Is Technology Our New God?
A Quaker Life in India: Marjorie Sykes
Annual Special Books Section

What makes a Friends school Friendly?
Among Friends

Our Withers Are Unwring

November each year has become a time for us to focus on books. Readership surveys over the years have indicated our subscribers’ great interest in books, and this month seems a good time to include an expanded number of book reviews, occasionally a chapter from a forthcoming book by a Quaker author, and other related features. There is not as heavy a concentration on books this year, but the reviews and many advertisements you will find indicate that the Quaker-related publishing scene continues to flourish.

In planning for this issue, our senior editor, Kenneth Sutton, suggested that we editors might list several of the books we have most enjoyed reading in the past year. It was one of those good ideas that we didn’t get to until it was too late. In thinking about it this week, however, I realize that I have been drawn of late not only to some recent writers but even more to the great writers of our past. While in Michigan this past summer with my two grandsons, for instance, I dug into the writings of Joseph Conrad (one of my favorite authors when I was a college student), a book by Somerset Maugham, another by Daphne du Maurier; and there was an unexpected find on a dusty shelf, Wessex Tales, Volume XII, by Thomas Hardy.

How often in my daily life I think of a line from a play by Shakespeare, one of the romantic poets, or Robert Frost. My day may be brightened as well by a humorous comment by Mark Twain or Will Rogers.

Perspective may be added to a current life situation as well. Such perspective seems badly needed amidst the storm of controversy emanating from Washington, D.C., these days. Like many of you, I suspect, I have grown weary of the brouhaha resulting from our president’s sexual misbehavior. As I write this column in mid-October, Congress is about to recommend impeachment hearings, which are sure to drag out the whole business for many months to come. On the eve of congressional elections, I can only imagine how candidates will exploit the whole matter in TV commercials in coming weeks. What a tragedy that our national dialog has been moved away from thoughtful discussion of such issues as education for our children, poverty, quality healthcare for all, racial tensions, adequate housing, and the many important concerns that really affect people in their daily lives.

For solace I find myself turning to the tragedies of an earlier time. These words from Hamlet, for instance, seem to describe the current Washington situation quite well: “The time is out of joint; O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!”; “Something is rotten in the state of Denmark”; “Though this be madness, yet there is method in’t”; “It is not nor it cannot come to good”; “Give it an understanding, but no tongue”; “There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so”; “The lady doth protest too much, methinks”; “Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwring”; “My words fly up, my thoughts remain below; words without thoughts never to heaven go”; “Confess yourself to heaven; repent what’s past; avoid what is to come.”

And, of course, these words from the final act that seem apropos: “A politician, . . . one that would circumvent God.”

Vinton Deming

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Cover photo: Students at Sandy Spring (Md.) Friends School, © 1994 Susie Fitzhugh

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Above: Students from Moses Brown School in Providence, R.I., at a local land trust
Left: Marjorie Sykes works on a manuscript at her home at Swarthmore (a Quaker retirement community near London, England), 1992.
We share this extract from Merriam Webster’s Dictionary of English Usage.

From 1791 to the present people have questioned the propriety or accuracy of using America to mean the United States and American to mean an inhabitant or citizen of the United States.

America is used very generally both by writers and public speakers, when they only intend the territory of the United States... It may have first come into use as being much shorter to say Americans than citizens of the United States.

—Gazette of the United States, 16 Feb. 1791 (Dictionary of American English)

... H.L. Mencken in American Speech, December 1947, had quite a long list of suggested replacements for American. The list contains (in approximate historical order from 1789 to 1939) such terms as Columbian, Columbard, Frederick, Frede, Unismatic, United Statesian, Colombarian, Appalacian, Usian, Washingtonian, Usonian, Uesian, U-Sian, Uesian. None of these proposed substitutes has caught on.

Despite the perceived difficulty with America and American in this use, the terms are fully established. Cotton Mather seems to have been the first writer to use American for a colonist, back before the dawn of the 18th century. It became established during the course of that century. The historian Samuel Eliot Morison cites a naval expedition of 1741 as being the first time the English referred to colonial troops as Americans rather than provincials. Benjamin Franklin used both America and American in this sense. The Dictionary of American English also cites George Washington....

Abortion

I enjoyed the lively discussion in your Forum regarding the emotional and cultural aspects of abortion. It might be helpful to consider how other cultures deal with this universal problem. In areas of great poverty, India for example, my experience has been that having another child means dividing the scarce food once more. One's older daughter and older son, whom the mother is struggling to keep alive, must once again be made to eat less or starve more as the case may be. Every day a mother's hand portions out the limited morsels of food: so much for the husband who must go to work, so much for the eldest daughter who doesn't need to expend so much energy just beating the clothes clean at the river, so much for the little one who only sits in school, and so on. We ask this mother to determine which family member will live or die. How unfair to give anyone this job. Another pregnancy means the loss of breast milk for the weanling, and she is likely to become weak.

On the other side, the major method of contraception in Japan (ala) is abortion. Other methods have been slow in coming or against the wisdom of the senate fathers and are actually outlawed. Women have many abortions. And, not without emotional effect. The Japanese have a way of organizing life, and in this regard they have worked out a very interesting response to the emotional strain of these abortions. There are special temples dedicated to Jizo, a child deity. Mothers who have lost a child send warm clothing for the small spirit, and the stone representations of small jizo(s) often have a red cloth hood or a cloth bib around their necks.
So I would suggest that when we think these issues out we broaden our discussion to include life challenges of parents in other cultures who have very different priorities, mostly based on scarcity—of space, of food, and particularly of potable water, every drop of which usually must be huffled from somewhere by someone.

Dona Raphael
Westport, Conn.

I have followed with interest the articles and letters about abortion that have recently appeared in the JOURNAL. The abortion issue holds questions and mysteries that launched my spiritual quest as a young woman. While I have made peace with my own viewpoints, I have also accepted that much of the "is it right or wrong" type of questions are unanswerable.

I have revisited the abortion experience from a different perspective at midlife. I have been reflecting on the sacredness of the womb. Many women experience some kind of trauma to the womb, e.g., infertility, miscarriage, hysterectomy, complications in pregnancy, etc. Abortion can be seen likewise as such a trauma. All of these experiences carry feelings of deep loss. Abortion can also carry confusion and shame because we keep trying to make the mystery of life's beginnings knowable and politicize the question of who has sovereignty over this decision.

The tragedy in this for me was that it disconnected me emotionally and spiritually from my womb. Instead of being a place of mercy and compassion, a place of connection with the teachings of Jesus, it became a place of darkness and a place of self-denial. Only when I matured enough to visit and embrace my darkness did I begin to heal. And then I rediscovered a beautiful, sacred place of mercy.

A woman can be honored and supported as having such mercy within herself and for others and if she can be in this sacred place when she considers, alone or with others, whether or not to bring a pregnancy to term, then I would consider her decision to be in tune with the Divine.

Denise Runyon
Yellow Springs, Ohio

Grammar lesson

I gather that the JOURNAL has a policy of making as few changes as possible in what writers actually write. I think this is a good thing in general, but I would be glad to see it not extended to grammatical errors. The most frequent of these that draws my attention is the "not only . . . but also" construction. I refer to one example (Fj June, page 15, paragraph 1, line 11). It seems to me that there are two possibilities, depending on the exact meaning one wishes to convey:

"Living this leading intensified not only Joe's last days, but the lives of . . ." ("not only" follows the verb; the verb applies to both objects).

"Living this leading not only intensified Joe's last days, but changed the lives . . ." ("not only" precedes the verb; the second verb is needed for the second object).

The construction correctly used appears in the same article, on page 14, col. 3, paragraph 1.

Thank you for the excellent articles on death and dying. They serve as a needed reminder that this is not an "either-or matter"; there are many approaches.

The Käthe Kollwitz drawing on the cover is well chosen and moving.

Judith Inkeep
White Plains, N.Y.

Kudos

The July issue is the best I have ever read and the only one I have ever read from cover to cover. Thank you and your staff.

Janet B. Snyder
Kennett Square, Pa.

The July issue was excellent. The articles on the origin of the Seneca Falls conference, the Marshall article on Vietnam prosthetics, and the Brokaw testimony were of a high level and contributed to our meeting's discussions in a very positive way. Good work!

Larry D. Spears
Bismarck, N.D.

Reflections

On August 6 I participated, along with about 20 others, in a vigil at the gates of Lockheed Martin's Waterton Canyon facility in Denver, Colorado, at the morning rush hour. Lockheed Martin is the largest weapons contractor in the world. A banner hung high above the entry to the plant with the words, "Hope Starts Here." Hope does not start here. The banner proclaims a lie. Lockheed Martin is a death factory, producing the latest in war technology. The lie is covered with lucrative salaries and the false belief that the latest weapons will bring peace.

Today is August 8. What impact can a handful of protesters have in transforming Lockheed Martin? This I cannot answer, because I do not know. I can only say it was right for me to be there on the morning of the anniversary of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. Another image comes to mind, that of Jesus weeping over Jerusalem and saying, "If only you knew the things that make for peace." I can see again our small group with banners and signs a high school student, the wife of a retired Methodist minister, several elderly Catholic sisters, a tall, tanned pastor with his hair in a ponytail, a dignified Jewish woman, a WWII veteran and his wife, and people who were new to me. The images of these people, standing there with me, give me hope and the courage and strength to persevere in the task of peacemaking. We shall carry on.

Donna Spring
Englewood, Colo.

Return to the fold

Your April issue was a powerhouse of the Spirit with its three Albrecht Dürer prints (Christ washing Peter's feet, Christ and disciples at Emmaus, and the Last Supper) as perfect companion pieces to Patricia Dallman's article "Bible as Ministry" and Barbara Graves's "A Model of Prophecy and Testimony."

How I do pray that those two inspired and brilliant articles and the Dürer prints have awakened the slumbering Christ in the hearts of a number of your readers! There is an explosive fund of divine energy in the two articles that we Quakers sorely need if we are to respond to God's expectations of us.

I have loved Christ and sought to follow him for 30 years. It was as a liberal, social activist member of Albany (N.Y.) Meeting that I first embraced him. At this July's New York Yearly Meeting I struck it lucky when I picked up the April FRIENDS JOURNAL at the FJ display table, for I have not been a subscriber for many years. I was surprised and delighted to see that the JOURNAL has included Christ in its universalist outlook.

Who knows? If FJ, as a "lost sheep," returns to the fold, maybe I, a lost FJ reader, might return to its fold!

Jack Daniels
Cobleskill, N.Y.

Continued on page 44
On Being a Quaker Contemplative

Perhaps my call to the contemplative life began with a predisposition towards silence and solitude that was fostered by the privilege of having the upstairs of my childhood home all to myself. This space consisted of a bedroom, a den, and a half bath. It was there I learned to enjoy my own companionship and to spend many hours in friendship with silence.

This environment, I believe, nourished my natural inclination to trust my own spiritual experience. Because of this reliance on inner spiritual authority, I can retrospectively say that God gave me the makings to be a Quaker. I didn't come to realize this formally until later in my life.

As I have reflected on my contemplative calling, I recognize three core themes running through it. The first theme is liminality. When I came across this term, which is traditionally used by anthropologists and more recently by monastic orders, it was a sanity check. It is derived from the Latin word for threshold. I found that God does create across cultures in every generation those who symbolically embody standing on the threshold between what is and what is yet to come.

As a woman who entered seminary in the mid-1970s when fewer than a quarter of the student population was female, I was downright liminal. These were times when excessive use of "He," "Father," and "brethren" was opposed by standing women seminarians (and a few men). As I pursued my studies, I was radicalized even farther. As you might imagine, I had serious trouble adopting Jesus as my model for salvation in this environment. I struggled with the concept of a male savior who was to exemplify wholeness for women. I also felt in the depths of my being that it was idolatrous to worship Jesus and forsake his admonition to realize the Kingdom/community of God right here and now.

Being liminal was my way "into" Jesus. As I was "heard into Being" by other students and some teachers, I recognized that my call was to remain on the margin of the institutional church. Then I "discovered" that this was the call of Jesus too! I identified with Jesus not as an external model, but as someone in whose life I participated. As a consequence, a spiritual power was brought forth in me that transformed my life as the life of Christ was inwardly replayed.

My perplexity continued as I questioned the passion of Christ being equated with the three hours on the cross. I had read stories of contemporary women being tortured in South American coups that could more than rival crucifixion. From the reality of my own truth, I recognized the enduring passion of Christ to be in the everyday experiences of injustice, humiliation, and folly of the human condition. This is a passion that may not result in physical pain but a pain that is suffered in hiddenness alone with God.

In this United Methodist Seminary (I was never Methodist but went there to study with a particular feminist theologian), I was influenced by a fellow student who was doing his field placement in a Friends organization. As I became more open to God's transforming work, I began to slip away on Sunday mornings to the nearest Quaker meeting, which was about an hour away. It was among Friends that I found a spiritual home. This was a church that seemed to profess an experience of spiritual conversion that mirrored mine. Becoming a Friend meant not being ordained and therefore surrendering a means of livelihood. As a liminal person, I live into the in-between times that encompass the longing, the waiting, and the

by Kathryn Damiano

Kathryn Damiano is a member of Middletown (Pa.) Meeting, Concord Quarterly Meeting, and a cofounder of the School of the Spirit Ministry. This article is excerpted from a book on lay contemplation forthcoming from St. Anthony Messenger Press.

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unconsummated desire. I am driven to prayer and to be sustained must rely on Divine Providence.

The second theme of my contemplative call is confronting the principalities and powers. There is a freedom and a que nce, I experience the sacrament of off for power. Though I witness to the fact that “my Kingdom is not of this world,” those in worldly power seem to be particularly threatened. I have come smack up against the limitations of human relationships those in worldly power seem to be particularly threatened. I have come smack up against the limitations of human relationships and human justice. As a consequence, I experience the sacrament of failure and am even tempted to despair.

As I have explored the range of understandings about power and church governance, I could see that Jesus’ life was a testimony to an alternative concept of power. He was tempted by the same economic, political, and religious demons that I had experienced. Jesus broke that cycle of violence and responded instead with love. He remained hidden for most of his life, healed relatively few, and finally aroused so much opposition that he was put to death.

