Another Voice for Change

As follow-up to my column last month, in which I quoted young people in Costa Rica speaking out about land mines, here's another letter—this one from the pages of Fellowship. It is written by an even younger voice for change:

Dear President Clinton,

For Christmas my mom wants peace, love, and justice in the world. My gift for my mom is to write this letter to ask for your help because you are the president. Please stop spending money for weapons. Spend more money on food and things to help people. We learn in school to share and not fight. It's simple. You can do it.

Christopher Connors, six years old

Well said, Christopher. You cut right to the heart of it. It reminds me of a moment when my daughter Evelyn (then age six) and I visited an IRS agent in Philadelphia to discuss my reasons for not paying my federal taxes. During a pause in the conversation Evy asked the agent, "Why do you try to make my daddy pay money for killing other people?" The agent looked down, shuffled through his papers, and announced that the meeting was concluded.

Our January issue picks up on the theme raised by our young people. It is about Quaker witness and service, and the very human form this may take: sharing a cup of coffee, which serves to build trust in war-torn Bosnia; opening one's home to a Bosnian student, then traveling to Mostar to meet the student's family and to gain new insights into perplexing questions; opening ourselves to the moving words of Suad Slipicevic, that same Bosnian student, who has now returned to his country to study law; accepting Gilbert White's challenge to Friends to renew our commitment to volunteer service; and there is more. Most of all, this is an issue that may speak to each of us at the deeper human level.

What better way to greet the new year and to renew our commitment to work for peace. That is the wish of each of us here at the JOURNAL.

Vinton Deming

Next month in Friends Journal:

Answering the Love of God
A Wailing Wall
Finding the Divine Center

Friends Journal staff and volunteers (from left):

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Cover photo by Warren A. Witte

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Death and dying

I want to try to add my own experiences and thoughts to what was so thoughtfully put together in the October 1997 articles on “Death and Dying.”

Death, that never welcome, never unwelcome visitor in our lives, does present a challenge to Friends, for even when least ready for its visit we must quickly find a way to make ourselves ready. In my case, it was a former spouse who announced recently to her friends that she wanted to plan her transition. I’m told it came through beautifully.

To the spiritually oriented person, this may be seen as primarily entry into larger life, but not all remaining on this side share that view.

My dear former wife Ruth now is where she wanted to be, and because she desired it so much, we could not deny it to her. It was for her a clear choice she had to make.

Friends will understandably differ from one another in their understanding of life after death, or more sensitively put, “life after life.”

Jim Best
Tucson, Ariz.

In response to Dorothy Trippel’s article, let me say that we must never forget that it is against all natural law and especially God’s law to destroy a human life, be it our own or another’s.

Joanne Beisel

At 80 years, I am very much for a choice. I do not want to become an Alzheimer’s idot or have my resources squandered on an expensive nursing home. I am now without family, and I think about how to die with dignity. I eat well, exercise, and am very active in community affairs championing peace and ecology and the simple life.

Recently my mentally ill sister died after 25 years of torment. The mentally ill have no choice. Her last years of disintegration were too terrible to behold. Even organizations such as the Hemlock Society don’t face the issue. Can Friends help bring it out into the Light?

Valice Ruge
Duxbury, Mass.

Recently, a very dear friend, Walt, died after a long bout with cancer. During the past year, I appointed myself a committee of clearness for him to help him with his dying. I learned from the chaplain who ministered to Walt in his last weeks that he died without fear and that he regarded his dying as a great adventure.

There are very defined tasks that have to be done as part of living your dying. The most important is to share with those closest to you your feelings about what you are going through. This will open up the way for them to talk about their feelings. If you have unresolved issues with any member of the family, simply tell them all the positive things that you honestly feel about them. This will clear up any negativity left behind about the issue.

Realize that at all times you are in control and have options. You can choose the type of treatment or decide to discontinue it. You can choose your diet, the amount of exercise, and what you want to do with your remaining time. You can change doctors.

Look at the routine jobs you have been doing and start training others to take over as the need arises. This is especially important for those jobs for which you have assumed complete responsibility, such as the finances.

Decide how you want to dispense with your belongings. Such gifts from you personally are much more important than the family making such decisions after your death.

Allow yourself to live your dying. It is an important part of life, and finishing up relationships will help your family adjust to what is happening to you. It also provides a wonderful role model for them.

Mary Lou Beatman
Felton, Del.

I wonder why in the questions of abortion and euthanasia, Quakers find themselves arguing for death. I also question whether we can handle through laws the problem of people ridding themselves of troublesome elders. Wife beating is against the law also.

Judith Monroe
Sugar Land, Tex.

I was pleased to see that you are helping us explore physician-assisted suicide and other end of life choices. My dad ended his life voluntarily in 1993 with the help of a physician, and in taking that action he changed my understanding of these issues at a very deep personal level. He was convinced that pancreatic cancer would mean a painful and debilitating “natural death.” My brother and I were part of his decision to choose the time of his death. I ended up writing a book about how much he taught by his living and his dying—The Choice: Seasons of Loss and Renewal after a Father’s Decision to Die. (The excerpt below is from Chapter III—Eds.)

I wonder if it were certain that every single one of us would die of pancreatic cancer, of that particularly painful death, would the Michigan legislature still pass the bill prohibiting assisted suicide? Then it would be a law sentencing us all to an equally painful death. It would no longer be a law for some, for the minority who now suffer such a disease. And I think of Dad saying how angry he was that the legislature would take such an action, would sentence the dying to an excruciating end. He particularly could not understand his hunting buddy’s support for the legislation, although he knew it to come from honest religious belief. “When we hunted, we would always track down a wounded animal,” Dad said. “We wouldn’t let a deer suffer like this.”

I have the hospice articles about how pain can be managed in almost all cases. Almost all. They say pancreatic cancer is the worst. Fast, but brutal. Even the doctors say that. I am driving to my mother-in-law’s. The exit from Route 50 to her home in Annapolis has a new name. I wonder where that came from. Mary Parish calls, to tell me why the boulevard is named after a local man, “I knew him,” she said. “He was an elegant, soft-spoken leader in the Annapolis community, a medical doctor. I met him once at a session I did for doctors. Very impressive man. The day that he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer, he drove from his doctor’s office to his minister’s home, sat in his car and shot himself to death. They
named the boulevard in his honor.

Her statement takes my breath away. A doctor who committed suicide rather than live through the disintegration of pancreatic cancer. Drove from his doctor to his minister and ended his life on his own. A conscious choosing of death over life. Death rather than an end of disintegration and disorientation. A doctor's choice. This is not about suicide as much as it is about choice and the quality of life leading up to death.

Conscious dying. Civil disobedience. Just and unjust laws. Questions to be decided in our courts, and in our homes, and in our hearts. How did all this work its way into our lives? How will we come to grips with this issue of our dying and with the many ways in which technology changes that issue and yet leaves it the same? We will be faced with choices. As individuals, as families, as communities, as institutions, as societies, for better or for worse. We will disagree, but we must choose. Finally, we will all, in one way or another, face the choice, the difficult decision.

I sense that as a society, it is still hard for us to believe we are going to have to learn our way into this reality together. There is a tendency to think that the "grown ups" have this all planned out and that we are simply trying to guess what they have in mind. Instead, we might assume that all of us are learning, that the parents of the future are determined by the way in which we all civilly and compassionately contribute to each other's education about these hard questions. There is no longer some agenda that issue and yet leaves it the same? We will all, in one way or another, face the choice, the difficult decision.

I am deeply disturbed by your discussions of euthanasia. I write not only as a cancer survivor, but last year I lost someone very dear to me after a long and painful illness and death.

The very framing of the issue is, I believe, putting us on the wrong track. For Friends, this cannot be only a political or medical issue, but ultimately a moral and spiritual one. By discussing the pros and cons of euthanasia, it appears we are already on the slippery slope. The sanctity of life has traditionally been at the heart of our Testimonies. The question should be not whether killing, of ourselves or others, is appropriate, but how we treat death with the same reverence we view life; how do we confront the destructive attitude toward death, and therefore life, in the society around us, rather than becoming part of it.

Some people view suicide as a gift to the living, saving them the burden and expense of illness. No one should feel guilty for dying. If a family member is dying, then that person needs and deserves our resources even more than those who are healthy and remain with their lives ahead of them. Dying itself can be the gift.

A common argument for euthanasia is to alleviate the person's pain and suffering. Much suffering is due to neglect, ignorance, and fear. I would say most of the pain is in feeling alone. The argument is that people should not have to suffer, and some suffering cannot be ameliorated. If it cannot be avoided, it must be embraced, with love. We do not bear the burden alone. Hubris is thinking our ability to give comfort, or to bear dying, comes from ourselves and not from God.

There is the argument that suicide can provide a death with more dignity. Why should we consider it undignified to die dependent? We do not consider it undignified to be born dependent. Are only strong, healthy people dignified? I think it is hubris for us to think life is only of value when it fits what we define as desirable. Where is the dignity in denial? By deciding that life best fits a preconceived image, we limit its real potential for us. By failing to accept life as it comes to us, we are denying life.

When a person asks to die, I think it is safe to say they are probably suffering physical or psychic pain. When we are in such pain, we are not asking from strength, but from the feeling that it is all too much for us. As the family and friends of someone in such pain, we must provide comfort—physically holding and loving, making it known we value every minute of their life. We must give each other the strength. If we do not feel we have it, we have probably forgotten that of God within ourselves.

Judy Sorum Brown
Hyattsville, Md.

Friends and taxes

Ross Worley's letter (Forum Oct. 1997) raises valid questions about the real effects of the war tax witness. I like his hard thinking, but I find myself in disagreement with his statement, "it is only fair and right-sharing to support yourself at an economic level commensurate with the economy where you live." While there is certainly a correlation between income and one's contribution to society, this is by no means perfect. Is a stockbroker really worth three times as much as a good teacher? More to the point for Friends, do the capital gains (or losses) from stock or real estate we own have anything to do with our worth as people?

While I have not chosen to withhold taxes, for some of the reasons Ross Worley cites, I respect those who do. Those who choose to keep income low can and should contribute through volunteer work or offering professional services to worthy agencies less able to pay. The value is in the fruit of the labor, not the price it brings.

Allen Treadway
Decatur, Ill.

Camouflaged racism

I am taken aback upon reading "Friends be aware" (Forum Oct. 1997). In my view as an African American male Quaker, it has a decidedly racist overtone. The warning is nothing more than a respectable wanted notice for an African American man who evidently took advantage of Pittsburgh Friends' innocent attempt at good will. I read the warning this way: "Friends be aware—there is a large, engaging African American man going around flim-flamming us good hearted people!" It perpetuates a harmful and prevalent racial stereotype and pathologizes black men regardless of their socioeconomic status. It presents an image of black men as dangerous. Given contemporary race/crime tensions, this profile could and probably will lead to trouble for many other "large, engaging African American" men.

Mainstream U.S. society uses race in their descriptions only when they are referring to "non-whites." Quakers are doing the same thing, and it is a clear example that Quakers are active participants in American racism, where anything outside the norm of "whiteness" must be identified. I believe that Friends—the JOURNAL and others—have participated in an act of unintentional camouflaged racism. The somewhat simple, unintentional racism I describe here is an example of how deeply rooted Quaker meetings are in American racist practices without awareness. Actually coming to grips with institutional and cultural racism will be very difficult because of the very nature of Quaker practice and its reliance on individual responsibility. Identifying, accepting, atoning, and making restitution for Quaker racism may be a difficult process because Friends practices make it virtually impossible to mount the kind of organized, long-term effort that other
religious and secular organizations have found necessary.

One of the powerful privileges that Quakers tend to enjoy is the use of silence when the difficult matter of Quaker racism is brought up. It is in this silence that Friends are most like other Americans of privilege who deny the harm racism does to the fabric of our society.

I feel that the publication of "Friends be aware" was a gift we can all work from and learn from. It is a message of importance from Pittsburgh Friends. It is also an opportunity for the perspective of an African American male Quaker, who is hurt and insulted by the racism in the message expressed. John Lampen in his wonderful book Mending Hurts says: "If we are looking for proper healing, forgiveness, harmony, and justice, there is often much to be done: reconciliation, making amends, making a new start, and planning how things can be different in the future." Where do we go from here?

John L. Johnson
Washington, D.C.

We apologize for our lack of awareness and are grateful for the honest statement of feelings. The JOURNAL editors hope to oppose racism in all its forms, intended and camouflaged. We welcome articles and letters on the subject and will continue to give space to this in the magazine.

—Eds.

Offering a choice

The Fairy Tale Princess is dead. Long live her vision of the human race free of the threat of sudden death from land mines. But there are still 100,000,000 land mines infesting our earth in Afghanistan, Cambodia, Vietnam, Bosnia, the Middle East, Africa, Europe. Every 20 minutes someone is killed or maimed by a buried mine. The task of removing them is unimaginably great.

There are mines infesting our earth in Afghanistan, Cambodia, Vietnam, Bosnia, the Middle East, Africa, Europe. Every 20 minutes someone is killed or maimed by a buried mine. The task of removing them is unimaginably great, but the need to remove them is unimaginably great. Here is one suggestion. The jails of this world are bursting with millions of prisoners incarcerated at great expense, warehoused without hope of rehabilitation, and learning nothing except from other inmates. Without work, without help, without hope, many spend their lives locked up, or if they come out, embittered, all too often they find their way back to prison to do another futile stretch.

