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serving the  
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Society of  
Friends



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## Among Friends

# Self-identification

In March 1968, I was eight years old. I lived in a small, conservative town in rural Southern California with my white, agricultural, Republican (non-Quaker!) parents. I have no recollection of the My Lai massacre (nor, for that matter, of the deaths of the Kennedys or Martin Luther King Jr.—I must have been an oddly out-of-it child). In contrast, by that time Vinton Deming had already been arrested at least once for protesting U.S. involvement in the war in Vietnam.

Editing this issue has been part of an adult process of constructing a relationship to the struggles of that time. The brutality of a system that trained young men to kill civilians shames me not only because it existed in my country then, but because the system continues to exist today. I am heartened by the heroism of those who resisted the inhumanity of the U.S. government because, like other examples from history, they give me hope for the future. My adopted faith and coreligionists have provided challenging, sometimes intimate perspectives on the times. Truly, I can only try to imagine the enormous impact of the war in Vietnam on my country and on the Religious Society of Friends.

There was a peculiar editorial quandary that arose for me. FRIENDS JOURNAL, as a matter of policy and style, generally replaces the adjective "American" with "U.S." and rewrites sentences where "American" appears as a noun. Sometimes "American" is appropriately used, such as when we speak of the American colonies of England, France, and Spain or the primal landscapes of America. Usually, however, the author actually is referring only to the United States or its citizens.

When I edited the Young Friends department by Peter May, I routinely began to change his use of "American." I came to feel, however, that I was robbing the article of its power and immediacy. A "U.S. soldier" is something abstract. "U.S. troops" firing at civilians are just not the same thing for me, emotionally, as "Americans" firing at civilians. So we decided to leave it be, with apologies to Canadians, Mexicans, and other citizens of the Americas.

Some of you may dismiss this as a frivolous semantic exercise in light of your experiences during the Vietnam War. And that's the point. I recall few if any experiences from the Vietnam War. For me, the words used make a real difference between an intellectual awareness of the war (something "they" did) and a more personal perception (something involving people just like me, like us).

As the staff was preparing this issue, Pam Nelson remarked that "in Vietnam they call it the American War." We weren't able to solve that editorial conundrum, either. In most cases we've settled for the "Vietnam War" or the "war in Vietnam," although we know quite well the war went beyond the borders of that country and involved any number of nations. We also decided to accept the colloquialism of the "ugly American" in one of our titles.

FRIENDS JOURNAL is grateful for the encouragement to take up the subject of Friends and the Vietnam War given to us by Chel Avery and other Friends at Pendle Hill. We expect that the articles in this issue, incomplete as they are, will stir Friends' memories of that time and prompt reflections on the lessons learned. We welcome brief written responses.

*Kenneth Sutton*

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Annual Poetry Issue  
The Transforming Gospel  
This Is the Beginning of Instruction in Yoga



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*Cover photo by Ivan Massar, 1967*



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### Scars of a war

I have read your editorial, "Never a Good War" (*FJ* April), and feel moved to reply.

You refer to aspects of the war in Vietnam, especially what can only be described as moral disasters. These incidents have bothered me for going on 30 years now, but I hate to see them described the way you did. Why not say what My Lai really was: Americans going nuts and just killing, to the delight of "higher higher," the slang for the people in charge of the GIs on the ground. In Vietnam we never had a policy of "destroying a village to protect it," as you said. We usually blew a village away to reduce the risk to GIs on the ground and sometimes removed the villagers to a concentration camp beforehand; this was called "pacification." We used only tear gas and vomit gas, not "chemical weapons," and napalm helped save my life during the Tet Offensive in 1968, so I am definitely prejudiced in making any comments about it. I don't know about the Christmas bombing; you'll have to ask Nixon, the one who had the "secret plan" for ending the war in 1969.

You are incredibly right about one thing, though: "The scars of that war are evident today." Vietnam veterans bear scars from the invisible, but debilitating, to the horrendous, and we are the ones "taking point," once again, in efforts to reconcile what *we* did as opposed to what our country did. And this in the face of decades of disrespect and worse from just about every corner and part of the United States. Some of us work very hard to further the cause of peace with justice, and we hope always to have the enthusiastic cooperation of Friends.

I hope to read many more of your editorials, and, to that end, I am enclosing my check for a two-year subscription.

Thomas F. Bayard  
Wilmington, Del.

### A limited picture

Only time will tell what significance your publication of two documents relating to the issues that currently lie between Columbia (S.C.) Meeting and the Southern Appalachian Young Friends (SAYF) youth program will have in their ongoing discernment process ("Youth Programs in Turmoil," *FJ* May). As one who has been a part of this process, I feel it necessary to point out the limited picture these two documents paint so as to remind Friends not to come to judgment, but to keep in their prayers the process and the Friends involved in it. I write this from my role as an outside facilitator brought into the process in January 1998.

Friends should be aware: 1) that the minute from Columbia Friends Meeting dates from November 9, 1997, and refers to incidents that may have taken place from late 1995 to early 1997; 2) the letter as published is an edited and shortened version of the original; 3) the response to this letter by the SAYF Oversight Committee reprinted by *FJ* is only part of an extended minute prepared by the committee at their meeting held on January 10, 1998, and conveyed to Columbia Meeting; 4) other letters and documentation have been gathered by the SAYF Oversight Committee regarding the incidents outlined in Columbia's letter; 5) the concerns have existed without resolution for a long time and progress toward any sort of resolution has been slow, not least because of the physical distance between individuals and the inherently slow process of deliberation within a yearly meeting; and 6) that, prior to publication, *FRIENDS JOURNAL* did not consult any of the Friends in leadership positions within either Columbia Meeting or SAYF/SAYMA, and these include the past and present clerks of Columbia Meeting, the clerks of SAYF Oversight, SAYF Steering, and SAYMA Ministry and Nurture.

I would also like to comment on the implications of the title "Youth Programs in Turmoil" and the final paragraph of the article, that Piedmont Friends Fellowship's (PFF) youth program is in disarray. As PFF's recording clerk and as facilitator of an ad hoc committee that has met over the past nine months to review the needs of PFF's youth in the face of an ever-growing number of young Friends, I feel we have followed a well- and rightly-ordered process of discernment. This process included a retreat open to all interested Friends, writing a report with recommendations, presentation of this report to PFF's constituent meetings and worship groups, and finally consideration of a proposal at PFF's annual business meeting held this past May. At that meeting, Friends approved establishing a standing committee for youth, the first standing committee established by PFF in its 25-year history. This hardly represents a youth program in turmoil.

I hope Friends will hold in their prayers all those involved with the ongoing process of discernment between Columbia Meeting and SAYF and also those committed to ministering to our youth.

Michael Green  
Chapel Hill, N.C.

*We apologize for causing distress by printing these minutes. As Michael Green states, there is ongoing discernment between Columbia*

*Meeting and the Southern Appalachian Young Friends program. We add our encouragement and prayers as Friends move forward in this process.—Eds.*

### Truly safe places

My experience of the sexual hurt John Calvi refers to in his letter (*FJ* April) is deep, personal, and also more general: I locate it in patriarchy, which pervades our culture, has myriad effects, and makes possible the more specific hurts he mentions. Men are hurt by this as much as women: among thousands of other ways, power corrupts, divorcing us from our humanity.

Questioning undercurrents in culture are surfacing, and I see myself as a tiny speck in a huge Hegelian dialectic, where the thesis is the goddess religion, the antithesis patriarchy, and the synthesis: ??, but coming.

My meeting's state of the society report last year said of our meeting for worship: "At times we draw on currents so deep we do not know where they are taking us." I wonder, hope, and do find that our experience of meeting for worship is more healing than we can know and that in our open, receptive waiting on the Spirit, we participate in a very feminine spirituality (although I hesitate to say this in my meeting, finding that sometimes people benefit from this but do not like to acknowledge it). And to John Calvi's wonderful question: "If truly safe places are few and far between, where and when can healing begin?" I answer, "Truly safe not in the world's sense, but in our utter dependence on God—in our meetings for worship." And from there, the answer to his final: "We are doing . . . what?" will come.

Lucinda Antrim  
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

### Spirit lives on

I received a letter from Will Fridell, a member of Santa Barbara (Calif.) Meeting in 1991, four days after the stroke I suffered on my left side. I quote from it:

"Out of my limited experience with physical breakdown, I have developed an outlook that helps me. May I pass it on, for what it may be worth? To put it simply, I imagine sequences of time, as we grow up as young people and gradually mature as adults. I see two lines, one for body growth/strength and the other for growth of the spirit. In our youthful decades, the physical line moves out and up—stronger and stronger. It takes much longer for spiritual growth; that line rises over the years



# Accepting Our Differences

Some members of our meeting have a viewpoint that distresses me. They seem upset when anyone in meeting for worship delivers a message that deviates from their own interpretation of what they think Quakerism should represent. They are especially upset over allusions to the Bible or God or Jesus.

We consider ourselves seekers after truth, yet recognize that truth is an elusive quality we shall probably never find to our satisfaction. "God" is a troublesome word to many because they associate it with dogma they heard in growing up. But the concept of the Divine, of the Nameless, of the Reality that is beyond comprehension or definition, is considered to be acceptable. God has many names, from the Jewish Yahweh to the Muslim Allah, to the many aspects of divinity that Hindus variously call Brahma or Vishnu, Krishna or Shiva. Paul Tillich used the term "Ultimate Reality;" Star Wars used "The Force." Quakers lean towards "Spirit" or "The Inner Light." We are in a bramble of semantics. Shakespeare said "That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Why then is it so difficult for us to listen to interpretations other than our own? If someone quoted from the Bhagavad Gita or the Koran we probably would consider it merely interesting and would not take offense. Obviously eloquent passages exist in the Bible, and few of us would contest Peter's description of Jesus: "He went about doing good." With diverse insights into the Christian tradition, why is it difficult to let others express their personal vision? There are no tape recordings of what Jesus said, and oral traditions and doctrines established by different religious sects are merely human interpretations.

Perhaps if we could adopt the point of view of a detached Witness instead of feeling personally threatened by another view-

point, it would ease our discomfort. In her book *Minding the Body, Mending the Mind*, Joan Borysenko suggests that, "Meditation develops the ability to become aware of a completely nonjudgmental part of the mind, that of the Witness. . . . Since the Witness is beyond the ego, it is not caught up in judging and is thus content in any situation."

The Witness is able to observe what the mind is thinking with a detachment that accepts the behavior and ideas of both ourselves and others without dismay or judgment.

Borysenko describes what she calls "mind traps," negative beliefs we have built up over the years and which keep us from being truly aware of circumstances. She asserts, "Only when you can identify where your ego traps you, can you let go and begin to make choices based on facts." This is not an easy process, but it is a tremendously freeing one. One of the most devastating mind traps she discusses is "Doing It My Way." We protect ourselves by feeling that we are right and defend our viewpoint by becoming irritated or angry when someone voices a different opinion. If we can rise above our sense of being threatened and relax into hearing what is meaningful to another person, we may be able to embrace that individual in love even though we may be in disagreement. In doing this, it is helpful to try to achieve the outlook of the Witness instead of rushing to judgment.

This approach is consistent with the Quaker affirmation of that of God in everyone. I hope that as a community of seekers we may be more accepting of one another and our inevitable differences interpreting "the Ultimate Reality," for which some of us still use the traditional term "God."

Janet Ferguson  
Atlanta, Ga.

slowly—and under ideal circumstances, steadily.

"At some point the body and spirit lines cross. Around middle age? As the body weakens in the mature years, the two lines (physical and spiritual histories) cross each other. That's when the body line begins to sag.

"Unless we're prepared for this, it is only natural that when the body breaks down it will draw the spirit down with it. That's because they are so bound to each other, in what I call the 'psychosomatic bind.' To prevent the body dragging the spirit down

with it, there must be a conscious separation, or a breaking of the psychosomatic bind. This is the critical point. If we are successful in making this separation, even though our body is breaking up, our spirit is independently free—free to continue the upward spiritual curve—until the death of the body, and many of us believe even beyond that point. When some of my students spoke of the separate dissolution of the body, they used the words, 'to drop the body.' I like that. We drop our broken bodies, and our spirit goes on.

"I believe that if we can live through

bodily deterioration in this faith, we have a powerful weapon for coping with physical problems as seniors. It works for me. I would like to believe that even in extremes it would be possible for me to pull this off. (Maybe it would be more proper to say to experience heavy illness in this way.) I've had some experience of all this."

Will Fridell had been on dialysis for some years, and for several years after he wrote this letter, until he came to the point where he stopped the dialysis—and within a week he went peacefully. He lived what he believed.

Jean Johnson  
Santa Rosa, Calif.

## Our personal journeys

Like a message in worshipful meeting, Paul Bixby's article (*FJ* April) keeps reverberating. Its title, "To Open a Dialog," and closing paragraph about his "desire to explore with others the experiences of . . . building faith" prompt an attempt at response.

I too was reared traditionally Presbyterian, with many good experiences in youth groups, though integrity insisted my joining church (at the usual, emotional adolescent age) was less a "conversion" than a choice of direction for my life. This stance served me well in the intellectual challenges of college philosophy courses—the first of many subsequent encounters with diverse belief systems, including that of science, my husband's professional choice.

As young marrieds, we were drawn to the sincerity and earnestness of the search among Quakers, and although we did not become "convinced" for decades, we tried to raise our children with open-minded integrity and honest sharing of our own quest for values when decisions had to be made in the course of living. During those years in Vermont we experienced true community as a family within a small, active, liberal Congregational church. At crucial testing-times (one child's near-fatal illness, stresses of building a career in academic medicine while caring for one ill and later another dying parent in our home), Christian friends' encouragement truly "ministered" to us.

Thus I agree with Paul Bixby's ideas about the "individualized journey" and the "dialog with fellow travelers." His points about religious language as metaphor and the need for unity and cooperation with nature rather than dominance are well taken. (I recommend the books of

Continued on page 44

# NURTURING PEACE AT MY LAI

by William E. Wormsley

In early 1992, I spent five weeks in Vietnam with 11 returning United States military veterans who were constructing a health clinic in the village of Xuan Hiep. One veteran, Mike Boehm, was deeply affected by the trip. At the completion of the clinic project, Mike visited the village of My Lai, site of the infamous 1968 incident in which soldiers of the United States Army murdered several hundred noncombatant women, children, and elderly men. On impulse, Mike played "Taps" on the fiddle that he had carried with him throughout the trip. Not yet able to articulate it, Mike began to experience a sense of purpose for the first time in two decades. After the war, he had become increasingly disenchanted with the values evident in the society to which he returned. By 1986 he had taken up residence in an isolated shack in rural Wisconsin. He recognized the 1992 trip to Vietnam as an opportunity to inject purpose into his life.

As is so often the case, events beyond Mike's awareness would shape his life in ways he could not have imagined. CBS News correspondent Morley Safer had returned to Vietnam in 1989. In his book recounting that trip, Safer introduced a Vietnamese veteran, a "common" soldier, to the rest of the world. Nguyen Ngoc Hung was anything but common. He impressed Safer with his sensitivity and eloquence. As a result, Hung had been invited to address audiences in the United States.

In a 1990 visit to Wisconsin, Hung

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had been taken to The Highground, an earthen mound in the shape of a dove, where he learned of the connection between the mound and Native American ritual. He also learned of the significance

of the mound in the spiritual healing of local war veterans. Hung burned incense and said a prayer for his brother, one of over 300,000 Vietnamese who remain unaccounted for after a quarter-century. When Mike was told of Hung's ritual, he also learned of Hung's interest in creating a similar park in Vietnam, not as a monument to war but as an overture to peace. Aware of Hung's second visit to the United States in 1993, Mike raised the money to bring Hung back to Madison, where they talked at length. The concept of a peace park began to take shape.

Mike was not so blinded by enthusiasm that he was unable to recognize his need for help with the project. He approached Madison (Wis.) Meeting in

early 1994 and proposed that they assist him with the peace park. Betty Boardman and Joe Elder enthusiastically supported his plan and successfully endorsed it before Madison Friends, who became the sponsoring body. The effort achieved a significant milestone when the peace park was formally dedicated north of Hanoi in 1995. Betty Boardman, then 78 years of age, made the trip from Madison to Vietnam to witness the dedication.

Mike became actively involved with My Lai via a separate, unrelated route. Global Exchange, a San Francisco-based provider of exchange study tours, organized a tour to Vietnam in 1992. The focus of the tour was the status of women.

One of the tour stops was My Lai, where local women implored Global Exchange organizers to assist them in establishing a loan fund for poor village women. While Global Exchange applauded the concept, it fell outside their mission. Aware of Mike Boehm's effort with the peace park near Hanoi, they approached him and asked that he consider undertaking the loan fund project. In 1993, the Madison Indochina Support Group was formed. It successfully raised \$3,000, and Mike delivered the funds to My Lai, establishing the loan fund in January 1994.

Later in 1994, Mike received a letter from the fund administrator in My Lai. She noted that the loan fund had been exceptionally well received. Two problems had become evident, however. First, the fund was not large enough to accrue interest sufficient to assure its sustainability. Second, funds available through the project were so limited, and demand was so great, that tension was emerging among the women seeking to borrow from the fund. It was suggested that an additional \$10,000 would mitigate both problems.

In May 1995, Mike returned to My Lai to meet with several beneficiaries of the loan fund in an effort to assess the success of the project and the advisability of expanding the fund as the Women's Union of Quang Ngai Province had requested. The initial results of the project were promising. Loans had encouraged women to diversify the range of economic activities beyond the usual pig raising. New directions included production of cassava flour, making fish nets, raising shrimp, raising cattle, and producing flowers. Local women had become increasingly enthusiastic about borrowing funds. Equally encouraging was the fact that all previous loans had been repaid on schedule.

Yet another fortuitous connection would further involve Mike in the growth of My Lai. The Women's Union retained Phan Van Do to serve as translator during Mike's visit to Quang Ngai. After the first day of visiting loan fund borrowers, Do confessed to Mike that he had been originally skeptical of the value and success of the project. After that first day, however,

ALONG WITH  
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Do was convinced that the concept was soundly designed and immensely successful on the ground. He became an enthusiastic supporter. Toward the end of the visit, as Mike, Do, and members of the Women's Union were enjoying a farewell meal at the beach near My Lai, conversation turned to the peace park north of Hanoi. Curious, the women asked about the project. After hearing Mike's description of the purpose of the peace park, they asked if it would be possible to create a similar park in My Lai. With all the violence and death that had occurred there, particularly during the events of March 16, 1968, such a spiritual monument to peace seemed uniquely appropriate.

The Women's Union approached the provincial People's Committee, and permission was granted with the stipulation that the project be conducted in cooperation with Mike Boehm, who had assumed a significant reputation among the people of My Lai. Early in 1996, Mike approached Madison Meeting and secured their assistance in this second peace park project. With the help of Do, Mike made several trips to My Lai over the next two years in an effort to move the peace park and loan fund projects forward.

By mid-1996, the Madison Indochina Support Group had raised an additional \$8,000 for the My Lai loan fund. Mike began to see the wisdom of consolidating the loan fund and peace park projects. He approached Madison Meeting yet again and asked that they take on the additional task of administering the loan fund. The Madison Indochina Support Group was laid down, but My Lai project administration would now be streamlined, and Mike would gain valuable time to work directly on the projects.

In January 1998, Mike invited me to accompany him to My Lai to observe the projects firsthand. The centerpiece would be the groundbreaking ceremony for the peace park, scheduled to occur on March 16, 1998, the 30th anniversary of the My Lai massacre. It was in conscious juxtaposition to the ceremonies honoring the memories of those villagers who had died so brutally and so needlessly at the hands of enemy soldiers. Timed to follow the ceremonies recalling that horror, the peace park groundbreaking would symbolically move beyond the horrible memories of the past to a more positive, hope-filled vision of the future.

Mike and I were in My Lai for several



**Left: Mike Boehm and the women of Quang Ngai, represented by Truong Xuan Hong, reaffirm their relationship with a donation, handshakes, and smiles.**

**Below: Nguyen Thi Minh Thanh (right) operates a successful shrimp farm with the help of a loan from the My Lai revolving fund.**



Photos © William E. Wormsley

days prior to the groundbreaking. We observed the return of United States Army veterans Hugh Thompson and Larry Colburn. These two had demonstrated uncommon humanity 30 years earlier by placing themselves between soldiers and villagers in a heroic effort to save lives, which they did. The CBS television show "60 Minutes" sought to reunite these two heroes with some of the villagers of My Lai whose lives they were credited with saving. Along with Mike Wallace ("60 Minutes" correspondent covering the reunion), Thompson and Colburn visited several of Mike Boehm's projects, repeatedly expressing admiration for his effort.

The peace park was appreciated by both Thompson and Colburn in a way in which probably only veterans of the war in Vietnam can appreciate it. The peace park, they feel, provides an opportunity to

reflect not on the valor and destruction of war in the past, but on the virtue and promise of peace in the future.

Mike is quick to point out that the peace parks are much more than symbolic gestures. They are themselves development projects. Through associated tree planting activities people will learn new techniques of integrated ecological management. The peace parks may also contribute to local income as visitors come to the sites.

