Having a Gift
Seeking Spiritual Renewal through Retreats in Nature
Synchronicity
Old Bello and the Calico Crab
Rest, Reflection, and Exploration

The summer is a perfect time for exploration. Many of us will be traveling this month to Kalamazoo, Michigan, for Friends General Conference’s annual Gathering. Our journeys may take us across many states, with the opportunity to meet people new to us and to observe new vistas literally opening before us. The Gathering offers a phenomenal opportunity for connecting with old friends and acquaintances and for making new ones. Long ago, I began to appreciate the enormous power of the connections made in the times between workshops, worship-sharing groups, or major presentations—over a second cup of tea, or during a spontaneous walk, or chatting quietly in the soft darkness before bedtime. Quaker gatherings—whether yearly meetings, retreats, conferences, or the Gathering itself—are tremendous opportunities for personal and spiritual growth and exploration. They are also one of the wonderful ways we build community with each other, become better known to each other, and are blessed for the efforts we make to share our own hearts and gifts.

In her article on “Seeking Spiritual Renewal through Retreats in Nature,” Donna Eder traces her personal discovery of the transformational impact of spiritual retreats, while sharing her calling to assist others to have similarly deep experiences. Her words evoke for me the profound peacefulness I experience when walking or camping in a forest. Diane Pasta provides a second quite helpful perspective on the individual challenges that Quaker gatherings can pose. In her article, “Gimpy and Grumpy: An Introvers Copes,” she shares with good humor the numerous difficulties encountered by the physically challenged while attending gatherings. Yet she wisely points out the upsides to challenges and by doing so encourages us to find the positive benefits in life’s daily hurdles.

Of course, Quaker gatherings occur throughout the year. It was a great pleasure for me to attend the midyear meeting of Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) this past spring. I’m often struck by the remarkable individuality and yet equally remarkable familiarity one encounters in traveling among Friends. As I made the acquaintance of many warm and welcoming Iowa Friends, it was good to be reminded of how important it is to take time occasionally to re-energize oneself by spending time with other Friends in fellowship and reflection.

One great joy of Quaker gatherings is the spiritual growth we have the opportunity to experience. Worship-sharing groups, workshops, or program presentations offer chances to examine our lives and reflect on them against a background of the insights and experiences of others. In Iowa this spring, Pendle Hill’s Chris Ravndal offered us a number of sessions on “Centering Prayer.” It was a great opportunity to explore a helpful spiritual tool.

In this issue, John Caivi’s wonderful reflection on “Having a Gift” may get you started on exploring your own gifts and insights. I’m encouraged by his observation that giftedness is wide-ranging, carrying a blessing with it, despite the burdens such giftedness also may impose. In his article on “Synchronicity,” John Morgan observes the amazing mystery at the heart of our human experience. His observation that “eternity touches history as if to wake us up to our true destiny” captures for me those luminous moments when I, too, have glimpsed eternity and the interconnectedness of all things. Addressing “That of God in Everyone,” Marty Grundy presses us to look again at the experience of early Friends—and not to settle for milder spiritual experiences or awareness.

I appreciate the way these Friends have drawn my attention to the deeper aspects of the spiritual life, and I hope their offerings will inspire your own explorations as you take time to rest and refresh yourself this summer.

Sue Olson Stevens
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Cover photo by Barbara Benton
Inclusion will help in resisting hate groups

Joining the many folks, both compassionate and distressed by the tragedy at Columbine High School, I seek explanations and solutions. According to the latest report sent out by the Southern Poverty Law Center, hate groups are growing by leaps and bounds, particularly in Washington State and Oregon. The Denver area has about seven such groups. In Ohio, there is a greater density of at least twenty such groups. The article states that these groups are trying to reach youngsters who are intelligent and alienated, perhaps thwarted in their wishes to feel sought after by peers and respected by those in authority. There is little to be gained by establishing blame for what the young men in Colorado did, except to free us from responsibility—for those of us who are not their parents, ministers, teachers, or friends, it is easy to point the inquisitional finger. The solution requires that most of us reach out to take a more difficult and responsible path to bridge the social abyss that exists and makes itself seen in such violent episodes.

We all have seen the ostracism of one or another student, because they don’t “fit in.” They aren’t jocks, or they don’t wear the right brand of clothes, or they have little to offer to those who might befriended them. Or by befriending the “different” person, one’s own acceptability may be questioned. Conformity is needed by most teenagers, to feel safe from ostracism. Acts of ostracism are common—often exclusionary groups bond together, as if compelled to fight against a common and threatening menace.

Inclusion is the key for creating a safe environment in the schools and in our communities. A more democratic, respectful, and cooperative system requires that we each act with greater maturity, accepting our responsibilities. There are excellent programs for teaching safe ways of managing conflict, of assuring each youngster of being cared for with respect. Programs such as Teaching Tolerance can be found free and used with a minimum of training and expense. A local school organization in Denver has begun a program designed to reduce hatred toward those of a different race. The school system of Elk Grove, Calif., is actively working on a program for teachers and students. These can be taught effectively only with teachers who are aware, concerned, and willing to learn, and they must be in place during the early elementary school years. Such a program cannot be implemented nor successful unless many citizens in the community support it. On the personal level, we must try to shed some of our desire to see our children succeed at the expense of others and become aware of how we are a part of excluding certain children ourselves.

We need to know who hate groups are and where they are. We need to try to find out when, where, and how they reach out to our children and young adults. Like incest, it can only continue in the dark. And we need to learn about their members, too—what are they finding to be satisfying—what needs do they have that our communities do not fulfill?

Laura Wolf Titus
Worthington, Ohio

Federal law a needed response to hate crimes?

While I share the outrage of someone being targeted because of sexual orientation, I urge Friends to be very cautious about joining the bandwagon of trying to make every minor or major offense a federal rather than a state crime. The Republican small-and-localized-government-is-better-government Congresspeople have carved out a huge exception for the sake of appearing tough on crime, and the so-called Democrats have gone along. This affects everything from drug possession to nonpayment of child support to carrying a gun near a school. The result is that many people who could have been tried in local courts and served modest sentences close to their families and communities are being pursued by the FBI, tried in federal court, and sentenced under the draconian federal sentencing mandates.

I do not consider this “progress.” I cannot join in the petition for the federal hate crimes bill. I urge people to look into state legislative action rather than federal, if they really feel the existing laws are not adequate, and to consider restorative justice principles as well as the desire to protect potential victims.

Betsy Cozden
Manchester, N.H.

Peace in our time, oh Lord

In the 1940s my wife and I worked at the Quaker Centre in Paris. Our duties depended on the daily situation. We worked with French Friends as they helped people in prison because they had—or sometimes had not—collaborated with the Nazis. We helped refugees from Eastern Europe find asylum and jobs in France. We were responsible for an international youth group. We met innumerable people at trains and tried to facilitate whatever good works they were involved in. When we were asked exactly what we did, my usual response was: “We were available.”

Years later, we were privileged to participate in the work of the Quaker United Nations Office in Geneva, Switzerland. Quaker House in Geneva, like its counterpart in New York, offers diplomats of all nations a neutral place where they can meet with their colleagues and discuss informally the issues they are dealing with in public sessions. These individual talks provide understanding impossible to achieve in plenary meetings. They can also learn from Quaker experience in issues such as disarmament, human rights, refugees, the search for a more equitable distribution of the world’s resources, etc.

During my 12 years of watching this good work, I decided a better answer to why we were doing it was: “We are working to bring peace to the world by next Tuesday afternoon.”

We directed a summer workcamp in Mexico under rather difficult conditions. And for several years we organized and supervised weekend workcamps in a particularly disadvantaged area of Baltimore. A lot of houses were painted, plastered, repaired, and otherwise improved; alleys were cleaned up. And surely, many high school kids from public and private schools were introduced to individuals whose lives were quite different from theirs but with whom some of them were able to forge bonds that lasted. Throughout that experience, they also acquired the concern to be involved in social service in later years.

So, where are we in our effort to bring peace to the world? A lot of Tuesdays have gone by since I first decided that was our goal, but looking around today, I see political ineptitude, economic exploitation, torture, ecological devastation, starvation, and incredible human misery, all of them contributing factors to the next war. No, we haven’t quite achieved the peace we’ve been seeking. But that in no way excuses us from continuing to pursue it.

Over a longish life, I have supported many “good works” and actively participated in some of them. None of that was wasted. But I wonder if I wouldn’t have been more effective if I had chosen one issue, trained myself in all its complexities, and spent my life as a specialist in furthering its mission? I should have learned long ago to be firm and not contribute indiscriminately to the many health, racial, political, environmental,
Quakers and Y2K

We are now six months away from the turn of the century and Y2K-related computer "glitches" are already being reported in some "forward looking" computer systems bumping up against the year 2000. The federal government, state governments, and many businesses actually begin their fiscal year 2000 at various times in 1999. The frequency of year 2000 software problems are expected to increase as we move further into 1999 with as many as 60 percent of the software problems showing up in "mission critical systems" before the end of 1999 and the embedded chip problem hitting everywhere—worldwide—on January 1, 2000. Internationally, most of the rest of the world is well behind the United States and Canada in addressing Y2K, and the potential global aspects of Y2K are truly daunting. As individuals and communities we do not have long to think about potential Y2K economic and social impacts on a local level. A huge amount of information is available about Y2K on the Internet, but very little reliable information about the potential of systematic national and global impacts has been available to the public through "official" government or mass media sources. Consequently, grassroots "community preparedness" groups are forming throughout the United States, Canada, and elsewhere in the world to share information and plan mutual neighborhood support in the event of basic infrastructure disruptions or serious long-term economic or social impacts.

Aside from technical vulnerabilities and embedded chip problems, a major aspect of the Y2K problem is the psychological reaction of people who will not come to understand the seriousness of the global aspects of the problem until late in 1999. The earlier individuals and communities become well informed about the full scope of the Y2K problem the less potential there will be for bank runs or efforts to hoard food in the last weeks of 1999. The sooner individuals can begin to make appropriate preparations based on a realistic understanding of potential Y2K impacts at a local level, the less potential there will be for the psychological aspects of the Y2K problem to compound the technical aspects of the problem in late 1999.

What is the role of the Religious Society of Friends in all of this? To begin with, Quakers can start the process of raising Y2K awareness within their own meetings through discussion groups. Since most information about Y2K is only available on the Internet and many members and attendees may have limited Internet access, the development and circulation of a "reading file" of current Y2K information from Internet sources might be an important step in raising Y2K awareness in the meeting. Following initial "awareness" efforts, the meeting should be updated periodically on the status of national and global efforts to address the Y2K problem. One or more meeting members or attendees with a strong interest in the Y2K problem and access to the Internet could assume the role of keeping the meeting updated on progress being made by government agencies and businesses to become Y2K compliant and responsible predictions for potential disruptions.

Once Quakers achieve a measure of Y2K awareness within their own meetings, I believe there is an obligation to reach out to raise community awareness to counter misinformation from various "alarmist" groups and to help the community understand potential impacts so that a reasonable level of individual and community preparation can be achieved over a period of several months, well before the end of 1999. There are several ways Quakers can do this. Letters to the editor of the local paper are an effective way of publicizing Quaker concerns. Many communities and larger cities are holding Y2K meetings and conferences. Support or sponsorship of this effort at a community level and Quaker participation or attendance at these meetings is another active role meetings can take. Non-Quaker "community preparedness groups" should also be supported. If there is already a local group formed perhaps a Quaker representative could participate. If there is no local preparedness group, then meeting members should consider forming one or more groups among their own neighbors. There is a tremendous nationwide surge in a grassroots movement among neighbors joining together as community-based groups to provide information and mutual support in addressing potential Y2K impacts at the local level. Many of these awareness groups have been established by churches among their members, but many are springing up spontaneously among neighbors who may have previously had little contact with each other. I see this sort of "community building" as a very positive aspect of Y2K that will bring people together in many ways that will have lasting benefits long after the turn of the century.

Robert C. Betts
Sandpoint, Idaho

Continued on page 34
Have you ever been thinking of someone, only to run into that person the next day or gotten a phone call from her?

Have you ever felt that life seems to be opening or shutting doors no matter what you do?

Has anyone shown up unexpectedly in your life just when you need him?

Have you ever run into a friend in an out-of-the-way place?

Has a lost object ever come back to you in an unexpected way?

Have you ever felt a seemingly kind presence supporting you, especially during crises?

Have you ever felt “in the flow” of life?

If you responded “yes” to any of these questions, you have experienced “synchronicity,” a word coined by Carl Jung to describe what he termed “meaningful coincidences,” which are not part of the cause and effect laws of science though very much part of cosmologies today.

Jung had many such experiences, one of the most famous being the time when a patient was describing a particular beetle, and just at that moment the creature flew into the room. In ancient mythology, that same beetle was a symbol of new birth, which also described the kind of personal transformation Jung’s patient was then undergoing.

I have come to understand synchronicity as an event in time that seems timeless, or, if you prefer, an event in which eternity impinges on time. When encountering synchronicities, I find myself puzzled, perplexed, engaged, as if something or someone quite unique and important had entered my time zone and grabbed me by the hand to say: “Look for a moment at the wonder of it all!” Whenever synchronicity occurs, there is a sense of transcendence, of something very deep and mysterious entering our lives.

Let me tell you a story out of my own life.

