there is no room
for set decrees
or specific laws
in a sea of love
which knows no boundaries
and has no shores
Among Friends

Evelyn

I never got practical training for this, not even in college. It was just something to learn by experience. I was there in the delivery room the day she was born. The doctor said it would be a difficult delivery and suggested I should leave, but I wouldn’t. I was there to bring her home from the hospital. There were years of skinned knees and gauze in her hair and staying up late when she had a fever and reading Dr. Spock to figure out the best ways to do certain things like toilet training and handling temper tantrums—mine and hers.

There were the hard years when I became the primary parent after my first marriage broke up. Trying to find good day care so I could go to work and sometimes taking her to work with me. Trying to figure out what to do when she was sick and there was no baby sitter and needing to go to a meeting at night—and not wanting to blame her for my feelings. Being in a rush to get somewhere and she didn’t want to stop playing with her dolls or had gotten all dirty and needed to be changed.

Then came the teenage rebellion that lasted into her 20s, years when we were not very good friends. Arguments and not knowing where she was, and trying to get her to school and she wouldn’t go. Then she stopped coming home altogether. I tried to figure out what I had done wrong but decided it wasn’t anything I had done or not done. We both just had to get through it. I didn’t know what to feel when she called me from a hospital in New York to say “me and the twins are doing fine.” I mean, how should I feel about her having kids and not being married—or not even having a relationship over those years with anyone I’d want her to marry?

Before I knew it she was 27 and Anthony and Peter were ten and she found a great guy to love, and he loves her and the twins too. And there was the evening this spring when she said, “Come on old man, you’re going with us to get fitted with a tux. All the men are gonna wear tuxes, and so are you.” We had a hilarious time getting pants and jackets and cummerbunds to fit and figuring out again how to put on that kind of tie. They tried to give Peter one size-three and one size-four shoe, and Anthony’s pants at first made him look like Charlie Chaplin.

On June 7 we got up extra early to get the twins dressed in their tuxes. I got myself ready too, and my wife helped while my cousin from Michigan came in and took pictures of us trying to get ready. And there was the panic of finding the place and being there early enough (not a Quaker meetinghouse but a restaurant in the suburbs). The band set up and the flowers got delivered and placed and pictures were taken and people started arriving in droves.

It was time. We lined up and I just about came apart when the twins escorted the groom to the front while their favorite baby sitter, Jamie, played the trumpet. The rest of the wedding party went in too.

Then it’s just us. It’s that moment books and movies make a big thing of. The music plays and we walk down the aisle together. I look at her and am sure there was never a more beautiful bride. Never a more beautiful bride. And there is Bill to meet Grandpa?” He thought it was just something to do after the wedding. And there is Bill to meet the most handsome groom ever. The rest is a blur. Food. Dancing. A table loaded with gifts. Being with friends and family. The bride and groom making their escape showered with bird seed.

While they’re away two weeks, I’m living with the twins and relearning the ropes of getting children off to school and figuring out how to get my work done and fix dinner and be sure everyone gets where they’re supposed to each day. One night during a TV show the boys were watching, I fell asleep while sitting on the couch. Anthony gently touched my arm and asked, “Are you OK Grandpa?” He thought my snores were something serious.

Yes, Anthony, I’m definitely OK.

Next month in Friends Journal:

Lucretia Moti: Women’s Spin Doctor
Some Thoughts on Forgiving
In Search of God at Earlham
Features

6 The Transforming Gospel
Friends of Jesus Community
Jesus calls us to abandon the ordinary.

7 A Bridge of Love: Cuba to New England
Elizabeth Claggett-Bonne
Cuba Yearly Meeting and New England Yearly Meeting have an intentional relationship.

10 Abiding in Darkness: Depression and My Quaker Faith
Kirk D. Read
The tides of the ocean of light and love are not ours to command.

13 This Is the Beginning of Instruction in Yoga
Judith Todd Monroe
A mysterious visitor brings wholeness.

16 On Having No Form
Shan Cretin
Kung fu unexpectedly teaches lessons about Quaker practice.

Departments

2 Among Friends
4 Forum
19 Life in the Meeting
20 Young Friends
21 Summer Puzzler
22 News
24 Bulletin Board
25 Books
28 Milestones
31 Classified
34 Meetings

Poetry

8 A Sabbath Prayer
Peter Meister

9 Orphic Hymn
K.V. Witt

12 Celebrating Our Brokenness
Fredrick Zydek

15 Eve, Wondering
Michael S. Glaser

17 The Great Silence
Patricia G. Rourke

18 Healing Chair
C. Michael Gibson

21 The Moment
Kathy Kennedy Tapp

22 Celebrating Our Brokenness
Fredrick Zydek

23 Eve, Wondering
Michael S. Glaser

24 The Great Silence
Patricia G. Rourke

25 Healing Chair
C. Michael Gibson

26 The Moment
Kathy Kennedy Tapp

27 Celebrating Our Brokenness
Fredrick Zydek

28 Eve, Wondering
Michael S. Glaser

Charcoal drawing: Mary Lou Gervais

Cover poem by Amos Smith; photo by Terry Foss.
**Forum**

**Wisdom**

In getting older I have discovered that the wisdom of the ages is not in having wisdom, but in knowing where to look for it and in having the knowledge to know how to recognize and apply it.

In the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Meeting a couple of years ago we had a mentoring program. Children were matched with adults to be mentored. My mentee was a very special young girl of about 11 who had been chosen to be clerk of the Junior Meeting. I soon discovered that the role of mentor and mentee became confused. When looking at a particularly thorny problem in the meeting I felt a need to move the meeting to my point of view. During a conversation with my mentee, or mentor at that moment, she pointed out that I had strong powers of persuasion. I immediately realized that I was in danger of allowing my personal views to interfere with the Quaker process of searching for truth, and I could back off and trust in process.

How often our wisdom comes from sources outside of ourselves: The persistence of a squirrel trying to get to my bird feeder, and its creativity to invent new ways to get the food. My grandchild learning to walk, and getting up time and time again only to fall down, until the miracle happens! Or just a friend saying, isn’t it time you relooked at the situation, and realizing you have been going around in circles not knowing how to proceed.

I am not wise but maybe sometimes I am a receiver of as well as a conduit to wisdom.

_Svella Wahrhaftig_  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Jesus laughed**

In response to Harold Vedova’s observation (Forum May) that “it [would] help us relate to him in a more human way if Jesus laughed,” readers can look up Elton Trueblood’s _The Humor of Christ_ (Harper and Row, 1975).

_Steven Angell_  
Tallahassee, Fla.

**High tech archivists**

Regarding “The Vanishing Archivist” (Forum April), please ask our Friendly archivists not to give up the task! It actually has become more imperative than ever as our records are kept in an accessible form! We are fortunate that as meetings began to computerize their records, few, if any, had access to “main frames” and “magnetic tapes”; those tapes would have already begun to degrade to a point that much of the information stored on them would no longer be accessible.

How many meetings today are still using 5½” floppy disks for data storage? Those who used them in the past, or who still do so, should be aware that in a not-too-distant future their files will be unreadable since all computers built today use 3½” floppy drives.

Now is the time for our archivists to step forward and sound the alarm: Meetings should make sure the information they so diligently keep can be used in the future.

In ages past, records were kept on stone tablets and papyrus scrolls. Once we broke the language code barriers, we were allowed a glimpse of an otherwise unknowable ancient world. Without modern archivists continually updating our storage methods, tomorrow’s student will not only have to interpret the bits and bytes, but recreate “ancient technology” in order to understand the documents we are so diligently leaving behind.

To the question of “would you [the archivists] like copies of our disks?” the answer is, Yes. As we store our records on today’s hard drives, floppy disks, zip disks, and jazz tapes, we must forward them for updating to our “computer literate, conscientious, and respected archivist[s]” to keep our “…one-of-a-kind documents accessible to… humble Friend[s]…”

_Susan Kaul_  
Darnestown, Md.

**Looking at abortion**

Let me commend you for publishing, and Jean Malcolm and Steward Mulford for writing, such a thoughtful and well-reasoned article as “Two Friends Look at Abortion” (Forum May). Surely this article will help to advance the discussion on abortion past the stock positions advanced by those on either end of the ideological spectrum.

I would like to address one matter where Malcolm and Mulford differ. Malcolm writes that “the killing of human life in abortion is different” from war and capital punishment, because “dealing with… pregnancy is… personal and private,” and the other forms of killing are “state sanctioned, ordered, and controlled.” Hence one is not being inconsistent in supporting “the right to private decisions regarding reproductive choice” while opposing “state-ordered war and state executions of human beings.” I wonder whether this kind of dichotomy can really be sustained.

There are many people ready to defend staunchly one form of human life as sacred, while allowing other humans to be killed. Numerous anti-abortion activists, for example, have argued that while formative human beings constitute “innocent” life, that men and women on death row are “guilty” life, and hence properly subject to the sanction of death. Just war advocates have found numerous ways to distinguish between those lives that may be taken and those lives that should not be, most notably in distinctions between combatants and noncombatants. To Malcolm and all other persons who would advocate or tolerate selective killing, I wish to insist that human life is human life, whether publicly or privately nurtured, innocent or guilty, combatant or noncombatant. Do we as Friends really wish to uphold any distinction in which one human life is seen as precious and sacred, and another is not? Why these different categories, when all of us have that of God within us?

Yes, a fertilized ovum of a female human must be defined as human but cannot be so described adequately. Weeks will turn into months before this pre-born person can even exist in the environment outside a womb, at which time its status does change. During that first trimester, a mother-to-be may rejoice, be resigned, or feel rage and/or despair. If she feels unable to deal with her pregnancy, in any way, shape, or form, she has several options, but one thing she cannot change, namely, the lifelong relationship created for both should she carry to term. Even her suicide involves killing two.

In Texas, a homeowner has the right to...
use whatever force becomes necessary to remove an intruder from her/his home. For a woman, an unwanted pregnancy means an intrusion into her body that requires from her not just nine months of development with her—at the expense of her freedom to retain her figure (to say the least)—but a permanent, lifetime role as “natural” mother. Ending a pregnancy must be seen as a last resort, with preventing an unwanted one as the first one, but never made illegal.

The law has no right to deny female citizens this right.

Let’s recognize the difference between a woman pregnant for eight hours and one for that many months! Let’s also include the fact that a couple may have “unprotected” intercourse on many days of her menstrual cycle without starting a baby. Times have changed from when I first started a family and waiting for one’s period to start or not gave the key to the future (which now can be found promptly with a kit).

During part of my childbearing years I lived in Connecticut, which along with Massachusetts prohibited birth control. We lived close enough to New York, however, to cross the state line to get a baby. This stance rejects the “lesser of two wrongs,” for an individual who wishes to control her family size to choose an abortion when faced with an unwanted pregnancy.

How can it be morally wrong, or even the “less of two wrongs,” for an individual who wishes to control her family size to choose an abortion when faced with an unwanted pregnancy?

Adding the above extremely important reason to those given by Malcolm in her statement, how can we accept Mulford’s dogma that “abortion is killing human life” equal to capital punishment and war?