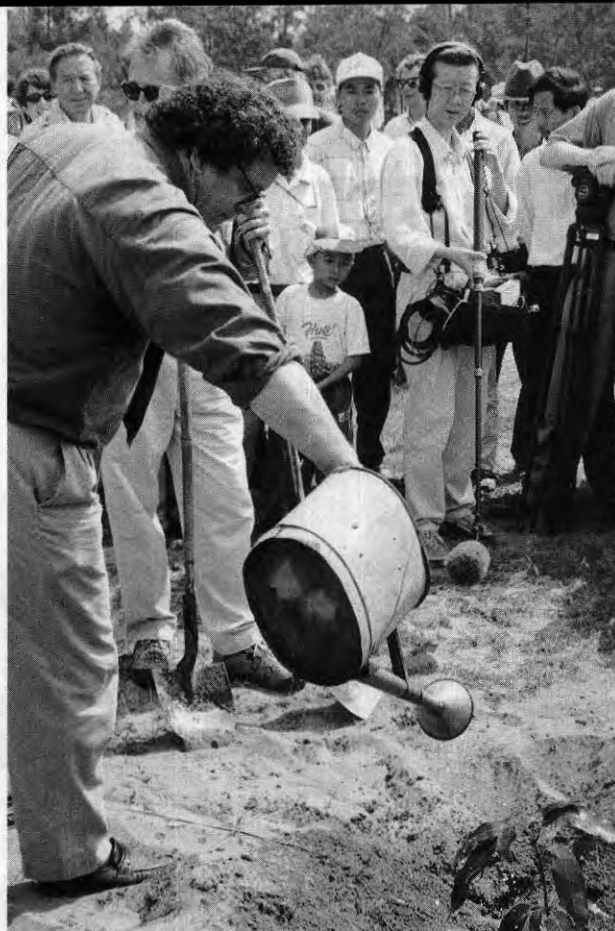
Aware of the historical connection between the My Lai loan fund and the original model developed in Bangladesh, Mike Wallace feels that such funds are invaluable, noting that the United States "preaches capitalism and self-sufficiency all the time around the world, but seldom provides the support necessary to prime the pump, to give people the start they need in order to make the transition to

economic self-sufficiency." The My Lai loan fund, even in its modest form, is invaluable in providing a positive example that will inspire women to take a chance. With the assistance of the fund, and the shared experiences of those who precede them, the women of My Lai will set and achieve goals that will improve their lives and those of their children. Wallace's rapid assessment was uncannily accurate. In fact, the My Lai fund has provided just such a demonstrable model of development and social improvement. As a result, a second fund has been established at Pho Khanh, 40 miles to the south.

We talked with the administrator of the Pho Khanh fund, who explained key procedures. Women who apply to borrow funds are evaluated by a committee. Priority is given to women in severe economic difficulty and those who are disabled as a result of war. Women wishing to initiate new businesses are given some priority over those already operating successful businesses. The administrator and loan committee meet with each applicant and then review applications at a regular Women's Union meeting.

Women whose applications are successful must enter into a covenant with the Women's Union. They may use loan funds only for approved projects. They must not use loan funds to engage in any illegal activity. They must pay interest each month. They must repay the loan in full at the end of the loan period. All loans require a cosigner who becomes responsible in the event the original borrower is unable to repay the loan. Property, in the form of land allotted to the applicant, is often required as collateral. These are tough conditions in a region where per capita annual income is very low.

Dang Thi Bao is a quiet woman whose father, mother, and several close relatives were killed during the decades of war in Vietnam. Prior to receiving a loan from the Pho Khanh revolving fund, she supported herself and her children by operating a small and unprofitable trade store selling basic items such as soap. She earned additional money by selling alcohol produced in her small still. With her loan she has ventured into processing cassava. Each



**Mike Boehm plants the first tree at the My Lai Peace Park, March 16, 1998.**

the year is inhospitable, bringing monsoon rains and floods. Thanh is assisted in her shrimp raising business by government extension services. Unlike many small businesses, such as cassava and tree raising, shrimp farming requires considerable risk management and recurring expense in advance of each harvest. These are significant overhead costs, which are regained only if the final harvest is successful. Weather and disease pose powerful threats to Thanh's business.

If all factors work in her favor, however, Thanh will realize two annual shrimp harvests, three months apart. Each annual harvest, averaging 100 kilograms, is sold in bulk to independent businessmen. Thanh's annual income from her shrimp business averages 5 million Vietnamese dong (about

\$450 in U.S. currency). She currently holds a loan of 1.5 million dong from the My Lai revolving loan fund. She hopes to receive a second loan to expand her newly thriving business.

Bui Thi Kim Phung is a driving force behind the loan fund in Pho Khanh. She has proven to be an impressively adept administrator. Her skills and energy are immediately apparent in even a short visit to her office. Her bookkeeping performance is remarkable. That a woman of such enormous talent is available to administer the loan fund in Pho Khanh is a blessing. At the same time, it is sad testimony to the status of women in contemporary Vietnam that Phung's talent and energy, were it not for the loan fund, would remain essentially untapped. She is a beneficiary of the loan fund in the sense that each month's interest payments from borrowers are used in part to compensate her and meet her administrative expenses in managing the fund. Given the need that she travel widely to meet women and discuss their applications, as well as to assess the performance of operational projects, she has been provided with a new bicycle. It seemed to me, as Mike and I listened to Phung report to him and Madison Friends Camy Matthay and Kate Sullivan Paul, that Phung might just be the most significant success story, and

day people bring her cassava root. She purchases the raw cassava and processes it into flour. She then bakes cakes that she sells to buyers who either consume it themselves or sell it along the roadside or in their own small shops and restaurants. She works all day, her daily profit averaging 15,000 dong (about \$1.35 in U.S. currency). This return is so low that she must continue to operate her still. She hopes to receive another loan that will allow her to either expand her cassava business or diversify into a new activity. With her increased income Bao is able to buy school uniforms and pay school fees for her children, one in fifth grade and the other in nursery school. If she can raise her income even slightly, she will be able to abandon alcohol production entirely.

Nguyen Thi Minh Thanh lives a few hundred meters from the beach near My Lai. She and her family occupy a tidy home on the shore of an inlet, sheltered from the South China Sea. Previously raising pigs and working for the village government, Thanh attempted a shrimp business in 1991, although it proved too small to be profitable. A loan from the revolving fund allowed her to expand her shrimp business to the point of profitability.

Shrimp raising is a highly seasonal business in Vietnam. Thanh can raise shrimp from spring until late summer. The rest of



quite probably the greatest asset, of the Pho Khanh revolving loan fund project.

Our business concluded, Vietnamese protocol called for a celebration. This provided me an opportunity to witness the bond of deep respect and affection between Mike Boehm and the women of Quang Ngai. It is clear that Mike has helped these women in a very real way and that they are sincerely and deeply appreciative. One also suspects that the women of Quang Ngai have made an enormous contribution to the personal healing of

one war veteran. It is difficult and probably unnecessary to determine which gift is greater, or which is appreciated more. What is abundantly clear is that this is a shared relationship of immense value to both parties. While Mike Boehm has had a central role in bringing these loan funds to fruition in the service of the women of My Lai and Pho Khanh, it is apparent that he is himself a beneficiary of the project. In fact, both Mike and Do have been nominated to become the only officially recognized male members of the

Quang Ngai Province Women's Union, an honor of which both are justly proud. The women of My Lai and Pho Khanh offer Mike the gift of respect and the means by which he pursues his personal healing as he seeks to inject some humanity into the many lives so profoundly affected by the inhumanity of war. □

*For more information about the My Lai projects contact Roy M. (Mike) Boehm, 2312 E. Johnson St., Madison, WI 53704. Phone: (608) 244-95-5. E-mail: vapp@igc.apc.org.*

# The Distance We Travel

by W. D. Ehrhart

The strange American steps out of the night into the flickering light of candles and small fires and open stoves cooking evening meals, families and neighbors clustered together, moving like birds on the wings of words.

Discreetly their eyes follow the man, bowls and chopsticks rising, pausing, gracefully rising, so subtle a gesture he wonders if he has imagined it.

In silence he passes among them nodding agreeably, nodding in wonder, nodding at what he remembers was here, wanting to gather the heart of this place into himself, to make it forgive him.

He is sure the older faces remember: "Why are you here? Who are you?" Questions alive in thick summer air, a suggestion of posture.

But he has no answers to give them. His explanation lies on his tongue like a bird with a broken wing. Only the fact of the lives around him. Only the need to be near.

Two girls too young to remember are playing badminton without a net. They turn to look, then giggle and stop. One offers a racket and shuttlecock.

In the dim street, he begins to play. He marvels at his ineptitude, their simple delight with his laughter, how they have taken him into their game as if he were not a stranger.

From out of the shadows a stool appears, a cool drink. The girls' mother gestures for him to sit. Unsure of himself, he takes from his wallet a photograph.

"My daughter," he says, "Li-La." He touches his heart with his open hand. He writes the name in Vietnamese. She touches the picture. The father appears, another daughter, a nephew and son.

The father is reticent. Finally the stranger touches the scars on his neck and says, "VC." He points to the opposite bank of the river. "Over there," he says, "Tet Mau Than."

The father lifts his shirt to reveal a scar on his chest. "VC," he says, then drops his shirt and lights a cigarette, offers one to the stranger. Together they smoke the quiet smoke of memory.

Seven years the father spent in a camp for prisoners of war. The wife lightly touches her husband's knee. Lightly his hand goes to hers.

The stranger considers the years he has spent wearing the weight of what he has done, thinking his tiny part important. The father points to the gap-toothed bridge the VC dropped in the river, long repaired.

The children are playing badminton again. The shuttlecock lands in the stranger's lap. "Li-La," the father softly says, touching the stranger's heart with his open hand.

[Reprinted from *The Distance We Travel* by W. D. Ehrhart, Adastra Press, 1993.]

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*W. D. Ehrhart, a Vietnam veteran, lives in Philadelphia, Pa.*

# What A FEW ORDINARY PEOPLE Can Do

by Vinton Deming

**B**etty Boardman—that's Elizabeth Jelinek Boardman—does not seem like the sort of person who would sail into a war zone of North Vietnam with medical supplies for the victims of U.S. bombing. At age 80 now, she lives with her son Andy in a small home in Madison, Wisconsin. Her body, as she puts it, just doesn't let her do the things she most likes to do: get out to meetings and champion a host of liberal causes that are close to her heart. In fact, when I visited with her this spring in her home, surrounded by a group of others from her meeting who had gathered to go out to dinner together, she admitted she had been pretty depressed of late. She doesn't get out as much as she would like, and she's trying to figure out when she should move to a retirement home in the Madison area, a decision she expects to make in the coming months.

The following afternoon, a bright, sunny Saturday with the last of the previous week's snow beginning to melt, Betty and I found time to sit down together at Madison Meetinghouse. I looked forward to reflecting with her on her long involvement with the peace movement dating back to when she and I first met during the Vietnam War years. To start with, I wanted to know if she had been brought up as a Quaker.

**Betty:** No. I was Congregationalist. My grandfather—my Bohemian grandfather—was a Congregational minister who preached in Bohemian in Milwaukee. I had an uncle who was a Congregational minister, and then I married the son of a Congregational minister, whose brother was a Congregational minister. . .

*Vinton Deming, a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, is editor-manager of FRIENDS JOURNAL.*

## A CONVERSATION WITH BETTY BOARDMAN

**Vint:** . . . and now you're being interviewed by someone brought up in the Congregational Church *[laughing]*.

**Betty:** Well, it's a good church and I had no theological changes to make. I had some practical changes—certainly, language—but nothing theological.

**Vint:** When did you come among Friends?

**Betty:** Well, the first year Gene Boardman and I were married, while Gene was at Harvard, we went to a church in the suburbs of Boston. Gene played the organ in this church, and I taught a Sunday school class. The minister was a clown; I was very serious about my religion, and this offended me. So I took a day off each month from Sunday school and went to an Episcopal church, a Unitarian church, and then my husband said, "Why don't you try the Quakers this week?" And

I said, "Oh, the Quakers, they went out with the Pilgrims!" But he said, "No they didn't, they're right down the street."

**Vint:** This was Cambridge Meeting?

**Betty:** Yes. I went there, and it was a winter day, the sun was shining and the snow was deep, and there were two men up at the front taking care of a wood stove, or a fireplace, or whatever it was. Every so often one of them would get up and put another piece of wood on. Gene had told me what they would do [during worship]—that people would sit there and listen for God to speak to them. And it blew my mind, it blew my mind. All these people were sitting there, the place was full. And they were sitting there and they were listening, listening. Well, man, I went right over! I continued to go as often as I could to the meeting. Well, it took a while. I spent most of the [World War II] years in Milwaukee and never got to the meeting there. But when I got here to Madison I was pregnant with my fourth

child and discouraged about a lot of stuff. I said to Gene, "I think I'd be all right if I could just get to a Quaker meeting, but I can't find one." And he said, "Well it's right down there in the Congregational Student House," *[laughing]* where we'd met! So I went down there, and there I was again—sold all over!

**Vint:** You and I met during the 1960s, Betty, another lifetime ago. I'd just like to explore with you how you spent the Vietnam years. You were in Madison?

**Betty:** Yes.

**Vint:** I reflect on how the war in Vietnam affected me. I just felt terribly powerless during some of those early years, being very opposed to the war and not knowing what to do to make our leaders stop it. And I found that the Religious Society of Friends provided an avenue for me to speak out and act against the war. I just wonder how it was for you?

**Betty:** Well, a couple of years before, that would have been '61, '62, somewhere in there, Gene and I and two of the kids went to Japan for most of the year. While I was there I went to Tokyo Meeting, and people there kept asking me, "What are you doing about what your country's doing in Vietnam?" And I said to myself *[whispering]* "what's my country doing in Vietnam?" I knew only very sketchily, practically not at all. So when we came back in July of 1963, I think, I did some research. I read up on it and listened more carefully. I was appalled at what I heard. Madison is way ahead in its perception of such things ordinarily, and the meeting and other peace people started setting up vigils. We would have a vigil, and we'd stand in a long row. You know, there got to be *hundreds* of people.

**Vint:** How often did you vigil?

**Betty:** Once a week, in silence, just standing there. That impressed me. And then we started writing letters. By this time I was a member of WILPF [Women's International League for Peace and Freedom], and we wrote letters to congressmen and senators and the president and newspapers and all of that stuff. We did



all of the things we were supposed to do and *nothing* got changed.

Well, by this time, we had another year in Washington [D.C.]. I think it was '65-'66—Gene and I were working on a new China policy with FCNL [Friends Committee on National Legislation]. He was doing the lobbying, and I was his backup, or whatever they call it. And along about the 4th of July we were at Friends General Conference, I can't remember where. . .

Vint: Probably Cape May, New Jersey?

Betty: Yes, I think it was Cape May. The U.S. had just bombed Haiphong [in North Vietnam], all over the place, they had really *smashed* it, and we had a big open meeting that night after supper, hundreds of people, all Quakers. They decided at this big, open-air meeting that whoever could get away would go on to Washington

that night and talk to their Senators that next morning. Well, I had a bunch of kids there at the conference, but Gene said he could manage, and so I went with the group. And we went into the Senate. . .

Vint: I was with you.

Betty: *Were* you?

Vint: Yeah.

Betty: And we got arrested!

Vint: Yes we did.

Betty: Did *you* get arrested too?

Vint: *[laughing together]* Yes. It was one of my first arrests at a peace demonstration.

Betty: There were only 12 of us. . .

Vint: A small group. . .

Betty: Yeah. And we spent the night in jail and the next day we met in one of the offices of FCNL and talked about what we could do next. Somebody brought up the project that ended up being the voyage of the *Phoenix*. They described a project where we might go to Vietnam and stand between the different sides. . .



On board the *Phoenix*:  
(left) Phil Drath and Betty Boardman in Misaki Harbor, Japan; (below) The *Phoenix* at sea



AFSC Archives

**Vint:** A kind of interposition.

**Betty:** Yes. And of course that's a crazy idea, I mean, you're just gonna be killed. Just be killed, without accomplishing very much I think. That's the way I felt about it. But I was really desperate. You said earlier that [during those years of the war] you felt more and more. . .

**Vint:** powerless. . .

**Betty:** powerless, yes, and I did too, because we had done all the *nice* things that you're supposed to do. We hadn't done any shouting, we'd been very proper. You know, there were times when I had visions of myself going up to the Capitol Square here in Madison and standing in the square and *screaming*. You know, how are you going to get their *attention*? We'd have peace meetings where ministers would come and they would agree with us and we'd say, "Oh, fine, can we have a meet-

ing in your church?" "No, my people aren't ready for it yet." "What do you mean!" Like, there was so much frustration about it. So here I was [at the meeting with Friends in Washington], and I had an opportunity to *do* something! I sat in that meeting, and somebody passed around three sheets of paper: Sign here if you want to go to Vietnam, sign here if you want to raise money, and here if you want to interpret. I signed them all.

**Vint:** Signed all three.

**Betty:** With *no* idea that anything would come of it. Because we [Boardmans as a family] didn't have any extra money at all, and I didn't have any skills or anything, so I didn't think it would happen. I didn't know French, which one ought to know. When we had gone back home to Madison, the idea still was that [a group from A Quaker Action Group] would go

to Vietnam by way of Russia, which seems *funny* now [*laughing*], and I got out my books from when I had been studying Russian, and then kind of waited around to see what would happen. Of course, I had been kept up to date and learned that the project had been changed to a seagoing trip and so forth, and I didn't know anything about seagoing. I had sailed up in Door County [Wis.], but that's not the same thing!

**Vint:** A bit different! I was at the meeting at 20 South 12th St. in Philadelphia when we were doing some of that planning and brainstorming, and I can still remember Larry Scott and other Friends trying to come up with names of people we might get to go on this voyage with medical supplies. I don't think I knew you very well at the time, but I remember when your name came up as a good can-





didate to go. We very much wanted to find a woman to be part of this project—at least a woman, if not more than one.

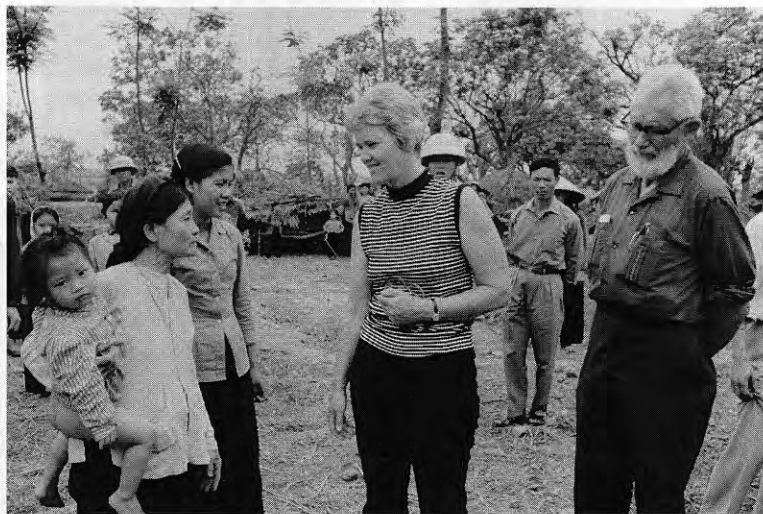
**Betty:** It was really funny. I had *very* low self esteem in those days—that's been a problem for me all along, not thinking I'm as good as anybody else. The things I'm good at, you don't get awards for.

**Vint:** You grew up in an era when women were expected to raise kids and stay home and that was about it.

**Betty:** Yeah. But you learn a lot of skills along the way [*laughing*]*—*you learn how to hit a nail on the head with a hammer [*laughing*], and how to move the piano when something's fallen behind it—there's all kinds of stuff you learn. And anyway, I was aware of the change in the plans [to sail a boat to North Vietnam]. I said to myself, they'll *never* ask me to do that.

But then all of a sudden on Christmas Day, 1966, my brother—my conservative brother—and his kids were visiting us and I got this telephone call from Larry Scott in Philadelphia, saying "Can you be ready to leave the first of January?" or something like that. Well, I went through a *million* things in my head: I have to talk to Gene, I don't have any money, you know—all this stuff. Well, right around that time I'd been talking to the kids about when there's something wrong you *do* something about it. You don't just wait for somebody else to do it. And here's a chance to show what I mean. It's amazing how much went through my head right then, but then I said "Yes."

Well, Gene had a fit! Ultimately, he came around. It was a real hard one for me, though. So I had a little bit of time to get ready, not much. I think I left on February first, or somewhere around there. Right in the middle of a blizzard. Chicago's airport had only one runway open, and I was afraid I couldn't even get out of Madison. But anyway, that was how I got involved. I felt that it was pure chance that a middle-aged (I was 49), Midwestern woman would have a chance like that. I had noticed that most of these opportunities go to East Coast women. Well, in those days, that's the way it seemed to me—that they were closer to the source or something. Or maybe had a little more



**Betty Boardman talks with women in Hoang Liet, Vietnam, as Horace Champney looks on. The younger Vietnamese woman is the mayor of the village.**

**Betty:** Yes. And his wife. Now, whether *she* put it on or their *son*, who was a real "cracker jack"—he's a great guy—I don't know who put it on. But he drove the car! With that on it, "Another Family for Peace."

**Vint:** I've enjoyed reading your book [*The Phoenix Trip: Notes on a Quaker Mission to Haiphong*]. I stayed up late reading it. Something that interests me is the impact of the experience on you personally, as you look back now—how many years later?

**Betty:** Thirty.

**Vint:** Hard to believe. How do you think that whole experience of the voyage of the *Phoenix*, and your involvement in the peace movement, Betty, how did it affect your life? Did it change you in certain ways?

**Betty:** It certainly did. For one thing, when [we had completed the voyage and] I came back from Vietnam and landed in the airport in Madison, I was surrounded by press and people from churches and people who had an Elk's Club meeting or something, and they were saying, "Can you come a week from tomorrow?" Can you do this, can you do that? And Gene says, "She's back, she's through, it's *over*." And I said, "No, Gene, I can't do that, this is part of the project." Well, I had never successfully given a speech in my *life*, but I gave 208 speeches that year! Some of these were TV, some were radio, some were in front of *big* audiences.

**Vint:** And some of them weren't friendly!

**Betty:** [*laughing*] Lots of them were not friendly. Actually, they were the *easier* ones. The ones where people were too friendly, I found it hard to get my energy up, get my adrenaline going. I did better with a shot of adrenaline. So that went on for exactly a year. Real high pressure. Out every week. And then all of a sudden on May first the next year, I didn't have a date ahead. For the first time in a year. And that was fine. I'd finished the job.

sophistication or skill or something. But for *me* to get this chance was—oh, it was terrific. So when the phone call came on Christmas inviting me to go, I didn't know what to do about my brother! I didn't want to start a family row when I hadn't even told *Gene* about it yet. So I had to keep my mouth shut until they'd gone home. And then I told Gene.

Well, when I came back to Madison three months later [after the voyage] and saw my brother, the first thing he said to me was, "Well, have you got that Carry Nation stuff out of your system?" [*laughing*] But you know, before that war was over he had a bumper sticker on his car that said "Another Family for Peace."

