative for the international exchange organization, Youth for Understanding. Claire discovered her love for travel when her father took her and her sister to visit Europe. After seeing the devastation of WWI, Claire made a commitment to peace. Her subsequent travels led her to France, Finland, Mexico, Costa Rica, the Caribbean, and Japan. Claire was a long-time Quaker and a member of Birmingham (Pa.) Meeting. She is survived by her daughter, Clémence Ravafon Mershon; a son, Pierre Ravafon; a sister, Florence T. Davis; a half-brother, B. Brooks Thomas; and four grandchildren. Taylor—Catherine Chandler Mott Taylor, 97, on Dec. 10, 1996, at Broadmead Friends retirement home in Cockeyeves, Md. Kit graduated from Friends School, Baltimore, in 1917 and from Bryn Mawr College in 1921. Later that year she married Herbert M. Taylor and joined Park Avenue (Md.) Meeting. After raising four children, Kit became a caregiver to her elderly parents, aunt, two nephews, and a niece. She later became a volunteer in the Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom and with SANE, through which she expressed her concern for peace and civil rights. As an officer of both organizations, she frequently represented them in giving testimony before committees of the U.S. House of Representatives and the Maryland House of Delegates. Later in life, Kit moved to Broadmead retirement home, where she served for many years as chair of the Health Committee and volunteered as a caregiver to patients in Broadmead’s nursing wing. She is remembered as a center of love, caring, compassion, and hope. Kit was preceded in death by her husband, Herbert Taylor, and a son, Herbert Taylor Jr. She is survived by three sons, William M., Robert W., and Jon K. Taylor; 12 grandchildren; and 13 great-grandchildren.

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Opportunities

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Upcoming Conferences at Pendle Hill:


Consciousness and Minds, Bonnie Tinker, Sep. 12–14.


Spiritual Nurture of Our Meetings, for members of min­ istry and counsel, Mickey Edgerton and Linda Chorley, Nov. 14–15.

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Date Correction: Next Clerking workshop is Feb. 20–21, 1998.

Contact: Registrar, Pendle Hill Bookstore, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099. (610) 560-4507 or (800) 742-3150, X142.

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Positions Vacant

Publisher/Executive Director

Swedberg Foundation, a nonprofit educational asso­ ciation and small press for New Sweden, MA, seeks a publisher/executive director. To continue development of its trade list of books for spirit­ ual seekers and to manage association and publishing operations including fund raising and membership develop­ ment. The preferred candidate will have at least five years experience managing an academic, nonprofit, or small commercial publishing program plus professional or personal experience working with nonprofit boards. We offer an excellent work environment and benefits. Send cover letter and resume with salary history to Executive Director/ Publisher Search, Swedberg Founda­tion, P.O. Box 543, West Chester, PA 19381.

The Other Side, the Christian magazine of peace, jus­ tice, and spirituality, seeks a Director of Operations to coordinate overall management, long-range planning, per­ sonnel, and board development. Teambuilding skills and 4–years administrative experience required. We offer ex­ cellent benefits and work on a common salary struc­ ture currently $17,470/year for individuals (plus generous stipend for dependent children). Contact: Search Committee, 330 West Asotley, Philadelphia, PA 19144, (215) 849-2178, to@asotley.org.

Enjoy rent-free living! The Caretaker Gazette publishes 500+ property caretaking jobs each year, worldwide. 1845 Deistsville-Fuller, PA 16133-3508. 309) 332-0808.


Real Estate

Contemporary cottage, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, 1,690 sq. ft. for sale. Quiet woods, Huntington County, IN, 20-acres cooperative, swimming pond. 70 min­ utes from N Y, C hicago, Indianapolis, $25,000. (936) 635-7044.

FRIENDS JOURNAL September 1997
Unique cottage—sale—converted older mill in Dorseet, Vermont. 1.9+ acres on west branch of the Battenkill Trout Stream, a few miles from Stratton and Bromley ski areas. 800 feet of river frontage, river views. Deadline for offer is 5/3, Immediate offer, 30% down, balance due in 60 days. Small, rural setting, privacy, and wildlife. Ask: $85,000. Mint condition. (914) 967-0539.

Rental & Retreats


Bald Head Island, N.C., panoramic view of ocean, dunes, lagoon, and golf course from four-bedroom, two-bathroom, beautifully furnished house with wrap-around deck, two electric golf carts. 14 miles of beach, championship golf, tennis, croquet, swimming, and fishing. 13,000 acres of maritime wilderness. Many birds and wildflowers. No cars on island. Peaceful, friendly. Rental by day or week. (215) 699-9166.

A Friendly Mule vacation on a Quaker family organic farm. 20 minutes to local beaches. New stone and cedar building with large outdoor room, skylight, ocean view, wall of windows. Comfortable rooms: Full kitchen, private vegetable garden, and hot tub. Bed and breakfast and bed and supper: $70 per week. Weekly and monthly rates available. Write Webber and Wm. Vilaras, 375 Kawelo Road, Haiku, HI 96708. Telephone: (808) 572-9205. Fax: 572-6048.


