

May 1999

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

Naming

In an earlier time I thought
silence was merely an absence.
Now it seems to be,
for me at least,
the presence of everything.
Everything that is, or was, or will be.
There are no easy words
to capture this possibility.
After all, who can name beginnings
or ends?
Perhaps there are no words at all.
Perhaps it is more than we can imagine
or bear.

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Among Friends

On Meeting—and Openness

Meeting for worship can be a source of comfort, of challenge, of discernment, and of community. It is at the heart of our Quaker belief and practice, informing our testimonies and nourishing our spiritual journeys. Many of this month's authors explore aspects of meeting for worship and how we are both centered and challenged by what transpires in it.

Sally Leone Conroy and Anne Curo each write about the inner process of centering down, of letting go and opening to the Spirit. Edward Dougherty takes the scriptural story of the boy Samuel (1 Samuel 3) and presents a metaphor for our own expectant waiting for divine guidance as well as the action that flows from such instruction.

A counterpoint, perhaps, to these pieces are those by J.A. Kruger and by Jean Grant. Kruger speaks powerfully to the occasions during meeting for worship when the speaker is overcome by emotion, and how we might best support that person and also maintain the sacred dynamic of worship. I find her insights helpful. Grant tells of her own initial awkwardness with a handicapped child in her meeting, writing beautifully of the contribution made to the meeting community by this child. Her article prompts me to wonder how much the discomfort I've sometimes felt with disabled people points to a disability of my own—a limitation in my ability to communicate outside of the language and gestures I've mastered, rather than permitting my heart and intuition to guide me in such interactions. It also reminds me of the pleasure I've felt when I've succeeded in assisting the participation of a handicapped child in First-day school lessons, despite the challenges offered by language barriers and difficulty with movement.

Baltimore Monthly Meeting, Stony Run, recently wrote to request a code for their meeting notice listing in the back pages of the JOURNAL indicating that their meeting is "handicapped accessible." We are pleased to provide this new coding—a capital "HA"—as an option for all meetings. If your meetinghouse is accessible to those with disabilities, I hope you will consider adding this code to your listing.

If it is not, I hope you are encouraged by the following story: During a capital campaign at Powell House, New York Yearly Meeting's retreat and conference center, a donation was given to create handicapped accessibility to one of the buildings that houses guests. While this donation was a significant one for the meeting that made it, it was not great enough to cover the very costly renovations that would be necessary to create an accessible bedroom, bathroom, and access to meeting and dining spaces on several levels. The Property Committee agonized over how this gift might be honored (which was in memory of a beloved handicapped member of the donating meeting) without additional funds to install wheelchair lifts, etc. It was only when Friends began to think "outside of the box"—literally—that way opened. The wheelchair ramps were built on the outside of the building along with movable ramps for the interior meeting and dining spaces, using volunteer labor during a work weekend. In the end, the original donation was sufficient. It covered the cost of ramps, grab bars, and wider doorways in the first-floor bedroom and bathroom identified for this project.

Perhaps the unspoken ministry of the "disabled" to those of us who are not categorized this way by society is to prompt us to step outside of our own limited thinking and procedures and to help find ways to ensure a more welcoming and inclusive community—with the challenges and rewards that such openness brings.

Susan Corson-Finnerty

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Cover poem, "Naming," by Michael H. Ivey, who lives in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.



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More on technology and the environment

I was struck by the insightfulness and clear thinking that was expressed so well in Chuck Hosking's article "Is Technology Our New God?" (*FJ* Nov. 1998). Chuck laid out very plainly the linkage between our consumption patterns, the onward march of technology, and the worldwide devastation caused by the giant transnational corporations that are creating and exploiting our addictions to technology and gadgets. I particularly appreciated the short and accurate statement about "globalization, which is currently steamrolling over the economies of low-income nations, most of whom don't yet comprehend what hit them." I would add that not only are economies being affected, but cultures are being destroyed and the social fabric of many societies, including our own, are being torn apart. Further, the nonhuman treasures of our planet are being plundered and poisoned for the sake of quick corporate profits. The majority of the environmental and social crises occurring in the world are in reaction to the predatory and disruptive behavior of the giant transnational corporations.

In his new book, *The Post-Corporate World*, David Korten summarizes the situation by saying, "We have created an economy for making money at life's expense. . . . The global corporation, programmed to . . . seek its own unlimited growth, behaves much like a cancerous tumor." The book provides an excellent overview of what's happening, and more importantly, it provides a number of ways we can counter the destructive effects. It is the best and most hopeful treatment I've seen yet of the situation.

Arden Buck
Boulder, Colo.



Spirituality and ecology

Thank you for publishing Bob Hillegass' wonderful article on sustainability ("Sustainable Development as a Quaker Testimony?"—*FJ* Dec. 1998). I hope we'll see lots more discussion of the topic in *FRIENDS JOURNAL*.

For readers interested in further exploration of spirituality and ecology, I heartily recommend *Earth Light* magazine. It is published by Pacific Yearly Meeting Committee on Unity with Nature, 111 Fairmount Avenue, Oakland, CA 94611. The Internet address is: <<http://www.earthlight.org>>.

John MacDengall
Westford, Mass.

More is needed to be truly accountable

I congratulate President Clinton for holding the U.S. accountable for its involvement in the Guatemalan civil war. But he left out an important detail. The worst human rights abusers of the civil war were taught at a school that's still in operation—the U.S. Army's School of the Americas.

The newly-released Guatemalan Truth Commission Report singled out the U.S. Army's School of the Americas (SOA) for its counterinsurgency training that "had a significant bearing on human rights violations during the armed conflict."

In describing the national security doctrine taught at the SOA, the independent Historical Clarification Commission (CEH) report states: "By identifying all opponents as adversaries, the national security doctrine helped to broaden the definition of counterinsurgency and to spread techniques of persecution . . . within a growing atmosphere of State terror." The CEH was established as part of a United Nations Peace Accord that ended the armed conflict in 1996.

The SOA, located at Ft. Benning, Ga., played a key role in the training of Guatemalan military personnel and the military intelligence apparatus that orchestrated the genocide campaign against Guatemala's Mayan civilian population. This "Scorched Earth" policy of kidnappings, torture, and murder left 200,000 dead during Guatemala's 36-year civil war.

A separate 1998 human rights report released by the Guatemala Archdiocese Human Rights Office also linked the SOA to the civilian-targeted genocide campaign.

Unlike the Historical Clarification Commission, which was limited by a Peace Accord agreement, the Archdiocese document, "Guatemala: Never Again," named specific military officers responsible for atrocities.

The 1998 document cited SOA graduates for some of the most notorious human rights violations, including the murder of anthropologist Myrna Mack, the cover-up of the murder of U.S. citizen Michael DeVine, and the torture and murder of Efraim Bamaca, husband of U.S. lawyer Jennifer Harbury. The Archdiocese report also named SOA graduates as top leaders in the fearsome Guatemalan military intelligence agency (D-2 or G-2), which both reports cite for horrific abuses.

Both reports concur that paramilitary groups were to blame for a large percentage of the 42,000 human rights violations. SOA graduate Benedicto Lucas Garcia masterminded the creation of the paramilitary Civil Patrols responsible for some of the most brutal violations of the war.

The SOA has come under increasing criticism from peace and human rights activists including the Dallas Peace Center, religious leaders, veterans and student groups, organized labor, and congressional leaders. The new Truth Commission Report fuels Rep. Joseph Moakley's (D-Mass.) bipartisan congressional campaign to close the infamous Army training school.

So many American people are opposed to this school that last November over 7,000 people converged on the SOA to protest the school, and over 2,300 of them were arrested for acts of nonviolent civil disobedience. If President Clinton is truly concerned about U.S. involvement in Guatemala, then let him prove it. Let him shut down the SOA.

Cliff Pearson
The Dallas Peace Center
Dallas, Tex.

"A Lively Concern" stirs alarm

I found the ad, "A Lively Concern" (*FJ* Feb., pg. 33) to be misleading and deceitful. It challenges us to "maintain a cooperative spirit of peace, reconciliation, and respect," but makes judgments and assumes motivations that are not peaceful, reconciling, or respectful.

If "abortion serves as a weapon in the arsenal of men who wish to dominate women," why are so many of the leaders of the antiabortion movement male? Why

A thoughtful reflection on President Clinton's justification for bombing Iraq

On December 16, 1998, President Clinton explained the U.S. bombing of Iraq. Traditionally, the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) rejects outright the use of force as a means of conflict resolution. Forms of violence are perceived as fundamentally disrespectful of God and humanity, and lacking in creativity. While force may appear to resolve conflict in the short term, the long-term consequence is future violence. Basically, this is like trying to teach children not to hit by spanking them. Nevertheless, let us consider some of the remarks made by the president. Each of his quotes is followed by our reflections:

"Their purpose [U.S. armed forces] is to protect the national interest of the United States, and indeed the interests of people throughout the Middle East and around the world."

—*The U.S. armed forces have no constitutional use but "to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, repel invasions," and to protect other nations as our treaties with them may specify.*

"The U.S. and Britain are resuming the Gulf War since Iraq is violating its agreement "to declare and destroy its arsenal [weapons of mass destruction] as a condition of the cease-fire."

—*However, the United Nations did not approve this action of December 1998. There was not coalition support from Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, France, nor from the 25 other nations that fought in 1991. In fact, President Clinton never sought the approval of the U.S. Congress as required by our Constitution.*

"The United States has patiently worked to preserve UNSCOM. . . . On occasion, we've had to threaten

military force. . . ."

—*Other nations have been working just as patiently as the U.S., and the president should acknowledge this. It is not acceptable for our country to end unilaterally its cooperation with a UN effort and to act militarily on its own with impunity. If it is our desire to bring Iraq into the community of nations, and if we expect Iraq to abide by the agreements of the UN, then we also need to wait for that unity to develop. This would be true peacemaking.*

"Eight Arab nations—Egypt, Syria, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Bahrain, Qatar, United Arab Emirates, and Oman—warned that Iraq alone would bear responsibility for the consequences of defying the UN."

—*Despite their position, they did not back this action by the U.S.*

"This situation [Iraq's failure to cooperate] presents a clear and present danger . . . so we had to act and act now. . . . If we had delayed for even a matter of days . . . we would have given Saddam more time to disperse his forces and protect his weapons."

—*Is that not the price of collective effort? There is no justification for the U.S. acting without gaining UN approval and coalition support.*

" . . . So long as Saddam remains in power, he threatens the well-being of his people, the peace of his region, the security of the world. The best way to end that threat once and for all is with a new Iraqi government. . . . We will strengthen our engagement with the full range of Iraqi opposition forces. . . ."

—*With this statement, the U.S. is saying it will act to overthrow a sovereign government. This is a violation of international law.*

" . . . Saddam should have absolutely no doubt if he lashes out at his neighbors, we will respond forcefully."

—*This statement commits U.S. forces without waiting for UN approval, or any pretense of*

seeking a local invitation prior to intervening.

"If Saddam defies the world [UN] and we [U.S.] fail to respond, we [?] will face a far greater threat in the future. Saddam will strike again at his neighbors. He will make war on his own people."

—*This sounds like a convincing argument to present at the UN, but it's spoken like a self-appointed policeman for the world.*

"But once more, the United States has proven that . . . when we must act in America's vital interests, we will do so."

—*How was this attack "in America's vital interest?" We find no convincing argument.*

"Now, in the new century, we'll have a remarkable opportunity to shape a future more peaceful than the past, but only if we stand strong against the enemies of peace."

—*Blasting away with our bombs does not seem to be the path to a more peaceful future. Violence tends to beget violence.*

The United States continues to do spot-check bombing at will in Iraq. On January 25 one missile hit a residential neighborhood near Basra, destroying at least four homes and killing civilians. "Committing violence to intimidate a government into granting demands" is Webster's definition of terrorism. Sadly, the U.S. has crossed the line—the shoe fits our actions. Richard Clarke, the U.S. counter-terrorism coordinator, has just announced, "we may not just go in a strike against a terrorist facility; we may choose to retaliate against the facilities of the host country. . . ." This brute force by our country must end. We ask that the U.S. stop its policies of destruction now.

Statement issued 2/14/99 by the Saint Louis Religious Society of Friends

is assuming a woman is capable of making a decision without government intervention considered dominating her? Who is robbing women "of sympathy to which they should be entitled?" Is it the person who understands the difficult situation in which the woman might find herself, or the person who screams, "Murderer!" at her because she has made a decision with which that person does not agree? Who is it that views gay people as subhuman? You will never see a

"Pro-Life Alliance of Gays and Lesbians" banner or contingent in the annual Right to Life March in Washington because they are physically removed under threat of arrest. So much for "a cooperative spirit of peace, reconciliation, and respect."

Abortion should remain a decision between a woman and her doctor. The government that outlaws abortion today could require it tomorrow. If you believe that abortion is murder, there is nothing that

requires you to have one. Pro-life people seek to impose their views on those who don't agree with them.

I work for a just society free from racism, sexism, homophobia, poverty, and war that would eliminate the need for abortion, the death penalty, and euthanasia.

*William F. Wilson
San Francisco, Calif.*

Continued on page 36

The Meeting Hour

by Sally Leone Conroy

When an athlete works out, there comes a moment during exertion when endorphins in the body create a natural high: a feeling of tremendous well being, even euphoria. It is the point at which the effort becomes a stride. The grimaces on the faces of the runners in my neighborhood would never prove it, but I am told it is so.

I have never been an athlete, not even a jogger. I swim sometimes, but not religiously. I walk my dogs, but I let them be my engine. Once, I played volleyball. Still, I have known this intoxication. Granted, my muscles are not moving, but this joy comes, mostly when I'm not even aware.

It starts out slowly and with great effort at ten o'clock as I arrive and take a seat. No, it's after, because I'm always late. This seat does not satisfy. I'll move soon. Heads bow. Shoes clap the wooden floor. Babies coo or whimper. Sweaters unbutton. A purse drops. Oops, I picked the rickety bench again. I'm forced to sit very still. The fire is raging in the huge stone fireplace, reaching high into the chimney, like my expectations on this First Day. I imagine I hear leaves let loose, the creek freeze, squirrels retreat. I formulate my history exam on Ancient Greece. *Who has more power, Zeus or Apollo? Don't forget juice packs for the kids' lunches...* coughing, a throat clears, and breathing, breathing. This is my first ten minutes at meeting.

10:20—The children leave for First-day school. I'm not teaching today. My eyes remain riveted on the fire: the beauty of it, and the terror. Shameful all this thinking in my one free hour a week. *Is today meeting for business? Religious Education Committee? Simple luncheon? No, nothing.* It's 10:30.

The Quiet. I'm not afraid of it anymore. There was a time when I'd fill uncomfortable silences; no such thing as a pregnant pause. Some

good wisdom was lost to me because of that habit.

A woman speaks first. "Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind. Romans 12:2." *Thank you.*

Sidney is next. He says putting on his sweater this chilly morning makes him want to talk about it. *His sweater!* But soon this leads to a recollection of his experiences as a conscientious objector in WWII, and this sharing will change my thoughts forever. Sidney explains that for his pacifist stand he was quite the unpopular guy in town. He was sent to work on a farm checking cow patties. Women were knitting sweaters for the soldiers overseas. Some heard about this young man freezing in a barn. One day Sidney received a package. He opened it to find a sweater knitted for him. The one he is wearing today. "What do you suppose made them do a thing like that?" he asks us. "The boys in the trenches needed those sweaters more than me." After reflection, a man stands up. He says, "It was mercy, Sid, mercy." It's 10:45.

After a time, a young man stands. He clears his throat several times. There is a long, drawn out pause before he speaks. He finally tells us that he has just lost his beloved grandfather. He can't find the right words. Tears come. He just says, "I'm sorry," and sits down. I want to tell him I don't mind at all, that his tied tongue doesn't bother me. He's a perfect speechless angel. I decide not to, and later I regret it. Secretly, I wish more people's tongues would tie. And there are a few who could use a muzzle.

Long peaceful silence. The fire has died down. Our breathing is rhythmic, keeping a common time throughout the meetinghouse. We inhale, exhale, together, in communion with God and each other. I am unaware that meeting has ended. The Friend to my right has extended her hand and I whisper to God, *anon.* It's 11:00 o'clock and all is very, very well. □



Sally Leone Conroy is a member of Yardley (Pa.) Meeting.



RELAX

by Anne Curo

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My husband's message in meeting last week took the form of a metaphor. He said, "When I was a child my father decided I was too tense and took it into his head to teach me to relax. He told me to lie down on the floor and said, 'Now, relax.' I lay there and tried very hard. 'No, you're not doing it,' he said, 'just relax!' Well, I tried harder, placing my body this way and that, trying a new position for my arm, etc. But the more I tried, the more it became apparent that I just couldn't do it. That's the way the requirements of religion seem. We are told to do certain things, but the harder we try, the less we are able to accomplish them."

He didn't name the requirements of religion, so naturally, the big one came to mind—Love. Love your neighbor as yourself; Love your enemy; Love God. Other related requirements popped up for my consideration: Prayer, Forgiveness. Yes, I could see it. The metaphor worked; the

harder you try to achieve these states within yourself, the more elusive they become. You can't just conjure up love in an angry or fearful heart. You can say the words of a prayer, but you can't really pray with a distracted mind. You can't forgive without the ability to forget (I mean completely forget, as if it had never happened) the offense against you.

I've examined my husband's metaphor again and again over the past week to see why it struck me as so apt. I remember when I finally learned to consciously relax my body. It was when I studied Hatha Yoga. Yoga is a series of physical exercises that stretch, tense, and balance every muscle in the body with coordinated breathing. The session always ends in the "corpse" position flat on the floor. With the proper coaching, you become conscious of the tension in each section of your body and are able, at last, to let go of it. Yoga originated as a spiritual exercise, and after you have practiced it for a while, it becomes apparent why.

Why is relaxation like love? Why is it like prayer or forgiveness? Why are these states so difficult to achieve, yet when they occur, so simple and natural? They are all things you cannot successfully try for, in the sense of making yourself do them.

They all involve letting go of something. It's not that they aren't the end product of effort. We know how to exert effort. Our whole lives have involved learning to make an effort—struggling to accomplish goals at school, at work, and in our personal lives. Why should these religious goals be any different?

Because they are not goals, they are rewards. They are not something you do, they are something you accept. Gratefully. Relaxation is the reward that comes after proper physical exercise. Love, prayer, and forgiveness are the rewards that come after proper spiritual exercise. If that's the case, then all we need to do is practice spiritual exercises and wait for the rewards. But what is spiritual exercise? Some religions specify certain spiritual exercises to be done by their practitioners. The forms of yoga are an example.