**Vint:** That same conservative brother.

Every half hour or so a plane would approach us, fly around once or twice, and leave. Then another would come. We were apprehensive about these visits. Some of the crew were afraid that we would be bombed, and all of us thought about it. We also thought about the injured in Hanoi and Haiphong, the wrecked homes and schools, and the holes in the roads and fields. A helicopter flew around us and hovered very close while photographers took pictures of us. When they finished, they lowered their cameras from their faces and waved to us. We all leaped to respond. Such a good feeling! They were friendly; they were not going to sink us.

—Elizabeth Boardman,  
*The Phoenix Trip*

Vint: You'd done your work.

Betty: Yeah. Of course, there's *still* a time even now when someone asks me to talk about it. But the bulk of it was over. I had learned how to make a speech. I learned what got me going, kept me going. Some of it was hostility. And some of it was passion for what I wanted to say. That's something I've said to people who say, "Oh, I can't make a speech": You've got to care about what you're saying. If you care about what you're saying, you

can do it. But you've got to be really passionate about it. You have to feel that it's important, that people want to hear what you're saying. And that's why I wrote the book. Well, I started out writing it for my kids. I wanted them to know what really happened. So I started writing it for them. I'm glad I did it because it's historical, that's what it is.

Vint: What do you think was the major impact on the Quaker community? I for one thought that when we started A

Quaker Action Group that the Friends meetings I was most closely connected to at the time just weren't engaged. And I felt the AFSC, for whom I had worked, was being very conservative, very cautious. They were looking at what the government would do to them if they took really bold steps.

Betty: They would have frozen their assets.

Vint: Yes, concern about having their assets frozen.

## FINDING OUR OWN TRUTH

When Betty Boardman was protesting the U.S. bombing of North Vietnam in 1967—the only woman crew member aboard the ketch *Phoenix*—she had no idea that a future attendee of her meeting in Madison, Wis., was preparing to make a very different response to the war in Vietnam. As a young army draftee doing his basic training at Fort Campbell, Ky., Glenn Clark was offered the opportunity to attend army helicopter school. "The decision was an easy one," Glenn says, "I asked myself, would I rather crawl *through* the jungle as a foot soldier or fly *over* it? I'd rather fly."

In July 1969 he arrived in Vietnam as an assault helicopter pilot with Three Corps. He spent his time both flying troops in and out of search and destroy missions and flying "ash and trash" details; "a bit like being a bus driver," he reflects. Glenn did lots of night flying. "It still gives you nightmares when you think about it," he says. In the year and a half he spent in Vietnam,

Glenn logged 1,914 hours of combat aviation, returning to the States for discharge in December 1970.

How did he feel about war protesters when he returned to the States? I asked Glenn recently in a phone conversation. "You know, if I'd met Betty Boardman or [Madison Meeting member and peace activist] Joe Elder when I was just coming back from the war, I probably would have thought I'd have to break a leg or something!" It has taken Glenn nearly 30 years to get a perspective on that period of his life. "You, know, we were *all* working out of love. I wasn't in Vietnam because I *wanted* to be; I thought it was the right thing to do." Glenn sees that period of his life as "a convoluted, conflicted period of time." He was not politically involved at the time. He did not feel he had the choice of going or not going to Vietnam. His dad was in World War II; an uncle had fought in Korea. He had been taught that "if the country needs you, you go. It's a steep price to pay but it's one of those things required of a democracy, of citizenship. Life isn't fair, but that's the way it is."

So how did Glenn Clark, brought up in the Lutheran Church, get connected to Madison Meeting? He's now an active attendee there and has been for a number of years. When the U.S. bombed Libya during the 1980s, he says, he decided one Sunday to attend Quaker meeting for worship. "I thought everyone there was spewing hate and expressing discontent over how terrible our country was," he said, as he heard many people raising objections to the bombing. Being upset at what he heard, Glenn made a statement and challenged what he heard. He went back to meeting the next two or three weeks, dropped out for a while, then went back as a regular attendee. "Somewhere in there I just found God. I had to learn to just shut up and listen." Glenn "started getting into the Quaker lingo," as he puts it—learning that "everyone has their own leading. That's something that was never addressed to me. Everybody has got to do what they think is right. Sometimes we *think* the other person is wrong, but we need to know that there's something right there too. There's a truth out there and we've just got to look for it. Not everybody's truth is the same."

How would Glenn describe his relationship with Betty Boardman, outspoken antiwar activist in the meeting? "Betty and I had a tumultuous relationship. When the Vietnam Peace Park project came up and had the support of the meeting, I said, 'Oh, I've gotta be part of that!' Of course, Betty was real active in that as well. Betty and I? You've got two opposite ends of the pole on the war. A few times we came dangerously close to being un-Quakerly

Glenn Clark, Betty Boardman, and Roy Schenk (left to right) at a Peace and Social Concerns Committee meeting at Madison (Wisc.) Meeting



Jackson Tiffany



**Betty:** I can hardly blame them though. Well, I think the *Phoenix* voyage did the same thing for Friends as it did for the general community. My observation was that in the community people were content to let the soldiers fight the war and let the politicians argue about it and we're comfortable here.

**Vint:** The politicians know best.

**Betty:** Yes. You hear that all the time.

**Vint:** They have the best information. . . .

with each other. We're about at the point now where we acknowledge that we're not going to change each other. We respect each other's convictions. I like Betty and she knows that I do."

What was it like for Glenn to return to Vietnam three years ago to participate in the peace park dedication near Hanoi? "Awesome and emotional" is how he describes it. At one point he found himself sitting across a dinner table from a North Vietnamese general. "I had to pinch myself and ask 'What's going on here?' It was also real spiritual. To try to describe a spiritual experience is kind of like trying to describe or explain a joke. If you have to do it, it just won't work!" After five or six days in Hanoi, Glenn flew home. His companion was Betty Boardman, who had also participated in the dedication ceremonies.

"The Quakers have been an eye-opening experience to me," Glenn says. "They have opened up a whole new way of looking at things. I've probably helped a few Quakers to look at things in a different light too!"

I asked Glenn if he would be in Madison in July when I am in Wisconsin to attend this summer's Friends General Conference gathering. He will not be there. Each July for a number of years now, he said, he attends an annual convention with other helicopter pilots. He expects to be there this year too.

—Vinton Deming

**Betty:** They have the information. There's one thing that I knew, too, and that was that people were being killed in their own country by us, and that is a really important factor.

Now, it may not have happened every place like this, but in Madison, because people knew who I was, or could find out easily enough—I was one of them—they thought either I was wonderful or I was a devil. I was either a traitor or a heroine. So they had to take sides. It was talked about everywhere. The first week I was back from the trip I went to the grocery store with one of my daughters. I had to cash a check—and nobody asked me for identification. The first time in my life!

**Vint:** [laughing] They knew who you were!

**Betty:** They knew who I was. And that went on for quite a long time. It was very uncomfortable. I didn't enjoy that part of it at all. That's why even now—I moved into a different neighborhood over on the east side—I introduce myself as Elizabeth Boardman. Because if I say I'm Betty Boardman, skyrockets go up. Even now people say, "Oh, I know who you are."

When I left Hong Kong on the way home through Europe [after the *Phoenix* voyage], an American woman came and sat next to me. She wanted to know what I had been doing out there. I told her. And she just turned and looked out the window; she sat there with her face out the window for the rest of the trip. Well, I find that very difficult. That really hurts. And that sort of thing happened all the time. So it's much easier to say, "I'm Elizabeth Boardman," and just do my business. Even now. If I feel safe in the group I call myself Betty Boardman. Otherwise I don't.

**Vint:** Betty, were there moments when you were aboard the *Phoenix* when you didn't know if you were going to land safely or be intercepted or even bombed? Were there moments when you asked, "What am I doing here!"?

**Betty:** No.

**Vint:** What am I doing here—Betty Boardman, from Madison, Wisconsin?

**Betty:** No. I don't think so.

There were times when I thought we might die. And yet I didn't worry about that as much as some of the men did. You see, we left from Tokyo Harbor, which is a great long body of water that goes many miles and there are cities all along the edge

of it; you go around a bend and you connect with the Inland Sea. There had been a big storm the day before. We delayed the voyage a day, and probably should have delayed it two days, because I tell you we went through waves I couldn't believe. There was no windshield on that wheel house. It was just open to the waves. We just got drenched. And it was cold, freezing weather. That was . . . well, if not scary, at least a little startling. I slept in a bunk, a high one way up off the deck, and

If we did nothing else [through the voyage of the *Phoenix*], we showed that a few ordinary people, with the same knowledge that the person on the street has, and without funds of their own, can help to bring about changes. . . . Think how corrupted we as a nation would have become if we had not broken out of the complacency that was holding discussion down. It did take a long time to end the war; but without the great uprising of the students, the unions, the professional people, the business people, the poor people, women, in fact all kinds of people in this country, the Pentagon and the President might have resorted to nuclear weapons to conquer the indomitable Vietnamese.

—Elizabeth Boardman,  
*The Phoenix Trip*

I had to wedge a piece of wood between the wooden bottom of the bunk and the ceiling in order to have something to hang onto. I did get thrown once while I was in the process of getting in. I got thrown across the room. I thought, well, here's the end of the trip. But I didn't get seriously hurt, just banged up.

As far as the bombing and stuff like that, an American plane at one point (a helicopter) hovered right next to us.

**Vint:** They were taking pictures?

**Betty:** That's what they were doing, but we couldn't tell. They were holding something up to their faces. It could have been a gun, we couldn't tell. There was a lot of panic there for a minute or two. I didn't think of that. It didn't occur to me

that someone would be shooting at us. So my innocence got me through some spots that might have been bad otherwise. As far as in Vietnam itself? Trips like that just wear me out, physically. Like this last trip I made there in 1995, that one wore me out to the point that I came home a few days early.

**Vint:** Tell me about your return trip in 1995. Why did you go back to Vietnam?

**Betty:** Because lots of people had worked together to build a peace park [in North Vietnam] and I thought it was something that could spread the word, that a terrible war like that doesn't mean we should hate anybody forever. It's been really educational for me to work with Glenn Clark [a Vietnam veteran active in Madison Meeting]. I think he's a wonderful guy. You know, he wasn't a Quaker, and I asked him when I learned he was going on the trip [to help build a Peace Park], "Why are you going, what's the attraction there?" He said he had read in the paper that the Quakers were going to help build this thing and that he didn't want to see them "trash the soldiers again." So that's why he came—and he stayed!

**Vint:** So it was not just Quakers who were going over to build a peace park...

**Betty:** No, it was Vietnam veterans. Most of them weren't Quakers. In fact, none of them were Quakers. Glenn's the closest to it that we've got, an attender. They were wonderful guys. They were people who had done their duty [by serving in the military during the war], done what they were supposed to do, what they were told to do, and they felt bad about it. And they all had terrible times. They're essentially super good people. There were a lot of guys like that.

**Vint:** It must have meant a lot to you to return to Vietnam after so many years.

**Betty:** Yes. Such beautiful people. They are wonderful people. Even when we were in Vietnam the first time, everybody knew who we were. All the people in the street. They all smiled, they were all gracious. If they didn't know we were American, they knew we were Western at least. And yet they were so gracious to us. Their country is so poor. It's incredibly poor. It's a hand-to-mouth existence. And they work like dogs. People carry huge loads on their backs, women and children, and they work bent over. It's like we were 300 years ago. I almost hope they don't get all this commercialized stuff we have. I really like the country and the people.

**Vint:** As you look back on those years of the war, remembering the peace movement, who were some of the individuals, Friends and others, who stood out and made a difference to you?

**Betty:** Well, my hero is Larry Scott. Before all this came up, Larry had really educated me in the ways of peace. When I

was on the Executive Committee [of the AFSC office in Chicago in the 1960s], once a month I went down to Chicago, and some of us would usually have supper with Larry before the meeting started. A bunch of other people would usually be there, and we'd talk. And I thought Larry was—that he was like Gandhi. He was a very Christ-like man. I'm awfully sorry he's gone. It's hard to remember many of the other names. There were some marvelous people.

**Vint:** Tell me a bit more about Madison Meeting. What have they been up to in recent years?

**Betty:** It has grown in numbers tremendously. We have done the Peace Park things, and we have also raised money for the revolving loan fund in Vietnam. That's been good. We also do a lot of things along with other churches in Madison. We have our problems, of course, like all meetings do, but this is a very good meeting. □

## Guns

by W. D. Ehrhart

Again we pass that field  
green artillery piece squatting  
by the Legion Post on Chelton Avenue,  
its ugly little pointed snout  
ranged against my daughter's school.

"Did you ever use a gun  
like that?" my daughter asks,  
and I say, "No, but others did.  
I used a smaller gun. A rifle."  
She knows I've been to war.

"That's dumb," she says,  
and I say, "Yes," and nod  
because it was, and nod again  
because she doesn't know.  
How do you tell a four-year-old

what steel can do to flesh?  
How vivid do you dare to get?  
How explain a world where men  
kill other men deliberately  
and call it love of country?

Just eighteen, I killed  
a ten-year-old. I didn't know.  
He spins across the marketplace  
all shattered chest, all eyes and arms.  
Do I tell her that? Not yet,

though one day I will have  
no choice except to tell her  
or to send her into the world  
wide-eyed and ignorant.  
The boy spins across the years

till he lands in a heap  
in another war in another place  
where yet another generation  
is rudely about to discover  
what their fathers never told them.

[Reprinted from *The Distance We Travel* by W. D. Ehrhart, Adastra Press, 1993.]

W. D. Ehrhart, a Vietnam veteran,  
lives in Philadelphia, Pa.



# COMPLETING THE CIRCLE

by Roger Marshall

When I joined AFSC's medical team in Quang Ngai, Vietnam, in 1968, I felt myself a most unusual candidate. I became prosthetist/orthotist and teacher to some 20 young Vietnamese who were studying and making artificial limbs and braces for the civilian casualties of that war.

When I was 11, World War II came to an end. I still have memories of my mother dancing round a bonfire in the middle of the street in England. Neighbors, friends, and relatives were there, dancing, kissing, and crying with joy and relief. There was good reason to celebrate. My father, a World War I veteran and a Scot, no longer had to patrol the streets of Birmingham during air raids. My older brother would be coming back from the Pacific, and my sister, who had been in the British army, could fold up her uniform. Gone were the days when we had to run for underground shelters as the Nazi luftwaffe bombs dropped around us. "Our Boys," those that survived, were coming home. We kids played war games in the bomb craters.

Then came a second trauma. Still aged 11, I was sitting in a cinema when the news came on, showing the results of the Holocaust. Skeletal bodies were bulldozed into mass graves. The documentaries of Belsen, Dachau, and Auschwitz followed and increased my young horror of fascism. I regretted the fact I had been too young to fight against this demonic evil. I was angry and frustrated.

When the time came, there was no question of evading the draft. So before age 18, I found myself in boot camp, with rifle and bayonet slugging through assault courses, plunging my bayonet into large straw-filled hanging bags that had been described (by our drill instructors) as "The enemy who were coming to rape and kill our mothers and sisters in their beds." The only real things my father

taught me were boxing and the martial arts, so I was in my element during those basic training days. Then came the honor of being chosen to take part in the Route Lining Force of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. My family was proud of me. I had passed through the initiations and become a man and a warrior.

After those months of youthful excitement, a strange change came over me. I informed my superiors that although I had no objection to active service, I wanted to save lives instead of taking them. I got the chance to go to medical training school and graduated as a medical corpsman. I volunteered for overseas active duty, was posted to Aden in Southern Yemen, and spent some time in Somalia. It was during this time that I got the news that my Scottish cousin, Robert Marshall, had been killed in Korea, serving with a Highland regiment.

After I left the R.A.F., I began the long study of becoming a prosthetist. I treated many veterans of both World Wars, Korea, and also civilian amputees of the Blitzkrieg. During the '50s I became somewhat of a history buff and began to learn more about war and peace. I became an active member of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and helped organize peaceful demonstrations. This brought me into contact with the British Campaign for the End of the Vietnam War. Many of the activists were politically motivated; many others, like the Quakers, were motivated by spiritual convictions that war was not the answer to conflict. As a veteran with many memories, I became

## PROSTHETICS IN VIETNAM

interested in this concept. I began to study the history of Vietnam and how and why the war had evolved.

In the late '60s I learned that the Quakers needed someone with my qualifications

to help the civilian casualties of that dreadful war. I never thought twice. It was obvious to me that I had to go help. I had to put my body where my mouth was. It



Roger Marshall at work in the Quang Ngai Rehabilitation Center in the late 1960s

was not an easy experience over the next three and a half years. After many interviews and language training, I joined a medical team of dedicated individuals.

There were times when we had to go to the bunker while rockets, mortars, shells, and machine-gun fire were close by. One time, when the NLF had captured two-thirds of Quang Ngai and their flags were flying in town, U.S. Marines came to evacuate us along with all other foreign groups and medical personnel. We refused to leave. Not one of the Quaker team elected to be evacuated. We stayed on, working in the emergency room of the hospital. U.S. fighter bomber planes were flying over the hospital, dropping napalm nearby. Casualties, mostly children, women, and old

*Roger Marshall is a member of Orono (Maine) Meeting. He is a consultant in the field of prosthetics and orthotics and project manager for the proposed Quang Ngai orthotic/prosthetic center.*

people, were being brought into the emergency room. We ran out of all medications and had to treat wounded and dying casualties without even an aspirin. Blood ran like water. Dot Weller and I, at one point, held a little girl in our arms, trying to stop the outflow of intestinal contents from an abdominal wound. She died in our arms.



Lady Borton/AFSC

Sometime, I believe in 1969, a little three- or four-year-old child was brought to us. Her name was Le Trinh. She had lost her right leg during fighting in Quang Ngai Province. She had a hip disarticulation amputation, meaning that there was no residual limb left to which to fit a prosthesis. So we

made her a prosthesis with the socket encompassing her whole pelvis. This is one of the most difficult prostheses to make, to fit, and for the patient to wear.

A couple of years ago, I received a letter from Le Trinh with a photograph, informing me that she was now married with a child of her own and was working for the Agricultural Bank in Quang Ngai, but had to get around without a prosthesis. Almost 30 years later, she had somehow tracked me down and asked if I could help her get a new prosthesis! I immediately contacted Ahn Qny, our senior prosthetist/orthotist from the Quang Ngai days. He is now in a supervisory position at the Rehab Center in Qui Nhon. He contacted Le Trinh and arranged for her to come down to Qui Nhon during one of our training seminars. She came into the center using a crutch under her right arm. She had been using this method to get around for many years. This was a wonderful opportunity to help Le Trinh and also to update training for the Vietnamese prosthetists. We made her a more modern endoskeletal prosthesis. When we came to fit it on her, she leaned her crutch up against the wall and just took off walking without even a cane.



Courtesy of Roger Marshall

**Left: Le Trinh wears her first prosthesis in 1969. Above: Thirty years later, she receives a new one.**

I had a lump in my throat as big as a football. I could not speak for a while; I just stood there with a big smile on my face, along with everyone else. It was at that time, I believe, that my "Dream" came into focus.

Since the end of the war, Quang Ngai has not had a prosthetic/orthotic rehab center. Amputees and patients needing orthotic care have to travel north to Danang or south to Qui Nhon. Most patients just do not have the time to leave the farms or rice fields or the resources to make such a trip.

My dream has been to help build a desperately needed new orthotic/prosthetic rehab center in Quang Ngai, which is situated just six miles from the My Lai Memorial Peace Park. I have returned to Quang Ngai a number of times to see if

this is a possibility. It is.

At a recent meeting of NGOs and Southeast Asian diplomats at Bryn Mawr College, I asked if anyone was interested in helping me to raise funds for such a center. I was approached by Gia Hoa Ryan, founder of the Friendship Foundation for American-Vietnamese, a small but dedicated NGO that has for some years helped with educational and medical projects in Vietnam. I also met Joe Miessenger, attorney with the Cleveland Legal Aid Society, who is a Vietnam veteran devoting all his spare time to the foundation, and Dr. McCarthy, one of the many medical advisors to the foundation.

We have agreed to join together to build a rehab center in Quang Ngai, and I have been appointed project manager and fundraiser. We are now seriously fundraising. \$250,000 will be the start-up cost. Then a trust fund needs to be raised for ongoing services. The Vietnamese government will pay for salaries (very small) for students and practitioners.

A few weeks ago we all met in Vietnam and travelled up to Hanoi to meet with the officials and make this proposal legal and formal. Mr. Cuc, director of the Danang Center and a man devoted to the needs of the disabled in Vietnam, came with us to Hanoi. A formal proposal, some

20 pages, has been sent to us with blueprints of the proposed center. The government of Vietnam has already designated land for the building, which will be close to the Provincial Hospital. The other exciting news is that Ahn Quy, who is well known to the team, has been nominated as the director of this center. A number of our war-time students have also volunteered to return to Quang Ngai to become practitioners there. We are devoted to completing the circle; over 30 years later we will again teach and serve the people of Quang Ngai Province. □

*I am taking this opportunity to ask anyone who can and wishes to contribute to this project to contact me with logistic or financial help at P.O. Box 639, E. Corinth, ME 04427.*



# ATLANTA MEETING *and the* VIETNAM WAR

by Janet C. Ferguson

Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting was born at a time of turmoil. Emerging from a tiny group of Friends who gathered together during World War II, it found itself in the midst of desegregation and civil rights issues during the 1950s and '60s. Following the 1954 Supreme Court decision outlawing school segregation, Friends throughout the United States eagerly supported the establishment of a Friends Center in the South. Financed by nationwide contributions, Quaker House came into being in 1959, with the Atlanta meeting as its nucleus. John Yungblut, a gentle but forceful activist, became program director from 1960 to 1968.

As the Vietnam War began to divert some attention from civil rights, John found himself counseling young men who were conscientious objectors but not necessarily Quakers. Peace issues were a growing concern, and John convened an Atlanta Peace Convocation in December 1965. From this gathering, Atlantans for Peace was formed with meeting attendee and future member Nan Pendergrast as chairperson. The group usually met at Quaker House and became an early local voice against the war in Vietnam. Friends participated with other groups in organizing a peace march in August 1967, which drew more than 600 demonstrators. Quaker House also was one of the sponsors of a large public meeting at Emory University that summer, with Father Philip Berrigan, Rabbi Abraham Feinberg of Toronto, Robert McAfee Brown of Stanford University, and Coretta Scott King of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference as speakers.