In 1990, my family relocated to a small community outside Columbus, Ohio. Along with our possessions, I came a statue I had been carrying around for almost 30 years. The statue portrayed a woman and two sons. For some reason, I always thought the mother was Mary, the mother of Jesus, but I really didn’t know. The statue had come into my possession by coincidence. While walking early in the morning, I happened to go past a local art museum and for some reason had wandered out back. There I found a number of art objects, including this statue, thrown out in a large trash bin. I liked the statue immediately and took it home.

Finally, three years later, as I was about to leave Columbus, I decided to leave the statue behind with a friend. I thought he would appreciate it because he had recently lost his mother. My friend happened to be a psychologist and someone who studied Jung.

My friend was not in when I took the statue by his home, so I left it inside his door with this note: “Here’s a gift. It was thrown away at the art museum about 1968. I rescued it. It is Greek, but could be the Madonna and children—a true Jungian piece. Please keep.”

I thought nothing more of the statue until I heard from him again. Feeling the statue really did not belong to him, he had decided to give it to another person, a 91-year-old retired art professor. As he handed her the statue, he said she looked “stunned, speechless.” And then she told him the rest of the story. “That’s me,” she said. “I am the artist and also the model for the mother.” Fifty-four years earlier, while an art student, she had been assigned to sculpt the piece, using her own likeness for the Madonna and her two sons for Jesus and John. The blue color in the statue was made from her father’s blueberry patch. The statue had been based on the work of the 15th-century Florentine artist, Luca della Robbia. It had come home after 54 years by a route that left my mind completely bewildered.

A coincidence? Possibly, but with the statue’s creator, I had to admit it was “a mighty strange coincidence.” It also intrigued me that her home, in which the statue now rests, had once been a church.
121 years ago. She and her husband had bought the building because it was all they could afford—and besides, she senses the presence of long-deceased worshippers there, not an uncomfortable thing, distant but growing more distinct, singing counterpoint against her melody.

The rationalist in me tries to explain the return of the statue as “mere coincidence,” but then I am the only one who really knows how I got the statue in the first place or how many times I have carried it as I moved from state to state, often wanting to leave it behind, but never doing so because I “knew” it had a meaning beyond the moment. I get chills even now as I recall the story.

As I sat in meeting for worship a few weeks ago, I felt a much clearer sense of what that statue was saying to me.

It was saying something Friends know well, something called “kairos,” or the fullness of time, in which eternity touches history as if to wake us up to our true destiny. Synchronicity is another name for providence.

It was also tantalizing me with the notion of modern cosmologists that life is really more like a dance than a set form. And we are part of the dance; in fact, we can help to shape the dance itself if we are willing to move. I knew that all I could do was participate, not explain, the mystery of mysteries. And that was enough.

And I came to see, if not completely understand, a rather profound truth—there is an underlying flow or “law” in the universe to which every living being is connected. “Bidden or not bidden, God is present,” are the words carved across the door to Jung’s home, an understanding that runs across generations of Friends too.

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Rye Toast

There are times
It all comes clear.
Toast and plate and glass,
I would be a painter
To hold them more fully:
Blue and gold
And butter melting.
Seed
And rye.

Where are these eyes
Through endless days
When
Fumbling
I could use them most?
Who draws the veil
God
Or I?

Or is all of it a veil
(Through a glass darkly
Even seed and rye)
Until it’s time
And Knowing comes to greet us
Pulling into the warmth of a vast cloak
These small lives
And their great moments
(Yes, plate and glass
And scent of toasted rye)
Familiars held safe
While to the unknown
Knowing is
Leading, ever leading,
On.

— Rachel Wynne

Rachel Wynne is a member of Martha’s Vineyard (Mass.) Meeting.

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Now Is Now!

Time tells tales?
Not always.
But when it does
Everything stops
With Now—
A sudden stillness
And nothing moves.

A déjà vu?
Nay,
Remembrance
Plays tricks.

Thus memories
Create premises
The years steal away.
Now
The magic energy
Has gone.

I sit with sands
Flowing through
My fingers
Waiting, waiting
For a door
To open
To a stillness
of
Fulfillment.

— Josephine W. Johns

Josephine W. Johns lives in Greenville, Delaware.

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HAVING A GIFT
by John Calvi

Having a gift is often thought to be a small blessing. In my very large Italian family, various individuals were recognized informally for their gifts in ways that said, this is a small blessing and it puts you ahead, not apart, in this one category. It was known that Uncle Nick had "the gift of gab," a way with a story, and a tone of voice that would draw people to listen. He used this as an announcer at county fairs. Cousin Ro had a gift for compassion in teaching. The most difficult children, who would drive other adults around the bend, would trust and respect her requests for hard work and cooperation. She's a master teacher by example and profession. My mother's mother had a sense of moral order that held her 11 children and 30 grandchildren in a very particular expectation of behavior and attitude. This stood everyone in good stead when in not so many years apart the farmhouse burnt down, her husband died, and World War II took her sons away to fight. Chaos was held at bay by her gift to know, and to keep before everyone, what was important.

In every grouping of people, some individuals are thought of as being particularly good at this or that. In a village or congregation or organization, it's common that for a time, sometimes in cycles, certain needs are met by certain people who have a knack. An anthropologist friend says that a group of up to 100 is a good size for everyone to know everyone. It's in this small setting that gifts become known and used. Of course, many things can be learned and it's important that everyone not do just what they knew yesterday or stick to specialties. And yet there is a comfort for a group in seeing a task done by ones who have a gift for it, a comfort we sometimes lose by structure.

All gifts call for learning: balance, envy, humility, reverence, awarenesses, sorting out various parts, the uses of power, etc. These tests of knowledge are not the problem with having a gift but simply part of the whole. If you have a gift and you learn it well, its light, and the gift you can offer, is brighter. If you don't learn about this gift, and hence yourself, then there are some wonderful colors that are not going to be seen by you or others. My Uncle John had a gift for languages. He taught himself four of them. But he was in a family that strove to Americanize quickly, so only his gift with English was admired.

When a gift has a particular significance in one's world, then it becomes more than a small blessing. When the gift is overtly spiritual the learning necessary to use it well is more extensive. And its meaning in one's life will have more consequence.

I have been talking with friends over the years about the condition of having a gift, its delight and its burdens. These are not easy conversations, in part because one is taught to eschew discussing one's better parts so as to not indulge in vanity. And in truth, if one is going to sit around sipping iced tea and bragging about all one has done so very well, then vanity, not study, is accomplished, and this is perfectly boring. But to focus on having a gift for the task of doing God's will or giving to the common good or bringing one's spiritual life continually into the current moment—this is excellent work and we should encourage it.

I have repeatedly considered the burdens of having a gift. There is always the issue of power, which is revealed in many, many ways. Who has it? What kind is it? What are they doing with it? And what does that mean for everyone else? The more power one's gift has, the more care, reverence, and stillness (perhaps slowness) one needs to exercise. This was very clear to me as a teacher of young children a quarter of a century ago. A teacher has great power, sometimes too great a power, and it must be expressed deliberately and consciously so as not to inhibit or harm anyone.

Having a gift that has obvious power will always make someone nervous, and for good reason. Power, not well studied, has been a source of great pain and confusion throughout the history of human-kind. But sometimes our culture skews this to teach that we are all equal and, since there is that of God in everyone, we are all the same. Our push for diversity can sometimes be inarticulate and suggest that we really are all the same although in seemingly different packages. This is not as clear as it could be. We want to be careful to find ways to acknowledge difference especially where a child's gifts and power are concerned so that spiritual blossoming in a decidedly unspiritual world has a hand up. The mark of mature use of having a gift with power can often be seen in the grace one does or doesn't know to use with this gift.

Having a gift seems to be, in general, information that comes to one from elsewhere. One may even be engaged in working the gift, expressing it clearly in some way, and be unaware of it. We don't declare it or wish it or write a grant for it or receive it by longing. Somehow we get told that something seems to grow more easily in us. This telling can come from those we serve or those who know to watch for such things (another skill that old Quakers go unrecognized for) or from sources unexpected or unfamiliar. The seeds of having a gift seem to have inklings early in life for some but may not be enough to be obvious until one looks back on the journey.

Having a gift always has consequences. It will mean responsibility that one should not try to dodge. It will always mean learning and failure and more learning without end. And those of us who are reluctant students have to come round to loving the hard work of sorting out what we can't see. The suspense alone is something I have the least patience with.

As others recognize and don't recognize one's gift, forces to pull one forward and obstacles to hold one back will rise up, shift, and fade. And what seems to be help and what seems to be hindrance may not be clear. One doesn't push a way open, after all. And what may appear to be a wall today may reveal itself as a seat belt tomorrow.

Having a gift is not for sissies, but for the brave of heart. Nor is it for saints. A wonderful old Quaker woman renowned

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John Calvi is a member of Putney (Vt.) Meeting.
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for her good works had many saintly stories told at her memorial meeting some years ago. But the pithier stories of great strength and not a little vulgarity told later over brandy showed she also had an ability to be as diverse as needed.

Being faithful means more than asking what God requires. There is also being faithful to one’s self-knowledge, one’s sense of proportion and limits, and stretching beyond what one knows. Often discernment will have many pieces that either refuse to hold still for us or seem oppositional. How often we come to learn that opposites are actually good friends. And how often the limits of our own literal interpretation block the vision given us. There is also the quality of being not too specific. If we try to be too particular in seeking understanding of having a gift, we may miss the broad scope a gift may offer. We may frustrate ourselves by asking for a job description when what we really need to learn next is a change of tone.

Having a gift can be a burden, depending on the gift itself and who has it. I know one friend who is called to preach. Which is all well and good, except that she is shy to the point of illness with each new opportunity to preach. For her, the hard part is not the preaching. She’s learned to surrender in order to receive that. But the irrational fear of public speaking even after years of success makes each work an act of faith and endurance.

Another friend is called to teach about spiritual life and particularly seeking the Holy Spirit each moment. He is called to do this by talking about his own life, which is all well and good, except that his life has been terribly messy. Again the preaching has gone fine. He’s learned to trust his guidance. But he’s horribly embarrassed to be using his life as a “don’t do it this way” example. It’s been a mandatory graduate degree in humility he never intended, and his work is sterling.

Another friend has the gift to know when heart bypass surgery is needed immediately. She may meet up with someone in the middle of the day at the grocery store, feel the reality of their heart disease in her own chest, and then must find some way to get this person to the doctors for tests now without scaring them or having them think she’s nuts. Her gift for theater has also increased dramatically.

Another friend, who is blind, can see the colors surrounding someone’s body and thereby know whether the illness or discomfort they feel is emotionally based or actually in the physical body as disease. One can only imagine the obstacles to this gift in a science-based culture.

I have struggled with many similar troubles over the years. I declared my gift was exactly X when I was still learning its scope, thus limiting myself. I insisted that it was a constant condition without admitting my own inconstant disciplines to be faithful and thus denied myself the hope of getting better at it. I have claimed righteous indignation as a natural result without owning my need for further work on old anger.

I currently struggle with two pieces in particular. The gift I have is a particularly intimate one. I learn stories of pain. Sometimes the gift of releasing pain, which of course comes not from me but through me, makes me seem like an old friend. But really we just met for the afternoon workshop. In a worldly way, we really don’t know each other at all. And what I have learned of their pain, I have to release and clear to make space to help another. And that might happen to me hundreds of times a year. It’s intimacy on a grand scale. It can mean misunderstandings, sometimes painful, of who we are to each other.

Another struggle is to sort out the differences for me in certainty and arrogance. Since my gift is mainly for the wounded and their caregivers, I tend to tread where there is much pain. The certainty I am given when I am led to work on someone can be a welcomed oasis for the chronically fearful. There’s nothing quite like someone’s confidence about where shore lies when the boat seems to be sinking. But when ego, fatigue, fear, or all three converge in my responses, I can be as graceless as anyone in spite of an amazing gift. It’s not a contradiction so much as a vigil to keep learning and owning the grace and the grouch with equal humor, humility, and reverence.

I am also continually shocked at how retractable and illusive a state of grace can be. It’s not uncommon for me to awake in a thoroughly angry nightmare-fed condition, practice my spiritual disciplines, and do beautiful work at mid-day. And by evening slide back into some more unattractive aspect of a self that flees the light. I think there has been improvement over the years and am confirmed of this by dear friends, but the trip over the line is always a mystery and a disappointment. Becoming a grace junkie is part of learning the disciplines of surrender to Spirit. Letting it in and letting it go, being grateful for having been chosen and used rather than missing its absence.

Learning one’s gift is a lifelong work. Since my surrender to this gift in the early 1980s, there are many pieces I have learned and feel to be routine. But oddly enough this
doesn't seem to have diminished the number or intensity of the parts I have yet to understand. Often the learning in spiritual work comes after the steps are taken and one pause to look back. And then wonder about the next steps.

The benefits of having a gift are enormous. I feel as though I have a union contract for life. Each time I ask about the terms of my lease, I get very clear responses that I have only recently been put into any decent refurbished shape and there's lots to do and no end of work in sight any time soon. I am assured that my grades on the surprise quizzes could be better, but there seems to be greater patience for me at headquarters than I have for myself. More learning about learning. It also confirms for me my experience of being different. This is a comfort as opposed to feeling strange for no reason.