I hope that two of the suggestions for Quaker action are never undertaken. Under present circumstances committees of clearness would be most unlikely to be clear to give help. I would hope the young woman (and not her partner unless she wishes it) might have a loving relative or friend in whom she could confide. A memorial service would only serve to increase the feelings of guilt that much of current society imposes on women who have an abortion. What would there be to memorialize?

John P. Alcock
Marshall, Va.

The otherwise commendable discussion of abortion does contain misunderstandings, in particular in reference to the Roe v. Wade decision. I often wonder if people who make pronouncements about it ever read it.

Justice Blackmun, who wrote the decision, attempted a compromise. As a compromise it did not satisfy the pro-life people who wanted no abortion at all, nor the pro-choice advocates who wanted an across-the-board access to abortion.

Justice Blackmun did not “legalize abortion” in the latter sense. He stated explicitly that the abortion decision and its implementation applied only to the first trimester, subject to the medical judgment of the attending physician. He goes on to say, “For the state subsequent to viability the State, in promoting its interest in the potentiality of human life, may, if it chooses, regulate and even proscribe, abortion except where it is necessary, in appropriate medical judgment, for the preservation of the life or health of the mother.” That is the middle ground position that did not please any of the protagonists, and which was not really understood by our two writers.

Justice Blackmun goes further. While agreeing that conception is private matter, the Supreme Court stated that pregnancy and birthing is not. This stance rejects the proposition that a woman has the right to deal with her body any way she wants. I am surprised that some Friends support this nihilistic doctrine. While acknowledging that there is a right to privacy under the U.S. Constitution, the Supreme Court decisively disagreed that this right to privacy “is absolute and that she is entitled to terminate her pregnancy at whatever time, in whatever way, and for whatever reason she alone chooses. . . . The woman’s privacy is no longer sole, and any right of privacy she possesses must be measured accordingly.” Our two Friends disagree with this position, but, nevertheless, it is the law of the land. From a legal view, their stance is moot.

Underlying the Supreme Court’s decision are two legal concepts that need to be brought out. What business is it of the state to legislate in this area? The answer is that legislation here represents the parens patriae principle on the one hand and/or the sovereignty principle on the other. An analysis of these legal principles would require a lengthy essay. I might add that there are four conditions, which if met, would completely dispose of the abortion controversy.

H. Otto Dahlke
Richmond, Va.

I have two disagreements with Stewart Mulford’s reasoning. He says that, since there is no objectively definable moment when an unborn human becomes a person, we should treat every unborn human as a person. But there are many counterexamples to this kind of argument. There is no unique moment when a child becomes an adult, but children should be treated differently than adults. There is no clear boundary where the Earth’s atmosphere gives way to space, but we can breathe in air and not in space. Although we cannot point out the moment when a person begins, we can be confident that before some gestational age, there is no possibility of personhood as it is normally understood.

Friend Mulford also appeals to the equality testimony, saying that unborn humans should be treated equally with others. This argument relies on his definition of a human being as “a living being that is biologically a member of the genus and species Homo sapiens.” I do not believe that is what people generally think of when they hear the phrase “equality of all human beings”; instead we interpret it as “equality of all persons.” To me the term “person” implies a personality or at least some degree of membership in human

Continued on page 31
The Transforming Gospel

by the Friends of Jesus Community

The Friends of Jesus Community in Wichita, Kansas, is a radical expression of urban gospel living. For more information see www2.southwind.net/~fje.

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Steve and Marlene Pedigo went to Chicago 20 years ago and are still ministering to young people in the rough Cabrini neighborhood. Allen Nelson, a transformed Vietnam veteran, has brought a message of peace and hope to people in Camden, N.J., and Okinawa, Japan. Ohio minister-farmers Art and Peggy Gish have modeled simplicity, community, and witness for peace. Ron and Pam Ferguson, who have served with the Mennonite Central Committee, have allowed their lives to be reached by African people. Kathryn Damiano, a Pennsylvania Quaker, has devoted herself to prayer and retreat ministry. Dan Neifert of Wichita, now in his tenth decade, has spent a lifetime gaining an understanding of Native American cultures and working for justice. Paul and Mary McKay, Mennonite teachers and ministers, have risked their lives for the sake of the gospel in Latin America. These are some of the Christians we know personally who demonstrate the transforming gospel, who have been "doing the truth."

Following Jesus is simple in one sense and deeply satisfying, but it is not ordinary or risk-free. An individual's personal resources are seldom enough for a long faith journey. Jesus' disciples encounter difficult places along the way and are tempted to settle into a conventional way of life. Christians need faithful sisters and brothers with them on the journey. This kind of fellowship is both spiritual and social. It is life-giving and sacramental, a means of grace for those who are seeking God's will and Kin-dom.

May we have ears to hear Jesus' call to discipleship. Are there things that keep us from God's banquet table? What small steps of obedience could you take to welcome more of Jesus' transforming power within? Who will be your brothers and sisters on the journey?

The FOJ Community prefers "Kin-dom of God" to the usual translation, "Kingdom of God," when talking about the "place" God is encountered. We find compelling Jesus' metaphor of God as loving parent and ourselves as God's children and friends.
A Bridge of Love: Cuba to New England

by Elizabeth Claggett-Borne

In Cuba my first Sunday worship was at the Friends church in Banes. The early sun cast a golden hue over a hillside of banana and palm trees. As I entered the 95-year-old building, the benches were brimming with children. I was nervous. What was I to expect at a Cuban programmed worship? My meeting is based on silent waiting, where the Christian voice is a minor pitch.

I traveled to Cuba for two weeks in February 1997 to visit five Quaker communities. New England Yearly Meeting (NEYM) is part of a joint program with Cuba Yearly Meeting (CYM) called Puente de Amigos (Bridge of Friends). NEYM has had this sister relationship with CYM since 1991 when a Cuban pastor, Heredia Santos, came to speak at our annual sessions. Interestingly, CYM calls this sisterly bond Puente de Amor (Bridge of Love). The purpose of this friendship places spiritual sharing first and material exchange second. Therefore, before stepping on the Canadian plane that took me to Cuba, I prayed about my calling to visit Cuba with a clearness committee. From my best understanding, God wanted me to listen and honor the ways Spirit was working among Cuban Friends. I want to tell you what I discovered.

In Banes the high energy in the cement room was infectious. Friends in Cuba have First-day school in the morning and come back Sunday evening for worship and sermon. The entire Banes Meeting attended while children led the program. One group of children after another came to the front platform. A seven-year-old recited the Twenty-third Psalm. Preschoolers sang a chorus. Young Friends gave a drama on 1 Cor. 13 “If I speak in the tongues of mortals or angels but...” The adults listened and were supportive (no clapping). What beauty to watch a coy girl singing high and clear while her bony fingers swished her skirt, and to witness the serious boy staring at the wall.

One day, after a siesta, I accompanied Leonardo as he visited several shut-ins, Friends who were unable to come to church. We walked around the town, with its mix of bright greenery and crumbling houses. Leonardo had recently graduated in engineering. He explained that the previous year at school, he heard God’s call to the ministry. So he decided to put aside a promising career in order to enter seminary the next year. Leonardo exuded caring and quiet humor.

We went to the home of Vilma, a grandmother who was recovering from an...
accident. She had fallen and severely fractured her leg. After the Bible reading, she told us the story of her surgery. “Many Friends went with me to the operating room. The hospital had no anesthesia, and the doctor took over an hour to reset my leg. During this time all the brothers and sisters (of the Friends church) watched how painful this was for me. As they prayed, tears poured out of their eyes. But Jesus Christ stayed with me the whole way Leonardo pointed to a house, the structure of which was so typical of those we saw in the center of this colonial seaport. Rosario loved children. At prayer meetings she would cajole the local kids standing outside to come sit down, even with three kids perched on a chair. Every child received a pencil or a bar of soap. The children sang and giggled and heard Rosario tell Bible stories. Rosario listened patiently to the child who stammered, and likewise she would flash in anger at the need of a child without shoes.

At dinner I noticed Rosario serving up an extra dish, heaping on it beans and plantains with pork stew. The plate sat there for ten minutes during the dinner conversation. I figured a guest was expected, since Cubans flow freely into each other’s houses. When everyone finished their meal and as the guava dessert was served, Rosario carried the plate out the back gate. I followed her, wondering where the food would go.

“It’s for the señor on the street corner,” she said. He was thin and bristly with a straw hat. Rosario smiled into the man’s eyes and greeted him with soft, rapid Spanish. His eyes were glazed, and he stared at Rosario with childlike expectancy more than with gratitude. She supplied him with daily food, although her own family had little enough to eat.

In Cuba I saw no beggars, just those who have little and those like Rosario—those who share all that they have with others. Despite the food shortage, I saw no one begging in Cuba. “Remarkable!” I thought. Did Cubans have such a different welfare system that children feel no need to beg? I found out this is not true. There are reports of begging where tourists are numerous, and parents are made to pay a fine.

In the U.S., Quakers have made a labyrinth out of how to feed the poor. Beggars hedge busy streets with cups out, muttering to themselves. The hungry don’t just need food.

The food Rosario gives sustains the man on the street because it is rooted in her caring for him as a child of God. Like Rosario, could we Friends in the U.S. establish relationships with beggars whom we see regularly? After being with my Cuban Friends, I prayed to know how to give unconditionally.

I entered Cuba with a suitcase full of medicines and clothes. I left filled with inspiration and questions. Could we trust God to heal our lame and sick? Puente de Amigos has been a transforming blessing for both our yearly meetings. Puente helps us to ask the hard questions. At its recent Triennial, Friends World Committee for Consultation heard reports about Puente as they explored how to encourage more ties among Friends internationally.

Hospitality ... eager faces ... ripples of laughter punctuated by a Spanish joke. Bikes with a ten-year-old on the back and a four-year-old sitting up front ... prayer meetings where neighbors sat on broken chairs and others stood at the crowded doorway. These images remain with me. The inscription on one Friends church read “Dios es Amor” (God is Love) in cardboard letters pinned up like the words I see in U.S. elementary school classes. From their faith, Cuban Friends tell stories of healing miracles happening among them, inexplicable miracles. But most of all, what stays with me, are these Cuban Friends whose lives shine with God’s love.

Faith, hope, and love, these three. But the greatest of these is love. (1 Cor. 13)

A Sabbath Prayer

On Saturday I work on my left hand and seek some valley shade until these ups and downs pass through that punctuate my thoughts or are my thoughts. (In music, they’re called rests. Look for the rests in Mozart. There’s your tune.) Although I’m not a Jew, on Saturday those flags that make a rush of afternoons so many sixteenth notes stop suddenly. I look at the piano and think, ah,

in your symphony, dear God, make me a rest.
You need low notes. But when the low notes come for someone dear, add me and make them whole.

—Peter Meister

Peter Meister lives in New Hope, Alabama.
Orphic Hymn

Saturday night I don't set the alarm clock. I let myself rise when I'm ready though it's still generally around six. I watch the breath make its calligraphic path inside, just like the shaman taught me. It's my caffeine. When I feel all my pieces fit, like pearls on a necklace, I shower, straighten my sheets, dress in casual clothes, heat water for a pot of tea—sage or ginger with honey—greet my wife and daughter, and fetch the Sunday paper.