June Yungblut, John's wife, was an active member of a national organization, Meetings for the Sufferings of Vietnamese Children, founded by Jan deHartog, noted Quaker author. Because of opposition from the Vietnamese government, they were not very successful in assisting or-

*Janet Ferguson is a member of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting and principal author of a history of the meeting.*

phans in the war-torn country or in bringing infants to the United States for adoption.

Among its constant stream of visitors, Atlanta Meeting was host to Thich Nhat Hanh, the exiled Zen Buddhist monk who toured the United States under the sponsorship of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, appealing for an end to the bombing of his homeland. One evening Thich Nhat Hanh spoke at Quaker House. One



Chris Barr/AFSC

**Resisters turn in their draft cards at a late '60s antiwar demonstration.**

of the militant young activists in the audience asked the visitor "What is the one thing needful to become a real revolutionary?" John Yungblut was fond of recalling the event, "I remember how he pinned their ears back with the enigmatic response, 'Read poetry.'"

After the Yungbluts left Atlanta in 1968, Friends became increasingly involved in draft counseling. Divided by divergent views over the Vietnam War, they did not take an official position until 1969, when they were put to the test over the issue of offering sanctuary to a young man who had deserted the military. He was Russell Malone, who had gone AWOL and was in hiding. A Chicago Friend appealed to Atlanta Meeting to give Russell its support. Friends met repeatedly, often far into the night, in wrestling with the question. After intense, often heated discussion, they decided to offer sanctuary to Russell, al-

though a few members left the meeting, unable to accept this course of action.

News media were notified of the action, and on the Sunday Russell was brought to Quaker House, he was interviewed by more than one TV station. Soon he was apprehended by the FBI and served a short sentence in prison. Dwight Ferguson, a leader in the meeting, wrote in the fall of 1969: "Meeting members felt that possibly [Russell Malone] contributed more to our meeting than we contributed to him. In this encounter, we have come closer together as a meeting and, we hope, have established a sounder base for further action."

The "further action" was to counsel hundreds of young men like Russell through a full-scale draft counseling service operating out of Quaker House. It was directed by Don Bender, a young Mennonite conscientious objector from Delaware who came to Atlanta in 1966 to work with Mennonite House and thereafter became active in civil rights and peace movements as well as a member of the meeting. Don and his wife, Judith, moved into Quaker House as residents. Soon Don reported that available draft counselors were overextended because of the demand for their services.

By the end of 1970, Quaker House was opening its doors for counseling for three hours four nights a week and had trained about 40 counselors in Atlanta, as well as numbers in other cities in Georgia. Don took on leadership of a new group, Draft Counselors of Atlanta, cooperating with other organizations. Quaker House emerged as the preeminent center for draft counseling in the Southeast. It widened its outreach to include those who already were in the military, but wanted out, as well as those seeking an alternative to the draft. To meet the demand, Quaker House hosted a Southeastern Regional Conference on the Draft and became the regional contact referral for the National Interreligious Service Board for Conscientious Objector Service.

At the peak of this activity, Quaker

House was counseling an average of 100 people a month. Contacts with Toronto made it possible for counselors to help young men who wanted to escape the draft by going to Canada. Trustees felt a need to clarify the Quaker position and issued a position paper in the form of the following press release, quoted in part:

We do not believe in the right of government to coerce young men to serve in its armed forces. Therefore we will continue to assist young men of draft age. . . . Quaker House wishes to make explicit that we will assist and support young men who choose any of the alternatives (legal or illegal) for reasons of conscience.

Quaker House has counselors trained in Selective Service Law and aims to give the best counsel possible—free of charge. Registrants are welcome to come back as often as necessary to work out the option they have selected. . . . Quaker House does not push young men toward any specific option.

Toward the end of the Vietnam War, the draft system became more and more complex. The U.S. Selective Service "began to issue new rules almost every week," recalls Frank Cummings, a meeting counselor. "Finally it got so the draft board would call us up to find out what the new rule meant!"

Atlanta Friends were involved in a number of other antiwar activities as well as draft counseling. After year-long pressure, the Atlanta Public Schools agreed to provide high school seniors with information on draft alternatives, outlined in a leaflet prepared by a group of draft counselors under Don's guidance. Joining a national movement, Quaker House participated in a draft card turn-in, encouraging men to mail their draft cards to the government. It was part of a spreading "Unsell the War" campaign designed to counter Pentagon efforts to build up U.S. support for the war.

Quaker House Trustees sponsored Christmas Eve vigils in downtown Atlanta in 1970 and 1971. These were planned as silent vigils for world peace, not specifically protests against the Vietnam War. Participants brought homemade placards and stood against the stone walls of the Federal Building, on one of the occasions in bitter cold.

Atlanta Meeting let the Quaker House Board of Trustees assume most of the responsibility for opposition to the war, but the meeting supported

these actions. For instance, it refused to pay the ten percent war tax imposed on telephone bills and sent letters opposing the draft to both Georgia senators. The meeting also wrote to President Nixon urging an end to violence in Vietnam, even after U.S. troops had been withdrawn. The organization known as Vietnam Veterans Against the War made its headquarters in Quaker House. At one time it was infiltrated by a veteran later exposed as an FBI agent.

After the war, Atlanta Friends supported AFSC's efforts to send humanitarian aid to Vietnam. They dramatized support of a shipment of fishnets and agricultural implements by mounting a demonstration in front of the Old Post Office Building, featuring a rototiller belonging to Perry Treadwell, a meeting member. The shipment finally was approved by government authorities. □

## Making the Logo for the War

by Mark Mitchell

They have got me on overtime again here at the station. At least with no one around, my department is quiet.

Somewhere out there beyond these walls is the news. Bombing. Loved ones crying. I saw what you didn't, what

they couldn't air. I told myself to get here that I'd buy that new backpack with the time and a half.

The producer handed me my first try saying not to make a \_\_\_\_\_ editorial. Just do your job he said.

He wants metallic, a sunset, and most of all: Power. I can see he won't be here long. He's got it bad.

I must look hard. Somewhere will appear a sharp enough edge for protest to live. Even here. Even around here.

*Mark Mitchell grew up in the Church of Brethren. He lives in Naperville, Illinois.*

## POLLY BROKAW

# The Life and Death of an Activist

by Aaron Javicas

Polly Brokaw's decision to end her own life was the final act of self-determination, the "last demonstration," as her son put it, for a woman who had always been determined to create herself, and who had devoted her life to achieving radical social change. Polly suspected several years before her actual diagnosis that she had Alzheimer's disease, a terminal ailment that ravages the brain, a disease that caused the death of her brother, Bob. She had no desire to suffer and lose control as her brother had, nor to put her family through the long, excruciating deterioration of another loved one. "She was very much her own person," her husband Amos said. "She was determined to live and die on her own terms."

In many ways, the story of Polly's life suggests a broadening of the notion of "activism." Polly's activism was personal as well as political. Her ability and willingness to change her own circumstances were equal to her ability and willingness to change the world. From her renovation of a two-car garage into a home for herself and her children, to her successful campaigns in opposition to two nuclear facilities in Ohio, she had consistently chosen her own path and followed her conscience in so doing. Age seemed only to make her more determined to act. "Polly kept growing throughout her life," Amos once reflected. "Many people have the idea that you become

*Aaron Javicas grew up in Millville and Germantown (Pa.) Meetings. He served as the 1997-98 FRIENDS JOURNAL intern.*



less radical and active as you get older. That wasn't Polly."

Polly and her first husband divorced when she was in her late twenties. A newly single mother of two with little means of support, she decided to go to college. This was an unusual choice for a young mother in the 1940s, and many schools were reluctant to admit her. She persisted, though, and finally gained admission to Ball State Teacher's College in Indiana.

Polly was able to make a student's budget suffice for three people. She rented a two-car garage and renovated it herself, installing a large window and putting up walls. She even found a wood-burning stove and plenty of scrap wood to keep the family warm. Around that same time, she converted to Quakerism.

It had become clear to her that she could not be part of her parents' conservative Methodist church. "Quakerism," she once explained, "with its simple, direct approach to life, its unadorned mysticism, and its tender love for the individual, spoke to my condition. I welcome its demands upon me and find great strength in its communion."

It was at Ball State that Polly met Amos. Though they were different in many ways (he is quiet and rather shy, while she was always assertive) they shared a strong concern for social justice and a willingness to sacrifice a great deal to achieve it. Polly made contacts in the Fellowship of Reconciliation, an organization dedicated to fighting racial and religious bigotry. Together, she and Amos protested segregation on and around the Ball State campus.

Often at the forefront of new radical causes, Polly protested U.S. involvement in Vietnam at a time when many people in the United States had still never heard of that country. Her vocal opposition to the leaky Fernald Uranium Processing Plant (one of the two Ohio nuclear facilities Polly resisted) informed many Ohio residents of its existence. More recently, Polly helped to publicize the insidious meddling of the little-discussed School of the Americas, a U.S. military school that trained many of Central and South America's bloodiest war criminals.

A woman of broad interests and concerns, Polly was a singer and dancer, a sculptor and a painter. In addition to



**Polly Brokaw with her husband Amos in one of her last photographs**

different, she was always at peace with her decision. The support of her family, while nearly universal, was understandably tinted with some ambivalence. How could one be sure when the time to die had come? How is a family supposed to act in such a situation? Amos tried to organize a committee of meeting members to discuss with Polly other options, and he resisted setting an exact date for her death; all of which was ultimately to no avail. In the end, Amos realized a need to allow Polly room to be at home with her decision. "I felt ultimately that I had to get out of the way," Amos said, "It's too fundamental a thing to let somebody else decide." Her son, David, was of a similar mind. "I told her I would not try to argue her out of it. I thought she still had things to offer, but I certainly understood her decision." Colleen, Polly's daughter who was with her at the time of her death, said it helped to "put myself in her shoes: Well, yeah, I'd want to do the same thing. I wouldn't want to go through that awful disease. I wouldn't want to put my family through that."

Even if some would have preferred a different route, even if some thought she should have tried to squeeze every lucid moment out of a truly joyful life, they trusted, as they always had, in Polly's ability to know what was best for Polly. As the time for her death approached, she began to prepare. She had volunteered several years earlier for a Stanford University study on aging and memory, and she decided to contribute further to science through the donation of her brain for Alzheimer's research. Her request for a final family reunion resulted in a gathering of 26 people in Hawaii, an event that was helpful for all. Polly recognized everyone. When she was unable several months later to remember the trip, it became clear that the disease had advanced dramatically. She could no longer drive or participate in any political activities, and she had to wear an identification bracelet in case she wandered off. On November 4, 1997, Polly shared silent worship with her daughter, Colleen, her son-in-law, Tom, and Amos. The next day, in the presence of her husband and daughter, she took her own life. She was 80 years old. □

three sons and three daughters, she and Amos provided love and shelter for 27 foster children. In later years, she became more involved in children's issues, volunteering at several regional California Head Start programs. Polly continued to renovate her physical spaces throughout her life, adding her distinctive personal touch to each new domicile. It was therefore consistent that, as the effects of Alzheimer's disease settled in, Polly turned much of her attention to the construction and design of an impressive garden and rabbit shelter outside their house on the grounds of San Jose (Calif.) Meeting, where she and Amos were caretakers.

Years earlier, as her brother entered the later stages of his fight with Alzheimer's, Polly became convinced that she, too, had contracted the disease. She was having memory problems, and through research she discovered that Alzheimer's is sometimes a genetically-linked disease, so her chance of getting it might have been greater than average. Once doctors confirmed that her suspicions were probably valid (Alzheimer's disease is never completely diagnosable until after death), her decision to take control of a seemingly uncontrollable situation was swift and unilateral and left little room for argument. She began writing letters to friends and family, and to fellow activists, informing them of her condition and the choice she had made.

Though Polly sometimes expressed disappointment about her circumstances and wistfully wished things could have been

*Photo courtesy of Amos Brokaw*

# Americans: Ugly or Not?

## THE AMBIGUITY OF ETHICAL TRAVEL

by Pamela Nelson

**B**efore 1996, I had never considered traveling to Vietnam, Laos, or Cambodia. These places brought to mind war, genocide, poverty, and suffering, not culture, natural beauty, and other elements of desirable travel destinations. Yet when my partner, Steve, suggested a trip to Southeast Asia (particularly to visit the Angkor ruins in Cambodia), I began to broaden my perceptions of this region. The budget-travel books described travel in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia as "a grand adventure." The writers explained that the opening and relaxing of restrictions had made these countries, closed for so long to travelers, wonderful places to seek an escape from overly touristed destinations. Here, they claimed, travelers would find the "old" Asia, little changed over the past 25 years of relative isolation from the rest of the world. "Go, now," they warned, for change was happening at an accelerated pace.

I have a great love of travel, instilled by my parents, who placed a high priority on family trips. The experience I gained while traveling with my family and on my own has led me to value traveling off the tourist track, digging below the facade to

*Pam Nelson, when not serving as development assistant for FRIENDS JOURNAL, is the workshift coordinator for Mariposa Food Coop in Philadelphia, Pa.*

see people living their everyday lives in places uncluttered by the trappings of tourism. The more that I read of remote Southeast Asian hill-tribe villages, pristine beaches, ancient festivals, wild monsoon jungles, teeming markets, and remnants of a thousand years of rising and falling civilizations, the more excited I became about our trip.

Though I yearned to experience these different cultures and wild places, I was committed, also, to traveling responsibly. On other trips, I had become uncomfortable with the often voyeuristic nature of tourism and had tried to avoid situations in which travelers end up as exploiters. I wanted to remain aware of the impact of our travels on the people and places we visited. From the start, we ruled out travel to Myanmar (Burma) because of the hu-

man-rights abuses of the ruling military junta. We didn't want our tourism dollars to be in any way supporting or legitimizing that regime, especially since the development of tourism had become an economic goal of those in power.

On our arrival in Thailand, we stayed several days at Wongsanit Ashram, to recover from jetlag and to reconnect with its directors Pracha and Jane, who stayed at our West Philadelphia communal house four years earlier during a training led by George Lakey. Our seemingly clear-cut decision about itinerary became less clear when we spent time with young Burmese student organizers who were attending a training on nonviolence at the ashram. The Burmese students, hearing about our travel plans, seemed dismayed that we were excluding Myanmar and encouraged us to visit their country, which they proudly stated was a wonderful destination. Surprised by their attitude, I found myself explaining that we didn't have time to travel to Myanmar, but that we would look forward to visiting in the future. Clearly, these students did not view tourists in their country as contributing to their oppression. This was my first reminder that ethical matters are never black-and-white and that ethical travel must be approached with that awareness. As our trip proceeded, I found that balancing

A river trip to the Perfume Pagoda, a temple in northern Vietnam, offered tranquil views of the countryside.

Photos courtesy of Pam Nelson



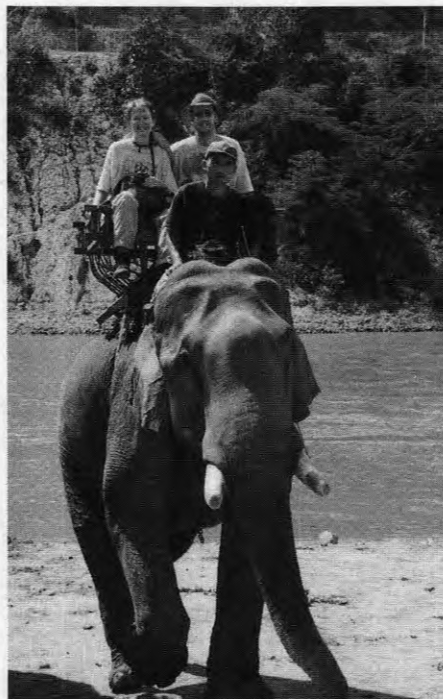


considerations of ethics against logistical practicalities and the desire to experience diverse cultures was a tricky business. When reality came to bear, we reevaluated and often made compromises or new plans.

I envisioned that much of our travel would be by local public transportation: buses, boats, trains. Traveling by the same means as the locals gives a better sense of everyday life than riding on tour buses or flying. Also, we wanted to support local economies rather than the development of a tourism infrastructure that, often owned by the government or foreign companies, can dramatically disrupt local communities.

Once the trip was underway, however, time limitations and safety concerns often dictated our means of travel. In two cases, we had no choice but to fly. No land crossings are open to tourists on the northern Laos/Vietnam border, nor on the Thailand/Cambodia border. The official reason for these restrictions is safety. Every year, thousands are maimed or killed along those borders by bombs or mines left from past and current wars. Safety considerations played in other decisions to fly. In Laos, we flew over a stretch where banditry was common. In Cambodia, we flew from Phnom Penh to Angkor because of occasional attacks by the Khmer Rouge and danger of land mines. Time was also a consideration. We simply didn't have time to spend six days traveling by cargo boat in Laos. Instead we compromised and spent two days traveling by boat and one hour traveling by plane.

Although I had expected some plane travel, I never pictured us traveling by tour bus. But faced with the limitations of third-world transportation infrastructures, tours were sometimes the best choice. In Vietnam, we found a well-developed network of locally run, budget tour operators who catered to independent travelers stymied by the challenges of public transportation in that country. Our trips out of Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon) with these agencies cost us less money, time, and stress than if we had traveled on our own. An unexpected benefit of these tours was the diversity of the people. We met travelers from all over the world, a worthwhile experience in itself and a nice break from traveling by ourselves. Nevertheless, I missed the flexibility that comes with independent travel. On one tour, I found myself wishing that we had more time to explore a town we passed through



**We enjoyed an elephant ride in northern Thailand, while having no illusions it would be anything but touristy.**

and that I had spent less time observing the mishandling of a caged python at a touristy rest stop.

When we did travel by local means, it was often stressful, but always rewarding. I remember with pleasure the experience of bouncing along a country road in northern Thailand, listening to the bus driver's choice of loud Thai pop music and enjoying the high spirits of the Thai people on board. The cargo boat trip down the Mekong river was incredibly peaceful. The quiet hours rolled by as we gazed at jungles, played cards, ate, slept, and greeted the occasional passenger as they boarded at one small village and got off at another. On Vietnam's Reunification Express train, we found ourselves in close quarters with the five Vietnamese who shared our four-person sleeping compartment. Two Vietnamese women crowded us onto their bunk so that we could see out the window. They offered us food, they pointed out good photo opportunities, they stroked my hair and held my hand. They surprised and charmed me with their warmth and openness.

The most stressful part of these trips was the language barrier. The people we met on public transportation did not deal much with foreigners and therefore did not know English. For our part, we did not know the letters of the alphabet in most of the places we traveled, much less spoken words. We didn't understand announcements, instructions, schedules,

rules, nor, sometimes, even where we were. Nevertheless, the people were friendly, and we tried to remain alert to their cues. Our Lao boat captain, for example, uttered one word of English, "passport," to indicate that we needed to get out of the boat, scramble up the steep muddy bank of the river, and get our passports stamped at the provincial office, a straw-thatched hut distinguishable from the other huts only by the Lao flag hung out front.

Though long-distance travel was often too difficult or dangerous by public transportation, short distances were not. In cities we took buses, passenger trucks, tuk-tuks (three-wheeled motorized conveyances), and cyclos (three-wheeled peddled conveyances). Our most common form of transportation in cities, however, was walking. We wandered everywhere, exploring little side streets and the nearby countryside. When we couldn't find transportation from a nearby town back to Vientiane, the capital of Laos, we just started walking. As people waved to us, laughing and smiling (the sight of foreigners walking along this road was not common), it struck me that getting off the beaten track does not necessarily involve traveling long distances into remote regions; it can be just down the road if you simply walk.

I had a similar realization in regard to experiencing Southeast Asian cultural traditions. From research I had done as a museum curator, I knew that the hill-tribe cultures of Southeast Asia were wonderfully rich especially in textile arts and festival traditions. I was aware that hill-tribe "trekking" had become a big tourist industry in northern Thailand, but I hoped that the hill-tribe regions of Laos and Vietnam would be relatively free of tourism.

To my dismay, our experience visiting hill tribes raised some major ethical concerns. The "success" of Thailand in capitalizing on hill-tribe culture for tourism has not been lost on tourism developers in Laos and Vietnam. In all three countries, we saw evidence of policies aimed at assimilation and exploitation. In Thailand, we visited a Karen village filled with tourists perusing souvenir stands. At an Akha village, our Thai guide made racist jokes about the dirtiness and ignorance of the people. A Danish family staying at our guest house described their horror at visiting a "long-neck" village. There they were charged an entrance fee to view women

who lengthen their necks with neck rings. It seemed that the practice had become a tourist curiosity, maintained less for tradition's sake than for generating tourism dollars.

On our river trip in Laos, we stayed the night at a small village described in our guide books as a jumping-off point for visiting remote hill tribes. Because of our experiences in Thailand we began to question the ethics of visiting hill tribes at all. One European bicyclist was planning a solo trek, but decided against it due to bad weather. In a way I felt glad that his plans fell through.

A few days later, on a trip to a famous waterfall near the city of Luang Prabang, our driver took us unexpectedly to a Hmong village. We pulled up behind a tourist bus that was just leaving (a bad sign) and wandered into the village. When our driver ducked into a darkened hut, we realized that Steve's earlier request to see a poppy field in bloom had been understood by the driver as a request to smoke opium at a hill-tribe village. Thankfully, there was no opium available, but the incident reminded me of another way in which tourism is having a destructive effect on hill tribes. Opium smoking by tourists has perpetuated opium addiction among villagers by providing an easy market for opium cultivation. Judging from our driver's misinterpretation, such requests from tourists are not uncommon.

In Vietnam, we avoided hill-tribe visits altogether. When we visited Cuc Phuong national park, we learned that the park had been established in a hill-tribe region. In the name of wildlife preservation, the government had forced all the villagers to move off park land, though they allowed one village to remain as a tourist attraction. We had no problem saying "no" when the park officials tried to sign us up for a two-day trek to the village.