There has been a movement in my prayer over the years as I continued to encounter the principalities and powers that are especially rampant in today’s institutions. My “God fix this!” prayer has often been confounded when there were no visible results. I have stayed in a variety of these oppressive situations almost beyond tolerance. Yet as I persevered, I have been graced with little redemptions that I take as indications that God had not finished using me as an instrument. In fact, the message was to radiate the love of Christ.

I remember seeing a Twilight Zone program years ago where a certain culture had “sin eaters.” Their function was to bear the burdens of others. Was I being asked to bear the burdens of institutions as part of a redemptive process? In these broken institutions, I could sense a movement that was in progress on a cosmic level. It was a process that I did not fully understand, but with which I sensed I was called to cooperate. When I am released from this use in God’s time, I fall back into financial insecurity. Yet, I am also deeply

The Challenge of Silence in Active Community

by Virginia Ivy Schone

I’m riding on their coattails of silence.” I tell myself. I feel a bit guilty as I follow two students who have taken a vow of silence for 30 days into the dining room toward a table with sign carved in wood: SILENT. I am trying to escape the chatter of so many students, staff, and visitors gathering for lunch in this religious center for study. A resident student hearing the end of my first term of three months, I grow needful of silence and privacy.

Abagail, a Protestant minister on leave, attends classes and tends to required manual work, but during the retreat seldom comes to meals. I’ve heard she feels uneasy in the presence of opposition to her silence from some students and staff.

Arun, a Hindu from India, appears every meal, silently participating, nodding pleasantly. Seeing him go about his mindful day I feel he is an example of grace.

Why does this silent pair represent promise to me?

I think they may discover something I do not know, which they will share. I treat their silence with respect, for I believe that in silence there is hope.

When the retreat is complete, many in the community gather to ask Abagail and Arun: What have you learned?

Arun says, “I heard more because I was not giving attention to what I would say. I was understanding more. This taught me a lot. I would hear myself introduced and think: Is that me? When I come out of silence, I’ll not introduce myself. Maybe the name is enough.

“After a couple of weeks, when I sat down quietly, I was really able to be quiet. I heard two things: my body and my soul. None of these I knew before. To hear myself more clearly—that was the most valuable.”

Abagail offers: “What I have learned is that there seems to be a deep underlying structure under the chaos. There is a buoyancy—it is God. In that, we are all bound together.”

A student asks Arun, “Did you want to be spoken to?”

“I preferred to be touched.”

Another student expresses resentment. “I was looking forward to getting to know you, but you retreated so long into silence.”

Abagail nods, “I’m grateful for your anger as well as your love. I had to take into my consciousness the resentment, even from some staff, and ask myself if I was doing something important enough to justify the retreat.”

Many of us listening have been touched one way or another by their silence. Impressed with the insights shared, I decide to join four other students for a six-day silent retreat between semesters, while still meeting responsibilities of daily manual work. I do not know the resentment Abagail says she has encountered will become my greatest challenge.

When the retreatants are announced I immediately feel a bond with the others. We are given a counselor, Marie, a graduate student in psychology and religion; also, an apartment in which to gather. The larger room is available to us for meditation 24 hours a day; the smaller, Marie will use to talk daily with each.

Here, now, our silent space—an elegant gift!

Continued on page 8
blessed with times of “enkindling,” a respite that is infused with God’s undergirding Love.

The third theme of my contemplative path flows directly from the others. It is eschatology. My flavor of contemplative seems to be called to demonstrate that in this broken world not all healing comes through human hands. The solitary lives a life of “relevant irrelevancy.” I am asked to trust God in situations that seem to oppose God. Prayer becomes a revolutionary act in defiance of what is, in the promise that God will liberate. I become more and more convinced of “things not seen.” I begin to subject life to the criterion of eternity.

Where I have learned much about eschatology is in caring for elderly people.

Many are natural contemplatives. The fullness of their lives is contagious. My most recent experience has been in caring for retired nuns, some of whom were semicomatose or cognitively impaired. I would “wire the sisters for sound” with a walkman (walkperson?) playing Gregorian chants. My response was a ministry of Presence to the life essence that remained in these sisters. I could commune with their energy through the practice of therapeutic touch. The redemptive suffering of these sisters elicited love from me. I was the one being redeemed!

On other occasions when a sister was dying imminently, staff and residents were often invited to sing and pray her into paradise. What touched me most deeply was the tangibility of the eternal. Heaven was so real that it was as if the dying sister was moving to Pittsburgh and we would all be with her soon. The contemplative dips into the eschatological and discovers things as they really are and enjoys them to the fullest.

As I currently enter another chapter of my life, I discern the quickenings of the Holy Spirit. God remains so inside of me that God cannot be analyzed from the outside. What will God call forth from me next? Throughout church history, there have been those called to a life of solitude and prayer—particularly in times of church renewal. I know I am to be part of that movement, but the form is still opaque. I continue to show up in faithfulness.

Continued from page 7

The first evening, we sit in a candlelit circle, one half-hour in silence; another, in sharing. Joe, who is Irish, arrived last semester from South Africa, where he taught junior high school. Should he return? Bernice has directed another spiritual center and would like to find work in a New Mexico Buddhist community, but hesitates to travel that far because of meager funds. Clara hopes to deepen her relationship with God. Abagail, who has served in a racially-troubled section of Los Angeles and experienced burnout, considers career options. I, from the Northwest, where a beloved sister has recently died, wonder whether to return and how to recover a sense of family I’ve lost.

Marie offers each a slip of paper with biblical reference, not the same verse, but a passage chosen especially for the person. On mine: Psalm 62:1, “My heart waits in silence for God.”

The teasing begins early. From staff I’ve considered to be friends:

“Go right on blundering into the presence of God.”

“You know, don’t you, that there will be a test at the end of this?”

At that early moment in the retreat I do not mind the teasing. I have stepped into the country of silence, but am just over the border. I am concerned, however, about my ability to meet the daily task of helping with lunch cleanup. I have heard one reason some staff resist silence in the kitchen is that it might slow communication. But I find that when so focused, my work moves quickly and I seek more.

In silence awareness of others grows, as Arun has indicated. It is evident in our group as well. Speaking in circle about identity, I say that I, a writer, have an image of myself as a tree with words hanging upon it, a word tree. Some words I would like to shed: DISCRIMINATION... OBLIGATORY... RESTRICTIONS... PONDEROUS... LOSS... I feel the need for a new lightness of being.

The next evening, Abagail tells us she prayed for me and in a dream found herself burning the burdensome words.

Our friendships deepen; the taunting comments continue.

I ask Marie, “Are others in the group heckled?”

“No, but I think you are in silence. A few tend work while silent. There is a difference.” She adds that possibly the jests are caused by an unconscious jealousy due to an inability to immerse similarly in silence.

In silence, yes. This is where I want to be. As a minister’s child, I sometimes have struggled to keep a sense of individuality within a community, feeling myself surrounded, almost overwhelmed by the presence of so many others. I am beginning to realize how helpful silence can be when trying to define who, what one is and hopes to become.

The fifth morning, I move along the breakfast line.

“HEY, THE SILENT ONE!” It is directed at me.

Listening, I feel myself to be in a new place, rooted in silence and in God. How firm a foundation! From here I can withstand critical comment from anyone. My expression conveys that no longer is the heckling acceptable.

There has been a failure, both on the part of my detractors and initially myself, to understand the depth and dimension that living in silence can entail. Had I recognized it sooner, I believe my manner from the beginning would have gained more respect for the process.

The last evening, in circle we again share thoughts of the future. Joe will return to Ireland to visit his aging mother, perhaps to remain and teach there. Abagail speaks enthusiastically of the Shalem Institute, where she will perhaps study counseling. Bernice hopes her ailing car can carry her as far as New Mexico; she will attempt the trip. Clara plans to remain for the new semester, as do I, for I have found a spiritual home.

It is my contention that most technological innovations developed in the last couple centuries (from cars to weapons to televisions and computers) are detrimental to our collective global soul. They hinder our ability to live in harmony with our planetary partners (both human and nonhuman) by exacerbating existing divisions (economic, social, and spiritual) and creating new ones. Specifically, I observe that most of what our society considers technological progress merely serves to: 1) widen the gap between global rich and poor; 2) augment human domination over animals, plants, and nonliving elements of God's creation; 3) add further complication and anxiety to our lives; 4) erode the sense of joy and awe that stem from a life grounded in reality; and 5) alienate us from the Great Spirit, which forms the very core of our being. I also observe that most new technologies are both seductive in their appeal and addictive in their use. I consider such technologies to be a cancer on global human society and a blasphemy of God's creation. Yet, how many Friends pause to analyze the soul-impacts of a new technology before embracing it in our lives and into our religious society?

Many early technologies (like cheese-making devices and wooden plows), while enhancing human domination over the natural environment, were at least not inherently elitist—that is, there were renewable resources aplenty for everyone who wanted one of these simple tools to have one. As such, they did not inevitably widen the gap between rich and poor. But if one analyzes most technologies developed in the last couple centuries, some unhealthy trends emerge: 1) a move away from renewable resource harvesting toward nonrenewable resource mining; 2) ever more complex and expensive technologies no longer affordable to everyone who wants them, and thus inherently elitist in nature; and 3) a seemingly gleeful quest to insulate ourselves as much as possible from everyday reality. Today we've "achieved" in the United States a sort of fantasy world that exalts virtual reality and alienates us from the mundane realities (still experienced by most of our global siblings) of what it means to be truly alive and human.

Now I'll readily admit my own inconsistencies and hypocrisies regarding my views. I avail myself of many technologies: electricity for lights and radios, a telephone and flush toilet, natural gas for heat and hot water—obscene luxuries for one who aspires to responsible global citizenship. I use such technologies confessionally, and I view my life as a work-in-progress toward more egalitarian and environmentally sustainable substitutes. It would be a great source of joy were I to discover a community of fellow-travelers with similar values. Luckily, I'm married to one, and I've met a few neo-Luddite, kindred souls here and there over the years. But I've yet to find a religious society (Quaker or otherwise) so convinced of the compelling truth of simplicity as an antidote to much of what ails our overdeveloped nation that its members would actually embody in their daily lives the values professed in their collective vision and faith. When it's clear that something is a poison for the body (like arsenic, nicotine, or heroin), it shouldn't be too hard to "just say no!" Likewise, when it's clear that a technology violates the egalitarian and creation-respecting values at the core of...
one’s faith, it shouldn’t be too hard to reject it. So why does our society seem to be drawn “like moths to a flame” to every new technology that comes along, with seemingly no discernment regarding its ethical ramifications?

Let’s take computers, for example, and see whether they’re in line with our values. They’re primarily made of plastic and filled with heavy metals, both highly toxic and nonbiodegradable. Due to planned obsolescence stemming from corporate greed and the manic pace of technological change, thousands of them end up in landfills each day. They’re manufactured by workers who often develop cancers and other exotic maladies (often years later) from exposure to solvents and other toxins during production. They also require lots of water during production, adding toxins that are unremovable from the resulting wastewater. When used at home or at work, they consume paper like it’s going extinct and emit rays that render their users unwitting guinea pigs to future diseases. Fifty years from now we may look back on miscarriages and carpal tunnel syndrome as the early warning signs of a myriad of miseries to which we willingly subjected ourselves and our children. As with their look-alike cousin, the television, computers foster a physically sedentary existence while filling every temporal interstice of the user’s life with addictive and stress-inducing overstimulation. The machine accelerates the already excessive pace of life, bombarding the user with an overload of information beyond what can be processed and, like second-hand smoke, upping the ante even for nonusers, who find they need to redouble their pace just to keep up with their computer-using colleagues, all in the name of efficiency and progress. Computers are one of the driving forces facilitating globalization, which is currently steamrolling over the economies of low-income nations, most of whom don’t yet comprehend what hit them. In short, computers serve to widen the gulf between rich and poor, augment human domination of the planet, add unnecessary complication and stress to our lives, pollute God’s creation with toxins, and help create a fantasy-world mentality that alienates us from reality. A similar analysis could be derived for cars, televisions, and many of the other technologies our society touts as “progress.”

A life richly endowed with unjust technologies is artificial and can exist only under repressive conditions. With the demise of the Soviet bugaboo, the political smokescreen has finally been lifted, and it should be obvious that the primary need for a strong military has been (and continues to be) the protection of our privileged U.S. lifestyle from the hordes of global poor folks who would otherwise insist that global wealth be shared equitably. As Quakers, most of us would probably agree that the phrase “rich pacifist” is an oxymoron. Yet how many of us choose voluntarily to relinquish our wealth to obviate the need for a military?

Geography plays a big part in our complacency, I believe. When our Friends meeting in Albuquerque was wrestling with whether to declare ourselves a sanctuary for Central American refugees in the early 1980s, the issue shifted from the plane of intellectualism to immediacy at the point that living, breathing, traumatized refugees spent time in our midst as some of us transported them to destinations further north. So too, I want to believe that if destitute families from Asia and Africa were slowly starving to death in the center of our Sunday worship circle instead of unseen in their rural villages, we would choose to share our wealth with them instead of buying the latest high-tech gadget.

We in the overdeveloped world certainly have much more to gain and learn from interaction with those in low-income countries than they stand to benefit from us. One of the unrecognized

### A CONVERSATION

**Dear Chuck,**

When I received your manuscript, I liked it and thought it worth printing. I was sidetracked for a time by regret over my failure to print a similar piece sent in some time ago by another Friend. I've made comments below, but having learned a lesson, I don't want to stymie your writing.

In general, the expression of your concerns is weakened by two things: absence of descriptions of the technologies we should use, with the same kind of analysis as that given to detrimental technologies; and unfinished critiques. An example: telephones and flush toilets as “nonrenewable and elitist” and “obscene luxuries.” Can you draw that critique out a bit? Is the postal service more sustainable and less elitist than telephones? Is it having a *private* telephone that’s elitist? Can you make explicit the implications of not having a flush toilet? Is it ever appropriate for people to live in cities? (I’m making some jumps here, but those are exactly the jumps readers may make, either because they are antagonistic or because they are defensive.)

Please let me know if I should publish what you have sent or if you’d like to revise again.