By now Denise and Yasmin are dressing for communion. On the day of rest they rush so they won't be late for mass. I sip the tea, remembering my mom and dad marshalling us four boys into clean suits, the Chevrolet, then the pews. For a few years I sang Handel with the choir or lit candles and sat opposite the priest, which somehow made the time pass fast.

The screen door slams behind. I know the priest is kind, that he will speak of love, that the meek sisters, doves, will praise the day like birds. But I prefer birds, or words with wings which come from thin air rather than memorized prayer, words which flare in the night like George Fox's Inner light.

Washing, watering, mowing, and vacuuming are a hymn.

—K.V. Wils

K.V. Wils is a professor of English and writing at Saint Leo College in Saint Leo, Florida.

Healing Chair

At 7:00 a.m., after Lemon Zinger And half a whole-wheat pita,
She sits on the hard-back chair at the window, The curtains drawn open—southern exposure.

She has more comfortable chairs, a sofa: cushioned, Lazy, floral. No. They are not for this.

(Do not ask for its story; you'll oblige her to Tell you. It's long and, she will admit, half untrue.

The only thing certain is it was her mother's and her Mother's mother's, at precisely this hour.)

Dutifully, the sun falls in, splashing her lap; She acknowledges its presence, closes her eyes.

She begins by jabbing away at her ego, scraping The ceiling of her defenses;

At 7:30, give or take, when the plaster Is threadbare, about to Collapse on her, God comes rushing in "Irresistibly," she says.

She fills with Light—marvelous, buoyant—then, While she has the Divine Attention,

She chants her litany of neighbors, friends, Acquaintances, family—her hurting universe—

And so many names paper over her ceiling, Overlapping, weaving, delighting in touching.

The Light washes over them—baptismal fire. For nine Infinite seconds, she is the vehicle for the world's healing.

She knows, of course, God can't be contained, That she would otherwise burst or melt.

Still, she says, "although it's laborious, the world And I need it." And so, evidently, does God.

—C. Michael Gibson

C. Michael Gibson is a member of Woodbury (N.J.) Meeting. Healing Chair first appeared in the Fall 1997 Salem Quarterly News.
Abiding in Darkness: Depression and My Quaker Faith

by Kirk D. Read

I saw also that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness. And in that also I saw the infinite love of God; and I had great openings.

(Ann Fox, Journal, 1647)

This passage by George Fox has always been of tremendous comfort for me. I have read and reread it in the past for solace and hope; the words have made me feel sure of the spiritual essence of my faith. Fox delivers the most fundamental Quaker messages of light and of "way opening" plainly and profoundly in a metaphor dear to my heart.

My most recent contemplation of Fox's message, however, has been troubled. In the past two years, as my life has been cast into a seemingly unfathomable sea of darkness, I have argued bitterly with Fox. The message suddenly seemed too facile, too grandiose, and even hollow. I have had to come to terms with Fox's message over and over in my private and public meditations.

My mother's dying and the cancer in the fall before had been agonizing. In the wake of her death was a trail of wrenching memories and decisions. I had expected her passing to entail grief, certainly, but also a certain release such as I had hoped for her in her final months of suffering. I had grieved quite thoroughly, even imagined. But a frozen heart may thaw, as mine did. My chest literally burned as the responsibilities of the past year melted away and I was presented with the "leisure" of summer—a time, it turned out, of mandatory reconciliation of who I was and who this motherless child was to become.

Once out of the acute onset of my depression, I was able to read and meditate, however intermittently, about the meaning of my unexpected fate. I turned often to Faith and Practice and to other works that I hoped would address the spiritual as well as psychic trauma of my suffering. Among them was Thomas Moore's Care of the Soul. At first cynical of

Kirk D. Read is a member of Lewiston (Maine) Meeting.
“the gifts of depression,” as he phrases it, I found comfort in the notion of listening to and accepting for awhile the uninvited darkness into which I had been thrust.

Moore writes that the emptiness and dissolution of meaning that are often present in depression show how attached we can become to our ways of understanding and explaining our lives. Often our personal philosophies and our values seem to be all too neatly wrapped, leaving a hole. Depression makes holes in our theories and assumptions, but even this painful process can be honored as a necessary and valuable source of healing.

I was clinging desperately to the idea that the ocean of darkness was like a temporary—if somewhat dramatic and attenuated—high tide and that it should give way any day. In my interpretation and on my timeline, the ocean of light was due any moment and should wash away the darkness. As depression continued, sometimes flaring into ever more alarming states, however, then did my theories and assumptions grow tattered. I had abided long enough in the depths of fear and incapacity—it was time to move on. But there seemed no light to turn to. I was spinning in the darkness. I looked back to Moore: “Melancholy gives the soul an opportunity to express a side of its nature that is as valid as any other, but is hidden out of our disin­
taste for its darkness and bit­
terness.” I was biding time in darkness and waiting impatiently and inattentively for light.

It was some time later that my therapist made a most unwelcome observation that forced me to confront my depression and my faith in new ways. Having already hinted that my facility with language and occasional glibness were getting in the way of the communication of emotions, he made a com­
ment any self-respecting Quaker would be loathe to hear: “You know, Kirk, I get the feeling you’re not very comfortable with silence.” “Can’t be!” I remember thinking to myself. “Don’t you know anything about us Quakers? We love silence. Silence is what I’m all

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The Moment

I’d like to talk to Anne Frank, and the kids of Terezin who did the drawings and poems of the concentration camp; and Marta, who’s five. The newspaper told about her. She’s a slave in Brazil. Lost her lungs shoveling toxic bricks into hot ovens.

Also that girl who long ago got shoved in front of a train and had to have her hands cut off. She was a musician, a piano prodigy about to enter Juilliard.

I’d say to them all—you understand. You know about that moment when life meets evil, and things will never be the same.

I’d tell them, I know that moment, too. At age six I was tortured.

In the face of such assault, something curls up inside. You can still see, hear, think, plan, even dream. You can talk, make friends, laugh, have a life. But deep within there is a clenching.

I’d ask all these people: How do you trust life again? How can you wake up in the morning, open to the day, the life, the promise? How can you let in the sun?

---

I want to speak to rocks, too. Rocks survive all; strong, tough; no heel can crush them. They’ve seen a million moons, suns, conquerors, killers; yet deep within hold memories of light.

And clouds—clouds know the dance of surrender; to move with wind’s knowing, transform; let in the air.

Air. Yes. Breathe slowly. Reach deep into the clenched place. Bring air to grief, rage, fear; move with spiritwind; reach Rock.

Breathe with cats, turtles, pounding surf; breathe with spirits hovering above Auschwitz, Hiroshima, Bosnia, L.A. There will be a great vapor of gathered breath. Volcanic hymn.

Inhale. Claim life, air, space, power. Then...a shuddering, a loosening of clenched place, heart. Inside lies sun, moon, stars, the energy of the world, and the first quivering moment of forgiveness.

—Kathy Kennedy Tapp

Kathy Kennedy Tapp is a member of Beloit (Wis.) Meeting.

Friends Journal August 1998
about! Not very comfortable indeed! "Oh really?" I said. "Hmm."

But he was right. I was scared to death of silence. Depression had crept in and robbed me of the piece of mind that made my silences rich and joyous. I filled silences with patter, with writing, with obsessive thoughts, and, as this illness would have it, with excessive amounts of worry and anxiety about the accomplishment of the mundane tasks of my life. Moments of solitayr contemplation turned nightmarish. They were more often to be feared than welcomed. How could I regain the gifts of silence? Way had opened onto darkness. How could I ever see this as a gift as well?

I found myself, therefore, out of control of my spiritual life—unable to listen quietly and wait. In retrospect, I now look back on the blessing of a Quaker friend whose silent ministry spoke to me clearly of allowing the darkness just to be. As she came up beside me at the soccer field to watch our children play in the crisp early fall, she beamed and asked how the summer had been, awaiting my accounts of a long, wonderful vacation. Honesty and anguish prevailed with this dear friend with whom I felt unable to dissemble my emotions. It was a particularly bad day, and I ached to put into words some semblance of cheer. I couldn’t. I wasn’t even sure I trusted myself to drive my children home without help. She listened, she offered a few words of empathy and hope gleaned from the experience of another friend, and then she just sat on the grass with me staring into the breeze amidst the shouts of careening six-year-olds. Her husband came to relieve her to go grocery shopping, but she waved him on and continued to sit with me in silence.

The half hour or so she spent rooted there beside me was the most profound experience of being spiritually held in the light that I have ever known. This friend did not speak and only occasionally looked at me. I was in a painful darkness, and she abided in it with love and respect, expecting nothing of me or of my crumbling spirit. Darkness did not turn to light as I had so desperately been wanting, the suffocating weight did not fall from my chest, and I did not cease to worry about how I would get through the evening. But such revelation, I have come to learn, is not always the gift of such a silence. The beauty of the moment was in having my darkness held, looked upon, recognized, and not hurried along. I did and do indeed express a "distaste for darkness and bitterness," but such is the lot of depression and perhaps, more philosophically, of the more deeply examined life.

The darkness of depression is indeed like an ocean of despair, but in that despair one finds openings, if one can quell the hunger for light. As I sit more quietly and expectantly with my therapist now, we walk through the darkness opening doors together, less afraid, more accepting and willing. And as I sit with Friends in meeting, so do I allow my darkness to be held, held in a light that is often out of my reach but thankfully, mercifully, lovingly, within theirs. I am blessed as well with a wife whose willingness to journey through darkness with me is constant, abundant, and unquestionable. My companions in darkness, be they medically-trained healers, my Quaker spiritual guides, or my loving partner, have expressed a patience with my depression for which I am tremendously grateful. My messages of grief, death, anger, and hate have a place in our silence; they come to the surface and are cradled in their net, neither wished away nor treated as a burden.

So I come back to Fox, and I cast for a new interpretation. I have long thought of the binarism of the oceans of darkness and light as an allegory of triumph: of salvation or purification. But depression has taught me otherwise. It is now for me a story of coexistence where the tide of light may roll over the darkness, but may eventually recede, exposing a wave of darkness that commands attention, that must be seen, held, attended in silence. Each ocean of darkness is not the call to an advent of agony where revelation comes at the cost of protracted misery and despair. The wording of Fox’s message is ambiguous, and thankfully so. When he concluded "And in that also I saw the infinite love of God" I am now led to see Fox as "illumined by both oceans and by the process of their changing. Darkness is a realm of the soul, however painful, that has its own character and attributes. To hold oneself and others in darkness and listen is truly a gift, a way to healing; indeed, a great opening.

---

Celebrating Our Brokenness

For Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Bruises on the soul are never enough reason to end good prayer.

Finding spiritual cripples running the sanctuary shouldn’t surprise anyone.

Brokenness is the way of things. Even the God waiting in our daily bread is broken before our eyes.

It should come as no surprise that even some bishops are so broken all they can do is lead us in circles.