It was difficult for me to give up hope of experiencing hill-tribe culture in a non-exploitive way, but I was grateful to find other ways of exploring the cultural richness of Southeast Asia. One of our best experiences was at a festival. Festivals are cultural events staged by and for the local people. They are not manufactured for tourists, but because they involve public pageantry, tourists can participate without intruding. Laos has maintained many



**Young monks accept alms from the people at the That Luang festival in Laos.**

of its festival traditions, one of which we were fortunate to attend.

The That Luang festival is the capital city's major annual celebration. It is, like many festivals, religious, but with secular activities, too. What a wonder it was to see an evening procession of offerings brought to one of Vientiane's temples; hundreds of people dressed in their finest traditional clothing circled the temple, carrying silver bowls filled with flowers, incense, and lit candles. Some carried fantastic palm leaf towers hung with money, candy, soap, and toilet paper (all things the monks could use). After depositing their offerings inside, the people prayed at shrines, paid a few coins for fortune readings, and thrilled to a fireworks display (especially thrilling since they were set off amidst the crowd). On the final day of the festival, we awoke before dawn in order to get to the festival grounds in time for the main religious ceremonies. Thousands of monks sat in rows, holding their alms bowls in anticipation of a massive alms-giving by the people. We and a handful of other Westerners squeezed into the corners of the temple cloister while the monks chanted, multitudes of people prayed, and the great alms-giving began. During the rest of the day we enjoyed a procession that included traditional dancing, a ritual hockey game that seemed to have very

little ritual and much hilarious frolicking, and finally, in the evening, fireworks, a trade fair, and outdoor stage performances. I felt privileged to have participated in such an outpouring of tradition, faith, and fun.

Travel in Southeast Asia taught me some lessons about ethical travel. My instinct to travel as much as possible off the tourist track was often impractical and even questionable ethically. We found ourselves reevaluating our standards and compromising at times, but usually coming up with solutions to satisfy our needs.

Simple choices—between staying in a chain hotel or a family-run guest house, between using a locally-run tour agency or a government one, between participating in exploitive tourism or cultural sharing—these are some of the components of ethical travel. Ethical travel does not necessarily require the rigors and stress of independent travel. New tour companies have emerged in recent years, catering to people who want to travel responsibly, often focusing on ecological or cultural issues. One unique agency, which is also one of the few to have established a program in Vietnam, is Idyll's Untours. Founded 23 years ago, Idyll built its reputation on its European Untours, which blend the freedom of independent travel with the logistical assistance of a tour. While Steve and I were in Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City, we sampled the new Vietnam Untour by staying at its family-owned guest houses. In Vietnam, Idyll has the additional goal of encouraging reconciliation between people from the United States and Vietnam, especially by encouraging U.S. veterans to take the Vietnam Untour as a means toward resolution and healing in their lives.

Tourism can be destructive to cultures, to economies, and to the environment. Yet tourism can be a positive force as well. It was hard not to feel good about being a tourist when, at Angkor Wat, a Cambodian woman visiting the temple reached out to me spontaneously with a warm hug. Though I couldn't understand the words she said, the meaning in her shining eyes was clear. Her country, torn by war for decades and plunged back into economic turmoil as a result of last July's coup, was just beginning to pull itself up again. For her and many others, the return of tourists heralds a return to normalcy. I felt like Noah's dove. □



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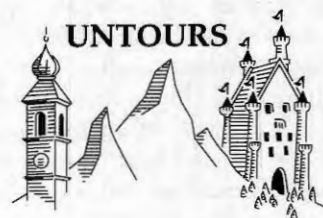
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# The Quaker Origins of the First Woman's Rights Convention

by Christopher Densmore

This year marks the 150th anniversary of the First Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls, New York. Quakers were heavily involved in the Seneca Falls Convention and were the basis of the network of radical reformers in central New York in the 1840s and 1850s that nurtured the early woman's rights movement. Among these Quakers were a group of radical Friends who were in the midst of a controversy that split Genesee Yearly Meeting the same summer of 1848.

In July 1848, a group of women gathered socially at the house of Richard and Jane Hunt in Waterloo, New York. The group included Lucretia Mott from Philadelphia; her sister, Martha Coffin Wright, from Auburn, New York; Mott's friend Elizabeth Cady Stanton, from nearby Seneca Falls; Mary Ann M'Clintock Sr., former assistant clerk of Genesee Yearly Meeting, from Waterloo; and Jane Hunt. In the course of that evening, the women decided to hold a convention on woman's rights and drafted a notice that was published in the July 11 edition of the *Seneca County Courier*. On July 16, these women met again at the M'Clintock house to draft a "Declaration of Sentiments." Three days later, the First Woman's Rights Convention opened at the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Seneca Falls. The convention was in session for two days, July 19–20, and by the end 100 people, including Frederick Douglass of Rochester, New York, had signed a

declaration calling for the full political, social, and legal equality of women, including the right to the vote.

The first ever woman's rights convention was conceived, organized, and carried to a successful conclusion in ten days. How could that happen? What were the antecedents of this historic meeting? How was the way opened? Elizabeth Cady Stanton, writing about the ori-

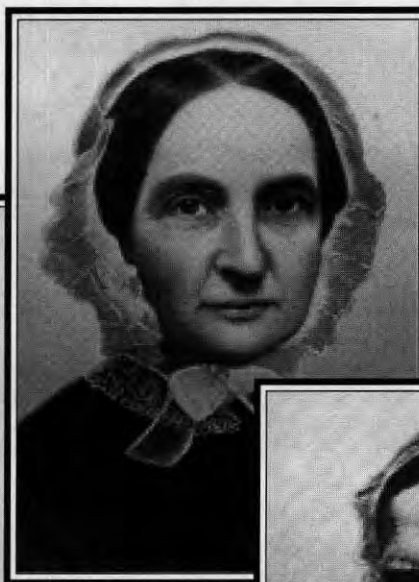
gins of the convention in volume one of *The History of Woman's Suffrage* and in her autobiography, *Eighty Years and More*, focuses on the experience of women in the antislavery movement, but virtually ignores, as do most later historians, the Quaker context of the First Woman's Rights Convention.

Consider that of the five women who organized the convention, Elizabeth Cady Stanton was the only non-Quaker. At the convention itself, the public sessions were chaired by James Mott, Lucretia's husband, and Thomas M'Clintock, Mary Ann's husband and former clerk of Genesee Yearly Meeting. The M'Clintock's daughter, Mary Ann Jr., was

secretary. Among the signers of the Declaration of Sentiments, the largest identifiable group were members of Junius Friends Meeting from Waterloo, New York.

Three observations need to be made about these Quaker pioneers of the woman's rights movement. First, in looking at the network of reformers in the immediate vicinity of Waterloo and Seneca

Left to right:  
Elizabeth Cady Stanton,  
Martha Coffin Wright, and  
Lucretia Mott



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Falls, it is difficult and perhaps impossible to disentangle the radical Quakers from the Garrisonian abolitionist network. In the decade prior to Seneca Falls, the M'Clintock house and to a lesser extent the Hunt house had been the focus of abolitionist activities in the region. Secondly, Quakers appear to have participated in reform as couples and families rather than isolated individuals. James and Lucretia Mott, Mary Ann and Thomas

Christopher Densmore is chair of the Canadian Friends Historical Association. He addressed this subject at the Friends Historical Library, Swarthmore College, on March 25 under the title, "If a Hen Can Crow, or How the First Woman's Rights Convention Was Organized in A Quaker Meetinghouse."



M'Clintock, Jane and Richard Hunt, Amy and Isaac Post, George and Margaret Pryor, and other couples worked together for reform. Third, Quakers in Genesee Yearly Meeting, and particularly in Junius Monthly Meeting at Waterloo, New York, were engaged in a serious controversy over the nature of Quakerism.

The unusual status of women in the Religious Society of Friends is well known, as is the remarkable number of Quaker women speakers and activists in the anti-slavery and early woman's rights movements. Women in the Religious Society of Friends could be ministers and elders, positions not available to women in other churches. Women shared in the management of the Society through the meetings for business. Quakers were used to seeing women in positions of authority and as participants in temporal (Quaker) affairs. Thomas Clarkson, an outside observer of Quakers in England in the early 19th century, observed that unmatched involvement of Quaker women in the affairs of the Society: "[G]ives them, in fact, a new cast of character. It produces in them, a considerable knowledge of human nature. It produces in them thought, and foresight, and judgement. . . . It elevates in them a sense of their own dignity and importance. . . ." No wonder that Quaker women were so disproportionately represented in the reform movements of the 19th century.

Clarkson was writing as an outsider, impressed by the radical potential of Quakerism. In reality, the men's and women's meetings in the early 19th century were unequal. While Quakers cited Paul that male and female are one in Jesus Christ (see Galatians 3:28), a closer reading of the New York Yearly Meeting *Discipline* reveals that in receiving new members, for example, the women's meeting could not act without the approbation of the men's meeting, while there was no such restraint on the men's meeting. The disparity did not go unnoticed. Genesee Yearly Meeting seems to have been the first yearly meeting to resolve the issue, determining at the yearly meeting in 1838 that "agreeably to the conclusion of our yearly meeting, men's and women's meetings for discipline stand on the equal footing of common interest and common right." What meeting initiated the change? Junius Monthly Meeting, in Waterloo, New York, the meeting to which Mary Ann and Thomas

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M'Clintock, Jane Hunt, and other organizers of the Seneca Falls convention belonged. Thus, a decade before Seneca Falls, the Friends of Genesee Yearly Meeting had explicitly acknowledged the equality of men and women.

The relative equality of the men's and women's meetings was only one issue—and apparently the least controversial—that concerned Genesee Friends in the 1830s and the 1840s. The other issues, concerning authority among Friends, were not so easily resolved. What was the role of the ministers and elders of the Religious Society of Friends in defining acceptable Quaker behavior? Two different viewpoints on authority were expressed by visitors to Genesee Yearly Meeting. Priscilla Hunt Cadwallader, from Indiana, visited Genesee Yearly Meeting in 1835 when Friends were beginning to think of revising the discipline. Cadwallader cautioned Friends to take great care and seek divine guidance, “lest they should inadvertently put it in the power of some to oppress others and thereby obstruct that growth which Truth would sanction.” John Comly of Byberry, Pennsylvania, who visited Genesee Yearly Meeting in 1842, was distressed. Behind what he characterized as a “superficial spirit that would throw off all restraint, and order, and discipline” he saw “creaturely activity” rather than divine guidance and the growth of the “lecturing, worldly spirit of the times.”

The issue of authority, and specifically the authority of the “select” meetings of ministers and elders, particularly concerned those Friends who were active and public members of abolition societies. Friends were at that time by definition antislavery, but not all Friends were agreed about the propriety of Quakers mixing in the “doubtful disputations” of worldly politics. Some of the radical Quaker abolitionists in the 1830s and 1840s began to see, with some truth, the workings of the discipline in the hands of the select meetings as a conservative stop on Quaker activism. Michigan Quarterly Meeting, part of Genesee Yearly Meeting, acted unilaterally in 1841–1842 to abolish the Meeting of Ministers and Elders, much to the discomfort of those who believed in their importance.

After much discussion in yearly meeting, and after several committees visited the meetings in Michigan, Genesee Yearly Meeting forced the issue in 1847–48 by

requiring the reestablishment of select meetings in Michigan Quarter. The radicals, including the M'Clintocks, Hunts, Pryors, DeGarmos, and others, in their turn saw the actions of the yearly meeting towards Michigan as unwarranted and separated from Genesee Yearly Meeting at Farmington in June 1848—little more than a month prior to the Seneca Falls Woman's Rights Convention.

Some historians who have observed the Quaker connection to the Seneca Falls Convention assume that there was some direct link between the events at Farmington in June and the events at Seneca Falls in July. The connection is not explicit. In explaining their action in withdrawing, the radicals did not mention the status of women as an issue. The general issue of equality had in fact been settled by Friends a decade earlier. There was, however, a common question of external authority. The radicals saw a sisterhood of reforms: just as no slaveowner should have mastery over slaves, and no church structure should limit the spiritual growth of its members, men should not deny women their natural rights.

The radicals met again at Farmington in October 1848 and adopted a “Basis of Religious Association” and became the Yearly Meeting of Congregational Friends. The Congregational Friends did abolish separate men's and women's meetings, though they retained the Quaker practice of co-clerks, one male and the other female, for the annual meeting. The Congregational Friends, renamed the “Friends of Human Progress” in 1854, met annually at the old Junius Meetinghouse northwest of Waterloo into the 1880s. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the only non-Quaker among the organizers of the Seneca Falls convention, found in them a congenial home. Her first public speech after the Seneca Falls and Rochester Woman's Rights Conventions in the summer of 1848 was probably delivered at the Junius Meetinghouse. She participated in the annual meetings and in a letter written to Martha Coffin Wright in April 1856 claimed membership in the Junius Meeting. If such an open and fluid organization as the Friends of Human Progress can be called Quaker, then with Stanton's membership in Junius all five of the women who organized the First Woman's Rights Convention in 1848 had been, were, or would be members of the Religious Society of Friends. □



## Young Friends

# Massacre and Healing in My Lai

by Peter May

March 16, 1998. 9:30 a.m.

A soft breeze is blowing from the east. Suddenly, the glowing embers from a hundred incense sticks ignite, and within seconds the sticks are engulfed in flames. The incense has been lit in memory of the dead, at the base of a memorial statue. It is hard to imagine that at this very moment, 30 years ago, the My Lai massacre was at the height of its violence.

"Something terrible happened here 30 years ago," said Hugh Thompson earlier this morning. "And I can't explain why."

Thompson, now a middle-aged man, was an honored guest at this morning's commemoration ceremony. Along with his old friend and comrade, Larry Colburn, he had been invited back to My Lai to participate in the day's events. Thirty years ago, Thompson, Colburn, and Glenn Andreotta (who later died in action) made up the crew of a scout helicopter. They risked their lives against fellow soldiers to stop the slaughter of My Lai villagers.

The day began as a routine mission for the three men. Their job was to fly low over the battlefield, attracting enemy fire, and then to radio to an attack helicopter or ground troops to return the fire. They were also to search out Viet Cong suspects and bring them back to the army base for interrogation. Sometime that morning, however, they realized that something was terribly wrong. They began to see bodies of villagers, including very young children and babies, women, and old men. At one point they saw a young woman lying wounded in a field. Thompson marked her with a green smoke canister and radioed for help. A few minutes later an American soldier found the woman and shot her dead.

There was not an enemy in sight. Thompson, Colburn, and Andreotta became confused and angry. They circled the village trying to understand what was happening. They saw Americans firing into a ditch where more than 100 civilians were lined up. They then



Incense sticks burn in memory of those who died at My Lai 30 years ago.

saw a group of people running, pursued by soldiers. Thompson landed the helicopter between them, while the ten villagers descended into a bomb shelter to hide. He exited the helicopter and approached the Americans. He asked, "Is there any way to get those people out of the bunker?" and one soldier sneered: "Yeah, a hand grenade."

Thompson told Colburn, his gunner, that if the Americans began firing on the Vietnamese, he should "open up" on the Americans. Meanwhile he coaxed the people out of the bunker and radioed for another helicopter to fly them to safety.

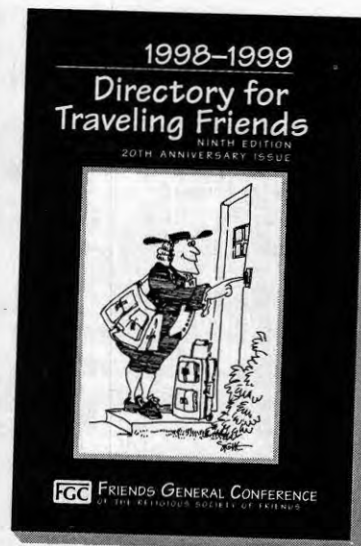
The My Lai massacre came to be known as one of the darkest moments of a brutal war. One company of soldiers killed 504 unarmed civilians that morning, and if it were not for Thompson and his crewmen, the number might have been greater.

Many years ago, sometime in late spring, I was disappointed to realize that my high school American History class was not going to cover the Vietnam War. We had spent too much time earlier in the year discussing Civil War troop movements and New Deal acronyms.

*Peter May, an attendee of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting, was an intern at the American Friends Service Committee's Middle East Peace Education Program. He is a drawing and painting teacher at Atlanta College of Art and a camp counselor at the Atlanta Cooperative School.*



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### A survivor of the My Lai Massacre

Vietnam was just too recent. My knowledge of the Vietnam experience at that time was largely limited to old folk song LPs from my parents' collection, Oliver Stone films, and stories of crazy veterans. In fact, until I traveled to Vietnam the first time two years ago, the My Lai massacre may as well have been ancient history.

In 1995 I spent the fall in Ho Chi Minh City, studying Vietnamese language, culture, and history. During the four months of my journey, I was fortunate to be able to travel the length of the country, exploring places of incredible beauty and sites of historical significance.

It was then that I first visited the site of the My Lai massacre and began to learn of its importance. As villagers continued with tasks of daily life, harvesting rice, selling fruit, and delivering blocks of ice, I looked with amazement and horror at the murals and monuments that had been erected in commemoration by the Vietnamese government. A black stone plaque listed the names and ages of the dead. Cement markers showed places where families had been killed, and a mural depicted a violent scene of rapes and fires, tortures and murders. But standing above all of this loomed an enormous statue of carved stone, the tallest structure in the village. Here, a woman holds her fist defiantly skywards while her other arm carries her dying baby and her family cowers around her. The angles are geometric and strong; the gesture is not that of a victim but of a hero.

And still I left that day with more questions than answers, uncomfortable and unfulfilled. The monuments focused on the tragedy, but not on the healing. There was a villainization of the perpetrators, but no examination of the cause. I had been given a way to remember the violence, but not to prevent a recurrence.

These questions continued to haunt me, even last fall when I received a flyer asking for contributions for the My Lai Peace Park Project.

After I spoke with Mike Boehm last fall, I was very excited about these projects. Having been to the My Lai area, I had seen the poverty of this haunted place. The projects under his direction hope to better things in Quang Ngai province. And when he told me of the commemoration ceremony this year, and that there was a groundbreaking for the park, I was determined to participate.

The horrors of the massacre had left me wounded, and now was my chance to heal.

There were close to 2,000 people gathered this morning, in front of the enormous monument to My Lai victims. Many were Vietnamese students who had come from around the country, some were survivors, some were reporters. For weeks Vietnamese newspapers had been printing stories about the event and about Hugh Thompson and Larry Colburn's participation.

The morning began at 7:30, the exact moment that American soldiers descended on the village 30 years ago. Different divisions of government placed wreaths of flowers at the base of the sculpture, followed by a brief speech by a member of the People's Committee.

Then Larry Colburn spoke, asking for peace and understanding, praising the bravery of Hugh Thompson and Glenn Andreotta. Thompson, who was nervous, modest, and very brief, was next: "I just wish I could have saved more people."

Finally incense was placed, first by survivors, later by others, at the foot of the statue. And then the wind began to blow and the incense caught fire. Within seconds, a hundred sticks were burned, leaving only a black scar on the stone of the monument and a sweet smell in the air.

Later in the day, as I watched the first trees being planted in the park and I studied the site of the schoolhouse that is to be built, I felt a strange new sense of peace. I could still smell the sweetness in the air, but also see the charred black of the stone.

The tragedy is not forgotten, nor are its heroes. The clenched fist of the woman, the actions of Thompson, Colburn, and Andreotta, and the hard work of Mike Boehm are testament to this. As the young trees grow, paths are constructed, and schoolhouses built, maybe the next visitor to My Lai will walk away with a different perspective than I did on that first visit.

After the tragedy and massacre, maybe My Lai can become a symbol of peace and reconciliation. And when we do finally catch up to Vietnam in American History classes, let's not forget the healing. □



# Share the Care: A New Approach to Support

by Peggy Barlett

Sandy Mershon and her husband John Ball of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting pioneered a new way of organizing care for the seriously ill, a Share the Care group. Sandy experienced a leading in the spring of 1996 to be open about her dying process. She had received word of a breast cancer metastasis, and though she still felt well, she knew she and John would need help in the future. The clerk of the Care and Counsel Committee for the Atlanta Meeting contacted Sandy and John and suggested we use the book *Share the Care*, by Cappy Capossela and Sheila Warnock, as a guide.

After Sandy's death in July 1997, the group of caregivers were moved to share our experiences so that others might benefit. The experience of forming a Share the Care group and using it through Sandy's final weeks has been a powerful and moving experience for us all. Said one member, "By learning about this part of life, dying, it allowed me to grow up." "And grow," added another. It also aided us in providing support and assistance that built on each person's strengths and prevented overwork and burnout. We recommend this group structure to others who face the need for care.

## Forming the Group

In the spring of 1996, Sandy and John sent a letter to about 25 people—family, Quakers, neighbors, and other friends—asking them to become an "extended family" for the duration of Sandy's illness. Bald from chemotherapy at the time, Sandy was still strong and hopeful but wanted to put in place a support system and a network of caregivers for a future time. Using *Share the Care* exercises, the group met in John and Sandy's home one evening to get to know each other better and to learn how to form an appropriate support group for them.

"I feel I am being led to share the process of my dying," announced Sandy. Her discernment process led her to be open about her physical dying and the emotional and spiritual aspects of it. She asked us for support and to help her fulfill this mission, though its exact form was at that moment unclear to her. Sandy's diagnosis came at the time of a retreat with John and Penelope Youngblut, and their guidance and writings, especially about di-

minishment, were important to Sandy as she came to understand the use of the dying process as a time for spiritual growth and personal healing.

*I remember that night we asked Sandy for guidance about likes and dislikes, things to ask and not ask. She told us she didn't like people to say to her "You are an inspiration to me." She said, "I have never died before, and I want to make a good death."* —Elizabeth Siceloff

When we asked her, "What do you need now, Sandy?" she replied that she wanted a discussion group to talk with about suffering. She was afraid of dying in great pain, and a group met one evening to talk about these issues with her.

*Sandy was seeking an understanding of suffering and its role in her life. She wanted to find a way to accept the facts of having cancer and physical pain without giving them more room than they deserved. I told her that I admired her greatly for holding herself to such a high standard, for not wanting to indulge her cancer, but I also wished that she could give herself more of a break.* —Carol Wood

The group met again in July for a birthday party for Sandy, a lively gathering that allowed members to chat informally and get to know each other at greater depth.