Is it beyond the capacity of the human brain to devise a way for certain categories of prisoners to be offered a choice: Volunteer to risk your life for a set period of time digging up a designated number of mines (1,000? 2,000?) in exchange for amnesty with probation. They would be trained, of course; be required to work under guard. But they would be doing something worth doing. And they could hope to win freedom—perhaps even a measure of thanks from society—for a terrifying job accomplished. They might meet, face to face, crippled survivors who would not be ungrateful. If I were in prison on Death Row, or for life, or for 30 or 40 years, I think I might be tempted to accept this desperate offer.


Josephine H. Phillips
Newtown, Pa.

Woodmere at Jacaranda

I would like to respond to the article in the FRIENDS JOURNAL December issue entitled, "Controversy between Friends' Housing and Care, Inc., and local Florida Friends escalates." There are four statements in the article which need to be corrected.

Friends' Housing and Care, Inc., held its first organizational meeting on January 1, 1996. At the initial board meeting, the board members all agreed to invite Sarasota Evangelical Friends Church to participate in working with Sarasota Monthly Meeting on this retirement community.

The corporate charter requires that a majority of the board be members of the Religious Society of Friends, but does not prescribe any particular branch of Friends. Our members saw this as an opportunity to help bridge some of the wide gaps within the Society of Friends. Due to theological conflicts, the Friends Church could not formally join in the venture. But an equal number of their members elected to participate as board members.

The article erroneously stated that we "raised several concerns as it attempted to gain nonprofit status with the State." We had nonprofit status with the State from the day we submitted our charter under the nonprofit statutes of the State of Florida.

Further, the article stated: "Bill Martin, chairman of the Board... had advertised Woodmere as 'established by Sarasota Monthly Meeting... and Sarasota Friends Church'." and that "because neither group corporately supported the venture, Friends' Housing and Care changed their advertising at the insistence of these groups to say: 'established by members of Sarasota Monthly Meeting and Sarasota Evangelical Friends Church.'" This statement is misleading and false. Contrary to your statement, we were for our first 14 plus months under the care of Sarasota Monthly Meeting. We never advertised that we were established by the Sarasota Friends Church.

The following statement in the article is erroneous: "When the Yearly Meeting and Monthly Meetings declined their sponsorship, the group organized themselves as a Friends Meeting and secured its 501-c-3 status as such." This is the most irresponsible and false statement in the article. 501-c-3 status was secured in the fall of 1996 while still under the care of Sarasota Monthly Meeting. We secured status as a religious organization as our application indicated we were planning to establish a new and separate meeting at Woodmere. After we changed our bylaws to remove Sarasota Monthly Meeting, we filed these amendments with the IRS, which promptly notified us that there was no change in our IRS status.

Finally, the article concludes: "The organization also compiled its own 'Faith and Practice' to file with its corporate papers." Since we had created a new worship group, we adopted our own Faith and Practice on June 9, 1997. In no way was it done to be filed with our corporate papers. It was done to make it clear that this Quaker group was a Christian group to which all Christian Friends were welcome.

On March 11, 1997, the board, after seeking a legal opinion which determined that the bylaws provision requiring Sarasota Monthly Meeting's approval for changes in the bylaws was inconsistent with our charter and state law, we changed the bylaws to eliminate the need for Sarasota Monthly Meeting to approve appointments to the board. Because of the severity of this action, and in accordance with State law, after reaching a consensus we took a recorded vote to sustain the ruling of the chair and the subsequent amendment of the bylaws. The vote was 13 voting aye and two stood aside. Consequently, until that time we were under the care of Sarasota Monthly Meeting, and it was by our initiative that we broke this relationship.

I trust that this will clarify the erroneous statements of the article.

William R. Martin, chair
Herbert Hallman, chair, Finance Committee
Friends' Housing and Care, Inc.

January 1998 FRIENDS JOURNAL
I went to Bosnia for the first time because I felt led to do so.

I was new to the field of conflict management and transformation. My work for many years had been in international professional exchange and training. The most exciting aspect of that had been to bring together disparate groups and see them discover that, in spite of their many differences, there was more they held in common. It was fascinating to see former antagonists discuss together potential new solutions to old problems.

After a number of years, however, I found that while I still believed the field of international exchange to be important, I needed to shift my own efforts to a different arena. It was in meeting for worship that I made the decision. Silence, both corporate and individual, introduced me to my own inner conflicts, and I began to confront them with greater honesty.

Professionally I had been drawn into consulting with organizations struggling through change and conflict. While the decision to leave one area of work seemed sudden at the time, the process had been a gradual one that took place over years.

I sought further training for dealing with groups in conflict. Having found much support within my Quaker community, I turned to Quaker Peace Teams. At their recommendation, I applied for training with Christian Peacemaker Teams. A later course with John Paul Lederach at Eastern Mennonite University about strategic planning for international peacemaking reminded me of the community and organizational development work that was already so familiar, but added an international dimension.

Handing over the program I had nurtured for many years to fresh hands and fresh ideas, I left my job, departing without a qualm. I had plans to do research at Pendle Hill over the summer and then to travel to Chiapas, Mexico, where I had learned of peace efforts with the Zapatistas and the government.

Pendle Hill chose someone else to conduct research, and suddenly I had the summer free. I received an urgent call from CPT's executive director asking me to go to Bosnia for three months. I explained to him that I was the last person he would want to send, for I had not worked in that part of the world and did not speak what used to be called Serbo-Croatian. There was no one else to send, however. CPT had promised colleagues in Germany to try to find someone to join them for at least three months in the town of Jajce, Bosnia, to help develop the peace effort, aimed at the reintegration of refugees into the town. It was an odd moment, for though I felt my skills were not a good match, I also felt very drawn to go. I met with a clearness committee from my monthly meeting who posed good questions for me to consider about vision, risk, and family obligations. I decided to follow my lead-

slowly, as we sat and sipped, their stories of the war would emerge, tales of sorrow, sometimes of horror, often with few words.

walking down the street, stopped by a neighbor woman who would invite me in for coffee. It is the women who make coffee. The other favorite drink, rakia, a plum brandy, is the province of men, who tend Jajce's famously bountiful plum trees.

The serving of coffee is a leisurely business, and each woman has her own special technique. It is said that a woman is not considered marriageable until she has mastered the art of preparing good Bosnian coffee! I learned a variety of ways of preparation, from the selection of the proper pot to the grinding of freshly roasted beans by hand as we sat, waiting for the water to boil. Some food would also be offered, if there was any. In the summer, this was most often fruit, which grew plentifully still, in spite of the wartime bombings that had decimated much of the town. The women could work miracles with the humanitarian flour they received. A delicious pita might appear, a national dish made with the thinnest of pie dough and a stuffing of some vegetable or fruit grown in the garden.

Slowly, as we sat and sipped, their stories of the war would emerge, tales of
sorrow, sometimes of horror, often with few words but with much emotion and gesturing that showed the missing windows and window frames, the ripped-out plumbing and floor tiles, the place in the garden where a beloved brother had been killed. Often we were joined by neighbors as we sat together. I was touched by the gentle patience of those with whom I visited, as I struggled both to understand and to speak their language.

There was humor, too. I particularly recall the tale of one cheerful older man who recounted how he had been a captive during World War II in a Nazi concentration camp and had escaped. He never expected as an old man, he said, to have a repeat performance! He and his wife had been under siege by the Serbs, were captured by the Croats and lined up for execution, then escaped during a bombing run. They were given shelter by another Croat, kicked out by Muslims, and finally returned to Jajce, to a home that was once a spacious house in the Austro-Hungarian style and was now reduced to one habitable room, the rest in rubble. Yet he was happy, and he told jokes about his escape over mined fields, leading his wife and ten other women to safety, so that we laughed. He pointed out their flourishing garden of vegetables and flowers, with pride and real pleasure. He taught me that, no matter what the circumstances, we do have choices about our response.

Over time I became trusted in this land where trust is not given easily. Perhaps because I was trying so hard to learn the language, I also learned to listen as well as to speak. Miraculously, as with the old man, I discovered people who lived in joy, even without any of the material goods I so casually take for granted, and without the safety.

Without the distractions, wonderful though they be, of home, community, family, and friends close at hand, I learned to put away the past and the future and pay attention to the moment I was in. Although it was sometimes very uncomfortable, I learned to be with that feeling and to accept where I was. I discovered that if I stayed with these sad moments rather than avoiding them, there was another side, a richer and deeper experience precisely because I chose not to run away. Confronting my own fears, I could more easily empathize with others' fears and release my own.

I discovered that listening was the greatest skill I practiced. I could see how important it is to have a loving relationship with not only the victims but also the perpetrators. Often a gentle question can be more thought provoking than direct confrontation.

There was much I learned on that first trip to Bosnia. Though I needed to return to the United States after the three months were completed, I knew that I would return to Bosnia.

I don't think I fully appreciated the value of those cups of coffee, however, until my next assignment in Bosnia. I was working for a large, hierarchical international governmental organization in a different part of Bosnia. My assignment was for only two months as a temporary officer. I worked long hours in an office setting, only returning in the evening to my second-story flat in a private home. Then I would sit with the family and with their friends and drink coffee and hear what they had to say about their lives and politics.

My organization dealt with casework for those seeking to return to their homes. We relied, however, on both the rule of law and international political pressure at the highest levels to implement the Dayton Peace Accords. The concept of "rule of law" turned out to be quite arbitrary, and if political pressure at the highest levels had any effect at all, it certainly was not felt by those seeking to regain their lost homes.

Just before I completed the assignment, I was invited to attend a high-level strategy meeting of international governmental groups charged with overseeing the implementation of the Dayton Peace Accords. The frustration level was high, and the chairman of the meeting suggested a most radical approach to a
troublesome dilemma where local media in a town were whipping up fear among residents against a group of potential returnees.

"We must counter this propaganda. We can no longer wait for high-level political pressure to take effect. If this situation falls apart, the world will ask us what we did. We can't just sit on our hands... but we can just sit... in the cafes, in people's homes, with a cup of coffee. We can tell them what is really happening, and counter the propaganda. And we can buy local radio time." The situation was so tense that it was not possible to call a town meeting. People would be afraid to attend. We could, however, increase the international presence there, not with troops but with civilians. It was a desperate measure, born out of frustration and not likely to succeed as a short term effort, but the chairman had grasped a certain truth in his approach.

Sitting in cafes and visiting in homes, practicing "coffee diplomacy" means taking time to listen, to talk, and to share hospitality. It is by its nature informal and off the record. Over time, trust can be built, confidences shared, and tense situations diffused simply because someone took the time to listen with empathy. Empathy does not necessarily mean agreement, but it gives space to the other to speak freely and perhaps to explore dearly held beliefs in a new light without the need for instant defense.

At one point after listening to so many stories of human rights violations from every side, I became frustrated. "Why can few here see beyond their own misery to empathize with or understand that others, too, have suffered?" A wise woman remarked to me, "until one is heard, really heard, there is little space for empathy for others." I had just met with a family who had been forced at gunpoint from one floor of their home by a family from a second ethnic group, whose own home in another town had been burned by yet another family, from a third ethnic group. I returned to listen more, to be a vessel in a way, to carry off the extra grief and rage and pain. It was not enough that I listened to both families who were there, but even that listening lessened the tension between them, if only for a little while.

In another case, a disabled woman and her children had been beaten by a neighbor, a man who had come first to take care of a house and then to occupy it. The international community rallied around the victimized family, visiting them daily as a public witness. But no one visited the neighbor.

We extend empathy easily and willingly to the victim, but less often to the perpetrator. If we cannot look for that of God in everyone, especially the one who has done harm, how can we expect that person to act out of a holy place? We feel uncomfortable. What can we say? It is less what we say and more whether we can help to create a safety zone for honest reflection. I find it useful to be with someone in much the same way a clearness committee can work. I remember how my own clearness committee listened to all that I said and then, without challenge or agreement, spoke from their own experience and posed questions. Especially in times of high emotion and conflict, it is helpful to listen without judgment, so that the person one is dealing with can arrive at his or her own conclusions. Someone who feels the need to hide behind personal defenses can see clearly neither self nor other.

I am home now, and it is good to be here. I know I will keep returning to Bosnia. There may be only small acts of listening that I can do there. I guess we can never know the results of our efforts, but they feel worthwhile, nonetheless. I keep learning so much every time I go: to release the past and the future in order to be fully present, to listen in love, to be at ease with being ill at ease, to take pleasure in small perfect moments, and to marvel that there are these moments, no matter what the circumstance. It isn't that strategic planning is not important. It is. It is only that those quiet moments of "coffee diplomacy" remind us of our humanity, of our communion with one another, and with the Divine.
One day the announcements after meeting included a report that a local school had agreed to provide a scholarship to a Bosnian student. All that was missing was a host family. We looked at each other and, on the spot, raised our hands.

The interplay between beliefs and experience has always been an important aspect of Quakerism for me. To paraphrase Henry Cadbury, while our beliefs often lead Friends to action, actions can in turn reshape or refine our animating beliefs. Over the past two years Pat Witte and I have experienced this interplay at work in our lives as we have become engaged in the lives of young people from Bosnia.