We must pray for such men as though everything depends on God but behave as if everything depends on us.

We must never forget that even Saint Peter was at first so frightened by grace, he voted for the old law. But once grace enveloped him, he understood he could never be part of the renewal without being part of the suffering as well.

—Fredrick Zydek

Fredrick Zydek lives in Omaha, Nebraska.

August 1998 FRIENDS JOURNAL
This Is the Beginning of Instruction in Yoga

by Judith Todd Monroe

There was a time when I sat in Quaker meeting, week after week, and contemplated my anger. The silence played discordant notes on my nerves. What kind of archetype is a purely masculine trinity, I asked myself. What if the Christ child had been a daughter? I wanted to talk to Paul personally about his statement that woman should submit to man, because she comes from man. Nowhere else in the animal kingdom, I'd tell him. At that point in my life, I would have said God raped Mary. I might have acknowledged that Mary was asked and submitted, but I would point to her age and the balance of power. Meeting wouldn't have been shocked about my views, but I was new to Quakers. The shards of my mainline Protestant past had sharp, jagged edges. I kept these thoughts to myself. I decided to take up yoga, strictly as exercise. "Don't talk to me about chakras and levels of consciousness," I said to my instructor. "I want to know if the angle of my leg is correct." I concentrated on form and flexibility.

At each session the instructor read one yoga aphorism, such as, "Yoga is the control of thought-waves in the mind." Could be, I thought, but I'm here to discipline my body. Then a few sessions later she read,

A painful wave... is not necessarily a wave which seems painful;... [i]t...brings... an increased level of ignorance, addiction, and bondage.... Similarly a wave which seems painful at first may actually belong to the category of those which are not painful, provided that it impels the mind toward greater freedom and knowledge.

Gradually, despite myself, I started to listen. I began to see occasional biblical parallels. I wasn't happy that the stories of my culture sprang from bands of nomadic herders, who'd obviously been affected by life in an arid land under a very hot sun. The male hierarchies of European temporal empires hadn't improved their interpretation. But there are many ways to understand myths, and after a while I stopped worrying about orthodox readings. It's a miracle, I thought, that any truth survived a history like that.

Meanwhile, I found it more and more difficult to stay angry while standing on my head. Outraged thoughts became a distraction. New balance and upper body strength allowed me to end a headstand by slowly lowering straight, outstretched legs to the floor, but only if I concentrated.

One day I knelt in class, hands on my knees, practicing lion pose, when a stranger, clad in long, white robes, walked into the room. He was short and squat. If he looked like anyone, I'd have to say Yasir Arafat, but this man's face radiated joy. He walked to the center of the room as if he'd been a member of the class from...
the first day. He stretched his arms to either side, extended his legs to the width of his robe, front foot straight ahead, back foot at an angle and bent into triangle pose. From there, he raised his back leg into the most perfect half moon pose I’ve ever seen. His extended leg was sturdy with well-defined sinews, his body and head perfectly aligned. Nor a muscle quivered: A shaft of sun from a window fell on him. I glanced around at the rest of the class as they sat panting, tongues out. Even though many had their eyes stretched wide, no one else seemed to see him.

He held the position for a long time, while I sat watching, lion pose forgotten. Then slowly, gracefully, he lowered his leg back to triangle and from there stood up, the swoop of a bird with open wings. He looked directly at me. His mouth curved upward. A small gap showed between his two front teeth where his lips parted. His eyes lengthened into a smile. Lines flowed across his cheekbones as seams appear in the surface of a desert wash when it dries. His irises were a luminous hazel that seemed to increase the level of light in the room. For a moment I wasn’t sure whether I was looking at a youngish man or an incredibly wise crone.

He clasped his hands together in prayer position, bowed his head to me, and said, “Namaste.” He had recognized that of God in me. I lowered my head and returned the greeting. The back of my scalp and fingertips tingled.

He let out a deep breath, turned, and left the room. White robes swung around his ankles. The studio seemed suddenly dark. Perhaps a brief power outage flickered through the lights. The class ended. I felt a little dazed as I stood apart from the others.

My friend Rosemary came over. "Why don’t you throw your bike in the back of my car. I have to stop and pick up the kids at school. Then we’ll go get something to eat.”

It took a minute to come back to the room. “Great,” I finally said and reached out to hug her. Then I ran around the room embracing as many people as I could before they left. I’m usually in a quiet, meditative state after practice, but that day I flew from person to person. The tingle in my hands returned each time I touched one of them.

In the car I asked Rosemary if she’d seen a new man in class.

“I don’t think so. What did he look like?”

“Never mind.” If she hadn’t observed him, I wasn’t about to describe a Semitic visitor in Middle Eastern dress. I considered who the visitor might have been. Was it possible that I’d had a vision of the Christ? I laughed out loud at the thought of finding Jesus in a yoga studio during Wednesday-morning practice. Anyway, I didn’t believe in a resurrected, corporeal savior. He must have been a product of my imagination, I told myself, a kind of daydream. Nonetheless, I felt different—somehow whole. It didn’t seem to matter where he’d come from.

We pulled into the school parking lot beside a shiny, black Ford. Rosemary’s Toyota station wagon looked unlived beside it, although most of the cars in the dusty lot appeared just as dirty in the cold, thin March sunlight. The neighboring car had a moral majority sticker on the back fender and beside it another that proclaimed, “I’ve been saved; have you?” A fish decal floated on the trunk lid.

Rosemary opened the car door to get her children as a small, blonde woman approached. Her steps were sharp and thrusting, her shoulders pulled high toward her ears. She bent forward as she talked shrilly. "Let’s go!" She dragged her children in a large circle around the Toyota.

“What?” I said. Rosemary shrugged and let out an exasperated half-laugh. “She heard I was a Quaker and must have us confused with the Amish. She was always talking to me about religion. I felt like a liar. Finally I told her where I was coming from. That was bad enough, but I mentioned yoga. She thinks it’s devil worship! She even tried to get her boy transferred out of Sandy’s class.”

I watched the woman scuttle her children to the far side of her car. I couldn’t stop myself. I jumped from the Toyota and ran after her. I grabbed her hands and felt a surge of warmth flow down my arms into my fingers.

“Sister,” I said. If my expression was the palest replica of the visitor’s face, she would know I wasn’t addressing her insincerely. “How long has it been since you touched your toes.”
Eve, Wondering

"Because you have done this, Cursed are you..."

Genesis 3:14

Adam was not alone in the naming of names: Forbidden fruit, God spoke, as in A is for apple, the first of many temptations he chose to proclaim.

And what did He expect? And how was I to know it was not a game, the fruit so ripe and beckoning as I explored the garden there, that nosegay of innocence entwined like a ribbon in my hair?

And what could I have understood of consequence, there in the garden where, truly, ignorance was bliss.

—Michael S. Glaser

Late to Meeting

The End of the World commenced
Right after Miss Laura came to meeting
Late for the very first time.
It wasn’t that God was vengeful, he knew she was just old and confused.
Not meant as a personal punishment, God’s timing was coincidental.
Outside, the world began to tremble
White dogwood frothed against the window pane
Fumaroles formed in the parking lot
Spouting fire, steam devils dancing.
Wringing her white-gloved hands,
Miss Laura turned pale
Accepting all responsibility.

—Naomi Pfeiffer

Naomi Pfeiffer is a member of Solebury Meeting in New Hope, Pennsylvania.
On Having No Form
by Shan Cretin

There is a principle which is pure, placed in the human mind, which in different places and ages hath different names; it is, however, pure and proceeds from God. It is deep and inward, confined to no forms of religion nor excluded from any where the heart stands in perfect sincerity. In whomever this takes root and grows, of what nation soever, they become brethren.

—John Woolman

There is a difference between “having no form” and “having no form.”

—Bruce Lee

For several weeks, my thoughts during meeting have repeatedly returned to a quotation from an unlikely source: the biography of Bruce Lee, the late martial arts master and kung fu movie star.

The philosophy behind martial arts may seem like an odd spiritual connection for a Quaker. Yet the martial arts in Asia share a spiritual basis in Buddhist teachings. Traditionally, one studies a martial art as a path to enlightenment, not simply as a way to win in battle. A student who focuses only on the rigorous physical training and neglects the spiritual discipline will master neither the physical art nor the spiritual self.

Despite the shared spiritual basis, for centuries the martial arts have been fragmented in a number of “schools.” Each school has a distinctive form that is the product of a particular method of training and a set of principles. The principles are often in the form of adages or sayings, such as “Have the body of a short-armed monkey” (meaning: do not extend your hands), or “Have the body of lacquer and glue” (meaning: stay in contact with your opponent).

Bruce Lee began his study of martial arts in Hong Kong in the 1960s, studying the wing chun school of kung fu, which emphasized rapid, accurately placed blows and a method of practice called “sticking hands” involving a stationary wooden post. As he encountered opponents from other schools, however, he began to question the rigid adherence to “form” that he and other martial arts students had been taught. While the forms had a value in learning the spiritual and physical disciplines kung fu required, the forms also became barriers to true mastery. Bruce Lee began experimenting with his fighting style by incorporating elements of different schools. In doing so, he scandalized the traditionalists, who accused him of “having no form” that is, of failing to follow the discipline of any accepted form.

In describing his style, Bruce Lee made a clear distinction between “having no form” and “having no form.” To have no form was to transcend form from a position of mastery that enabled one to see when the rules could be— in fact, needed to be— broken. No form was highly disciplined in its execution. In essence, to have no form was to have access to all forms; to understand all forms at their most essential level and to see and be able to act on the connections among forms. On the other hand, “having no form” implied an undisciplined approach, an inability to master any form.

Lee discovered that he could not teach no form directly to novices in the martial arts. A student first had to master the form of karate, tae kwon do, or some other school; only from a position of mastery could the student begin to experiment with abandoning the form. Gradually, his efforts to teach no form resulted in a new “Bruce Lee School” of kung fu. Paradoxically, the search for no form had become another form.

What does all this have to do with Quakers? Like the martial arts, the religions of the world share a spiritual basis, yet are sharply differentiated by the outward forms they take: Judaism, Buddhism, Hinduism, Christianity, Islam—each has its own disciplined path through which one seeks a relationship with the Divine. The set of practices and beliefs that define a religious group are distinctive and often exclusive, meaning that in choosing one path, one must renounce others.

Coming into a Quaker meeting for worship may seem like entering a religious practice that has no form. Fox and other...
early Friends clearly strove to do away with many of the outward forms of the traditional Christian churches: sermons, sacraments, prescribed liturgical calendars of scriptural readings, rote prayers. They acknowledged that those who practiced non-Christian religions also had access to the Divine. In Quakerism, it seemed, there were no established forms. Yet those first Friends might also have agreed with Master Lee that there is a barrier to direct experience of the divine presence.