Let me use an illustration out of my own experience here. I was not brought up to practice any particular spiritual exercise except attendance at church, and that didn't start until I was in my teens. But I began my study of music early. Much of music practice involves the repetition of often quite unmusical sounding exercises. They are designed to develop the necessary skill and coordination to

Anne Curo, an attendee at San Diego (Calif.) Meeting, is a homeless activist and copublisher/editor of Street Light, San Diego's homeless newspaper.

© 1999 Anne Curo

play the instrument.

If you remain fixated on the long term goal of making "music," you will never have the patience to focus on the exercises.

You must fully engage in the task of the moment: mastering each passage as it is assigned for its own sake. Even when you are given a "real" piece of music to learn, you have to approach it this way. Once the physical difficulties are mastered, you start to discover the music in what you are doing. The music actually comes after you have made the effort and are able to let go into it. Music is the reward. To fully participate in music is an entirely different experience from merely listening to it. Everyone should have the opportunity.

Everyone has the opportunity to fully participate in life. Let's return to the question, what is a spiritual exercise? I'm beginning to learn that every task we perform in life can be a spiritual exercise. How is this possible? By being fully present and mindful of the task at hand, trusting in our past experience without dwelling on it, expecting our outcome without depending on it. Experience sometimes fails us; outcomes are not always what we expect. That doesn't matter. When we realize it doesn't matter, the source of anxiety is gone. When anxiety is gone, we can better focus our attention on the task. It's a circle that must be broken.

All human tasks involve relationships with objects, persons, or ideas; sometimes all three or any two of these together. To be a spiritual exercise, the relationships in a task must be in harmony. Let's take a simple task that involves only objects: slicing an onion. We have to relate only to the knife, onion, and cutting board. Assume we have first made sure the knife is sharp and we have removed the skin from the onion. If we begin to slice and then recall vividly the time we sliced the skin from the tip of our finger while cutting an onion, our attention is on the past, not on the process. We have to trust that our skill and knowledge have grown since then and "forget" the past. Putting our attention there takes it away from the present task and adds the element of anxiety.

Likewise, we must not focus on our ultimate outcome—the soup. The soup is a reward waiting for us when we have completed all the tasks that go into it. Though

is not wandering elsewhere to past or future, when you are aware of that object in its particularity and in its relationship to all other objects, that is love. You love that onion. Likewise, when you are fully engaged in a task with a person and are completely aware of that particular person as both a combination of individual qualities and a member, like yourself, of humanity, you love that person. Never mind that he jumped down your throat in the past and hurt you badly. You (and hopefully he too) have learned from that experience. It is not necessary to recall that experience in the present task any more than it was necessary to recall having cut yourself while slicing an onion. That is forgiveness.

And prayer? What is it in an object, a person, or an idea that can engage you so completely with love? Only that which we call God. You've heard of the spiritual exercise to pray without ceasing? It does not mean the constant uttering of a set of words. It means that quality of engagement with our tasks in the world that brings us into a relationship of love with that of God in the object, the person, or the idea.

Relax, it's easy. But don't try. Just do what needs to be done with all your heart, mind, and body. The rewards will come. □



we are conscious of the possibility of a wonderful soup in the future, we cannot dwell on that while we are slicing the onion. No, we are not making soup, we are only slicing an onion the best way we can. This particular onion, the only one like it, but with its typical onion qualities: the perfectly fitted concentric sections, the pungent aroma that may make our eyes sting and water, but which we can forgive because that is the nature of onions.

How does love enter into this task of slicing an onion? When you are fully engaged with an object, when your attention

Three Doves on the Tree of Heaven

**It is not the first time they have come
to roost—patient, patient—on that limb,
plumage hardly darker than the bark.
Not the Three Feathery Stooges—like jays:
swooping; darting—they seem welded
to the branch. Did one roost like that on
the prow of Noah's storm-rocked ark—patient,
patient—waiting for God's signal that the
moment to save the world had come?**

Renee-Noelle Felice

*Renee-Noelle Felice lives
in Staten Island, New
York.*

Meeting Expectations: Cultivating an Attitude of Love

by Edward A. Dougherty

Recently in meeting for worship I was moved to ask two simple questions, "What are we waiting for? And how do we know when it arrives?" These questions have been the food of much reflection.

This waiting begins, of course, with the fundamental understanding that meeting for worship is a posture of prayer that *expects*, despite its seeming inaction. What are we expecting? The word itself is a good place to begin because its root suggests "looking out for" (interesting how it is not "inspect") and has a hint of warning ("Look out!"). Consistently through history, "expect" has been used with waiting, but it has a tone of confidence unlike "hoping for" or even simply "waiting for." Further, its usage carries the image of pregnancy, bringing to birth, an image I relish in relation to meeting for worship. In his *Friends for 300 Years*, Howard Brinton described the waiting of the early Friends:

Expectancy pervaded the group like that felt by those who wait for the coming of a great person or the occurrence of an important event, yet it was obvious from the expression of their faces that attention was directed not without but within.

Ultimately, what we are confident will arrive in meeting for worship depends on our faith and experience, and ministry often flows out of this background. Do you want comfort from your prayer? Or challenge to conceptions and habits? Do you expect leadings, guidance in how you should behave or what you should undertake? Or a kind of restful stillness that allows the many aspects of life to settle down like snowflakes into a more pleasing view?

Edward A. Dougherty is a poet and writing teacher who lives in Elmira, New York.
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A story that continues to be instructive in my seeking comes from I Samuel (Chapter 3) when the "word of the Lord was rare; visions were not widespread." The young boy Samuel was with the priest Eli, sleeping in the Temple near the Ark of the Covenant. Samuel heard a voice calling his name, so he jumped up, ran to Eli, and said, "Here I am. You called for me." The old priest told him to go back to bed, "I did not call." A second time the boy heard, "Samuel! Samuel!" and he quickly presented himself to Eli, and the nearly blind priest said, "I did not call you, my son. Lie down again." Again it happened. This time, when the boy came to him, Eli told him, "Go, and lie down. If the One calls you again, you shall say, 'Speak, Lord, for your servant is listening.'" What God revealed to Samuel was the fulfillment of a promise made to Eli: God was going to destroy Eli's "house" (that lineage of priests, namely Eli's own sons) to punish them for iniquity.

I often imagine that scene when I think of prayer. I've sometimes even used this story as a model for the hour of worship. Before I sketch this "method" I should say that prayer or meditation is not a recipe to be followed to a predicted outcome, and if you don't follow the steps correctly then you'll ruin it. It is more like a field, a place where flowers are growing, animals are burrowing underfoot and flying overhead, the sun is feeding everything, and we need only to wake up to where we are. Thomas Merton writes:

... in meditation we should not look for a "method" or "system," but cultivate an "attitude," an "outlook": faith, openness, attention, reverence, expectation, supplication, trust, joy. All these finally permeate our being with love insofar as our living faith tells us we are in the presence of God. . . .

Some have this attitude very easily and

carry it (seemingly) without effort into all arenas of life. Others find they plow broken ground to cultivate their trust and joy. Many find they must vary the methods to foster these outlooks. And still others find that their inner orientation changes throughout their life, and so of course their methods must evolve. I offer this description as one that has been fruitful periodically over the years in my practice of private meditation, Catholic liturgy, and now Quaker meeting for worship.

Samuel was *resting* near the Holy of Holies. There are many methods of calming the body, and I find following my breath one of the most effective. Without

I often imagine the biblical story of the calling of Samuel when I think of prayer.

adjusting it too much, I try to be aware of my breathing, maybe breathing a little deeper, lower. This is remarkably relaxing. Calming the body necessarily relaxes the mind, soul, inner life as well. Recalling to mind that I am in the presence of the Holy One, now and always, here and everywhere, I take that presence in and allow it to be absorbed into my cells. I try to offer or share it with the others there with me, both in person and in spirit, as I breathe out.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? Of course, there are distractions. Sometimes, even for children like Samuel, it's hard to calm down enough to rest. In meeting, people cough and shuffle, come in late, flap papers, trucks go by (one spring day a neighbor was cutting his hedge with electric clippers). There also is the "noise" within

that makes all those outer sounds more grating. I've spent whole meetings wrestling with these. I alternate between arguing with the source of the noise (for "arguing" please read "condemning in a self-righteous manner!") and ignoring it. When there is something more powerful or urgent, this method works well; it especially works when I've prepared for meeting for worship in the week and prior to arriving. Other times, I make the "distraction" the content of my calming. For example, I welcome latecomers to the silence or bless the sick in their sniffles.

The interior "noise" is similar. As a teacher, I sometimes spend a half hour or more preparing lessons, responding to students, crafting questions, etc. If that area of my life isn't "intruding" then I'm writing in my head. Rather than clearing off the mental desk with both hands, I call to mind that the Holy is just as present there in my work as here in meeting. Then if the inner talk is still pragmatic, I open my eyes, look at my fellow worshipers, and imagine the "work" they engage in and bless it, acknowledging that Truth and Love are present there. This practice of recognizing the "distraction" as a field of

Samuel did not recognize the voice calling him. He needed to check with another.

goodness—for myself and for others—opens my waiting to the group, expecting that the Inner Light is shared. Again, Howard Brinton: "The mysticism of the Quakers is directed toward God and toward the group."

Often, when these truths come clearly to mind—that I am resting near the Ark, calm in body and spirit in the pervasive love—I smile, at least inwardly. Thich Nhat Hanh says that smiling demonstrates self-control, so even doing so when I don't feel like it is an act of faith in these truths.

When meeting for worship goes beyond calming, I expect the Light will instruct, as it taught Samuel. What are you on the lookout to learn? God's Will? Leadings? Philosophical insights? Answers to moral issues? This is where my second question emerges: How do you know when it arrives?

One of the sure signs for me is a sense of awe or wonder. The poet Lawrence



Ferlinghetti says he "is perpetually waiting for a rebirth of wonder." Sometimes this takes place when I convert distractions into the content of my prayer. I wake up to the wonders of my life: writing, teaching, marriage, friendships, all of it, some with more emphasis than others. The wonder of being, simply being. The way things are is holy and acknowledging this is the beginning of our offering and of any meaningful transformation of ourselves or the world. It is like a genuflection or a bow. Psalm 51 in the New Revised Standard Version uses particularly Quaker language, "You desire truth in the inward being." Often, I sense wonder when I recognize the truth of my love for my spouse, friends, family, students. I'm

humbled by the quality and depth of love others hold me in as well. I'm awed at the richness and creativity of the natural world.

The Light will often convict me here as I more clearly see missed opportunities to manifest love, forgiveness, kindness, or I shamefully see how I abused others' trust or otherwise actively damaged the ties between us. I often find myself going beyond personal relationships to wonder over the invisible nets supporting all life—economic, political, ecological—and how I have not honored those often hidden but just as real relationships. Perhaps a particular sorrow will well up from my gratitude. If I am distracted, I open my eyes, reach out to my brothers and sisters, and make a bond of these secret wounds.

We are more alike than we ever know.

In the story, Samuel heard his name, and this is important. What I've come to expect in meeting is an affirmation of who I am: not the roles I play, but my truest self, the "inward being." Yet, the boy did not recognize the voice calling him. He needed to check with another. This is also a fundamental expectation of Quaker meeting for worship, as well as of spiritual direction, friendship, mentoring. None of these can be done alone. Barclay puts it clearly regarding meeting for worship:

To meet together we think necessary for the people of God; because, so long as we are clothed with this outward tabernacle, there is a necessity to the entertaining of a joint and visible fellowship, and bearing of an outward testimony for God, and seeing of the faces of one another, that we concur with our persons as well as spirits: to be accompanied with that inward love and unity of spirit doth greatly tend to encourage and refresh the saints.

Simply showing up might "encourage and refresh" another member, an affirmation of their deepest self that we may know nothing of. Attending meeting regularly and letting others know when and why we'll miss is part of our "outward testimony." One of our members recently ministered that seeing others' faces helped her feel supported, a sensation she missed when she couldn't attend meeting while ill and tried to hold some time in private prayer. She said she felt "beams of support," which is a lovely image. Remembering this has gotten me out of periods when my mind feels like a mousetrap: others might be benefiting merely from my presence, from the unity shown in our physical gathering. In this way, meeting is not always about our own expectations being fulfilled, unless we are on the lookout for ways to be of service to others.

Just as Samuel could have been annoyed to have his sleep interrupted by having his name called out, hearing vocal ministry can be a "distraction," especially when a certain person rises whom you think Barclay would really have to stretch to call "saint" or when your own meditation feels par-

ticularly fruitful or when the speaking is far longer than the ministry or when. . . . There are so many ways to wrestle with our fellow seekers in meeting for worship! Expecting that Truth and Love can break through nearly anywhere—even in my everyday work or in So-and-so's ministry—often breaks that version of arrogance.

If I am given enough calm to reawaken wonder over my life and meeting, if I am given that deep *yes* to my own being, then I often sense the profound unity of all things. This for me is the recurring spiritual truth in my life that is both crystal clear and mysterious as a Zen koan. I am deeply grateful for those experiences that open it to me. The goal of all this, however, is not the experience. We are not spiritual-high junkies looking for our next fix (are we?). The goal is to join with this "motion of love" and to let our lives preach about our experience of it.

This "motion of love" is the Christ

Within who has come to teach his people himself. Having drawn near to the Holy of Holies and taken my refreshment there, I sense the oneness, the invisible, life-giving nets of influence that connect all

*Samuel told Eli
"everything and hid
nothing from him."*

things and beings. Inspired by this, I am drawn to act in harmony with that new awareness. How am I to act? What am I to do? Is it only for me to take on, or is the meeting as a whole invited to this way of being in the world, or is the invitation even wider? These are questions that involve profound discernment, a process beyond our discussion here but certainly related.

The morning after his calling by Yahweh, Samuel woke with a terrible knowledge about the way things are, including the Holy One's involvement in daily events. Eli asked him what his vision was. When we leave meeting, we too are asked—by all those people and forces in the many contexts of our days—"What is your vision?" To be polite, the boy could have withheld the part where God told him about Eli's family being destroyed and just told him the rest, or he could have diminished the experience saying, "oh just some things about the temple sacrifice." Instead Samuel told Eli "everything and hid nothing from him." He gave testimony as a witness. At the end of meeting for worship, I expect ways will present themselves—way will open—to live out this peace, compassion, and community, but I know I will face many distractions in the living out. The process of cultivating an attitude of love in life is the same as in meeting for worship; only the scale is different. □

Quaker Meeting

**Small girl
wriggling in the silence
her whispers, like dust motes,
dance around us on morning sunlight.**

**She is hushed by parental frown,
picked up,
finally carried out,
her mother's back
phrasing apology to quiet worshipers.**

**Forget the silence,
little one,
Our Lord welcomes you,
wiggles and all.**

**I, too, am an unruly child
skittering
unevenly
toward
his open arms.**

Rozalie Gibbs

*Rozalie Gibbs lives in
Ashland, Oregon.*

Thoughts on Giving Comfort during Meeting for Worship

by J. A. Kruger

"... the One who George Fox called the Great Physician, Healer, Comforter, and Counselor ..."

"The covenant meeting is always the Lord's meeting first; members trust the Lord to take care of his [sic] meeting. ... When meeting is understood to be primarily a human community, the unusual is threatening."

—Lloyd Lee Wilson
Essays on the Quaker Vision of Gospel Order

On that special First Day, I stood shakily, leaning against a banister for physical support. When I spoke, my voice wobbled with exertion. It was near the end of a silent, gathered meeting for worship. Tears running down my flushed cheeks, I testified about finally being shown that despite a debilitating chronic illness, there were indeed ways to participate meaningfully in a spiritual community. For five years I had awaited an answer to whether I could formally become a Friend, being mostly homebound. The way opened during worship that day.

J.A. Kruger, a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, is grateful for comments and suggestions by Mary Spitzer, Tom Mullen, Kathryn Damiano, Mona Cardell, Tony Prete, Jude Brandt, and Bruce Birchard.

Returning to my seat, I wept quietly with joy. Tears often look outwardly like distress, but I felt lifted and held by something much greater than myself. As I settled, a Friend quickly came to the bench behind me and leaned over, apparently to offer comfort.

My reaction shocked me. Suddenly I was resentful at being taken out of the deep centeredness of worship, which had produced my revelation of belonging to meeting. Instead, I was now in a one-to-one relationship with a well-intentioned person. Reluctantly I opened my eyes, reached up to squeeze the proffered hand, and then centered with difficulty back into worship.

Before the onset of chronic illness, I would have felt differently about being "comforted." In those days I assumed that things could—and should—be solved right away. How to solve them seemed clear most of the time. But five years of learning to wait quietly and patiently for new kinds of help have taught me to accept suffering as of equal value to joy. Strong emotions, whether joy or despair, often generate the seeds of spiritual growth.

Although my message was not a request for comforting, it was apparently experienced as such by a caring person. This is not uncommon. Each message offered is received in a hundred ways within a meeting. During corporate worship, spiritual messages from others may pass gently through us or touch us deeply in various ways. Occasionally, someone's

message may draw us to move into that person's physical

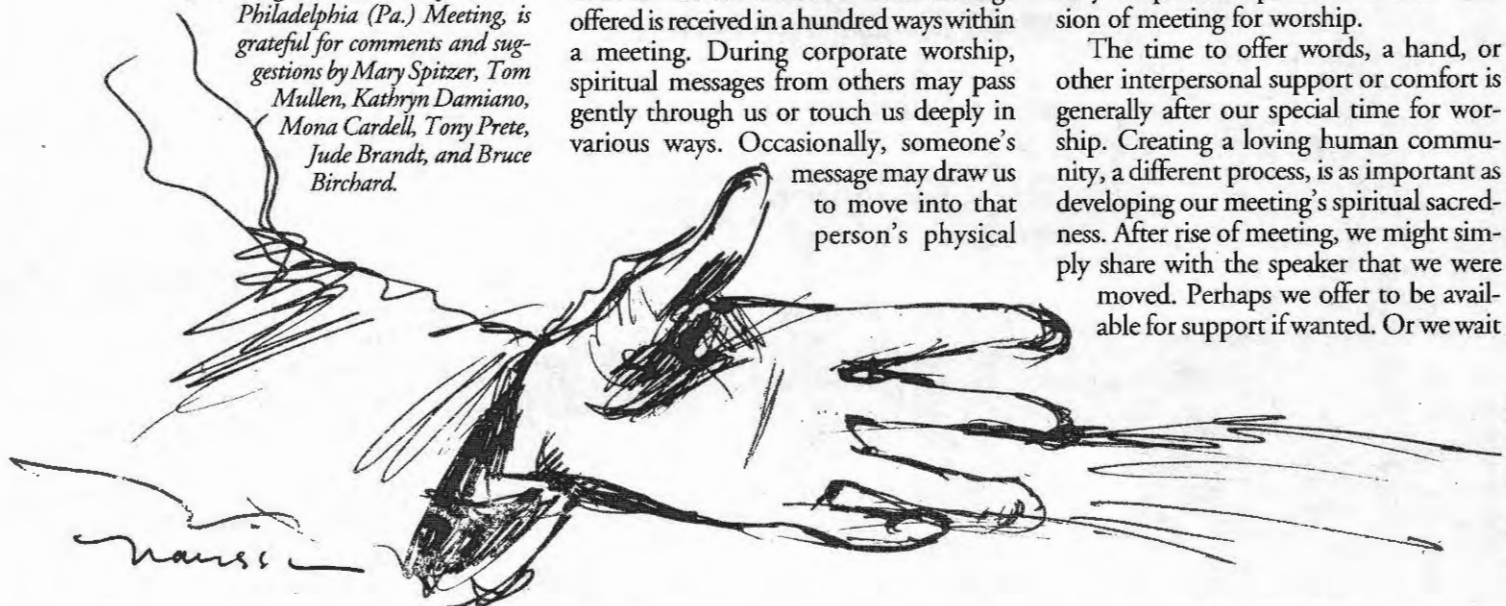
presence and offer words or touch.