One fall day in 1995 the clerk’s announcements after meeting for worship included a report that a local private school had agreed to provide a scholarship to a Bosnian student and that a well qualified young man from Mostar had been identified and was ready to come. All that was missing was a host family. Pat and I looked at each other and, on the spot, raised our hands and said that we would be interested in such a role.

We have a large house, and our children are independent adults living in far-flung parts of the world. We had agonized during the long months of war in Bosnia as we watched the death, torture, suffering, and destruction on TV and read the wrenching news reports. It was one of those situations of human tragedy that caused us to feel helpless and, at times, to simply look away. As pacifists we had been less than enthusiastic about occasional calls for stronger U.S. military engagement or arming the Muslims. Yet the unfolding of the ethnic cleansing and genocide and the prospect of an internationally-brokered agreement that honored the massive removal of people also were repugnant to us. Against this background, the simple suggestion that we could provide support to a young person who had survived the slaughter seemed both compelling and possible.

Suad Slipicevic flew into Philadelphia in mid-January 1996. He was quickly challenged to make the transition from an adolescent engaged in helping his family survive the hellfire of bombing and death in Mostar between 1992 and 1995 to the life of a student in a demanding, private American school, surrounded by the children of affluent suburban families. Only toward the end of his time with us, as he graduated and prepared to return to his family in Mostar, did we understand the magnitude of this challenge. We had been aware of the obvious difficulty of adapting to a different educational system in a language that he had studied only as a foreign language. We were also aware of the loneliness of separation from friends and family. We had less imagination for the transition from war and its aftermath— including the death of his father in 1993—to a setting of normalcy, or for coming to grips with the trauma he survived and the stark questions that still remained about the future—for him, his family, his town, and his country.

Happily, Germantown Academy was generous not only in providing a hefty package of financial support; it also offered faculty members who were able to provide personal support to a proud, struggling young man desperately eager to succeed and to find himself. Furthermore, the Community of Bosnia Foundation, the program that found the scholarships, the host families, and the students, identified the psychological needs of Suad and a number of his fellow Bosnian students and identified a skilled counselor experienced in working with trauma survivors. She began meeting with a small group of them on a weekly basis, a gathering in which they were loyal participants for more than a year.

During the first part of his senior year, Suad went through the motions of preparing for college in the United States. His academic record qualified him, and he and others from Bosnia who were coming to the end of their high school careers were encouraged to apply for scholarships at a number of colleges interested in supporting them. The prospect was obviously troubling to him, and he decided to return to Mostar over the winter school vacation to consider his future with his family. When he came back to Philadelphia, he announced that he would enter law school in Mostar in the fall.

In our hearts we had hoped he would go to college in the Philadelphia area and we could sustain the warm relationship that had become important to each of us. Yet we couldn’t dispute his need to return to live with his mother. Nor could we argue against his judgment that the conditions...
the U.S. would place on his entry would have been intolerable had he stayed for college. He would have been prohibited from returning home during his college years, and his family members would have been prohibited from visiting him.

We decided to visit Suad's family in Mostar as a way of deepening our relationship with him and strengthening the likelihood that it will continue. The four days we spent there in May-entering through Split, Croatia, and with a side-trip to Sarajevo—provided the hoped-for opportunity to know Suad's family and to understand a bit more of what he had experienced. It also helped frame some of the questions and dilemmas with which we continue to struggle.

Suad's father had been an architect and his mother an engineering technician. They and their three daughters and their three daughters had lived a comfortable and fulfilling life in historic Mostar. As Muslims, they had felt deep attachment to the historic Ottoman bridge, the mosques, and other manifestations of the city's heritage, even as they valued its tradition of multiethnicity and mutual respect.

The Slipicevic family's life—along with that of everyone else in Mostar and that of the city itself—was unalterably changed by a massive Serb bombardment of the city in 1992, followed by a prolonged Croat siege and devastating shelling and combat from early 1993 until mid-1995. By the time the fighting ended, Suad's father was dead (killed by a shell immediately outside of his house, where Suad stumbled over his dying body, and received in triage by his daughter in the nearby war hospital); the Slipicevic family had been expelled from the east side of Mostar to the west by the Serbs and then again to the east side by the Croats; one sister, in her effort to save a woman shot in the head by a sniper, had herself come under sniper fire for several hours before being saved by UN troops; another sister had been separated from her Serb husband for nearly a year, not knowing whether he was alive or dead; and Suad, a member of the local corps and participant in combat by the time he turned fifteen, had carried out the daily responsibility of finding, cutting, and hauling firewood and carrying water while being exposed to sniper fire and shelling.

We were as overwhelmed by the warmth of Suad's family as we were shocked by the tangible evidence of the war. Even as people pointed to the evidence of reconstruction, our eyes were drawn to the rubble and destruction, signs of the unrelenting assault that had, by the middle of 1995, left no building in the city with a roof and little of historic or cultural significance standing. We were startled by the depth of the division of the small, once-proud multiethnic city, with its Islamic east side under Bosnian government control and its Croat west side (successfully cleansed of most Muslims) functioning with its own government, its own currency, its own passports, and its own automobile license plates.

As we were taken in by Suad's family and as we walked the streets of Mostar (the east side) and as we met teachers and students in the local school, we saw remarkable evidence of human resilience. Here were people who had been isolated, surrounded, and shelled for more than three years, the target of massive firepower and of ethnic cleansing. They had been abandoned by the international community during most of their ordeal and literally had nowhere to go had they wanted to escape. Here they were in mid-1997, rebuilding, opening shops, and resuming life.

In their artificially divided city, however, many are unable to live in their previous homes. Refugees expelled from Western Europe are now flowing in, putting new pressures on scarce housing. Aside from the few who are employed by international agencies, unemployment is the rule, the result of the destruction of a modern industrial economy. The leaders who designed the policies of ethnic cleansing and genocide remain free and influential, continuing to foment division and hatred. Tensions arise at any number of flashpoints between Muslims and Croats. They are aware of the strong pressures in the United States and Western Europe to withdraw the NATO troops that have kept those hostilities from escalating into a resumption of full-scale fighting.

This is the setting to which Suad has returned, and it is a setting to which our minds and hearts continue to return. The people are no longer an indistinguishable mass of humanity; they have names and faces and stories. While we met mostly Muslims, we know these are Croats and Serbs who similarly have suffered, have brought their own unique contribution to the story of Mostar.
been displaced, and who have had their lives distorted by a war they didn’t want and by politicians they don’t support.

The experience has led us to reflect freshly about our assumptions and beliefs as Friends.

We share the common optimism of most Friends, inclined to believe that conflicts have solutions, wanting to focus more on hoped-for outcomes in the future than on the results of past actions. Yet in Bosnia we have been struck by the sheer evil that has occurred and that continues to hold sway. While it is often personified by the war criminals, it also is manifest in the continuing ethnic division of a nation and the massive, forced dislocation of hundreds of thousands of people.

We have become convinced that no peaceful and viable resolution of the conflict in Bosnia is possible until this evil is frankly acknowledged and its results redressed. However we as Friends may yearn for opportunities to share our conviction that nonviolent resolution of conflicts is possible, we find ourselves deeply skeptical about the efficacy of such an approach unless it is directly linked to support for vigorous international prosecution of those responsible for the genocide and insistence on conditions that allow displaced people to return to their homes.

We also share with most Friends an abhorrence of the deployment of military force and resorting to military action in the face of international problems. Thus, while we were appalled by the reports of the terror in Bosnia in the mid-1990s, we were not among those who called for U.S. intervention or a more vigorous UN engagement.

In retrospect, we think we were wrong, and we now support a continuation of the NATO presence in Bosnia. I have witnessed U.S. and U.S.-supported military presence in other parts of the world and recognize the arrogance it has frequently represented. I have seen the disastrous consequences when our nation has allied itself with militant and repressive forces that oppose movements for justice and change. The NATO role in Bosnia does not fit the conditions I have witnessed elsewhere. In our brief time in Bosnia we witnessed the NATO presence imposing stability and holding at bay those who have a stake in renewal of warfare. The force is not aligned with repression but is substantially providing protection to the victims of genocide. While those who suffered the siege of Mostar have little reason for confidence in the intentions of international bodies, those we met felt that NATO forces are an essential ingredient in creating a more hopeful future.

Our further reflection on this complex matter has led us to acknowledge that we, in our opposition to militarism, took positions that made us complicit with others in the international community who were reluctant to acknowledge the genocide that occurred in Bosnia. To have recognized it would have obligated the international community to intervene, and few found such a role compelling, for few found their national interests tied to intervention. We, as pacifists, found our well-established stance against the use of military power to be more compelling than the need to end the killing and displacement of entire peoples. We tended to engage in the discussion of Bosnia most vigorously when there was a question of U.S. involvement and to be less attentive when the question was posed in relation to the suffering of a whole people.

The experience has led us to examine difficult questions. They are not new or novel. Certainly they were questions with which pacifists grappled in World War II. They are questions that have come alive to us in the context of Bosnia, although they could apply equally in other parts of the world in which genocidal killing occurs.

- Is there a way we, as a reliable core of the peace movement in the United States, can find fresh insights into our peace testimony in situations of genocide?
- Can we factor into situations such as

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**A Brief Bosnian Story**

**by Suad Slupecevic**

It had been a long time since I had that feeling. As my soul separated from my body, I enjoyed the wonderful world of peace and calmness, and I rejoiced in long forgotten feelings. At last, I felt alive and free, not knowing my name or where I was; all my memories stayed well hidden from myself, thus granting me the recuperation and rest that I needed in order to stay healthy and sane. Unfortunately all good things come to an end.

As a blast wave struck my room the windows exploded, turning into glass dust. Thick, black smoke swept over my face, torturing my lungs. Warm, compressed air caused acute pain on my eardrums, but I knew I had to stay down. Powerful shrapnel went straight through the protective wall built in front of my window and struck the wall above my bed.

Suad Slupecevic lives in Mostar, Bosnia, where he is studying law. This essay was written for a class in English composition at Germantown Academy in Philadelphia, Pa.

Suddenly everything was quiet again. Sunrays were slowly penetrating the heavy smoke and the abundant particles of burnt explosive that floated about in the air. It was going to be a sunny day.

I carefully removed my debris-covered blanket. Over an extensive period of time I had been begging God repeatedly for the same favor, therefore I refrained from cursing in order to stay on good terms with the Almighty. When the smoke and dust settled down, I went to the living room. I flatly announced that a grenade had fallen in our back yard again, and still deaf from the blast, I sat down and drank my coffee without waiting for response, as another day in the inferno started.

After five minutes or so my hearing came back, and I heard somebody knock briefly on our door, and then our neighbor came in. He was in his sixties and we knew him very well; he was from our troop. He looked more worried than usual. “Suad, tell your father that we all have to go to the meeting place. Something is going on.”

“Do you know anything more about it?” “No,” he replied, “but I think that this is it, we have been waiting for far too long. This is our chance.”

My father came, and we took our gear. I was careful not to tell my mother “Don’t worry.” During World War II, her father said the same thing to her mother, and he never returned. We exchanged some kind words, and my father and I were on our
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Bosnia both our long-standing conviction that all killing is wrong and an equally powerful conviction that our deepest beliefs about the value of human life compel us to support effective international efforts to protect innocent lives?

- Can we as Friends find ways of supporting deployment of armed, multinational forces in essentially peace-keeping and protective roles, even as we recognize the desperate need for the international community to devise more creative, nonviolent alternatives?
- Can we take such a stance and still maintain the clarity of our witness against militarism and our concern for reconciliation?
- Can we more forthrightly identify and support efforts to stop genocide and its perpetrators while resisting the tendency to cast whole groups of people in the role of enemy and beyond the bounds of our concern?

Engaging these questions is difficult and uncomfortable. Answers are likely to be more ambiguous and less absolute. They lead to less moral certainty and demand astute and prayerful reflection.

These are some of the ways in which our experience with a teenager from Mostar has unsettled our Quaker outlook and assumptions about our relationship to events in the world. If Henry Cadbury was right, our faith will be strengthened, not weakened, by the experience. We look back at our impulsive decision more than two years ago to become Suad’s host family and can only be grateful for the challenges that his very presence has forced us to acknowledge.

The funeral procession was held during the night in order to avoid sniper fire. I had lost my war, and I was defeated; nothing else mattered. Our minister guided us through prayers for my father. Hating God and not caring for heaven or hell, I lowered my eyes in prayer for my father’s sake, but I didn’t lower my head as I should have done. We had been repeatedly punished for being alive. As days turned to nights, lives were being consumed as furnace fuel. Without help from God, nothing could stop that process. I stood there confused about my new feelings, afraid to lose my faith in Him altogether, afraid to be lonely when I die.

way. We dragged our feet slowly, depressed by the lengthy siege of our town that had sucked the life from our souls, replacing it with animal-like instincts and rage. Without divine guidance my town, together with its residents, was being consumed in hellish fire. We tried to defy our destiny, though cursed with poor tools; we had invested our bodies and lives so some would survive the hardships of war and carry on.

We finally reached the meeting point. Hundreds of grenades poured in, and the entire troop found refuge in a nearby morgue. There, they had already made new coffins for us and laid them on the ground. Some of the old ones were filled with fellow soldiers who were killed in the first wave, and some were filled with our relatives and friends who also had died in the murderous storm of flying steel. They were not soldiers, but they were killed just the same.

Overwhelmingly burdened by the weight of our thoughts and weapons, and having respect for the dead, we sat down on empty coffins, avoiding those that were occupied.