Weeds

The weeds proliferate, grow rank. Not satisfied with ordinary bearing, a shoot here or there, they infest. I love their country names: lady finger, wild pea, cow bloat, trumpet creeper, choke weed, golden rod. I love their intricate structures, pods smooth and wrinkled, involucres, crowns, bristling fuzz, wild pistils, bract and leaves cordate and lanceolate. I have eaten countless bowls of poke salad. In Alabama there is a county named wiregrass. My father-in-law who comes from there has a farmer's practical method for distinguishing the new shoot as vegetable or weed: “Pull it up,” he says. “If it comes back, it’s a weed.” Yes, let one scrap of root shear off in soil and in due season the weed will resurrect itself. They require no husbandry. Just let a piece of ground alone and weeds will come with more vivacity than any pampered annual with seeds that fly, spin, float, drift or burst and scatter like shot. They will choke what is native, shoot back from mowings and stretch it out in drought. When I was a boy I loved to roll in our meadow of aster by the noisy creek, in spite of the laboring bees and thirsty chiggers. I will learn from the noble weeds, whose habitations are finer than Solomon’s, when I come to be uprooted. I will lie in earth till my conclusive season, force my roots down farther, fight, thrive, and flower.

—Scott Ward

Scott Ward is the poet at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, Florida.

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Friends quickly discovered that others saw them as an undisciplined group practicing a formless religion. Silent meetings were vulnerable to disruption by “ranters” who lacked any basis for spiritual discernment and who justified self-indulgent, politically-motivated, or even licentious behavior as following divine leading. Gradually, a Quaker structure evolved (monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings), as well as the codification of beliefs (published as the Faith and Practice or Discipline of the yearly meeting), designed to protect the Religious Society of Friends from the anarchy of “having no form.” The danger, then and now, is that the particular forms Quakers have adopted will become barriers to our direct experience of the Divine, overshadowing the no form that is the real basis of Quaker practice.

The tension between no form, form, and no form is present today in our meetings for worship. Sometimes we come to silent worship with no form, allowing our mind to chatter or letting the distractions around us fill the silence. Sometimes we come to silent worship with one of several Quaker forms for “centring.” We seek to empty our minds by reading Scripture or another inspired text, reciting a prayer, consciously enumerating and letting go of our worries, focusing on “the third eye.” When the forms work, we succeed in emptying the silence. But the silence is not meant to be empty. It is meant to be a perfect, transparent container for our relationship with God and with each other. When we are able to lose ourselves completely and fill the silence with nothing but that Divine connection, our worship truly has no form.

Like Master Lee, we find ourselves living a paradox. Unprogrammed Friends are reluctant to emphasize traditional spiritual disciplines such as prayer, meditation, and spiritual reading. We seek, instead, the direct experience of God that “needs no intermediary.” Yet, to put that experience within our reach, we need to master—while not being captured by—traditional forms. Prayer, meditation, and spiritual reading are not ends in themselves, but if we do not have the discipline to master these forms, how can we hope to master the most elusive form of all: no form?

---

**Earth Blessing**

Saying morning grace, I wrap my hands around this magic bowl you gave me for my birthday, rebirthed into seeing cereal it holds still growing in the field, and fruit still hanging on the vine, the living tree.

The oats are bending heavy-headed on their stalks.
The wheat is tall and wind-brushed.
Ruddy sugar cane drinks up warm rain. The raisins swell out into grapes again, bunched underneath their canopies of leaves.
The walnut pieces cluster in their wrinkled shells.

Bananas curve their fingers in a green-gold gloom and apples redden in a dancing light. Translucent raspberries weigh down their canes, a feast for bees.

All this my hands cup round, my eye, awakening, sees. Earth blesses me this morning, succulent with mysteries.

—Helen Weaver Horn

Helen Weaver Horn lives in New Marshfield, Ohio.

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**The Haying**

Bacon danced in spitting rhythm with bubbles in the pan. She doodled her spoon absenth in the flood-brown coffee, looking out to easy summer rain that quivered on randomly chosen leaves.

It was Sunday morning. She would let him sleep.

All day he had piled tired upon tired to finish up the haying. Hay knows but one ripe moment, brief, under the sun.

The smell of bacon left the pan, trailed the ceiling and up the stair, flattened under the bedroom door, circled once about the bed and tugged his last remaining dream.

One great sigh of bacon breath could not dispel the tiredness of yesterday’s haying. He rooted his scratchy face deep into the pillow hunting for a sculptured fit.

This morning meeting would have to pass. The hay had captured him. Faith was all ripe moment and would understand.

Morning rain closed his ears allowing one more dream. He used it to harvest the last stray strands of yesterday’s tiredness, leaving only the stubble.

Therein, he sowed the seeds for next year’s harvest.

Coffee vapors rising, pricked his final dream. His first thought, the hay was done before the rain. She was downstairs waiting. He would go down and hold her, tell her she was the only one who ever understood him.

—Henry Swain

Henry Swain lives in Nashville, Indiana.
Quilting Lessons
by Sue Curtis

It was a small idea in the beginning: the people of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting would make a quilt and sell it at the Strawberry Festival in June. We announced that anyone wanting to help make a group quilt could pick up a 12-inch square of muslin at the meetinghouse. No directions were given other than that the finished squares needed to be 12 inches on a side.

Some were novices, and there were a few who came mostly for the fellowship. We quickly learned that none of us had ever met a quilter we didn't like.

We announced that anyone was welcome to join us, but the group ended up being all women. We joked that if the men made a quilt they would join it together with duct tape, while at the same time we acknowledged their contributions of meal preparation and childcare so that we could work on the quilt.

The work did not always go smoothly. Sometimes only one or two people showed up for a quilting session. Sometimes we couldn’t agree on how a certain block should be quilted. Beginning quilters soon learned that if a drop of blood from a pricked finger got onto the quilt it could easily be removed with a little saliva. Many of us relearned the lesson that the best thing to do with a tangled thread was to drop the needle and let the thread fall free; many times the thread would untangle itself.

As the Strawberry Festival grew closer we periodically brought the unfinished quilt and held it up after meeting. The oohs and aahs were gratifying to those of us with perfectionistic tendencies. We learned that nothing does not have to be perfect to be beautiful.

The quilt in fact was not completed by the Strawberry Festival, but it was on display and held up every time. The quilt was so popular and had raised so much money, we vowed to do another one the next year.

The following year we were more organized. We decided on an Amish-style quilt featuring a geometric design of black and jewel-tone fabrics. To allow more people to participate we cut the pieces ahead of time and handed them out to anyone who wanted to stitch them together. We learned that many in the meeting community were able to do this even if they were unable to participate in assembling and quilting. The finished product was stunning and was once again purchased by meeting folk to hang in the meetinghouse.

One of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting's quilts

The deadline came for turning in the squares. Our excitement over seeing what everyone had made turned to dismay as we viewed the collection: the only thing they had in common was their size. Some were traditional geometric quilt blocks. Some were freeform expressions of color. Some made use of texture. One was a delicate embroidery of a little Quaker girl in a bonnet. How could we possibly integrate all of these into a quilt?

We laid the blocks out on the floor, and as we moved them around we discovered that some of them looked good next to other ones, while some looked better farther apart. The more we looked at the blocks the more we saw patterns and connections. We finally agreed on a layout of four squares across and five squares down, with the bottom left square reserved for signatures of all who had made blocks. We purchased fabric for the lattice strips and backing—a dark forest green with tiny flowers—that seemed to tie all the squares together.

We learned that it is not necessary, nor even desirable, to plan an entire quilt at the beginning. As it happens, the quilt will say something we cannot agree on how a certain block should be quilted. Beginning quilters soon learned that if a drop of blood from a pricked finger got onto the quilt it could easily be removed with a little saliva. Many of us relearned the lesson that the best thing to do with a tangled thread was to drop the needle and let the thread fall free; many times the thread would untangle itself.

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Sue Curtis is a member of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting. She recently finished a quilt and is working on three others.

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CELEBRATING A HOME OF OUR OWN!

August 1998 FRIENDS JOURNAL

The third year we decided on a cheerful nine-patch design. Many people contributed blocks for the quilt and learned the joy of making something and giving it away; the quilt was purchased by the meeting and given to the retiring director of Friends Community School, which is under the care of the meeting. Last year, being short on both energy and time, we made a lap quilt and learned that even a small quilt can be happily welcomed and loved.

Young Friends

The following psalms were composed by the members of the kindergarten-first grade First-day school group at Twin Cities (Minn.) Meeting. We studied some of the Psalms of David and noted how David had written about the Living God in terms of David's life as a shepherd, how he had written psalms in times of great trouble, and psalms of praise and thanksgiving. The adult leader wrote down what the children said.

—Paul Landskroener, clerk of the First-day School Committee

Oh God, I am so afraid of burning up with fire;
Of being shot with guns;
Of dying.

But you give me love,
Give me life,
Comfort me by breaking the weapon.

Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes,
Thank you for helping me survive,
For stopping the war.

We give you our love.

—Joshua Comer, Theo Mongeau, and Joe Bernard (with Paul Landskroener)

God is my teacher.
Even though we die and we get scared of the dark,
The Living God makes us feel better.

God is my cave maker—even though we sometimes fall.
The Living God helps us.

—Darcy McCarthy and Avram Leierwood (with Sarah Lyman)

Praise the Living God!
Praise God for the trees with color and snow;
Praise God in the winter and in the beautiful ice.
Praise God outside and everywhere under the sky.

—Becky and Jack Rosbach (with Mary Ann Crolley)

Even though someone takes away from me something I care about,
Like Winnie the Pooh,
God will try to return Winnie the Pooh to me,
and God will be with me when I feel sad.

Surely God will be with me forever.

—Eleanor Pearson (with Joanne Landkamer)

The Living God is my piano
The Living God helps me by making sounds.
God makes music.

—Talia Glass and Karl Landskroener (with John Glass)
Simplicity

Five clue answers will not fit in the diagram; there's no place here for anything that isn't simple. Mindful of Friends in Unity with Nature, answer lengths have been omitted below (though not simply to conserve ink). Five clue answers are words or phrases common to FRIENDS JOURNAL readers; seven other clue answers (one of which is two words) are capitalized. Mental repunctuation of clues is vital. Thanks to Jolene Robinson. Hints can be found on page 23.

—Arthur David Olson

Across
1. Injurers of land reformed here.
12. Bad cops nick moles, but moles are part of these.
15. Female relative is kind, full of energy.
17. Early Quaker alternative is errant pair from head to foot.
20. McCarthy's colleague loses his head and becomes a dweeb.
21. Teepee contains something Penn (but not Fox) might have used.
22. Disheartened pacifists take time to get over loves.
23. Tremor when I get replaced by a bondman.
25. Rush impressed extremists at start.
29. A Quaker first—lady listened to a modern artist.
30. He looks within when they err.
32. Early Quaker said to be one who does carpentry.
33. Order a type of dress.
35. Done, by the way, for some tournaments.
36. Half of families back a type of bean.
39. A Hall of Farmer is one who exercises.
40. Gore and Eisenhower are kindred.
41. Initiate left a nut.
43. Stick war resister in this place.
46. If a Quaker pronunciation lacks seasoning it's a shambles.
49. Draftee, oddly, is someone you go out with.
50. Metaphysics got loony, loonier.
51. Quality of sound heard in a warning cry.
52. A simpleton's neurosis started in New York.
55. Come-as-you-are party kept simple.
58. Uncentered lives: a Quaker anathema.
60. Tied up and quickly returned famous horse.
61. Spirit gathered the French on time.
62. Mean, vile infection for a bone in the ear.
63. An urchin is endlessly playing in Monte Carlo.
64. Losing weak head, take an oath and burn.
65. Curiously eyeing masterly Quaker groups.