How, then, do we discern whether and by what means to offer comfort? Or, as Kathryn Damiano asks, "What is the particular kind of nurture that a faith community can offer that is different. . . ?"

If someone is having a psychotic episode or speaking for an extraordinarily long time, eldering is probably appropriate, depending upon the sense of the meeting. Howard H. Brinton wrote in *Friends for 300 Years* that eldering is "... an advisory function, not over the meeting, but under it as the instrument of its will." But what about the situation where a message touches a deep place of tenderness in one individual, who then feels the need to offer physical "comfort" to the speaker? Especially if the speaker is crying, or experiencing powerful feelings, would not another's presence be natural?

To the contrary, in most circumstances we actually make way for the deepest comfort by staying centered in worship. We may then hold the speaker, or the entire meeting, in the Light. We may also prayerfully examine our own discomfort for its spiritual sources. Meeting for worship is an extraordinary time that we have designated to wait together for what we need from the Spirit. We need to protect carefully the powerful potential of each occasion of meeting for worship.

The time to offer words, a hand, or other interpersonal support or comfort is generally after our special time for worship. Creating a loving human community, a different process, is as important as developing our meeting's spiritual sacredness. After rise of meeting, we might simply share with the speaker that we were moved. Perhaps we offer to be available for support if wanted. Or we wait



for words from the heart for a mailed note or phone call later. Often we don't know what to offer but we wish to give something; asking what is needed, if anything, is great human comfort in itself.

During meeting, however, the most powerful source of comfort for message givers and listeners is precisely the same as the source of spiritual messages. It is the power of being held within a Spirit-led corporate meeting. In our spiritual development, true comfort originates from being held in the Light, not in one's hand being held during meeting for worship.

On that First Day, I had felt the sustaining presence of Light or Spirit throughout our meetinghouse and beyond. My message emerged from this treasured and too-infrequent experience. The spiritual safety of this rare state overcame reluctance to testify, as well as the physical difficulty of rising to speak. Within the revelation also was a gift of the courage I would need to become a "nontraditional" member of our meeting.

Not offering "comfort" during meeting may sound harsh if we do not distinguish between the sacred covenant relation with the Spirit and human relations. To take a speaker out of sacred relation in corporate meeting is to deny spiritual comfort. The physical disturbance of one person moving to another may even take the entire meeting from corporate worship. Despite our unease at witnessing what may be great turmoil, the greater gift is to have faith that a way will eventually open for the speaker as well as for the larger meeting. If we witness a heart spilling over, perhaps we are in the presence of a moment of spiritual revelation.

Julie Forsythe of Putney (Vt.) Meeting wrote in a recent Friends General Conference *Connections* newsletter that

... we have grown stronger and clearer in our experience of the healing power of meeting for worship. ... We try to be fully present to each other and to avoid a tendency to try and 'fix' every hurt that comes. We trust more in the divine power within each, and the overwhelming divine power amongst us all.

A few months after I began writing my thoughts on comforting, they were tested at another meeting for worship. Someone spoke with great pain. I had to examine my own first reaction of wanting to put my hand on this Friend's shoulder. It was not easy to turn my mind back to worship. But meeting for worship is different from daily life. It offers the possibility of extraordinary comfort if we accept that struggle precedes revelation. We trust that the presence of Spirit in the corporate meeting is there as the true comforter for everyone. □

Quakertown, New Jersey

Next to every house where I have lived,
I've planted two perfect rows of yellow marigolds.

I was still a child when my grandmother
showed me how to grow those mustard beauties.

A grease-spattered apron spread across her lap,
she opened the crisp white envelopes holding

last year's seeds—tiny, and dry as tea leaves.
They'd slept all winter in the pantry, next to

Grandfather's stash of tobacco and ginger snaps,
below the jars of jam and pickles,

soldiers with glassy faces and red-rimmed hats.
Into each furrow I drew with my finger,

we dropped the black and white flakes,
tucked them in with loamy soil.

The sprouts stemmed upward, offered us
their layered faces; our porcelain vases overflowed.

The winter I gathered seeds, the ground was frozen,
the jars empty, the wind cold against my face

as I placed those tiny leaves into paper pockets.
I planted, watered, weeded, picked, and stored.

Now my likeness kneels beside me,
slits the envelopes,
delivers the seeds with tiny hands.

Jennifer Fisher Bryant

Jennifer Fisher Bryant, a freelance writer, lives in Chester County, Pa., with her husband and daughter.



MY REFLECTION: A HEALING MOMENT

by Heather Swain

Since returning from two years in Japan, I felt fragmented. Each time I sat in meeting, hoping to gain a clear picture of my life, I felt like I was looking into a mirror that had been smashed by a hammer. I envisioned a dozen shards of broken glass each reflecting a different aspect of my life—my experience in Japan, readjusting to the U.S., finding a place to live and a job, and touching base with family members and friends scattered across the country. My

Heather Swain attends Fall Creek Meeting in Pendleton, Indiana. The Pilgrimage is run by Reverend Natalia Beck and her staff of volunteer healers. All healings are free. For more information contact The Pilgrimage, Inc., 556 1/2 North Clearwater-Largo Road, Largo, Florida 33770, (813) 559-0604.

meditations felt out of focus, my mind skipping from one piece of the shattered mirror to another, never giving me a complete image. Each week I left meeting feeling frustrated and no closer to making decisions about my life.

My husband, Dan, suggested we drive to Florida and stay with his mother. She is an amazing person. One of the first women to be ordained an Episcopal priest in Indianapolis in the 1970s, she has gone on to found The Pilgrimage, a center of

*As long as
the soul
is not still
there can be
no vision.*

—Anthony Bloom,
Living Prayer

healing for spirit, mind, and body in Clearwater, Florida. When she asked us if we would like to try one of the healings performed at The Pilgrimage we both accepted, partially out of curiosity but more out of respect for the woman who has been our spiritual guide for many years.

The Pilgrimage approach to healing is based on the premises that mind and body are connected and that there is a powerful Spirit in each

person that can be reached by prayer and belief. Recently, The Pilgrimage has cemented ties with Harvard medical school and Herbert Benson (current health guru

and author of the best-selling book *Timeless Healing*) to fund a joint study on the effects of prayer, meditation, and touch in conjunction with modern medicine.

I went into the healing interested, but frankly a bit skeptical. After all, I had no major physical ailments and emotionally I was stable and happy. Of course I was trying to make some difficult decisions, but nothing I couldn't handle. So a *healing* seemed a bit extreme for me—especially given the fact that most people seeking services from The Pilgrimage are facing terminal illnesses, chronic pain, or deep emotional trauma. Nevertheless, I was willing to try.

I lay down on a massage table while Bob and Sandy, my healers, stood on each side of me. Soft, soothing music played in the background, and the lights were dimmed. I closed my eyes. They asked me to breathe deeply, pulling in God's love and exhaling appreciation. I felt my body begin to relax and concentrated on finding my light—reflected somewhere in the fragmented mirror of my soul.

Bob and Sandy each took one of my hands. Bob began with a prayer, asking God to be present in the room and to allow them to act as conduits of His healing power. Then they were quiet and simply held my hands. Slowly, I began to feel chills running up and down my body, beginning in my head and moving through my arms, torso, and legs. It seemed odd that I felt a chill; I wasn't cold or nervous, and there were no goosebumps on my skin. Again and again I felt the vibrations. An image leapt to my mind of an old sci-fi movie lab with a Jacob's ladder—the blue crackle of electricity running between two glass tubes. That was the feeling coursing through my body.

Next, Bob and Sandy skimmed the air above me from the top of my head to my feet but never touching my body. They call this *rippling*—smoothing out your energy. Then, one of them cradled my feet and the other my head for several minutes while I sank deeper and deeper into relaxation, breathing in and out, trying to reach meditative bliss.

At that point I became aware of a sound, or was it a feeling? It was a gentle pounding sensation. Was it the air conditioner, I wondered? No, I listened carefully and realized it was not an outside noise. It must be my own heartbeat, I thought. I

concentrated on my pulse, but the sound was coming into me, not just from me. I relaxed again and listened with my body. Was it our three hearts beating in unison? Blood flowing through our bodies synchronized by the energy we were sharing and pounding together like waves crashing against the beach? Maybe, maybe not, but the image was beautiful and made me feel more connected to Bob and Sandy.

They moved to my sides again and each held one of my ankles and one of my knees. For years I have had trouble with my knees. I was a gymnast and then a runner, so I have tortured my poor knees with relentless pounding. Now I can't run or even speed walk without pain and discomfort. As they cradled them in their warm palms, my knees became very hot as if someone had wrapped a steaming towel around my legs. Then the ache started. Only it wasn't quite an ache. It was more like sinking into a hot bath and feeling sore muscles begin to relax while pain slips away. It was a good ache, a healing ache, the kind of pain that feels good. They moved their hands to my knees and hips. I wanted them to continue holding my knees and drain all of the pain away like sucking venom out of a snake bite. (After we finished Sandy said to me, "There was something going on with your knees. I could feel the energy change there as I worked on you.")

At one point they both stood by my head. Neither one was touching me, but I could feel movement around the top of my body. Suddenly, I had the distinct sensation of heat pouring from my head and feet. I could picture myself as a jet spurting out exhaust as I prepared to take off. (Bob told me afterwards they could sense a great deal of energy coming from my head, which surprised them both.) I felt energized, like I could leap up and tap dance across the table. Instead, I lay still and continued to breathe deeply.

At this point I was very relaxed, and my breathing was even and controlled. All thoughts were banished from my mind. Gone were the questions about where Bob and Sandy were standing, what they were doing, why I was there, and what this would do for me. Best of all, the fragmented thoughts about my life that constantly floated in and out of my mind were finally quiet. I found myself staring into a crystalline mirror in which I could clearly see my reflection. I gazed at myself, amazed by how tranquil everything

seemed. Behind my reflection was the ocean, a never-ending blue surface carrying away my thoughts on tiny ripples of waves. I watched myself and the waves for some time and then I realized, that was IT. That was the feeling I used to get in meditation, the clearness, the calm, the focus. I wanted to jump up and yell, "I found it!" And in the midst of my excitement, I lost it.

I was upset. I desperately wanted that feeling back. It's what I'd been searching for, but could never quite grasp. I told myself to relax, to concentrate, to breathe. But I was too excited. I couldn't reach the deep calm again.

Soon after that, Bob and Sandy stood at my sides and took my hands. Sandy prayed, thanking God for being present. I could feel the energy course through my body exactly as it had at the beginning of the session. Bob asked me to come slowly back to them, taking my time and opening my eyes when I was ready. It was a struggle at first. I could have easily drifted into a deep sleep. I took a few more long breaths and stirred until finally I opened my eyes and saw them both smiling down at me.

Healing can be so many different things. Televangelists have convinced masses into believing it's a lightning bolt that can only come through the ordained into a faithful follower who can then miraculously walk or see. Many of us have become cynics, certain that healing comes only with modern medicine, and our prayers are merely a backup plan at best.

Well, my knees still ache, and readjusting to life in the United States will continue to be trying. But I have something now that was missing before. It's the image of my reflection. I haven't regained the clarity and energy I felt during the healing session, but I know I will. Finding stillness again is the first step toward any kind of healing and decision making. Losing it in the chaos of my life made it impossible for me to reach clarity on anything, so of course I felt fragmented. Now I'm on the path again. I feel strong and confident.

The mirror is tiny now. I wear it dangling around my neck like a locket. Each time I meditate I open it to look at my reflection and remember what it felt like to be clear. Soon I know I will find my peace again. □

Quakers Like Us

by Jean Grant

Bea chooses a sheet of green construction paper. As always, she starts at the top left corner, where she crayons a slanting rectangle of color. She presses hard on the blue crayon. She puts back the blue crayon and picks a red one from the bunch on the table. Then an orange one, then a turquoise, a yellow. Slowly the paper fills with a rainbow of color.

"Help me," she says.

I don't know what she wants.

"Help me," she says again.

She takes my hand. Her touch is soft. Together we crayon a large slash of purple across the page.

For some reason, I've got sweaty palms.

Why am so I nervous?

It doesn't bother me that Bea is in a wheelchair. It's easy to deal with that: I can sit in a chair so we see eye to eye. It wouldn't bother me as much if Bea were blind or deaf. If she were blind, I'd offer her an elbow; if she were deaf, I'd enunciate clearly, and call her by name when I came and went. Braille, sign language, ALDs, ramps: there are paraphernalia of welcome for those with physical disabilities. Things are easy to provide. But there is no one "thing" that will help Bea. She is stuck with a cognitive disability. That's upsetting. That's scary.

"If she were just as retarded and not using a wheelchair, I wouldn't get society's support," said Bea's mother, Saunny Scott, a member of Oread Meeting in Lawrence, Kansas. "She'd be the same kid, and need the same friendly support, but I don't think it would be there. Retarded kids are looked down on while those in wheelchairs are more socially acceptable. It's unfortunate to have to say, but it's true."

Bea's brother Greg once wrote an editorial in his high school newspaper, "I don't want to hear the word 'Re-Tard.'"

Jean Grant is an attendee at Oread (Kans.) Meeting and a member of Plymouth Congregational Church in Lawrence, Kansas.

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Above: A friend from the meeting helps Bea on with her jacket.
Page 17: Bea with a rainbow drawing in progress.

My sister is mentally retarded and I love her."

Bea has a Power Chair, and the meetinghouse has a ramp and an accessible bathroom, but there's no Wizard of Oz—even though we're in Kansas—to give Bea a better brain. Hers is a profound misfortune. In our society she risks being socially stigmatized. Since Bea and others with permanent disabilities can't change, it's up to us, the temporarily able-bodied, to figure out how to accommodate her.

If I'm any gauge, it won't be easy. When I first met Bea, I felt ill at ease. I was influenced by the attitudes of secular society towards those with disabilities.

"What if I don't understand what she's saying? What if she can't understand what

I'm saying?" I asked myself. How awkward. How embarrassing. In meeting, sometimes she moans. She fidgets. It's distracting. "What will the guests think? How can we have 'stilled expectant waiting upon God' with Bea fidgeting?" I asked myself.

A query in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's *Faith and Practice* asks, "Is the spirit of our worship together one that nurtures all worshipers?" Surely it is possible for meeting to meet both the needs of those with disabilities and those of its other members. But how?

"Those with cognitive limitations have different behaviors and a different way of vocalizing. It can make people uncomfortable, but in the spirit of Quakerism,

there is a way to embrace these differences," said Dr. Suzanne Reiss, staff psychiatrist in adolescent services at Friends Hospital in Philadelphia.

Quakers led the way in moral treatment of the mentally ill. At a time when they were being chained and hidden in basements, the Friends Hospital charter of 1813 stipulated a private room that looked out on greenery for every patient. They were welcomed in a community where they were respected and treated with dignity, because of the Quaker belief in the Inner Light.

"We try to remember that there is that of God in everyone when we consider our enemies, but do we forget it when it comes to Friends with disabilities? Historically we are a religion of the Spirit, but for many today we are not. We need to agree that we are a religion of the Spirit, but sometimes it seems we are a society of the intellect rather than the Spirit," said Saunmy.

We are proud when Quaker colleges like Swarthmore, Haverford, and Bryn Mawr hit the top of the best colleges lists. We are pleased that President Clinton sent Chelsea to Sidwell Friends School. For the most part, we are well-educated

people who read lots of books and ponder life. Wise words are spoken in our meetings for worship. We are wary of faulty reasoning. That may be why we assume that we're all intellectuals, and that mental illness and retardation don't happen to us. But they do, of course, and in the same percentage as the rest of the population.

For some Quakers, like Saunmy, disability arrives with an adopted child. When the Scotts adopted their first three children, they told the adoption agency that they could deal with any physical disability but not mental retardation. When they first heard about Bea, she was four months old and thought to be blind; two months later the agency declared her vision was normal but she had cerebral palsy, resulting from brain damage at or before birth.

"Are you still interested in adopting her?" the agency asked.

"Yes," said the Scotts. Of course they hoped against hope that Bea wouldn't be retarded. Unfortunately she was. She has spastic diplegia cerebral palsy.

"Bea has a soul. You can tell it when you look in her eyes, but some of these kids don't," religious people have sometimes told Saunmy.

"But where do you draw the line?" she asks. "Every retarded child has a soul, but



Rick Mitchell

Ten Ways for Meetings to Welcome an Individual with a Disability

1. Acknowledge to ourselves our discomfort with the one who has the disability.
2. Recognize there is no one correct script that must be followed except to be honest, compassionate, and respectful. Wing it! Be creative!
3. Avoid the tendency either to treat the person as invisible or to swamp him or her with attention.
4. Take the time to get to know the person. Learn his or her aspirations, interests, and joys.
5. See individual strengths and have the person serve in those areas.
6. Help families! Take the child with a disability for



- an outing; make sure rides are available.
7. Follow general invitations with personal ones so the person with the disability knows clearly he or she is really wanted.
8. Have a handicap-accessible bathroom. Remember the slogan, "If we can't go, we won't go."
9. Put up a handicap accessible sign, perhaps contact the National Organization on Disability about their Accessible Congregations logo of a wheelchair surrounded by a heart. Specifically welcome those with disabilities in

newspaper ads.

10. Become acquainted with the nature of the person's disability. If it entails distractibility and inability to maintain silence, *the meeting* should shorten the time the individual is expected to participate in silent worship. Invite a child's teacher or social worker to meet with the First-day school teacher.