— *Kenneth Sutton*

**Dear Kenneth,**

Thanks so much for your letter. To be honest, I had given up hope, and your letter revived my spirits.

Since I dislike writing, I’d be happy simply to have my second version published as is. I feel your comments are both helpful and valid, and I’ll address them below. If you feel that all or part of what I say in response to your comments serves to strengthen the article, feel free to insert sections into the article.

You’re correct; I did not discuss technologies we “should” use, and for many readers looking for answers this may be a fatal omission. Partly my reasons stem from an aversion to the word “should.” I like the way the elders at Balby prefaced their thoughts. I don’t believe there is a blueprint for responsible global citizenship, only groping through values-based queries. For me the issue that really matters is not “where a person is,” but rather “the direction in which (s)he is headed.” So toward what goals do we aim? Hopefully my queries get at that. For some folks, a car will be rejected and a horse used for transportation. Others of us may move in the same direction but only scale back to a bicycle, even though it’s less consistent with our values than using a horse. Since we’re on this topic, let’s use my queries to analyze horse transport.

Horses are far more affordable than
costs associated with a high-tech, fast-paced lifestyle is the gradual donning of an urbane sophistication that displaces the wholesome simplicity we had as young children. Unencumbered by materialistic burdens, global poor folks often retain such qualities, and a relationship with them can be a fount of refreshment for our souls. As the masthead of Right Sharing News reminds us: "God calls us to the right sharing of world resources, from the sin of materialism into the abundance of God's love, to work for equity through partnership with our sisters and brothers throughout the world." The truth of this statement (which flies in the face of the prevailing wisdom of mainstream U.S. society) becomes even stronger and clearer as we discover the joy of sharing and the freedom of a less encumbered lifestyle.

In my view, technology is not neutral; it is highly value-charged. As my wife puts it, "Global sharing unites. High-tech divides." But if what I've said above is not your reality, then wear your high-tech sword as long as you can. The elders at Baalby had it right in 1656 when they realized that values such as global sharing and reverence for God's creation cannot be laid upon us as a rule or form to walk by. They must, instead, be written in our hearts by bicycle. A quick analysis will show that metal must be mined to produce bikes, and old bicycles eventually clutter landfills. In summary, I'd consider cars and planes to be the least consistent with the values reflected in my queries, horses and walking to be the most consistent, and bicycles to be an intermediate compromise technology, faster than walking and better suited to a city than horses.

You can see I'm no purist. I'd just like to see us (Quakers, at least, even if no one else joins us) redefine progress as "moving toward values that affirm responsible global citizenship" rather than higher GNP, greater domination of nature, and more manic and over-stimulated lives.

You ask whether it's ever appropriate for people to live in cities. I certainly prefer them and do not view urban living as inherently unsustainable or elitist. Before the technologies of the last couple centuries, people lived in cities in a much more environmentally sustainable way than we do nowadays. People communicated by dropping in to chat, and neighborhoods felt less alien to their residents. Today we have telephones. Let's look at why I call telephones and flush toilets...
hearts. We must consider the total infusion of our every daily action with these values to be just as crucial for the health of our souls as air, food, and water are to the health of our bodies. Perhaps someday we will view living in the light of such values to be not only a golden opportunity to be cherished, but also a necessity without which a life of integrity is not possible for us. When we can begin to see global sharing and responsible participation in God’s creation as a precious gift to be sought cheerfully and eagerly rather than a dour list of “shoulds” to be winked at or given perfunctory lip service, we will have truly achieved a spiritual breakthrough that will overwhelm all the petty technological breakthroughs our misdirected U.S. culture so worships.

**Queries Regarding Technologies**

1. Is the technology in question more affordable than the one it replaced for every global citizen who would like one? Does its use widen the gap between rich and poor?

2. Is the technology in question more environmentally sustainable than the one it replaced? Does it pollute and consume at a lesser rate?

3. Does the technology bring us more in touch with God’s creation, decrease our anxiety level, and enhance our appreciation of nature and of other human beings, or does it serve to further alienate us from reality, complicate our lives, and cheapen our relationship with nature and with our fellow global citizens?

—C. H.

**Continued from page 11**

I’m sure you’re aware of the crisis looming regarding global fresh water usage: the supply is stable while usage is growing exponentially. Many futurists predict that coming wars will be fought over water rights. So the concept of water-borne sewage is an idea whose time has gone. We simply cannot afford it any more for at least three reasons. First, there’s not enough water for future generations to use it for flushing human wastes. Second, it escalates sewage treatment costs, since 99.99 percent of all sewage received at a treatment plant is pure water. The wastes must be concentrated before treatment can be effective. Third, human wastes are a valuable resource. Much of the world uses it to grow food (including friends of ours in Colorado with their homemade, indoor privy). When properly composted, it is perfectly safe. So using a vanishing and valuable resource like water to flush away valuable human wastes seems to me to be an “obscene luxury” that the world can no longer afford.

Some would say I want to roll back the clock on technology. You bet I do! To paraphrase an old adage: when one is at the edge of a precipice, it’s wise to define progress as one step backwards. Our technological “progress” has taken us to the top of a cliff. Ever widening global wealth disparity (exacerbated by technology) is a powder keg whose explosion is dampened only by the superior military strength of a nation bent on total consumption of global resources. Such hubris on our part blasphemously the Great Spirit. Not only is it not our prerogative to destroy the planet (whose creation is it, anyway?), it’s patently unfair for a tiny cadre of global elites to make a decision that affects all our global siblings. If we believe in democracy, we cannot allow such an outrage.

My proposal is modest: let Friends review my queries on technology and then commit to applying some of them (those with which they agree) to their daily life decisions. In this way, at least our religious society may decide to lead the way back from the precipice and live out the final decades of human life on this planet true to our values, even if the rest of society accelerates as it approaches the rim of destruction. Integrity in the midst of societal madness is an age-old Quaker tradition that’s needed now more than ever. Denial of the challenge that modern technologies pose for Quaker values precludes responsible global citizenship; acceptance of the unique role to which our tradition calls us may yet shake society from its addictions and lead the way to a better world.

—Chuck Hosking
Claris and I: A Bitter Friendship

by Qani Belul

If you want to publish your message about the beauty of plain living you’d best have it on disk. Yet surely there must be a better way.

My wife is in the other room now, feeding a thick stack of disks into her ailing laptop computer, one after another, trying to bring the black digital box back to life. Last night while experimenting with sound options, it suddenly blinked off, much to her chagrin. As for me, I lie here on a mat in the kitchen reading a Henry James novel, quietly reveling in the sudden and unexpected freedom from the grips of that plastic case of wires and connectors and silicon. (Unfortunately in Dawn’s case it appears she’s only become more a slave since the breakdown, trying desperately to locate the life-giving memory disk that will revive her enslaver, leaving its side only for quick trips to the bathroom.)

Yet along with my feelings of liberation due to the computer’s breakdown is the subtle but nagging hope that, at some point in the not-too-distant future, Dawn will plug in the magic disk that shakes her technobox from its coma state so I can resume keying in and editing my writing in Claris Works, the computer’s word processing program.

These past few years have signaled the start of a love/hate relationship with computers. The first three decades or so of my life went along just fine without them, but now, as a writer, I find myself increasingly dependent on the word processor during the final stages of the writing process. How could this happen? I often wonder. It wasn’t so long ago I lived in the woods, writing with only pen and paper. I still vividly remember, as if it were only yesterday, my protests when, one day, Dawn lugged to our camper an old manual Olivetti typewriter someone had thrown out.

“Why?” I demanded, as if she’d just announced she’d purchased a jet.

“Because I want to write in the woods.”

“Why not just use a pencil and some paper? Who needs a typewriter? It’s unnecessary and just takes up space.”

“But it’s easier to write on a typewriter.”

And on and on the discussion went until, as Dawn pointed out several weeks later while I was typing away, the Olivetti was being used much more often by me than her. And several years later the pattern is repeated as I monopolize the computer most mornings while she sits off to the side, asking me every so often whether I plan to finish up soon so she can write too.

Also gone are the days at community college where, for my English 101 writing assignments, I’d write draft after draft on long yellow legal pads, marking additions, cuts, moves, and other changes with Xs, Ys, lines, and arrows. This pencil editing has become entirely unnecessary with the computer. Rather than cut and paste, all you need do is strike a few keys. To make characters disappear, simply highlight the word or sentences and touch the delete button.

Easy? No doubt. Fast? Absolutely. What I question is not the computer’s efficiency as a writing tool but the aesthetics that are sacrificed in the process. I look forward to my frequent visits to the local coffee shop here in town where, amidst the smoke and conversations and clatter of dishes, I gaze out the window and drink tea while deciding the next sentences to scrawl on the scrap of paper in front of me. For me this method of writing is immensely more pleasurable than sitting at home pecking at plastic keys while peering into a rectangular gray screen until my eyes start to water and my mind begins to feel numb. Nowadays computers are built to travel and many people bring them along to plug in at their favorite public hangout, but I can’t imagine writing with a laptop at the coffee shop. This would, I believe, alter the experience for the worse, like driving through the woods on a mo-
torcycle instead of walking. The time spent getting from point A to point B is lessened, but with the speed also comes loss of pleasure from the journey. As Shakespeare wrote, “things won are done, joy’s soul lies in the doing.”

I enjoy the writing process—hand-writing those little characters on sheets of paper. What magic! It’s possible, with only a small ink-filled tube and a sheet of paper, to convey thoughts and ideas that can make people stop and consider, sparking feelings of elation or rage, love or bitterness, generosity or hate, or the countless other human emotions.

It is argued this same magic can be performed on a computer, and it can be done more quickly and efficiently. Perhaps this is so. Still, when I write the final drafts on the computer (which is now, regrettably, my habit) I do not feel the same sense of solid pleasure as when I hand write the initial drafts. The computer stage of the writing process feels more laborious, like putting out a product. This difference is comparable, perhaps, to the difference between speaking face to face with someone and holding a telephone conversation. In the latter a certain physicalness is lacking that, for me, suppliers much of the pleasure from the act, causing it to be more calculated and mechanical. On a computer, rather than physically form each letter to convey our message, we strike a key and the character appears almost instantaneously via electronic transmission. Even typewriters will give one sense of physicalness, for we see the words formed there in front of us in ink on paper instead of, in the case of computers, what appears to be the televised version of writing; characters that we cannot touch or smell and that seem to take form on some unearthly electronic plane far beyond the human realm.

Trailing not far behind the purchase of our computer came the Internet. Now, even though we live in Japan, thousands of miles away from home, we can send electronic letters to friends and family in a matter of minutes. No more need for that pesky snail mail, where you have to bother with envelopes and stamps and paper and post offices (and people). Electronic mail provides almost instantaneous gratification in communications. Don’t want the bother and expense of talking on the phone? Just zip friends and family with an electronic message. Life in the techno “First World” (read Fast World) has, since the introduction of electronic mail, gone into fast forward like never before. Now when someone from abroad wants to come visit us in Japan, plans can be made in a matter of a few months, even weeks. “Where should I come? Next month or the one after?” Let’s move on these plans. No time to waste. Life is short. Gotta get messages off fast. . . .

With electronic mail, plans are pushed ahead, the feel of life becomes more rapid, as if the Earth’s pulse has suddenly quickened. Hurry up, think fast, move fast, respond with rapidity, they’re waiting on the other side of the globe for an answer. Gotta have it today, tomorrow will be much too late! And things will only speed up; soon electronic mail will be made obsolete by instant messenger communications. Just this morning I read an ad for an instant messenger service that breathlessly proclaimed, “E-mail is too slow!”

So far much of the less-industrialized world has been spared the technological sweep of computers. When I lived in Mali, West Africa, a friend wanted to visit, and we went over the details, via the post, for several seasons. Letters were slow in arriving and opened with much interest, the envelope showing wear from its long voyage: smeared, worn (perhaps even a tear or two), stamps and scrawls marked by people from countries along the way. There are few telephones and computers in Mali, so people make do with handwriting. Bus drivers often serve as long-distance messengers, dispersing notes and letters to waiting children in villages and cities along the route, who then deliver them by hand.

Still, still . . . despite my complaints, my Judeo-Christian tendencies, my love for simplicity in life, I will most likely continue to use a computer for writing, at least as long as I’m in Japan. It’s a catch-22 here: if you want to publish your message about the beauty of plain living, you’d better have it on disk. Yet surely there must be a better way, a means to communicate our written ideas to the world without chaining ourselves to the electric robot box, that emotionless automate, so often used to visit, wonder, who went around writing his poems on buildings and trees?

But enough of this scribbling. I hear an electronic beep and a sigh of relief from the next room as Dawn finally inserts the magic disk and her technomother blinks to life. Could ya move over, Dear? I gotta key in this essay . . . .

November 1998 FRIENDS JOURNAL
A Survey of K-12 Friends Schools

by Annette Breiling

How do other Friends schools deal with religious and spiritual life issues? This question was presented to me by the Board of Trustees of Sandy Spring (Md.) Friends School in a June 1996 proposal for a survey of the Friends schools in the United States that serve students from kindergarten through 12th grade. That summer a survey was developed incorporating input from the Sandy Spring Friends School Board, its Spiritual and Community Life Committee, and leaders of Sandy Spring Monthly Meeting.

I conducted the survey in the 1996–97 school year by visiting and interviewing in 15 of the then 17 Friends Council on Education member schools in the United States that serve kindergartners through 12th graders. In addition, helpful information and perspectives were supplied by the Friends Council on Education, the Committee on Education of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and numerous other Friends.

Enrollment in the 15 schools ranged from 305 to 1,060 students. One school is an all-girls school; the others are coeducational. Two of the schools have an upper-school boarding program, while the rest are day schools at this time.

Quaker enrollment ranged from 0.7 percent to 20.2 percent while the percentage of Quakers on the school staffs ranged from 1.5 to 25.7. Figures of Quaker composition in schools must be viewed with caution, however, because the schools are not consistent in how they define “Quaker.” In some schools, one has to be a full member of a Friends meeting to be classified as “Quaker,” whereas in others a student or family merely has to attend a meeting or claim to be Quaker.