Heavy silence surrounded us as we started checking our gear. As many times before, I prayed for my father’s life, but then it was time to go.

My father survived that battle, only to be killed two weeks later. God wasn’t making bargains that day; my prayers were in vain.
The future of Quaker volunteer service in the United States was a question of keen and probably decisive interest in 1997 because of two parallel developments. The first development was the decision by the Board of the American Friends Service Committee to adopt a strategic plan for its future activities. The second is the ongoing, converging interest of a large, diverse number of Quaker organizations in providing more effective channels for concerned Friends and other like-minded persons to testify to their beliefs through voluntary service. Clearly, there is a deep and widespread demand for more such opportunities, but it is uncertain how and when that need will be met, and no concrete plan for action yet has emerged.

As one Friend who has both observed and participated in parts of these developments over the past 55 years, I feel it is important to engage our larger community in thoughtful discussion of some of the issues involved. The choices ahead are likely to affect the well-being of both individuals and the Religious Society of Friends as a whole. The AFSC has experienced major shifts in its position toward volunteer service, while the extent and diversity of interest by other groups in such service has also changed. We may be at a kind of crossroads in policy. Something new is needed, and may be happening.

While early Friends emphasized the essential quality of translating fundamental belief into daily action in many ways, large-scale voluntary service did not take shape in the United States until the First World War. Then, the American Friends Service Committee was established initially to provide channels for service. I was first exposed to the concept of voluntary Quaker service through a conversation with Rufus Jones in 1930. He talked of that initial mission of AFSC as being a testimony in a time of war-suffering to a way of life that took away the occasion for war. I served in 1942-44 as a conscientious objector overseas, and in 1945 and 1946 I assisted Clarence Pickett as a staff member in his efforts to orient the AFSC around the concept of providing channels of opportunity for Friends and other like-minded people to demonstrate their religious belief in service to others. Since then, through volunteer activity with programs for college students, urban rehabilitation, and conferences for diplomats, I have observed with continuing interest the changing role of the AFSC in this field. With the exception of four cooperative service projects with yearly meetings lasting a week and exposing the participants to visits and a few days of work with needy communities, it no longer provides domestic workcamps for young people. It has two internships with the Quaker United Nations Office and one with Davis House in Washington, D.C., but does not seek to find appropriate channels for service by concerned Friends. The full-time unionized professional staff in the national office is more than 80 percent non-Friends. The staffing patterns in the regional offices tend to follow this trend.

To my view, the AFSC has focused on advocacy of desirable social change to deal constructively with imperfections it perceives in society at home and abroad. The staff is recruited to work effectively in those directions, and any discrimination according to gender, ethnic group, or religion is avoided. It has largely abandoned primary responsibility to provide service opportunities. "Promoting peace and justice: A plan for AFSC's future," emphasizes that it is to be a Quaker organization and that its programs will have a significant impact on social change directed at peacebuilding and demilitarization, social justice, and economic justice, with youth primarily as a program constituency having its own network. While an office of volunteer opportunities is to be established, and careful attention is to be given to affirmative action, I find no explicit mention of channels for volunteer service or workcamps.

I realize that the recent boards and staff of AFSC have taken this course of policy for reasons they regard as sound and desirable, but I believe that they neglect two major considerations. One is the demand on the part of Friends for opportunities to live their deepest beliefs in daily action. In our increasingly complex society it is difficult for concerned individuals to find such opportunities unencumbered by strong commitments to particular social reform ideologies. There are now a few such openings, as in the case of the Quaker Workcamps International ministry to burned churches, but the number, while not large and widely available, is growing in creative ways.

A second consideration has to do with the long-term health of the Religious Society of Friends. There is reason to believe that much leadership for the enduring Society comes from women and men who have given volunteer service. For several decades much of the imaginative, devoted participation in Friends affairs came from those people, and it is fascinating to follow the subsequent lives of former members of weekend or summer workcamps. Many of us can look with warm appreciation at the contributions of dedicated Friends such as David Richie in weekend camps, or Sam and Miriam Levering in shaping the Law of the Sea, or Leonore Goodenow in reforming attitudes toward Colorado prisons.

Most current judgments as to the impact of volunteer service upon the life of individuals giving and receiving, and of the society as a whole, have not been tested by rigorous scientific analysis. Since studies sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation in the 1950s on the effects of workcamp participation, there have been almost no searching appraisals of those...
effects on behavior and organization. A few scholars have evaluated the consequences of community service among graduates of Haverford and in other religious traditions, notably Roman Catholicism. It is to be hoped that additional studies of Quaker actions will be undertaken. Meanwhile, one can only speculate or exchange impressions about some of the outcomes.

There is no doubt, however, about the enthusiasm and sense of shared devotion currently expressed by a large and growing number of Quaker groups. A gathering of more than 100 concerned Friends at the old Burlington, New Jersey, Meetinghouse on April 18–20, 1997, served to exchange diverse experience with Quaker voluntary service and to focus attention on its role—past and future—in the life of the Religious Society of Friends. A broad and rich body of critical thinking was assessed. The conference was organized by a committee from Illinois Yearly Meeting, which issued the invitations and had, over a period of a year, worked out the program in consultation with other groups. Participants included representatives from various activities and interests across the branches of Friends, including programmed and evangelical meetings: 19 other yearly meetings, several colleges with workcamp experience, the Philadelphia Weekend Workcamps, Washington Quaker Workcamps, the Casa de los Amigos in Mexico, Friends Peace Teams, the AFSC, PRO-NICA, Youth Services Opportunities in New York, the Arizona Prison Project, Quaker Experiential Service and Training in Seattle, and Friends Disaster Service.

A final epistle and conference report is available from the organizers. These record a broad examination of the spiritual process in Quaker service, including waiting for and discerning a leading, receiving clearness, receiving oversight and exercising accountability, and both giving and laying down support for concerns. Careful attention was given to ways to keep service projects truly Spirit-led. The gathering laid the ground for continuing networking among individuals and groups with converging interests. Thus, the experience of a small AFSC/Yearly meeting group visiting and working with a Native American community for a few days was viewed alongside the complex process of living with a South Carolina community for several months while jointly rebuilding an African American congregation’s burned church. Impressions of what this meant to all persons concerned were exchanged and evaluated.

Although it was not headlined at Burlington, the kind of service that might be volunteered on a larger scale is illustrated by the activities of Friends supported by the Pickett Fund. That fund, created in memory of Lilly and Clarence Pickett, liberates Friends to express their concerns in selected communities. In recent years it enabled a Homewood (Baltimore, Md.) Friend to interpret the world population problem among Friends and a Boulder (Colo.) member to work toward finding ways of dealing with land mines in war-torn areas. In the current year three young women are carrying out service entailing:

- directing the Chicago Fellowship of Friends summer day camp program;
- working with Friends Board Training and Support Project to find and train young Friends as volunteer board members; and
- going from Greensboro, North Carolina, to participate in a workcamp in Ramallah, West Bank.

The Burlington consultation was clear that the activities reported need to continue and expand. It was not clear how this is to be accomplished. An interim group was proposed to create and operate some kind of continuing organization that might help assure strengthened volunteer service opportunities. This step awaits further communication and consultation. Some participants are fearful that if that responsibility were to be assumed by a bureaucratic AFSC, the underlying emphasis on volunteer service and its distinctively Quaker oversight would be lost. The challenge now is for imaginative Friends to step forth and carry the enthusiasm and dedication joined at Burlington into a new era of nurtured volunteer service. We should involve a broad spectrum of persons committed to recreating channels for service fitting to our time and for the generation to come.

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For information on the Burlington Conference, the author thanks Harold Confer, David Finke, Kenneth Ives, Judy Jager, and Marti Matthews.

Copies of the following materials may be obtained by communicating with the organizing committee for the Burlington Conference:

- Epistle
- Report
- List of participants and interested organizations
- Mailing list for Newsletter

Address: Judy Jager, 1002 Florence Avenue, Evanston, IL 60202
Phone 847-864-8173
E-mail: miler123@aol.com
Web site: http://www.uic.edu/~conant/qvstc
ANATOMY OF A LEADING

How I Am

by Connie McPeak

Last spring when it started to look like way was really opening for me to go to Fairbanks, I found myself feeling uneasy. I recognized that I was feeling fear, and I know from experience that the antidote to fear is faith. I asked God to give me what I needed to be ready for this sojourn. I asked to be prepared, and the context through which I have seen my life since is the knowing that indeed God is preparing me.

One Friend in my meeting very lovingly offered me an insightful comment. As she thought about what might be needed to undertake such an opportunity, she felt she would need to have all old business pretty well cleaned up and that she would need to examine how God had been with her in her life up to this point. As I look back I see how God has been working in my life.

In the past year I have been given new understanding of how to practice the presence of God. I have learned that to recognize God’s presence in my life by truly thanking God for that gift of presence opens me to the true reality of it. A grateful heart seems to be a key to God’s kingdom. I have been taught that to envision myself and the person with whom I am having difficulty (either because of fear, resentment, or some projection of my own worst parts) in the loving arms of God immediately changes my relationship to that other person. I know God’s unconditional love and can know that it applies to the other person, as well. From this simple exercise comes insight, tolerance, love, and courage to act. These new

Connie McPeak, a member of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting, is Friend in Residence at Chena Ridge Meeting in Fairbanks, Alaska. She has two grown children, and she is a hospice nurse. Further reports from Connie will be published in future issues.

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Being Prepared

understandings are essential to living a life in the Spirit.

I have had a miraculous reconciliation with my ex-husband this past year. I have been given the opportunity simply to love him as he is, and I feel deeply blessed. In moving in with my parents I have had the opportunity to revisit my past. I have had some old, unfinished issues surface in relation to my childhood and have been able to deal with them in the Light rather than have them remain repressed, holding a part of me captive.

While asking what I might need to do, I asked for help with that. I found that after I asked for help with hospitality the issue of celibacy surfaced as a theme in my life. During my reconciliation with my ex-husband I came to understand in prayer that my soul mate is actually God. This was a startling and uncomfortable realization for me. It made me sad on the one hand because it meant giving up the dream of a human partner; on the other hand there was great comfort because I know how perfectly God loves me. I then read about celibacy in The Cloister Walk, a beautiful book about contemplative life given to me by special friends. I had a conversation about celibacy with a Friend at the contemplative retreat I attended in June. In my reading and conversation with my Friend, I learned that the gift of intentional celibacy is hospitality. I was amazed. I had accepted celibacy as a reality in my life, and then I discovered the promise it held. What I have discovered in the living of it so far is that by not being on the lookout for a partner, a part of me is unencumbered and open. There is nothing held in reserve for someone else. There are no ulterior motives. This is a new understanding for me, just having been born this past spring. I feel I have very little about it at this time, but it feels rightly ordered. I expect I will learn more.

When I look at the discipline of seeing how God has been at work in my life up to this time, I have to go back a year and a half. I planned to go to the FGC Gathering in July of 1995. When I prayed for guidance about what I was to do at the conference, I was given a very clear directive: that I was not to take a workshop. I was to go to the Silent Center each morning and I was to read the Gospel of John and I was to start writing a spiritual autobiography.

This was strange stuff for me. Writing is difficult at best for me, not my natural inclination. I did understand that to look back at my life and see how God had been at work and to write it down was a testimony. It was a gift I could give to God, a spiritual discipline saying, “Yes, God, I do see at least some of the ways you have loved me, and I’m grateful.” I did not understand why I was to read John at the same time, and I still don’t.

The experience of looking and writing has been powerful, although I have not yet brought my story through to the present. There were times about which I was asked to write that were very painful for me. I found that in the rich stillness of the Silent Center I was held as I remembered these painful times. Somehow, reading a bit of John each morning as I began to act as to ground me. It was a profound experience. I now have this partial testament to the power of God’s love in my life and know that there is more to come when the time is right. This may be one of the things I work on while I’m in Alaska. I have been asked to speak this month to a Gathering of Women on living a purposeful life. I expect that I will look again at how God is shaping the purpose of my life in preparation for this talk.

At present I feel I am being prepared through a physical malady that has forced me to slow down. I’ve been suffering from vertigo, and the metaphor about balance in my life doesn’t escape me. If I am to live a more contemplative life in Alaska, I need to start now. I need to be willing to give up some of my activities to have more time to be with God. This is a struggle for me, and I am praying for help.

I believe that each day brings new gifts in preparation for my sojourn. Having the meeting take my journey under its care is a gift. To know that Friends are praying for me and offering their thoughts is a great comfort and gives me courage. I continue to ask God for guidance and for the tools, understandings, and helpers I need along the way.

FIRST SNOW

The oak leaves that cling to their branches whisper as it passes.

The red leaves of the eburneous hedge glow like holly berries.

The roofs are white and the sky as pale as water in a bowl.

The birds are silent. The earth rests.

—Wendy McVicker

Wendy McVicker is a member of Athens (Ohio) Meeting.
Elizabeth Gurney Fry, 1780–1845: Friend of Prisoners

"I fear that my life is slipping away to little purpose," wrote Elizabeth Fry in 1812. At 32, she had many reasons to be content. Her husband Joseph was a successful London merchant and banker, although financial woes lay hazily on the horizon. Husband and wife were active together in their meeting. The happy couple were expecting their eighth child. Elizabeth found time for various charities, from nursing sick relatives to running a soup kitchen at their country estate.