Resources are available from the religion and disability program of the National Organization on Disability, 910 16th Street N.W., Washington, DC 20006, (202) 293-5960, Fax (202) 293-7999, TDD (202) 293-5968, e-mail <religion@nod.org>, and the National Information Center for Children and Youth with Disabilities, (800) 695-0285, <http://www.nichcy.org>.

sometimes we just can't appreciate it."

Suzanne Reiss agrees. "The Inner Light has nothing to do with the number of neurons working in the brain. It has nothing to do with having all the senses intact. The Inner Light is not visible to the naked eye. I know a boy who has no eyes. You can't look into his eyes and see his soul, but he has extraordinary spirit. If we slow down enough, we can find that Spirit in everybody."

Ginny Thornburgh is director of the Religion and Disability Program of the National Organization on Disability (NOD). The program is an interfaith effort to remove the obstacles to worship that alienate those with disabilities. Like Bea, Ginny's son Peter is mentally retarded. One day she asked him, "I know this is a hard question. People go to school for a long time to study it, but Peter, what do you think God is like?"

Peter looked his mother square in the eyes.

"Nice!" he said.

"There are no barriers to God's love so there shouldn't be any barriers in God's house," said Ginny Thornburgh. One key obstacle is the attitude that those with disabilities don't "belong."

Given the Quaker belief of that of God in everyone, we are beholden to welcome everyone. Surely this beautiful, sometimes ornery teenager with her 40 tiny braids, crippled legs, and passion for hip-hop music and crayoning belongs.

In the topsy-turvy world that Jesus says is God's realm, there are lots of people with disabilities. Take them away from the New Testament and hardly anyone is left in the lime-light but a few whores, tax collectors, and sweaty fishermen. When Jesus embraced the child that his disciples were shooing away, it certainly wasn't the gesture of a man out to curry favor. Children then had little status. To make the same point today, some say Jesus would hug not a Gerber's blue-

eyed darling but a child with Down syndrome.

Since the same Spirit speaks to Friends today, we too surely hear justice in the call to welcome those with disabilities, to recognize that if they don't belong in meeting, neither do any of us.

Bea has grown in her ability to enjoy the silence of meeting for worship. At first she incited the other children to giggle. Gradually she has come to want to spend a longer time in meeting for worship.

Bea helps out too. She brings brownies baked with a caretaker and helps clear up after potlucks. Her pictures of strong rainbows decorate one of the meetinghouse walls and the refrigerators of many members. She serves as an example of the simple life. Those of us whose lives are complex and over-busy can learn from her. Bea brings other gifts. Her smile of welcome is radiant, unfaked. She reaches out with a hug or squeezes my hand longer, harder,

than anyone. Her presence assuages my fear that if tragedy strikes me, I'll be ousted from the community.

Gradually over a period of months, I find it easier to talk to her.

"Hi Bea. Great T-shirt!"

She beams.

"What did you think of the show last night?"

"Good. Good. Very good!" she says. She continues talking, but I don't understand what she's saying. Despite her hours of drill in speech therapy, it's sometimes hard to understand her. I ask her to repeat, but I still don't understand.

"Can you tell me in other words?" I ask.

She tries, but I still don't understand. I realize it doesn't matter. Not all that much. A mistake is no big deal either. What matters is that we're friends.

As a couple of us crayon with Bea, I wonder if she ever holds us in the Light.

Might she be closer to God than the rest of us? I think of the incident recounted by Tom Junod in the November 1997 *Esquire* in which public TV's Mister Rogers asked a troubled boy with cerebral palsy (but not retardation) to pray for him.

Junod complimented Mister Rogers for knowing that asking the boy for his prayers would make the boy feel better about himself.

"Oh heavens no, Tom," replied Mister Rogers. "I didn't ask him for his prayers for him. I asked for me. I asked because I think that anyone who has gone through challenges like that must be very close to God. I asked him because I wanted his intercession."

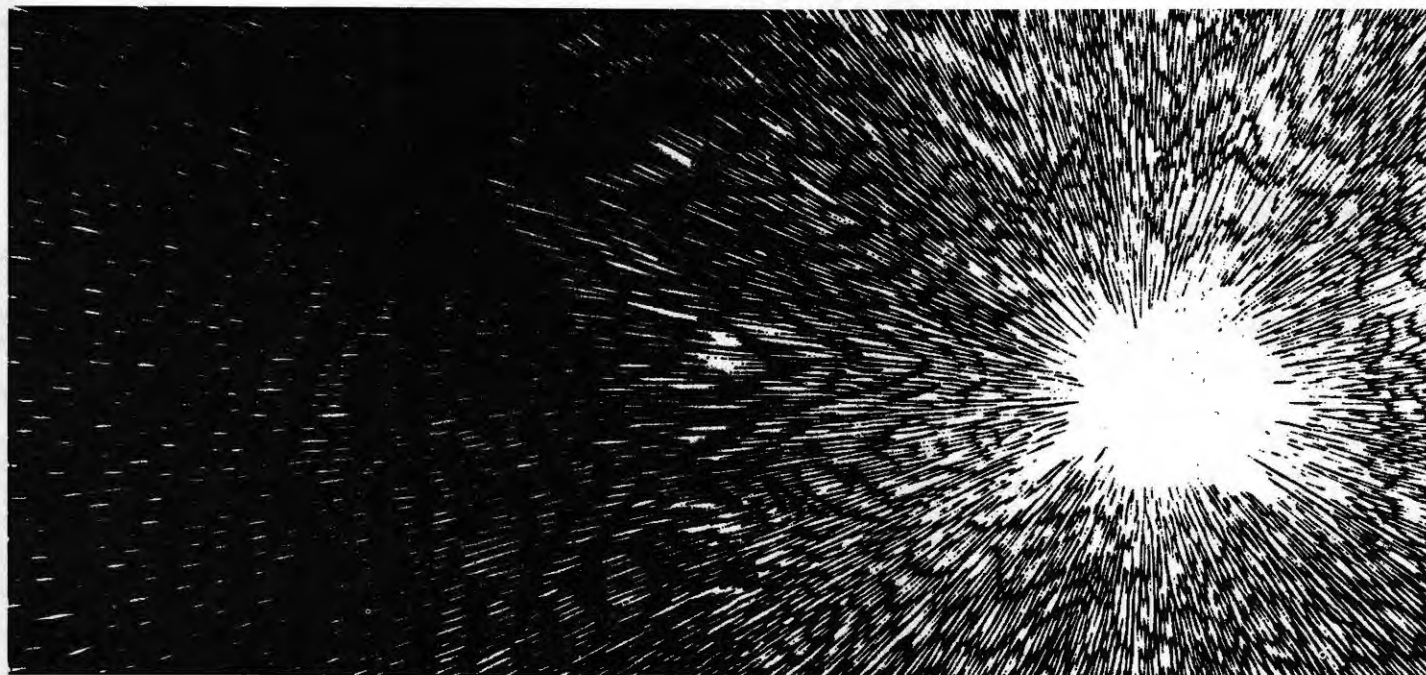
Bea shows me her finished picture. The sheet of green construction paper is full of vibrant color. I'm impressed by her distinctive abstract style and uncanny sense of color. Our drawings are stiff compared to hers. Her strong rainbows are really well done. She doesn't need to be told it; she knows it. We tell her anyway, and then she favors us with the rainbow. It is just one of her many gifts to us. □

With So Many Questions

**I must love
what awaits
my discovery,
peel the skin
of questions
down to the quick.
I must stand and wait then
as Milton said of those who serve.
Against all that is veiled
in opaque tomorrows
I upturn my palms,
a beggar in waiting.
I lean against the sky,
a bracelet of stars
kenning my thought balloons.
With so many questions
backed up to be asked
I must hunker down to silence
each time a seam of light
overcomes a doubt.**

Sunshine F. Branner

*Sunshine F. Branner
lives in Alexandria,
Virginia.*



Trudy Myrrh Reagan

The Inner Light in Quaker Worship

by Donald R. Dyer

In Quaker worship, it seems to me, it is not enough for us to be conscious of divine presence. We also need to confront our own inner selves and our inner energies as we deal with our personal problems and our interrelationships.

What is Quaker worship? And what occurs as we wait in silence for some inspiration, some "breathing-in" of spiritual energy that may inform us and stimulate us with positive insights? Does one muddle about in situations or actual problems of the outside world? Or does one concentrate on emotions of the inside world? And when and where does one encounter "that of God?"

One hesitates to discuss what can be used as a guide to silent worship. Howard Brinton, noted author of *Friends for 300 Years*, suggests that the true Guide is the Spirit, which, like the wind, "bloweth where it listeth," so that Friends have hesitated to put into words the inexpressible experience of worship. Drawing upon experiences learned from books of devotion, he affirms that the silent worshiper seeks to compose his or her wandering thoughts, not falling into a dreamy reverie, perhaps repeating a hymn or prayer or verse of Scripture. After a while something may

Donald Dyer is a member of Chapel Hill (N.C.) Meeting. Following retirement from the U.S. Foreign Service in 1979, he has concentrated on relationships between the life of George Fox and Jungian depth psychology. In press is his book Jung's Thoughts on God; and in work is his book, George Fox and the Inner Light.

emerge from the past or suggest a future possibility that may be observed, not in a secular but in a spiritual context. One then may become aware of divine presence that provides a feeling of being "searched" rather than of one's own "searching."

George Fox suggested that true worship consists not in the absence of lower, intrusive thoughts, but in the presence of higher thoughts, so that the higher world of the Spirit will mingle with and uplift the lower. One's time at communal worship is obviously enhanced by time spent in worship alone outside the time of meeting for worship.

What may be described as group mysticism in Quakerism differs from the solitary seeking developed by many of the mystics in Roman Catholicism and other religions. The small groups that met in silence to "wait upon the Lord" were the dynamo that generated power and light in the early Quaker movement. Brinton observed that there must be "withdrawal to the source of power to experience the divine Source of power and meaning and then a return *with* power." He emphasized the vital difference between the single listener to the divine voice within and the "many separate channels of converging currents of spiritual life" within a gathered meeting.

My experience of this synchronicity was nearly 30 years ago, when I was drawn to Friends and silence and was instantaneously "convinced" at meeting for wor-

ship at Langley Hill Meeting in suburban Washington, D.C. I immediately discovered the depth psychology of C. G. Jung through a talk by Friend John Yungblut at Baltimore Yearly Meeting and subsequent

Imagine the Inner Light
both as an aid to
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as a source of "heat" or
warmth to provide
energy for growth in a
positive way.

workshops by him at Friends General Conference Gatherings. Those experiences opened to me the close relationship of the spirituality of George Fox as expressed in his concept of "that of God in everyone" as the *Inner* or *Inward Light* or *Light Within* and of Jung's concept of the *Self*, the central and guiding energy of the psyche or soul.

As Fox emphasized that one should pay attention to the Light, which he mentioned nearly 300 times in his *Journal*, he wrote in an epistle to Friends in 1657 to:

... take heed and hearken to the Light within you, which is the Light of Christ and of God; which will call your minds within, ... And the Light of God, which calls the mind out of the creatures, turns it to God, into a being [dwelling] of endless joy and peace.

Once, while speaking in the streets of Dolgelly in Wales, he said,

And it [the Light to which John bore witness] was called the Light in man and woman,

which was the true Light which had enlightened every one that came into the world, which was a heavenly and divine Light which let them see all their evil words and deeds, ... and would let them see the [inner] Christ.

Fox also spoke of "the Light in all your consciences." Jung, in an essay on a psychological view of conscience, stated that conscience always appears when the conscious mind leaves the path of custom, of the mores, a deviation from the moral code. He also discussed the assumption that conscience is the voice of God, *vox Dei*, and that conscience summons the ever-present and necessary opposites in the depths of the psyche that strive for consciousness.

Gnostic thought, which was branded as heretical by early Christian church "Fathers," largely because Gnostics held that each individual soul was capable of a valid relationship to God without control by earthly "authorities," spoke of God as immeasurable Light that is pure and holy and that fragments of divine Light hid themselves as tiny sparks in souls of human beings, which was interpreted as consciousness of divine Spirit. The spark that burns within urges one to become what one is capable of being and doing. That spark can correspond to the Inner Light concept of Fox and the concept of Self of Jung.

Cosmology

**Astronomers have stripped the stars
of simple mystery,
for numbers have replaced delight
and spectra, poetry.**

**Orion's Arm is not an arm
but just a neighborhood
where gassy neighbors burst and burn
as conflagration should.**

**And I with patient telescope
find in Orion's sword
that blazing heavens still proclaim
the glory of the Lord.**

Terence Y. Mullins

Terence Y. Mullins
lives in Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania.

God, like light, is real but has no substance. So it is, as well, of spirit or breath.

So, what does one do in Quaker worship upon settling into a period of deep silence, or in "centering down?" How will the multitude of little joys and worries of daily life float off to the circumference of attention instead of occupying the center, as described by Harold Louke in *The Discovery of Quakerism*? I know from personal experience that many times I seem not to be able to get deeper than present anxieties, fears, or frustrations. In such situations I take several deep breaths in order to get below the superficial worries. Sometimes I resort to a somewhat classical formula that involves five stages of concentration: first, expressions of praise to God for God's existence, character, and plan; second, thanksgiving for God's beneficial gifts in my life; third, sincere regrets for failing to act in the best way for my own good and for the good of others; fourth, asking sincerely for help in leading a better life; and fifth, asking for help from God in the lives of those dear to me as well as others.

It seems to me that a basic premise of worship is not so much "talking" as it is in "listening." If the Inner Light is properly cultivated by sincere attention, the process of worship almost automatically finds the center and listens attentively. A possible aid to attention may be to imagine the Inner Light both as an aid to "enlightenment" on how to deal with a concern and as a source of "heat" or warmth to provide energy for growth in a positive way.

Having discussed some aspects of the meaning and possible practice of Quaker worship, I repeat the idea that it is not enough to be conscious of divine or spiritual presence but that also needed is confrontation with one's inner self with its positive and negative energies. One needs "enlightenment" and "heat" to respond properly to a given situation. If the negative energies of a "complex" burst forth into consciousness, the situation is almost sure to be destructive. But if positive energies predominate, good relationships are likely to result. □

Idols of Parenthood

by Christine Betz Hall

I talk to myself; I think most parents do. "You're warping the emotional life of your child," I hear in my mind, and I imagine the speaker's head shaking slowly, sadly. That voice discounts, puts down, and criticizes my parenting. As a mother I'm not good enough, loving enough, attentive enough, or patient enough. The voice has consumed me at times, hiding any whisper of the Divine in my life. It became an idol, like the graven images of Moses' day; I set it up and part of me paid homage with guilt and self-flagellation—until I sat down and had a conversation with this idol. Naming that voice in my head an *idol* grew out of a Quaker study group discussion on Patricia Loring's *Listening Spirituality: Personal Spiritual Practices Among Friends*. "Idol" seemed an old fashioned word; I never would have called my inner struggles idolatrous. But in her discussion of idols, Loring suggested a journal exercise to write about the "objects—material or abstract—that possess you." That critical voice *was* possessing me, eating at my spirit like a live thing, over my defects as a parent. Parenting *can* come between me and God.

It was Isaac's millionth, "Why. . . ?" that did it. I'd thrown up my hands in exasperation, "Arghh! No more questions for a few minutes!" So, I used my journal to address the emotional hangover I couldn't shake. One morning, while my three-year-old son still slept, I journaled:

Idol: You were so impatient yesterday and didn't hide it. You exploded and scared Isaac with it. Remember those eyes of his looking up at you, open but scared of your outburst?

Me: I am human. Impatient. Bothered. I hope it's better that Isaac learn from my humanness and willingness to apologize.

Idol: You scar his emotional life. He won't like you or want to be connected to you.

Me: Scar, or shape into a feeling, emotional being? I can't be anyone but myself, even with my child.

The dialog format came out of Melissa Gayle West's *If Only I Were a Better Mother*. Reading it helped me hear my self-criticism and begin to talk back in writing. I needed the support to begin to accept my less-than-perfect parenting. The tools were set before me, ready to use. Continuing the dialog:

Christine Betz Hall is a member of Chena Ridge (Alaska) Meeting.

© 1999 Christine Betz Hall

Idol: You were exasperated, and Isaac wanted inappropriate attention? Or Isaac's basic needs for affirmation and love weren't being met?

Me: I don't know. His needs didn't fit with my needs yesterday. And your voice criticizing me kept me from accepting myself and my needs. Instead I've spent the energy I could have used to meet my own needs talking back to you, feeling guilty. You keep me from self-acceptance, which is the reflection of God's mercy in myself.

Idol: You can't just run wild with self-acceptance or you'll never improve your parenting.

Me: I can still understand myself, be aware of my weaknesses and offer them to God for healing. It's a weakness of mine, not to be impatient, but to lack self-acceptance. To expect myself to be patient, gentle, and kind all the time, whether I'm tired, bored, or preoccupied. God is with me in my humanness, maybe to teach Isaac about emotions and forgiveness. He learns to forgive me, and I learn to forgive myself, live with less-than-perfect mothering.

Idol: Less than perfect or deeply flawed?

There's no prescription for how to do this kind of writing. But I didn't undertake it lightly. My frame of mind and intentions were vital. I wanted to be open, willing to let most anything that came to mind spill onto the paper. No self-censoring allowed—I couldn't judge what I wrote as it came out. I couldn't plan where I was going with it. I just continued the conversation. I also needed to be prayerful, sinking into that quieter place where I might hear the nudges of the Guide. I wasn't attempting a parlor trick, just believing in the possibility I would glean some Wisdom by trying something new. The process continued over a couple of mornings:

Me: You undermine me. Every uplifting, positive "read" I do on myself, you cut down. You hide me from my better self, from self-forgiveness and God's mercy. You make me feel depraved or something! How can I hear God over your scornful voice? How could God's voice be working through you?

Idol: I am a reflection of God too. My concern is for your growth and perfection.

Me: Perfection? Seeking perfection is another self-absorbed pitfall that takes me away from acceptance, mercy, and God.

Idol: What about the perfection that already

Guidelines for Writers

The articles that appear in FRIENDS JOURNAL are freely given; authors receive copies of the issue in which their article appears. Manuscripts submitted by non-Friends are welcome. We prefer articles written in a fresh, nonacademic style, using language that clearly includes both sexes. We appreciate receiving Quaker-related humor.

- ❖ maximum 8–10 double-spaced, typewritten pages (2,500 words)
- ❖ include references for all quotations
- ❖ author's name and address should appear on the manuscript
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exists? The perfection of a plan that put you and Isaac together as mother and son, a plan that leads both of you to the growth opportunities that your soul craves?

Me: Then why the scornful, negative tone?

Idol: You give me that, not me. Look beyond my face and tone to learn. That's where God is working. Where I point out weaknesses, you often jump to defensiveness.