*It was at that meeting that I got to know several of the women from Sandy's breast cancer support group. I came to appreciate how courageous one needs to be to face one's own fears and to offer care and support to a friend who has developed a metastasis. I also came to appreciate that cancer catapults husbands and children on their own incredible journeys. Sandy said, months later, "I've finally figured it out. Cancer is a journey of Trust."* —Peggy Barlett

## How the Group Works

The Share the Care philosophy guards against burnout and overreliance on one person. It provides for rotating responsibilities and asks from each person the contributions they are most comfortable making. Sandy's group used our first meeting to organize into teams of two, and each team took the role of "captain," attending to Sandy's and John's needs for one particular week. One of the two captains (often, a couple were co-captains,

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*Peggy Barlett is an attender of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting.*

# Editor-Manager

The Board of Managers of Friends Publishing Corporation seeks nominations for and expressions of interest in the position of editor-manager to begin January 1, 1999. *Friends Journal* is the main publication of the corporation.

Friends Publishing Corporation was founded in 1955 "for the purpose of promoting religious concerns of the Religious Society of Friends and the education and information of its members and others by means of the written and spoken word including the publication of a magazine." *Friends Journal*, a monthly publication, is the consolidation of two previous Quaker publications and corporations, the *Friends Intelligencer* (1844-1955) and *The Friend* (1827-1955), journals of unprogrammed Friends.

The current mission of the Friends Publishing Corporation is "to reflect Quaker thought and life today, to promote religious concerns of the Religious Society of Friends, and to inform and educate Friends and others by means of publications in print or other media."

The editor-manager serves as the chief executive officer of the corporation. S/he is responsible for overseeing all functions of the organization including management of publications, finance, personnel, technology, fundraising, and facilities. The editor-manager interprets the *Friends Journal* and is responsive to the Religious Society of Friends. S/he is appointed by and accountable to the Board of Managers of the Friends Publishing Corporation.

## EXPECTATIONS:

- Sets broad editorial direction for the magazine
- Communicates widely with the Religious Society of Friends and travels as necessary
- Guides the writing, editing, and consultation with writers as part of the editorial team
- Supervises the staff (currently six full-time, three part-time, and an intern)
- Leads/implements fundraising (including quarterly appeals, grant writing, and periodic capital campaigns)
- Works with the board to assure strategic and long-range planning
- Oversees financial operations closely
- Provides spiritual leadership

## QUALIFICATIONS:

- Membership in the Religious Society of Friends with a record of leadership and service among Quakers
- Management experience in publications, finance, fundraising, personnel, technology, and facilities
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- Skill in computer use and office systems
- Bachelor's degree preferred

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Applications to include a resume, letter of interest, and the names and phone numbers of three references are due on August 14, 1998, to Search Committee, *Friends Journal*, at the address below.

Active screening of candidates will begin on September 1, 1998, and will continue until the position is filled.



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making coordination easy) was responsible to call John or Sandy on Thursday to plan for needs of the upcoming week. "I have a chemo all day Wednesday," Sandy said once. "It would be nice to have a dinner ready for us that night."

Captains were not responsible to do all the work needed, only to arrange that it be done, spreading the opportunity to help among group members.

How did we know on whom to call? When the group first organized, we filled out forms indicating our strengths and aversions: Are you good at cooking? nursing care? shopping? Do you hate being around bills? blood? Do you love to drive, but hate to clean? These caregiver forms were filled out and given to each team member. We also established a telephone tree and set out a schedule of weeks for each team of captains.

Over the fall and much of the spring, Sandy received chemotherapy treatment, and the spread of cancer to her bones seemed under control. Group members had little work to do, though occasionally we brought meals or gave a ride from the doctor's office.

## Spiritual Dimensions

In September, we held another group meeting to discuss our activities and to plan for John and Sandy's recommitment ceremony. Sandy reiterated to us her desire to die consciously, without her senses dulled by painkillers, but also without severe pain. She explained that she found two books to be of great help to her, *The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying* by Sogyal Rinpoche and *Who Dies?* by Stephen Levine, and asked us to look at specific passages and meditations in them that would help us support her.

One of John's gifts to the group was his generosity of spirit and openness about his own preferences. He said, "I can't provide everything Sandy needs, and I'm going to rely on you for help. There are some things she needs that I can't do." John was by Sandy's side, night and day, throughout the following year and gave to her without pause, but he also opened the door to us and invited the group to join him in Sandy's care.

From the group were formed two small study groups to discuss these two books and to meditate with Sandy. Though the groups did not meet every week, they provided a framework for deepening the spiritual understanding of dying and to learn the *phowa* meditation, a Tibetan practice that seeks unity and connection with the divine Light, both in daily life and at the moment of death. Sandy asked that we help her practice this meditation as her cancer spread and to carry on the atmosphere of meditative practice at the time of her death. These two meditation groups



served as support groups where she could share her experience. Sandy also continued to attend two cancer support groups.

*My experiences with Sandy taught me a greater reverence for life. A friend once asked me to promise to help him die if he ever were disabled from a stroke or heart attack. I promised him I would, but now, I'd have to reevaluate that.*  
—Lynn Leuszler

### Sudden Turn for the Worse

Sandy's cancer spread to her brain and her condition deteriorated, just as the Friends General Conference Gathering loomed, and half the Share the Care group was to be in Virginia for a week. A new head was recruited for the telephone tree. During that week, Sandy was in the hospital and later at home, under hospice care. Using the forms filled out a year before, a volunteer was found to coordinate the delivery of meals to the house, and the list was also used to recruit cooks. Some group members ran errands and helped with family needs, and three nurses in the group provided regular nursing care. The group tried to support John through this difficult time as well.

*I remember Sandy was concerned that John might try to take on too much. Then, she was worried he might be left lonely and alone. I spent most of my time with John at the house during that last week. John said he was finally ready to let Sandy go when he watched her suffering in the hospital.*  
—Perry Treadwell

Sandy remained at home with hospice care for two weeks, and absent members of the Share the Care group returned from FGC and were available to offer support and help during that time. Her meditation groups gathered and prayed with her at various points, and the meditations provided a stabilizing energy of love and support for her transition. Her dying was conscious and pain free, as she had hoped, and her dying moments were accompanied by the phowa meditation. Group members continued the prayers for a half hour after her death, as she wished, and several others gathered at the house that night to support John.

In *The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying*, it says "a good death benefits all beings." Those of us who shared the final year of Sandy's life received an advanced course in conscious living and dying. Her leading created a deeper spiritual connection among us. We are greatly blessed. The support and shared work of the caregiver group created bonds of love and trust that will endure to enfold John in his new life and to guide us forward in our own journeys with a new sense of how we can share the care we wish to give others. □

## Recommendations to Other Groups

### Forming the Group

1. *Size:* Our group had 24 members, in 12 paired teams. This number allowed us to set a three-month schedule of captains, a handy length of time. A group this size is not too big to gather in one home for a meeting and also provides for a diversity of skills. We think a group substantially smaller would find it easier to fall into overcommitment and drain on its time and resources.

2. *The telephone tree:* It was useful to us to set up the branches of the telephone tree with individuals from mixed social worlds, in terms of their connections to Sandy and John. If one branch had been cancer support group members only and another had been Quakers, we would not have gotten to know each other as well, though we might have been slightly more efficient.

3. *Early meetings* were good to help us get to know each other, which in turn facilitated our sharing work or asking for a substitute. Our meetings involved refreshments and were substantial work for the hosts, and it was suggested that we might have met for dinner or coffee in a restaurant for some of the meetings.

4. *Later meetings*, even if brief, are important to check in with each other and to be sure all members are feeling connected, up to date, and useful.

5. *Mixed connections:* Though half our group were Friends, the non-Quakers expressed no sense of being "outsiders" but rather a joy at being connected to such a "healthy family."

### Pitfalls and Things to Talk About

1. *Decision-making:* The group needs to reflect on how decisions will be made. Issues such as frequency of meeting should not automatically be left up to the person(s) being supported—it may only add to their concerns. John and Sandy were always present when our Share the Care group met, but in hindsight, some of the group thought that a few meetings on our own would have been beneficial.

2. *Telephone Tree:* We followed the book's recommendations and established that a caller who could not reach someone in person (and therefore left a message on a machine) should call the next person on the tree, until reaching someone at home. In practice, this meant that callers often left messages for their whole branch of the tree and were unsure if calls were received. We suggest a second rule that asks a caller who picks up a machine message

to call the next person on the tree to confirm receipt of the message. The last person on each branch calls the first person on the tree, to be sure the calls make it all the way through the tree.

3. *Participation:* Because Sandy's final weeks came very suddenly and some people were out of town, not all group members felt enough involved. Groups need to have some periodic check-in mechanism to assess whether some members are over- or underused.

4. *Resistance:* John and Sandy prized their independence and privacy and took pride in being able to care for themselves. John was physically active and his hard work lessened the load on the group. We could imagine some instances, however, in which a support group would need to find ways to talk about and overcome a reluctance to accept help. We found that a concrete suggestion ("Can we pick your sister up at the airport?" "Can we bring dinner after chemo on Tuesday?") were more likely to be accepted.

5. *Connections:* Our task was made easier because John and Sandy were well connected to many social groups in Atlanta. For ill persons whose social networks are narrower, we suggest that the Share the Care group talk about logistics and ways of developing connections to others interested in helping out.

6. *Wishes:* We were aware that for our group and all groups, there is a challenge to balance the needs of family, visitors, and caregivers, especially with regard to visitors to the sick person and time at the bedside. Some care receivers will want to exclude some or all visitors. We suggest that the group ask about these issues directly and, if appropriate, to discuss them well in advance.

7. *Overload:* We wondered how things might have gone for us if we were in four or five simultaneous groups.

### Other Suggestions:

*Message machine:* John used his household's answering machine to tell interested callers about Sandy's condition in an updated recording each day. Callers were able to leave a message if they desired, but were not encouraged to do so. This practice allowed people to feel updated without bothering the house for daily information. □

## Lively Lives Speak

### Gentle Invaders

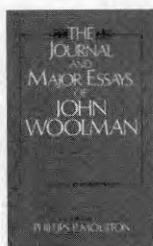
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Friends United Press

## News

Jay Marshall has been appointed dean of Earlham School of Religion in Richmond, Indiana. The pastor of New Castle (Ind.) First Friends Meeting and former biblical studies professor will assume his duties at ESR July 1. Earlham President Douglas Bennett said of Marshall, "I believe he will help us forge a stronger relationship between ESR and Quakers across the United States." A graduate of Guilford College in North Carolina, Jay Marshall earned an MDiv at Duke Divinity School in 1988 and a PhD at Duke University in 1992. His major teaching fields are Hebrew Bible and Near Eastern studies, but he has also taught New Testament studies, Aramaic, New Testament Greek, anthropology of religion, and Quaker history. In accepting the deanship Marshall will succeed Andrew Grannell, who is leaving to pursue other interests in Quakerism.

Philip Harmon, member of Northwest Yearly Meeting, was sentenced to eight years in prison. Harmon pled guilty last fall to charges of tax fraud and conspiracy through his company, National Friends Insurance Trust, which collapsed in 1997. The frauds, totaling in excess of \$30,000,000, left hundreds of victims, many of them Friends, uninsured. The Seattle Federal Court ordered that Harmon may not be self-employed nor may he sell investments or insurance after his release from prison. (From Chuck Fager. For more information see [www.afriendlyletter.com](http://www.afriendlyletter.com))

The National Campaign for a Peace Tax Fund met with tax policy officials at the Department of the Treasury on January 15. The nine-member delegation was a diverse coalition of church representatives, congressional staff, and peace campaign staff to lobby for the Peace Tax Fund Bill. The delegation met with Michael Thornton, deputy tax legislative counsel at the Department of the Treasury, and an economic advisor, to persuade the Treasury and the IRS to support the bill. Michael Thornton promised to review the bill and consult with the IRS about working through their objections. Campaign lobbyists plan to further develop these relationships with the Treasury and the Clinton administration in order to gain their support. (From the National Campaign for a Peace Tax Fund Winter 1998 newsletter)

Swarthmoor Hall, the early headquarters of the Quaker movement, is undergoing renovation. An international appeal raised £500,000 for the project, and the hall will close for most of 1998 and the early part of 1999. Previously Swarthmoor Hall offered

### Swarthmoor Hall

guided tours, but after the renovations are complete the site will offer accommodations, workshops, and retreats.

The World Council of Churches encouraged the United Nations to expedite the establishment of a Permanent Forum for Indigenous Peoples. On March 27, Line Skum, a staff member of the WCC Indigenous Peoples' program and herself a member of the Saami People from Norway, congratulated the UN's Commission on Human Rights for establishing the forum, but urged them to avoid letting "anxiety about creating precedents" get in the way of progress. The forum, she said, "must not be hampered by its energy being dissipated by having to write countless reports, with the associated need to lobby endlessly for their acceptance and adoption. And above all, it must not be stifled once it begins to speak."

Friends Peace Teams Project has established the Elise Boulding Fund. The fund is to facilitate the participation of those who might otherwise be unable to support their peace team work. Applicants to the fund are expected to follow the procedures outlined by Friends Peace Teams. Members and attenders who are sponsored by their Friends meetings and churches are eligible for funding, and young people are especially encouraged to apply. (From Peace Team News Spring 1998)

A representative of the Fellowship of Reconciliation traveled to Baghdad to deliver over \$100,000 of medicine to the Iraqi people. On May 6, Clayton Ramey, peace and disarmament coordinator of FOR, traveled to Iraq as a member of a 100-person delegation of religious, labor, and civil rights leaders. The delegation was assembled by the International Action Center to investigate the situation of Iraqi civilians under the U.S./UN trade sanctions. This is the largest group of U.S. citizens to risk fines and imprisonment by visiting Iraq since the outbreak of the Gulf War. FOR is an international interfaith organization founded at the beginning of World War I. FOR members helped raise the funds for the medicine during a "Week of Compassion" campaign during the recent Easter, Passover, and Hajj season.



Angus Winchester



## Bulletin Board

### Upcoming Events

•July 26–August 1—New York Yearly Meeting, in Silver Bay, N.Y. Contact: Rona Keilin, 15 Rutherford Place, New York, NY 10003

•July 27–August 1—Pacific Yearly Meeting, in Watsonville, Calif. Contact: Eric Moon, PYM, 2814 Eighth St., Apt. B, Berkeley, CA 94710

•July 28–August 1—Mid-America Yearly Meeting, in Wichita, Kans. Contact: Bruce A. Hicks, 2018 Maple, Wichita, KS 67213

•July 28–August 2—Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative), in West Branch, Iowa. Contact: Bill Deutsch, IYM, 1478 Friends End Rd., Decorah, IA 52101

•July 29–August 2—Illinois Yearly Meeting, in McNabb, Ill. Contact: Mary Nuremburg, IYM, 60255 Myrtle Rd, South Bend, IN 46614

•July 29–August 2—Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting, in Wilmington, Ohio. Contact: Christine H. Snyder, 7897 Rain Tree Rd., Centerville, OH 45459

•July 31–August 9—Central Yearly Meeting, in Muncie, Ind. Contact: Jonathan Edwards, 5592 West County Rd. #700 North, Ridgeville, IN 47380

•July/August—Mexico-Arica Yearly Meeting. Contact: Socorro Horta, Apartado 215 Correos 2, Cd Satélite, Edo. de México 53102, Mexico

•August—Jamaica Yearly Meeting. Contact: Angella Beharie, 4 Worthington Ave., Kingston 5, Jamaica

•August—Kenya Yearly Meetings. Contact: FWCC Africa Section, Friends International Centre, N'gong Rd. Box 41946, Nairobi, Kenya

•August 1–4—Indiana Yearly Meeting, in Marion, Ind. Contact: David Brock, 4715 N. Wheeling Ave., Muncie, IN 47304

•August 1–6—New England Yearly Meeting, in Smithfield, R.I. Contact: Katharine Lee Clark, 901 Pleasant St., Worcester, MA 01602-1908

•August 3–9—Baltimore Yearly Meeting, in Chambersburg, Pa. Contact: Frank Massey, 17100 Quaker Lane, Sandy Spring, MD 20860

•August 5–8—Iowa Yearly Meeting (FUM), in Oskaloosa, Iowa. Contact: Del Coppinger, IYM, PO Box 657, Oskaloosa, IA 52577

•August 5–9—Western Yearly Meeting, in Plainfield, Ind. Contact: Curtis Shaw, P.O. Box 70, Plainfield, IN 46168

•August 6–9—North Carolina Yearly Meeting (FUM), in Greensboro, N.C. Contact: John Porter, YM Office, 5506 West Friendly

Ave., Greensboro, NC 27410

•August 12–16—Ohio Yearly Meeting, near Barnesville, Ohio. Contact: Dorothy J. Smith, OYM, 61830 Sandy Ridge Rd., Barnesville, OH 43713

•August 17–24—Canadian Yearly Meeting. Contact: Office Administrator, 91A Fourth Ave., Ottawa, ON K1S 2L1 Canada

•August 19–23—Tanzania Yearly Meeting. Contact: Samuel K. Rachau, P.O. Box 151, Serengeti, Tanzania

•August 19–23—Uganda Yearly Meeting. Contact: Andrew H. S. Kurima, P.O. Box 2384, Mbale, Uganda

•August 27–31—France Yearly Meeting. Contact: Christine Abt, 7 Jolie Vue, Rt. de Montaret, F-38580 Allevard, France

### Resources

•*The Quaker Abolitionist* is the quarterly newsletter of the Friends Committee to Abolish the Death Penalty. Subscriptions are \$15 per year (foreign, \$20) and include membership in FCADP. Send subscription requests to FCADP, 3721 Midvale Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19129.

•Friends Committee on National Legislation produces several resources that can assist Friends in communicating their concerns. Documents available include Grassroots Lobbying Strategy, The Death Penalty Information Packet, Racial Equality and Affirmative Action, and others. To order any of the FCNL resources contact FCNL, 245 Second St., N.E., Washington, DC 20002-5795.

•*A Mennonite Statement and Study on Violence* is a 57-page booklet for use in adult religious education. The booklet includes the statement written by the Joint Committee on Violence, a study section, an extensive bibliography, and personal stories of encounters and responses to violence. The cost is \$8.95. For more information or to order, call Faith and Life Press at (800) 743-2484.

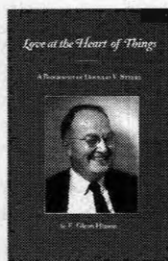
### Opportunities

•The PeaceWriting National Writing Award was established to encourage the writing of literature about peace and peacemakers and against force and violence. Competition guidelines include: only full-length unpublished novels, plays, biographies, histories, and collections of short stories, poems, and essays will be considered; no writing for young audiences; plays must not be professionally produced. The award is \$1,000. For more information contact PeaceWriting, National Writing Award, 2582 Jimmie, Fayetteville, AR 72703-3420, Attn.: James R. Bennett, (501) 442-4600, e-mail: jbenet@comp.uark.edu.

### Love at the Heart of Things

by E. Glenn Hinson

This moving biography of Douglas



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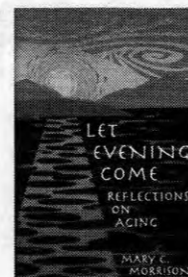
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### Let Evening Come

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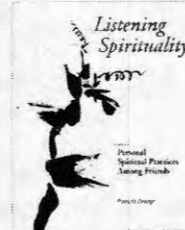
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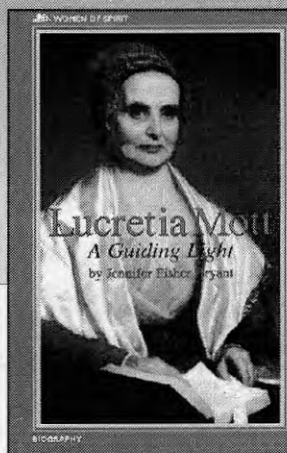
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## Books

### Living inside Our Hope: A Steadfast Radical's Thoughts on Rebuilding the Movement

By Staughton Lynd. Cornell University Press, Ithaca, N.Y., 1997. 281 pages, indexed. \$15.95/paperback.

Of the 15 books that historian Staughton Lynd has either written or edited, this volume is the most personal. It is the story of a Quaker couple who found themselves in the vortex of the creation and development of three movements in the United States: the civil rights movement of the 1950s and '60s, the antiwar movement of the '60s, and the new unionism of the '70s. They've been in on other paradigm shifts as well, including a strong role in the gestation of the best of the New Left philosophy.

The reader's imagination is fired as Lynd calmly recounts what it was like to live in the Deep South in the 1950s and to direct the Mississippi Freedom Schools during the murderous summer of 1964. He was in the Freedom School where Rita Schwerner paced the halls the night her husband, Mickey, was shot by racist anti-Semites outside of Philadelphia, Mississippi. Staughton and Alice moved throughout the South during that time, from a rural Georgia log-home in the Macedonia Community in the 1950s to temporary outposts during the thick of the struggle later on. His analysis of the movement is invaluable as one of the only professional historians who was also a force in an intellectual and philosophical tsunami that brought a sea change to society.

As he stood in one of the very first tiny demonstrations against the war in Vietnam at the portals of the Pentagon, he was ridiculed by MPs. "But you don't understand," said reedy-voiced Lynd, ever-humble even in prophesy, "we're just the first of thousands." When he went to North Vietnam in December 1965 as an emissary from the people of the U.S., he came home to find himself not only out of a job teaching but blacklisted by the U.S. academic establishment. He was offered no fewer than five teaching jobs in 1967, only to have the offers rescinded by all administrations.

He and Alice then took turns studying law and fought both the companies and the corrupt unions—which, as usual, cost them private jobs and sent them finally to work for Legal Services, which is what they do on a part-time basis today.

*Living Inside Our Hope* shows us where we've been, an inside view of the greatest movements of social change in the United



States in the century, and a vision of where we could choose to go.

