

January 2000

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker  
Thought  
and  
Life  
Today



Faith behind Faith



Amazing Grace



Not the Good Married Life:  
A Homeless Man Sets an Example



**An  
independent  
magazine  
serving the  
Religious  
Society of  
Friends**



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## Among Friends

# Prepare for the Best

*This is the day that the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.*

—Psalm 118:24

One autumn day about a year ago, I listened as a young mother in meeting rose to deliver a message that has stayed with me ever since: "Prepare for the best." Her words were simple and heartfelt. She told us that her very young daughter repeatedly had been asking to bring her favorite doll to meeting. This mother, concerned that the child would become playful and possibly disruptive in meeting, steadfastly refused to grant her request. Then it occurred to her to ask why her daughter wanted to bring the doll to meeting. With some emotion this young mother shared that her little daughter wanted her doll to experience meeting for worship. She realized that she'd been trying to avert something undesirable, when what her daughter wanted was something to be cherished. With stunning simplicity, I found myself convicted on the spot.

A seasoned manager, I must wryly confess to experiencing occasional pride in my ability to come up with "Plan B" when things fall apart. I've even been known to map out Plan B (and C, and D, etc.) *before* things fall apart, based upon my anticipation that *something* is likely to go wrong, given past performance. When I do this, it puts me in the position of trying to avert an undesirable outcome, rather than anticipating a positive one. While it's important to be prepared to encounter whatever life brings to us, if most of our attention is focused on averting the undesirable, we've *already* failed by permitting the undesirable to be our focus.

As we have approached the new millennium during the past year, I've noticed a few of the ways in which we've collectively been focusing on the undesirable. Only a handful of fringe groups believe that the shift to the new millennium will bring with it Armageddon and the end of the world as we know it. By contrast, those of us who have worried about the "Y2K" computer problem are legion. Interestingly, the township in which I live has notified every household about the readiness of emergency systems in our municipality—and offered advice about what sort of stockpiling each household should do in preparation for possible problems at the beginning of the year, a surprising occurrence that I suspect has been repeated across the nation. Recently an Israeli friend told me with a heavy sense of foreboding that the security forces in his country are very concerned about Christian extremists planning attacks on Moslem holy places at this time to fulfill what they believe are biblical prophecies. I won't deny that there are valid reasons for being prepared.

But, in all this anxious preparation for the beginning of the new millennium, I wonder if we—like the young mother who nearly missed the moment to be cherished—are placing our attention too much on averting calamity. We are crossing the line into a new era. Are we finding ways to focus our attention on the creative and positive possibilities all around us? Perhaps we are missing the ancient truth of the psalmist that *this* is the day that the Lord has made, it is ours in which to rejoice and be glad. I suspect the greater wisdom is to rise to meet—and celebrate—life as it comes to us (the need for Plan B notwithstanding). When we stand fast in the knowledge that all we ever have is the present moment, and that God's Presence can be directly known, then we have access to all the security and guidance we truly ever will need.

*Susan Corson-Finnerty*

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Thomas Jenkins



## Forum

### Simplicity is needed

I am responding to the article, "An Inclusive Compassion" (*FJ* Oct.). The Earth will not begin to heal until people in the United States realize that they can no longer drive sports utility vehicles with impunity—nor forever seek larger and larger houses and more and more things.

*Diane Reimers*  
Jackson, Wyo.

### Plainfield meetinghouse

We read with interest the article about the Earlham School of Religion study of U.S. Quakers in the November issue and were surprised to see pictured as Plainfield Meeting the old Conservative Friends meetinghouse.

Sometime in the early 1960s it ceased to be used as a meetinghouse. When we worked in Plainfield Meeting (FUM) from 1966 to 1970, the Conservative meetinghouse had been sold and was then a duplex dwelling. We visited an active Plainfield Meeting Quaker family who lived in one side of the duplex.

Incidentally, both Western Yearly Meeting and Plainfield Monthly Meeting are considering major renovations for their respective sides of the Western and Plainfield structures.

*Herbert Kimball*  
Richmond, Ind.

*We regret the error in publishing an outdated photograph of Plainfield Meeting. Please take note, Friends, that we would be pleased to have updated photographs and line drawings of your meetinghouses for our files for possible future use (be sure to date them on the back). —Eds.*

### Proposed solution to the dilemma of leadership

I am writing in reference to the section, "Dilemmas of Leadership" (p. 20), in the article, "Among Friends: A Consultation with Friends about the Condition of Quakers in the United States Today" (*FJ* Nov.). I suggest that Friends follow the guidelines in Chapter Three, "Ministry and Counsel" in *Faith and Practice of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends—1985*, and make their clerk both clerk and administrator of the monthly meeting.

*Nelson W. Babb Jr.*  
West Suffield, Conn.