Yet she felt restless. In 1808 she wrote, "My course has been very different from what I expected, and instead of being, as I had hoped, a useful instrument in the Church militant, here I am a careworn wife and mother!" Her faith knew the creed was a vague deism. The deist . . . looked at nature, admired the thunder, the lightning and earthquakes, as curiosities; but they looked not up through them to nature's God. How well he hit the state I have been in."

Betsy Gurney was the fourth of a dozen children born to a wealthy country banker in Norfolk. Frequently bothered with stomachaches and toothaches, she wasn't a very energetic student. "I was considered a very stupid and obstinate . . . I think having the name of being stupid really tended to make me so, and discouraged my efforts to learn . . . I was disposed to a spirit of contradiction, always ready to see things a little differently from others, and not willing to yield my sentiments to them."

She was also plagued by fear and had a recurrent nightmare of being drowned. After reading the story of Abraham sacrificing Isaac, she was afraid to go to meeting with her parents lest the same thing should happen to her. She used to get up at night to make sure her mother was still breathing. Needless to say, her mother's death when Betsy was 12 affected her deeply.

John Gurney was a Quaker by habit rather than choice. Particularly after their mother died, his daughters enjoyed more liberty in dress and entertainment than "plain" Quakers. "Being religious" attracted Betsy, but her creed was a vague deism.

On February 4, 1798, William Savery, a traveling minister from Philadelphia, visited their chapel. The Gurney girls' attire scandalized Savery, but his ringing words touched Betsy. "He said the diet ... looked at nature, admired the thunder, the lightning and earthquakes, as curiosities; but they looked not up through them to nature's God. How well he hit the state I have been in."

Betsy wrote in her journal, "I have had a faint light spread over my mind . . . We had much serious conversation, in short what he said and what I felt was like a refreshing shower upon parch'd up earth that had been dried up for ages." That night Betsy had her familiar dream, but this time the sea did not engulf her. Instead, she found herself safe on a rock she recognized as faith. The 17-year-old dated her conversion from that day.

On a family trip to Wales, she met a Quaker named Deborah Darby. "I only fear she says too much of what I am to be—a light to the blind, speech to the dumb and feet to the lame. Can it be? ... I know now what the mountain is I have to climb. I am to be a Quaker."

Gradually Betsy simplified her dress and adopted the "thee" and "thou" of plain speech. She explained, "I find it almost impossible to keep up to the principles of Friends without altering my dress and speech . . . They appear to me a sort of protector to the principles of Christianity in the present state of the world." Giving up card-playing, dancing, theater, and music were difficult in the midst of her music-loving family.

Betsy confessed, "There is another little matter that I do wish most heartily I could obtain which is to write and speak English better." Her writing is full of misspellings and erratic capitalization, but Betsy soon realized she was sufficiently educated to be a great help to others. She began with one little boy and was soon reading Bible stories to as many as 70 children every Sunday evening, then teaching them how to read.

In her pupils' homes, Betsy discovered the personal face of poverty: hunger, sickness, menial labor, and unemployment. She attempted to live out her new faith in practical charity, preaching to a dying servant, visiting a crazy woman, and using her allowance to support a poor girl her own age.

In the summer of 1798, the Gurneys entertained the younger son of a rich family. A plain Quaker, Joseph Fry was more at ease on a hunt than in the drawing room, but everyone loved his hearty laugh. Betsy refused his proposals several times. She wasn't in love, and she wasn't sure marriage was for her. Wouldn't it hold her back from Christian service? Betsy talked this out with Joseph and found him a sympathetic confidant, willing to let her follow God's calling even if it took
by Jill Boughton

her away from their home. He renewed his suit, and she couldn't turn him down. They set the wedding date for Sunday, August 19, 1800, the first wedding in the Gurney family.

For several months, the newlyweds visited in-laws. In the strait-laced Fry family, Betsy—more often called Elizabeth now that she was married—suddenly found herself "the gay, instead of the plain and scrupulous one in the family." Her in-laws were often hard to please.

At home in London, family and church obligations crowded in on them. They lived in the same building as the warehouse of the family tea and spice business. On November 2, the day after Elizabeth and Joseph moved in, the Fry family came for dinner after meeting. The new family's home was so close to the meetinghouse that this arrangement was taken for granted. A Friend who arrived from America on November 7 made their home his headquarters for six weeks, frequently turning their family evenings into "dull Meetings."

Although she was six months pregnant, Elizabeth entertained 50 or 60 people during yearly meeting in May. "Engagement follows engagement so rapidly, day after day, week after week, owing principally to our number of near connextions, that we appear to live for others rather than ourselves." To compound the challenge, "Household matters are to me a real trial. I feel so incapable of commanding my servants from a foolish weakness and fear of them. Indication I believe would lead me hardly ever to go out or have company. I feel so flat with people."

Yet Elizabeth reached out to others. In 1803 her younger brother Sam joined the Fry household to learn something about banking. She nursed both of Joseph's parents in their final illnesses. Other relatives frequently sent for her in times of need. After her own father died in

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1809, Elizabeth reflected on "not-returning Time. ... Now to have father, mother, and nurse all taken from us, and to be ourselves occupying the situations they then held and to have children coming on, who are in the same way to succeed us." Fortunately, Joseph became a dearer friend in the midst of all these pressures. "I accepted my Joseph more from duty than anything else, and how much I now love him."

Elizabeth Fry bore six daughters and five sons, the first ten in 15 years. She breastfed all eleven and particularly liked cuddling them as infants, but pregnancy and childbirth exhausted her. "The prospect of more children is sweet at times, very sweet, but my weak nature sadly flinches at suffering." She had at least one miscarriage, and another child was stillborn after a very difficult pregnancy. In 1815, her 4-year-old namesake died after being sick for a week.

She found it increasingly difficult to manage her lively family. In 1806, a committee of Friends called to see whether she and Joseph might be delinquent in their parental duties. She confessed, "I fear they suffer much from my not having the knack of managing them. ... The children not being more orderly has tried me ... but I do desire best direction and I have both hope and, I hope, a little faith concerning them that it will be well with them eventually."

"Eventually" was a long time coming. Her teenage children rebelled against Quaker discipline and "two of them ... are induced to treat me and to speak to me at times in a manner that cuts me to the very quick ... I have not towards them that patience and forbearance that I ought to have."

Elizabeth set strict standards for her teenagers. When her 16-year-old son was traveling abroad, she told his tutor, "Never allow the boys to be out alone in the evening; nor to attend any public place of amusement ... I advise thy seeing that they never talk when going to bed, but retire quietly after reading a portion of the holy scriptures." She later came to regret such strictness. "I begin seriously to doubt whether as it respects the peculiar scruples of Friends, it is not better quite to leave sober-minded young persons to judge for themselves."

All but two of her children married non-Friends. Strict Quaker discipline prevented her from attending these weddings, although she hosted receptions afterward. Elizabeth tried to be tolerant. She wrote:

"Those things on which we, the Society of Friends, differ from the world in general, should not, I think, be impressed upon them by only saying, as is often done, "because Friends do it," but singly and simply as things that the Christian life appears to us to require. ... They should also early be taught that all have not seen exactly the same, but that there may be many equally belonging to the church of Christ who in other respects be as much stricter than ourselves as we are than they in these matters."

She grew closer to her children as they themselves became parents. Her youngest child, Harry, was born the same day as her daughter Rachel's first child. By 1834 she was able to write of "the pleasure of having with my children the double tie not only of mother and children but a friendship formed upon its own grounds."

The first time Elizabeth spoke at meeting was probably after her father died of scarlet fever in 1809. On her way home from the funeral, she had a lot to think about. She felt "like a bottle that has been corked up and pressed down and now there is an opening inside, there is much to run out."

In 1811, Elizabeth was officially recorded as an approved minister. Strangers and family members criticized her for leaving her six young children when she traveled in the ministry. She tried to accept this humbly. For the most part, Joseph faithfully supported her.

Despite the demands of ministry and her large family, Elizabeth always had a heart for others. Her interest in education continued. Her meeting appointed her visitor to a school and workhouse at Islington, where she enjoyed reading to the children.

After Joseph's parents died, he and Elizabeth moved to their country estate, Plashet, where Elizabeth got to know the poor in the neighborhood. She ran a soup
kitchen in her barn, gave medical advice, and vaccinated children against smallpox. She began a school for about 70 poor girls. She visited the gypsy camp and took her children to “Irish row,” where the houses were full of laughter and livestock.

She even donated money for funerals, preferring not to ask whether they were Catholic masses.

Back in London in 1819, the winter was so severe that a boy froze to death in the street. Within six hours, Elizabeth had helped organize and furnish a homeless shelter that served as many as 800 a night. She made sure there were classes and work as well as soup and bread.

Later she traveled to Brighton for her health. Because she didn’t know those who begged from her, she organized a District Visiting Society to determine needs and encourage the poor to start a savings program. This idea soon spread to other towns. In 1825 she formed a Servants’ Society for domestics. On the same visit, she noticed a coastguard worker watching for smugglers. Her concern for his lonely life eventually helped create libraries at 500 coastguard stations and on board ships. She undertook a similar project on behalf of shepherds in Dartmoor and fishermen at Cromer during their off-season.

Late in life, she established a nursing school in London. Unlike the slovenly women who had previously tended the sick, these trained nurses served the poor without charge. One of these “Fry nurses” took care of Elizabeth in her own final illness.

Many were her concerns, but the great work of her lifetime was undoubtedly her work with prisoners. In fact, the recognition she gained from this work made her well enough known to accomplish the charities she undertook after 1817.

Her first introduction to prison life occurred in 1813 after Stephen Grellet visited Newgate Prison, a windowless building with poor drainage and ventilation. No clothing was supplied, and only prisoners who had outside help could supplement their meager rations. Women of all sorts—young and old, prostitutes and forgers, those awaiting trial, those convicted of murder, and those waiting to be deported to Australia—were crowded into two long rooms with their dependent children. Appalled, Grellet appealed to Elizabeth.

Within a day, Elizabeth and some
friends had sewed layettes for prisoners' babies. She and Anna Buxton took them to Newgate. "The railing was crowded with half-naked women, struggling together for front places with violence and begging in loud voices." Those in front begged money for drink while those behind pushed, punched, and pulled the others' hair. Elizabeth was haunted by the sight of two prisoners stripping clothing from a dead baby to clothe a living one. She and Anna dressed several babies. In two subsequent visits, they brought soup, clean straw for bedding, and warm clothing for the adults.

Elizabeth was not able to return to Newgate Prison for four years, but the scenes there remained etched on her heart. Meanwhile she gave birth to two more children and buried her daughter Elizabeth. In 1816 a group including two of her brothers-in-law formed a society to change laws such as those mandating the death penalty for 300 offenses and to end the practice of transporting felons to Australia. While these issues mattered to Elizabeth, she was more burdened for the individuals she met in prison. She not only campaigned to make capital punishment more rare but petitioned for the pardon of individuals and stayed with women the night before their execution.

Ironically, it was a financial crisis that freed her to turn her attention to Newgate again. Joseph’s banking business was on very shaky footing, yet the family was so prominent they were expected to live ostentatiously and find it difficult to economize. "Money appears to loom on every side and it seems almost impossible to prevent it. How can I feel for those fallen in life?" When things worsened in 1816, the Frys farmed out their older children to relatives, leaving only three little ones at home. Elizabeth missed her children very much, but a great burden was also lifted from her shoulders.

In January 1817, she returned to Newgate. Taking a child in her arms, she began, "Friends, . . . I am distressed for your children. Is there not something we can do for these innocent little ones?" Instead of imposing her ideas on the women, they made plans together. She asked them to select a schoolmistress from their own number. Getting permission from the sheriffs, chaplain, and prison governor was a formidable challenge. They were sure no such school could succeed, and besides, there was no unused space in the prison. Elizabeth shrewdly got them to state in writing that space was their only objection. She went back to the women, who agreed on a room they could spare as a classroom.

Thirty pupils under the age of 7 filled the small room, but soon Elizabeth had a new challenge. Teenagers and older women crowded the doorway begging to learn to read. They wanted meaningful work like sewing to occupy their time.

Even her brothers-in-law were pessimistic. They were sure the women were too lazy to learn and would steal the tools. Undaunted, Elizabeth took her case to a dozen women. They formed an association "to provide for the clothing, instruction, and employment of the women; to introduce them to a knowledge of the Scriptures, and to form in them, as much as possible, those habits of sobriety, order, and industry, which may render them docile and peaceable whilst in prison, and respectable when they leave it." The women took turns going to the prison every day to supervise the sewing and learning. They raised money to pay a full-time matron, got drapers to donate fabric, and sold goods that would be resell in New South Wales. Elizabeth knew they wouldn't pay a competitive price, but she realized a small income was better than idleness.

The first woman to testify before a committee of the House of Commons, Elizabeth said in 1818, "I have never punished a woman during the whole time . . . and yet I think it is impossible, in a well-regulated house, to have rules more strictly attended to." One inmate told Elizabeth she would rather have a Bible than new clothes as a reward for good behavior. Elizabeth testified, "I have seen, in reading the Scripture to these women, such a power attending them, and such an effect on the minds of the most reprobate, as I could not have conceived . . . It has strongly confirmed my faith."