Retirement Living

New England Friends Home Operated under the care of the New England Yearly Meeting, the Friends Home provides a home-like setting for elders in a gracious, private house high on a hill in Hingham, Massachusetts. The exterior view of the changing New England seasons is breathtaking, and the interior atmosphere of warmth and comfort is inviting. For information about this small and surprisingly affordable alternative to larger, more institutional settings, please write or call Gratton Condon, New England Friends Home, 86 Turkey Hill Lane, Hingham, MA 02043, (617) 749-5556.

FRIENDS HOMES

West

Friends HOMES West, the new continuing care retirement community in Greensboro, North Carolina, is now open. Friends HOMES West is owned by Friends HOMES, Inc., specialists in retirement living since 1968. Friends HOMES West includes 171 apartments for independent living and on-site health care services in the 26 private rooms of the Assisted Living Unit or the 40 private rooms of the Skilled Care Nursing Unit. Enjoy a beautiful community in a location with temperate winters and changing seasons. For more information, please call (910) 292-9952, or write Friends HOMES West, 6100 West Friendly Road, Greensboro, NC 27410.

Foxdale Village, a Quaker life-care community. Thoughtfully designed cottages complemented by attractive dining facilities, library, and full medical protection. Setting is a wonderful combination of rural and university environment. Entry fees from $42,000-$147,000; monthly fees from $620-$1,400. 500 East Martyr Avenue, Department F, State College, PA 16801-6289. Telephone: (800) 253-4851.

KENDALL

COMMUNITIES and SERVICES for OLDER PEOPLE

All Kendall communities and services reflect our Quaker heritage. Each community is unique, tailored to the needs of the people we serve. Please see the separate section on each Kendall community for more information.

Kendall at Four Corners—Crosslands—Kendall Square, PA

Kendall at Hanover—Hanover, N.H.

Kendall at Oberlin—Oberlin, Ohio

Kendall at Peoria—Peoria, Illinois

Kendall at Stevens—Stevens Point, Wisconsin

Indoor living with residential services and access to health care:

Consistent Care—Kendall Square, PA

Individualized skilled nursing care, respite care, Alzheimer's care, and personal care residences: Kendall Friends Rental, PA

For information call or write: Doris Lambert, The Kendall Corporation, P.O. Box 100, Kendall Square, PA 02138. (617) 389-5551.

Schools

John Woolman School—Rural California, grades 9-12

Preparation for college and adulthood, small classes, caring staff, work program, service projects: board, day. 13057 Woolman Lane, Nevada City, CA 95659. (216) 273-3183.

Frankford Friends School—coed, K-6, serving Denver city, northeast, and most areas of Philadelphia. We provide children with a challenging and challenging curriculum program in a small nurturing environment. Frankford Friends School, 1600 Orthodox Street, Philadelphia, Philadelphia 19124, (215) 533-5366.

Come visit Olney Friends School on your cross-country travels, six miles south of I-70 in the green hills of eastern Ohio. Residential high school and farm, next to Stillwater Meetinghouse. Olney is college preparation built around truth thinking, inward looking, loving community, and useful work. 5120 Sandy Ridge Road, Newkirk, OH 43713. (614) 425-3655.


Lansdowne Friends School—A small, intimate school for boys and girls three years of age through grade six, rooted in Quaker values. We provide children with a quality education in an environment-appropriate program in a nurturing environment. Whole language, thematic education, conflict resolution, Spanish, after-school care, nursery. 800 N. Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050. (610) 523-2542.

Westtown School—Under the care of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting since 1799, Westtown seeks Quaker children for day (K-8) and boarding (9-12) students. Boarding is required for all upper school students. Write or call: Westtown School, P.O. Box 660, West Chester, PA 19380. (610) 692-1935.

Managed by Quakertown Management Company.

Schools

The Quaker School at Horsham, a value-centered elementary and middle school for students with learning differences. Small, remedial classes, qualified staff, serving Philadelphia, PA and surrounding areas. 315 Meeting House Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2875.

Services Offered

Quaker Writers & Artists
Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts. FQA's goal: "To nurture and showcase the literary, visual, musical, and performing arts within the Religious Society of Friends, for purposes of Quaker expression, ministry, witness, and outreach. To these ends, we will offer spiritual, practical, and financial support as way opens." Help build an international network of creative support and celebration. Membership, $15/year. FQA, P.O. Box 58565, Philadelphia, PA 19139. E-mail: fqa@quaker.org. Our Web Page: http://www.quaker.org/fqa.

Editing and Proofreading: anything, from book-length manuscripts to occasional pieces, given thorough, painstaking, professional treatment at reasonable cost. Spend your time on something else while I get your work ready for the printer. Edward Sargent, 2147 Bainbridge Street, Philadelphia, PA 19148.

Marriage Certificates. Fine calligraphy in traditional plain styles or custom-designed borders. Also Family Trees for holiday gifts, births, anniversaries, family reunions. Call or write Carol Simon Sexton, Clear Creek Design, 820 West Main Street, Rich­ mond, IN 47374. (317) 962-1794.