Down
1. Staid Fry is quaking when meetings occur.
2. Horse sped around a circle.
3. We and refrigerators have it in common!
4. Unnecessary loss of ship leads to a jape.
5. Depend on drill instructor being in a dreadful way.
6. Go downhill fast and quietly for Passover.
7. DiMaggio gets strike out? That's ridiculous.
8. Fairy tale beginning; common place endings.

Arthur David Olson is an attender of Takoma Park (Md.) Preparative Meeting and a member of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting.

Answers on page 27
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News

Ed Stevens, president of George Fox University in Newberg, Ore., died on May 21. After battling a brain tumor that caused a stroke in June 1997, Stevens passed away surrounded by family in a care center near Portland. A memorial service was held at Bauman Auditorium on the university campus.

George Lakey was awarded the Ashley Montague International Peace Award. The Sixth Annual International Conference on Conflict Resolution awarded George Lakey its highest recognition during its May meeting held in St. Petersburg, Russia. Lakey was released by Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting in 1991 to undertake a ministry of nonviolence. That ministry is now developing a nonprofit organization, Training for Change. Over the years George Lakey has led social change workshops on five continents, written six books, led nonviolent action projects worldwide, and cofounded the Movement for a New Society.

Chandler Hall’s 25th anniversary celebration

Chandler Hall, in Newtown, Pa., celebrated its 25th anniversary on May 11. Chandler Hall opened its doors in 1973 as Friends Nursing Home of Bucks Quarterly Meeting. The facility has expanded to include adult day healthcare, home healthcare, hospice, assisted living, child development, primary healthcare, wellness services, and fitness programs. Executive director Jane Fox said, “Although Chandler Hall maintains a specialized expertise in promoting the quality of life for older adults, the mission has expanded to include services of all ages and all levels of health—preventative care to hospice care.”

Priscilla Deters was ordered to start serving her prison sentence immediately. On May 22 a federal judge ordered Deters to serve 11 years in prison, pay a $150,000 fine, pay almost $132,000 in restitution to her fraud victims (principally members of evangelical...
Quaker and Nazarene churches), and to reimburse the federal government $22,000 a year to defray the cost of her incarceration. The judge said he wished the law permitted a longer sentence. Priscilla Deters insisted that, "I consider myself innocent of these charges," and that, "I have a heart of grief, because I am a victim too." (From Chuck Figer. For more information see http://www.ajourneyofaletter.com.)

The Christian Peacemaker Corps will increase from 12 to 18 members by the year 2000. The Christian Peacemaker Teams Steering Committee, meeting in Winnipeg, Manitoba, in March, promoted the expansion in order to increase participation of ethnic minorities and Canadians.

CPT Director Gene Stoltzfus said, "We are stronger when our teams are made up of persons from both the Canada and U.S. because this gives us access to the diplomatic, media, and church resources of both countries. When teams represent a variety of ethnic styles and colors, each tradition brings special gifts of prophetic energy that contribute towards the solution of otherwise complex problems." (From CPT's Signs of the Times, Spring 1998)

Native Alaskans are struggling for their rights. The climate of public opinion in Alaska with respect to Native Alaskan issues has become charged with fear, misunderstanding, and sometimes blatant racism. One state legislator called Alaska Native tribal governments "an absolute evil." While much needs to be done at the state and local levels, Congress must also act honorably to restore the tribal sovereignty and rights under federal law. For Native Alaskans this includes subsistence fishing and hunting as cultural rights and pursuing affirmative policies to protect the life ways of Native peoples. (From FCNL's Indian Report, Spring 1998)

Puzzler Hints
In "cryptic" puzzles of this type, clues start (or end) with a normal definition; the rest of the clue is a "word play" definition. If a word such as "scrambled" appears in a clue, be alert for an anagram; if "heard" or the like appears, a homophone may be involved; if "hidden" is used, the answer may appear literally in the clue when word boundaries are ignored. Word reversals and abbreviations are also among the things to be watchful for. If a clue contains an exclamation mark, all bets are off (as befits Quakers).

As an example, in the clue "Woman has nothing left for Quaker journalist," "Quaker journalist" is the normal definition. "Nothing" is zero ("O"); "left" is commonly abbreviated "L"; adding these to "woman" give Woolman (the answer).
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Additional text contains information about Oakwood Friends School, Radio Free Maine, a Directory for Traveling Friends, upcoming events, and opportunities such as volunteering for Quaker Cottage in Belfast and the Council on International Educational Exchange.
A Virtuous Education: Penn's Vision for Philadelphia Schools


Though this book deals with Philadelphia, it addresses any town, any city. U.S.A. William Kashatus has traced the early development of Quaker influence on public education. He argues that this influence is a legacy of decency traceable to William Penn's conviction that virtuous education is the foundation of sound community. Kashatus has meticulously documented Quaker involvement with his original research drawn from early records of the Philadelphia Friends Society and private letters. He has masterfully woven these documents into the substance of his conversation and opens the way to further conversations on the issues of schooling.

The author points out that Penn's vision of education hung on three convictions: the social philosophy of dissent, universal education, and "Quaker doctrine of the Inner Light." These convictions are bound to each other through the respect for the other based on the availability of the Inner Light to everyone, regardless of "station" in life. Penn's vision, actualized by the Quaker Public School, the first school in Pennsylvania, differed from conventional schooling in significant ways. These differences are reflected in public education not only in Philadelphia, but in public schools throughout the United States.

Fundamental is the concept of universality and the function of education. The motive for universal education is the formulation and continuity of just society. Social ills were to be addressed by adequate education. Personal problems of poverty, profligacy, drunkenness, and "whoring" were to be solved by education of the masses. Social ills and personal problems are all of a piece. If society is to be radically transformed, it is to be through the instruction of youth to attend to the Inner Light. Penn's disposition toward discipline reflects his conviction of that of God in every person. Reluctant children are not to be shown first the whip, but rather with love and tenderness brought to see the error of their ways to permit them to be the best that is within them.

The author meticulously documents the role of the overseers of the school, who saw to the development of adequate curriculum, financing of the school, identification of those qualified to teach, daily attention to the affairs of the school, and the public relations associated with getting students to be there. He makes the case for the amenability of Quaker schooling to marketplace involvement, documenting the powerful influence mercantile Quakers had on the organization and operation of the schools.

Kashatus marks the dilemma faced by Friends during the American Revolution. Following the revolution, new challenges were addressed to ensure the integrity of the new society, to adjust to the new fiscal realities imposed by severance from England, and to guarantee the continuity of the Quaker faith in independent community. The Philadelphia Association of Friends for the Instruction of Poor Children (the Adelphi Society) was formed to develop and expand the commitment to the education of all. The Adelphi Society was designated to oversee the education of the masses, while the overseers confined their efforts to the establishment of a residential school for "Quakers Only" wherein changing seasons with temperate winters, and a stimulating quality of life in an active Quaker community. The area is home to several Quaker meetings as well as one of the nation's most well respected Quaker institutions, Guilford College. Call (910) 292-9952 for more information or to arrange a visit to Friends Homes.

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Students were spared the necessity of associating with masses, lest they be "contaminated" with the influences of stray doctrine.

This may be a difficult book for Friends to read. It is not without faults.

Friend Kashatus owes us another book with as superb a documentation as he has provided in this one, beginning, perhaps, in the 1850s. How is it that Quaker influence has translated itself into a liberalizing influence in education? Why does the Quaker thrust in education no longer concern itself with doctrinal purity? How is it the proper education of a Friend is not that of isolation, but of involvement?

—Ed Dodson

Ed Dodson is an attender of the Agate Passage (Wash.) Worship Group and a long-time civil rights activist.

Prayers to Protest: Poems That Center and Bless Us


The second phrase of its title best describes this collection of poems. Indeed, readers will be hard pressed to find a note of protest. But if this collection doesn't have a number of poems of protest, why put that suggestion in the title? The book contains, however, a number of worthy poems on subjects as far ranging as earth-centered spirituality, life passages, religious and political life, and social justice.

The collection as a whole convinced me of the great value of so many writers of poetry, good poetry, in the U.S. in these late days of the 20th century. It also made me long for the forms, economy, and lyricism of the earlier moderns like Yeats and Roethke. Contemporary poets seem at times too wordy, too complex. I found myself most drawn to simplicity in these poems—poems that have one idea and develop it with a telling image, original focus, and music.

Our own Quaker Jeanne Lohmann has a number of poems in this volume that, when I read them in reading the whole, always rewarded. I do wish the editor Jennifer Bosveld had helped her readers by grouping the poems and labeling the sections. That is an iffy task in poetry, but I detected a certain order to her groupings and would have appreciated distinct sections such as Marilyn Sewell did in Cries of the Spirit.

—Judith Brown

Judith Brown is a member of University (Wash.) Meeting and is poetry editor for Friends Journal.
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friends journal august 1998
Milestones

Deaths

Liu—Bea Exner Liu, 90, on Dec. 24, 1997, of cancer. During early adolescence Bea read Friends General Conference literature sent to her father, a minister and professor, describing the Religious Society of Friends. "I thought," Bea often recounted, "if a religion could be like that there might be some sense to it." Bea graduated from Carleton College in Northfield, Minn., and studied at the University of Freiburg, Switzerland. Seeking employment, she followed her brother and sister to China and taught English. In China she married Wallace Liu, a Carleton acquaintance. When the Japanese invaded Tientsin, Wally and Bea joined refugees retreating to western China. They taught at the new University of Guizhou. Bea's prize-winning memoir, *Remembering China 1935-1945*, tells of hardships suffered during the Japanese occupation when her three daughters were born. While at Huachi, Bea became interested in non-Chinese tribes in the area; her children's story, *Little Wu and the Watermelons*, which won the Follett award in 1954, tells their story. Bea returned to Northfield where her son was born in 1945. The whole family went back to China in 1948 but had to return to Northfield because of the Communist revolution. Bea began teaching again after her divorce in 1962. In the 1950s she joined Minneapolis (Minn.) Meeting and in 1967 transferred to Twin Cities (Minn.) Meeting. After retiring from teaching, Bea built a geodesic dome in Becker, Minn., where she kept bees and wrote. Her widowed brother's illness called Bea away from her idyllic life. They moved to Minneapolis, where she continued writing while caring for him until his death. Bea's novel, *Down River People*, will be published by New Rivers Press. She transferred to Prospect Hill (Minn.) Meeting during this cares-taking period. Until her 90th birthday, Bea kept very active; she participated in writer's workshops, a neighborhood discussion group, and Crones, a Quaker women's organization. Bea is survived by two daughters, Peggy Lucas and Sally Lane; a son, Rick; and five grandchildren.