When one seeks to see where the beginning was, the clues may come slowly. I know one friend was told of his gift in high school by a passing stranger, I know another gift came to a friend in early childhood and she didn’t speak of it for decades. There are ways our culture keeps us in the dark about our own spiritual autobiographies. Do we know our own paths well enough to tell our stories from several perspectives? It’s true that I left being a school teacher and went to massage school because I wanted to help at a deeper level. It’s also true I planned to work on cruise ships, spa work not being perfecting that introvert’s art. Even extroverts, thosegregarious, friendly people, like being independent. My discomfort is even worse, though, if my grouchiness is visible but my disability is not.

I have a friend who is a wonderful writer. His glimpses into human mystery amaze. His body is twisted. His speech is unclear. He’s strapped into a wheelchair. For others to know his gift, he must either be published or we must reach out into his life seeking his light. It’s been more than worth the trip for me to reach and learn who’s behind the initial impression so full of my own bias. How many people are there whose gifts are not served by our culture’s meager support to grow in this way? Do we know the difference between not seeing and not looking and the ways our structures maintain the blind spots?

I don't stay home, and I even travel great distances for gatherings of my community of faith. Immediately after arriving at the Friends General Conference Gathering, my blissfully failing memory was unfortunately jogged. The first two Gatherings I had attended had physically challenged me so much that I had been perfectly invisible (absent) the last three years. After this year's predictable ordeal of travel and registration, I found my room in a building whose entrance had stairs and whose shower lacked the requested seat, and I prepared to rest.

Mary Helen carried my bags (I recommend such helpful friends to all, regardless of your abilities) and offered to get the key out of the door when I had jiggled the key in the door for long enough to prove that I could not. She was not successful either, nor was the dorm staff. We solved the issue with me sleeping with the key stuck in the door. A staff member removed the key the next day ("I was about to put both feet on the door," she later told her boss) and left me another. And another staff member dislodged the new key for me later in the day. The day after, the lock was replaced; I delayed my nap to find a key to get into my finally properly locked room. I was thrilled enough to act grateful; after all, "better gay than keyless." There were numerous rooms with key problems. I am too mature, of course, to have thought I was carrying any special burden.

Still, in spite of this difficult start, the Gathering was the best one yet for me as a disabled person. I came for spiritual development and appreciated the opportunity to work on cruise ships, spa work not being great at headquarters than I have for myself. More learning about learning. It also confirms for me my experience of being different. This is a comfort as opposed to feeling strange for no reason.

We introverts need all the situational help we can get!

Sensitivity to appropriate language aside, being gimpy often means that I am gimpy from chronic pain and all of the things that exacerbate it. I am also ill-humored when I can't be invisible, after I spent all those years perfecting that introvert's art. Even extroverts, those gregarious, friendly people, like being independent. My discomfort is even worse, though, if my grouchiness is visible but my disability is not.

Strangers (my "inner introvert" panic at the word) might not notice my leg braces or consider the implications of chronic muscle weakness, and might judge my cutting meal lines or growling over a delay in getting my legs up or taking my nap. Even close friends may not want to share my higher pain level days. Perhaps I should just stay home.

Diane Pasta, a member of Salmon Bay Meeting in Seattle, Wash., divides her time between teaching middle school math and studying, writing, and speaking on faith issues.

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**An Introvert Copes**

by Diane Pasta

J—was in the middle of his tirade about disabled people's rights when he stopped, noticing the confused look on the normally receptive Friend's face. He looked again at her button and was taken aback: it said, 'Better Gay than Grumpy.' His voice sputtered, "Oh, I misread it; I thought it said, 'Better Gay than Gimpy.'" They both laughed. I laughed, too, but I also had a sinking feeling.

Sensitivity to appropriate language aside, being gimpy often means that I am gimpy from chronic pain and all of the things that exacerbate it. I am also ill-humored when I can't be invisible, after I spent all those years perfecting that introvert's art. Even extroverts, those gregarious, friendly people, like being independent. My discomfort is even worse, though, if my grouchiness is visible but my disability is not.

Strangers (my "inner introvert" panic at the word) might not notice my leg braces or consider the implications of chronic muscle weakness, and might judge my cutting meal lines or growling over a delay in getting my legs up or taking my nap. Even close friends may not want to share my higher pain level days. Perhaps I should just stay home.
ties at the Gathering directly arising out of my special needs. I am not sure what is special about needing to enter buildings, cross campuses, and be safe, but I suppose calling it "special means" would be too obscure. I followed the example of those with even greater mobility impairment or greater patience, and usually both, in practicing patience as I waited for transportation. I trusted in the willing service of strangers when I called for transportation during off-hours. I let go of my shame of dependence and my envy of others' able bodies when I rode on the golf cart shuttles. The rides were sometimes a bit scary, but also fun; I saw others sneak looks of envy. I practiced friendliness when I met new people as I depended on some and shared the kitchen elevator and waited for shuttle rides with others. (We introverts need all the situational help we can get!) A bath seat appeared (confirming a rumor that strangers do care), and I found the no-stairs entrance to my building—my accessibility needs were actually being met! I know they cost the Gathering a bit extra, so I accepted the increased cost for a ground floor room (I think because they all came with air conditioning?) as a gift. I had less money to buy books and could avoid the decisions and burden of more possessions—another virtue slipped in the back door, helping to balance my petulance. On the other hand, the virtue of using fewer resources has gone out the front door with shuttle and elevator use and with the computer use that reduces writing cramps. Did you ever notice tree-huggers tend to be able-bodied?

We people with disabilities might teach others about setting priorities. (I like being helpful to unknown people; I just avoid interacting with them.) The many simultaneous activities of an event like the FGC Gathering frustrate participants who have been forced to choose among them. The foolish are led into temptation and over-exert. Imitating the self-care of people with disabilities would reduce the numbers who return home exhausted. Perhaps others' physical stamina is greater, but are they mentally taxed or emotionally overwhelmed? Whether or not that advice is useful, there will probably come a day when you are disabled, however temporarily. If you are an extrovert, you can take care of yourself, but if you are an introvert, you might need a little advice, and of course you wouldn't want to have to ask a stranger for that! You could keep this in your contingency file. (Do all introverts have excellent filing systems? It does avoid contact with the public.) Some of the advice might be practical for the rest of you, too.

- Write a letter specifying your needs, and don't dodge the phone calls about it. I appreciated the persistence of the volunteer who wanted to know my exact needs and let me know what to expect.
- Unpack early, increasing your efficiency and hence efforts to find things later.
- Give up on being invisible.
- Have a support system, and use it before you are grouchy, meaning use it before you really need it. They'll enjoy helping you more, too.
- Better be gay than grumpy. Gay people have the best support systems, even when they are grumpy, but that is another story . . .
Seeking Spiritual Renewal through Retreats in Nature

by Donna Eder

I first heard of the idea of spiritual retreats from a Quaker friend, Paddy Reid. When I heard him describe his experience at Bethany Spring, a retreat house in Kentucky, his words and the peace in his voice convinced me I should seek my own experience of solitude. Until then I thought such experiences were reserved for monks and nuns. As a new attender at Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting, I was not yet familiar with the writing of Thomas Kelly, author of *A Testament of Devotion*. Years later, I found that Kelly strongly believed spiritual retreats are not just for a select few. Such a practice of inward meditation, of inward worship and listening, is not mere counsel for special religious groups, for small religious orders, for special "interior souls," for monks retired in cloisters. This practice is the heart of religion.

At Bethany Spring, I found my own time in solitude to be deeply renewing. Rather than feeling lonely or isolated, I felt enriched by having extended time for direct communication with God. While there were many new spiritual books to examine, I found I did not want to read much, only a page or two at a time. I would then spend an hour or more reflecting on the personal message for me in this reading. Likewise, after attending prayers either at Bethany Spring or the nearby Gethsemane monastery, I would take time to consider how God is speaking to me through the words of others. On long walks over the rolling hills and through the cedar and oak forests on the monastery grounds, I was often comforted by feeling the presence of God. In the peacefulness of this setting I found I could better reflect upon my deepest confusions and longings.

On this and subsequent visits I was able to find a place deep within me of peace and centeredness. This amazing peace continued to nourish me even after I returned home. Although my daily life continued to be complex and confusing, this centeredness offered a new sense of clarity to help resolve the competing demands I so often face.

Two years after going to Bethany Spring I found myself in deep confusion and inner turmoil after my mother's death from ALS (Lou Gehrig's disease). More than ever, I needed time for inward listening to reflect on the many changes that accompanied this powerful experience. During the evening prayers on a particularly important retreat, Danielle, the retreat director, read a story about a woman whose life changed permanently when caring for a patient with ALS. The story spoke so well of how transforming this illness was to a complete stranger. Was it not just as likely to be transforming for a daughter? The next day, I heard Matthew Celty, a Trappist monk, speak of how God has a purpose for everything and for each of us, even when we don't know it. I began to realize that my mother's illness had affected me so profoundly that in order to move ahead in my life, I needed to immerse myself more fully in spiritual work. The next morning I woke up with a strong sense that I should try to develop a retreat house near Bloomington. From this new focus I felt a sense of serenity and peace return to my life.

Upon returning to Bloomington I shared this idea with Janene Shetter, a...
longtime member of Bloomington Meeting. She then told me that she had had a similar leading for some time and felt that now was the time for us to combine efforts and move ahead. When I asked her how we might prepare now for such a future undertaking, she suggested taking a course on spiritual direction so that people on solitary retreats would have someone to guide them through their retreat experiences. Two days later, she happened to receive a notice for an internship program in spiritual direction at the Beech Grove Benedictine Center. We both took this two-year program and began our work as spiritual directors.

Meanwhile, several other members of our meeting expressed an interest in the idea of developing a retreat center. Within two years, we formed the Mt. Gilead Friends Retreat and purchased 62 acres of beautiful wooded land just east of Bloomington. This land with its stately trees, lively creeks, and abundant wildlife has become an inspiration for us all, reminding us of the contact with God that comes especially from time spent in nature. The mission that unites this group is to provide a sanctuary, rooted in the Quaker tradition, for those who seek spiritual renewal inspired by nature.

Many Christians have written about being inspired by nature. For George Maloney, author of The Breath of the Mystic, retreat in nature is a retreat into God's silence: When we can withdraw from our busy, fragmented worlds that pull us in so many directions, filling us with frustrations and anxieties, and enter into God's silence found in all of primeval nature, then we are opening ourselves up to deep healing. He goes on to say that when we are in nature we can see God's love and beauty in many different forms. Every aspect of nature is an expression of this love and beauty, so one is surrounded by the sense of God's presence in our lives. In nature, we are also able to observe many forms of life in their essential state of being, making it easier to see our own essential natures, our ability to simply be.

Hildegard of Bingen, the medieval mystic, writes beautifully when she speaks with the voice of God as nature: "I am the rain coming from the dew that causes the grass to laugh with the joys of life. I call forth tears, the aroma of holy work, I am the yearning for good.‖ Nature not only fills us with joy and sorrow, but is a continual reminder of our hope and our faith in the goodness of life. This reminder of our hope and faith is why the renewal that comes from time spent in nature is often so deeply healing and so nourishing for our souls.

It is our hope that more Friends will come to see the benefit of spiritual retreat and that some of them will someday find their way to Mt. Gilead Friends Retreat. At this time, we offer opportunities for day-long retreats with or without spiritual direction. We hope soon to begin construction of our first building, one that will serve both as a gathering room and as our first hermitage. We envision other, more secluded hermitages for the future. After a recent visit, Elise Boulding wrote to say: "The place already has 'spirit.' I can feel it!" From similar comments of those who come to help us on work days, as well as those who come to spend time quietly waiting in the woods, we are assured that the renewed hope and faith that comes from spending time in a place of natural beauty and serenity lasts long after one departs.

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Traveler's Pause

Once again the sunshine filters on my day
Through cleansing, incensed spruce and gnarled pine boughs.
I am always at home, catching my breath,
Where Siena needles and mosses floor the wood.

And here, behind, the valley makes a noise.
The mountain train accelerates, and cows' bells tinkle.
Trucks climb and brake the slopes, leaves rustle.
Underneath, a soft grey sound reveals the town:
   Bakers baking, women fixing lunch, factories
Preparing a thousand bits for guns and watches.

I always feel that I am going against the crowd,
Like Lot, escaping as throngs seek Sodom's pleasures.
Am I following a stream, a river—or another drummer?
Perhaps merely lost, prodigal with God's time.

My demand will be: let me grow up from within,
Without grafting on artificial wants and thoughts,
But by the inscrutable seasons fashion my own rings,
As a tree does, bringing fruit forth at a proper time.
Nature is most wasteful, but on-going.
Energy is focused, sometimes burning.
And from a thousand fierce directions, one unknown survival.

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Steven Elkinton is a member of
Langley Hill Meeting in
McLean, Virginia.
That of God in Everyone

by Marty Grundy

We are all familiar with the notion that the root belief of Friends is that there is "that of God" in each person. Most of us are even familiar with the quotation from George Fox's epistle from which it comes, admonishing us to be patterns and examples to all people so that we may walk cheerfully over the earth answering "that of God" in everyone.

Friends today ascribe a multitude of meanings to the phrase. A hope seems to exist that by not examining the meaning it will be acceptable to all because it can mean anything anyone wants it to mean. Instead, I would like to explore what it meant to early Friends. George Fox used many metaphors to describe the reality of the divine in each person, or the inborn capacity for each human to connect with God. Perhaps the phrase will come to have more meaning and power if we look at a few of the images early Friends used to elaborate on their understanding of the reality that they had experienced.