The section of photos includes one of his students from his time teaching at Spelman College, Alice Walker (*The Color Purple*), sitting with two of the Lynd children on their porch swing in 1963; Staughton at the Freedom School convention in Meridian, Mississippi, in 1964; the famous (and widely reproduced), 1965 photo of Lynd, Bob Moses, and David Dellinger—bespattered dramatically with red paint thrown by a heckler—advancing on the U.S. Capitol to declare peace between the people of the U.S. and the people of Vietnam; speaking to National Guardsmen called out just after the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. in 1968. He was there, usually ahead of the mass movement, helping to draw a new blueprint for how we as U.S. citizens can fight nonviolently for justice.

The Lynds wrote the single greatest reference on the power of nonviolence, *Nonviolence in America*, and are reigning experts in stories of nonviolent victory over armed opponents. Lynd is quick to qualify his own contributions with honest modesty, and has an easy-to-swallow style of argumentation. His slogan might well be, "Honest minds can differ," as he never fails to show respect for those with whom he disagrees. Still, he can show edge when he detects disingenuousness or sophistry, even amongst his allies and colleagues. As his readers, we deserve no less and he delivers.

Thank goodness for the incisive critiques of seminal writers like Lynd, who give us tools with which we can better leverage change.

Reading him is a look at a mind that mixed and reacted with others and helped contour the nation we live in as we matured through periods of some of our most significant national growth.

—Tom Howard-Hastings

*Tom Howard-Hastings is under home arrest for shutting down with his wife a navy missile command center in northern Wisconsin in 1996. They teach and write as staff for Laurentine Shield Resources for Nonviolence.*

## Not by Might: A Vietnam Memoir

By Bronson P. Clark. Chapel Rock Publishers, Glastonbury, Conn., 1997. 241 pages. \$12.95/paperback.

I suspect that those of us for whom the Vietnam War defined a portion of our lives because we refused to support it and worked against it have our own version of post-traumatic stress disorder to deal with. Bronson Clark's details about the war brought that era of my life back to me, with all the terrible emotions I believed were ancient history. I remembered my friends laboring with me on whether violence at home was necessary to end the violence in Vietnam. I recalled learning of the Kent State massacre and realizing that I'd demonstrated with several of these students and had worked in Akron in the same office with some of the National Guard who were responsible for shooting them. Brought back were: the young Ohio chicken farmer who begged me for a passing grade so he

## Quaker Quiptoquotes

by Adelbert Mason

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

...AEJ NBCZNJBDD FY AEJ XCXWJ GJDAD  
BFA FB OLGACVNWLG OLDDLTJD XNA CB AEJ  
YLVA AELA CA CD OFDDCXWJ AF UCDVFMJG  
AEGFNTEFNA AEJ HEFWJ L TGFHCBT LBU  
UJMJWFOCBT CBAJGOGJALACFB FY ENPLB WCYJ C  
B AJGPD FY L UJJOJBCBT DJBDCACMCAI AF  
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FVCLW SNDACVJ.

—Answer on page 39

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**FRIENDS JOURNAL**

wouldn't get drafted; my student just back from 'Nam who asked, "Was I saving the young child I blew away with my rifle?"; my struggles with my own complicity in the war by virtue of paying taxes that supported it; my decision to go into the underground economy, to live cheaply, to refuse to comply with the IRS as I'd refused to comply with my draft board.

A philosopher said that those who ignore their history are condemned to repeat it. That alone speaks for the importance of this book, in which Bronson Clark describes nearly eight years employment with the American Friends Service Committee, from January 1967 to June 1974, all but one of those years as AFSC's executive secretary. As the subtitle says, this is a memoir, not a comprehensive picture of either the war or AFSC. The book's main strength is just this fact, that it doesn't try to do too much, or to go beyond the author's experiences. Using his notes, minutes, and other documents, Clark describes visits to both North and South Vietnam, negotiations with Henry Kissinger, and an AFSC infiltrated by both the FBI and CIA because of its opposition to the war.

Many today are critical of AFSC's change from a humanitarian and relief organization to a social action organization. Reading *Not by Might* will help explain why this change occurred. Clark says "During my tenure with AFSC I was associated with people who were responding to moral and spiritual demands with courage and wisdom." He goes on to name a host of Friends, including Anna Cox Brinton, Lily Pickett, Wallace Collett, Gilbert White, and Thomas B. Harvey. These Friends and the AFSC were faced with a divided Quaker world that had lost its moral unity. Confronted with an atrocious war their country waged against a distant people, what little humanitarian relief they could offer was as futile as the proverbial boy scout trying to extinguish the forest fire with his own water. They decided to "speak truth to power" by educating the public to counter government lies and propaganda and to organize against the war.

This decision was a brave one, given a Quaker environment where, according to Allen Smith ("The Renewal Movement," *Quaker History*, Fall, 1996), Philadelphia Yearly Meeting was unable to call for a withdrawal from Vietnam in 1972, the same year conservative commentator Paul Harvey announced "if opposition to the war makes one a radical, then I'm a radical." What's more, the role AFSC played in organizing war opposition was effective. Clark concludes that "We now look back in time and see clearly the contribution to ending the war in Vietnam made by the peace movement." His book tells of the key role



AFSC and other Quakers played in building that movement.

*Not by Might* leaves enough unanswered questions to keep Quaker historians happy for many years, but the questions it does answer are important ones. The book is highly recommended.

—Errol Hess

*Errol Hess, a member of Foxfire (Tenn.) Meeting, is administrative assistant for Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting and Association.*

## Books in Brief

### Heretic's Heart: A Journey through Spirit and Revolution

By Margot Adler. Beacon Press, Boston, 1997. 309 pages. \$24/hardcover. An equally apt subtitle for this engaging memoir might be "a journey through the major liberal movements of the 1960s United States." One could read Margot Adler's life as a leftist fantasia: grandmother Raissa Adler, a friend of the Trotsky family; aunt Valentine, killed in a Soviet gulag; childhood at the City and Country School in Greenwich Village; the free speech movement in 1964 Berkeley; voter registration in Mississippi in the summer of 1965; anti-Vietnam War demonstrations; the first Venceremos Brigade to Cuba. But there's another side: City and Country School planted the seeds of Adler's later spiritual awakening as an ecological pagan; Berkeley's fragmented Left built on her activist family background but did little to help her examine her own true motives; and the Vietnam War provided the backdrop for a six-month correspondence with Marc Anderson, a soldier nearing the end of his tour in Vietnam. Extensive source materials (the result of 40 years in a rent-controlled Manhattan apartment) sometimes allow the book to become self-indulgent; they also give life and verve to the events Adler describes. As a child of the 70s, I found this useful reading.

—Kenneth Sutton

### Answer to Quipquote

... The uniqueness of the Bible rests not on particular passages but in the fact that it is possible to discover throughout the whole a growing and developing interpretation of human life in terms of a deepening sensitivity to love, goodness, beauty, moral values and social justice.

—George H. Gorman (1916–1982)

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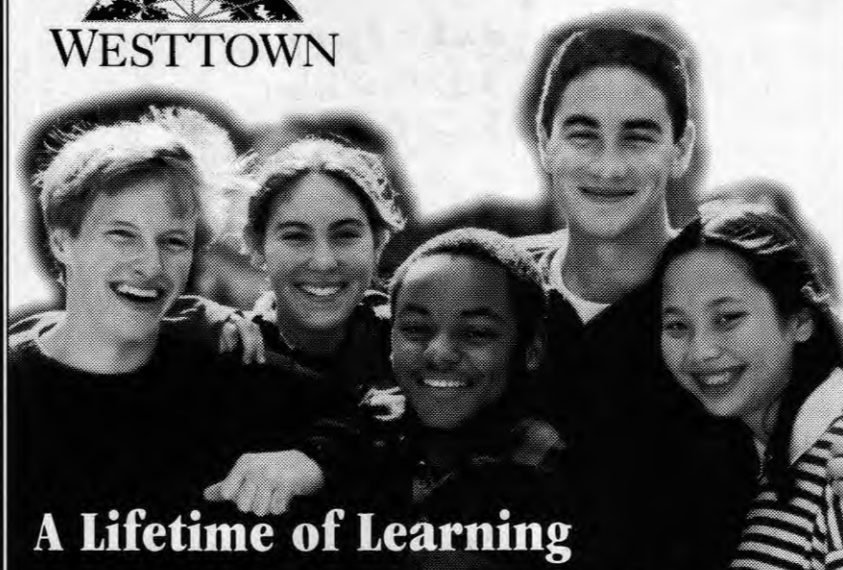
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## Milestones

### Births/Adoptions

**Jurgensen**—Garrett Christian Jurgensen, on Nov. 25, 1997, to Patricia Garrett Jurgensen and Mark Christian Jurgensen, of Abington (Pa.) Meeting.

### Deaths

**Armstrong**—Harley Armstrong, 92, on May 15, 1997, in Medford, N.J. Born in Oxford, Conn., Harley spent most of her youth in Bennington, Vt., where her parents had grown up. She graduated from the University of Vermont and also attended Hartford Seminary and Columbia University. Harley was assistant registrar at Berea College in Kentucky and taught English at the Blanch Kellogg Institute in Puerto Rico before settling into a 26-year career teaching English at Moorestown Friends School. A member of Moorestown (N.J.) Meeting, she was active in the work of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting with special interests in Native Americans and prisoners. Harley served as treasurer and recording secretary of the Friends Conference on Religion and Psychology. She served as secretary for the John Woolman Memorial Association in Mt. Holly, N.J., and was a member of the General Board of Pendle Hill. She is survived by a sister, Louise Pratt; a brother, John; two nieces; and two nephews.

**Benson**—Karen Deborah Benson, 55, on July 19, 1997, of cancer, in Petersburg, Va. Debbie was a much loved member of Multnomah (Ore.) Meeting, which she joined in 1984. She was active on several committees and her caring touched many. Debbie quietly made things happen. She initiated the Friendly Eights program, where people invited a small group for potluck at private homes in order to get to know each other and to deepen commitment in the meeting. She cared and worked for many people in and outside of the meeting. She had a great love of the outdoors and nature. Her inspirations and joys were camping, hiking, working in her nice garden, and basking in the sun. Debbie's lovely speaking and singing voice is remembered by many. Her quiet and thoughtful attitude also exhibited itself in care groups outside the meeting. She could always be found where there was hurt and a need for a comforting presence. Debbie's light still shines in the hearts of her many friends, who all miss her very much. She is survived by a daughter, Saidia; and a brother, Paul.

**Blackburn**—Mary Blackburn, 94, on Nov. 11, 1997, in Highland County, Ohio. While studying at Earlham College, from which she graduated in 1926, Mary discovered a love for poetry and a gift for writing. These led eventually to the publication of two volumes of her poetry, *Bittersweet* in 1952, and *Songs of Life* in 1981. Some of these poems had been published in *American Friend*, *Quaker Life*, and *FRIENDS JOURNAL*. She never married or sought outside employment, but spent most of her active life in homemaking and caregiving within her own family circle. She was a lifelong member of Miami (Ohio) Meeting, to which she and her family had been attached as nonresidents after 1905 when the last surviving Hicksite meeting in Highland County was laid down. In the 1950s she moved with her mother and unmarried brother Joseph to nearby Wilmington, Ohio. Her other brother, Charles Jr., had married into the pastoral

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Fairview Meeting near New Vienna and was for some years on the Board of Trustees of Wilmington College. After her move, Mary became active in the unprogrammed Campus (Ohio) Meeting and was a strong supporter of the college. Sessions of Campus monthly meeting for business were sometimes held in her home, and members from that era fondly recall her gracious hospitality and the beautiful roses she grew by her front door. In 1985 she moved to the Friendly Center apartments in Wilmington, and after that spent her last years in a series of nursing homes, looked after lovingly by her niece. Mary is survived by a niece, Priscilla Young.

**Bowles**—*Miriam Elleman Bowles*, 94, on Oct. 12, 1997. Miriam was one of the founding members of Augusta (Ga.) Meeting and Southeastern Yearly Meeting. She was a birthright Friend from West Milton, Ohio, and had lived in Augusta since 1938. She was a homemaker and teacher, a former board member of the YWCA, a member of the Faculty Wives of the Medical College of Georgia, and a regular supporter and contact person for the Friends Committee on National Legislation and the American Friends Service Committee. She was a mentor to many younger Friends in Augusta Meeting and Southeastern Yearly Meeting for as long as she was able to attend. Miriam hosted a meeting in her retirement home apartment on a monthly basis for several years. She was always devoted to her family. Miriam was preceded in death by her husband, Lester. She is survived by a son, James; a daughter, Barbara B. Whaley; and four grandchildren.

**Byrd**—*Robert Oakes Byrd*, 81, on Jan. 3, in Victoria, B.C. Born in Tacoma, Wash., Robert graduated from the College of Puget Sound in Seattle and received his PhD from the University of Chicago in 1953. He taught political science at North Park College in Chicago from 1958 until his retirement in 1980. Robert served with the American Friends Service Committee doing reconstruction work in Germany following World War II. From 1960 through 1961 he taught at the University of East Africa in Kampala, Uganda. Robert conducted seminars in West Africa from 1963 through 1965 and taught at the University of Zambia from 1970 through 1971. He moved to Victoria in 1991 and became a member of Victoria Meeting. Robert is survived by his wife, Myrtle Eleanor; his sister, Margaret James; and ten nieces and nephews.

**Connor**—*Ralph Libby Connor*, 88, on Aug. 28, 1997, in Seattle, Wash., at the home of his daughter, Sarah Connor Hart. Ralph was a graduate of Swarthmore College. After graduation he became a lawyer. He and his wife, Jean Webster McKinney, moved to Tymor Farm in Dutchess County, N.Y., and in 1953 joined Bulls Head-Oswego (N.Y.) Meeting. They both became active in Oakwood Friends School as parents and supporters. Ralph was appointed to the Board of Managers of Oakwood in 1955 and served off and on for the rest of his life. His judgement and his kindly, unassuming personality made him sought after for help in all kinds of situations. Ralph was preceded in death by his wife, Jean. He is survived by a daughter, Sarah Connor Hart; a sister, Joyce Wiggins; a brother, Bradford Connor; three grandchildren, Brett, Rene, and Katherine; and several nieces and nephews.

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Web: [www.georgeschool.pvt.k12.pa.us](http://www.georgeschool.pvt.k12.pa.us)

**Dicken**—*Samuel S. Dicken*, 50, on Dec. 21, 1997, after a lengthy illness. Sam was born in Wyandotte, Mich. He grew up in Dubuque, Iowa, and graduated from Iowa City High School in 1968. After moving to Asheville, N.C., in 1968 it was learned that Sam had autism. He participated in a special program at St. Paul's United Methodist Church where he had friends. He was an honorary member of Asheville Friends Meeting, of which his mother is a member, and had many special relationships with Friends. Sam loved life and his goal was to live to be 100 years old. He would ask your age and then tell you how long it would be until you reached 100. His cheerfulness and inquisitiveness were unique and will be missed by family and friends. Sam is survived by his mother, Mildred; and two brothers, Nicholas and William.

**Gilson**—*Sheila Bakerman Gilson*, 66, on Nov. 9, 1997, of leukemia. Born in Brooklyn, N.Y., Sheila was a lifelong enthusiast and supporter of the arts. She studied at the University of Wisconsin and at the Juilliard School where she trained as a dancer. She appeared in regional productions of musical revivals before she returned to New York and began a career of film editing. Sheila's diverse skills in several genres of film earned her recognition in the form of Emmies, Peabodies, and other national and international awards. She became the first woman film editor on staff at ABC. After her retirement Sheila began a career in chamber music management, in which she continued actively until within a week of her death. A vivid and supportive presence in the worship group at Shelter Island, N.Y., she participated in its evolution into an established meeting. She worked with energy and imagination every year on our annual Meeting for Sufferings, which reaches out to regional groups of Friends and to the wider community. The area in the woods on Shelter Island where the meeting worships during the summer was a source of spiritual renewal for Sheila. She carried that place in her heart and wanted to make sure she found her last home there, where she could mind the Light forever among the trees and the quiet beauty of the surroundings. Sheila is survived by her husband, Stanley Gilson.

**Gummere**—*Francis Barton Gummere*, 86, on Jan. 27, in Westwood, Mass. The grandson of one of the early presidents of Haverford College, Francis graduated from the college in 1932. He joined William Filene's Sons Co. in Boston as a stock boy and rose to vice president before his retirement in 1978. An intelligence officer in the Navy during World War II, he was critically injured, losing a leg during the amphibious assault on Sicily. With a particular interest in the development of a balanced system of transportation, Francis served the city of Boston as director of the MTBA in 1969. He also served on the Citizen's Committee on Traffic and Transportation from 1952 through 1954 and on the Citizen's Advisory Committee for Boston Redevelopment from 1963 through 1968. He was the former president of the Massachusetts Trade Retail Association and the Boston Retail Trade Board and a director of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and the Boston Municipal Research Board. Francis was a birthright member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting. He remained a lifelong supporter of Haverford College. Francis was preceded in death by his first wife, Dorothy Lippincott



Gummere. He is survived by his second wife, Claire; two sons, F.B. and John L.; two daughters, Deborah Nannucci and Elizabeth Wade Whitmore; a sister, Marjorie Gummere; seven grandchildren; and a great-grandson.

**Hadley**—*Herbert M. Hadley*, 82, on Jan. 13, after a long illness. Herbert spent the first part of his childhood north of the Arctic Circle in Alaska, where his father headed a Friends mission. The remainder of his childhood was spent on a family farm in Kansas. In 1939, following his graduation from Friends University in Wichita, Kans., Herbert became principal of North Branch Friends Academy, a school he had attended as a boy. He was drafted as a conscientious objector in 1941 and served four years of the war in various units of the Civilian Public Service, including a considerable time at Philadelphia State Hospital for mentally ill patients. He was one of seven Americans chosen to join the British Friends Ambulance Unit in China during the war, but was halted en route in South Africa because of U.S. legislation preventing COs from serving overseas. Following the war, he married Ruthanna Davis, of Richmond, Ind. They lived in the Philadelphia area for a year while Herbert completed a masters degree in American civilization at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1947, he became secretary of the Friends Meeting of Washington, D.C., serving a growing membership in a politically sensitive city, until his first appointment to the Friends World Committee in 1956. Herbert was appointed as an administrator, initially in the world office in England and later, from 1962 through 1980, in the American Section office in Philadelphia. In both capacities he traveled extensively among Quakers around the world, encouraging intervisitation and communication, organizing conferences, and supporting Quakers with political struggles. He represented Friends to the World Council of Churches, other ecumenical bodies, and to the United Nations through the Quaker UN Program. During his tenure, he drew non-Western Quakers into greater affiliation with the traditional transatlantic region of Friends and made important contributions to the relationships between Quakers of differing persuasions in the United States and around the world. Herbert was a longtime member of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting and served on several committees of the meeting. He was also a member of the Friends Historical Association. Elected as a member of the Corporation of Haverford College in 1969, he continued there as a Rufus Jones Associate. After he retired in 1980, Herbert published a history of the Friends World Committee, served for a year as a visiting fellow at Woodbrooke College in England, and in 1986 led a group of Americans on a tour of British industries with Quaker roots. Gordon Browne said of Herbert, "he had a major role in crucial, formative decisions from which FWCC still benefits and encouraged and inspired the participation of many of its key supporters. . . . We are all in his debt." He was a resident of Foulkeways at Gwynedd, Pa., a Quaker retirement community, at the time of his death. Herbert is survived by his wife, Ruthanna; two daughters, Carol Hadley Brown and Helen Hadley Dana; a son, Stephen Hadley; and four grandchildren.

**Jones**—*John Barclay Jones Jr.*, 69, on July 29, 1997, of Lou Gehrig's disease. John's life is a testament to

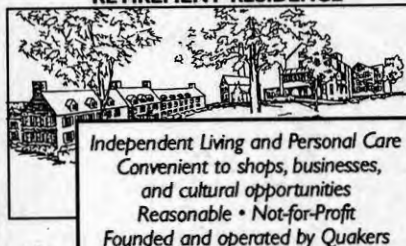
both his love of challenge and his Quaker conviction that you should let your life speak where it is most needed. In the midst of his undergraduate studies at Harvard he dropped out to do postwar relief work with the AFSC in France and Germany. Some years later when the nation was deep in its agonies over civil rights, John entered government service as a deputy attorney general to work on civil rights enforcement efforts and to be principal authority on tax matters in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. During that period he worked with Attorney General Robert Kennedy to secure the release of Cuban exiles captured during the Bay of Pigs invasion. Somehow he also found time during those busy days to be clerk of the board of Sidwell Friends School. He did it with humor, thoughtfulness, and efficiency. John had an impeccable feel for the exact moment when the sense of the meeting had been reached. He always got right to the point, got the full picture right away, and was invariably right with his suggestion or solution. At the end of a conversation he took a few moments to share some friendly, cheering words. In clerking meetings of Haverford College's Corporation, John was always patient and kind. One marveled at the way he melded the closely-reasoned logic of a lawyer with a sensitive and loving consideration of all points of view in a spirit that searched for the best possible outcome. Many would agree that John possessed a superb mind. But acute as his mind was, his heart balanced it perfectly. John's smile was always close at hand even when not in sight. He was utterly without pretension. Paraphrasing Pascal, "true expertise makes light of expertise." He loved a challenge and showed it when he went to Harvard instead of Haverford, where generations of his family had gone before him. John built his own TV in the early days of TV, he learned to fly his own Cessna airplane, and for years created for each issue of the Washington Monthly the most complicated, fiendishly difficult puzzle in the western world. He tutored math at Banneker High School in Washington, D.C. John was a valued trustee of Friends Meeting of Washington, as well as the auditor of its books for many years. He was selfless in his legal advice to Friends organizations throughout his life. When John went to see his doctor to find out the diagnosis, he noticed that the doctor became hesitant and was having difficulty in finding the right words. So John decided to help him: "Don't worry. Everything will be all right." As we think again of this remarkable man, the vivid memory he left with us seems to say to each one of us about the life ahead: "Don't worry. Everything will be all right." John is survived by his wife, Anita; two daughters, Phoebe and Kathy; and a son, Barky.