### Peacemaking work brings unity

I commend you for printing "Among Friends: A Consultation with Friends about the Condition of Quakers in the United States Today," by Doug Bennett (*FJ* Nov.). I was particularly glad to read its suggestion that "Friends find their way to unity together most easily when we are *doing work together*" (p. 21). This truth came home to me again during October 8–11 of this year when Friends (programmed and unprogrammed), Brethren, Mennonites, and Presbyterians gathered at George Fox University in Newberg, Oregon, for a peacemaking conference entitled, "Acts of Faith: Reconciliation from the Interpersonal to the International." Some of us from unprogrammed meetings found the language of the worship and singing a bit foreign, but I think we were grateful for all the references to and readings of the Bible.

It was in the concurrent sessions and workshops where we learned together about the work of the Christian Peacemaker Teams; the criminal justice emphases on reconciliation, restitution, and discipline; and—most importantly for me—the new attempts to form an International Peace Force that Mel Duncan and David Hartsough are sparking. While thinking about working together in these sessions, all our theological differences got buried and our sense of the need to live our Peace Testimony with our whole lives rose up!

It was heartening to know that now, in peacetime, there are pockets of people in the peace churches who have moved far beyond "nay-saying" to putting their lives on the line. It was particularly humbling to think about joining them. I have the sense that in working together as peacemakers, we would experience the truth of what Jesus said: "By their fruits, ye shall know them."

*Judith Brown*  
Seattle, Wash.

### Poetic suggestion

David Mook's lovely verses, "Meetinghouse Window Panes—Early November" (*FJ* Nov.), recalled lines from our most recent meeting newsletter (Middletown [Bucks Co., Pa.] Meeting), which seem to speak to David's question:

Do you not see how necessary a world of pain and trouble is to school an intelligence and make it a soul? —*John Keats*

We reprinted this quote from *Another Country* by Mary Pipher. She also used a line

from an unidentified Asian source that I found interestingly to the point:

We cannot help the birds of sadness flying over our heads, but we need not let them make nests in our hair.

Thank you for the Earlham School of Religion report by Douglas Bennett. I've ordered a copy.

*Charlene DiMicco*  
Bensalem, Pa.

### Corrections

As you may know, there is a typographical error in the "Viewpoint" letter on East Timor (*FJ* Nov.). The U.S. journalist who was mentioned is named "Nairn," not "Narin." Otherwise, I appreciate the letter a lot!

*John MacDougall*  
Westford, Mass.

I have a slight correction to an item in your "News" department (*FJ* Oct.) It was noted there that Quaker Peace and Service has had a program in Sri Lanka since 1996. QPS has had a full time representative and presence in Sri Lanka since 1985. Through QPS, Quakers and those of like mind and heart continue to encourage peacemaking, especially at the grassroots level. Most recently the decision was made to expand the QPS work, hiring several more local colleagues. This is a reflection of both the ongoing need in that beautiful and war-torn country, and the success of the QPS efforts there.

*Phil Esmonde*  
Fayetteville, N.C.  
QPS Country Representative in Sri Lanka, 1991–94

*The news item noted that three QPS workers opened an office in the eastern part of Sri Lanka, expanding the work of the main office in Colombo. Our thanks for this further clarification. —Eds.*

### Back copies available

We have nearly complete files of FRIENDS JOURNAL from at least 1968 to the present, and will be happy to give them to Friends schools, colleges, libraries, or individuals. Arrangements for shipping can be worked out. We are now retired and hate to discard/recycle so much good reading and valuable information.

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# Out of the Silence

Out of the silence of Quaker meeting there often comes a phenomenon of coincidence. Sometimes after I have spoken in meeting, someone will come up to me and say, "I found my thoughts running parallel to yours as you began speaking. What a coincidence." This has happened with enough frequency that I have been unable to dismiss it as coincidence. If this is not a random happening, what is going on? Is there something about the corporate silence that contributes to this condition?

At the beginning of meeting, we let the silence direct us away from the duties and frustrations of daily living. We move in increments toward a state of open receptiveness. This allows us to come into closer partnership with our unconscious mind and the intuitive nature of our sixth sense, the exchange of ideas, knowledge, and emotions beyond the traditional five senses.

The brain wave patterns of our thoughts have been identified as electrical impulses. We are, in effect, miniature broadcasting stations. Commercial broadcast stations are designated different frequencies so that their signals do not overlap. I believe we all

have different frequencies. When we meet someone whose frequency is close to our own, we share a warmth with that person without knowing why. We sense this intuitively. Those with dissimilar frequencies to ours require more time to become acquainted.

The silence of Quaker meeting may allow us to connect more directly with our unconscious mind, the seat of our creativity and conduit to the interconnectedness of humanity and the living world we inhabit.