Using legal terminology, George Fox described the presence of the divine principle inside each of us as an "inner witness." It is that which testifies on behalf of God at the courtroom which is inside us. This inner witness is more than our conscience, which can be influenced, bought off, or perjured. This inner witness is incorruptible; it speaks for Truth. It testifies on behalf of God in a given situation or time of decision. But sometimes we of the inner courtroom don't want to hear this witness and we shut it up. We imprison the witness so that we can have our own way, unimpeded.

A far more familiar metaphor is the Light Within. I think they are the same. The important thing, though, is not which images we use but how the reality to which they point actually functions in us. That of God, the Light, and the Inner Witness begin by convicting us. Again, the language points to a courtroom analogy. We see, perhaps for the first time, the causes and consequences of our actions. The clear bright Light we cannot hide. The Witness exposes what is not in conformity with its pure self. This is hard, painful Truth. It is no wonder early Friends spoke of their first encounters with the Inward Light as one of terror. They spoke of being convicted, judged, and found guilty. This is a far cry from the gentle domesticated inner light we usually talk about.

Perhaps it is easier to understand if we use more contemporary language. The process we are describing is one of stripping off the masks, exposing the false self for what it is—a carefully constructed shell made of who we think we ought to be, or want to be, or hope others will think we are. Excluded are all those broken and wounded parts we can't bear to face, as well as the ugly aspects we do not want to admit are part of us. These involve anger, fear, hatred, greed, compulsion, addiction, or whatever does not fit the personage we are pretending to be. If we will look, God's Light will show us all these hidden parts of ourselves. It hurts. But this is the first step towards wholeness and holiness.

Let me try one more metaphor: the God-shaped hole. Each of us has within us a God-shaped hole. We go through life searching for what fills that hole, because as long as it remains empty we are dissatisfied; we know something is missing from life. People try a variety of things to fill it, and our economy (at least the marketing industry) is based on trying to sell us hole-fillers. But no thing fits, no activity fills the emptiness. Some people try sex, alcohol, or drugs. Others try accumulating money, power, or prestige. Some try work, often worthwhile work, even Quaker committee work. But nothing fills the God-shaped hole except God. When we begin to let God fill the hole we experience change in ourselves. With God filling the "hole," the various parts of ourselves are brought into right relationship with each other; we become whole.

At first this metaphor seems the exact opposite of the traditional Friends' metaphor of "that of God in everyone." Is God an absence or a presence in us? But remember, these are both metaphors. They are pointing to a reality, they are not themselves the reality. They are pointing to the incompleteness of the human condition. We are creatures, neither the masters of the universe nor self-sufficient demi-gods. We are lifeless apart from the Light which enlightens everyone. Both these metaphors point to the starting place, which is God. Once we are at the starting place the question is, "What next?"

The wonder of it is that the Light does not only show us how horrible we are. Many of us know that already; guilt is a popular commodity among so-called "liberal" Friends today. The witness not only convicts us, it also testifies to the way through the muck. In the traditional language, the Light not only shows us our sin but shows us our salvation and its author, Christ.

The way the process works for me—and it is an ongoing process, not a one-shot deal—is that I am brought face-to-face with some part of myself I do not want to acknowledge. Perhaps it is through becoming angry at someone else. Perhaps it is through hearing myself say something out loud in the form of advice to another person. It might come through something I read, or from a dream, or as something someone says to me. In any event, I am brought face-to-face with this ugly fact. At first I may try to deny it. But when I become still and quiet, God shows me that this is indeed a part of me. When I am able to acknowledge this, the healing can begin. Admitting this to myself and to God, and often to another human being, seems to be a good half of the struggle.

Marty Grundy, clerk of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting, is also clerk of FGC's Traveling Ministries Oversight Committee.

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Sometimes the very act of confessing that this is a part of me resolves it. But usually, more is required. I must become willing for the Light to show me the roots of this thing, which is often even worse than admitting to it in the first place. The next step is to ask God what we are going to do about it. Strangely, it is not always taken away. To my chagrin, I find that these broken places are sometimes where I can be of most help to someone else. I would much rather help someone out of my expertise and strength, where I am in control. But no, it is through admitting my weaknesses and woundedness that I can help someone else who is weak and wounded, because that is where I allow God to move and lead and heal me. I have to have God's help in those places; I cannot do it myself.

If I do not learn the lesson the first time, I get additional opportunities for spiritual growth. It has been suggested that the problems and difficult people we need (but don't want) enter our lives in order to teach us the lessons we need to learn.

The wonderful thing about this inner witness, this seed, this something of God, this Christ Within, is that not only does it convict, not only does it teach us how to move forward, it also empowers us to do so. When I acknowledge my dependence on God, I receive the help I need in the immediate moment. The Christ Spirit gives us the strength and courage to dare to change. That does not mean it is easy, but it means it can be done, in the immediate moments when a specific change of attitude and action are needed.

It has been said that "that of God" is not so much a piece or fragment of God, as a connection, an umbilical cord that enables us to be in touch with the transcendent, awesome Creator. It is part of each of us, inherent in our humanness. In and of itself it does not make us divine. But if we give over our wills, it can be the beginning, the seed of what Paul discovered moved him: "not me but Christ in me."

Friends, then, are people who realize they come equipped with "that of God" deep inside them that, if paid attention to, will show them the need for change and will lead and empower them into transformation. The faith and practice of our spiritual ancestors is radical stuff. Let us not lose its power by reducing their words to sentimental, unexamined clichés.

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We invite you to contact us.

From time to time I visit Philadelphia to finish some work at the foundation with which I have been associated for ten years. Since the foundation is in the city’s historical district, I stay at the Thomas Bond House, a bed-and-breakfast historic home opposite the City Tavern. Thomas Bond, friend of Benjamin Franklin, was a physician and founder of the Pennsylvania Hospital.

One room in the house is called the William Penn room, and looking out of my window I see William Penn, a small replica of the statue at the pinnacle of Philadelphia’s City Hall.

The Penn replica on a short pillar is the centerpiece of Welcome Park, a small paved area with trees, benches, and wall legends, marking the location of Penn’s slate-roof house near Penn’s Landing where he arrived to construct his new colony of Pennsylvania.

On the south wall is an illustrated story of Penn’s life, describing his being thrown out of Oxford University, his altercations with his admiral father (whose victory

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voice which said, 'There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition.' That classic statement brought solace and light to thousands in Fox's time and to many since then, but I wonder how much help it is to today's skeptical but desperate seeker. Not many people today hear voices speaking to them no matter how open they are to new leadings, and the words "Christ Jesus" rather than attracting people often put them off, reminding them of evangelical preachings and the unsatisfying church services they attended in their childhood.

The import of Penn's message is the same as that of Fox, for as one turns within and stops thinking that books or other individuals have the sought-for secret, one slowly—or occasionally quite rapidly—becomes aware of guidance, of insights, of light for the next step forward. And as one grows in awareness of the nature of this guidance, the nature of that divine spirit within us, then that inner light reveals itself, with characteristics remarkably like those of the person who lived a mere 80 generations ago, the carpenter's son, Jesus of Nazareth.

Penn's advice is so extraordinarily simple. Religion is not complicated. You do not have to be learned or be guided by a great teacher—though that has certainly been a help to some—but all we need is already within us, if only we become conscious of it.

The thought crossed my mind that perhaps almost all religious reformers had in common the message that religion was simpler than what that religion's official representatives were preaching. The Old Testament prophets inveighed against burnt offerings when sacrificed as a substitute for contrite hearts. The prophet Micah proclaimed that "all that the Lord requires of thee is to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Even long before the time of the prophets, there is a passage in Deuteronomy (30:11-14) that makes the same claim as William Penn, that guidance is available right within ourselves. In one of his last admonitions before Moses sent the Israelites across the Jordan into the promised land, he said to his people:

For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off:

'It is not in heaven, that thou shouldst say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it?'

Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst say, Who shall go over the sea for us and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it?

But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.

And Jesus, in a time when the Pharisees were well on their way to codifying every aspect of daily behavior for the devout believer, proclaimed the simplicity of true religion—to love God and to love thy neighbor as thyself.

Today Fox's words are not as directly understood as they were by those who heard him in his time. Three hundred years of further Christian history have elapsed, new Christian groups have emerged with their own languages and their own interpretations of such classic Christian terms as Jesus, Christ, sin, salvation, redemption, atonement, and so on. And the Western world has become aware of non-Christian religions as alternative ways by which people can worship and find guidance and solace.

Why, I wonder, is William Penn's formulation of the Quaker message not better known and more often quoted? It speaks, it seems to me, in language that is remarkably modern and brings the Quaker message vividly to us.

"If you would know God and worship and serve God as you should do, you must come to the means he has ordained and given for that purpose. Some seek it in books, some in learned men, but what they look for is in themselves, yet they overlook it."
Old Bello and the Calico Crab

by Rebecca Osborn

Far in from the ocean, on the beach, an old Sea Crab named Bello lay dry and motionless. The sand whirled around her and the hot summer sun beat down on her dry shell. In a little while, she thought to herself, I will break apart. I will never feel the cool ocean again.

The night before, a great black storm with fiery lightning and strong winds had stirred up the waves. Slapping her and pounding on her shell, the waves had carried her far into shore. And now, all morning, the tide had been flowing out.

"If only I could go out with the tide," the old Sea Crab said, sadly. "Out into the cool ocean."

But the tide did not turn. Even the small ripples were running away.

Then something tickled Old Bello just under the edge of her shell. She rolled her great round eyes down and saw a small speckled Calico Crab.

"What is your name, and what are you doing down there?" she asked, not very pleasantly.

"My name is Corky, and I can't get back in the ocean." Corky complained.

"I thought you were just an old shell with nobody in it," Corky said. "So you thought I was dead, I suppose."

"Well, you looked dead," Corky explained. "Your shell is white and your legs are all folded up."

This made Old Bello angry.

"Well, I am not dead," she snapped. "And as for you, little crab, you've got more legs than you have brains! Go home!"

Bello felt good now. It felt good to have somebody to get angry at. She felt alive. She no longer felt like she was going to break into pieces on the hot sand.

"Go home, Corky," she repeated.

The little Calico Crab pulled back his small round eyes and folded his two tiny claws close to his body. "I can't go home," he said sadly. "My home is in a burrow deep in the ocean."

Once more the old Sea Crab rolled her eyes down. This time she noticed that Corky had a wide crack in his little speckled shell. He was growing a new, bigger shell, but the skin under the crack was thin and blue and the sun would soon burn it dry.

"You can crawl under my shell, Corky," she said, "but don't tickle me. I hate to be tickled."

Corky quickly unfolded his slender legs and his two front claws and, inching very carefully sidewise, slipped under Old Bello's great shell.

"You're all shady inside," he said happily.

"I have lived a very long time and my shell is very thick," Old Bello replied.

"You must be very old," Corky said politely.
"You will be old, too, Corky, when you have lived as long as I have."

Corky thought about this for several minutes, but he couldn’t make much sense of it. However, he was very careful not to tickle Old Bello from underneath.

And so they waited while the hot summer sun beat down on the old sea crab’s shell and the ocean breezes threw swirls of sand around her. In another hour, Old Bello thought, I shall break apart and Corky will not have any shade.

From down under her shell, Corky said in a frightened little voice, “What are we going to do?”

Old Bello thought for a moment.

“We are just going to wait here for the tide to come in.” It made her feel better just to say that.

“But how long will that be?” Corky asked.

“I don’t know,” Old Bello said gently. “We must be patient.”

Corky was feeling hungry, but he thought he had better not say so. Then it happened. Old Bello felt the sand move under her.

“Corky,” she said, “It is coming! The tide is coming in. There will be a big wave. As soon as you feel it, you must begin to swim. You must swim hard!”

“Where will the wave take me?” Corky asked.

“It will carry you home, Corky. The wave will take you to your burrow deep in the ocean.”

“But what will you do?” the little crab asked.

“I will float on the wave.”

“But where will it take you? Will you go home, too?”

For a moment Old Bello did not speak, then she said, gently, “Before you came, Corky, I was very lonely out here on the beach in the hot sun with the sand swirling all around me. Then you came. Because of you I didn’t feel lonely any more. Because you needed my shade I was able to wait for a great wave to come. Now it is coming. Now I can float far out into the cool ocean where the sand and the sun will never burn me again. That will be home for me, little Corky. Both of us are going home.”

---

**1999-2000**

**SHORT COURSES**

at Pendle Hill

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>AUTUMN TERM</th>
<th>WINTER TERM</th>
<th>SPRING TERM</th>
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| **What the Splits of the 19th Century Can Teach Friends** | **Art and the Photographic Image** | **Hildegard of Bingen:**
| **Larry Ingle · October 17-22** | **Danna Cornick · January 16-21** | **A Feather on the Breath of God** |
| **Living Ecologically As If the Whole Earth Mattered** | **God’s Compassion in the Hebrew Prophets** | **Lucy Edelbeck, OP · April 16-21** |
| **Hazel Laslaur-Verter · October 24-29** | **Tony Prete · January 23-28** | **Exploring Our Faith: Looking at Books of Faith and Practice** |
| **Healing After Violence: Conflict Transformation** | **A First Course in Pastoral Care for Quakers** | **Jan Hoffman · April 23-28** |
| **Roswitha & Peter Jarman · Oct. 24-29** | **The Search for the Sacred** | **Feminist Perspectives on Contemporary Expressions of Faith** |
| **Tom L. Tovosian · February 20-25** | **Tom L. Tovosian · February 6-11** | **Dena Pence Frantz · May 7-12** |

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Lois Frey · November 7-12

The Brothers Karamazov: Must the Seed Die?