Pennis—Dorothy "Dor" Coe/4 Pennell, 94, on Jan. 24, in Baltimore, Md. Dor was the oldest of six children. She attended George School in Pennsylvania and graduated from Cornell-on-Hudson High School and Pratt Institute in New York. She married Clarence "Charlie" E. Pennell of Lansdowne, Pa., in 1928. They lived in Madison, N.J., for over 50 years before retiring in 1985 to Leisure World in Silver Spring, Md. In 1996, Dor moved to Pickersgill Retirement Community in Towson, Md., to be closer to her son, Kenneth. At the time of her death she was at Keswick Multi-Care Center in Baltimore. For many years, Dor was actively involved in various environmental issues such as cleaner air, soil, and water. In 1945 she was a founding member of the League of Women Voters organization with which she continued her membership while she resided at Leisure World. She and Charlie were founding members of Sum-
She married twice. Summit Service sumed major family responsibilities. As a young saying of John, sometimes monetary help for persons disadvantaged formerly of Bryn Mawr, formative experience for John, who did and four granddaughters, Breanna and an 11-year-old car. Harvey Wasserman, a senior Weingeist, and Ellen Hutchinson; three grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Perera—John Britton Perera, 63, on Jan. 17, in Cleveland, Ohio, surrounded by his life's work. A graduate of Westtown School in Pennsylvania and Ohio State University, John also attended Haverford College. In 1954, he chose to participate in alternative service with the American Friends Service Committee in El Salvador. This proved a formative experience for John, who did draft resistance counseling for many years. Following his graduation from Ohio State, he got a job with Goodwill Industries. It was at Goodwill that John began his lifetime of psychological, physical, and sometimes monetary help for persons disadvantaged by illness or criminal records. Environmental groups in Cleveland considered John a "walking encyclopedia" of information on almost all issues. Without ever publicly discussing it, he adhered totally irreplaceable. "John, also known as "gadfly," "muckraker," and "John from Edgewater" (a name he used when he called the National Public Radio program "Talk of the Nation"), dedicated his life to making the world a better place in which to live. At times he was ridiculed and laughed at for his unorthodox methods of getting his point across. Unique costumes were a regular part of John's demonstration paraphernalia. He is survived by two sons, Britn and Brian; a daughter, Beth Perera Hutchinson; three sisters, Sylvia, Carol Perera Weingest, and Ellen Perera Scott; a brother, Don; and four grandchildren, Breanna and Brittany Perera, and Kaitlin and Rachel Hutchinson.

Plass—Leah Myra Walton Plass, 92, on Dec. 22, 1997, in West Chester, Pa., of natural causes. Leah, formerly of Bryn Mawr, Pa., was a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting and had until recently resided at Hickman Friends Boarding Home in West Chester, Pa. In the past she had been active in Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) Meeting and Friends Meeting at Cambridge (Mass.). Leah was a registered nurse and a graduate of Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing in Philadelphia. She was preceded in death by her husband, Russell D. Plass. Leah is survived by a daughter, Edna May; a son, Neil Walton Plass; a sister, Edna Jackson; four grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Ranger—Lola Margaret McCracken Ranger, 71, on November 3, 1997, after being hit by a car, in Pomona, Calif. Marge was born in Wichita, Kans. The family moved from Kansas to New Mexico and then in 1942 to California. During hard times in the 1930s, Marge, as the oldest daughter, assumed major family responsibilities. As a young woman she held various jobs, including one in Yellowstone Park, which was most exciting for her. She married twice. Her second marriage, to Win.

"For over the margins of life comes a whisper, a faint call, a premonition of richer living which we know we are passing by."

—Thomas R. Kelly, A Testament of Devotion

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society, and does not include every human embryo and zygote.

There is only one consistent position against all abortions: the familial assurance that a “soul” enters the zygote at the time of fertilization. I do not partake of that assumption, and I accept early abortion without moral qualms.

Will Sitters

Steven Point, WIs.

Perhaps we can never fully understand the choice of abortion until we face it ourselves. For this reason, I particularly appreciated the suggestion that Friends should offer clearance committees to women and their partners faced with the immediate situation of an unwanted pregnancy.

The law now says regulated abortion, safe abortion, is preferable to secret attempts at pre-natal murder, and many believe it is a moral choice as well in certain cases (such as rape, the health of the mother or child, or certain social situations). Unfortunately, it leaves the door open for more selfish abortions. But then our economic system leaves the door open for much selfish greed. The death of miners in an unsafe mine is not murder under law, but should be on the conscience of unsafe mine owners. Just so, a selfish abortion is not murder by law, but should be on the conscience of the woman who simply doesn’t want a child. We do not yet have laws that can regulate all greed. But as individuals, we can regulate our own behavior.

But now, at the end of the 20th century, there is another factor to consider—runaway population growth. Now every mother must consider whether she has the right to have more than two children—sad as that thought may be. Some women who already have two children may feel it is selfish not to have an abortion to prevent the birth of a third. God has given us the knowledge to do this safely for the mother. Along with free will God has given us the means to decide between limiting population growth or facing ecological disaster.

We have not found a way to legislate against what is selfish and permit what is unselfish. We do not legislate that smoking cigarettes is illegal although it may cause death by nicotine. We do not make the sale of alcoholic beverages illegal, though it is one of the major causes of auto accidents and deaths. We allow people to make the choice of smoking or drinking. We may abhor some of these choices, as well as the choice of selfish abortion, but we have not found a reasonable way to make them illegal. To make a law requiring abortion to prevent having more than two children would be even more unholy, but a voluntary abortion for this reason is something I myself feel should be permissible.

We can only warn of the dangers of smoking, or drinking to excess, or having too many children. We can only warn that generation after generation, more than two children per mother will endanger the future of all. We can only advise that the use of contraceptives can prevent the need for abortions. We can only hope that we ourselves will never have to make the choice of abortion. That is the burden of freedom of choice.

If we seek God’s guidance and strength, though prayer, perhaps even the most difficult decisions will become clear.

Amy Weber
State College, Pa.

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Retirement Living

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SAN JOSE-Unprogrammed meeting. Call Carmen Riose 264-6396.

ENGLAND (U.K.)
LONDON-Friends House Meeting, from April 1967 to April 1968, 11 a.m. at the Free Church Federal Council, 27 Tavistock Square (3 minutes from Fr.)

FRANCE
PARIS-Unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m. Sundays at 22, Rue de Quincampoix, 75003 Paris. Entrance, 145 bis. Phone: 01-45-48-74-23. The Center has no sleeping accommodation.

GERMANY
HAMBURG-Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m., second and fourth Sundays. Wittenburger Weg 98. Phone 0421-800821.

HEIDELBERG-Unprogrammed meeting. First and third Sundays. Call Brian Tracy: 06223-1396.

GUATEMALA

MEXICO
CIUDAD VICTORIA, TAMANAPA-Iglesia de los Angeles, Sunday 10 a.m., Thursday 9 a.m. Matamoros St. 737 2-97-09.

MEXICO CITY-Unprogrammed meeting Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los Angeles, Ing. Mariachi 130, 09030, Mexico 1, D.F., 705-0521.

NAMIBIA
MANAGUSA-Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Sundays, El Centro de los Amigos, APTDO 5361, Managua, Nicaragua. Info: 813-621-2428 or 011-505-265-0964.

UNITED STATES
Alabaua

FAIRHOPE-Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Sundays at Friends Meetinghouse, 2461 Fairhope Ave. Write: P.O. Box 318, Fairhope, AL 36532. Phone: (251) 941-1743.

HUNTSVILLE-Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Sundays in various homes. Call (205) 837-5327 or write P.O. Box 3535, Huntsville, AL 35801.

ROYAL (Bountiful) Meeting. Write (205) 429-3088.

Arizona
ANGORA-Call for time and place. (928) 367-0079.

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA
McNEAL-Cochise Friends Meeting at Friends Southwestern Center, 17 miles south of Elfrida. Worship 11 a.m. Phone: (520) 345-8674 or (520) 642-9690.

PHOENIX-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 1702 E. Glandale, Phoenix, 85020. 943-5831 or 955-1878.

PREScott-Worship group (928) 778-9571 or 445-7819.

TEMPE-Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 318 E 15th Street, 85281. Phone: 986-9866.

TUCSON-Pima Friends Meeting (unprogrammed). First day school and worship 8:30 a.m. and worship 11 a.m. Wednesdays at 311 N. 5th Ave., 85713. Information: (520) 325-3209.

ARKANSAS
FAYETTEVILLE-Unprogrammed. (501) 521-8657 or 877-5022.

HOPE-Unprogrammed. Call: (870) 777-5382.

LITTLE ROCK-Unprogrammed meeting, discussion 10 a.m. at 3145 West Markham. Phone: (501) 664-7223.

MENA-Unprogrammed meeting. Call: (501) 934-6135.

CALIFORNIA
ARCADIA-11 a.m. 1200 Zahnдор. (714) 577-0451.

BERKELEY-Unprogrammed worship. 11 a.m. 2151 Vine St. at Walnut. 843-9275.

BERRkeley-strawberry Creek, P.O. Box 5065, (510) 524-9196. Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10 a.m. At Shellhorn’s Primary Education Center, 3339 Martin Luther King Jr. Way.

CHICO-10 a.m. singing, 11:30 a.m. unprogrammed worship, children’s class, 2663 Mariposa Ave. 345-3249.

CLAREMONT-Worship 9:30 a.m. for children. 727 W. Harrison Ave., Claremont.

DAVIS-Meeting for worship 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. 1201 F St., Davis, CA 90926. Phone: (714) 265-1056.

FRESNO-Unprogrammed meeting. Sunday 10 a.m. 2219 San Joaquin Ave., Fresno, CA 93721. (209) 237-3162.

GRASS VALLEY-Meeting for worship 9:45 a.m. Discussion hour 11 a.m. John Woolman School Campus, 130/57 Woolman Ln. Phone (530) 265-1306.

HEMET-Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m. 26685 Chestnut Dr. Visitors call (714) 925-2616 or 972-7878.

LA JOLLA Meeting 10 a.m. 7380 Eads Ave. Visitors call 456-1050.

LONG BEACH-10 a.m. Orkiza at Spalding. (310) 514-1730.


MARIN COUNTY-10 a.m. 177 East Bthedale Ave., Mill Valley. Call: (415) 435-5755.

Cato 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, N.C. 28714.

Summer Rentals

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BAY meatings

BOULDER-Meeting for worship 8:30 a.m. and 10 a.m. Childcare available. First-day school 10 a.m. Phone Mary He! at (303) 445-0506.

COLORADO SPRINGS-Meeting Sundays at 10 a.m. at 701 East Boulder Street, Colorado Springs, Colo. Tel: (719) 685-5084. Address: Colorado Springs Friends Meeting, P.O. Box 2514, Colorado Springs, CO 80904-2514.

DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting. 2280 South Colorado Blvd. 80210. Phone: (303) 773-3799 or 303-295-0731.

DURANGO-Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. First-day school and adult discussion 8:30 a.m. at 302 North County St. West. Phone: (970) 247-0801.