This is when I started to feel a strange sort of movement within me. I knew I wasn't alone in this attempt at communication. I'd been writing on faith, maintaining a skeptical distance thinking, "Wouldn't it be great if God really talked to me?" But I'm learning to trust the Inner Teacher when my own efforts fall short. A verse from Romans 8:28 speaks Truth to me: "The Spirit helps us in our weakness, for we do not know how to pray as we ought; but the Spirit intercedes for us with sighs too deep for words." My dialog with an idol had become a prayer. Its ending left me tingling with a shy sort of awe:

Me: True. I jump to defend myself, holding you at bay. I'm having a hard time seeing you as offering anything of value. You have been an idol in my life, in my relationship with God, trapping me in cycles of self-criticism. Now you're saying that I could look beyond the surface, that you could be an *icon* instead, that opens the door to divine mercy?

Idol: Yes, I trap you when you see the surface, like the icon paintings of old, but you could see *through* me to Divine mercy too. The defects I call out are forgiven already in the Kingdom of God. I offer you the chance to reach for that mercy, through me.

Me: Odd how you have resisted my attempts to define your role. Bad witch/good witch. You could be both, or neither. I feel the hand of God in this "turning." My perceptions are shifting. Thank you.

Idol: Bless you.

All parents need this blessing. As our lives revolve around our children, we can lose our spiritual center. Diapering, cleaning house, and preparing meals have never seemed like God's work to me; I'm not out marching for peace or writing to Congress or feeding the homeless. But I am coming to experience how parenting can be a vital spiritual discipline. It's inner work that forces me to examine myself and the relationships with the people I love and the God I seek. With attention and prayerful intention, God's mercy carries me through my worst days as a mother. That doesn't make doing dishes a blissful ecstasy of Divine communion, but it allows me to see how God cares for me and through me while I care for my family. □

Life in the Meeting

Keeping the Sabbath

What is thy commitment to Quakerism and to the meeting community? This question arose in a discussion regarding arriving late for meeting for worship.

Time is mostly a human invention, and different cultures deal with time differently. If we devoted the Sabbath to the Lord as we have been enjoined, how would we spend the day? How would we "Keep the Sabbath"?

Perhaps we would arise in the morning, after spending the previous day cleaning the house and preparing the next day's meal, and greet the Divine in joy and thanksgiving for the manifestation of the Divine in our lives. After nourishing the body with fruits from God's creation (prepared the previous day), we would nourish our minds and souls with spiritual readings and contemplation. The desire for community would arise and we would head to meeting to join with others in worship. On our way we would notice the beauty of God's creation.

Upon our arrival at meeting we would greet others and make those connections that are so important to building emotional ties and a sense of community. At some point we would be moved to gather together in silent communal worship, and a sense of oneness with the Divine and each other would arise.

Meeting for worship would continue until we were moved to break for fellowship; this might be in an hour, it might be longer. It would depend on how the Spirit was working in meeting for worship.

Following meeting for worship we would gather to share food, and afterwards various community building or spiritually nurturing activities would arise. Perhaps we would visit the ill or shut-ins or take nature walks or participate in groups for spiritual growth or healing. As the sense of community grows stronger the Spirit would move us to certain activities. The whole day would be devoted in some manner to worship of and/or in service to the Divine.

This picture, however, does not fit the life of our meeting or the lives outside of meeting of many of our members. As a result the issue of timely arrival for meeting for worship arises. Our culture is ruled by the clock, and it is by the clock that the start of meeting for worship is determined. When worshipers arrive late the amount of time for settled meeting for worship is lessened and the time of the presence of the latecomer in communal meeting for worship is reduced to the loss of all present. It is for this reason—out of our commitment to the Divine—that timely arrival for meeting for worship is important.

—Frances Hough

(Reprinted from *Madison Friends Newsletter*)

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Young Friends

To Be in Community

by Rain Newcomb

To be in community is to live in communion with one another and with God. To be in communion, . . . to be in the presence of the living God is to be fully in the presence of one another.

When Jesus spoke with God in the garden at Gethsemane, he prayed, "I have made your name known to them, so that the love with which you have loved me may be in them, and I in them."

So all we have to do is love each other with the love God gives us. It seems pretty easy.

As we come together in friendship, God dwells in the spaces between us and around us. We are constantly in the presence of the living God.

I have trouble remembering this. Far too often when I am in the presence of others, my own concerns bustle about in my head, demanding my attention. It is hard to hear that still small voice, to feel the presence of God and those around me when my head is full of the papers I have to write, the meetings I need to go to, the people I have wronged, the situations in which I have acted badly. When my head is so full of myself, how can I possibly be present to God and loving to those I am with?

This summer I saw a sign in front of a church that said, "Give your troubles to God—he'll be up all night anyway." This turning over, this offering up of my concerns to God is what I need to do when my head is too full to be truly present with someone else.

Sometimes though, a concern will linger after I have turned over all the rest. This concern is asking to be shared. When I come to you with a concern, and you listen to me and speak with me in love and patience, my concern will drop away, having shown us both something and having settled us more deeply in the presence of God.

At least, that's what is supposed to happen. It doesn't always work that way. I have trouble letting go of things. I'd far rather worry about them. But it's hard to come together in friendship and in community when we are so full of our own concerns. Asking God to take them is the easy part. Giving them up is far more difficult. One of the ways that we

love and support one another is by helping each other let go.

Two summers ago I was about to leave home to live in a community full of people I didn't know or really understand. I thought I had been called to do this, but I was scared and really doubting that call. A man who goes to my meeting and I were preparing a farewell dinner for a friend. I was chopping onions and getting all worked up about something so trite I can't even remember what it was any more. I started to cry and tried to pretend it was the onions. I wasn't fooling anybody though. The man turned to me and said, "I see the demons of indecision are after you, Rain. Let them go." I hadn't even been talking about moving away, but he was listening so deeply to me that he heard what my concern really was. He helped me let go of not only what I thought my concern was, but also of what was worrying me.

In loving one another and being present with one another, we can see what's actually going on and speak to that. With the help of God and those around us, we can let go of our concerns and enter more fully in the presence of one another. Every step we take in loving one another brings us more deeply into the presence of God.

In the midst of this loving presence, we can call each other into accountability. We ask, are you doing what you need to be doing? Are you giving your attention to what is truly important?

About a year ago I was struggling with God, because, like Jonah, I would rather spend nine days in the belly of a whale than do what God asks me to do. I spoke about this with a friend of mine before I took a year off from school. I went away, and I pushed that struggle into the back of my mind, as far away as I could get it so that I could go on living my life in a

comfortable sort of way. It still popped up every now and again, but I was really good at ignoring it. When I came back a year later, I went for a walk with my friend. We hadn't gone ten steps when he turned to me and asked, "Rain, are you still struggling with God?"

Well, until that moment I had been doing a great job of running away from God. But with that question, all of that struggle came rushing back to me, and

Rain Newcomb is a member of Duluth-Superior (Minn.) Meeting and will graduate from the Quaker Leadership Scholars Program this month. This article is the text of a message given at First Friends Meeting in Greensboro, N.C.



Barbara Benton

I couldn't hide from it anymore. By asking this one simple question, my friend called me into accountability for my relationship with God.

Because it is so often easier to lapse into comfort than to do what we are asked to do, we need one another to ask those difficult questions of us—at least I do. When we are in the presence of each other, speaking to those concerns that are important and asking deep questions, we are in the presence of God. Everything we do out of love brings us more deeply into God.

Sometimes intentionally, and sometimes unintentionally, I hurt the people that I love. When I do damage to my relationship with someone, I also hurt my relationship with God. One day I was on my way to the library to do some work when a woman I knew stopped me and asked if I would go for a walk with her sometime. I had been struggling to love her the way I knew I should, but for the usual variety of dumb reasons I couldn't quite get there. I knew she was asking me to go for a walk right then, although she was too shy to say that. The work I had to do was nothing pressing, but I said, "Yeah, maybe, sometime, but I'm real busy. Sorry," I turned my head so I wouldn't see the disappointment in her eyes.

As I walked towards the library, I thought about the work I was about to do and tried to forget what I had just done. All of a sudden, the weight of the sky came pressing down upon me, and I was told that there was no rationalizing and no justifying the lie I had just told. I hurt this woman. I hurt God. I had to go back and say, "I'm sorry. I lied to you. Can you forgive me and trust me again?"

I didn't do it. I was too scared. I couldn't concentrate on my work, and I had trouble sleeping for a long time afterwards.

The woman was generous enough to forgive me without my asking, although I know our relationship would be deeper had I returned to her and apologized. I'm still sorry for that.

There is a scar between me and God now, and I think it will always be there. Although it's often painful, it is a blessing, and I am thankful for it. It is a constant reminder of how important it is for me to be open and honest with others and myself. It also reminds me that I need to apologize, without trying to excuse myself, when I hurt someone, whether I intended that hurt or not.

Healing our relationships with one another brings us closer to God. When we have undone the hurts, we are also closer to one another.

Living with one another in community and communion is as simple and as difficult as loving each other with the love God gives us each day. Every morning I pray, "Help me to bring the love you give to those I meet today." □



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Reports and Epistles

Australia Yearly Meeting

To Friends everywhere, from Australia Yearly Meeting, held in Canberra, "the meeting place," January 1999, our love and greetings.

"... let us know how Truth spreads and prospers amongst you." George Fox's request echoes through the centuries.

We have sought Truth in this yearly meeting, and we continue to labor and grow in many ways. Through experimenting with different yearly meeting procedures, we are becoming clearer about integrity in our Quaker processes. We have shared our leadings, told our stories and worked together for direction in Summer School groups and in our business sessions. We have found that the Spirit puts into effect "faith" and "practice"—powerful words for Quakers—in diverse ways. Our book, *Quaker Faith and Practice in the Experience of Australian Quakers*, is growing in the Light. Both Young and older Friends told us of their witness at Jabiluka against the proposed uranium mine; Quaker Service Australia is seeking new directions; an elder of the Ngannawal Nation reminded us that reconciliation will come only through all Australians working together.

We have not always found answers, yet in our seeking, we know that Truth does indeed prosper in our hearts. The Backhouse Lecture reminded us that "the thing about seeking Truth is that we shall never exhaust it." We continue to listen, to want and trust "the leadings of God whose Light shows us our darkness and brings us to new life." This prayer we share with you:

Truth,
Like a golden thread you weave your way
through the fabric of our lives,
You are never without Love and Mercy.
You are at the beginning and you have
no end.
You are our hope.
Truth, how odd you are, how hidden you
seem sometimes,
How shapeless, and yet so desirable that
We make symbols of your Love and
Wisdom.
Truth, you are in our stories and in our
myths,
You are in our joys, sufferings, our
growth and pain,
Our yearnings for Justice, for Peace,
And yes, even in our disunities where
perhaps
Lies the deepest Truth, for are you not in
the eyes of the other?
Truth, you pierce our hearts. We cannot
escape you—
You know who we are, you reach out to us,

So why do we turn you away?
And in Truth we know, do we not,
where these words come from.
Help us to make you beautiful in the
world.

Baltimore Yearly Meeting

To all Friends everywhere,

We are one. When Baltimore Yearly Meeting came together for our 327th session, Eighth Month 3-9, 1998, at Wilson College in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, we focused on "Healing." In the opening session, responding to a query on our oneness was a new approach to celebrating our diversity. Our oneness is not in uniformity, but in the variety of gifts, services, and activities, in "all [of] which and in everyone the same God is active. In each of us the Spirit is seen to be at work for some useful purpose" (I Cor 12:4-7). The working side of embroidery appears as knots, squiggles, and loose ends. We are sometimes uncertain where to push through into the design. We may not see the pattern being created.

We have been touched in many ways at this yearly meeting, exploring physical, mental, and spiritual healing through stories, music, and energy work. Our panel of healers, surgeon Don Gann, Rosen bodywork practitioner Elisabeth Dearborn, and healthcare consumer Patti Nesbitt, shared their personal experiences—scientific and angelic—with cures and/or healing. Like a surgeon, we can only bring the edges of a wound together, bind them, and let the healing occur.

We need to be in community to be complete. Young Friends and younger Friends find particular joy in coming together as "we Quakers." Junior Yearly Meeting's theme, "TLC (tender loving care) for YOU and ME," reminds us of the healing properties of inclusiveness. Our youth are part of our present, not merely our future. Beginning with the story of creation, the Bible relates healing, wholeness, and community. Humankind's true identity, in the image of God, requires the inclusion of us all. The healing ministry of Jesus, as Anne Thomas showed us in Bible study, restored the outcast to full relationship in society.

We recognized our blessings in the public ministries of several individuals. Mary Lord's work with Quaker Volunteer Service and Witness, Friends Peace Team Projects, and Friends Committee on National Legislation has brought a message of common tasks and callings to diverse yearly meetings and organizations. Pat Kutzner has been a vital catalyst as the Torreon/Starlake Chapter of the Eastern Navajo Nation embarks on ambitious community development projects. (Chapter officers Joe Lee Cayaditto Jr. and Rena Roan and

four young women who joined our Young Friends' and Junior Young Friends' programs were part of our sessions.) Harold Confer has extended practical outreach work rebuilding burned churches with Quaker Workcamps International. Laura Nell Morris's service on the board of Friends House Moscow has been part of a renewal of historic ties between the Religious Society of Friends and the Russian people. Frank and Elizabeth Massey's testimony against war taxes led to an "opportunity" on the doorstep of the yearly meeting office with an Internal Revenue Service agent, an explanation of its basis in faith. We continue to struggle with how best to provide practical support to these leadings.

Awareness is a vital element of mending differences. We must admit our pain before we can deal with it and move on. Only as we are inwardly made tender can we heal others. Carey Memorial lecturer John Calvi described the meaning of life as a spiritual school. The next day we were given "homework" in our meeting for business: shown that if we do not deal openly and honestly with our differences, we will get the quiz again and again. If we do our homework carefully, we may turn pain into healing.

For the rest of the world, our shared spiritual state and the relationships among ourselves as Friends may well be the fundamental testimony that serves as guarantor for all the other testimonies. We are one because we care for one another, even when we upset each other. We look forward to seeing each other in the dining hall, to the connections we make in worship sharing, and to working together on common problems.

And this know, that there are diversities of gifts, but one Spirit, and unity therein to all who with it are guided. And though the way seems to thee diverse; yet judge not the way, lest thou judge the Lord, and knowest not that several ways (seeming to reason) hath God to bring his people out by: yet all are but one in the end.
—George Fox

On behalf of Baltimore Yearly Meeting,

—Miriam Green, Presiding Clerk

Pacific Yearly Meeting

To Friends everywhere,

Pacific Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends met for its 52nd annual session from Seventh Month 27 to Eighth Month 1, 1998, near Watsonville, California, at the Mount Madonna Center overlooking Monterey Bay. After many years of gathering at Craig Hall in Chico, California, we confronted a newness at Mount Madonna that at

once delighted, challenged, and at times disoriented us. Changes in both site and schedule, greatly increased attendance, and our diverse needs stretched us as we sought the familiar community of yearly meeting in a new place.

Our week's schedule was full, perhaps too full. We were pulled in many different directions. What gives deep joy to one Friend challenges and troubles another. We have many special needs, not all of which can be met. Our time for corporate worship together was somewhat reduced this year, and the time lost was missed. We want to be one community, but many were drawn to gather each day in small groups defined by each group's common interest, experience, and orientation. How and when does Love call us to gather? The meeting for memorials was deep and rich. It filled our hearts and affirmed our common experience. Can we bring that attention to the sacred to other elements of our yearly meeting?

Questions concerning our site for future meetings are not fully resolved. We know that there is no site that will be perfect. We need to find a good process for working with an independent corporation established to further this work.

Our spirits were deeply touched by the many and varied needs of the world that were brought to us in our plenary sessions. We are affiliated with many organizations and activities, each worthy of our time and our resources. What is my work to do? What is ours to do together? We are called to be instruments of reconciliation. The question is where and how?

After many years of careful work, our *Faith and Practice* Revision Committee approaches the time when a first draft of a new *Faith and Practice* is to be presented. We were asked what it means to have a testimony on community. Is our community a comfortable but sentimental idea that pulls us away from that which is essential? Is it a living reality among us that enriches our capacity to be a healing presence? Is our life together a powerful statement to the world that we are truly all one in the Spirit?

We were brought back to what we have always known: to be still and know that there is a Spirit within us that will guide us. A young Friend reminded us that God can be found even in places least wanted. By casting Light into areas of shadow, we are renewed and illumined, bringing us closer to the Light within ourselves and in others.

We send you our love, dear Friends. We pray that we may all come to know and stand in that loving stillness that renews and leads us forward as one.

On behalf of Pacific Yearly Meeting,

—Eric Moon, Presiding Clerk

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News

Sachio Ko-yin and Daniel Sicken were sentenced on Feb. 18. Ko-yin, a member of Ridgewood (N.J.) Meeting, and Sicken, an attendee at Brattleboro (Vt.) Meeting, entered the site of a Minuteman-3 missile silo in Colorado on August 6, 1998, engaged in a symbolic disarmament action, and were convicted of sabotage, conspiracy, and destruction of government property (See News, *FJ* Oct. 1998). Judge Walker Miller had postponed the sentencing because he believed the federal guidelines governing the sentences he is allowed to impose fail to recognize "gradations" in the act of sabotage. "They didn't put a bomb in a bomber," Judge Miller said, ordering written arguments for and against a sentence lighter than the guidelines require. The judge tried to find legal precedents for such cases but couldn't find any. Federal guidelines recommend a prison sentence ranging from 63 to 97 months. Ko-yin was sentenced to 30 months at a minimum-security facility in Allenwood, Pa., and Sicken to 41 months at Fort Devers in Massachusetts. The men together are to pay a \$21,299.40 restitution fee out of their prison earnings. Once they are released from prison they have an option to pay by doing "in-kind service" working for the government at \$10.00 an hour for a minimum of 30 hours per month.

Annis Blecke has been appointed Associate Secretary of Friends World Committee for Consultation. FRIENDS JOURNAL readers may remember her January article with Carole Spencer, "Identity, Authority, and Community." A member of the Religious Society of Friends for over 30 years, Annis is a member of Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting and North Pacific Yearly Meeting. She is from the liberal, unprogrammed tradition of Friends, and for the last 12 years she has been actively involved in fostering connections among Friends of varying traditions. She recently retired from teaching.

Oread (Kans.) Meeting has been designated an "Accessible Congregation." The meeting, in Lawrence, Kansas, is among the first 72 places of worship in the U.S. to be so designated by the National Organization on Disability. Oread is the first Quaker meeting to receive this designation. The congregations are being recognized for their commitment to action, not their achievements. Members of the meeting first became interested in the Accessible Congregation after attending a conference, "Building Bridges," focused on including persons with disabilities in the life of the church. "Our desire to be an accessible congregation is in keeping with the Quaker

tradition of welcoming all to worship, including those often on the periphery of society, such as those with physical and mental disabilities, those in jail, and those dealing with sex and gender issues," said Loring Henderson, co-clerk of the meeting. (See sidebar on page 17 for National Organization on Disability contact information.)