**Rosenblatt**—*Edgar Fritz Rosenblatt*, 96, on Dec. 14, 1997, of congestive heart failure, at his home in Peapack, N.J. Born in Grossenhain, Germany, Edgar was educated at the Afra Fuerstenschule in Meissen and went on to study at the Universities of Tübingen and Leipzig, from which he received a PhD in inorganic chemistry in 1928. In 1930 Edgar married Herta Fischer. Though raised as a Lutheran, he lost his teaching assignment in 1933 under widely imposed Nazi orders to dismiss all Jewish faculty from their positions. In 1934 he emigrated to the United States, and in 1935 Herta, accompanied by their three small children, joined him in New Jersey. The family settled in East Orange and became active

members of Montclair (N.J.) Meeting. In 1946 they moved to Montclair, and in 1958 he and his wife moved to Peapack, where they lived for almost 40 years. After retirement from a lifelong career with the Engelhard Corporation, Edgar devoted himself to reading, chess, gardening, his collection of Japanese prints, and to his grandchildren. He and Herta traveled regularly to Europe and spent extended vacations in Germany's Black Forest and the Dolomites. Edgar is survived by his wife; three children, Christine, Gerd, and Maria; nine grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

We publish Milestones that meetings and families send us. If you would like to have items listed here, please send them within 6 weeks of the event to FRIENDS JOURNAL, Milestones, 1216 Arch Street, 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107.

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Vanderbilt theologian Sallie McFague, especially *Models of God*, 1988.)

Additionally, for me the experience of a Higher Power has come most often through the words or actions of "fellow travelers." This has evolved into membership in Quakerism's ministry among us, that of God within. Ethical behavior, compassion even, and the cause of peace and justice in our world flow from this base. Teachings received in youth and lived by many whose lives have touched mine have thus continued to be validated—often within a scriptural quote remembered from childhood, but without rigidity, as part of one's personal odyssey.

From this perspective, we now face the challenges of aging and joys of grandparenting and trust that Paul Bixby does also. Thank you, FRIENDS JOURNAL, for facilitating the continued dialog among us, on many topics.

Jane Ortel  
Block Island, R.I.

## Sacramental ministry

In the April issue, two articles, "Bible as Ministry" and "Prophecy and Testimony," spoke loudly to my condition as a Friend seeking a deeper experience of Christianity in my meeting in Blacksburg, Va.

A convinced Friend, after having found Quakerism on a path that led from a nonreligious form of Judaism to a discovery of Christian thought in the Gospels and in other theological writings, I have felt afraid, almost ashamed to confess my wish for more biblical leadings and for a more living experience of Christ in the current atmosphere of Friends meetings I have known.

Recently—in these past pre-Easter months—I felt a wish, almost a need, to observe Holy

Thursday with a washing of the feet ceremony in my own meeting, among Friends. Yet I felt hesitant to bring this thought to my meeting until I saw, to my amazement and satisfaction, the cover of April's FRIENDS JOURNAL, with the wonderful Dürer etching, and the two articles above mentioned.

I know well that Friends endeavor to make all life a sacrament, but I have never fully understood why such a commitment, one I fully embrace and strive to fulfill, precludes the possibility of being led to experience or create other Christian sacraments out of the Spirit and in the spirit of Friends. Do we perhaps repress the Spirit's leadings at times out of concern that we might be un-Quakerly?

There is a solemnity and beauty in the communion service as I have experienced it at times, though in most instances the churches seem to burden the essence of this sacrament with structure and liturgical excess. The religious tradition of Jesus washing the Disciples' feet seems so close to the spirit of early Quakers, who were known by their love for one another, that I cannot imagine why it would not be a natural expression of our form of communal relationship if done in, and out of, the freedom in which we seek leadings and witness. In the same manner that we seek and attest to the Light in vocal ministry might we not also hear the small voice encouraging us at times to create our own way of sacramental ministry, attentive always to the Spirit?

I would welcome dialog on these thoughts.

Alwyn Moss  
Blacksburg, Va.





## Stamps for peace

A brief message in the April Forum from a Friend in Botswana spurred us to respond. As this is written, it has been almost one year since the Quaker Missions fund raising project of Mattapoisett (Mass.) Meeting made its first distribution to Friends World Committee for Consultation and an International Quaker Aid school addition in Peru.

Using postage stamps of the world as a medium of exchange for cash—and with the help of Friends all over the world supplying mostly used stamps—Quaker Missions has been able to distribute almost \$2,000 in a year's time.

The project is run on an all-volunteer basis. The stamps are sorted, packaged, and sold to collectors as well as one dealer. United States and foreign commemorative stamps are highly prized. In addition to the school in Peru, donations have gone to the play center for Palestinian refugee children in Ramallah, a women's brick kiln operation in India, the Quaker UN Office, conflict resolution and/or farming programs in Zaire and Sierra Leone, agricultural training in El Salvador, repair of meetinghouses in Cuba, and the water tank project in Kitale, Kenya.

The more Friends who turn to "stamp collecting" for Quaker Missions—and who will do so on a continuing basis—the more "good works" can be supported. The donated stamps should be clipped or torn from envelopes, using care that the stamps and their perforations are not damaged. They should then be mailed in batches of 25 or more to Quaker Missions, P.O. Box 795, Mattapoisett, MA 02739. Our thanks to all who are now contributing regularly. We hope others will be led to join in.

Brad Hathaway  
Mattapoisett, Mass.

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

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What would you think about a **National Peace Endowment Fund**? What would the main advantages and disadvantages be? Looking for comments, suggestions. Tom Todd, 3713 West Main, Kalamazoo, MI 49006-2842.

## Friends of Quang Ngai Province, Vietnam

Roger Marshall, Prosthetist/Orthotist and former war-time member of AFSC Quaker service in Vietnam, has been nominated Project Manager for building a Prosthetic/Orthotic Rehabilitation Center in Quang Ngai province, Vietnam. The war may have ended, but people are still losing limbs to mines planted years ago. Contributions for this greatly needed project or enquiries for more information should be addressed to:

**Friendship Foundation of American-Vietnamese**, 1444 East Erie Avenue, Lorain, Ohio 44052, U.S.A. Telephone: (440) 288-4544. Fax: (440) 288-9306. E-mail: FFAVN@centuryinter.net.

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**Art of Clowning**, Elizabeth McClung, July 24-28.  
**Clay, Color, and Word**, M. C. Richards, July 29-August 2.  
**Moving into Stillness: Tai Chi and Yoga Retreat**, Betsy Chapman and Dorian Abel, July 29-August 2.  
**Clay, Myth, and Fairy Tale**, George Kokis, August 7-11.  
**Sacred Images: Photography Retreat**, Danna Cornick, August 7-11; option of extending to August 14.  
**Ministry of Writing for Publication**, Tom Mullen, August 12-16.

**Papermaking and Stones: Metaphors for Transformation**, Jill Powers and Glenn Mitchell, August 12-16.

#### Other Summer and Fall Conferences:

**AVP Training, Level II**, August 7-11 and **Level III (leader training)**, August 12-16, Stephen Angell, Margaret McKenna, and Steve Martin.

**Young Adult Friends Gathering**, Tracey Peterson and others, special low price, ages 18-40, September 5-7.

**Religious Education: Ideas that Work**, cosponsored with FGC's RE Committee, September 11-13.

**Silent Retreat**, Kathryn Damiano, October 9-11.

**Mountaintops and Valleys of the Spiritual Life**, Dan Snyder and Demaris Wehr, October 23-25.

Contact: Registrar, Pendle Hill, Box F, 338 Plush Mill Rd., Wallingford, PA 19086-6099. (610) 566-4507 or (800) 742-3150, x 142.

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**FRIENDS JOURNAL** seeks a new **Editor-Manager** to begin work in January 1999. The Editor-Manager serves as the CEO of Friends Publishing Corporation. S/he is responsible for overseeing all functions of the organization including management of publications, finance, personnel, technology, fundraising, and facilities. S/he interprets FRIENDS JOURNAL and is responsive to the Religious Society of Friends. Please see our display ad on page 32.

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Full-time staff position at **Friends House Moscow, Russia**, to work with continuing full-time native Russian staff person. The two staff persons will work jointly and be co-responsible to the Governing Board of FHM. Candidates must be conversationally fluent in Russian, have a strong background in Quakerism (including peace and social witness), skills in program development, and practical acquaintance with current conditions in the former Soviet Union. AVP training is preferred. Appointments will be made for one year with the possibility of extensions. Compensation includes modest salary, travel and housing allowance, and where appropriate, provision for insurance and benefits. More complete job description and application available from Julie Harlow, 1163 Auburn Drive, Davis, CA 95616 or e-mail jharlow@aol.com. Application deadline September 1, 1998, for job opening January 1, 1999.



**Sidwell Friends School**, a coed PreK-12 Quaker school located in Washington, D.C., invites qualified applicants for staff and faculty positions which may be applied for at any time. Members of the Society of Friends are particularly encouraged to apply. Sidwell

Friends students and alumni represent many cultural, racial, religious, and economic backgrounds. The school's vigorous academic curriculum is supplemented by numerous offerings in the arts and athletics. A Chinese language and history program is shared with other area schools on a consortium basis. The curriculum includes community service requirements and opportunities for internships in Washington, D.C., and a student year abroad. Educational and extracurricular activities are enriched by the school's presence in the nation's capital. Send cover letter and resumes to Office of Personnel Services, Sidwell Friends School, 3825 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Washington, DC 20016.

**Quaker House of Fayetteville, North Carolina**, seeks a Director to counsel military personnel who want a discharge, information about their rights, or who are AWOL. Serving the Southeastern U.S., the Director works with a nationwide organization of counselors as part of the GI Rights Network. The Director must have a commitment to Quaker faith and practice. The work involves frequent phone contact with service members, sometimes in crisis. An ideal candidate will have good organizational skills, a sense of humor, speak and write well, deal comfortably with a diverse range of Friends, be comfortable on a computer, and be able to live and work in a predominantly military area. Applicants need not be experienced military counselors, but will need to learn rapidly. The Director is responsible for daily operation of the office, written communication (including newsletter), representing Quaker House to the public, training and supervising volunteers, and supporting the life and growth of Fayetteville Friends Meeting. The Director may also pursue projects that support nonviolence and justice in ways compatible with personal leadings and Quaker testimonies.

House provided (which is also the office and meetinghouse), use of a car, utilities, insurance, and salary of \$12,000 (negotiable).

Fayetteville is adjacent to Fort Bragg Army Post (one of the largest in the world) and Pope Air Force Base. Since 1969 Quaker House has been a presence for peace in Fayetteville, supported by Friends Meetings and individual donations. Send letter of intent, resume, name, address, and phone of three references (one of which is to address the applicant's involvement in his/her meeting and Friends activities) to Search Committee, Quaker House, 223 Hillside Avenue, Fayetteville, NC 28301, or Quakrhse@foto.inf.net.

## Rentals & Retreats

**Live on the Maine Coast.** Attractive waterfront house near Wiscasset on Westport Island (with bridge). Deck, rocky point, woods, peace and quiet. Labor Day to Memorial Day \$500/month. (617) 696-6353.

**East Mountain Retreat Center.** Beautiful Berkshire mountain views, hiking trails. An interfaith facility for individuals and groups. \$30/day room and board. Trained spiritual guides available if desired at no extra cost. Closed Jan. 15-Mar. 15. 8 Lake Buel Road, Gt. Barrington, MA 01230. Phone-Fax: (413) 528-6617.

### Office Space Rental

Approximately 800 sq. ft. of office space available in our Center City Philadelphia condominium. Close to public transportation, facing Philadelphia Convention Center. Handicapped accessible, use of full kitchen, friendly neighbors. \$15 per sq. ft. Space can be divided to suit your needs. Rent includes heat, a/c, and electric. Call: Friends Journal (215) 563-8629, fax (215) 568-1377.

**Pocono Manor.** Beautiful, rustic mountain house suitable for gatherings, retreats, and reunions. Seven bedrooms. Three full baths. Beds for 15. Fully equipped. Deck with mountain view. Hiking trails from back door. Weekends or by the week, May through October. Contact Jonathan Snipes: (215) 736-1856.

**A Friendly Maui vacation** on a Quaker family organic farm. 20 minutes to local beaches. New stone and cedar building with large octagonal room, skylight, ocean view, walk-in closet, and private bath. Full kitchen, organic vegetable garden, and hot tub. Bed and breakfast or bed and supper: \$70 per day. Weekly and monthly rates available. Write or call Henrietta & Wm. Vitarelli, 375 Kawelo Road, Haiku, HI 96708. Telephone: (808) 572-9205. Fax: 572-6048.

**Beautiful Vacation House.** Maryland Eastern Shore. Air-conditioned, 2 bedrooms, 1.5 baths, loft, deck. Near beach, golf course; peaceful, wooded; \$550/week. (410) 433-0605.



## Retirement Living

**Friends House**, a Quaker-sponsored retirement community in Santa Rosa, California, offers one- and two-bedroom garden apartments or more spacious three-bedroom, two-bath homes for independent living. Immediate occupancy may be available. An assisted-living home, a skilled nursing facility, and adult day care services are also available on campus. Friends House is situated one hour north of San Francisco with convenient access to the Pacific coast, redwood forests, cultural events, medical services, and shopping. Friends House, 684 Benicia Drive, Santa Rosa, CA 95409. (707) 538-0152. [www.friendshouse.org](http://www.friendshouse.org).

## KENDAL COMMUNITIES and SERVICES FOR OLDER PEOPLE

Kendal communities and services reflect sound management, adherence to Quaker values, and respect for each individual.

### Continuing care retirement communities:

Kendal at Longwood; Crosslands • Kennett Square, Pa.  
Kendal at Hanover • Hanover, N.H.  
Kendal at Oberlin • Oberlin, Ohio.  
Kendal at Ithaca • Ithaca, N.Y.

### Communities under development:

Kendal at Lexington • Lexington, Va.  
Kendal on Hudson • Sleepy Hollow, N.Y.

### Independent living with residential services:

Coniston and Cartmel • Kennett Square, Pa.

### Skilled nursing care; assisted living:

Barclay Friends • West Chester, Pa.

### Advocacy/education programs:

Untie the Elderly • Pa. Restraint Reduction Initiative

Kendal Corporation Internships

For information, call or write: Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, P.O. Box 100, Kennett Square, Pa. 19348. (610) 388-5581. e-mail: [info@kcorp.kendal.org](mailto:info@kcorp.kendal.org).

**Foxdale Village**, for Quaker-directed life care. A vibrant and caring community that encourages and supports men and women as they seek to live life fully and gracefully in harmony with the principles of simplicity, diversity, equality, mutual respect, compassion, and personal involvement. Spacious ground-floor apartments and community amenities such as library, auditorium, woodshop, computer lab. Entry fees \$43,000–\$148,000; monthly fees \$1,372–\$2,522. Fees include medical care. 500 East Marylyn Avenue, Department F, State College, Pa. 16801-6269. Telephone: (800) 253-4951.



**Friends Homes, Inc.**, founded by the North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing retirement options since 1968. Both Friends Homes at Guilford and Friends Homes West are continuing care retirement communities offering independent living, assisted living, and skilled nursing care. Located in Greensboro, North Carolina, both communities are close to Guilford College and several Quaker meetings. Enjoy the beauty of four seasons, as well as outstanding cultural, intellectual, and spiritual opportunities in an area where Quaker roots run deep. For information please call: (910) 292-9952 or write: Friends Homes West, 6100 W. Friendly Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27410. Friends Homes, Inc. owns and operates communities dedicated to the letter and spirit of Equal Housing Opportunity.

## Schools

**Sandy Spring Friends School.** Five- or seven-day boarding option for grades 9–12. Day school pre-K through 12. College preparatory, upper school AP courses. Strong arts and academics, visual and performing arts, and team athletic programs. Coed. Approximately 480 students. 140-acre campus less than an hour from Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, Md. International programs. Incorporating traditional Quaker values. 16923 Norwood Road, Sandy Spring, MD 20860. (301) 774-7455, ext. 158.

**Westbury Friends School.** Safe, nurturing Quaker environment for 100 children, nursery–grade 6, on beautiful 17-acre grounds. Small classes and dedicated teachers. Music, art, computers, Spanish, and gym. Extended-day, vacation-holiday, and summer programs. Half- and full-day nursery, preK. Brochure: Westbury Friends School, 550 Post Avenue, Westbury, NY 11590. (516) 333-3178.

**John Woolman School.** Rural California, grades 9–12. Preparation for college and adulthood, small classes, caring staff, work program, service projects; board, day. 13075 Woolman Lane, Nevada City, CA 95959. (916) 273-3183.

**Frankford Friends School:** coed, K–6, serving center city, northeast, and most areas of Philadelphia. We provide children with an affordable yet challenging academic program in a small nurturing environment. Frankford Friends School, 1500 Orthodox Street, Philadelphia, PA 19124. (215) 533-5368.

**Westtown School:** Under the care of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting since 1799, Westtown seeks Quaker children for day (PreK–10) and boarding (9–12). Boarding is required in 11th and 12th grades. Significant Quaker presence among 600 students, 80 teachers. Challenging academics, arts, athletics, in a school where students from diverse racial, national, economic, and religious backgrounds come together to form a strong community of shared values. Financial assistance is available. Westtown, PA 19395. (610) 399-7900.

**The Quaker School at Horsham,** a value-centered elementary and middle school for students with learning differences. Small, remedial classes, qualified staff, serving Philadelphia, Bucks, and Montgomery Counties. 318 Meeting House Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2875.

Come visit **Olney Friends School** on your cross-country travels, six miles south of I-70 in the green hills of eastern Ohio. A residential high school and farm, next to Stillwater Meetinghouse, Olney is college preparation built around truthful thinking, inward listening, loving community, and useful work. 61830 Sandy Ridge Road, Barnesville, Ohio 43713. (614) 425-3655.

**Junior high boarding school** for grades 7, 8, 9. Small academic classes, challenging outdoor experiences, community service, consensus decision making, daily work projects in a small, caring, community environment. **Arthur Morgan School**, 1901 Hannah Branch Road, Burnsville, NC 28714. (704) 675-4262.

**United Friends School:** coed; preschool–8; emphasizing integrated, developmentally appropriate curriculum, including whole language and manipulative math; serving upper Bucks County. 20 South 10th Street, Quakertown, PA 18951. (215) 538-1733.

**Lansdowne Friends School.** A small Friends 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. 110 N. Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050. (610) 623-2548.

**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 at-risk program for five-year-olds is available. The school also offers an extended day program, tutoring, and summer school. Information: Stratford Friends School, 5 Llandillo Road, Havertown, PA 19083. (610) 446-3144.

## Services Offered

**Grant Writer.** Published researcher and poet, MA English. 20 years nonprofit management. (808) 988-8043. [mcm@java.net](mailto:mcm@java.net), MC Miller, POB 11782, Honolulu, HI 96828.

**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.

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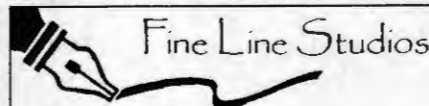
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**Moving to North Carolina?** Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pinewood Dr., Greensboro, NC 27410. (336) 294-2095.

We are a fellowship, Friends mostly, seeking to enrich and expand our spiritual experience. We seek to obey the promptings of the Spirit, however named. We meet, publish, correspond. Inquiries welcome! Write **Quaker Universalist Fellowship**, 121 Watson Mill Road, Landenberg, PA 19350-9344.



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### Forum Travel

Quaker-owned-and-managed travel agency. Friendly, experienced service; domestic and international; overnight delivery. (800) 888-4099.

### Quaker Writers & Artists!

Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts. FQA's goal: "To nurture and showcase the literary, visual, musical, and performing arts within the Religious Society of Friends, for purposes of Quaker expression, ministry, witness, and outreach. To these ends, we will offer spiritual, practical, and financial support as way opens." Help build an international network of creative support and celebration. Membership, \$15/year. FQA, P.O. Box 58565, Philadelphia, PA 19102. E-mail: [fqa@quaker.org](mailto:fqa@quaker.org). Our Web Page: <http://www.quaker.org/fqa>.

**Friendly Financial Services.** Let me help you prepare for retirement or work out an estate plan. Socially responsible investments—my specialty. Call Joyce Moore, LUTCF, Joyce Moore Financial Services at (610) 966-6127 or e-mail [jmfs@aol.com](mailto:jmfs@aol.com). (Securities offered by Washington Square Securities, 20 Washington Square South, Minneapolis, MN 55401.)

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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 new facilities or renovate existing facilities. For information contact Margaret Schmidt, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374. Telephone: (765) 962-7573.

## Summer Camps



### Endless Summer Baseball Camp Endless Mountains, Montrose, PA.

- Boys and girls 8–14; overnight & day campers
- 3 one-week sessions in August

• David Culp, director, member of the Society of Friends, former Kansas University varsity player and coach at Abington Friends High School and Phillies Camp. For brochure contact David Culp: (215) 248-9361/ Fax (215) 248-3589. 7000 Crittenden Street, Philadelphia, PA 19119. E-mail: [BerryCulp@msn.com](mailto:BerryCulp@msn.com).

**Riding and Horsemanship Lessons** for all ages at Spring Creek Equestrian. Also, Kids Pony Camp and Working Students' Program. (610) 970-1373.

## Summer Rentals

**Prince Edward Island, Canada.** Lovely cottage on water, west of Cansupec Bay. Sleeps six. \$400 weekly. Available June, July, August. (607) 387-6253.

**Vermont Retreat:** Cozy lakefront home on Lake Bomoseen (Rutland area); four bedrooms, two baths, pine-paneled living room, jalousied porch, deck, dock, canoe, good swimming, sunset views, great hiking, and gorgeous fall foliage of Green Mountains. Available spring, summer, fall. \$650/week. (734) 662-3435.

**Maine-Cape Split Road Addition.** Comfortable, five-bedroom, fully equipped farmhouse on private shore with own sand beach and miles of beachland and woodland trails. \$700/week. June–July. (607) 273-7062. E-mail: [dnr1@cornell.edu](mailto:dnr1@cornell.edu).

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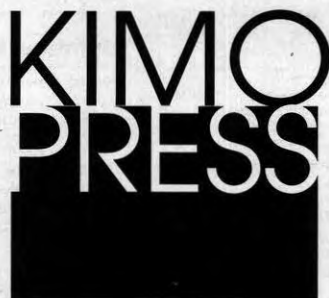
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