FORT COLLINS-Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 2122 W. 14th Street.

NORTH METRO DENVER-Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. conversation after. Children welcome. Colorado Piedmont Meeting, P.O. Box 488, Denver, CO 80020.

CONNECTICUT
HARTFORD-Meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. discussion 11 a.m. 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-9561.

August 1998 FRIENDS JOURNAL
MARYLAND
ADELPHI-Worship 10 a.m. Sunday, Sunday school 10:20 a.m. (South Sun.), Adult 2nd/3rd 11:30 a.m. 1st/2nd/4th Sun. Nursery, 2300 Metzerott, near U. of Md. (301) 445-1114.
ANnapolis-251 Dubois Rd. Worship 11 a.m. Phone: (301) 270-1284.
Baltimore—Stony Run: worship 9:30 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. except 8:30 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. and Aug. First Sunday School, 12:30 p.m. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. First Day, Sept. 8-10 a.m. and 11:30 a.m., Fairlawn Friends Meeting, 509 N. Central Ave., Wheelchair accessible. (410) 367-5519.
Baltimore—Sparks: Gunpowder Meeting. Worship every 1st Day, 10 a.m. Call for directions. Phone: (410) 771-4583.
Bethesda—Classes and worship 11 a.m. (year round)
Sidelong Friends Lower School, Edgemont Lane and Beverly Rd. 586-5861.
CHESTERTOWN—Chester River Meeting, 124 Philosophers Terrace. Worship 11 a.m. Clerk: Yasuo Takahashi, P.O. Box 1005, Chester, MD 21622, (410) 778-1977.
EASTON—Third Haven Meeting, 405 S. Washington St. 10 a.m. Kenneth Carroll, clerk, (410) 820-8347, 9:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 11 a.m. First Sunday School, 1st/3rd Sunday, Sept. 8-10 a.m. and 11:30 a.m., First Friends Meetinghouse, 357 S. Main St. (301) 631-1257.
FREDERICK—Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. meeting 10:15 a.m. Wednesday, 5:30 p.m. 723 N Main St. (301) 631-1257.
LANCASTER—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Carey Ave. at 10 a.m. Call: (717) 453-1505.
SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Rd. Meeting 10 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Contact: (301) 743-3451.
SOUTHERN MARYLAND—Paluxaukt Meeting. Worship 10 a.m. Call Peter Rabenold (410) 394-3124.
UNION BRIDGE—Pipe Creek Meeting. Worship 10 a.m. P.O. Box 697, Union Bridge, MD 21791. (301) 713-7448.

Massachusetts
ACTON—Worship and First school 10 a.m. Hancock Meeting, corner Main and Church Sts. West Concord (during summer in homes). Clerk: Sarah Jeffries, 371-1619.
AMESBURY—Worship 10 a.m. 120 Friend St. Call (508) 483-3259 or (508) 388-3265.
AMHERST—Greenfield-Mount Toby Meeting. Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 194 Long Plain Rd. (Rte. 63), Leverett, (413) 586-3267. Call: (413) 586-3267. If no answer (413) 586-7055.
ANDOVER-Graue House Wheeleor St. Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Contact J. Griswold (508) 475-7132.
BOSTON—Worship 10:30 a.m. First Day. Beacon Hill Friends Meetinghouse at Chestnut St., Boston, 02109. Phone: 227-9118.
CANTON—Meeting last Tuesday of each month. No phone.
CAMBRIDGE—Meetings Sundays 10:30 a.m. and 5 p.m.; Forum at 3:00 p.m. at 5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Sq., off Storrow Dr.). Phone: (617) 876-2480.
CAMBRIDGE—Fresh Pond Monthly Meeting. Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Cambridge Friends School, 5 Cadbury Road, 354-6972.
DEERFIELD-GREENFIELD—Worship group Thursday 9:30 a.m. at Woolman Hill Conference Center, Keets Road, Deerfield, MA 01342. (413) 774-3451. All are welcome.
FRAMINGHAM—Worship 10 a.m.. First day school. Year round. 841 Edmands Rd. (2 mi. west of Natick traffic lights). Wheelchair Accessible. (508) 871-1261.
GREAT BARRINGTON—South Berkshire Meeting. Unprogrammed: 10:30 a.m. First Day, Phone: (413) 529-3510 or (413) 243-1575.
MARTHA’S VINEYARD—Unprogrammed 10:30 a.m. at Blaine Village, Edgartown Rd. (508) 638-0354 or 694-0612.
MATTAPOOSE—Unprogrammed 9:30 a.m., Marion Road (Rte. 6). Phone: (508) 756-5955.
NANTUCKET—Unprogrammed meeting each First Day, 10 a.m., Fair Street Meetinghouse, (508) 228-0136.
NEW BEDFORD—Unprogrammed worship for worship 10 a.m. Glen Unlawirch, School, Beverly Farms, Mass., (781) 283-3522.
NORTH AMPTON—Worship 11 a.m., adult discussion 9:30 a.m. Commissioner, Old College, Bass hall, room 210. (413) 684-2787.
PITTSFIELD—Meetinghouse of Peter Rabbit Worship 9:30 a.m. July and August. 3510 Michigan Rd. (off Main St.) 517-8766.
U.S. EASTON—Meeting 10:30 a.m. (301) 540-7828. Call: (508) 479-1011.
VERNE—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m., Brookside School 1200 N. E. Verne Street., Duluth, phone: (218) 749-3556 or Cieri<, at (612) 861-7655.

Ontario
AMHERST—Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10 a.m. (301) 929-9213.
OHIO—Worship 10 a.m. (301) 696-4926.
RENO—Unprogrammed worship, for information call: (707) 896-5785.

Connecticut
CONCORD-Worship 10 a.m. Children welcomed and cared. Mt. Merriam Village Day Care Center, 19 N. Forest St. (603) 224-4748.
DOVER—Unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m., 141 Central Ave. Childcare: Contact: Constance G. Weeks, (207) 493-2873, or write: P.O. Box 98, Dover, NH 03820.
GREEN-Worship and 4th Day First, March through December at 10 a.m. Clerk: Shirley Leslie. Phone: (903) 332-5472.
HANOVER—Worship and First school, Sundays, 10 a.m. Friends Meetinghouse, 43 Lebanon St. (next to high school). Clerk: Sarah Putnam, (603) 643-1348.
KEENE—Worship group unprogrammed 10:30 a.m. Children’s program and children worship. 100 Washington St., Keene, NH. Call: (603) 774-2127.
LANCASTER—Unprogrammed meeting at the Episcopal Rectory first and third Sundays at 5:30 p.m. Contact with Marilyn C. Chafee, St. John’s Church, Stratford Rd. (603) 377-8811. Clerk: Kyo Takahashi, (603) 647-3977.
PITTSBURGH-Worship and 4th Day First, March through December at 10 a.m. Clerk: Shirley Leslie. Phone: (903) 332-5472.
WEST EPING—Unprogrammed. 10 a.m. on 1st and 3rd First Days. Friends School directly off Rte. 27. Clerk: Fritz Bell, (603) 695-2437.

New York
CAPE MAY—Beach meeting mid-June through Sept. 8-4 a.m. beach north of first aid station. (609) 624-1165.
CINNAMON—Westfield Friends Meeting, Rte. 130 at Riverfront-Morningside Rd. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., first-day school 10 a.m.
CROPPWELL—Meeting for worship 10:45 a.m. Old Mariton Pike, one mile north of Mariton.
CROSSTOWN—Meeting and First-day school 9:30 a.m. (309) 298-4382.
DOVER-RANDOLPH—Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. at First Meetinghouse, quoaker Churcd, and Quaker Ave. Between Center Grove Rd. and Millbrook Ave., Randolph, (973) 627-3987.
GREENWICH—First-day school 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m., 10 a.m. one mile south of Greenwich. (406) 851-9217.
HADDONFIELD—Worship 10 a.m. First school follows, except summer. Babysitting provided during both. Friends Ave, and Lake St. Phone: 482-6524 or 482-5779.
Florida

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 3924 N. Main St. Phone (904) 644-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:45 a.m. at 3025 NW 34th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 3225 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:45 a.m. at 3125 NW 34th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 3325 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 3425 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 3525 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 3625 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 3725 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 3825 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 3925 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 4025 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 4125 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 4225 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 4325 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 4425 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 4525 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 4625 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 4725 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 4825 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 4925 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 5025 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

GAINESVILLE: Meeting for worship and First-day school at 10:30 a.m. at 5125 NW 13th St. Phone (904) 358-2283.

VALLEY-121 Old Eagle School Rd., Wayne. Worship and First-day school 10 a.m., forum 11:10 a.m. Close to Valley Forge, King of Prussia, Audubon, Devon. (610) 698-5677.


WEST GROVE - Meeting for worship 10 a.m. E. Harmony Road, P.O. Box 7.

WESTTOWN - Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sunday School 10:30 a.m., service 11:15 a.m. South Campus, Philadelphia School campus, 413 W. Wyoming Ave., P.O. Box 218. Wilmington. (302) 732-8765.

WHITEHAVER - Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sunday School 11 a.m., service 12 noon. 2371 S. Main St., Hanover. (717) 637-4219.

WILLISTOWN - Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 135 W. Horry Ave., Exton, PA 19341.

Lynne Comstock Call: (610) 895-9990.

Floridians for Worship, e-mail, 834-6925.

MIDWESTERN Meeting, 204 E. North St., Grand Rapids, MI 49503. (616) 456-2471.

WILMINGTON - Meeting for worship 10 a.m. First-day school 10:30 a.m. 1172 Bridge Ave., Wilmington, DE 19801. (302) 592-9201.

WESTMORLAND - Meeting for worship 10 a.m. First-day school 10:30 a.m. 153 South 7th St., York, PA 17401. (717) 847-3120.

WILLIAMSBURG - Worship 10 a.m. First-day school 10:30 a.m. 2275 E. King St., Chambersburg, PA 17201. (717) 267-2471.

WILKES-BARRE - North Branch Monthly Meeting. Wyoming Seminary Lower School, 1500 Wyoming Ave., Forty Fort. Sunday school 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m. For summer and vacation, phone (570) 827-5130.

WILLISTOWN - Meeting for worship 10 a.m. 135 W. Horry Ave., Exton, PA 19341.

WILMINGTON - Meeting for worship 10 a.m. 135 W. Horry Ave., Exton, PA 19341.

WINCHESTER - Meeting, worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10:30 a.m. 2275 E. King St., Chambersburg, PA 17201. (717) 267-2471.

WILLIAMSPORT - Meeting for worship 10 a.m. First-day school 10:30 a.m. 1172 Bridge Ave., Wilmington, DE 19801. (302) 592-9201.

WILMINGTON - Meeting for worship 10 a.m. First-day school 10:30 a.m. 1172 Bridge Ave., Wilmington, DE 19801. (302) 592-9201.

WEST CHESTER - First-day school 10:30 a.m., worship 10:45. 425 N. High St., West Chester. (610) 699-0491.

WEST GROVE - Meeting for worship 10 a.m. E. Harmony Road, P.O. Box 7.

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