Chris Ravndal · November 7-12

An Exploration of Buddhist Meditation

Mary Orr · November 14-19

Writing Our Memoirs

Margaret Hope Bacon · Feb. 27-March 3

A Jewish-Christian Dialogue

Rabbi Marcia Prager & Rebecca Kratz Mays · March 5-10

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Jack Patterson, Lori Heninger, David Jackman · March 19-24

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by Osborn Cresson

Guess the words defined by the clues and write them over the numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the corresponding numbered square in the diagram below. Black squares indicate word endings. The filled squares will contain a quotation. The first letters of the guessed words will give the source and title of work.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CLUES</th>
<th>WORDS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A. Quaker witness</td>
<td>4 2 27 5 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Quaker Experiment</td>
<td>43 53 8 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. The lamb's mother</td>
<td>6 1 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. Famous hill climbed by George Fox in 1652</td>
<td>63 36 29 10 15 61</td>
</tr>
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</table>

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<table>
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<tr>
<th>CLUES</th>
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<tr>
<td>E. Guiding beliefs</td>
<td>73 19 52 64 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. ______ a prayer</td>
<td>68 35 40 81 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Speak truth to</td>
<td>66 76 20 88 22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Seed (with &quot;the&quot;)</td>
<td>16 41 42 95 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. To twist together</td>
<td>90 38 44 24 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Admit</td>
<td>108 49 46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. People who find God in each other</td>
<td>67 26 50 93 65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. Pioneer of civil disobedience</td>
<td>47 14 71 30 103 104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. ______ Bound</td>
<td>117 3 55 56 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. Mary ______: died in Boston</td>
<td>59 72 98 58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>during religious suppression</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>O. ______ opens (2 words)</td>
<td>25 105 60 28 85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. A marriage gift</td>
<td>75 121 94 69 119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q. Weighty member</td>
<td>100 128 80 112 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. ______ Rica:</td>
<td>92 127 107 89 37</td>
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<tr>
<td>a country without an army</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>S. The Apostle Thomas' profession</td>
<td>133 57 125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Nobel Peace Prize winner</td>
<td>62 82 106 70 113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U. Wife of Boaz whose name means compassion</td>
<td>87 18 97 123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Across</td>
<td>83 102 126 130 96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Nobel Prize-winning bishop</td>
<td>114 54 120 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. To create</td>
<td>115 74 99 124 79 122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y. Social ______ Committee</td>
<td>131 110 134 129 132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Z. Four-term Senator from Georgia</td>
<td>84 109 91 118</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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Friends Journal July 1999
The Changing Face of Quaker Education

by J. Timothy Esser-Haines

It is very difficult to find any idea, theory, or belief that has not changed at all over time. New generations change beliefs and theories to fit their lives and their times. It is just as hard, however, to find a belief or idea that has not maintained some part of its original self. In the 1600s William Penn put forth some of the first ideas of Quaker education as part of a book he wrote entitled Some Fruits of Solitude. At Friends Select School in Philadelphia, some of Penn’s ideas are still in use and many are not.

Penn’s ideas about education were very different from the popular ideas of his time. He suggested that, instead of studying and memorizing books in Latin and Greek, students learn from the world around them. Penn wrote: “It were happy if we studied nature more in natural things.” He felt very strongly that since God created the world, the best way to learn about God is through the world, and besides that, it is just practical that if you are going to live in the world you know at least something about it. In addition to learning about and from the world, Penn thought that children should be allowed to learn at their own pace and not be forced ahead into something that they don’t want. In his words, “We press their [children’s] memory too soon, and puzzle, strain, and load them with words and rules; to know grammar and rhetoric, and a strange tongue or two, that it is ten to one may never be useful to them; leaving their natural genius to mechanical and physical, or natural knowledge uncultivated and neglected.”

Penn believed that people could learn well from hands-on activities in addition to books. He wrote, “Children had rather be making of tools and instruments of play; shaping, drawing, framing, and building, etc. than getting some rules of propriety of speech by heart; and those also would follow with more judgment, and less trouble and time.”

Today, more than 300 years later, some of William Penn’s ideas are still intact in Quaker schools. At Friends Select there is still an effort to let students learn in and from the world. This is present both in community service and junior and senior internships. I have had a good experience with community service at the 18th Street Development Corporation, going out working with different people and learning things hands-on that I can see using in the future, like how to hang a door or put drywall on the ceiling, things you don’t get in the classroom. Unfortunately these sorts of hands-on opportunities only happen a few times a year instead of daily.

Few schools today follow Penn’s idea of letting children develop in their own way in their own time. Students are forced to memorize facts and grammar and rules instead of cultivating their natural genius. Quaker schools do try to think well about individual students and do a much better job than many places.

Class sizes are kept small enough that teachers can really get to know students and provide help with work. I talked many times with my English teacher last year about papers I could not figure out how to write, and with my math teacher about concepts I did not quite get. In some cases it helped a lot, and I came out with a wonderful paper or a much better understanding of a concept.

Even in Quaker schools, however, Penn’s ideas are not really put into use in any substantial way. In fact I am relatively sure that many of his ideas, like letting children develop at their own pace in their own direction with the world around them as a guide, could not be incorporated to any useful degree into the sort of system in schools today. For instance, I have many interests I would be excited to learn more about, like German language, farm work, piano, working with small children, building and rebuilding houses, horseback riding, and comic book and novel writing, to name a few. Unfortunately none of these subjects is offered at Friends Select, and the work I am required to do, but not terribly interested in, does not leave me with enough time to pursue any of these on my own.

Penn had some really great ideas about Quaker education and education in general that are still relevant today. Unfortunately only some of them have been put into practice and only to a small extent at Friends Select School. It makes me wonder how compatible these ideas of hands-on learning in and from the world, or students figuring out how and what they want to learn, are with our present school system. Maybe it is time for another change.
A Preschooler’s Prayer for Peace
by Gretchen Castle

Being awakened at 4:00 A.M. by my four-year-old daughter was hardly unusual. As she climbed over me to snuggle between the warm bodies of her two sleepy parents, she described what I thought was a bad dream. “They are coming over with guns to kill us,” she said. “They don’t know how to get over the ocean, but there might be a man who can cross the ocean now. He’s from ‘A Rock.’ I heard it on the news.”

I don’t watch the news when the children are home, but I had not communicated this to our occasional baby sitter. Granted, the news of the Iraq bombing was compelling. My ear was glued to National Public Radio in my car, even as my children were home in front of the TV. Didn’t we all want to know what was going on?

My little one said, “I want to snuggle really, really close to you.” As we lay in the silence of the night, arms wrapped around each other, I glimpsed the terror of lying with my child as bombs fell randomly from the sky, even as tears fell onto my pillow. Relief that our safety was not in question was not enough to quell the deep sadness, knowing that other mothers half a world away could not offer the same consolation to their children snuggling close in fear.

After numerous questions about our safety, I told her it is actually the other way around: “Our government is bombing Iraq, they are not coming here to hurt us.” Her relief opened a floodgate of questions. “Why would they do that?”

I said, “Their government has not done what it agreed to do.”

“So our government was mad at them?”

“Yes.” I added, “Mommy and Daddy don’t agree with what our government is doing since it hurts people. As Quakers we believe no one should hurt anyone else, no matter how mad we are.” How helpful it was to me to reduce such a complexity to a simple statement a four-year-old could understand. It’s one of the many gifts of living with a child.

Despite my efforts to encourage her to return to sleep, she kept throwing out questions, and I tried to answer them in simple statements. Is our government hurting people? How do they get across the ocean? Do they use guns? If they get mad, will ‘A Rock’ hurt us? Do they have something that can hurt every living thing? Do the people there agree with their government? Can we talk to the people there? Are the people there all together in one place?

Just before sleep, this dear child, no matter how she pictured it in her busy mind, concluded with, “We should say a prayer, wishing that all children in ‘A Rock’ have a mother and father to snuggle with tonight. And tomorrow we’ll write a letter to the people to tell them we don’t want to hurt them, but we have to do it first thing to get it there before the bombs get there.”

Our letters and prayers must be very powerful to engage the world in nonviolent action, but for a four-year-old (and a 42-year-old), it’s a fine place to start.

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Racism, Diversity, and Inclusiveness Gathering Epistle

On April 9-11, 1999, Friends came together at Burlington (N.J.) Meetinghouse Conference Center for a Gathering with a Concern for Issues of Racism, Diversity, and Inclusiveness. An intentional aspect of the gathering was that an equal number of white Friends and Friends of color were in attendance. Friends traveled from as far as Pasadena, Calif., and Orono, Maine, for a time of worship, discussion, fellowship, and community dialog.

After a period of opening worship, we shared what prepared us to participate in this weekend and our hopes and fears regarding the outcome of the gathering.

On Saturday morning, we met for worship with a concern for racial healing in the Religious Society of Friends and the larger society. After meeting for worship, we agreed in the Spirit to meet separately as Friends of color and white Friends to discuss plainly our experiences and concerns with respect to contemporary issues of racism, diversity, and inclusiveness within the Religious Society of Friends. Remaining together in the Spirit, we entered a period of sharing by all present and developed issues (for discussion during the afternoon session) in unity.

After lunch and a brief period of worship, Friends engaged in community dialog focused on the issues that were deemed most pressing by all. We were in unity with the concern of many Friends that, unless our meetings and churches become more welcoming and inclusive and deal with issues of racism, the future of the Religious Society of Friends in the United States is in danger. We followed this with forthright discussion and sharing around issues of pain, misunderstanding, and distrust. We were in unity that these issues must be addressed for healing to begin and that we, as a religious society, must be willing to move beyond mere "polite-speak" to plain and honest dialog in the Spirit.

Following dinner, we held a memorial meeting for worship in celebration of the life of our Friend Deborah Theado. She had been part of the planning committee for this gathering. She died on March 15 of this year. Friends shared through songs, words, and prayers their feelings of loss and renewed their commitment to Deborah's vision: a Religious Society of Friends that reflects the wonderful racial and ethnic diversity of this land.

Following this service, Friends gathered in the Spirit to discern what actions we are willing to take and encourage other Friends to take to bring about the vision we share: an anti-racist, multicultural religious community for the future.

—Joan Broadfield and Paul Rickets, co-clerks

FWCC Asia-West Pacific Section Gathering Epistle

Friends from yearly meetings and worship groups in Japan, India, South Korea, Hong Kong, Singapore, Sri Lanka, Hawaii, Australia, and Aotearoa/New Zealand expressed a sense of leading to this gathering [held in New Zealand January 18–25, 1999]. Friends brought a variety of gifts, including the concerns and visions of our own meetings. The Quaker Settlement, home to 27 adults and children, is situated among rolling hills on the outskirts of Wanganui. This provided an ideal place for worship, deliberation, and an increasing sense of wholeness. The active participation of some residents of the Settlement added a great deal to the flavor and spiritual depth of all our activities.

We were able to bridge differences and appreciate one another's contributions. We valued the weaving together of cultures, languages, and experiences. Music was an integral part of every day's activities. Laughter was important. The Bible and Quaker Faith and Practice (Britain YM) served as a basis for all worship. The exposure to programmed and unprogrammed worship was a new experience for many participants who were familiar with only their own worship process.

An invitation to Maori marae enabled further reaching out between Friends and local Maori. The dignity of the Maori welcome and our response made this encounter one of great spiritual depth.

We discussed the value of visiting one another's countries to better understand each other's situations and concerns and to deepen friendships. We plan to find ways of sharing involvement in projects. We were a deeply gathered meeting. We came seeking answers and realized no matter how much we contributed, we gained so much more. We felt cherished, valued, and loved. We go forth, strengthened and enriched, ready to share our experience of fellowship. We return to our meetings to carry forward with greater vigor the concerns of Friends in Asia West Pacific.

Friends Peace Teams Project Delegation to Africa

From January 3-23, 1999, a seven-member delegation from Friends Peace Teams Project's African Great Lakes Initiative visited Kenya, Uganda, Rwanda, and Burundi. Members of the delegation were Bill and Rosemarie McMechan (Canadian Yearly Meeting), who went to Uganda; Jill Sternberg (Northern and Illinois Yearly Meetings) and Aareck Kayongo (a Baptist working for the Atlanta office of AFSC), who visited Kenya; and Ute Caspers (German Yearly Meeting), Carl Stauffer (a Mennonite pastor working in South Africa), and David Zarembka (Baltimore Yearly Meeting), who traveled to Burundi and Rwanda.

The purpose of the mission was to visit Quakers and others involved in peacemaking activities in the Great Lakes Region of Africa, explore African Quakers' participation in peacemaking, reconciliation, and trauma healing, and assess the possibility of placing a long-term Peace Team in the area.

The delegation began its work with a three-day workshop at the Mua Hills Secondary School outside of Machakos, Kenya. Since members of the delegation came from four countries and were of various nationalities, we spent time getting to know one another. We planned the details of the travels and coordinated the delegation's questions in order to present a common approach among the countries the teams were visiting.