Woodbrooke Trustees met in February to make decisions on the future of the college. They were helped and encouraged by the response from Friends worldwide. They plan to stay on the Bristol Road site and look forward to an investment in an educational program to take Woodbrooke into the 21st century. To do this they are prepared to invest up to one third of Woodbrooke's financial reserves to improve and renovate the buildings. Discussion is also underway to look at how the site in Birmingham might lend itself to use by other organizations. The minute read: We have been greatly helped by minutes from monthly meetings and letters from many individual Friends, who have encouraged us to be guided not by affection, however great, for the Woodbrooke of the past, but by a sense of the needs of the present and the future—needs for spiritual renewal and transformation. (*From The Friend, Feb. 19, 1999*)



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Bulletin Board

Upcoming Events

•June—William Penn House offers two seminars in June: "Journal Writing," June 4-6, led by Lolly Ockerstrom; and "Writing about Mystical Experiences," June 25-27, led by editors of *What Canst Thou Say*. For more information contact William Penn House, 515 East Capitol St., SE, Washington, D.C. 20003; (202) 543-5560; <dirpennhouse@pennsnet.org>.

•June 4-6—The Art of Community Weekend will be held in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. This event is for neighborhood associations, intentional communities, co-op houses, and cohousing groups. Workshops include consensus method, conflict resolution, funding sources, starting groups, strategic planning, and ecological options. The event is by the producers of *Communities Magazine* and sponsored by Fellowship for Intentional Community and MidAmerica Housing Partnership. For registration information contact MAHP, 701 Cedar Point Road NE, Cedar Rapids, IA 52402; (319)365-3501; e-mail: <gathering@ic.org>.

•June 10-12—Nebraska Yearly Meeting

•June 10-13—Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting

•June 11-14—Northern Yearly Meeting

•June 16-20—Intermountain Yearly Meeting

•June 17-20—Lake Erie Yearly Meeting

•June 24-27—Friends Church Southwest Yearly Meeting

•June 24-27—Norway 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

•*Skipping Stones* is an award winning, non-profit children's magazine for ages 8-16. Produced by a multicultural staff and volunteers, this ad-free, ecologically-aware magazine serves the global community. The publication encourages cooperation, creativity, and a celebration of cultural and ecological richness. *Skipping Stones* features original art and writing by youth all over the world and welcomes student contributions, especially from under-represented segments of our society. There is a parent/teacher guide available. Subscriptions for schools, libraries, and families are \$25; institutional subscriptions are \$35. For more information contact *Skipping Stones*, P.O. Box 3939, Eugene, OR 97403; (541) 342-4956; e-mail: <skipping@efn.org>.

•New England Yearly Meeting's Christian Education Committee has published a 45-

page guide to the nuts and bolts of youth retreat planning. While written for NEYM and based on their experiences, the handbook is applicable to other yearly meetings. Planning tips are down-to-earth, sensible, and helpful. Included in the handbook are a timeline and checklist, sample forms for health and permission, retreat location, evaluation, and reviewing good qualities for adult leaders. The retreat handbook is available for \$7 plus shipping from the FGC Bookstore or from NEYM, 901 Pleasant St., Worcester, MA 01602-1908; (508) 754-6760; e-mail: <neym@ultranet.com>.

Opportunities

•The Millennium Service Project is a special expansion of Global Volunteers that will place teams of 12 to 15 short-term volunteers in 25 communities nationwide during the week of Dec. 26, 1999-Jan. 1, 2000. This more meaningful way to celebrate New Year's offers volunteers the opportunity to work with and learn from local communities as they perform various service projects. For more information contact Global Volunteers at (800) 487-1074, e-mail: <email@globalvolunteers.org>, or visit their website, <www.globalvolunteers.org>.

•Fellowship of Reconciliation offers several programs for youth in their 1999 programs. The Peacemaker Training Institute helps young people ages 17-25 become more effective peace and justice activists. Some of the scheduled programs include: Skills for Change, focusing on multiculturalism, racial and social justice, and strategies for creating positive social change; an Intergenerational Activist Program; and a Reconciliation Workcamp, working with Bosnian students to help heal the wounds of war. For more information about FOR's Peacemaker Training and other events, contact Peacemaker Training Institute, Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960; (914) 358-4601; e-mail: <forpti@igc.org>.

•Amity Teachers Program offers individuals, regardless of their career track, the opportunity to volunteer for two years as a teacher of English in China. Amity Teachers Program is offered by National Council of Churches' Church World Service, in cooperation with the Christian Council of China. Amity teachers do not proselytize or evangelize; their "witness" is through the caring, concern, and friendship they show the people with whom they work. For more information about the program contact David J. Herrell, Manager of Overseas Program Administration, 475 Riverside Dr., Room 616, New York, NY 10115-0050; (212) 870-2630; e-mail: <daveh@nccusa.org>.

Madeleine Yaude and Red Stephenson, young Quaker relief workers, met on a ship bound for Europe after World War II.



Journey of the Wild Geese

their letters written over 18 months in war-torn France and Poland, describes the evolution of love, efforts to build broken cities, and struggles to find meaning in the post-war world.



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FRIENDS JOURNAL

Books

Journey of the Wild Geese: A Quaker Romance in War-Torn Europe

By Madeleine Yaude Stephenson and Edwin (Red) Stephenson. Intentional Publications, Pasadena, Calif., 1999. 316 pages. \$17.50/ paperback.

There are love stories and there are love stories, but *Journey of the Wild Geese* is a journey of tenderness, frustration, dedication, hopefulness, and irony that is shared by two young people, one of whom I knew and worked with in that Shangri La of Civilian Public Service, 27F.

Red, like many others in CPS, had been champing at the bit to engage in relief and reconstruction abroad rather than the work of dubious "national importance" outlined by the federal government for alternative service for conscientious objectors. Indeed the government had closed down a training program for such by American Friends Service Committee, Mennonites, and Brethren. So it was not until the end of the war that idealists such as Red could board the SS *Brazil* and head for Europe in 1946 to feed the starving and help rebuild devastated cities. U.S. women who shared the ideals of the men waited for the ban on civilians to be lifted, and two women,



Madeleine walking the decks of the SS Brazil en route to Le Havre, France

Marlis Gildermeister and Madeleine Yaude, joined them to work for American Friends Service Committee. On board were hundreds of other young people working for the State and War Departments and the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Associations.

On board they learned of the wide human radius of Quaker centers during the war. A woman from Geneva expressed pleasure that the European's experience of Americans would be completed by meeting young people with concerns like theirs.

"On the second day at sea, Red—a tall, lanky, red-headed Southerner—stepped for-



Red Stephenson with another member of the food and clothing distribution team at Kozenice, Poland

ward to help me over the coils of rope and afterward slowed his pace to mine. For the rest of the trip we spent most of our time together, often just strolling the decks." They were not thinking of romance then, for Madeleine was still in love with Philadelphia Herb Houk. It was the beginning of a romance that flourished despite the distances between them and the appalling needs around them in their different locales.

The spirit of the book and their lives is well stated in one of Madeleine's poems:

To venture forth, commit yourself to air,
To trust in that which never can be known
Until the moment of arrival.

It was a spiritual journey to have followed my friend of CPS days and Madeleine through their love letters, in which they shared their frustrations and joys of their work. Their commitment to the work in spite of the great difficulties should strengthen our own resolve to follow more faithfully our Quaker commitment to make a better world possible.

We owe a debt to those who helped Madeleine and Red bring this book to us, and to Madeleine whose purpose was to share their love letters with us before she died of acute leukemia. May the light she shared inspire us.

—Lester J. Clarke

Lester J. Clarke is a member of South Berkshire (Mass.) Meeting.

Leadings along the Way: Stories from the Life of Calhoun D. Geiger

*Published by Durham Friends Meeting,
Durham, N.C., 1998. 120 pages. \$10/
paperback.*

How do you tell the life story of an 80-year-old man who has spent his life going about doing good? That is the problem

Calhoun Geiger's friends have finally forced upon him. I first learned about Cal Geiger 32 years ago from a feature article on him in a North Carolina newspaper. I immediately joined the crowd of Friends who had been urging him to put the story of his astonishing, inspiring life down on paper. Thanks to the support of Durham (N.C.) Meeting and particularly of Kathleen March, who teaches English at Carolina Friends School, the first 80 years of Cal Geiger's life story have just come from the press.

Calhoun Geiger is not a born writer. He is a gentle, resourceful, irresistible man of action. He grew up on a family farm in northern Florida, in a home filled with love and hard work, and surrounded by relatives and neighbors who looked after one another through thick and thin. The Geiger farm was so far from the nearest school that his parents got permission from the board of education to teach their six children at home through the eighth grade. The two great things the children learned from their rigorous home schooling were practical problem-solving of all kinds and a moral education based on the Bible.

With the coming of military conscription in World War II, Cal and his older brother Van registered as conscientious objectors. They were among the first COs to volunteer for work at Williamsburg, Virginia, in the oldest mental hospital in North America. The transformation brought about in that hospital by the CO volunteers is one of the most gripping chapters in this book.

The end of the war brought Cal's discharge in January 1946 from his hospital work as a CO under Selective Service. He turned

down an offer of a permanent job at the hospital, married Virgie Peake, the girl who had been waiting for him during his years of service as a CO, and expected to settle down and farm on land he had inherited from his grandfather. But Cal Geiger's gifts and character had become too well known for him to go back to full-time farming. From then until his recent retirement from Carolina Friends School, he has devoted his life to gently and persistently encouraging everybody he meets to raise their sights and live up to their highest ideals. Out of the dozens of examples found in this book, I will offer here only one.

This account concerns a chain gang member named George Harris, who escaped one day and tried to rob Cal of his money and exchange his own prison uniform for Cal's overalls. Cal gently persuaded him to go back to the rest of the chain gang, serve out his time, and make a fresh start. Several years later George Harris drifted back into bootlegging, and one night another car rammed into him head-on. The two drivers got into a fight, Harris pulled out a wrench, knocked the other man unconscious, and was about to beat him to death. Suddenly Cal Geiger walked up out of the darkness. He grabbed the assailant and held him with his arms clamped to his sides until the arrival of the police. After this arrest George Harris straightened himself out. He got a job and stuck with it, saved some money, went to school, married, and became a school teacher himself. On his deathbed he dictated his life story to his wife and asked her to send it to Cal Geiger. The text of that life story is the last chapter in Cal Geiger's remarkable book.

The judge of the juvenile court in Jacksonville persuaded Cal to accept a full-time job in charge of the Jacksonville Boys Clubs. During their years in Jacksonville he and Virgie joined

Quaker Quiptoquote

by Adelbert Mason

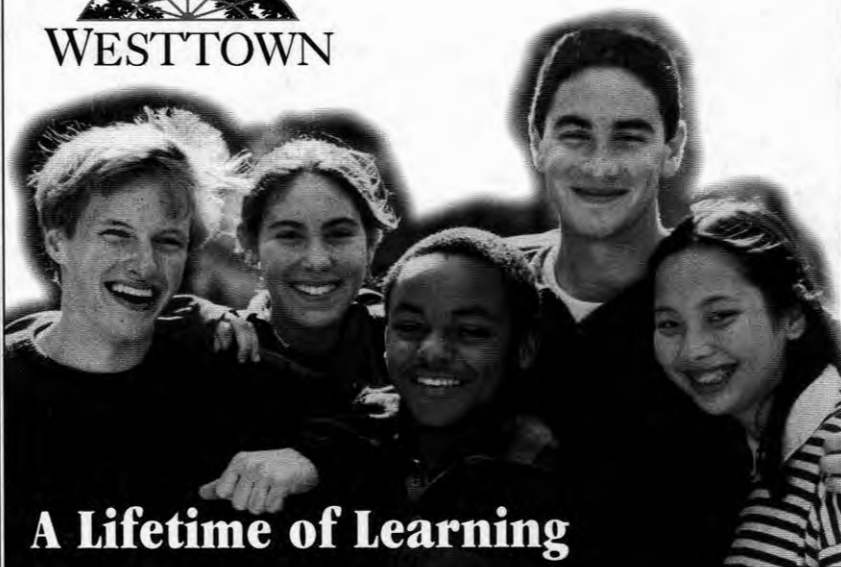
The following is an encoded quote from a famous Friend. The letters have been transposed for your puzzling pleasure.

GSLHV DSL TL ULIGS NRM RHGVIRMT GL GSV
DZMGH ZMW MVXVHHRGRVH LU GSVRI
UVOOLD YVRMTH, VCKVIRVMXV Z IRXS IVGFIM,
GSVRI HLFOH YVRMT ZH Z DZGVIVW TZIWVM,
ZMW ZH Z HKIRMT GSZG UZROVGS MLG.

—Answer on page 32



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a few other young people in founding the Jacksonville Friends Meeting. Soon afterward the national Girl Scout organization named him Man of the Year for his achievement in bringing about the integration of black and white Girl Scouts in Jacksonville. After that he worked for American Friends Service Committee, at Arthur Morgan School in North Carolina, then as director of North Carolina Yearly Meeting's Quaker Lake recreation center, and finally on the staff of the Carolina Friends School.

This book is simple, straightforward, and powerful. It deserves a place in the library of every Friends meeting. It will remind us oldsters of our debt to courageous Quakers of the recent past, and it is bound to be a challenge and an inspiration to teenage Quakers of the present.

—William Edgerton

William Edgerton is a member of Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting.

Of Interest to Friends

Only One Life: A Quaker's Voyage

Alastair Heron. Curlew Productions, Kelso, Scotland, 1998. 164 pages. \$20/paperback.

The Folly of Power: An Irrational Goal

Teddy Milne. Pittenbrue Press, Northampton, Mass., 1998. 37 pages. \$4.95/paperback.

Ruth's Gift

Cathy Gaskill. Canmore Press, Melbourne Beach, Fla., 1998. 143 pages. \$15/paperback.

Listen With Your Heart: Seeking the Sacred in Romantic Love

Eileen Flanagan. Warner Books, New York, 1998. 224 pages. \$12.99/paperback.

Go and the Lord Go with Thee!

Sue Glover. Sessions of York, York, England, 1997. 67 pages. £5/paperback.

Universal Love: Millennium Interfaith Invocation

Margot Tennyson. The Leaveners Press, London, 1998. 56 pages. £2/paperback.

Answer to Quipquote

Those who go forth ministering to the wants and necessities of their fellow beings, experience a rich return, their souls being as a watered garden, and as a spring that faileth not.

—Lucretia Mott (1793–1880)

Milestones

Births/Adoptions

Nelson Pyne—*Timothy Devin Nelson Pyne*, on January 9, to Pamela Nelson and Steve Pyne. Pam is FRIENDS JOURNAL's development assistant.

Deaths

Beason—*Eunice Lindley Beason*, 89, on Sept. 10, 1998. Eunice, a birthright member of Centre (N.C.) Meeting, was a loyal supporter of Friends World Committee for Consultation, Friends Committee on National Legislation, American Friends Service Committee, Guilford College, Friends Homes, Friends Center, and American Red Cross. She retired with more than 40 years from Guilford County School System, where she touched the lives of many students. She was preceded in death by her husband, B.J. Beason. She is survived by two sons, John and James; three sisters, Esther Wellons, Margaret Brafford, and Sarah Stroup; a brother, James Lindley; five grandchildren; six great-grandchildren; and many nieces and nephews.

Childers—*William Cole Childers*, 76, on Sept. 12, 1998. Born in Atlanta, Ga., Bill moved to Gainesville, Fla., in 1951 to teach in the English department at University of Florida. There Bill was instrumental in establishing the film studies program. By the time of his retirement in 1988 he had won four awards for excellence in teaching. After retirement Bill volunteered as a mentor at a local high school and as a gardener in a university-sponsored program. He also established a local chapter of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society. Bill joined Gainesville Meeting in 1987 and served at various times as chair of the nominations committee, corresponding clerk, and assistant clerk. His expert and tireless work as executor of the Helen Hayes estate resulted in excellent stewardship of the bequest to the meeting. Bill was the furthest back bench in the meeting and his mischievous and somewhat irreverent wit will be missed by his fellow back benchers.

Church—*Elizabeth Comfort Church*, 78, on Nov. 17, 1998. Liz was born in Tehuacana, Tex. After a move to New York, her family settled in Norman, Okla. Liz earned a bachelor of fine art at Oklahoma University and was awarded a year's scholarship to the Sorbonne in Paris. Because of the war she went instead to Parson's School of Design in New York City. She moved to Taos, N.Mex., in 1945 after her first husband was killed in France during WWII. Liz met Ted Church in 1946, and they were married in 1947. They moved to Albuquerque. Liz and Ted were searching for a Sunday school for their children when Ted's mother suggested they try the Friends meeting. Liz began attending Albuquerque Meeting in 1956 and became a member in 1968. She was a free spirit, known to walk to her own drummer. She lived her belief and her faith in her relationship with her husband, to whom she was deeply devoted, their family, the meeting, and all with whom she came in contact. Her faith carried her through years of physical and emotional pain and helped her face life with a remarkable sense of humor. Liz was known for her small and large kindnesses. She liked simplicity and paid attention to the smallest of details. Her integrity led to a depth of insight

and understanding. Liz was often surrounded by children and through the years made many contributions to the education and upbringing of the children in the meeting and her own nieces and nephews. She had a deep and lasting impact on the lives of many people. Liz was preceded in death by a son, Malcolm. She is survived by her husband, Ted; and a daughter, Robyn.

Curtis—*Esther Gillett Curtis*, 81, on August 1, 1998, in Newtown Boro, Pa. She was born and raised in Oxford, England, to an English father and American mother. Both sides of her family from either side of the Atlantic were active Quakers. Her parents were founding members of the Quaker Committee for Famine Relief, now known as Oxfam. After high school, Esther studied at Highgate School of Handicrafts of London University. Upon graduation she taught needlework and handicrafts to the wives of unemployed miners in the valleys of South Wales in the prewar depression years. In 1940 she married Eric Curtis. In 1948 they moved with their three children to Earlham College in Indiana, where they spent 19 years. During that time, now with four children, Esther was involved in music and theater as president of the Children's Theatre Organization. Esther began teaching in the Earlham education department. In 1967 the family moved to George School in Newtown, Pa. She joined the drama department and taught technical dramatics. Esther was a world traveler, including photographic safaris to Australia and China. After each journey she spent many hours developing her prints in her darkroom. She was a member of Wrightstown (Pa.) Meeting. For 50 years she was a member of Woodlawn Nonprofit Trust. She had a great joy in life and an irrepressible sense of humor. Esther is survived by her husband, Eric; four children, Richenda Davison, J. Duncan Curtis, Roger Curtis, and Caroline Bancroft Cope; and eight grandchildren.