All of the K–12 Friends schools in this survey are in the East, ranging from Rhode Island to North Carolina. Their settings vary. While one thrives in the center of Brooklyn in a seven-story converted office building with a playground on top, another rests serenely on wooded land several miles from any significant housing development.

Appearances and customs within the schools vary also. While dress is informal in most of the schools, one sees shirts and ties at one school and uniforms in another. Students at some of the schools address their teachers by first name and that practice is claimed to be a significant part of being a “Friends school.” At other schools teachers are addressed by their last names or there is a combination of teachers being addressed by first or last name depending on the teacher’s preference. Individuals interviewed at these schools indicated just as strong a commitment to being a Friends school and did not see use of last names as in any way “unQuakerly.” Finally, there is the practice in one of the schools of addressing teachers and administrators as “Teacher John” or “Teacher Mary.”

Despite the range of settings and practices at the Friends schools visited, there were some striking commonalities in the sincerity of commitment expressed to Friends beliefs and practices. In all schools, meeting for worship was described as central to the life of the school. It is described in school literature as “a time for silent reflection and thoughtful sharing,” “a powerful indication of the central role that spiritual and moral concerns play in the life of our school,” “the heart of the school,” and the experience that “brings the presence of God into the midst of busy lives.”

There was abundant reference to “that of God” in all persons, and a resulting atmosphere of respect, acceptance, and valuing of diversity. (One head noted that Friends schools have much more racial diversity than their associated meetings.) Decision making by consensus occurs regularly in all schools in board and faculty meetings; school programs place heavy emphasis on community service and conflict resolution. Quaker testimonies of simplicity, integrity, equality, and community are referred to frequently in the literature and practices of the schools.

There were four special focuses for this survey: 1) whether the schools have a staff position to address and coordinate spiritual life matters in the school, 2) what curriculum exists at lower-, middle-, and upper-school levels to address religion and Quaker beliefs, 3) the nature of relations between Friends schools and Friends meetings, and 4) ways that schools embody a Quaker character.

Staff Position for Spiritual Life

Some heads oppose designating a staff position for spiritual life, feeling this is
parallel to having a "Quaker chaplain," when everyone should assume responsibility for a strong spiritual dimension in the school. Other non-Quaker heads felt such a position to be critical, believing themselves, as non-Friends, to be inadequately suited for this task. A couple of Quaker heads named themselves as the spiritual life coordinators, while yet another Quaker head said it was difficult for her adequately to address spiritual life matters on top of the many other administrative tasks requiring her attention. In some schools the upper-school religion department head has the role of coordinating spiritual life school-wide; however, these individuals, who spend most of their time in the upper school, tended to report that they did not feel close enough to the life of the lower school to feel as effective with their spiritual life as they'd like to be.

Persons functioning as spiritual life coordinators encountered differing degrees of acceptance among faculty col-

### The 15 K-12 Friends Schools in the Survey

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>School</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Enrollment 99/97</th>
<th>% Quaker Students</th>
<th>% Quaker Staff</th>
<th>Quaker Head?</th>
<th>% Quaker Board</th>
<th>Independent or Under Care of a Meeting</th>
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<td>614</td>
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<td>64</td>
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<td>Chapel Hill MM</td>
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<td>Wilmington MM</td>
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* MM = Monthly Meeting  QM = Quarterly Meeting  YM = Yearly Meeting
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<th>Age</th>
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Religious/Spiritual Life Curriculum

While meeting for worship and a belief in Quaker principles is integral to the life of all of the schools, there is considerable variation in formal curriculum pertaining to religion and spiritual life.

At most lower schools, spiritual life curriculum is informal. Two lower schools have monthly queries for reflection; another has "devotions"; another incorporates a third-grade unit on Quaker involvement in the underground railroad into its social studies curriculum. One lower school has a formal peace studies curriculum at all grade levels, while yet another is developing a series of instructional units in religion possibly to be introduced school-wide before meeting for worship.

Two-thirds of the middle schools offer formal religion courses, mostly in Quakerism; one middle school incorporates Quaker history in its social studies curriculum. Two schools have formal conflict resolution programs at this level, and two talk of advisory groups that explore spiritual matters. One middle school schedules "devotions."

All of the upper schools provide formal coursework in religion. In four of the schools, this amounts to only one course, whereas in other schools there are extensive offerings. The most common course is Quakerism, in eleven schools. Next is comparative or world religions in seven schools, followed by Bible in six schools, and ethics in five schools.

Relationships between Friends Schools and Meetings

Query: Do you ensure that schools under the care of Friends exemplify Friends' principles?

Advice: Friends' schools...nurture students spiritually and intellectually...A meeting that has direct responsibility for a

Friends school, or that has any Friends school in its community, should assist the school to maintain its Quaker character.

—Baltimore Yearly Meeting
Faith and Practice, 1988

The preceding query and advice were read in October 1995 both at the Baltimore Yearly Meeting Day and at the Sandy Spring (Md.) Monthly Meeting for Business. How can meetings assist Friends schools in maintaining their Quaker character?

At its August 1996 session, Baltimore Yearly Meeting established an Ad Hoc Committee on Friends Schools to explore how the yearly meeting might relate to its Friends schools. The committee has looked to the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's committee on Friends schools, which offers extensive support to its schools.

Tracing the Rainbow

by

Mary Hoxie Jones

Mary Hoxie Jones is a 1926 graduate of Mount Holyoke College and received an honorary degree, "Doctor of Humane Letters," from Haverford College in 1985.

A former staff member of the American Friends Service Committee, she is at present a research associate of Quaker Studies at Haverford College and a participating member of an informal poetry writing group which meets at Kendal at Longwood where she resides.

Travel, genealogy, and history have taken Mary Hoxie Jones into far places and times and provided the richness of background from which she writes of social, racial and political events as vividly as of Christ and resurrection.

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One monthly meeting, described by school staff as having backed away from the school for a while to avoid "meddling," stepped forth again to prepare a strongly and thoughtfully worded minute about Quaker standards for responsible behavior following a student "prank" at the school. The minute was distributed to the entire school community and was much appreciated by the administrator interviewed. He indicated that the impact of the minute on the school community was almost as weighty as if God had spoken.

Governance: Boards or school committees of the schools in the survey range in size from 14 to 31. Quaker membership on these boards ranges from 11-87 percent. Three of the boards have less than 50 percent Quaker membership required, three have more than two-thirds Friends, and the remaining boards are between half and two-thirds Quaker.

Since not all Friends schools have a minimum 50 percent Quakers on their boards, the Friends Council on Education approved a procedure whereby schools with fewer than 50 percent Quakers on their boards can take alternative steps to be granted membership in the Friends Council.

Heads and others speak of advantages of greater flexibility in finding strong board members in terms of both expertise and financial resources when given greater latitude to draw board members from a wider community than the local meetings. However, the head of the school with the highest percentage of Friends on its board (87 percent) stated that his school's yearly meeting leadership provides an outstanding pool for board membership with individuals well versed in Quaker leadership. The high percentage of Quakers on his board has not detracted from the school's fundraising capacity, as it ranks among the top seven Friends schools in this country in its annual giving (exceeding a half million dollars) while ranking ninth in enrollment.

All but five of the fifteen schools are "under the care of" a meeting, which is defined by the Friends Council on Education as having most board members approved by a monthly, quarterly, or yearly meeting. Half of the schools under the care of a meeting are separately incorporated while the other half are owned by their meetings—a yearly meeting in one case, a quarterly meeting in two cases, and monthly meetings in two cases.

Funding: While the general issue of funding Quaker education is broader than the scope of this survey, the funding that comes from meetings is relevant. Philadelphia Yearly Meeting gives $10,000 annually to both of its yearly meeting schools. In addition, there is a Tyson Fund, which supports projects in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting schools that enhance their Friends dimension. Several exciting projects were reported from schools in this yearly meeting using this fund—from assembly programs that support Quaker values to staff workshops in incorporating Friends values in the curriculum. One head said his school had received $15,000 from this fund last year. Philadelphia Yearly Meeting schools have a special advantage with this kind of funding available, while other Friends schools have to be more resourceful to accomplish the same objectives. A small endowment fund, the Sue Thomas Turner Quaker Education Fund, has been established in Baltimore Yearly Meeting to fund endeavors that support Friends values in its Friends schools.

Service at Carolina Friends School

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Candles of faith for unending trust.
Candles of friends for lifelong friendship.
Candles of joy, despite the sadness.

- From The Mood of Christmas
Most meetings have limited funds available for the support of Friends schools, as schools tend to become much larger business operations than the meetings with which they are associated. When one considers the ministry that Friends schools provide, however, I believe meetings would do well to ponder whether they can increase their financial support for Friends education.

Friendly Admissions: Most (but not all) school personnel spoke of giving priority to Quakers in admissions and financial aid decisions, other factors being equal. One school is particularly proactive in recruiting Quaker students. Here, if the monthly meeting makes a $600 contribution, the yearly meeting matches it; these two contributions may come on top of the school’s contribution as determined by documented need, particularly for middle-income families.

The “Q Factor”: Maintaining a Quaker Character

The term “Q Factor,” or Quaker factor, used at one of the schools, succinctly summarizes the idea of the Friends dimension at Friends schools. What makes a school a Friends school? This question is asked repeatedly over the years in school after school. A related question framed by a board member is, “How does a Friends school institutionalize its Quaker character?”

Is it by having a strong Quaker presence in the school? The percentage of Quaker students ranges from less than 1 percent to over 20 percent. Should schools with less than 1 percent Quaker students not be considered truly Friends schools? Yet interviews at these schools revealed a deep commitment to Quaker belief and practice. The advices and queries developed at one of them convey Quaker ideals in a particularly outstanding fashion. The Quaker head of the other school spoke with conviction of the centrality of meeting for worship in her school and the meaning it held for the students.

Is it having a Quaker head? Seven of the schools have Quaker heads. At two of them, respondents indicated that their Quaker head was a primary factor influencing the positive Quaker character of the school. Yet two of the Quaker staff at another school spoke just as glowingly of their non-Quaker head, describing the way he created a warm environment, modeled Quaker decision making, and

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sought out their input on matters so that the process was emulated throughout the school. This same head indicated strong commitment to realizing the school’s Quaker mission in written communications to parents and staff.

Does being a Friends school mean the effective communication of Quaker ideals to those, Quaker and non-Quaker, in the school community? To this, I would say yes. Quaker presence helps, whether in the student body, the faculty and staff, or on the board, because it increases the likelihood that Quaker values will be understood and communicated effectively. However, the effective communication of Quaker principles appears even more critical than the number of Quakers present.

What ideals should be in practice in a Friends school? One of the Quaker heads, Tom Farquhar, cites seven special characteristics in a 1993 paper, “Distinctive Elements of Friends School Practice”:

- institutional acknowledgment of a spiritual dimension in life,
- regular meeting for worship,
- sense-of-the-meeting decision making,
- evidence of Friends testimonies in the school program,
- optimism about human capacity to grow and change,
- trust in the wisdom students bring to the classroom,
- wish for perfection, to be reconciled with seeking balance in our lives.

The first of these were easier to observe and clearly evident in each of the schools. The latter practices are harder to measure, but also appeared to be present, at least to some degree, in each of the schools.

A 1996 paper, “The Testimonies,” by another prominent Quaker educator at the college level, Paul Lacey, gives further clarity to Friends testimonies relating to Friends school practices. Lacey traces how fundamental testimonies have changed over the years as contexts have changed. Thus while George Fox was led “to cry out against all forms of music,” this testimony is no longer in practice. Lacey cites as contemporary testimonies for our schools: integrity, equality, simplicity, peace, and justice.

Does being a Friends school mean that decisions are made in the manner of Friends? The reason for the Quaker style or broad-based decision making in contrast to more “corporate style” hierarchical decision making is that “truth” or the best outcome is more likely to be found when many voices and perspectives are considered. All of the schools practice Quaker decision making in board and faculty meetings, but there were indications of tension in some of the schools related to some administrative decisions made in a more hierarchical fashion and not allowing for sufficient input from critical parties. This tension was particularly pronounced in some schools with regard to personnel actions when no grievance procedure was in place.

“A Friends school is not a Friends meeting,” say many school administrators and the leaders of the Friends Council on Education in distinguishing between decision making in Friends meetings and schools. One head described the satisfaction the local meeting felt about their year-and-a-half process of deciding about the rug in a certain room. He noted that it is well and good for a meeting to spend a year and a half on such a decision, but that such a process is not practical in a school setting with its constant deadlines.

I believe it remains a challenge for leaders in Friends schools to discern when hierarchical decision making is appropriate and when other voices need to be heard to arrive at the best outcome.

Concluding Remarks

All in all, Friends beliefs and practices are taken seriously at all of the schools that were part of this survey as evidenced in their literature and in conversations with key leaders in the schools. I found abundant evidence of the positive effects of Quaker values on the lives and practices of students and staff within the schools.

There were also indications that there are continuing challenges to those in Friends schools to live up to their highest Quaker ideals. It should be no surprise or cause for shame that the practice of Friends principles is not viewed as universally successful in Friends schools. And the rightness or wrongness of a particular action or event may be viewed differently if explored more fully from different perspectives.

While there are challenges, there is much to celebrate. Quaker beliefs and practices are alive and well in today’s K-12 Friends schools.

November 1998 FRIENDS JOURNAL
A Quaker Life in India: Marjorie Sykes

by Linda Hibbs

On a balmy June evening in 1986, Brinton Visitors Leonard and Martha Dar, from Claremont, California, came to our meeting in Santa Fe, and Martha spoke to us about affinities in the spiritual experience of Hindus and Quakers. Martha and Leonard had lived and traveled in India. Our family (Elliott, me, our sons Jon and Patrick) were about to begin sabbatical travel to India, Nepal, and Tibet, and we shared with the Darts that we desired to meet Gandhians in India, persons who had worked with Gandhi and those who were still doing the work of his constructive program in rural villages.

Martha opened her address book with its golden orb of friends of theirs in India. One of them was Marjorie Sykes, an English woman who had gone to Madras in 1928 to be a teacher at the Bentinck girls school, after her studies at Cambridge University. Marjorie was 81, and she lived at Rasulia Friends Centre, a Quaker community in Madhya Pradesh that she had returned to many times during her 59 years in India. Marjorie was a Gandhian, and she was also a Quaker, becoming one during her fellowship with Quakers in Madras.