In Mbale, Uganda, the home of Uganda Yearly Meeting, the team co- facilitated a basic Alternatives to Violence Project workshop, and they later attended a Friends quarterly meeting. Delegates then went to Kampala, where they helped facilitate a second AVP workshop with AVP-Uganda facilitators, including four members of an ex-combatants group trying to make the transition from military to civilian life. They also met with 12 individuals representing various organizations involved in peace activities in Uganda.

In Burundi the team conducted trauma-healing workshops—one with teachers from the Peace Primary School near Gitega, a second for wives
of yearly meeting pastors, and a third for women of Kamenge Church in an area of Bujumbura that had been destroyed in the fighting. The team met with a remarkable group called the Peace and Reconciliation Ministry Under the Cross. This interreligious, interethnic group travels to rural areas and gives three-day workshops on nonviolence and reconciliation with the goal of forming a Peace Committee in each community. The team also visited Kibimba, the site of the first Evangelical Friends Alliance mission in 1934 and of a major massacre in 1993. The large church and 700-student secondary school sheltered 3,000 displaced people, who left the facility in a state of disrepair.

In Rwanda, the team facilitated a Reconciliation and Trauma Healing Workshop with the leaders of Rwanda Yearly Meeting and Quaker pastors from all over the country. The team visited Mutura Church, where Carl Stauffer delivered the Sunday sermon. This church is on the northwestern border with the Congo, where rebel and government fighting killed hundreds of thousands of people in 1998. Houses were destroyed, many fields lay abandoned, few livestock survived, and the people who fled into the mountain forests were just returning to their homes. Two of the three Quaker secondary schools in Rwanda were visited, and the team spoke on reconciliation to the student bodies.

In Kenya, the team attended a meeting with clerks, general secretaries, and superintendents from the 14 yearly meetings and led sample peace-building exercises. They facilitated a workshop at Lugari Yearly Meeting, where the unrest in Kenya had occurred in 1993, and visited two yearly meetings in Kitale and the Friends Theological College in Kaimosi. The delegation also spoke with organizations including Friends World Committee for Consultation—Africa Section, the National Christian Council of Kenya, and the Nairobi Peace Initiative about peacemaking activities in Kenya. The team attempted to visit the Peace Translation Committee and a Quaker meeting in Mugumu, Tanzania, but when they reached Musoma, the nearest major town, torrential rains kept them from taking the bus to the remote location.

The delegation ended with another three-day retreat at Shalom House in Kampala. After a long debriefing on our various activities, the delegation worked on its long-term recommendations. These will be reviewed by Friends Peace Teams Project’s Coordinating Committee in April 1999, and the next steps of the African Great Lakes Initiative will be announced at that time.

For more information: David Zarembka, 17734 Larchmont Terr., Gaithersburg, MD 20877; e-mail: <davidzarembka@juno.com>.
Response to the NATO bombings in Serbia and Kosovo continued to build as of mid-May. Many meetings have held weekly vigils, lobbied Congress, and sought ways to help the refugees. As of mid-May, American Friends Service Committee collected $750,000 in financial contributions and $1,000,000 in material aid. Emergency relief kits were arriving in such numbers that volunteers in Philadelphia were hard pressed to keep up. AFSC in April appointed Gail Long to be the organization's field representative to oversee aid distribution and to assess ongoing needs.

A particularly unusual scene occurred in May with the arrival of army trucks and soldiers from Fort Dix, N.J., at the AFSC warehouse in Philadelphia. The GIs loaded trucks with clothing and supplies for refugees housed at Fort Dix. Volunteers from city schools have been present daily at the AFSC warehouse to help prepare kits, sort clothing, and prepare shipments. In Sesame Street Magazine, AFSC was listed as number one as an opportunity for children to take action relating to the plight of refugees. In Edgerton, Wis., a four-and-a-half-year-old boy heard his parents talking about the war and the suffering of Kosovars. He collected rocks and sticks, took them to his Friends meeting, and sold them to help the refugees. His parents sent a check for the full amount collected ($58.11) to the AFSC Kosovar fund. At Sandy Springs Friends School, Nancy Henningsen, school head, sent a check for $2,419 raised by students who arranged a "math-a-thon" for Kosovar relief on a Saturday—and another check from the fifth grade “basketball-a-thon” ($294). A campus-wide campaign at University of Northern Iowa raised $10,000.

Looking beyond the present crisis in Kosovo, the Fellowship of Reconciliation is laying plans for a Campaign for Disarmament and Justice. They propose a summer-long presence in the year 2000 in Washington, D.C., culminating in a large event August 6—a "Walk for Nonviolence" from the Lincoln Memorial to the White House. The Campaign will be an effort to help launch and support the UN General Assembly's recent declaration calling the years 2001-2010 a "Decade for a Culture of Peace and Nonviolence for Children of the World." For more information on Campaign plans, contact FOR at Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960, telephone: (914) 358-4601, e-mail: <FOR@forusa.org>.

In an open letter to the Texas State Legislature this spring, South Central Yearly Meeting called upon legislators to vote no to two bills that would have the effect of banning adoption or foster care of any child by a gay or lesbian person in Texas. Signed by the meeting's clerks, the letter asked that elected officials "show both the courage and leadership to reject such discriminatory legislation, regardless of popular sentiment." The letter further said, "It is especially disturbing that these bills prevent adoption even of blood relatives if a prospective parent is gay or lesbian." Due in large part to a large volume of such letters, and a lawsuit brought by a state social worker, the House on May 10 took no action and the legislation died in committee. Texas Governor George Bush said publicly that he would sign the legislation if it were passed. (Thanks to Dallas Peace Center member, and Friend Cliff Pearson for his report.)

South Central Yearly Meeting also passed the following minute, concluding a period of two years of focused discussion, education, and threshing sessions among monthly meetings: "South Central Yearly Meeting endorses the marriages of individuals under the care of monthly meetings without regard to gender.

Olney Friends School plans to reopen for the 1999-2000 school year under new management. A new Friends of Olney, Inc., comprised of school alumni, parents, Ohio Yearly Meeting members, and other committed Friends and friends, announced plans this spring to give new energy to the governance of the 172-year-old Quaker boarding school in Barnesville, Ohio. Ken and Katharine Jacobsen, former head of school and director of development, have agreed to return to Olney in the same capacities to give leadership, energy, and vision to a reinvigorated school. A fundraising drive begun by Friends of Olney will finance the student recruitment effort and underwrite the operation of the school during this rebuilding process. For more information call (740) 425-3371; e-mail: <MainOffice@OlneyFriends.org>.

In other news on the death penalty, Wellesley (Mass.) Meeting in March approved a minute to be forwarded to local papers and their state representative. This occurred at a time when the Legislature was considering a bill to reinstate the death penalty after a period of 50 years in the state without such a law. The minute stressed that innocent people are too often accused, tried, convicted, and put to death during an evening for approximately 50 minutes. After a period of silence the musician is invited to break the silence with his or her music when led to do so. As reported in the meeting's March newsletter, "On February 7, 1999, John Mark Rozendaal joined the meeting and showed an exquisite sense of the blending of music and silence bringing his musical gift on his 18th-century viola da gamba, a precursor of the modern cello, ... Mr. Rozendaal's experience incorporating music as part of a worship experience was evident as the warm sounds of his viola da gamba drifted throughout the meetinghouse and provided spiritual food for our contemplation."

By their good works Friends become known, as a note from the April newsletter of Allen's Neck (Mass.) Meeting will confirm. Entitled "We've Got a Reputation!" it reads: "Last week, while out shopping, a man stopped Doug and asked when we were going to have our next chicken supper. Neither Doug nor I recognized the man, but this was not the first time either of us had been stopped and asked about our suppers." (Word has it that the season's final supper on April 17—chicken and gravy, sponsored by the Ways & Means Committee—was a great success. —Ed.)

The death penalty is rated last by U.S. police chiefs in a recent survey on the best ways to reduce violent crime. The findings were reported in the April newsletter of Friends Committee on Legislation, a nonprofit lobbying organization advocating compassion and social justice in California. Only 1 percent of police chiefs thought it would be helpful to expand the use of the death penalty. As ways to reduce crime, 31 percent listed the reduction of drug abuse, 17 percent creating a better economy and more jobs, 16 percent the simplifying of court rules, 15 percent handing down longer prison sentences, 10 percent adding more police officers on the street, and 3 percent reducing the number of guns.

Incorporating music as spiritual communication has been an experiment of Evanston (Ill.) Meeting in recent months. A soloist musician is invited to join a meeting for worship during an evening for approximately 50 minutes. After a period of silence the musician is invited to break the silence with his or her music when led to do so. As reported in the meeting's March newsletter, "On February 7, 1999, John Mark Rozendaal joined the meeting and showed an exquisite sense of the blending of music and silence bringing his musical gift on his 18th-century viola da gamba, a precursor of the modern cello, ... Mr. Rozendaal's experience incorporating music as part of a worship experience was evident as the warm sounds of his viola da gamba drifted throughout the meetinghouse and provided spiritual food for our contemplation."

Clothing and supplies from the AFSC Philadelphia warehouse are loaded for transport to Kosovo refugees at Fort Dix, N.J.
death, also “that only the poor suffer this penalty, and it is used disproportionately against many more African Americans and Latinos than against whites.” The minute concludes by stating, “The use of the death penalty is immoral and unjustified and tends to encourage rather than discourage violence in our society.” The good news is that shortly after the letter was prepared, the bill to reinstate the death penalty failed to pass by a narrow margin. —from Wellesley (Mass.) Meeting newsletter, April 1999

Approval was reached in March by Olympia (Wash.) Meeting to affiliate with Friends General Conference. The meeting affirmed that FGC offers opportunities for fellowship, education, and spiritual growth of its members, “and we look forward to the time when North Pacific Yearly Meeting is ready for this step [of affiliation] as well.” —from Olympia (Wash.) Meeting newsletter, April 1999

**A Testimony on Sustainability**

A number of meetings are considering this question with the encouragement of Friends Committee on Unity with Nature. New England Yearly Meeting at its 1998 sessions asked all member monthly meetings to consider deeply where they stand in relation to the importance of “sustainability” with further discussion planned at yearly meeting this August. South Berkshire (Mass.) Meeting in April approved a Minute on the Wise Use of Natural Resources, affirming “the interconnectedness of struggles for justice, peace, and efforts to preserve the natural world.” The minute concludes with these words: “We are compelled to understand how the divinely ordered natural world sustains us. It is incumbent upon the human species to respect nature’s gifts and to use them wisely. Finally, it is our responsibility to influence others by education and example.” —from South Berkshire (Mass.) Meeting newsletter, May 1999

To quote from a recent issue of *Quaker House News*., “The picture at Fort Benning (Ga.) is one of high levels of harassment, physical and mental abuse, and blockage of any recourse by recruits to positive avenues to deal with problems which arise.” Over half the phone calls to Quaker House, Fayetteville, N.C., requesting information and support, have been from new army recruits at Fort Benning. The new director of Quaker House, Phil Esmonde, and his wife Kaushalaya, are making regular visits to meetings in the Southeast and will welcome invitations and support for their work. Their address is Quaker House, 203 Hillside Ave., Fayetteville, NC 28301, telephone: (910) 323-3912.

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**Bulletin Board**

**Upcoming Events**

- July 18-Aug. 15 — Burundi Yearly Meeting and the Friends Peace Teams Project are sponsoring the Kamenge Reconciliation and Reconstruction Project in Bujumbura, Burundi. Six young adults (age 18-35) from Burundi Yearly Meeting and six foreign young adults will help members of Kamenge Church rebuild their residency/guest house destroyed in 1998 during the ethnic cleansing of that section of Bujumbura. For details contact David Zarembla, 17734 Larchmont Terrace, Gaithersburg, MD 20877; e-mail: <davidzarembla@juno.com>.

- July 24-Aug. 7 — An exchange has been organized to bring together peace activists from the U.S. and Mexico to share approaches to “Nonviolent Action for Social Change.” Participants will meet and share with communities and grassroots organizations in Chiapas and Tabasco. For details contact Sarah at the Fellowship of Reconciliation, 995 Market St. #1414, San Francisco, CA 94103; e-mail: <fordatum@igc.org>.

- July 31-Aug. 14 and Aug. 14-28 — Participants from around the world will join together to help rebuild a burned church in Cedar Heights, Md. The two-week workcamps include daily worship, study of recent church burnings, field trips, and recreation. For details contact Harold Confer, Quaker Workcamps International, 1225 Geranium St., Washington, DC 20012; telephone: (202) 722-1461.

- Aug. 22-27 — The Ministry of Mediation: Loving Responses to Meeting Conflict is a week-long institute designed to increase skills and understanding of the processes involved in conflict resolution. The 32-hour course at Powell House is biblically grounded and includes attention to processes for healing and reconciliation. The leader is Richard Blackburn from the Lombard Mennonite Peace Center. For details: Powell House, 524 Pitt Hall Rd., Old Chatham, NY 12136; telephone: (518) 794-8811.

- Aug. 27-29 — The 16th Annual Twin Oaks Women’s Gathering in Louisa, Va., will include workshops, music, dancing, stories, and camping. For details contact Women’s Gathering, 138 Oaks Rd., Louisa, VA 23093; e-mail: <gathering@twinoaks.org>.