Edmonds—*Joseph O. Edmonds*, 91, on Oct. 3, 1998, at Chandler Hall in Newtown, Pa. Born in England, Joe was a member of Trenton (N.J.) Meeting since 1929. He lived in Yardley, Pa., where he cared for his aging mother until her death, at which time he moved to Newtown. He had also lived at Friends Village in Newtown. Joe was a conscientious objector during WWII and was at Big Flats, N.Y., after which he served ably as a milk tester in Bucks County, Pa. He is remembered as a skillful leader of English country folk dancing, introducing young Friends to that activity. He also was a tireless worker in sales for Styer Orchards in Woodbourne, Pa. His vocal ministry at the several local meetings he attended was much appreciated. He read prodigiously, kept abreast of the times, was aware of world events, and looked at them from a true Friend's point of view. He is survived by a sister, Nell Leslie; and several nieces and nephews.

Ehrman—*Evelyn Atkinson Ehrman*, 91, on June 22, 1998. Born in Westville, Ill., she completed a master's degree in psychology at Barnard College and practiced for over ten years as a professional psychologist in the Washington, D.C., public schools. She married Robert Ehrman in 1934. The couple lived abroad for many years while Robert served in the U.S. diplomatic service. They

lived in Nairobi, Bombay, Berlin, the Philippines, and Bangkok. Wherever possible, Evelyn became active in the local Friends group. She entertained friends and found opportunities for service. Since her teenage years, Evelyn showed a great concern for social change. She was a lively and regular attendee of Sacramento (Calif.) Meeting despite the physical problems she had in later years. She was the meeting's contact with American Friends Service Committee and kept Friends well informed of AFSC's activities and opportunities. Wise and generous, she leaves us with a wider and grander appreciation of the world and of Quakerism. Evelyn is survived by two children, John and Dee; and two grandchildren.

Folger—*Beatrice M. Folger*, 95, on Sept. 3, 1998. Beatrice was born in Lynn, Mass., and had lived in Greensboro, N.C., since 1948. She was a graduate of Moses Brown School in Providence, R.I. She served on the board of the YWCA, was active in Guilford Art Appreciation Club, and was a volunteer teacher and reader at Friends Homes in Guilford. She also was a published poet. She was a Sunday School teacher and directed church pageants. Beatrice was preceded in death by her husband, Omar Herschel Folger, former pastor of First Friends Meeting; and a grandson, Jay Hanson. She is survived by her daughter, Joan Hanson; a sister, Eleanor Harding; two grandchildren, David and Jon Hanson; two great-grandchildren, Zachary and Avery; and two nephews, Colin and Sam Harding.

Knowles—*Mary Knowles*, 87, on Nov. 22, 1998, in Oakland, Calif. Mary Knowles was the long-time librarian of the William Jeanes Memorial Library, operated by Plymouth Meeting in Plymouth Meeting, Pa. She came to the library after being fired from a previous job due to accusations of being a communist. These accusations led to a trial in which she invoked the Fifth Amendment before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. She was later found in contempt of Congress. Her move to Pennsylvania was protested by a member of the community, and tax support of the Jeanes Library was discontinued by two neighboring townships. The meeting refused to fire her, and the library was awarded other funding for its courageous support of Mary Knowles. More detailed information about the effects of the dispute can be found in a pamphlet, "The Plymouth Meeting Controversy." The meeting lacked the resources necessary to operate a public library, so the Jeanes Library was incorporated in order to become eligible for federal support. With this and private funding, the library was able to build and move into a much needed, newer facility in the village of Lafayette Hill. Mary continued to direct the library until her retirement in 1979, subsequently moving to Oakland to live with her son, Jonathan.

Monet—*Marion Monet*, 79, on Nov. 2, 1998, in Willow Street, Pa. Marion was born in Los Angeles and was home-schooled by her mother. She studied the violin from early childhood. In 1937 she went to Paris to study with the concertmaster of the Paris Opera and graduated from Alliance Francaise in 1938. She graduated from University of Kansas with a degree in chemistry. She continued her studies at MIT, earning a master's degree in chemical engineering in 1943. She met her

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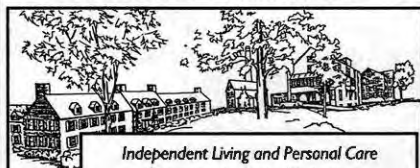
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husband of 55 years, Gilbert P. Monet, while at MIT. Upon graduation Marion worked for the Atomic Energy Project, first at University of Chicago and later at Oak Ridge, Tenn. In 1947 the couple moved to Wilmington, Del. They joined Wilmington (Del.) Meeting in 1950 where Marion served as recording clerk and was active in other meeting activities. She earned a master's degree in library science from Drexel University and a master's degree in education from University of Delaware. She was then employed by Sun Oil Co. in Pennsylvania, where she did literature and patent searches for 22 years. She enjoyed playing music with various community groups, first as a violinist and later as a bassist and cellist. She and Gilbert retired to Lancaster County in 1988 and transferred their membership to Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting in 1990. In Lancaster Marion continued her musical activity until she was stricken with chronic fatigue syndrome. Marion is survived by her husband; two sons, Charles and David; and a granddaughter.

Moses—*Richard Phillips Moses*, 81, on November 29, 1998, at Foulkeways Retirement Community at Gwynedd, Pa. Born in Bethlehem, Pa., Dick lived in Philadelphia for more than 25 years. He amazed many by earning his PhD in English literature from Temple University in Philadelphia on his 81st birthday in May 1998. Dick was a graduate of George School in Newtown, Pa., Swarthmore College, and Temple University. He was a conscientious objector during WWII, spending four-and-a-half years in Civilian Public Service. He worked as a purchasing agent for ten years with Edward Stern, Inc., a large printing company. He became a salesman of full-color lithography in 1961 with an American Standard affiliated company, retiring in 1982. He taught printing production planning and printing sales courses at the Graphic Arts Association for 19 years. He was president of Elfreth's Alley Association. Dick was very active in Quaker activities, centering around Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting. He served as treasurer for multiple terms, clerk of Overseers, clerk of Trustees, and many other projects. One of his most interesting accomplishments was the sale and removal of the meetinghouse on 12th Street in Philadelphia to George School in Bucks County. He was a member of the George School Committee for many years. In addition he served on the board and as treasurer of FRIENDS JOURNAL. He also served on Friends General Conference Central Committee and was instrumental in establishing the Meetinghouse Fund to assist meetings with the care of their properties. Dick was preceded in death by his wife, Ruth Walker Moses. He is survived by a sister, Elizabeth Moses Thomas; a sister-in-law, Margaret Walker Lippincott; six nieces and nephews; seven grand-nieces and -nephews; and one great-grand-nephew.

Nikel—*Dorothy Dietz Nikel*, 89, on Jan. 25, in Worcester, Pa. A birthright Friend, Dorothy was born in Pleasant Valley, N.Y. She graduated from Highland High School in 1926 and from Oakwood School in 1927. She received a BS in education from University of Pennsylvania in 1931 and took medical bacteriology courses at University of Pennsylvania Medical School. She was a retired microbiology supervisor at the former Valley Forge General Hospital in Phoenixville, Pa. For many years

she was a member of Schuylkill (Pa.) Meeting and served as a Meals on Wheels volunteer. Dorothy was preceded in death by her husband Frank Nikel. She is survived by a stepson, William L. Nikel.

Scott—*Eliza Jane Severson Scott*, 92, on Oct. 4, 1998, in Santa Rosa, Calif. Born in Saint Louis, Mo., Jane earned her BA from Wellesley College in Massachusetts and her master's degree in social work from Smith College. After working a number of years in Boston as a social worker, Jane married and moved to Indianapolis, Ind., where her two sons, Tom and Tic, were born. In 1946 Jane moved to Tucson, Ariz., where she taught high school math. She began attending Friends meeting in Tucson and became a founder of Pima (Ariz.) Meeting. Jane later helped organize and lived at Friends Southwest Center, a Quaker community outside Douglas, Ariz., near the Mexican border. When the rigors of life in this rugged area became too much for her, Jane moved to Friends House in Santa Rosa in 1989. Here she maintained her deep concern for peace and justice, participating on the Peace and Social Concerns Committee of her meeting, in public peace vigils, and in monthly meetings for the homeless at Friends House. Jane was affectionately known at Friends House as "The Joke Lady." Nearly every day she visited residents to share her "joke of the day." At the annual Friends House fundraising event, Jane's "joke booth" (25 cents a joke) was always a big hit, especially with the children. When asked what was her hobby, Jane answered, "children." Jane will be remembered by members of Redwood Forest (Calif.) Meeting and by residents and staff at Friends House for her passionate commitment to peace and justice and for her mischievous sense of humor.

Whitman—*Everett P. "Sandy" Whitman II*, 52, on Sept. 20, 1998, in Asheville, N.C., after an illness through which he cherished every moment of life to the fullest. A horticulturist, Everett worked for the North Carolina Horticultural Corps Research Station and for many years tended orchards of apple and other fruit trees. He earned a degree in agriculture at Abraham Baldwin Agricultural College in Georgia and a master's degree at University of Florida at Gainesville. An enthusiastic traveler and musician, he enjoyed shaped-note singing and often joined friends to play "old-time" music on fiddle and guitar. He was a member of Asheville (N.C.) Meeting. He will be remembered by family and friends for his music, his photographs, his gardens, and the good advice and practical assistance that he always shared so generously with others. Everett is survived by his wife, Sarah Jane Thomas; a son, Jesse Whitman; and two sisters, Suzanne Yocke and Terri Whitman.

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Forum, continued from page 5

I felt shocked at reading "A Lively Concern," which was not identified as an ad or the writing of any individual Friends. When the JOURNAL has published the writings of Friends about the controversial subject of abortion, these articles, to which Friends have signed their names, have been written coming out of the light they have on the subject. I have respected their leadings, even when they were not mine. This is not the case with statements with an anonymous e-mail address, nor any indication that the writers were Friends or would welcome any other point of view.

Feminists for Life of America hardly sound as though they are nonviolent when they say abortion is a "weapon in the arsenal of men who wish to dominate women." Days before seeing this ad, some women Friends and I attended a meeting where we heard a talk by a physician who, in carrying on his father's family practice, had performed abortions in response to his patients' requests. When he performed abortions in the case of a ten-year-old girl pregnant by incest and the case of a fetus that had no brain, he was shot in both arms.

At that meeting I experienced for the first time the security precautions necessary for a group that supports abortion providers. I know that the courts have judged that those who identify abortion providers on the Internet as evil may encourage others to do violence against them. This is why I feel that carrying this ad in the JOURNAL is not a matter to be taken lightly.

Regarding the second message on the page—that abortion is gay-bashing—I found that lesbian members of my meeting were simply bewildered by its logic.

I am a member of the national Religious Coalition for Reproductive Rights, supported by a number of groups within Jewish and Christian institutions, and I try to be "prayerfully pro-choice."

Georgana M. Foster
Amherst, Mass.

Let's find time to stand still in the Light

Thank you for your timely articles on the "Light" (FJ Mar.). This issue arrived just after I had put a query in the mail for our Friendly Eight group to consider on the weekend: "What does 'Wait in the Light, Stand in the Light, Hold in the Light' mean to you?"

We cannot seek truth by reflection—we can only seek truth by letting go of the self and its agenda, and find Truth in the Light.

Most of us have little time for reflection, let alone time to stand still and wait and not reflect! But I am convinced that if all Friends would take the time daily to practice being still, and waiting and standing in the place of Light where we watch ourselves and our thoughts, and let go of all and simply be in this space of Light—where grace and power are experienced—that not only would our lives and our meetings be transformed, but we would no longer be "those people who do not know what they believe." The power of the Divine would be so present within us that we would be known as "Children of the Light" because we practice this process of waiting and as "Publishers of Truth" because we share this process and our spiritual lives with others.

Wanda Guokas
Newtown, Pa.

More questions about quality of life

In response to "What Quality?" by Kirsten Backstrom (FJ Feb.), I have a lot of sympathy with her argument and certainly agree that a person's definition of "quality of life" can change dramatically depending on their circumstances. A life can be painful, even hopeless (in the sense of being terminal), and still have very high quality. As Kirsten Backstrom recognizes, it often is difficult or even impossible to determine whether a seriously ill person wishes to remain alive.

I went through this recently when my father was dying. He was in intensive care for 17 days, and during this time we were never certain that he was sufficiently conscious and aware of his situation to understand our questions, let alone give clear answers. During this period, his life was sustained solely by the intervention of a lot of sophisticated and expensive technology. We had the choice, and the burden, of sustaining or ending his life only because this technology was available and because the cost of the technology did not fall directly on us (it was covered by his health insurance). Without the technology, he would have died the day he entered intensive care, and without the insurance, we would have had to beggar ourselves to keep him alive for just those 17 days.

This raises questions that, I think, are relevant to Backstrom's ideas. I mention only one of them here. Are we comfortable with the idea that "quality" life, in the spiritual sense described by Backstrom, may be obtainable (in many situations) only with the aid of large amounts of money and

technology? I don't have a definite answer to this question, but I do feel uneasy about the idea that my (final) spiritual achievement may depend on a piece of (very expensive) machinery, and about asking my family or society to bear the financial cost of a spiritual experience that may never be shared.

Tom Stoffregen
Cincinnati, Ohio

This is a letter of thanks to Kirsten Backstrom for her article. I spent much of last year helping to care for very ill and dying relatives, and I caught up with a dear friend who has Chronic Fatigue Syndrome and who has been living in isolation for several years. These experiences changed forever my concept of what constitutes a good quality of life.

As my friend described how her life had changed when what started as a retreat turned into an altered lifestyle, I thought about my experience of SCUBA diving. There is drift diving where the diver is swept along by the current and sees the panorama sweeping by, and then there is quiet diving in no current where the glories of those things too small to see otherwise begin to

show themselves. I think that we who are caught up in the fast-paced current of life find it difficult to understand what it is like to be still, particularly to be still in the sense of losing our own abilities.

My stepfather died over a period of a year, gradually losing one faculty after another. Yet it was clear that he took enormous daily pleasure in what remained to him and in contact with his loved ones. I wondered how that could be. But it was. I spent some of the closest moments of communion of spirit with my mother-in-law just sitting by her side as she lay gravely ill, unable to speak as the result of a stroke. It was her eyes that spoke, and in the silence I could hear. In spite of all that she was suffering it seemed clear that she valued my presence and her own, too. In an odd way, our communication without words was deeper than what we had known before.

I began to set aside my notions of what kind of life is tolerable or preferable to death. All I know is that from the vantage point of good health I cannot any longer make that judgment, certainly not for others and not even for the self that I might become in illness or in dying.

I thank Kirsten Backstrom for bringing to our attention the perspective of one who has lived through what many of us might consider a life worse than death, and yet a life that in its own way was filled with richness and glory and grace. She gives us all food for thought.

Suzanne Hubbard O'Hatnick
Baltimore, Md.

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An oasis of calm in the heart of London? Yes, at the Quaker International Centre, where short-, medium-, and longer-term accommodation is available as well as conference facilities. Excellent homemade food. For further information contact telephone: (0171) 387-5648, fax: (0171) 383-3722, or write to: 1 Byng Place, London WC1E 7JH.

Coming to DC? Stay with Friends on Capitol Hill. **William Penn House**, a Quaker Seminar and Hospitality Center in beautiful, historic townhouse, is located five blocks east of the U.S. Capitol. Convenient to Union Station for train and METRO connections. Shared accommodations including continental breakfast, for groups, individuals. 515 East Capitol Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003. E-mail: dirpennhouse@pennsnet.org. Telephone: (202) 543-5560. Fax: (202) 543-3814.

Looking for a creative living alternative in New York City? Pennington Friends House may be the place for you! We are looking for people of all ages who want to make a serious commitment to a community lifestyle based on Quaker principles. For information call (212) 673-1730. We also have overnight accommodations.

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Quaker Inner-City School Endowment Fund. A small group of well-integrated Quaker schools are doing a terrific job in inner cities. Help them raise sufficient endowments for long-term financial stability. For information contact: Imogene Angeli, 150 Kendal Drive, Kennett Square, PA 19348, telephone: (610) 388-0935.

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Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Simple Gifts are two songs on **Clare Wettemann's** cassette "O Come Sing (Songs for the Seasons of Life)" \$12, postpaid (or SASE for description) to Clare Wettemann, 319 Summit Hill Road, Jordanville, NY 13361. (315) 858-2633.

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Transitions Abroad Magazine—Thousands of overseas volunteer opportunities, jobs, responsible travel bargains! Called "the magazine for travel information" by *The Christian Science Monitor* and "the best resource around" by Rick Steves of PBS. \$24.95/year. (800) 293-0373.

To receive the **British Quaker Socialist Newsletter**, please send \$1.00 for three issues to: Tom Todd, 3713 West Main, Kalamazoo, MI 49006-2842.

You're in good company with Friends United Press authors—including Douglas Steere, Howard Thurman, Daisy Newman, John Punshon, Tom Mullen, Doug Gwyn, Louise Wilson, Wil Cooper, T. Canby Jones, D. Elton Trueblood—and, of course, George Fox, John Woolman, and William Penn. Inspiration, humor, fiction, and history that takes you to the roots of Quaker beginnings, belief, and beyond. Write 101-A Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374 for a free catalog or call (800) 537-8839. www.fum.org.

Quaker Books. Rare and out-of-print, journals, memorials, histories, inspirational. Send for free catalog or specific wants. Vintage Books, 181 Hayden Rowe St., Hopkinton, MA 01748. Visit our Web page at: <http://www.abebooks.com/home/HAINES>.

Accommodations

The Currier's House: Thinking about a wander through New England or a hike up Mt. Monadnock? Families with children have a great time. Hike, bike, go antiquing, and visit with Friends at Monadnock Monthly Meeting. Three comfortable rooms w/private baths, full breakfast. No smoking, no pets please. Phone/Fax to Nancy Lloyd (GS '62) (603) 532-7670, e-mail: curriers@monad.net. 5 Harkness Road, Jaffrey Center, NH 03452.

Beacon Hill Friends House: Quaker-sponsored residence of 19 interested in community living, spiritual growth, peace, and social concerns. All faiths welcome. Openings in June, September. For information, application: BHFH, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108-3624. (617) 227-9118. Overnight and short-term accommodations also available.