In mid-June one year later, we were with Marjorie Sykes in her simple cottage. We came to Central India by overnight train from Delhi and a tonga took us to the rural center a few miles outside of Hoshangabad. Marjorie welcomed us into her home. Soon, we were seated around her table, eating simple, nourishing grains that she had prepared for our noon meal. She then invited us to rest during part of the hot afternoon.

We had tea with the receptive director of Rasulia, Partap Aggarwal, who told us about their natural farming experiment inspired by Masanobu Fukuoka’s work in Japan, recorded in Fukuoka’s book, One-Straw Revolution. Called rishi kheti (or regenerative agriculture), seeds are broadcast into unplowed fields. The natural population of worms, insects, and soil bacteria aerates and works the soil. No pesticides or fertilizers are added. Various rotations of crops and methods of controlling the weeds had been tried at the farm during the eight years of pursuing Fukuoka’s experimental agronomy. As the sun set, we walked together through paths of Rasulia’s fields.

Partap saw a snake, whose body was rising vertically out of the tangle of crops. We paused to watch its mating dance as the light faded, and then we returned to the cottage for dinner and a deep sleep: to be with Friends was help, and our conversation was guided by her questions. Elliott recalls her crispness throughout the day, as we wilted in the fierce heat. The next morning, after we ate creamy, cooked cereal, slightly sweetened with honey, we attended the staff meeting of the center and joined in the work: Jon and Patrick tended the cattle herd and gathered dung for the biogas system; Elliott and I sacked rice in the granary.

That evening, we gathered around Marjorie’s table for another delicious supper of organic grains and vegetables from the gardens. Afterward, in the quiet peace of her cottage, she sewed a garment and told us about Tagore, whose school, Santiniketan, north of Calcutta, became her home in 1939. Asked by Tagore to be the “representative of English culture,” she learned Bengali, as she had learned Tamil during her ten years in Madras, and translated some of the Nobel writer’s stories and plays into English. She shared with us that night some stories about her three-year residency in Nagaland. At the request of the Indian government, she traveled from village to village as a mediator, to stabilize the newly won peace settlement between the Indian government and...
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At Sevagram, Gandhi's ashram, in the 1950s stood the subtle differences in the way that Tagore and Gandhi lived out that belief.

The integrity of personal liberty was something Tagore sought to protect. What is right livelihood between the freedom of the individual to pursue personal vision and responsible service to all members of community? Marjorie wrote that this question is always renewed, one of those eternal paradoxes in our lives.

Tagore warned against observing acts of discipline, such as the taking of oaths, important to Gandhi, if not done with compassion. Marjorie saw the creative tension of Tagore's life in the South Indian Shiva dance of creation, where peace is the simultaneity of a 'still centre,' and "the adventure of spontaneous movement."

Gandhi always turned his thoughts to implementing the social program (his "experiments in truth") that would carry out his vision—whether it was a way to break down the caste system in India, or to bring "heart unity" to Muslims and Hindus, or to give ordinary people a way to improve their lives in their villages. How to design an educational program so all could learn from the work done to sustain the natural life cycle? This was the challenge of Gandhi's educational program, which included everyone, from the youngest to the oldest, and began with homo-centric concerns. Inspecting the sanitation system was part of any village tour Gandhi made, using his own labor to demonstrate ways to improve it, if that was needed. His program went on to encompass the life of the spirit, or the "reality of the ongoing life energies," in Marjorie's words. Healing the whole person was the essence of Gandhi's "new education" (Nai Talim). The Nai Talim program was the heart of Marjorie Sykes' work as a teacher in India.

Gandhi asked her to be the principal of his basic education program at Sevagram in 1945, when she was on her way to England to research a biography of C.F. Andrews, who was a confidante of both Gandhi and Tagore. She did not go to Sevagram until 1949. The community...
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was still centered on Gandhi’s programs of reform, though Gandhi was no longer there. He was assassinated the year before in Delhi, through the tragedy that followed partition of India and Pakistan, separating Hindu and Muslim. Marjorie stayed at Sevagram ten years, training teachers in the Nai Talim program. From Sevagram, she moved to the Nilgiri Hills, where she lived with two Quaker friends, Alice Barnes and Mary Barr. She continued her farming and writing and brought the Nai Talim program to nearby villagers. From her home in the “blue hills,” she began to journey out—to the Pacific Rim in 1974–75, to be Friend-in-Residence at Pendle Hill and Woodbrooke, to write her book, Quakers in India. Also, through her newsletter, The Friendly Way, a growing network of Friends in Asia were brought closer. We received The Friendly Way in Santa Fe for several years.

Martha Dart, who sent us to Marjorie, wrote a lovely biography of Marjorie Sykes, published in 1993. In it, Maggie Stein Squire describes Marjorie’s Nilgiri home from the “hidden view of childhood”: Marjorie’s home was on the side of a steep mountain in South India in the Nilgiri Hills (known as the Blue Hills). There were hundreds of steps, steps that had just been cut out of the earth. There were many eucalyptus trees, and being up in the hills, it was often misty and fairly cold, with the strange smell from the eucalyptus tree resin. We could hardly contain our excitement at going down and would take short cuts by sliding down stretches of bare earth. At the end of the steps, half way down this bit of the mountain, was this place that looked like a shepherd’s hut made of stone. This was where Marjorie lived when she wasn’t on a journey. It had no running water; all the water came from a hand pump. There was no electricity, so we used a lamp, once it got dark. I actually cannot remember much about the inside of the small house. I just remember that there was very little in it. It had a deep sense of peace, and I thought it was wonderful.

I was fortunate to see Marjorie in one more setting, her room at Swarthmore, a Quaker retirement home outside of London. An English Quaker friend offered to drive me there in September 1994. She was that day, just as Martha Dart describes her, “...in her comfortable chair by her basement window...with a grass roots view of the sloping lawn outside and the birds in the bushes whenever she looks up from the clipboard and the current writing on her knee.” And Maggie

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Stein Squire’s description of her, during a visit to Rasulia in 1962, was exactly right in her 89th year, one year before she died, “She was not a comfortable, cuddly person. She was gaunt and handsome of features. I thought she had a beautiful face but the beauty of a rugged mountain and the eyes of an eagle.”

Marjorie and I talked about my family’s visit to Rasulia and about her recent book, an editing of Geoffrey Maw’s Narmada, the Life of a River. She found his diaries in 1990 in Selly Oak College library, next door to Woodbrooke in Birmingham. They were sometimes written “in pencil so faint as to be barely decipherable” and on paper “so brittle with age that sheets lie in fragments.” Maw was an English Quaker who lived nearly 40 years in the region where Rasulia Friends Centre is located in Central India. His account of the natural beauty of the Narmada river and its holy places, and encounters with the rishis and sadhus who were pilgrims along the paths that he traveled himself, became a magic carpet, and I was in Madhya Pradesh again. Also, Marjorie spoke of the book she was currently writing, Indian Tapestry, which expands on Quaker connections in India.

I gave her a paperweight that showed a detail from Sandro Botticelli’s painting of Venus and Mars that I had bought the day before in the gift shop of the National Gallery. I had studied the painting that day in the gallery, and indeed, Marjorie was a goddess of love who had tamed the god of war, in herself and in a life fulfilled through acts of nonviolence. She understood nonviolence to be, as Gandhi did, a “passion of the soul,” and “the final flower of truth.”

I remember, above all, Marjorie’s radiant smile. Her laser-like intensity of purpose and her constant cleaving to careful truth were combined in a life of adventure and scholarship, a rarity of bloom. We, a U.S. Quaker family on our own quest that year in India, had the good fortune to breathe in that bloom by being in her presence, and her bloom is more than memory.
Tour England: The Birthplace of Quakerism
June 14–29, 1999

John Punshon, Professor of Quaker Studies at Earlham School of Religion, and his wife, Veronica, will lead their fifth group to the historic sites associated with the rise of Quakerism. A sampling: Bunhill Fields in London, William Penn's Jordans, Pendle Hill, Firbank Fell, the Quaker tapestries at Kendal, Swarthmoor Hall, the Ironbridge Gorge, Coventry Cathedral, the Tower of London, York Minster, and Earlham Hall in Norwich. Experience the Royal Shakespeare Company at Stratford. Travel by private bus. Accommodations in superior to first class hotels.

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News
An antiracism working group emerged from the 1998 Friends General Conference Gathering in River Falls, Wisconsin. An interracial group of over 40 Quakers initiated the program to support Friends in antiracism work. The group's express purpose is to address personal, institutional, and organizational racism within the Religious Society of Friends. A seven-member steering committee is making arrangements for a conference in spring of 1999. For more information contact the co-clerks, Joan Broadfield of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting at (610) 874-5860, or Paul Rickerts of Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting at (219) 456-9179.

Frances Crowe of Mt. Toby (Mass.) Meeting was arrested on August 6. Crowe and nine others were arrested as they attempted to conduct a nonviolent citizens' weapons inspection at the U.S. Navy Sub Base in Groton, Conn. They were part of a larger group of 75 people from New York and New England who had gathered at the base entrance to sing, pray, and hear speeches calling for disarmament and separation of the economic sanctions against Iraq from its weapons inspections. Crowe also was part of a protest in which the members poured their own blood on a sign after walking into the Andover Plant of Raytheon to protest the U.S. military buildup against Iraq. The protesters were not allowed to give their statements, found guilty of trespassing, and sentenced to six hours of community service. (From Mt. Toby Meeting newsletter, Sept. 1998)

Nebraska Yearly Meeting minut ed its support of Friends of Jesus ministers in its June sessions. Mid-America Yearly Meeting rescinded its recording of Dorothy Craven and Dorian Bales as ministers because of Friends of Jesus statements supporting gay and lesbian issues. Friends of Jesus is a community based on a radical commitment to the Gospel of Jesus Christ and is dedicated to serving the poor and oppressed. Their inner-city ministry was supported by meetings associated with both NYM and MAYM. MAYM had issued a statement saying, "We believe that homosexuality is an inappropriate expression of the Creator's plan for human sexuality." Craven and Bales, two of the founders of Friends of Jesus, appealed the decision of MAYM because the meeting did not "labor lovingly and prayerfully" with them, according to the yearly meeting's requirements, and because there was lack of unity about rescinding their recording. NYM's minute invited a more formal relationship with Friends of Jesus, stating their appreciation for and recognition of the labors of Craven and Bales. (From Friends of Jesus Community newsletter, July 1998, and Quaker Life, Sept. 1998)
**Bulletin Board**

**Upcoming Events**

December—Inela-Bolivia Yearly Meeting
December 15-21—Central and Southern Africa Yearly Meeting
December 27-30—Congo Yearly Meeting
December 29—Aotearoa/New Zealand Yearly Meeting

(The annual Calendar of Yearly Meetings, which includes locations and contact information for yearly meetings and other gatherings, is available from FWCC, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.)

**Resources**

- Mennonite Media has launched the *Third Way Cafe* web site to engage the Internet-using public in the intersection of Christian faith and current issues. The site includes commentary on government and faith issues from writers in Canada and the United States; a family and personal issues column; a section on “Who are the Mennonites?”; and a discussion/feedback section currently featuring the issue of capital punishment. The *Third Way Cafe* can be found at <www.thirdway.com>.

- The Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts announces their online Quaker photo and art gallery. The “Lemonade Gallery,” showcasing contemporary Quaker art, was seen at the FGC Gathering this summer. FQA plans to expand this online gallery with additional exhibits of Quaker work as way opens. You will find the gallery at <www.quaker.org/fqa>.

- If you are a Pro-Life vegetarian, you may want to join the Prolife Vegetarian E-list. To join send e-mail to <macnair@ionet.net> and ask to be included.

**Opportunities**

- Members of Dorchester and Weymouth meeting in England invite meetings worldwide to submit photographs of their meetinghouses and of groups of Friends. These photos will be part of an exhibit, “Quakers: A Friendly History,” in February and March 1999. The photos will be kept as a permanent record and cannot be returned. Dorchester and Weymouth Friends also would like any information you may have about how Quakers came to your part of the world, especially if they came from southwest England. Send your photos and any information about your meeting to Jo Scott, 44 Parkmead Rd., Wyke Regis, Weymouth, Dorset DT4 9NW, England.

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Friends Journal November 1998
Bayard Rustin—Radical Pacifist Quaker

Bayard Rustin: Troubles I’VE Seen


I have belonged to every minority group possible—communist, socialist, radical pacifist, Quaker, black, and homosexual.” Bayard Rustin said to me in 1950. I was driving him home to West Chester, Pennsylvania. He’d just devastated Swarthmore College students in a compulsory assembly address. He presented his views on the efficacy of nonviolent direct action to obtain peace, racial justice, and social harmony. His extraordinary oratory skills caused them to respond emotionally to his life story. He had the students singing, clapping and clapping with him. Later many students would denounce him for his skillful manipulation of them, for his having overcome their defenses and caused them to let down their guard. In rejecting the medium they also rejected the message and Bayard’s radicalism.

I could not know then that I would become lifelong friends with Bayard, working with him in New York City on planning and executing demonstrations, including the May 17, 1957, March on Washington (history prefers to remember the more famous 1963 march). Most exciting during the late 1950s was participating with him and others in strategic discussions at the Friday Night Discussion Group in Greenwich Village at the home of Robert Gilmore, Friend and head of the first American Friends Service Committee Office in New York City. At these sessions Bayard would involve people in weighing the pros and cons of various alternative strategies of direct action.

In 1956 Bayard wanted me to go to Alabama to work with the Montgomery Improvement Association, so he arranged an interview with Martin Luther King Jr., who invited me to join him, but AFSC would not release me from my commitment to work for them in New York as a conscientious objector. I helped Bayard at points of personal crisis (I had a VW bus and three times helped him move).

After leaving the United States in 1968 I always saw him when back on leave, in New York City, at Scotland Farm in the New York Berkshires, or he would visit my base in Sheffield, Massachusetts. On one visit he tried to repair an old peddle organ I’d picked up. He loved beautiful things, antiques, and had a rare collection of locks and keys. On another visit he taught my daughter Sara to drive in his Morgan (a “skill” he’d only just acquired in 1972).