We are a fellowship, friends mostly, seeking to enrich and expand our spiritual experience. We seek to obey the promptings of the Spirit however we named. We meet, publish, correspond. Inquire friendly. Write Quaker Universalist Fellowship, 121 Watson Mill Road, Landenberg, PA 19338-9344.

Meditation Service Associates—offers a professional alternative for resolving disputes in the areas of Family, Business, Organization, and Real Estate. Call: (717) 263-4440 or e-mail: maestro@unio or miroonmi@unio.com. Michael R. Maestro and Barbara J. Spiegelberg, Mediators.


Forum Travel
Quaker-owned and -managed travel agency. Friendly, experienced service; domestic and international; overnight delivery. (800) 888-4039.

Fine Line Studios

Marriage certificates, Announcements, Invitations, etc. Do justice to your event with our calligraphy and award-winning graphic design. (800) 780-0253.

Financial Services. Let me help you prepare for retirement or work out an estate plan. Socially responsible investments—my specialty. Call Joyce Moore, LUTCF, Joyce Moore Financial Services at (610) 320-3020 or e-mail JMFSS@AOL.com. (Securities offered by Washington Square Securities, 50 Washington Square South, Minneapolis, MN 55401).

Helping Friends Grow. Investment certificates are available from Friends Extension Corporation. These investments promote the growth of Friends by providing low cost loans to build new facilities or renovate existing facilities. For information contact Margaret Benjamin, 1707 Old Ridge Drive, Richmond, IN 47374. Telephone: (317) 962-9787.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pine Tree Dr., Greensboro, NC 27410. (310) 234-2055.

Celo Valley Books: Personal attention to all phases of book production, from concept to final product. Typing, editing, layout, final delivery. Free brochure. 346 Seven Mile Ridge Road, Burnsville, NC 28714.

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Woolman Commons in Mount Holly, NJ

for people ready to give up the responsibility of their own home, but not ready for a full-service, continuing care community.

Woolman Commons is known as a “partial-service” community. That means your biggest concerns are taken care of for you: building and grounds maintenance, real estate taxes, routine medical needs, prescription drugs, etc. (You have the option of giving up even more chores such as housekeeping for an additional charge.)

Because you’re still active and able, you make your own meals and arrange your own transportation. At Woolman Commons, by continuing to do some things for yourself, your monthly maintenance fees are lower than they would be in a full-service community.

Also because Woolman Commons is a satellite community of Medford Leas Continuing Care Retirement Community, all your nursing and medical needs are assured through Medford Leas for your lifetime. In other words, as your needs change, our care and services can change to meet these needs – helping you maintain as high a quality of life as possible.

At Woolman Commons, you’ll be stimulated by other independent, active people involved in civic and cultural activities, volunteer work, worship groups…just to name a few. People still energetic and spirited enough to enjoy and get the most out of life.

At Woolman Commons, you’ll enjoy the charm and convenience of historic Mount Holly. You can walk to banks, the post office, many nice restaurants, and the lively business district. Nearby public transportation takes you to Philadelphia or New York City and shopping malls are just a short drive away.

Woolman Commons of Medford Leas

one and two-bedroom units in colonial brick buildings…a community in the Friends tradition of care and concern.

For more information and a brochure giving many more specifics, including the very affordable prices, please call 609-654-3000 or 800-331-4302 (except NJ) and ask for the Director of Admissions.

Medford Leas is a Quaker-related Continuing Care Retirement Community conducted by The Estaugh, a non-profit corporation founded in 1914. A special note to Friends: Medford Leas has scholarship monies available to assist Friends with limited assets or income who are interested in living as part of our community.
FGC Bookstore

Resources for Monthly Meetings

Quaker Faith & Practice
Britain Yearly Meeting • paperback $13.00
hardcover $20.00

Listening Spirituality
by Patricia Loring • paperback $15.00

Friendly Faith & Practice Study Guide
by Joanne & Larry Spears • paperback $3.00

The Mediator's Handbook
Jennifer E. Beer with Eileen Stief • paperback $19.95

Listening Hearts: Discerning Call in Community
Farnham, Gill, McLean, and Ward • paperback $8.95

Quakers on the Move:
A Storybook of Quaker History from 1652 to Today
FGC RE Committee • paperback $9.00

What I Believe: Kids Talk about Faith
by Debbie and Tom Birdseye • hardcover $15.95

I Wanted to Know All about God
Virginia L. Kroll, illus. by Debra Reid Jenkins • hardcover $15.00

We're Going to Meeting for Worship
Abby A. Hadley, illus. by Diane Edwards LaVoy • paperback $5.00

Guide My Feet: Prayers and Meditations For Our Children
Marian Wright Edelman • paperback $10.00

Plus New Curricula:

Silent Worship & Quaker Values
by Marsha Holiday $9.50

Exploring My Friends' Beliefs
Philadelphia YM RE Committee $22.00

Worship in Song:
A Friends Hymnal
FGC • large print $35.00
hardcover / cloth bound $20.00
softcover / spiral bound $20.00

Friends General Conference Bookstore
1216 Arch Street, 2B
Philadelphia, PA 19107
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