She also urged practical reforms: employing only women warders to supervise women prisoners, separating different sorts of criminals according to the gravity of their offenses, ending solitary confinement, more adequate food, clothing, soap, and sanitary facilities. She boldly proposed that the government buy its soldiers prison-made uniforms.

The work mushroomed. In March Elizabeth admitted, "I hope I am not undertaking too much, but it is a little like
being in the whirlwind.” She prayed, “O Lord, may I be directed what to do and what to leave undone; and then may I humbly trust that a blessing will be with me in my various engagements.”

This work was deeply satisfying to Elizabeth. On April 12, 1817, she wrote:

I have found in my late attention to Newgate a peace and prosperity in the undertaking that I seldom, if ever, remember to have felt before. A way has been opened for us beyond all expectations to bring into order the poor prisoners; those who are in power are so very willing to help us—in short the time appears to be come to work among them. Already, from being wild beasts, they appear harmless and kind.

That summer all nine children came home to Plashet. “At times they appear too much for me, at others I greatly enjoy them; . . . My beloved children do not appear sufficiently under the influence of religion, I am ready to say, oh! that I could prosper at home in my labours as I appear to do abroad.” She drew her oldest daughters into the work. They helped answer letters from people who wanted to replicate her success in other places.

In 1827 Elizabeth wrote a small book on her prison experience. “The visitor must go in the spirit, not of judgment, but of mercy.” She counseled kindness, firmness, and dignity rather than familiarity. “And those who engage in the interesting task of visiting criminals must not be impatient if they find the work of reformation a very slow one.”

In the introduction to this book, Elizabeth reflected on women’s role in society, not only in the home but ministering to women in difficult situations:

During the last ten years much attention has been successfully bestowed by women on the female inmates of our prisons, . . . but a similar care is evidently required for our hospitals, our lunatic asylums, and our workhouses. . . . Were ladies to make a practice of regularly visiting them, a most important check would be obtained on a variety of abuses.

One day Elizabeth learned that some of “her” prisoners were about to be transported to Australia. In the past, such prisoners had spent the previous night getting drunk and smashing things. They were chained together with irons that cut into their legs and driven to the ships in open carts, accessible to taunts and missiles. Elizabeth stayed with them in the prison the previous evening and accompanied them to the ship. She appointed leaders and made sure they had fabric to keep them busy during the journey. From that time on, Elizabeth helped organize every one of the 106 convict ships that sailed before her final illness in 1843. Elizabeth pressed a further question: What happened to these prisoners once they arrived in Australia? She was appalled to learn that no provision was made for them there; many turned to prostitution in order to survive. She lobbied Parliament until a barracks was built to house these women until they could find regular employment.

Domestic concerns continued to burden Elizabeth. Things came to a head in November, 1828, when Joseph Fry’s bank had to close its doors. The import business remained viable, but the Gurney brothers took over, retaining Joseph as an employee. He worked hard to repay his
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personal debts in less than a year. Although the Frys were forced to change their lifestyle drastically, Elizabeth tried to be cheerful. "I see that I have many blessings left and do earnestly desire to estimate them as I should." More devastating, their meeting formally disowned Joseph for his financial failure. This experience embittered him, and for a time he gave up Quaker dress and customs, which deeply wounded Elizabeth. However, Joseph had some sort of religious experience in 1833, and the meeting reinstated him in 1837 at his humble request.

Elizabeth's work attracted international attention. U.S. Congressman John Randolph reported that he had seen Elizabeth Fry preaching to the inmates at Newgate, "the greatest curiosity in London." Between 1838 and 1843, Elizabeth made five trips to the continent, visiting prisons and insane asylums. She urged that their inmates be treated as human beings, not animals. Frederick, king of Prussia, visited her home. She warned the king of France, "When thee builds a prison thee had better build with the thought ever in mind that thee and thy children may occupy the cells."

Her travels exhausted her. In 1840 she wrote, "I have been poorly enough to have the end of life brought closely before me, and to stimulate me in faith to do quickly what my Lord may require of me." After her 1843 trip, she had to manage her household from her bed.

Her mind remained clear. She was carried to the 1845 yearly meeting and spoke from a wheelchair, comparing different temperaments to the stones used in constructing a building. In her last letter to the Ladies' Committee, she wrote:

I still feel a deep and lively interest in the cause of poor prisoners... May the Holy Spirit direct your steps, strengthen your hearts, and enable you and me to glorify our Holy Head in doing and suffering even unto the end; and when the end comes, through a Saviour's love and merits, may we be received into glory and everlasting rest and peace.

She suffered a stroke, then became comatose, dying on October 13, 1845.

Late in life she wrote her own simple testament. "Since my heart was touched at 17 years old, I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being, 'how best I might serve my Lord.'"
Facing the Roots of Violence
by Maia Carter

I took a class this summer entitled Community Problem Solving Seminar. In it we examined many of the challenges facing the city of Richmond, and we visited local agencies and programs that are striving to improve the quality of life for Richmond city residents, the majority of whom are African American. I missed the final three weeks of the course in order to travel to the West Bank (Palestine).

circulated a few days before, and I believe the day of our visit was the first of the latest round of "clashes." I remember the trepidation that comes from being one block away from Israeli gunfire and Palestinian rock-throwing, the outrage that the Israeli who stopped us had a strong Midwestern accent, and my admiration for the Christian Peacemakers who are willing to give their lives to the struggle for peace. One key point, however, left me with a lot to ponder: the three long-term projects of the Christian Peacemaker Teams are in Haiti, Hebron, and Richmond, Virginia.

I knew I would find parallels in the field trips and discussions we would have over there, but I did not realize how closely the two experiences would relate. The realization that there are CPT teams in both Richmond and Hebron made a critical connection for me: if one takes the time to look, the root causes of violence are basically the same wherever you go. Both my class and my prior experiences in peacemaking at home thus gave me a framework to help reconstruct the dozens of bits of information we heard from our various speakers once I returned to the United States.

One of the primary barriers to peace is simply interaction and information. This is severely lacking in both Israeli-Palestinian relations in the West Bank and Israel and black-white relations in the United States. The only image of Israelis that Palestinian children receive is that of the soldiers with large automatic weapons who are stationed in their villages and along the roads. This provides the Palestinian youth with a very skewed vision of who the Israeli people are. One of the primary peacemaking strategies of Rabbi Yechezkel Landau is simply to interact and play with Palestinian children while wearing his

Photos: U.S. and Palestinian volunteers work together at Friends Boys School, Ramallah

Our group consisted of ten college students, one fifteen-year-old, and two adult leaders. The trip was sponsored by Friends United Meeting, but most of the planning was done by our group leader, Max Carter, in conjunction with several teachers at the Ramallah Friends School, which hosted us during our stay. One aspect of my experience relates specifically to the work of peacemakers everywhere.

We visited Hebron and the Christian Peacemaker Team stationed there on July 2, 1997, an Arab general strike day in response to an inflammatory flier about Mohammed writing the Koran as a pig. The flier had been

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Friends Journal January 1998
yarmulke. Likewise, Israelis (and foreign tourists) do not have many opportunities to interact with Palestinians. The government and the tour guides discourage anyone from entering the Palestinian territories, telling them the area is "unsafe" and "dangerous." As Palestinians are restricted in their movement (70% of one privileged high school class had never been to Jerusalem—a 10 minute ride—because their ID badges do not allow them), the only way for real interaction is for outsiders to visit them. Both Palestinians and Israelis are thus raised in relatively homogeneous communities receiving extremely negative (and generally false) interpretations of the other society that lives on the same land.

The parallel to Richmond (or any other city in the United States) is stunning. One only has to read the newspaper or watch the news to hear stories of the "dangerous" downtown, and many suburbanites feel it is "unsafe" to travel to certain areas of the city, especially after dark. Schools, as in Israel and the West Bank, remain segregated, although the segregation in the United States is not official or state-sanctioned. Lack of public transportation restricts the movement of those living in the city from those living in the suburbs, and both communities interact minimally. The bias of the media is obvious in both the Middle East and Richmond. While in Hebron, all of the news cameras were on the side of the Israeli soldiers. Not one single camera was on the side of the Palestinian youth. Listening to the news on the flight returning home we heard a report on Hebron and Jerusalem. Entire chunks of the story, critical to comprehension, were missing. Lengthy stories are told of soldiers who are wounded, but not even the names are given of the Palestinians who are killed. This reminded me of newspaper articles reporting the deaths of African American teenagers whose names are not given, and whose life stories are not recounted. Likewise the media in the communities, whether in the West Bank, Israel, the inner city, or the suburbs, will not air the positive stories of success, of empowerment, of cooperation. When only despair is available to see and hear, it is difficult to remain hopeful.

On a much more basic level, causes of violence stem from oppression and from a lack of basic needs. The unemployment rate in the West Bank is 60%, which gives many people nothing constructive to do and no income to provide for their families. For years the people of the West Bank have been under occupation, and many areas still are, which sometimes leads to a mentality that none of society's rules or regulations apply to them because they were imposed unfairly. Lack of housing is a severe problem, and the government recently announced they are demolishing between 2,000 and 20,000 Palestinian homes in order to expand one of the Israeli settlements. Those living in the homes will not be compensated in any way. Palestinians have distinctly colored ID badges, and license plates of West Bank residents are differently colored and only allowed to travel within the "autonomous" territories. While unemployment, not unemployment, is the primary problem in American cities, the outcome is the same. Adequate and affordable housing is not often available to those with low incomes, and some African Americans feel that since they were brought to the United States against their will and have lived under oppression, they therefore do not need to observe some societal regulations. And while African Americans and other inner city residents are not forced to carry ID badges, many in our society still judge people by the color of their skin.

Although we saw and heard many discouraging things during our three-week stay, we also met with wonderful people. Israeli, Palestinian, Jewish, Muslim, and Christian, who are committed to creating peace and who hope to see a time when two distinct nations can share the same state. We experienced generosity, love, and kindness from strangers who became our friends. We formed a bond with our Palestinian hosts as together we loaded rocks and spread dirt around the new science building, and we connected with religious people everywhere as we visited the Dome of the Rock, the Western Wall, the Mount of Olives, and Roman temples. And as I sat on a hill outside the Church of the Beatitudes looking across the Sea of Galilee towards the Golan Heights, I hoped humanity would come to believe that "blessed are the peacemakers."
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Reports and Epistles

North Pacific Yearly Meeting


We stood poised on the 25th anniversary of the inception of our yearly meeting, looking backward to our past and forward to our future. Paul and Margaret Lacey, Friends-in-Residence, helped us explore our theme—"Silence, Voice, and Story." We entered the silence together, listened for the authentic voice that called to be spoken, and shared with each other our story—how we decided to become a yearly meeting, how we have grown, and where God is leading us.

Twenty-five years ago, we were only eight monthly meetings and a few worship groups. Now we are three quarterly meetings with seventeen monthly meetings, one preparative meeting, and thirty worship groups. We are maturing into a healthy spiritual community capable of embracing an expanding diversity.

Our yearly meeting sessions this year were characterized by a tender spirit of worship gathering us into an ever-widening circle of inclusion with love at the core. The cohesive presence of our teenage Junior Friends, their responsible example, and their compassion for each other have ministered to us all. Especially heartwarming were our Young Friends (ages 18–30+) who coalesced into a diverse gathering with future plans for spiritual enrichment, community fellowship, and fun.

We continue to bear witness to the Quaker testimony of the equality of all people. Our corporate leading to affirm gay and lesbian civil rights led to our heartfelt approval of a well-seasoned minute supporting legal recognition of same-sex marriage. We also approved action plans to carry out our support.

Twenty-five years ago, we intentionally kept our focus close to home. In the ensuing years, we have grown into active relationships with many other Quaker bodies. This year, several young people, out there on the "front lines" of Quaker social witness, shared the complexity of their experiences and challenges at a new leadership workshop sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee.

Some of us have been building exciting and enduring relationships with nearby programmed and unprogrammed Friends through the Pacific Northwest Quaker Women's Theology Conferences. As a yearly meeting, we are also beginning to consider a more active relationship with Friends General Conference.

Having celebrated our birthday, we wait in expectant silence for the movement of the Spirit among us. We thank you, Friends around the world, for writing to us of your
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experience of how Truth has fared among you. We send you our love.

—Ann Stever, clerk

Britain Yearly Meeting

It is 73 years since our yearly meeting last gathered in Wales. We met on a hillside overlooking the town of Aberystwyth and the sea. We have also been made aware that the beauty conceals hardship and a history of oppression. We now understand better that these things are part of our life as British Friends.

Some 250 of the 1,500 participants were under 19. Sixty overseas visitors have joined us, many of whom have come straight from the FWCC Triennial in Birmingham, England.

We have been reminded that there are Friends who are in refugee camps, in prisons, or in war zones. To you, our dear Friends, we send our deep love and prayers.

In our meetings for worship for church affairs we have experienced a deep and powerful leading that has brought us to a special kind of discipline. There has been tenderness and selflessness, as we have imperfectly searched for words.

We have heard with joy of Friends around the world experiencing reconciliation with one another. We sense that there is a new mood of trust, but we do not underestimate the pain and risk this process has demanded.

For several years we have found it difficult to talk to each other about spiritual matters. A comfortable silence has been easier. It is time to answer the question: “Who are we?” We need to answer as a community, not just as individuals. We have been called to remember that we belong to a family with deep roots and many connections. Our ministry has drawn on sources within the Christian tradition and outside it. All our ministry needs to be heard.