**Yearly Meetings**

- July 27-Aug. 1 — Iowa (Cons.)
- July 28-Aug. 1 — Illinois
- July 31-Aug. 3 — Indiana
- Aug. — Kenya: Central, Chavakali
- Aug. 2-7 — Pacific
- Aug. 2-8 — Baltimore
- Aug. 4-7 — Iowa (FUM)
- Aug. 4-8 — North Carolina (FUM), Ohio Valley, Wilmington
- Aug. 5-8 — North Pacific
- Aug. 5-9 — Western
- Aug. 7-12 — New England
- Aug. 11-15 — Kenya: Bware, East Africa, East Africa South, Elgon RSF, Elgon East, Kakamega, Lugari, Malava, Vokoli
- Aug. 13-21 — Canadian
- Aug. 17-21 — Jamaica
- Aug. 18-22 — Ohio (Cons.), Tanzania, Uganda, Nandi (Kenya)
- Aug. 19-22 — Kenya: East Africa North, Nairobi
- Aug. 26-30 — France
- Aug. 27-29 — Denmark

(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**

- A Resource List to enable your family and congregation to explore, reflect, and take action on issues of consumption and the environment is available from Environmental Justice Resources, National Council of Churches, P.O. Box 968, Elkhart, IN 46515-0968; telephone (800) 762-0968. (Ask for EJ9705, which is a complete resource list.)

- The Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts seeks to nurture and showcase the literary, visual, musical, and performing arts within the Religious Society of Friends. To join FQA and to receive their quarterly journal, *Types & Shadows*, write P.O. Box 58565, Philadelphia, PA 19102; their website address is <www.quaker.org/fqa>.

- The second issue of The Contributor, the newsletter of the Sing Sing Prison Friends Worship Group, is available free. Articles include a discussion on “Prison and Parole: an inside view,” a readers’ forum, poetry, and more. Friends active in Purchase Quarterly Meeting, New York Yearly Meeting, assist with the publication. Contact Hank Elkins at (914) 961-7375; e-mail: <elkins@exec.net.com>.

- Two helpful, informative websites on the Kosovo conflict are recommended by Dan Lundquist of Minneapolis (Minn.) Meeting. The first gives a 600-year history of the Kosovo struggle; the second gives breaking news, background, and reports on taking action to bring peace. <www.luxnews.com/news/background/kosovo/timeline.sml>, <www.igc.org/igc/conflict.html>.

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Meeting Newsletter, May. Friends may also find links at <www.quaker.org>.

- The May issue of the Washington Newsletter of Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL) is the Congressional Directory for 1999-2000. It contains information to help individuals and groups work with the 106th Congress and lists each state delegation including the committees on which they serve; all major House and Senate committees and selected subcommittees with their membership; important Congressional and White House phone numbers and addresses; and the top leadership positions in both houses of Congress. Contact FCNL, 245 Second St., NE, Washington, DC 20002-5795; e-mail: <fcnl@fcnl.org>.

- Equal Partners in Faith is a multi-racial, multi-faith national network of religious leaders and people of faith committed to equality and diversity. EPF's diverse faith commitments and shared religious values lead the organization to affirm and defend the equality of all people, regardless of religion, race, gender, or sexual orientation. For more information about EPF contact Equal Partners in Faith, 2026 P Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036; (202) 296-4627; e-mail: EPFnaclOfc@aol.com; website: <WWW.us.netlepf>.

Opportunities

- A Quaker Women's Conference on Faith and Spirituality has been scheduled for Dec. 2-5, 1999, at Camp Canyon, near Hinton, Okla. The conference will bring together Quaker women from Nebraska Yearly Meeting (FUM), Mid-America Yearly Meeting (EFI), South Central Yearly Meeting (FGC), and surrounding areas. It will provide opportunity for women from different Friends traditions to share with and learn from one another. The application deadline is August 6. For brochure, application form, and more details, contact Marianne Lockard, 602 N. Greening St., Hope, AR 71801; e-mail: <mariquaker@aol.com>. —from South Central Yearly Meeting News, Feb. 1999

- A simple memorial stone, engraved with the words "Unknown Civilians Killed in War," will start a journey on July 4 from Peace Abbey in Sherborn, Mass., to Arlington National Cemetery, where it will be placed. It will be transported by hand-pulled caisson at a rate of 7-22 miles per day. On July 17-18 there will be a 24-hour vigil with the stone at the UN in New York. For more information contact Stonewalk, 2 N. Main St., Sherborn, MA 01770; e-mail: <Land3-3757@aol.com>. —from Purchase (N.Y.) Friends Meeting Newsletter, April 1999
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Books

Frontiers of Justice: The Death Penalty


If you are looking for an analysis of and perspective on a broad range of death penalty issues together with personal stories of prisoners and those working on their behalf and for the abolition of the death penalty—all in one volume—then Frontiers of Justice may be your best choice. This is a book of essays by public figures such as Mario Cuomo, Mike Farrell, and Henry Gonzalez; death-row prisoners such as Steven King Ainsworth and Gene Hathorn; and abolitionists such as Marietta Jaeger, Bill Pelke, and Joe Ingle; as well as lawyers; doctors; religious leaders; victims; friends; and family members of prisoners. All the major reasons for abolishing the death penalty are discussed, sometimes in insightfully new ways. Interpersed with the essays are vivid and strikingly symbolic works of art by prisoners.

Charmaine White Face, of the Oglala Lakota Tribe, offers Native American perspectives: “The act of killing another two-legged... had repercussions during the murderer’s entire life, including the prohibition from certain religious ceremonies... The circumstances surrounding the taking of another human life were taken into consideration—not by a judge and jury but by the family. There was no punishment for murder according to European and American standards... The murderer was held responsible for the absence of the victim’s life. The murderer was held accountable for what the absence did to the entire community. How much thought would someone have before killing another person if the perpetrator knew the victim’s family would decide his fate? How much thought would the murderer take if he knew that he would have to provide whatever service the victim provided?”

Marietta Jaeger, whose seven-year-old son he was when he was executed, writes, “If people are genuinely concerned with the victim family’s plight, there should instead be a clamor for the legal and social measures which will provide the real support systems these families need in their time of anguish and irrevocable loss—financial assistance, therapeutic counseling, trial information, resolution, etc. Victim families have every right to the normal, valid human response of rage and hatred. However, to legislate that same gut-level desire for blood thirsty revenge will have the same deleterious effect on the community as it does on individuals. It degrades, dehumanizes, and debilitates us as a society... We violate our own honor and dignity by unabashedly killing a chained, restrained, defenseless person, however deserving of death we deem that person to be. We become that which we deplore—people who kill people—an insult to the memory of our beloved victims.”

Mario Cuomo, in a speech on the death penalty, concludes, “An American statesman once reminded us that all progress has resulted from people who took unpopular positions... And because they had the ability and the generosity to share that gift, those people will continue to rise against their voices, louder if they have to, spending the time when civility replaces harshness, intelligence overwhelms anger, and we return—all of us—to the path upward.” Reading this book will nurture us on our journey upward.

—Tim Lietke

Tim Lietke is the clerk of Quaker Lake (Va.) Meeting. Grows fruits and vegetables organically, and co-founded the Friends Committee to Abolish the Death Penalty.

Answers to Quaker Crostic:

Quotation from: A Declaration “from the Harmless and Innocent People of God, called Quakers,” to Charles the Second (1660).

We utterly deny all outward wars and strife, and fightings with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretense whatever; this is our testimony to the whole world.”

WORDS:

A. TESTIMONY
B. HOLY
C. WISE
D. PENITENT
E. ETHOS
F. POVER
G. LIGHT
H. ENTWIST
I. DWAN
J. FRIENDS
K. OUTWARD
L. NER
M. AS WAY
N. DOUS
O. ELDERS
P. LAW
Q. RUTH
R. W. TUTT
S. INVENT
T. ORDER
U. Z. NUNE
Order of Merit, Federal Republic of Germany, for her work in reconciliation and education. She lived for seven years with the community of Friends at Friends Crossing in North Easton, Mass., before entering Brookhaven in 1992. Charlotte was predeceased by her son, Stefan. She leaves her brother Rudolf Littauer and his wife Hilda, her niece Sibyl Weil, and a nephew, Andrew Littauer.

Cory—Robert (Bob) Haskell Cory, Jr., 84, on March 24, 1999, at his home in Washington, D.C., of a stroke, lifelong Quaker educator, peace activist, and author, as well as founder of William Penn House in Washington, D.C., Bob grew up in Englewood, N.J. He received a B.A. in American Civilization from Yale University, an M.A. in History from Harvard University in 1937, and a Ph.D. in Social Science and International Relations from Harvard University in 1951. He taught in private secondary schools for a decade, taking time to work with refugees in 1942 and 1943 at the Scattergood Refugee Hostel in Iowa, then taught at Marlboro College and Ohio University. From 1955 to 1961 he was assistant professor of government at Denison University in Ohio. For six summers between 1945 and 1963 he directed Quaker-sponsored summer workcamps and foreign student seminars. From 1961 to 1966, he served as a Quaker representative to the United Nations. With his wife, the former Sara (Sally) Pettis, Bob founded William Penn House in September 1966. This former private residence, which Bob and Sally purchased with their own funds, specializes in unpublished dialogues between social scientists and university students and college students from across the country, providing opportunities to "speak truth to power." In 1968, the large brownstone provided more than 1,000 overnight accommodations and served more than 2,500 meals during the Poor People's Campaign in Washington. Five blocks from the U.S. Capitol, the center is now incorporated under Friends Meeting of Washington. Activists in various Friends organizations, including Friends World Committee for Consultation, American Friends Service Committee, and Friends Committee on National Legislation, Bob maintained a continuing interest in New Call to Peacemaking as well as involvement with ecumenical and secular groups concerned with public policy. He published articles in numerous academic journals and books concerned with international conflict resolution and peace-promoting policies. Bob was a member of Friends Meeting of Washington, having transferred from Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting. He is survived by his wife of 55 years, his sons Eric and Bart, his daughter Lois Nis horm, and six grandchildren.

Dunning—Nora Gladwin Fairbank Dunning, 84, on December 25, 1998. Nora was born in New York City on October 13, 1914, but spent much of her childhood and early adult years in southern California and Arizona where she sailed and flew airplanes. She graduated in 1935 from Brown Mountain College with a major in Geology. In the early 1960s, she earned a Master's degree in Mineralogy from Harvard University. Originally an Episcopalian, she became a member of Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting in 1955, where she was active both in the meeting and Cambridge Friends School. She served as a teacher and trustee of the school, as well as writing a history that divided in inception and growth. In 1939, she married Murry Nelson Fairbank, with whom she had two children, Catherine (born in 1941) and Owen (born in 1947). Murry died in 1968, and Nora married James (Jim) Morse Dunning in 1975. After his death in 1991 she moved to Corvallis, Ore., to be near Owen and his family. She joined Corvallis Meeting in 1994. Nora loved to travel, including fact-finding trips to Labrador assisting her husband Jim's work with the Grrenfell Foundation, and a visit with him to China. She served as a fundraiser for the New England Office of American Friends Service Committee in the early '70s. In the '80s she and a friend initiated a program to provide new, donated textbooks to several countries in Africa. She returned to this concern in the late '70s, running the Grrenfell Foundation's Books-to-Schools program. She was also an amateur cellist and devoted chamber musician. In addition to her two children, she is survived by four grandchildren.

Horner—Mark Woolman Horner, 25, on December 14, 1998, in San Antonio, Tex., as a victim of homicide. A native of Maine and a beloved member of Acadia Meeting in Northeast Harbor, Maine, Mark was a gifted musician. While in high school, he studied with the Empire Brass of New York and formed with the Greater Boston Youth Symphony. He received a Bachelor's degree in Music from the Juilliard School in New York in 1995, and was the principal trombonist with the San Antonio Symphony at the time of his death. He is remembered by Acadia Meeting as having a gentle, unassuming countenance but a deeply committed passion that extended to his concern for justice, in the natural world, the beauty of architecture and environment, and sports. He had a quietly brilliant musical mind, and yet, an almost naive sincerity in his expression. He was totally non-arrogant, and generously shared his own musical gifts in his genuine interest and support of the efforts of more novice musicians. Mark formed deep friendships in every avenue of his life. He is survived by his mother, Carol Woolman, his father and stepmother, William and Nina Horner; his sister Lara; his brother R. Christian; his sister and her husband, Amy and James Munson and their children, Helen and Taz, his step-siblings Jennifer Judj-McGee, Kathryn Judj Gonda, and Samuel Emlen Judj; and his grandparents Mildred and Charles Woolman and Beatrice Louise Horner; as well as many aunts, uncles, and cousins.