Bayard had an extraordinary ability to focus on the person he was with, to listen and learn, to ask critical and pointed questions to tap their experience. When I worked for AFSC as youth secretary I ran workcamps, UN seminars, mental hospital service units, and other programs. Bayard was always available as a resource person and participant. I’ll never forget how at Manhattan State Hospital his singing of “When the Saints Come Marching In” was able to stir patients drugged by Thorazine out of their lethargy and move them to dance and sing.

Bayard used to wear a Kashmiri fur hat I’d given to him (which the press denounced as “Russian” as if to prove he was communist). He admired it once at a demonstration, and I immediately handed it to him (he’d told me a vest he wore was presented to him by Nehru after he had admired it).

To be sent a copy of the first biography of Bayard Rustin was a welcome event. The Bayard I knew shines through in many ways, but not completely.

Bayard Rustin: Troubles I’VE Seen is a political biography of Bayard’s public lives. His Quakerism and what it meant to him is not captured fully. The author is sympathetic to both Bayard and Quakers, but has failed to adequately tap this side of Bayard.

Jervis Anderson labored on this study for eight years. Unfortunately, key potential sources that might have made for a more rounded biography, like A. J. Muste and Robert W. Gilmore, had already passed away. Yet this is an informative and readable biography.

Bayard Rustin was born out-of-wedlock (the child of his “older sister”) on 17 March 1912 in West Chester, Pennsylvania, where he was raised by his grandparents as their youngest child. He graduated in 1932 from the local high school where he was the first nonwhite to win an award for public speaking. In the next four years Bayard studied at Wilberforce University, Ohio, and Cheyney State Teachers College in Pennsylvania, but he was asked to withdraw from both because of misconduct (what he did is not recorded, but it is implied that the troubles related to Bayard’s sexual preference). At both institutions he showed promise, particularly in music. He developed different forms of speech—he could shift to an impressive Oxford accent, and he used his voice as a form of power and control.

In 1937 Bayard joined AFSC’s Emergency Peace Campaign, and he never looked back. He remained an activist for the next 50 years. At 25 he was “a young intellectual well known for his firm Quaker-pacifist convictions.” He moved to New York City and between 1938 and 1941 was a “student” at City College New York, where he became associated with the Young Communist League. He was attracted to the communists because of their position on racial issues. In 1941 he led a YCL campaign against segregation in the armed forces, which the communists cancelled following Hitler’s invasion of the Soviet Union. This flip in policy caused Bayard to break with the communists and be forever cautious of them. Yet his years with them during the 1950s and 1960s and his homosexuality became a double “cross” he had to bear.

Bayard moved to the American Socialist Party and joined A. Philip Randolph, then head of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, who in mid-1941 was organizing a March on Washington to protest the exclusion of black workers from the armaments industry. When Randolph called off the march Bayard left him to begin working with the predominately white pacifist movement. He joined Fellowship of Reconciliation, then led by A. J. Muste, in September 1941, for $15 a week, as field secretary for youth and general affairs. He was instructed to spread the message of pacifism and organize cells across the United States. In March 1943 Bayard was released by FOR to work with Randolph’s March on Washington movement to “urge blacks to resist all laws that violated their basic rights as citizens.” When FOR established CORE (Congress of Racial Equality) Bayard was released to be its first field organizer.

During World War II Bayard, as a Quaker, could have been recognized as a C.O., but he tried to educate his Draft Board, and in January 1944 he was arrested and sentenced to three years in federal prison for violating the Selective Service Act. Even within prison...
he developed tactics of Gandhian nonviolent direct action to deal with conditions and segregation. In June 1946 he was released from prison and returned to FOR as co-race relations secretary (along with George Houser). Together they implemented the Journey of Reconciliation, inviting arrest by sitting in the front of buses to achieve the desegregation of interstate buses and in support of a recent Supreme Court ruling that the companies were ignoring. They were not always successful. In Hillsboro, North Carolina, in early 1947, Bayard was arrested with three others. They lost their appeals, and the NAACP refused to appeal to the Supreme Court because the ticket stubs that proved they were interstate passengers were lost. Bayard served 22 days on a chain gang in 1949. His articles resulted in prison reforms. Until January 1953 he was active for FOR in the early campaigns against nuclear weapons and in favor of unilateral disarmament, working closely with War Resisters League, Catholic Worker, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and others in an ad hoc group called Peacemakers. After 12 years working for FOR, the leadership (mainly A. J. Muste) terminated Bayard's employment because he was arrested and served 60 days in jail in California on a "morals charge." He now had three labels thrown at him: communist, draft dodger, homosexual.

These epithets during the 1950s and 1960s would be used to discredit his work and cause him to withdraw or refuse recognition. Bayard was part of the team that wrote Speak Truth to Power for AFSC in 1954, but at his request his name does not appear on it. Stephen Cary, the coordinator of Speak Truth to Power, recalled many years later that "Bayard was the key person. Not only could he argue with Pickus and Mayer on their own terms; he could also quote Aristotle and Locke as easily as they did. So he became the great reconciler among us . . . without him it could never have been written."

Bayard's time working for Martin Luther King Jr., Montgomery Improvement Association, and Southern Christian Leadership Conference was turbulent and contradictory because of the allegations against him. Yet eventually his abilities and accomplishments shone through. Bayard was instrumental in transforming King into a militant Gandhi.

Bayard went through a difficult period in
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paralyze the movement for nonracial democracy."

In his final decades Bayard turned more to politics and the labor movement. To a new generation of young radicals he was seen as a sell-out, Jew lover, and "Uncle Tom." This last hurt him. He died on 20 August 1987, at age 75, of cardiac arrest brought on by a perforated appendix.

At his memorial services it was remembered that Bayard was "a first-class organizer, logician, tactician, mobilizer, peacemaker, and coalition builder" and the constants in Bayard's life were "a reverence for the institutions of democracy, a belief in individual liberty, an abiding faith in reason and the intellectual process; a profound belief in the capacity of the individual citizen to better his or her condition; the concomitant willingness to acknowledge and accept the responsibility of one's ideas and actions." Bayard was one of the great Quakers of the 20th century, a compassionate man, whose message will endure.

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Bayard Rustin: Behind the Scenes of the Civil Rights Movement


As the subtitle indicates, this book focuses on aspects of the civil rights movement. The author has a number of objectives: he is writing about "Black heroes," and he is writing to provide role models to empower black youth. A consequence of this militant perspective is that the book becomes a polemic that negates Bayard Rustin's personal commitment to equality and brotherhood. There is only one reference to A. J. Muste and George Houser and none to many other colleagues that Bayard lived and worked with. Ironically the book is better in some places than the more complete biography. For example, the significant difference between Northern Rhodesia and Zambia is recognized.

—Sheldon Weeks

Sheldon G. Weeks is co-clerk of Botswana Meeting. This essay is reprinted with permission from Southern Africa Quaker News, Botswana Series, March 1998.

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Bringing much to our knowledge of North Carolina Quaker history, Damon Hickey’s Sojourners No More is a scholarly, yet readable, work about Quakers in the South after the Civil War. The book begins with a brief history of Quakers in North Carolina and the traits, such as a lack of division among Friends and their isolation within a slave economy, that set them apart from Quakers in other regions. After the war, Friends experienced new growth in the region with the assistance of the Baltimore Association and regained the numbers that were lost in years past. The renewed yearly meeting was soon confronted with new ideas and practices that would continue to challenge them for the rest of the 20th century. The tensions between the traditionalists and the progressives within the yearly meeting heightened with disagreements about the role of evangelism, increased ties to a national Quaker community, and the beginnings of a pastoral system. Also at issue was the impact of these trends on previously distinctive features of Quakerism.

A key point in the history is the long avoided division among North Carolina Friends and the establishment of North Carolina Yearly Meeting (Conservative) in 1903. Notable about this split is the length of time Friends worked to avoid the final outcome and the relatively amicable way in which it took place. North Carolina Friends had managed to survive the 19th century intact, but could not continue to compromise when faced with the complex issues in an era without the isolation of the slave culture. The remainder of the book explores the conflicts among the members remaining in the larger North Carolina Yearly Meeting that would continue throughout the 20th century.

North Carolina Friends are brought to life with anecdotes and illustrations of the key players in the story. Influential individual North Carolina Friends, such as Nathan Hunt, Nereus Mendenhall, and Mary Mendenhall Hobbs, are shown. Other key individuals and organizations who provided assistance and leadership, like Francis King and the Baltimore Association, Allen Jay, and Joseph Moore, came from other yearly meetings and illustrate the connections among Friends. Quotations from the letters...
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and writings of these and other Friends add
concerns during a time of struggle among
Friends.
Hickey's book is an essential read for those
wishing to have a better understanding about
the place of North Carolina Quakers in the
20th century and the issues they still struggle
with today. The lack of footnotes may bother
those who enjoy the details of historical
search, but the inclusion of an essay on sources
fills much of the gap. As the conclusion illus­
trates, questions about the role of ministers,
the need for leaders, and the conflict between
the past and the future continue to face us
today. Friends from differing traditions and
geographical regions can learn much by read­
ning about the choices faced by North Caro­
lina Friends in the "New South."

—Gwendolyn Goney Erickson
Gwendolyn Goney Erickson is the librarian/
archivist in the Friends Historical Collection
at Guilford College and a member of Rich Square
(N.C.) Meeting.

Home Town Tales
By Philip Gulley, Multnomah Publishers,

Do you sometimes feel when you are
visiting a place, that you have been there
before? You only have to read Philip Gulley's
new book Home Town Tales and you will
find you are in such a place, a small town
with people you seem to know. You start to
learn about their lives, their experiences, and
their stories. Philip will introduce you to
Harve Ellis and how he was able, in a most
remarkable way, to cure young Phil's warts.
You will meet the wonderful Sister Rosalie
and have lunch with Paul Harvey, even if
you don't like tuna fish sandwiches. You will
feel so comfortable in his hometown as you
savor the pulse and heartbeat of its human
condition. Phil is a natural storyteller, and
his new book continues, as in Front Porch
Tales, to tell about the lives of the people he
knows. As he weaves his stories we begin to
learn a lot more about Phil Gulley. His
boyhood, marriage, children, and his work as a
Quaker pastor. He builds into each of his
stories facets of his own experiences that create
a spiritual foundation that can speak to our
own condition.

From my own WW II experiences, I was
deeply moved by his story "History Lessons,"
from which we learn that pacifism is some­
things that has to be learned, that it does not
come from slogans and carrying signs but is
rooted in the teachings of Jesus and must
become a way of life, the very core of our
human fabric. For this to happen each of us
must find a way to become peacemakers and
peace keepers.

Phil also explains in detail in "Bath People"
why Jesus was a bath person, not a shower
person, and I begin to think maybe it is time
for me to make a change.

I had a friend, a young man, dying of a
brain tumor. In his last months I spent time
with him each day reading from Phil's book.
He looked forward to the stories. He found in
them a way to face his own ending. I know he
would have wanted to hear more of the Home
Town Tales.

Phil Gulley gives us a way to look at
ourselves without, as he says, being a "Bully
Pastor." We accept what he says when
he speaks of love, joy, peace, patience, kindness,
goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control.

For anyone who is ready to look for change
in his or her own life or even ready to accept
what he or she has, then this book is a won­
derful beginning, a way to open the door of
the heart to life's experiences.

—George Rubin
George Rubin is a member of Manhasset (N.Y.)
Meeting. He serves as clerk of the Personnel
Committee of New York Yearly Meeting and is
active with FWCC and AFSC.

Wisdom's Daughters: Stories
of Women around Jesus
By Elizabeth G. Watson. Pilgrim Press,
Cleveland, Ohio, 1997. 167 pages. $12.95/paperback.

Elizabeth Watson is a beloved elder, or
crone, as she sometimes names herself,
amongst North American Friends. The publica­
tion of this book makes her ministry more
widely accessible to those who know her and
gives the opportunity for a whole new group of
readers to share her wisdom.

Wisdom's Daughters enters into the lives
of 14 women whom the Gospel writers saw
as bit players in the Jesus story. Elizabeth
Watson has lived with the Gospels and the
snippets of these women's lives until she has
been able to embody them into whole people
whose experiences changed their lives. Hence,
we hear of the mother of the sons of Zebedee,
self-envisioned as an "ordinary housewife," who
sees a new opening for herself as a child
of the Light: "I pray that I may learn to
walk in the Light day after day, wherever it may
lead me, even to the end of the world. I want
to be worthy to live a new life in the commu­
nity of God. Let it be." Each of these encoun­

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Love at the Heart of Things
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Love at the Heart of Things
by E. Glenn Hinson
A biography of Douglas Steere

ters also brings Jesus of Nazareth into focus as a person who respected women and learned from them.

In addition to these personal reconstructions, Elizabeth shares her wide knowledge in a series of commentaries on each woman, giving academic information in a lively, personalized manner. Each chapter ends with a series of reflections. In the Quaker tradition these are called Queries as they lead the reader to consider how their own life has been touched by the experience. The reflections can be used as a personal meditative discipline or will also be useful for a study group.

I have been privileged to hear Elizabeth introduce these women friends over the years, and I came to this book with a sense of excitement in being able to meet them again. I was not disappointed. Indeed I felt as though I had the privilege of entering into the stories more deeply than before and that I will continue to be challenged by the reflections. Thank you, Elizabeth.

—Anne Thomas
Anne Thomas is a member of Ottawa (Ont.) Meeting and serves as interim pastor of New Castle (Ind.) Meeting.

Look Closely at the Child:
Christmas Poems
By Arthur O. Roberts. Barclay Press,

Staying close to his careful reading of Hebrew and Christian scriptures, yet viewing the folk we meet there through his own experience today, Arthur Roberts gives us clear and kindly Christmas poems that will serve equally well any other time of year.

Look Closely at the Child begins with ten pieces written in first person and based on specific Old Testament references. Speakers express their messianic longings for peace, freedom, redemption, for a rising sun of hope, a Comforter, for the City of God. In one a builder envisions Messiah “laying a plumb line of righteousness.” I like the author’s suggestion of staging these poems as a conversational circle.