We are a people of God. That means we must be bold and truthful in proclaiming to each other and to the world who we are and where we have come from. Actions alone are not enough. They need to be explained in a language of equality, simplicity, justice, and peace. Waldo Williams, the Welsh Quaker poet, spoke of “cadwy cwmwl tyston;” we are “keeping house among a cloud of witnesses.”

We have much hard work ahead of us in discerning priorities in our corporate work, in carrying forward our testimonies, and in coming to terms with the implications of our membership of ecumenical bodies.

We carry away from this meeting a new confidence that if we are steadfast and faithful in listening to God’s call, we shall be guided. And even when we falter, we know we shall be lovingly upheld.

—S. Jocelyn Burnell, clerk

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FRIENDS JOURNAL January 1998

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News of Friends

A student brings the AIDS Quilt to Germantown Friends School. Ashley Harvey, a senior at Germantown Friends School in Philadelphia, devotes much of her time to helping people affected by AIDS and raising awareness of the disease among her peers. "So many kids seem oblivious to AIDS. Some of them know people with HIV, but they haven't actually seen the body deteriorate from it." When Ashley learned of the NAMES Project, which oversees the AIDS Memorial Quilt and makes sections of it available for display at schools and other public places, she presented the idea of hosting a section of the Quilt at Germantown Friends School in October 1997. She initiated several activities in conjunction with the Quilt's visit. "I think seeing the AIDS Quilt will open a lot of eyes," said Ashley, "it will help kids to see that AIDS can strike anyone and everyone if you're not careful. We aren't invincible, and people need to recognize that." The Quilt also was available for public viewing in the school's auditorium. Visitors were invited to put their thoughts about AIDS and the Quilt on fabric panels displayed nearby. These panels will serve as a memorial to the Quilt's visit. Said Cleve Jones, founder of the NAMES project, "I think the Quilt is rooted in Quaker belief, that there is that of God in all people. Friends for centuries have always sought to find that Light within all of us—and that is what the Quilt is trying to do."

Jack Ross, member of Argenta (B.C.) Meeting, was released from jail following a 71-day imprisonment. He and other demonstrators were arrested on August 6, 1997, for demonstrating against logging in the Slocan Valley watershed. The 76-year-old nonviolent instructor protested the building of logging roads and was put in jail pending a hearing on the case. During his 71-day stay at the Kamlupes jail, Jack fasted and wrote letters to his supporters, confident in his witness against the destruction of the watershed. The two-month stay in jail affected his health, already damaged by Parkinson's Disease, and on October 15, 1997, Jack reluctantly signed a court order stating that he would not protest the sentenced site and secured his release. Christian Peacemaker Teams will open an office in Ontario, Canada. Conflicts over native fishing rights and unfair treatment of First Nation peoples motivated a proposal to open the office to provide support for native peoples. In September 1995, First Nation members occupied a park in Ontario, stating that it contained one of their burial grounds. The Ontario Provincial Police attacked the encampment by sea, land, and air, killing one citizen. CPT will begin training in spring 1998 to prepare for possible violent conflict next summer.

Correction: Friends’ Housing and Care, Inc., Woodmere at Jacaranda. After publication of “News of Friends” (Dec. 1997) regarding Friends’ Housing and Care, Inc. (FHC), we became aware of certain inaccuracies in the report. First, we did not intend to imply that FHC had problems in gaining nonprofit status with the State of Florida. Second, FHC never advertised that it was established by Sarasota Evangelical Friends Church. William R. Martin, chair of the board of FHC, reports that FHC changed its advertising to say “established by members of” the meeting and the church; this was done, he reports, after FHC terminated its relationship with Sarasota Meeting by amending FHC’s corporate bylaws on March 11, 1997. Third, FHC is no longer under the care of Sarasota (Fla.) Meeting, but it originally was established by the meeting, as stated in earlier Woodmere at Jacaranda advertisements. In addition, William R. Martin states that FHC “never sought any relationship with Southeastern Yearly Meeting.” Finally, FHC submitted an application for tax-exempt status with the IRS on April 23, 1996, and indicated at that time that it is a church. FHC supplied SEYM’s Faith and Practice along with its application in answer to the question “Does the organization have a formal code of doctrine and discipline for its members? If Yes, describe.” William R. Martin states, “Since we had created a new worship group, we adopted our own Faith and Practice on June 9, 1997. In no way was it done to be filed with our corporate papers. It was done to make it clear that this Quaker group was a Christian group to which all Christian Friends were welcome.” We regret the inaccuracies in our report.

---Eds.

Germantown Friends School student Ashley Harvey and an AIDS Quilt panel
Upcoming events

• The 1998 Quakers in Pastoral Care and Counseling Conference will be held March 5–8 at Quaker Hill Conference Center in Richmond, Indiana, on the theme “Ministering From the Whole Self: Sharing our pathways to God.” Bill Taber will speak on the distinctive qualities of Quaker ministry and the ways it draws upon all parts of the self. Isabella Bates will lead the gathering in experiences of the expressive arts, including song and movement, as ways to open to the wholeness to which God calls us. The gathering will be an opportunity for learning and spiritual refreshment, renewing participants for their ministries and care giving. The conference will be followed by a day of silent retreat, March 8–9, for those who wish to remain. For more information contact Bill Ratliff, Earlham School of Religion, Richmond, IN 47374, (317) 983-1522 or (800) 432-1377.

Resources

• The 1998–99 Directory for Traveling Friends is in preparation by Friends General Conference. Friends currently listed will receive a mailing asking them to renew their listing. Friends who are not listed in the current directory and want to be listed please write for a form to: Friends General Conference TD, 1216 Arch St., 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107, or call Liz Yeats at (215) 561-1700. The deadline for forms is February 1, 1998.

• Grants for the study and practice of Christian mysticism are available through the Friends World Committee for Consultation’s Elizabeth Ann Bogart Memorial Fund. The fund makes grants of up to $500 to individuals. For more information contact Carolyn Terrell, 46 B Brainerd St., Mount Holly, NJ 08060. The deadline for proposals and reference letters is March 1, 1998. Decisions will be made in May and grants will be dispersed in June.

• The American Friends Service Committee’s “Mittens and Milk” project is designed to enable small donors to aid children in famine-stricken North Korea. The deadline to donate a pair of mittens and $2 toward the purchase of powdered and fortified milk is January 15, 1998. The project, managed by the AFSC’s Emergency and Material Assistance Program, is a useful vehicle to raise awareness in schools and community groups. Please send your contribution of a pair of mittens and $2 to: AFSC Mittens and Milk Project, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102-1479.
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Most of the articles and artwork in FRIENDS JOURNAL are freely contributed by readers like you. Both graphics and text reflect the passions of individual Friends in the unprogrammed tradition. If your concerns or experiences are not fully reflected in our pages, we encourage you to send us a manuscript or artwork. JOURNAL editors (Kenneth Sutton or Claudia Wair) and art director (Barbara Benton) are happy to consult via telephone, post, or e-mail.

Guidelines for writers

We prefer articles written in a fresh, non-academic style, using language that clearly includes both sexes. Articles reflecting an experiential approach to life and religious thought are most appreciated. We also welcome Quaker-related humor.

Articles should be no longer than 8–10 double-spaced pages (a maximum of 2,500 words). Please include references for all quotations (especially Bible version, book, chapter, and verse). The author's name and address should appear on the body of submitted text.

Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your manuscript returned. Submissions are acknowledged immediately; however, writers can expect to wait longer to hear whether their manuscripts have been accepted. (It often takes several months before decisions are made.)

Once articles are accepted, JOURNAL editors welcome word-processor files on IBM or Macintosh diskette or e-mail to FriendsJnl@aol.com; do not, however, send submissions via e-mail.

Guidelines for artists

Useful subjects for photography and other artwork submitted to FRIENDS JOURNAL might include nature, interactions between people, Friends’ worship and events, meetinghouses, nonviolent action, and images of positive work in the world. Symbolic and meditative pieces and cartoons are welcome.

Woodcuts and line drawings should be in black ink. Pencil or charcoal drawings, washes, prints, or paintings work best when they have good contrast to reproduce in black and white.

Artwork should be marked with the artist’s name and phone number. If you would like the artwork returned by a certain date or after it is used, note that and include your address. Be careful to avoid ink smudges when marking photographs: we recommend pencil on an adhesive note.

Upon publication, authors and artists receive complimentary copies of that issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL. Please contact us if you have any questions.

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January 1998 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Isaiah


Most of us know Dan Berrigan as a result of his witness for peace and justice for which the government imprisoned him on many occasions. He deserves recognition, if not admiration, for his participation in nonviolent resistance to the violent conflicts perpetrated by earthly powers as well as for his concern for the human condition in a most telling fashion. Yet few of us recognize Dan's scholastic accomplishments, particularly his biblical commentaries. Dan's book on the most sympathetic of the Hebrew prophets underscores his concern for the human condition in a most telling fashion.

Dan translates Isaiah's writings from Hebrew and also uses the Jeremiah Bible to comment on Isaiah 53, which depicts the agony and triumph of the suffering servant, Christ Jesus. Naturally, Dan refers to Isaiah 2: 4, "They will beat their swords into plowshares, their spears into pruning knives, nevermore war, never again," in his commentary on the universal message of this great, and as Dan astutely discerns, was a "successful." For me, Dan's depiction of the suffering servant (Isaiah 42-53) is most inspiring. Although he recognizes that Jesus is the "Servant of servants," we also have the power to serve the Lord if we are open to God's calling. Dan reminds us that if we are obedient, we may not be "successful." We may even feel lonely, enduring the pain of obedience. Yet we know, as Isaiah knew, we must say yes to our inward teacher.

As servants, sometimes we are ordered to speak out. Other times God orders us to remain silent. Above all, God moves us to be faithful. Dan writes this commentary on Isaiah's servant, "it cannot be said too often that the works of justice, the vocation of the Servant, are the preeminent form of honoring and glorifying God. They are true worship. May we worship in this manner."

Arthur Berk is a member of Middleton (Ohio) Meeting and is convener of Ohio Yearly Meeting's Peace and Human Relations Committee. He is an active member of the New Foundation Fellowship and the author of Fox and the Bible and Fox and the Book of Revelation.

Listening Spirituality: Personal Spiritual Practices Among Friends


In the past Friends' "caught" spirituality by living in closer intentional community. In present times there is a need to articulate spiritual practices that can point us to God. This book should be welcomed by Friends in providing this missing link. The reader is offered the first volume of a longer work on Quaker spiritual formation. The author's underlying vision for the series is to integrate personal practice, corporate practice, and ethics, which are seen as inseparable within Quaker formation and transformation. This work is meant to be primarily a practical book rather than something you curl up with for the night. The reader can pick it up and put it down without losing continuity. The book is illustrated with black and white sumi-e artwork that provides for a contemplative visual experience. This volume is the fruit of Patricia Loring's years of teaching, retreat leadership, and spiritual nurture ministry. Grounded in Friends spirituality, the content offers a translation and adaptation of a variety of spiritual practices into a Quaker context. Listening is the foundational practice of all Quaker spiritual disciplines. Listening is presented as a way of life focusing on the transformation of the will to conformity with God's purpose. More specifically, some of the other practices described are devotional reading, varieties of meditation and prayer, personal retreats, the witness of lifestyle, and spiritual friendships.

In exploring personal spiritual practices one needs to listen to what is being called forth in one's life. In this way the practice often chooses us since it is already part of our everyday life. Readers are encouraged to find their own rhythm by noticing the "climate of the heart." The author assures us that the spiritual life is "less like a course of study than like cultivating a relationship that will last and deepen for many years, undergoing many shifts as our circumstances change and we continue to grow."

Spiritual practices are not just a privatized activity. Instead we are asked to join our will to God's in the work of healing and reconciliation in the world. The true fruit of the inner life with God is reflected in the outer practice of embodying or incarnating the Divine Spirit for others in our own limited ways. "To persist and be faithful in the attempt to embody God's living, listening presence in daily life requires an utterly counter-cultural humility.

The book defines terms well and does not assume previous knowledge. For example, standard notations for scripture passages are explained. At the same time it will speak to the spiritually seasoned reader. Exercises and queries at the end of each chapter are excellent resources for additional reading or can be used for personal or group reflection.

Kathryn Damiano is a member of Middleton (Pa.) Meeting. She is co-founder of the "School of the Spirit" ministry and currently serves as Spiritual Nurturer for the staff of Pendle Hill.

Quaker Quiptoquotes

by Adelbert Mason

The following is an encoded quote from a famous Friend. The letters have been transposed for your puzzling pleasure.

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Answer on page 36


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Mareita is survived by her son, Jay Arnold Lutz; three sisters; and one brother.