Prewitt—Samuel Babcock Prewitt, 74, on February 20, 1999, in Pittsburgh, Pa. Remembered by his family as a "deeply religious and caring man, whose trademark was heartfelt love, respect, and a concern for his family and others as an expression of his abiding belief that there was that of God in everyone," Sam was a lifelong member of the Religious Society of Friends. Born in Boston, Mass., he had aspirations to be a Disney animator, but went instead into the steel industry. He trained as a mechanical engineer at Cornell University and worked for the United States Steel Corporation where he designed and implemented instruments for the automated control of steel-making, winning six patents. After retirement he was invited by the United Nations to work in the Philippines and also helped develop steel operations in Hungary and Puerto Rico. He cared particularly for the disenchanted and worked diligently for social justice. In the 1950s he aided in the integration of
suburban Levittown, Pa., also serving as chairman of the William Penn Center, a Friends community outreach effort. In recent years Sam and his wife, Anne S. Holzner, opened their home regularly to visiting students and travelers, most recently from Bosnia and Ukraine. His talents combined art and technology, and he enjoyed photography, art, calligraphy and music. He earned teaching certificates for Pittsbrugh Meeting and certificates for Sojourner House, sang in the U.S. Steel choirs and barbershop quartets, participated in the chorus of Gilbert and Sullivan productions, and played the organ, accordion, and piano. He is survived by his wife, the two children of his first marriage to Margery S. Prellwitz, Wendy Prellwitz, of Cambridge, Mass., and Stephen Prellwitz, of Point Breeze, Pa., his stepsons Steven and Dan Holzner, and his stepdaughter, Claire Holzner.

Rothschild—Alice Semira Edgerlyn Rothschild, 104, on December 4, 1999, Ohio, the oldest of nine children of J. Howard and Lavinia H. Edgerton, and a birthright member of Middleton (Ohio) Meeting. She was educated at the Friends School in Middleton, then later at Olney Friends School, and then was self-taught through extensive reading after leaving Olney for health reasons. As a young adult, determined to make a purposeful life, she studied at a Laban School in New York under Roger Baldwin and Scott Nearing, then lived in the small industrial town of Chromo, N.J., with a large family whose single mother was struggling to support her children. Later she joined the small commune of April Farm where she met John Rothschild, whom she married in 1923. Their surviving son, Joel Alonzo, was born in 1925. Recognized as an energetic and gifted teacher, Alice pursued a long career in the education of children in New York and New Mexico. Upon her retirement, Alice moved to Bridgewater, Conn., where she wrote poetry and two children's books, Trouble in Miss Acomi's Class and Fruit in Ripe for Timeliness. In 1968 she collaborated with anthropologist Alice Macrorie to publish a second edition of The Life of Adventures of a Quaker among the Indians, a 1875 book by her grandfather, Thomas C. Batey, who served as a teacher and peacemaker in the Oklahoma Territory among the Kiowa Indians. She continued her own educational work by establishing the Children's Room at the Burnham Library in Bridgewater. In 1971, Alice transferred her membership to the newly established Housearonic (Conn.) Meeting where she served for many years on the Committee for Worship and Oversight and continued to take an important part in the life of the meeting well into her 100th year.

Sheikh—Mohamed Abdurrahman Sheikh on March 16, 1999, in Mogadishu, Somalia, from complications of heart disease and diabetes. Mohamed served as staff of American Friends Service Committee programs since 1982, and as director of programs in Somalia since 1991. He is remembered for his deep commitments to the people of his country, and to work on agricultural development, animal husbandry, health training, midwifery, and care of a girls orphanage, commitments that he maintained despite many difficult obstacles. "His single-minded determination kept AFSC in Somalia throughout the troubled times of the Somali civil war and natural disasters, including the recent drought and floods," remembers Martin Garate, director of AFSC International Regions. "He died as he lived, a man of faith, a man of hope, and a man of tireless love." Mohamed was a graduate of the Somali National University with a degree in social sciences and had wide-ranging experience in rural development with the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization. He was also known for his ceaseless efforts to seek peaceful solutions among warring clans, building creatively on the traditions of his own culture. He developed and implemented a program that focused on the most marginalized people of his country, the women and men of other ethnic groups in the southern agricultural parts of Somalia. A deeply devout follower of Islam, Mohamed died on a day he was scheduled to be traveling to Mecca, a lifelong dream he had repeatedly delayed due to his commitment to his work. He was survived by his mother, his wife Miriam, three sons, and three daughters, who were with him when he died. A delegation will travel from AFSC to Somalia to visit his family and to provide assurances to AFSC program staff that the work will continue.

Simpson—Elizabeth Mills Simpson, 88, on Dec. 31, 1999, in Burlington Hills, Ill. A true believer in the underlying goodness of each human being, she lit up the lives of those around her with her smile, twinkling eyes, and genuine interest in each person she was with. Everyone felt welcomed into her life by her radiant warmth and gentle spirit. She was a founding member and former clerk of Lake Forest (Ill.) Meeting. A substitute teacher for many years, she was known as the "teacher with the turtle." A touch on its head rang a bell which called for immediate quiet, delighting children. With her husband, William E. Simpson (who passed away in 1994 after 60 years of marriage), she built and managed Cambridge Commons on land in Buffalo Grove, Ill., on which their home of many years had stood. The lake and willow trees of their back yard is now a public park in the town. Born and raised in Decatur, Ill., she attended Millikin University where her father, Albert T. Mills, was a history professor, then graduated in 1931 from the University of Illinois with a degree in Economics. Her first job after graduation was as director of Girls Clubs at the YWCA in Philadelphia, putting to work her conviction in the inner city needed guidance in finding meaningful work and in believing in their own inner strengths. On a blind date with a graduate chemist from Rutgers University, she found her future husband. They married in 1933 and had one daughter, Barbara Fuhrmann. In 1943 they moved to the Chicago area, where William became a business and community leader in the developing towns of Wheeling and Buffalo Grove. Elizabeth's passions were focused on working for world peace and local conservation, humanitarian and educational interest, including work with League of Women Voters, American Association of University Women, and American Friends Service Committee. With her husband she hosted犯规 international exchange students in her home, sponsored new residents from overseas, and in recent years was a member of the Barrington Woman's Club, Garden Club, and Book Club. Her deepest devotion was to her family, lovingly dedicating herself to the varied interests of her husband and daughter. She took particular pride and great joy in her three grandchildren, David, Robert, and Kristen Fuhrmann.
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Friends Journal, July 1999
Assisted members and attenders (of which I am one) to center in the Spirit in meeting for worship. We have been able to discover the depth of the richness of these sayings for our own lives, for "the Kingdom of God is within you," as well as for our wider society, "the Kingdom of God is in your midst."

Jerry E. Carpenter
Phoenix, Ariz.

Thomas was a saint

The first line of John Morgan's poem ("Thomas," FJ April) is a puzzlement. To wit: "They should have made a saint of Thomas...

They did make a saint of Thomas. Here in Rochester, New York, both the Roman Catholics and the Episcopalians have churches named Saint Thomas, and the Roman Catholics make clear that it is Saint Thomas the Apostle.

Ken Maher
Rochester, N.Y.

More information on Thomas the disciple

The comments in the poem about Thomas, the disciple (FJ April), impel me to write to you with some further information about him.

While in South India, I found Thomas was remembered in Kerala as the founder of the first Christian church there, having landed at Cochin after founding a Christian church in Persia. The Portuguese who arrived there to spread the Gospel in the 16th century were surprised to find Christian worship in progress, acknowledged to originate from Thomas. At least one healing spring is reputed to have such properties induced in it by St. Thomas.

Thomas then traveled to Madras, where
he was looked on favorably by the ruler of that state. The king's advisors, however, became jealous of this intimacy, thinking he threatened their positions, and started to hound him. There is a church founded in a southerly suburb of Madras—Mylapore—at the spot where he was reputed to have first hidden. He then retreated to a small mountain, now called St. Thomas's Mount, a few miles south of the center of Madras. A convent devoted to him, at the peak of this mound, is now open to visitors. The "Gospel of Thomas" is a publication on sale there.

Subsequently, he found a cave in which to hide, on a much smaller mound at the foot of St. Thomas's Mount. It was there that he was finally assassinated, while in his daily process of sculpting a cross on the face of the rock outside the cave. A church built over the cave is now dedicated to St. Thomas.

After the Portuguese discovered his remains near Madras, they build a cathedral in his name. It is called St. Thomas’s Cathedral and has a vault in which his remains are reputed to rest. A story is recounted to visitors of a blue iridescent light around the body, which appeared when it was being exhumed.

So, at least in South India, he has been considered a saint by the Portuguese Roman Catholics since the late 16th or early 17th century.

Harry Holloway
Barrie, Ont.

Is the Forum the same as vocal ministry?

Philip Helms (Forum, FJ April) offers us a most curious understanding of how the Forum is misused by writers reacting to articles in the JOURNAL. He mentions being both "troubled and saddened" by critical reader reaction, and in a vain attempt to understand his viewpoint, I find myself suffering under a similar affliction. I am a reader who turns first to the Forum (even before reading Milestones, i.e. putting life before death).

To defend the Forum concept is easy. It represents an extension to what has already come before us, and when such has merit, it will often surface again in subsequent issues by way of reaction. Webster's defines a forum as "the discussion of questions of public interest," and what JOURNAL readers have long enjoyed is the opportunity to discuss questions of Quaker interest.

What I find difficult is how to calmly take issue with Philip Helms' equation of JOURNAL writing with the messages that arise...
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from vocal ministry. How can I do that quietly when the reading of his letter was for me akin to hearing a negative sonic boom (prompted by God)? Such a reaction, of course, comes from the left side of my brain. Fortunately, via my Quaker journey, a much more sensible reaction is available to me. All I have to do is go to meeting, center down, and get in touch with the right side of my brain. Time and again this intuitive process provides that important balanced background to the writing and/or reading of all segments of the JOURNAL. Such a balance, however, involves both sides of the brain. Philip Helms' equation is therefore false. Long live the Forum.

Brett Miller-White Swannanoa, N.C.

Good meetings tend to have good clerks

Marjorie Anderson's gentle reminder of the things that help make for good clerking was welcome (“Clerking: A Semi-Serious Look,” F/April). She and I had the good fortune to share some of her early experience at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

I believe that there is one more requisite for good clerking. That is for the membership to have the same qualities as the clerk. They also need to be prepared, objective, listen carefully, and not take themselves too seriously.

If those who bring reports make their clear and concise and those who hear them do so attentively and with open minds and hearts, it moves the business remarkably. If Friends listen attentively and take a moment of prayerful consideration before bouncing up to rebut, as if engaged in a debate, it forwards the work we are about. And, as my wife, Ellen, is wont to misquote 1 Corinthians 13, "... and the greatest of these is a sense of humor."

The best of minutes aren't erected in the minds of the clerks. The building blocks are contributions of words from attentive, prayerful members of the meeting. In short, good meetings tend to have good clerks.

Charles Brown Wiscasset, Maine

Thoughtfulness was appreciated

Like J.A. Kruger, I have wept in meeting for worship (“Thoughts on Giving Comfort during Meeting for Worship,” F/May). And like J.A. Kruger, I also felt no need for
Early arrival to worship is recommended
I was troubled by Sally Leone Conroy's article, "The Meeting Hour," (FJ May). She states that she is "always late" and that she's moving to another seat in the meeting room. Her actions have already given ministry, as she walks across the wooden floor. If she had given vocal ministry, I would hope I could hear her words, when her actions speak so loudly.

In my opinion, chronically late Friends should determine what is more important in their lives. Everyone would be better served if these late Friends attended to the more important issues.

Meeting for worship begins when the first person sits down. I have found the period (about ten minutes) before the official start time to be perfect for centering and greatly enhances my worship experience. I also have found that if I'm "on time" (or worse, late), it is hard, if not impossible, to get in the Spirit.

I'd like to recommend this "early worship" to all Friends. Try it out for yourself and see if you have a better experience in meeting for worship.

Jerry Knutson
Pittsburgh, Pa.

We should set an example based in "True Authority"

In their "thoughtful reflection on President Clinton's justification for bombing Iraq," St. Louis Friends opened their "Viewpoint" (FJ May) by correctly pointing out that Quakers reject outright the use of force as a means of conflict resolution. They then proceed to answer Clinton's public statements on force as a means of conflict resolution. They stated that they are "always late," and that they are moving to another seat in the meeting room. Their actions have already given ministry, as they walk across the wooden floor. If they had given vocal ministry, I would hope I could hear their words, when their actions speak so loudly.

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Charles B. Woodbury
Lexington, Mass.

Has another Society sprung up?
I find delight in your May issue (as in many others)—Edward Dougherty's "Meeting Expectations: Cultivating an Attitude of Love," the poem "Three Doves on the Tree of Heaven" by Renee Nocle Felice, and the "Viewpoint" column.

One minor or technical point from the latter: I was surprised to learn that there is a St. Louis Society of Friends. I had thought that there is only one—diverse though it be. But perhaps another Society has sprung up? Or is the attribution actually to a monthly meeting?

Jerry Knutson
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The essence of this thoughtful response is that our government's actions are both unconstitutional and against the UN Charter. That is the authority cited by the elders at Balby.

The point is that, even if every action Clinton took in Iraq was completely in line with the U.S. Constitution and the UN Charter, his actions would still be wrong under God's Law. That is the essential message of the Religious Society of Friends. We do not say, "You should not take up outward weapons," we say, "We will not." We need say no more. It is the example we set based in "True Authority" that must be the foundation of our interactions in the world. Anything less reduces us to mere participants in a battle already lost instead of beneficiaries of the battle already won.

Don Badger
New Paltz, N.Y.

any one person's comfort during those tears. But I did appreciate the hankie that appeared on my lap.
Sue Sawyer
Auckland, New Zealand

"ocean of darkness" even as it may give comfort to the unmentioned and equally wrong other side of the conflict. Such statements ignore and negate the only authority cited by the elders at Balby.

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Don Badger
New Paltz, N.Y.

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

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