Herod, Zechariah, Elizabeth, and Anna, as well as angels, shepherds, and a potential innkeeper in all of us, are among those featured in nativity poems that follow. “Hope massaged his muscles every morning,” the poet says in one of two pieces where old Simeon nearly dances across the page as he recognizes in baby Jesus the long expected Messiah. Five of these poems take the form of loving, private conversations between Mary and Joseph, including one that leads up to their first knowing one another sexually. I didn’t find that believable, but then, what an awesome assignment for any poet!

Arthur Roberts is professor-at-large at George Fox University in Oregon. This is his seventh book, but the first collection of poetry since 1985. Except for a single rhymed poem, which seems contrived, his style here is comfortably informal. Each line is centered, so that the print on a page sometimes seemed to offer me a shape to try on the human subject.

A final section of the book is headed “Contemporary Applications.” While I found these uneven and sometimes weakened by a final “raining up” better left to the reader, they included my favorites, “Night Watch” delighted me by taking into account the view and experience of those of us who, like Bethlehem shepherds, work the night shift. And I was moved by “In Transit,” where the author identifies some modern counterparts of the refugees, Mary and Joseph and their small child, on a busy highway in a pickup truck loaded with household goods. It closes:

In my scenario I have words to say to the young mother and the father, to Maria and José. Herod is dead, but even in Nazareth lurk those who, in one guise or another, would destroy the Child.

Beware!

Readings from Look Closely at the Child could fit well in sermon or Christmas program. I found it a quick and pleasant read and an invitation to reconsider my own “take” on the players in our precious and powerful Christmas story.

—Janet Turnbull Ravndal
Janet Ravndal is a social worker and writer of poems who lives at Pendle Hill with her husband, Chris.

Previous Convictions and
End-of-the-Millennium Quakerism


The author is a professor of religious studies who admits that, despite being in a position to know better, she is a Christian when she could just be a Quaker. Such touches of humor enliven the writing. In the first section, Trevett discusses her own and the broader Society’s confusion over Quaker identity. She fears Quakers have become “seekers” who
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have lost sight of “by what” and “to what.” With the large percentage of newcomers (convinced Friends), a common knowledge of Christianity and the Bible no longer exists. She observes that today many meetings welcome any faith or belief except Christianity. Her views are supported by references to sociological studies and observations by other contemporary Quakers.

Without a shared perception of the Spirit, discernment can degenerate into decisions and actions that are mutually acceptable. Such a process is both different and diminished from traditional Quaker practice. The greatest threat to meetings is the breach between those who have experienced and believe in a gathered meeting and those intent on following their own insights. The author feels that this breach is more significant than the differences between Christocentric and universalist Friends. A robust individual and corporate relationship with that which is the object of our faith and the faith itself makes us Quakers. Friends must accurately pass on this faith, so that each generation can interpret it in a way that allows them to form a meaningful, metaphoric revelation of God.

The second half of the book is titled “Faith, Values, and Their Transmission.” One chapter discusses the responsibility of members to teach and suggests that Quakers too often shy away from both teaching and corporate learning because of fear about the divisions that would be revealed. Each chapter presents a way to convey faith and practice: community, retreat centers, journaling, children’s programs, and prophetic ministry. New to me was the proposal for a “Quaker catechism” for those who seek membership. Tevett assures the reader she does not envision anything doctrinal. She feels an education in the traditions and practices of Quakers would help newcomers understand the context and tests that Friends use when forming individual convictions.

The second section didn’t engage my interest as fully as the first. Most meetings are attempting at least some of these methods. They require ongoing perseverance. Although the suggestion for a standard, required course for membership was the only startling idea, I know continuing consideration of how we receive, deliver, and pass on our unique revelation is important.

During the years I spent in Alaska, I experienced the divisions addressed in this book. I felt that isolation and the lack of seasoned Quakers in our midst were major causes. It was a revelation to read that British Friends struggle with the same issues. I suspect the topics will resonate in many unprogrammed, North American meetings. The entire book and individual sections provide excellent material for study and discussion groups. It belongs in meeting libraries.

—Judith Monroe

Judith Monroe is a member of Anchorage (Alaska) Meeting. She is a previous clerk of that meeting and a member of the Friends JOURNAL Board of Managers. Retired from the Alaska State Library, she currently attends meeting in Victoria, B.C.

Heaven on Earth: Quakers and the Second Coming


This small paperback with the fiery red cover offers a fresh framework for examining ourselves as Friends. I think it will have the same impact on our thinking as some historians did a generation ago by placing early Friends firmly in the “radical Puritan,” rather than the “mystical,” category.

The book is a fruit of the collaborative teaching last year at Woodbrooke by the three authors and includes some spiritual autobiography and theological reflection. It begins with the early Church’s perspective that was shaped by the First Coming—the recent life of Jesus. The early Church’s focus was mainly on Christ’s Second Coming and its impact on the Christian community. Paul, in his writings, expects the Second Coming in his lifetime or shortly afterwards. Since this did not happen, the subsequent history of the Church has been of looking to the Second Coming as a future event. Some churches have had a more immediate expectation of the apocalypse than others, but for all denominations it became a future event—until Friends came along and turned eschatology upside down.

The first generation of Friends had the audacity to say that the Second Coming had arrived, because Christ was now living in the hearts of all who would accept him. The end of the world, as it had been, had occurred. This challenged the whole fabric of civil society, since it implied that God, and not the government or monarch, was now ruling, and the old order was over. It also challenged conventional Calvinist Puritan doctrine that only the elect would be saved. Believing God’s grace was available to all, Friends claimed the equality of women as preachers alongside men and that non-Christians could be saved. No wonder they were thrown into jail.

This is the radical, Spirit-filled religious movement I thought I had joined. So what happened? The authors say Friends settled
into the quietist period, which did not lose sight of the Living Presence, but certainly muted it. Then two separate paths were taken. First, as evangelicalism became the dominant force in British and North American Quakerism, Friends associated with other Christian churches in mission and relief work. They absorbed those churches' assumptions of the Second Coming as a future event. The liberal influences that brought about a subsequent turnaround in Britain and elsewhere in the first decades of this century had a different consequence. Right doctrine seemed to matter less than spiritual “seeking” and conformity of practice. Not to believe in the divinity of Christ, a Second Coming, or anything other than transforming the present world, seemed to be acceptable for membership as a Friend. The authors’ conclusion is that for some Friends, not only has Quakerism lost its crucial distinctive of realized eschatology, for which their forebears suffered, but for others, the whole issue has become irrelevant anyway. So both evangelicals and many liberals have lost sight of what to the first Friends probably the most important distinctive of all: that the coming of Christ Jesus, to “teach His people Himself” was, and is, the Second Coming, and we can still be part of it if we are open to God’s work.

—Margaret Fraser

Margaret Fraser is dean of Pendle Hill, the Quaker center for study and contemplation.

The Iron Bridge


One would think that reading chapter after chapter about the politics and technology behind the preparation for construction of the world’s first iron bridge would be tedious. All I know is that three-quarters of the way through The Iron Bridge I stopped to ask myself if I shouldn’t be bored. The thought quickly flitted away as I eagerly plunged back into this historical/sci-fi novel set in an English Quaker community during the latter part of the 18th century.

Historical/sci-fi? Yes, this latest contribution to a slowly accumulating body of Quaker science fiction is set in the past, during our “quietist” period. Like the other novels of this motley collection, The Iron Bridge presumes that ecological and social devastation occur in our near future. But following that premise, the storyline takes a different direction from all the others. Rather than struggling to establish an idealized (Quaker) community off-planet, the visionaries of Morse’s post-destruction era respond by sending one of themselves into the past to change history.

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Maggie Foster arrives in Shropshire in 1773. Her mission is to influence Abraham Darby III, the Quaker ironmonger destined to build the historic iron bridge across the Severn Gorge in 1779. If Maggie can sabotage the design of that bridge, causing it to collapse, perhaps people will lose their faith in iron, and the Industrial Revolution will be diverted from its course, preventing or delaying the ruin to come.

Maggie becomes a member of the Darby household, slowly winning the respect, trust, and love of all the family. The greatest strength of this novel—an unusual quality in science fiction—is the development of its characters and their relationships. The reader becomes acquainted with Friends of those years not in abstract, or as generalizations, but as fully developed and unique individuals, each one relating differently, but authentically, to his or her Quaker faith and to the challenges of the times.

The most compelling character is Maggie herself, who lives in a confused loneliness of unsharable memories and secrets as she...
sets down roots in the world she has entered, growing to love those she has come to betray. She becomes a Friend, at first as a matter of deceptive expediency, but eventually through something more like true conviction.

The book approaches its conclusion quietly, with little drama, but with great suspense. Usually as a consumer of fiction, I know as I read what kind of ending to expect—happy, sad, redemptive, or cynical—the destination is obvious; the suspense is in not knowing how that ending will be achieved. But I read The Iron Bridge in true bafflement, not knowing what conclusion to expect, or even what to hope for. I will say only that I thought the ending was a wise one, and even that may be revealing too much.

I recommend this book wholeheartedly.

—Chel Avery

Chel Avery is a member of Goshen (Pa.) Meeting and coordinator of the certificate program in conflict resolution at Bryn Mawr College. She is a published author of science fiction.

The task, after doing so much research, is to keep it from showing—not to display it.

CF: According to the publisher, you spent ten years researching the steel industry for the novel and related articles. What did you find most intriguing, and/or disturbing, about the history of steel?

DM: Steel is inextricably bound up in the Western culture of violence. Cast-iron cannon cost much less than bronze and, along with muskets and steel armor, led directly to Europe's colonial expansion into the New World and Asia. This theme is central to my novel.

CF: Tell me about Abraham Darby III, the Quaker ironmaster who was the moving force behind the bridge. How close to the actual history of Darby and his family does your novel stick? Is the bridge still standing?

OM: Darby is rendered as accurately as I could make him, although any fictional character takes on a life of its own. In the notes of meetings of the bridge subscribers are clues that suggest Darby may have been more reluctant than John Wilkinson to build the bridge of iron, and I exaggerate that reluctance in the service of art. I also intensify his Quakerly revulsion toward that era in his family history when cannon were produced at their Coalbrookdale works. Darby was an elder in Madeley Meeting; he was certainly active in the Religious Society of Friends, as were his father and grandfather. The Darbys

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were part of the network of Quaker industrialists that included the Frys, Forthgillls, Barclays, and Lloyds. At Coalbrookdale, where the novel is set, Quakers were a minority, dominant only in the more skilled trades and managerial positions at the ironworks.

The first Darby to turn to Quakerism was John (1649–1725), who was convinced during the evangelical Valiant Sixty's march south from north England, through Bristol. Quakerism was passed on through his son, the first Abraham Darby—who pioneered the use of mineral fuel (coke) as a replacement for charcoal in firing blast furnaces.

Yes, the bridge still stands. A powerful presence, especially in the early morning mist.

CF: When Maggie Foster comes "back from the future" 273 years to try and change the way the bridge is built, she sees it as a key turning point to world wide ecological and political disaster. How close are Maggie's views of industrialization to your own?

DM: Maggie and I are spiritual siblings. She just goes a little further.

CF: Maggie lives, or maybe survives is a better term, in a secluded desert eco-commune, Ecosophia. But we don't get a full picture of the community or its history. Since we're closer in time to it than to Shropshire in 1773, can you tell us a little about the ideals and the structure of Ecosophia? Can you point to any prototypes of such communities?

DM: Physically, Ecosophia bears some resemblance to the New Alchemy Institute on Cape Cod during the 1970s. New Alchemy was a sort of greenhouse, but not hermetically sealed off from the environment; it used recycling aquacultures, etc., with the aim of husbanding the earth's resources and minimizing environmental impact. It did not attempt, as Biosphere II did unsuccessfully several years later, to cut itself off completely from the environment.

Ecosophia was influenced by Quaker ideals. Governance is by "consensus" (what we would call sense of the meeting) achieved through periodic meetings involving most of the community, which numbers under 2,000 people. Founding principles are Openness (as opposed to secrecy), Nonviolence, Community, Mindfulness, and Harmony with the environment (to the extent that can be achieved in a world so violated by war and industry).

An example of Mindfulness is that automation is avoided in favor of human responsibility. Plants are watered by humans remembering or forgetting, rather than according to clocks or sensors. Exercise equipment generates electricity rather than consuming it. Menial tasks are rotated so that virtually everyone experiences them in the course of a six-month period.

CF: In the novel, Maggie Foster joins the Darbys' Friends meeting, even though she says she is more "sympathetic" than truly "converted," in Quaker parlance. But later her experience takes on a different character. I wonder if this in any way parallels your own journey. Your bio says you became a Quaker in 1995. Can you tell us something of how that came about? Was any of it related to your work on the novel?

DM: That's a very perceptive question. For the longest time, I couldn't get my heroine to join the Quakers, even though it was an expedient way to infiltrate the Darby household and so made sense in terms of the novel's plot. I realized it was my own resistance. I am not a joiner. Finally, I was moved to become a Quaker. Maggie followed suit. In the meantime, that tension had become part of the book, and I think that's just as well. Part of Maggie's struggle is between her consciously constructed agenda on the one hand and her spiritual self on the other, which includes the irrational.

What moved me to join was an unexpected sense of ministry around leading the movement to build a substantial addition onto our meetinghouse. I knew I had to join. I couldn't be only partly involved or partly a Quaker. In the course of that campaign, which I more or less shepherded from beginning to end, I felt a real presence of God in our communal efforts. The Way opened. It was like no other experience I've had. I felt, as Maggie did, a "molecule at the crest of a great curling wave." So you can say I moved from being simply sympathetic to Quaker ideals to becoming convinced.

Writing the novel also made me aware of what a radical force Quakerism was in the 17th and early 18th centuries, with its women activists and experts to Claudia Wair, FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1216 Arch St., 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107.

CF: You worked on this novel for six years. What parts of the process were easiest for you, and which were most difficult?

DM: Actually it ended up being seven years by the time I had made revisions to the galleys. I'm at a difficult time now, wondering whether it is going to find an audience. It was hard believing in myself all those years. It was especially difficult restarting when I got sidetracked for a period of several months.