Quaker House, Managua, Nicaragua. Simple hospitality, shared kitchen. Reservations: 011-505-266-3216 (Spanish) or 011-505-266-0984 (English). For general information, call Pro-Nica: (727) 821-2428 or e-mail: linj@gte.net.

Pittsburgh—Well located. Affordable, third-floor (walk up) guest rooms with shared bath. Single or double occupancy. Kitchen available. Contact: House Manager, Friends Meetinghouse, 4836 Ellsworth Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15213. Telephone: (412) 683-2669.

FGC Bookstore. Serving Friends and seekers worldwide with Quaker-related books, tracts, and curricula for all ages. Materials to meet needs and interests of individuals, religious educators, and meeting communities. Free catalog of over 500 titles. Religious education consultation. Call, write, or visit: Friends General Conference Bookstore, 1216 Arch Street, 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107, M-F 9 a.m.-4:30 p.m. EST, (800) 966-4556, e-mail: <bookstore@fgc.quaker.org>.

For Purchase

Wanted to buy: Westtown Sampler. Old books of Quaker interest. Grandfather clock. Please call or write: Earl Evens, 20761 Old Wire Road, Laurinburg, NC 28352. (910) 369-2803.

Opportunities

Interested in Quaker activities around the world? Fond of history? Love books? Editorial and other volunteer opportunities are now available for individuals who would like to share their interests with other Friends by serving as volunteer editors for departments of the *Friends Journal*. We are seeking qualified individuals for the positions of News Editor, Book Review Editor, and Milestones Editor as well as Office Assistant. Tasks may be performed in our office and/or in your home. We offer satisfying work and warm collegiality! Job descriptions available. Please send resume and two references, or call for further information, to: Susan Corson-Finerty, Editor-Manager, *Friends Journal*, 1216 Arch Street, 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107, (215) 563-8629, e-mail: <FriendsJnl@aol.com>.

Friends Centre Auckland Aotearoa/New Zealand: Quaker couple sought as Resident Friends for one year from April 2000. Enquiries to Centre Clerk, 115 Mt. Eden Road, Auckland 1003, Aotearoa/New Zealand. E-mail: <jgas@ihug.co.nz>.

Pendle Hill Events—May through July
Plain People: Conformity and Nonconformity in Christian Community. Max Carter. May 23-28.
Transforming Ourselves: Finding Creative Responses to Conflict. (Alternatives to Violence Project Level 1 Training). Stephen Angell, Robert Martin, and Deborah Wood. May 28-31.
Challenging Racism in the 21st Century. Bob Hunter. May 30-June 4.
Facing Utopia: For People of Color. Linda-Susan Beard. June 18-20.
Your Money or Your Life. Penny Yunuba, Gregg Raymond, and Carolyn Hill. July 9-11.
Spiritual Life Enrichment. Nancy Bleber. June 27-July 2, July 11-16, July 18-23, August 8-13.
High School Youth Camp. July 11-18.
Inquirers' Weekend: Basic Quakerism. Chel Avery and Claudia Wair. July 16-18.
 For more information, call: Pendle Hill (610) 566-4507 or (800) 742-3150 ext. 142.

Community Experience/Case Management: Full-time volunteer placements while living in intentional faith-based community are available with **Cafe 458**, a free restaurant supporting people who are homeless. Benefits: room/board, health insurance, monthly stipend. Age/race diversity encouraged. Contact: Volunteer Coordinator, **Community of Hospitality**, P.O. Box 89125, Atlanta, GA 30312-9135; telephone: (404) 525-3276.

The Mary Jeanes Loan Fund and the Anne Townsend Grant Fund for members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting are now taking applications for financial aid for post-secondary school education for the 1999-2000 school year. With interest income and repayments of earlier loans being our only funding sources, and increasing need being expressed by applicants, we have been able to help with loans and/or grants averaging about \$900. **May 15, 1999, is the deadline for the submission of applications.** For more information, please contact: Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, Education Programs, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Telephone: (215) 241-7223.

Consider investing in affordable retirement property in the Southern Arizona high desert. Nearby Friends Meeting at McNeal. Write or telephone: Carolyn Huffman, 901 E. Belvedere Avenue, Baltimore, MD 21212. Telephone: (410) 323-1749.

Quaker House Ann Arbor seeks new member for six-person intentional community based on Friends principles. Two-year commitment. (734) 213-0506, quakerhouse@umich.edu, www.ic.org/qhaa/.

Monteverde Studios of the Arts, Monteverde, Costa Rica: "Where Craft and Culture Meet." Participate in week-long classes in a community founded by Quakers in 1951. Attend Quaker meeting. Take classes in ceramics, painting and drawing, textiles, stained glass, jewelry, basketry, woodworking, dance, photography, leatherwork, storytelling, cooking; also personality studies. Work in studios of your teachers and share in the same inspirational luxuriant surroundings of the rainforest. All artists are residents of this multicultural community where North Americans and Costa Ricans live in seamless contiguity. Brochure: (800) 370-3331, www.mvstudios.com. P.O. Box 766-F, Narberth, PA 19072.

Travel to Tuscany and Provence

Taste of Tuscany and Friends in France trip programs offered each fall and spring. Learn about art, culture, and cuisine in small groups of 8-12 people with excellent accommodations, food, and expert guidance. Guests stay at historic villas in the country near Lucca and Avignon. Information contact: Mark Haskell, **Friends and Food International**, 1707 Taylor Street, NW, Washington, DC 20011, USA. Tel/Fax (202) 726-4616, e-mail: Mkhaskell@AOL.COM.

Lingua Programs and Tours

Guatemala: Study Spanish, educational tours, internships, volunteer work. Helastaj. (512) 416-6991, info@casaxelaju.com, www.casaxelaju.com.

Quaker House international community seeks residents. Share living and meal arrangements in historic Friends meetinghouse. Common interests in spirituality, peace, and social concerns. One- or two-year terms. Directors, Quaker House, 5615 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637. (773) 288-3066, e-mail: q-house@www.com.

Consider a Costa Rica Study Tour. August 3-14, 1999, or January 27-February 7, 2000. E-mail: <jstuckey@sol.racsa.co.cr> Fax: 011 (506) 645-5528 or write: Sarah Stuckey, Apdo. 46-5655, Monteverde, Costa Rica, Central America. Or call or fax Roy Joe or Ruth Stuckey. Telephone/Fax: (937) 584-2900.

Personals

Concerned Singles

Concerned Singles Newsletter links compatible, socially conscious singles who care about peace, social justice, racism, gender equity, environment. Nationwide. All ages. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 444-FJ, Lenox Dale, MA 01242; or (413) 445-6309; or <http://www.concernedsingles.com>.

Single Booklovers, a national group, has been getting unattached booklovers together since 1970. Please write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039, or call (610) 358-5049.

Positions Vacant

Assistant Director. Depending on skills, will help with administration and operation of William Penn House, a Quaker seminar and hospitality center five blocks from the halls of Congress. Possible duties include office work, program development, hospitality, supervision of interns, maintenance, etc. Benefits include room, board, insurance, and a salary. Send resume and a letter telling why you are interested in the job to: Errol Hess, William Penn House, 515 East Capitol Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003.

Live-in helper(s) for 90-year-old Friend, woman, Summer 1999. Drive, light cooking, housekeeping, companionship, expeditions. Friendly family setting, Vermont's Green Mountains (Farm and Wilderness Summer Camps). Prefer woman or couple. References, vehicle, driver's license. (202) 362-6912 to 9 p.m., e-mail: dsheldsh@aol.com.

Friend(s) in Residence. Mature Quaker individual or couple for a minimum one year's commitment to assist with hospitality, maintenance, programs for William Penn House, a Quaker seminar and hospitality center with a peace and social justice mission. Benefits include room, board, health and life insurance, and a small stipend. Send letter including experience and qualifications to: Errol Hess, William Penn House, 515 East Capitol Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003.

House Manager. Full time person in charge of hospitality, housekeeping, maintenance, meals, supervision of interns and custodian. Benefits include room, board, insurance, retirement plan and salary. Send letter explaining interest and work history to Errol Hess, William Penn House, 515 East Capitol Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003.



Director of Pendle Hill, beginning summer 2000. Pendle Hill, a Quaker residential center for study and contemplation on 23 acres near Philadelphia, offers semester-long residential programs, week-end and week-long courses for adults, and summer programs for young adult leaders. Maintains bookstore and publishes pamphlets and books. Leads national forum on religion and social issues. Director oversees a staff of 27, represents Pendle Hill to broader community, especially within the Religious Society of Friends, and supports exploration of new initiatives. This is an opportunity to serve Friends and others through spiritual, intellectual, and practical programs. Talents for articulating Quaker faith and fostering community essential. Skills in public speaking, fundraising, and administration necessary. Membership in Religious Society of Friends preferred. Compensation comparable to other Friends organizations and includes housing. Pendle Hill is an EOE. For application procedure, write PHsearch1@juno.com, or Pendle Hill Box SC-A, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086, or call Anne Moore, clerk, (610) 738-0851. Closing date: October 31, 1999.

Interns, 9-12 month commitment, beginning January, June, or September. Assist with seminars and hospitality at William Penn House, 5 blocks from U.S. Capitol. Room, board, and small stipend. WPH, 515 East Capitol Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003.



Sidwell Friends School, a coed PreK-12 Quaker school located in Washington, D.C., invites qualified applicants for staff and faculty positions which may be applied for at any time. Members of the Society of Friends are particularly encouraged to apply: current vacancies include teacher-elementary science, 5th-grade teacher, upper-school counselor, middle-school English teacher, and Director of Business Services. Send cover letter and resumes to Office of Personnel Services, Sidwell Friends School, 3825 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Washington, DC 20016.

Rentals & Retreats

Brontë Country. Guest House. Relax in tranquil historic setting, enjoy panoramic views, log fires, imaginative home-cooking, and warm hospitality. Brochure from: Brenda Taylor, Ponden House, Stanbury, Keighley, West Yorkshire BD22 0HR, U.K. Telephone: 011-44-1535-644154.

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Cape May, N.J. Beach House—Weekly rentals; Week-end rentals in Off-Season. Sleeps 12+. Great for family reunions! Block from beach. Close to mall. Ocean views from wrap-around porch. Call: (718) 398-3561.

Prince Edward Island, Canada. Seaside cottage on private point. Warm swimming, excellent birding and bicycling. Completely equipped. Regain contact with the natural world. \$450 / week. Available late June and July. (610) 399-0432.

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

Bald Head Island, N.C. Panoramic view of ocean, dunes, lagoon, and golf course from four-bedroom, two-bathroom, beautifully furnished house with wrap-around deck, two electric golf carts. 14 miles of beach, championship golf, tennis, croquet, swimming, and fishing. 13,000 acres of maritime wilderness. Many birds and wildflowers. No cars on island. Peaceful, friendly. Rental by day or week. (215) 699-9186.

Quaker-based, rural, high desert community rents to winter visitors and prospective members. Write Friends Southwest Center, Rt.1, Box 170 #6, McNeal, AZ 85617.

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Retirement Living

Foxdale Village, for Quaker-directed life care. A vibrant and caring community that encourages and supports men and women as they seek to live life fully and gracefully in harmony with the principles of simplicity, diversity, equality, mutual respect, compassion, and personal involvement. Spacious ground-floor apartments and community amenities such as library, auditorium, woodshop, computer lab. Entry fees \$45,150-\$154,150; monthly fees \$1,297-\$2,623. Fees include medical care. 500 East Marylyn Avenue, Department F, State College, PA 16801-6269. Telephone: (800) 253-4951.



Friends Homes, Inc., founded by the North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing retirement options since 1968. Both Friends Homes at Guilford and Friends Homes West are fee-for-service continuing care retirement communities offering independent living, assisted living, and skilled nursing care. Located in Greensboro, North Carolina, both communities are close to Guilford College and several Friends meetings. Enjoy the beauty of four seasons, as well as outstanding cultural, intellectual, and spiritual opportunities in an area where Quaker roots run deep. For information please call: (336) 292-9952 or write: Friends Homes West, 6100 W. Friendly Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27410. *Friends Homes, Inc. owns and operates communities dedicated to the letter and spirit of Equal Housing Opportunity.*

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Schools

Australia. The Friends' School, Hobart—The Friends' School, in Hobart, Tasmania, is Australia's only Quaker school. Established in 1887, The Friends School Hobart provides a strong K-12 academic program informed by Quaker values. Visitors are always welcome and we have vacancies for international students seeking to broaden their horizons. A range of programs is available for semester, year, or multiple year enrollments. For a prospectus please telephone the Co-Principals on +61 3 6210 2200, Fax: +61 3 6234 8209, or e-mail: <Enrol.Office@postoffice.friends.tas.edu.au>.

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

United World College schools, located in nine countries around the world, are committed to the ideals of peace, justice, international understanding and cooperation. U.S. students apply while they are in either 10th or 11th grade for this two-year pre-university program of International Baccalaureate studies, community service, outdoor programs, and global issues. The Davis Scholars program will award full scholarships to all 50 U.S. students selected annually for the United World College schools. Application deadline February 1. UWC Admissions; The United World College, Rm. 115; P.O. Box 248; Montezuma, NM 87731. Telephone: (505) 454-4201. Web: www.uwc.org.

John Woolman School. Rural California, grades 9-12. Preparation for college and adulthood, small classes, caring staff, work program, service projects; board, day. 13075 Woolman Lane, Nevada City, CA 95959. (530) 273-3183.

Westbury Friends School—Nurturing Quaker environment for 150 children, nursery-grade 6, on beautiful 17-acre grounds. Small classes and highly qualified teachers. Music, art, computers, Spanish, French, gym. Extended-day, vacation-holiday, summer programs. Half- and full-day nursery, preK. Brochure: Westbury Friends School, 550 Post Avenue, Westbury, NY 11590. (516) 333-3178.

Come visit **Olney Friends School** on your cross-country travels, six miles south of I-70 in the green hills of eastern Ohio. A residential high school and farm, next to Stillwater Meetinghouse, Olney is college preparation built around truthful thinking, inward listening, loving community, and useful work. 61830 Sandy Ridge Road, Barnesville, Ohio 43713. (740) 425-3655.

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

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

Junior high boarding school for grades 7, 8, 9. Small academic classes, challenging outdoor experiences, community service, consensus decision making, daily work projects in a small, caring, community environment. **Arthur Morgan School**, 1901 Hannah Branch Road, Burnsville, NC 28714. (828) 675-4262.

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

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

Stratford Friends School provides a strong academic program in a warm, supportive, ungraded setting for children ages 5 to 13 who learn differently. Small classes and an enriched curriculum answer the needs of the whole child. An at-risk program for five-year-olds is available. The school also offers an extended day program, tutoring, and summer school. Information: Stratford Friends School, 5 Llandillo Road, Havertown, PA 19083. (610) 446-3144.

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

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



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People Camp—August 22-28, 1999. Lake Pokegama, Northern Minnesota. Challenge yourself in workshops, scrub pots, watch the northern lights, and you will know the joy of People Camp. People Camp is an intergenerational opportunity for refreshment, community living, play, and cooperative work. Sponsored by Friends for a Non-Violent World. (612) 321-9787.

Friends Music Camp—exciting, challenging Quaker-sponsored program for ages 10-18—invites your inquiries. Why do so many Friends Music Campers return year after year? Music, musical theatre, friendships, canoe trip, soccer, Quaker community. FMC, P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (937) 767-1311 or (937) 767-1818.

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older**

*(Spouses may be 55 and older)

Lumberton Leas has much to offer those contemplating a move to an adult community. Unlike other age-specific communities, Lumberton Leas will be small – ultimately only 110 homes will be built on the site; the rest of the acreage will be set aside and enhanced as a Nature Preserve, to be enjoyed by residents and their guests. Besides the pleasure of your beautiful, customized home, in this secluded, yet conveniently located, setting, and the many services and amenities that are included, you will have the security and peace of mind that comes with the assurance of the *most complete and superior package of healthcare services offered anywhere. NO individual Long-Term Care Insurance Policy can even approximate this high quality level of care and services!*

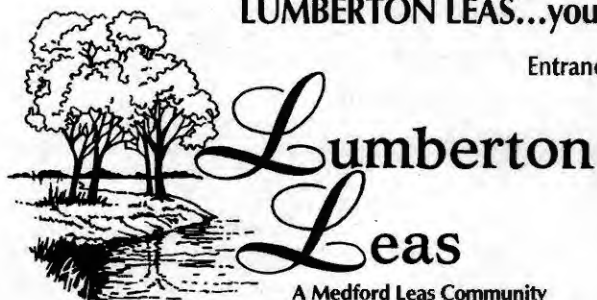


Three Unit Cluster (Front View)
Architect's Rendering

An unparalleled combination: Active Adult Living . . . beautiful homes with large, gracious living spaces . . . combined with high quality, *personalized* health and wellness care, as well as *the most affordable way to plan ahead* for the best in assisted living and nursing care, if ever needed . . .

LUMBERTON LEAS...your secure, comfortable present and future.

Entrance Fees beginning at \$159,000, and Monthly Fees beginning at \$1125.



A Medford Leas Community

Initial occupancy is projected for late Spring 1999
**For additional information please call:
(609) 654-3030 or (609) 654-3000**

(Information office located at Medford Leas, Route 70, Medford, NJ 08055)



Construction has begun and of 110 Homes, Less than 40 units are left

Medford Leas and Lumberton Leas are conducted by The Estaugh, a Quaker-related not-for-profit corporation founded in 1914.



Community Center
Architect's Rendering

Many people believe that if they've purchased a long-term care insurance policy, their concerns about possible future care needs are answered. However, long-term care insurance *only covers residency in a nursing home* – and even then only partially and in a very basic, "bare-bones" fashion. The life-long healthcare coverage offered through a *Lumberton Leas Residence and Care Agreement (contract)* addresses the entire continuum of care – from active independence to full nursing care dependency. Unlike ordinary long-term care insurance, the Lumberton Leas contract also covers:

- **Prescription Drugs**
- **Medicare Deductibles and Co-insurances**
- **Preventive Care** – health screenings, comprehensive physical exams, educational programming, and fitness programs.
- **Routine/Primary Medical Care** – Board-Certified Geriatricians and Geriatric/Adult Nurse Practitioners, laboratory, EKG, and X-ray services.
- **Specialized Medical Care** – access to more than 145 physician specialists and area teaching hospitals, coordination and monitoring of care.
- **Acute Care** – hospitalization, visitation and support, and discharge planning.
- **Short-Term Nursing Care** – care and observation in times of illness, post-hospitalization recuperation, sub-acute therapies, restorative care, and rehabilitative therapies, 24-hour R.N. coverage, and high staff-to-resident ratio.
- **Permanent Transfers to Medford Campus, when medically necessary,** to Full-service residential apartments, Assisted Living (private studio apartments), and/or Long-term Nursing Care.