Marshall-Marble—Gertrude McIver Mathews Marshall-Marble, 83, on May 23, 1997, in Columbia, Mo. Born in Providence, R.I., Gertrude attended Wellesley College and majored in music. She settled in Columbia with her first husband, Paul Mathews, who taught music education at the University of Missouri. The couple raised three children during their 32 years of marriage, during which Gertrude directed the children’s choir at a Presbyterian church and the community “Mother Singers.” She also was a community activist, co-founder and chairwoman of the Voluntary Action Committee and a member of the board of Everyday People, a substance abuse recovery shelter. She was a long-time member of the League of Women Voters, serving as president of the local chapter and on the state board. In the 1970s she established Highfield Acres, a low-cost, racially integrated, rural housing development near Columbia. Gertrude was instrumental in establishing the Peace Studies program at the University of Missouri, and she endowed the Peace Perspectives Lectureship. She was a founding member of Columbia (Mo.) Meeting, where she served in many capacities, sharing her profound concerns for peace and justice, her spiritual insights, and her organizational skills and energies as clerk of the meeting and of the Ministry and Worship, Peace and Social Concerns, and Overseers committees. Gertrude was a spiritual leader of the meeting with her quiet and cheerful leadership and vocal ministry. After Paul died in 1971, Gertrude married C. Edmund Marshall. He died after a long illness in 1981. In 1985 Gertrude hosted the first Alternatives to Violence Project training workshop in Missouri in her home and soon became a facilitator in the state prisons as well as at community workshops. AVP became the principal focus of her energies, and she found the ideal co-facilitator and partner in Robert Marble, a retired Methodist missionary. They were married in 1988 and shared three happy years before Bob’s death in 1991. Gertrude continued serving the meeting and building up the Mid-Missouri AVP Council. She was honored with the Volunteer of the Year Award in Columbia just a month before her death after a year-long struggle with cancer. She is survived by three children, three step-children, and 11 grandchildren.

Milgram—Morris Milgram, 81, on June 22, 1997, in Langhorne, Pa., of a stroke. Born in Manhattan, N.Y., the youngest of six children of an immigrant family, Morris grew up with Socialist principles. He was expelled from City College in 1934 for opposing a reception for visiting Fascists, and then earned a BA in 1939 from Dana College, now a part of Rutgers University. He then worked in New Jersey for the Workers Defense League, a civil rights organization founded by Socialists and liberals primarily to help Southern sharecroppers. He devoted his life to constructing open housing for blacks and whites. “If we don’t learn to live together, soon the world is going to come apart,” he said in 1969. Until he moved to a retirement center in 1990, Morris lived in the developments he built, practicing what he preached. He was instrumental in building or managing integrated housing for some 20,000 people in Philadelphia, Boston and Cambridge, Mass., Chicago, Princeton, N.J., Washington, D.C., California, Maryland, New York, Texas, and Virginia. Morris began his work as a builder but in the 1960s, after seeing an effort to build an interracial community in all-white Deerfield, Ill., he and his associates bought existing housing and changed the rental policies to accommodate African Americans. Among the companies he established is the Fund for an Open Society in Philadelphia, which helps people who move to integrated housing to obtain low-cost mortgages. In 1968 Morris was the first recipient of the National Human Rights Award from the Department of Housing and Urban Development. He is survived by a son, Gene; a daughter, Betsy; and a sister, Mary Parker.

Odenheim—Laurie Gretchen Odenheim, 50, on July 8, 1997, at her home in Arlington, Va. Born in Irving, N.J., Laurie spent ten years of her youth in Mexico, where she attended a French language school. She graduated in 1967 from the University of California with a degree in French. In 1974, following the death of her husband, Larry Barnes, she moved with her son to Washington, D.C. For the last 18 years, Laurie taught at the preschool day care center at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md., where she incorporated diverse cultures and music into her curriculum and promoted active parent involvement in school activities. Her fluency in Spanish and childhood in Mexico caused Laurie to have a special concern for Central America. In 1985, she translated tapes of Latin American speakers after the UN Women’s

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Damon D. Hickey

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J. Floyd Moore

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Linda R. Willard

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*Titles can be purchased from distributors, or by writing the North Carolina Friends Historical Society, P.O. Box 8502, Greensboro, NC 27419, or the North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends, 5506 W. Friendly Ave., Greensboro, NC 27410.*
Warten—Luther E. Warren, 106, on April 10, 1997, in Wilmington, Ohio. Born into a Quaker family in Clinton County, Ohio, Luther was brought as an infant to the first session of Wilmington Yearly Meeting of Friends in 1892. A conscientious objector and peace advocate, Luther served as the Yearly Meeting Quaker Service Committee group to do reconstruction work in France during World War I. He spoke of his experiences in war-ravaged France on many occasions, especially to children and young adults. Luther’s career was in education. He received his BA from Wilmington College in 1917, followed by an MA degree from Haverford College. Luther often said he had taught at every level from elementary to graduate school. He was a member of the faculties of Hillsboro, Ohio, High School and Friendsville Academy in Tennessee. He earned a PhD from Western Reserve University in Ohio. Luther served as professor of education at Mount Union College in Ohio and dean at both McPherson College in Kansas and Huntingdon College in Indiana. After World War II, he had a career as a Quaker administrator, first for the Veterans Administration and then for Wilmington College. In whatever position he held, Luther spoke “true to power” and, like many of his Quaker forebears, suffered the consequences. He served for many years on Wilmington Yearly Meeting’s Peace and Social Concerns Board and on the Peace Committee for the Wilmington College Peace Center. Luther’s own personal sign, which he consistently carried at demonstrations is now in the Peace Center. It reads, “Life is Sacred—End War.” Active in the yearly meeting, Luther was recorded a minister in the Religious Society of Friends in 1934. Luther’s first wife, Saretta Elliott, whom he met at Wilmington College, died in 1982. After his second marriage in 1984 to Margaret Winder, he also became active in Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting. Luther spoke often in meetings for worship with a strong voice and great clarity of thought, in a way which held the attention of all, including the children in the meeting. One of Luther’s main themes in vocal ministry was the necessity of putting our beliefs into action and standing for them no matter what. Celebrated at Luther’s memorial service was his major character trait of steadfastness: steadfast in convictions, in commitment to truth, in peacemaking, and in putting beliefs into action. Luther was preceded in death by a daughter, Sara Lu. He is survived by his wife, and two sons, Robert and William.

We publish Milestones that meetings and families send us. If you would like to have items listed here, please send them to FRIENDS JOURNAL, Milestones, 1216 Arch Street, Ste. 24, Philadelphia, PA 19107.

Answer to Quipquote

To be like Christ then, is to be a Christian.
And regeneration is the only way to the kingdom of God which we pray for.
William Penn (1644–1718)
Some Fruits of Solitude

Audio-Visual

For Teachers and Friends Interested in Outreach: Video (VHS) by Claire Simon: The Life, Stones, and Wood: Historical Quaker Meeting Houses in the New York Yearly Meeting Region. An exciting story of the beautiful houses of the Meetings. App. 40 min. $25.00

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Friends House, 684 Bexarda Drive, Santa Rosa, CA 94954-1904. (707) 586-1912.

Foxdale Village, for Quaker-directed life in Starrucca Valley, Pennsylvania. Foxdale Village homes for Independent living, assisted living, and skilled nursing care. Located in Greensboro, North Carolina, both73 miles from the Miami-Fargo-Charlotte Triangle and 110 miles from Charlotte. For information write: Foxdale Village, PO Box 2100, Greensboro, NC 27410.


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John Woolman School: South Carolina, grades 9-12. Prepares students for college. Method: small classes, boarding, work, program, service projects, board, day. $1075 Woolman Lane, Nevada City, CA 95535. (916) 273-3186.

Frankford Friends School: coed, K-12, serving city, northeast Philadelphia. We provide children with an affordable yet challenging academic program in a nurturing environment. Frankford Friends School, 1300 Orthodox Street, Philadelphia, PA 19124. (215) 533-5966.

Lansdowne Friends School—A small, Quaker school for boys and girls three years of age through sixth grade, rooted in Quaker values. We provide children with a quality academic and a developmentally appropriate program in a nurturing environment. Whole language, thematic education, conflict resolution, Spanish, after-school care, summer program. Open house Jan 15 and Feb. 8. 110 N. Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050. (610) 333-2646.


Stratford Friends School provides a strong academic program in a warm, supportive, ungraded setting for children ages 5 to 13 who learn differently. Small classes and an enriched curriculum answer the needs of the whole child. An all-fair program for five-year-olds is available. The school also offers an extended day program, tutoring, and summer school. Information: Stratford Friends School, 5 Llanillo Road, Haworth, PA 07641. (201) 445-1144.

Junior high boarding school for grades 7, 8, 9. Small classes, emphasis on art, music, outdoor experiences, community service, consensus decision making, daily work projects in a small, caring, community environment. Arthur Morgan School, 4412 York Road, Branch Road, Burnsville, NC 28714. (704) 675-4252.

The Quaker School at Horsham, a value-centered elementary and middle school for students with learning difficulties. Small, remedial classes, qualified staff, serving Philadelphia, Bucks and Montgomery counties. Two-bedroom, two-bathroom Meeting House Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2875.

Services Offered:

Grant writer. Published researcher and poet, MA English, 20 years nonfiction, has been (603) 60-3034, mcm@lava.net, MC Miller, PFC 11782, Honolulu, HI 96820.

Marriage Certificates: Fine calligraphy in traditional plain styles or decorative, custom-designed borders. Also Family Trees for holidays, gifts, anniversaries, family reunions. Call or write Carol Simon Sexton, Clear Creek Creek, West Chester, PA 19330.

Celo Valley Books: Personal attention to all phases of book production (25 to 5,000 copies). Typing, editing, layout, final delivery. Free brochure. 346 Seven Mile Ridge Road, Burnsville, NC 28714.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pine-wood Dr., Greensboro, NC 27410. (910) 285-2085.

For information call: (910) 285-2085 or write: Quaker Writers' and Artists! Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts. FQA's goal is: "To nurture and showcase the literary, visual, musical, and performing arts in our 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 collaboration.

Membership, $15/year. FQA, P.O. Box 356850, Philadelphia, PA 19132. E-mail: info@quaqer.org. Our Web Page: http://www.quaker.org/fqa/.

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Friends 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 or expand existing facilities. For information contact Margaret Schmidt, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374. Telephone: (765) 892-7573.

Forum Travel

Quaker-owned and managed travel agency. Friendly, experienced service; discounts for travel agency, overnight delivery. (800) 689-4099.

Wedding Certificates, Announcements, Invitations, etc. Do justice to your event with our calligraphy and award-winning graphic design. (800) 703-9555.

Summer Camps

Make friends, make music—Friends Music Camp, ages 10-18. 5 July-5 August. 2 PMC, P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (937) 767-1317.

Camp Woodbrooke, Wisconsin. A caring community of fun, develop skills, and learn about the environment. Quaker leadership. 36 boys and girls; ages 11-12. Welcome to our annual sessions. Jenny Lang, 705 Beverly Place, Lake Forest, IL 60045. (312) 296-0530 or e-mail alang@xnet.com or www.martinwoodbrook.com.

Journey’s End Farm Camp is a farm devoted to children for sessions of two to eight weeks each summer. Farm animals, gardening, nature, ceramics, shop, volleyball, horseback riding. Harmony in our programs is emphasized in our program centered in the life of Quaker farm family. For 30 kids and 7-12 years, some crew sessions. Apply in December-January, Carl & Kristin Curtis, Box 136, Newfoundland, PA 18445. Telephone: (717) 589-3911, 0002.

January 1998 FRIENDS JOURNAL
“Sure, Friends run great programs for seniors . . .
but I can’t afford any of them! Even if I could, their waiting lists are so long I doubt I could get in.”

With these assumptions, some Friends don’t even consider the wide range of Quaker facilities and other programs in the Mid-Atlantic region that attract people from around the country.

They should!
Let’s look at some facts:

- Many Quaker programs have options with surprisingly affordable entry fees and monthly charges. Some have no entry fees at all!
- A number have taken extraordinary measures to remain accessible to people of limited resources. Some even provide subsidized housing.
- Some Friends programs use endowments and other resources to provide financial assistance on a case-by-case basis. They place a high priority on attracting Friends.
- A number of the Quaker nursing homes are certified for reimbursement through Medicaid and Medicare. Inpatient and outpatient services in Quaker hospitals also are covered by Medicare and Medicaid—as well as most managed care programs.
- While some residential programs have long waiting lists, the longest tend to be for the largest living units. Smaller units are often readily available. And there is rarely a wait for home-based services.
- Residents in all of our programs come from different economic, professional, religious, and racial backgrounds.

So don’t disqualify yourself or a loved one from the residential and home-based programs that have earned Friends such a fine reputation for quality services.

Write or call Friends Services for the Aging for our free copy of Guide to Quaker Services for the Aging. Or try out our new web site at www.libertynet.org/~fsainfo.

FRIENDS SERVICES FOR THE AGING
1777 Sentry Parkway West
Dublin Hall, Suite 400
Blue Bell, PA 19422
(215) 619-7949; fax (215) 619-7950; e-mail fsair@msn.com
Think a George School education is out of reach?

Last year, a loyal alumna of George School created a fund so that excellent students, regardless of their economic level, may attend George School. Four $10,000 Anderson Scholarships will be awarded each year to boarding students who embody the principles of social involvement, respect for others and a commitment to academic excellence. At least one of those scholarships must go to a Quaker student.

Quaker students, or students whose parents are Quakers, may also apply for John M. George Scholarships. All students may apply for the $2.5 million in tuition aid that is given to boarding and day students based on economic need. Nearly 200 families are currently receiving aid.

To find out more about these programs and the educational advantages of attending this internationally-recognized, coed, Quaker boarding and day school, contact the George School Admission Office.

George School, Box 4460, Newtown, PA 18940
e-mail: GSadmiss@hslc.org
www.georgeschool.pvt.k12.pa.us