The easiest parts, or in any case the most rewarding, were when the characters seemed to act with a will of their own.

CF: Are you working on any other novel or major writing projects? If so, can you tell us about them?

DM: I just completed an article about a racial incident that took place at the University of Connecticut ten years ago, involving Asian Americans. I'm also working on some short fiction. I haven't yet decided the course of my next novel—whether to make it historical or not. It will be, as all my work is, in social action.

—Chuck Fager

Chuck Fager is a Quaker writer and editor. A member of Sate College (Pa.) Meeting, his most recent book is The Best of Friends, Vol. 1, a collection of recent writings by Quakers. Reprinted with permission from Types and Shadows, Summer 1998.

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Milestones

Deaths

Brick—Justus C. Brick, 84, on August 8, 1997, at Medford Leas, Medford, N.J. A lifelong Medford resident, Justus received his education at Mount Holly High School and George School. He attended Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania and earned his degree from Temple University in Philadelphia. Justus was a commercial real estate appraiser at Atlantic Refining Company in Philadelphia from 1940 to 1960. He also worked as an independent appraiser and was the Medford Township tax assessor from 1965 to 1976. Justus was the cofounder of Brick Real Estate. He was a member of the Appraisal Institute, a national organization of professional real estate appraisers. He also was a member of Toastmasters International, the Island Yacht Club, and an honorary member of the Medford-Vincentown chapter of Rotary International. An avid humorist and storyteller, Justus was also active with Boy Scouts of America, a trustee of Memorial Hospital of Burlington County, past clerk of Medford Meeting, and clerk of Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting. Justus is survived by his wife, Martha Carson; four sons, Justus Clark, Steven R., David C., and Harry Andrew; a daughter, Martha Christine Bornebusch; six grandsons; and two great-grandsons.

Dietel-Rice—Terra Ciel Dietel-Rice, 12, on Feb. 8, in Sebastopol, Calif. Diagnosed with cystic fibrosis at age two and a half, Terra began a rigorous pulmonary and nutritional therapy. Despite her genetic illness Terra lived an active life, playing the piano from age three and beginning violin lessons at age nine. Music was her love; she played in youth orchestra and string ensembles. She played with a focus and composure that allowed her to express her own essence and the essence of the music she performed. Terra also loved hiking, camping, canoeing, bicycling, ice and roller skating, playing with her sister Molly, putting on plays with her friends, reading, drawing, all kinds of crafts, and dreaming. A junior member of Redwood (Calif.) Meeting in Santa Rosa, Terra looked forward to Quaker Youth Group each First Day. When she was nine, Terra was diagnosed with liver disease, a rare complication of cystic fibrosis. When asked how she felt about this additional challenge she simply said, “It is what is given.” While she waited three years for a liver transplant, Terra had to severely limit her physical activities, except music. She faced hospitalizations and diminishing health with great courage. On January 25, 1998, Terra underwent an eight-hour liver transplant operation. Her new liver was functioning so well that after eight days she was sent home to complete her recovery. She hoped to roller skate and bike again and wanted to learn ballet and to express her own essence and the essence of the music she performed. Terra also loved hiking, camping, canoeing, bicycling, ice and roller skating, playing with her sister Molly, putting on plays with her friends, reading, drawing, all kinds of crafts, and dreaming. A junior member of Redwood (Calif.) Meeting in Santa Rosa, Terra looked forward to Quaker Youth Group each First Day. When she was nine, Terra was diagnosed with liver disease, a rare complication of cystic fibrosis. When asked how she felt about this additional challenge she simply said, “It is what is given.” While she waited three years for a liver transplant, Terra had to severely limit her physical activities, except music. She faced hospitalizations and diminishing health with great courage. On January 25, 1998, Terra underwent an eight-hour liver transplant operation. Her new liver was functioning so well that after eight days she was sent home to complete her recovery. She hoped to roller skate and bike again and wanted to learn ballet and to play the accordion. She saw a vibrant double rainbow shining through the kitchen window two days before she died of a sudden abdominal hemorrhage. Terra’s first name means “earth” and her middle name, Ciel, is French for “the heavens” or “sky.” Terra joined earth and heaven in the way she lived and touched many with her pure and gentle
spirit. She is survived by her parents Mark Rice and Alene Dietel; her younger sister Molly; and her older brother Isaac.

Perera—Charles Allen Perera, 92, on Jan. 27, at Kendal at Longwood in Kennett Square, Pa., Charles graduated from Horace Mann School in 1922 and from Princeton University in 1926. He rejected a Rhodes Scholarship to attend Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons, from which he earned his medical degree in 1930 and later a doctorate of medical science. He was in the first group of residents at the Institute of Ophthalmology at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. After completing his training he joined his uncle’s ophthalmology practice and was appointed to the staff of the Harkness Eye Institute. Charles was a member of numerous professional societies here and abroad.

He wrote many academic papers in his field and received several awards for his work. He retired as clinical professor at the age of 65 but continued to practice until age 78. Most important in his life was his Quaker beliefs that he first encountered when visiting his older brother at Haverford College where he was deeply affected by meeting Rufus Jones and hearing him speak. Charles was quoted in the Scarsdale Inquirer as having found in the Religious Society of Friends “a primitive Christian faith” and an answer to the “religious hypocrisies” who claimed to champion peace but embraced God on their side in time of war. Charles married Ruth Brinton at Westtown School in 1932. Their first home was in New York City, where they attended Twentieth Street (N.Y.) Meeting (later absorbed into Fifteenth Street Meeting). They moved to Scarsdale in 1939 and attended Purchase Meeting until a wage-time gas rationing made the trip impractical. They then began holding meeting for worship in their basement with other families. In 1949 the meeting built its own meetinghouse. Charles’ messages in meeting spoke of love and of finding God through nature. He often played with the children after meeting, playing ball, plucking coins from behind their ears, and amusing them with rabbits made from handkerchiefs. He loved to garden and talked to plants and animals at Friends schools and colleges for the Friends General Conference and other meetings. He served as a steward, a member of the board of overseers of the College and attended Wilmington Friends School and Westtown School. He attended Connecticut College and went on to earn a degree from the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy. She later worked in Wilmington with the Visiting Nurses Society until her marriage to Arthur W.

Silver—Marion Rhoads Silver, 93, on May 25, 1997. Marion was born in Wilmington, Del. Like her four sisters, Elizabeth, Eleanor, Rebecca, and Lucy, Marion attended Wilmington Friends School and Westtown School. She attended Connecticut College and went on to earn a degree from the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy. She later worked in Wilmington with the Visiting Nurses Society until her marriage to Arthur W. Silver on June 15, 1929. Her family built a home on Mount Desert Island, Maine, shortly after World War I. Because Marion and Arthur loved the island so much, they returned there regularly after their marriage. They eventually retired to Bass Harbor, a town on the island. They also spent many joyous summers on God’s island, in a house her sister Lucy had purchased in 1936. Marion is survived by two sons, Philip and George; and five grandchildren.
A modern parable

I was greatly relieved when I understood the Great Commandment.
I had learned the Ten Commandments before I fully understood what all the words meant. Now there was one to replace the whole ten.

"Thou shalt love God with all your heart, mind, and strength." Because God is an infinite Spirit, and we human beings are finite (in my 80s, I feel very finite at times), we are told that to love God means to love your neighbor as much as you love yourself.

That takes care of the whole Ten I'd had to memorize. If I love God, I'll worship no other. I'll remember the Lord's Day. I'll love my parents, my closest neighbors, and if I love others, I won't kill them, steal from them, tell them lies, or be jealous of what they have, or do any of those other things.

Besides, it's positive. It's "come on, let's" instead of "No don't."

Someone asked, "Who's my neighbor?"
Jesus replied with the parable of the Good Samaritan.

You will remember that when Jesus asked the woman at the well for a drink of water, she told him that Jews didn't drink out of the same cup as Samaritans. Samaritans were the people with fewer civil rights than anyone else in the country. They were most often discriminated against.

Today, in this part of the world, Jesus might have told the story this way:

One Sunday morning, a man was out jogging along a road when two men jumped out of the bushes, knocked him down, stole his wallet, and left him unconscious alongside the highway. The first car that came along was driven by a minister who, the week before, had delivered a sermon emphasizing the point that keeping the Sabbath includes not only coming to church, but being on time. Just as he was leaving this morning, he'd had a call from a parishioner who needed him to listen carefully and understandingly. When he had assured the caller he'd see him after church, he was already late. As he drove he imagined the pews filling up, the organist repeating the music that was prepared, and was almost "lead-footing" it. When he saw the man beside the road he just couldn't stop.

"Somebody else will."

The next car was driven by a reporter who had been called by his editor to go to report on a fire. He'd been up late the night before, his cell phone was not working right,
and he had a deadline to make. He'd try to call when he got to the fire.

In the third car was one of the members of the congregation, who had been on the receiving end of the sermon last week. His realty business often meant that people who didn't work on Sunday called him then. He was already late, and he couldn't stand to be lectured in public again. He hoped the next car would stop.

The next car was driven by a lesbian. When she saw the injured person, she stopped immediately, put on her blinker lights, called 9-1-1, got out of her car, wiped the blood off the man's temple, and waited till the paramedics got there. Then she realized that without a wallet he had no identification. There might be trouble at the hospital. She followed the ambulance to the emergency room, wrote a check to cover the costs, and promised to come back the next day. She did.

Which person was a good neighbor?

Charles K. Brown
Wiscasset, Maine

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

—Ed.
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United Friends School: co-ed, preschool-8, emphasizing integrated curriculum within Religious Society of Friends, including whole language and manipulative math; serving upper Buckeye County, 20 South 10th Street, Quakertown, PA 18951. (215) 336-1717.

Landownes Friends School—A small Quaker school for boys and girls ages three through sixth grade, rooted in Quaker values. We provide children with a quality academic and developmental program in a nurturing environment. Whole language, thematic education, conflict resolution, Spanish, after-school care, summer program. 110 N. Landownes Avenue, Landownes, PA 19050. (610) 623-2548.

Stratford Friends School provides a strong academic program in a warm, supportive, ungraded setting for children ages five through 13. Although small in size, large opportunities. Rich curriculum answer the needs of the whole child. An at-risk program for five-years through our high school. The school also offers an extended day program, tutoring, and summer school. Information: Stratford Friends School, 5 Llanidloes Road, Havertown, PA 19015. (609) 446-3134.

John Woolman School. Rural California boarding grades 9-12. Preparation for college and college-preparation classes, caring staff, work program, service projects, board, day. 13075 Woolman Lane, Nevada City, CA 95959. (530) 273-1613.

Services Offered

Downsizing and Relocation Consultant: We too, have 35 years of professional evaluation and liquidation experience in both personal property and real estate. Call Jim Boswell, CAI, at (617) 692-2226. Retired auditor, appraiser, and broker.

Wedding Certificates, birth testimonies, poetry, gifts and wedding services. Call or write Leslie Mitchell, 2840 Bristol Rd., Bensalem, PA 19020. (215) 752-5554.


Quaker Writers and Artists! Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts. QFA's goal: "To nurture and showcase the literary, visual, musical, and performing arts within the Religious Society of Friends, for purposes of Quaker expression, ministry, witness, and outreach. To these ends, we will offer spiritual, practical, and financial support as well as ways to expand and build an international network of creative support and celebration. Membership, $15/year. QFA, P.O. Box 5856, Philadelphia, PA 19118. Call (215) 295-9545. Our Web Page: http://www.quaker.org/qfa.

Florida Tour: Quaker-owned and -managed travel agency. Friendly, experienced staff; domestic and international; overnight door to door. (800) 888-4099.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pinewood Dr., Greensboro, NC 27410. (336) 294-2036.

Friendly Financial Services. Let me help you prepare for retirement or work out an estate plan. Socially responsible investments—my specialty. Call Joyce Moore, LUTC, Joyce Moore Financial Services at (619) 985-1627 or e-mail JMF5@AOL.com. Securities offered by Washington Square Securities, 20 Washington Square South, Minneapolis, MN 55401.

Celo Valley Books: Personal attention to all phases of book production (25 to 5,000 copies). Typesetting, editing, layout, final delivery. Free brochure, 340 Seven Mile Ridge Road, Barnstable, NC 28714.

Summer Camps

Camp Woodbrooke, Wisconsin. Make friends, experience community, develop skills, and learn about the environment. Quaker Leadership. Ages 7-12. 36 boys and girls, two- and three-week sessions. www.campwoodbrooke.com; ajangles@mnc.net. Brochure: (847) 289-5705.

Journey's End Farm Camp is a farm devoted to children for sessions of two to eight weeks each summer. Farm animals, gardening, nature, campfire music, shop. Non-Friends welcome. For information or rates, contact, Carl & Kristen Curtis, Box 136, Newfound, PA 18454. Telephone: (717) 688-3911, 6804.
If you’re puzzling about gifts for those on your list who “have everything,” consider a contribution to the AFSC as an alternative. Each gift you make in the name of friends and family supports our work around the world for peace, justice, and economic security.

Cheer your friends and family this holiday season or any special time with gifts found nowhere else.

For each $35 donation to an AFSC project, you’ll receive a handsome gift card with original artwork. Send it to delight a loved one with your gift made in his or her name.

“Here’s a water buffalo for your birthday!” The beast ($200) will plow rice paddies in Laos for a farmer now yoked to plow himself. He’ll keep the first calf, give the original animal away.

“Here’s a flock of chickens for Christmas in lieu of a Partridge.” The flock ($100) will live with a family in the poorest region of Haiti and produce nourishing eggs, chicks and increased family income.

“For my green-thumb friend, some trees you’ll never have to prune.” AFSC is helping the Mohawk people recover their farming and fishing traditions. For $80 a family will plant 16 fruit trees on the banks of the St. Lawrence River.

“For a woman who talks back and speaks up for justice” ...this gift of training maquiladora workers on the Mexico/US border to organize, fight work hazards and take charge of their reproductive health ($50). Help the silent find their voices.

“On your wedding date, 250 lbs. of maize seed are on the way to Somalia” where floods have drowned people, animals and staple crops such as maize ($35).