The scientific mind has difficulty accepting the validity of intuitive or telepathic communication because it cannot be confirmed by accepted methods of scientific testing. We view our world from a base of rapidly expanding scientific practice and knowledge that leads us away from using the intuitive portion of our nature. Our conscious mind is subject to testing because it functions primarily through logic and reason. Yet we all have had hunches and telepathic experiences that we often dismiss as coincidence. By such dismissal we may be denying ourselves the use and enhancement of a very special gift.

Many Quaker leaders have been mystics. They were comfortable with the metaphysical aspect of their beings and made use of its

tools, believing them to be a natural part of their spiritual nature and development. The medium of telepathy and intuition is neutral, like any other energy. How we use it, or if we use it, is up to us. The process of Quaker meeting provides an ideal environment for us to better understand and use the gifts of intuition and telepathy. The "gathered" meeting is a good example of the communal silence promoting an intuitive-telepathic connection between members of the group that leads to a compounding of thought to a higher level and in common direction.

If one accepts this analysis, an interesting question emerges: Do our messages originate in ourselves, in others who are present, or are our thoughts combined into one message? Meeting often leaves us enriched without understanding the source or means of that enrichment. As one member said when I asked him why he came to meeting, "I'm not sure, but I always feel better when I do. I invariably feel that I leave with more than when I came."

Henry Swain  
Nashville, Tenn.

## Fasting for peace

During the U.S. bombing of Kosovo, I began a water-only fast in protest of that bombing. I stopped my fast after almost a week when I woke up in the middle of the night with excruciating pain in my legs. I started eating again—those we bomb can't wake up and start eating again.

I fast for many causes. At Thanksgiving, I fast for all the terrible things we have done to the Native Americans, the African Americans, other countries, etc. The poverty—I'm not thankful for that. At Christmas, I fast because we sing and talk "Peace on Earth," but keep killing people. On Hiroshima Day, Nagasaki Day, Memorial Day, and the Fourth of July, I fast for all those on both sides who have died in our wars. I have fasted against the death penalty, to try to close the School of the Americas, etc. These have always been liquid fasts—not just water only—so this recent fast was the first time I had excruciating pain in my legs.

I've been arrested five or six times, in holding cells over nights, spent a month in jail, and a weekend at a work farm for protesting the militarization of space at Cape Canaveral.

I've worn "Tell our world: No weapons. We are all one," for more than ten years wherever I go. At 90 years of age, I won't be around much longer. I wish everyone would wear it all over the world.

Dorothy Scott Smith  
Indian Harbour Beach, Fla.

## A disgruntled typesetter

At the risk of sounding annoyed, I resent attempts to preach liberation from "high technology" that clearly have no problem with us employing all the condemned devices in order to do so. As I was typesetting "Claris and I" (see pp. 13–14), a barely readable typewritten manuscript with smudgy keystrokes, on my computer, I was wondering about "the necessity of plugging into a power source fueled by petroleum or, perhaps even worse, nuclear energy." The author talks about the "device powered only by [his] own exertion." It is his exertion only while he writes for himself. Once he attempts to publish, it becomes someone else's exertion, powered by a little more than swift finger-movement. I could imagine the author simply not seeing the irony of the

situation, if it were his first publication with our, or any other, magazine. It isn't (see *FJ* Nov. 1998, *Claris and I: A Bitter Friendship*). I am not an expert, but I think he owes a serious apology to Eliot, Thoreau, Woolf, and Shakespeare. Don't get me wrong, I more than agree that we carry our obsession with technology, as well as disregard for the environment in the process, too far. However, announcing personal achievement in simplicity by employing elaborate technological means is not the way to address the problem.

Alla Podolsky  
Philadelphia, Pa.

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 author's privacy; those wishing to correspond directly with authors may send letters to FRIENDS JOURNAL to be forwarded. Authors' names are not to be used for personal or organizational solicitation. —Eds.

# The MEANING of SILENT WORSHIP

by Mariellen O. Gilpin

**A** Friend recently asked, "What does silent worship mean?" Silent worship is about making an opportunity for God. God makes opportunities with us—in a beautiful sunset, or in a moment of insight; silent worship is one of the ways we can make a highway for God in the wilderness of our lives.

I didn't always know silent meeting was about God. When I began worshipping in Friends meeting, I wasn't sure there was a God, but I was sure that silent meeting was important to me, God or no God. If there were a God, I had to come to Him or Her in my own way, on my own terms, for my own reasons. Silent worship allowed me to be myself with God, if there were a God. Shortly I learned I had no problem about using the word "worship" for silent meeting. There was a Power in the silence. I wasn't ready to give it the name God, but I knew it was a power. Something happened in the silence. Worship changed me. I came to associate meeting for worship with transformation. I experienced moments of insight and objectivity during worship. Insights came not so much as a result of thought as by my coming to see a problem or issue in the Light.

One such early experience of seeing an issue in the Light resulted in spontaneous healing. I felt resentment against my father's brother because he gave my father \$300 when my father was dying of cancer without medical insurance. Since my father was a compulsive gambler, he quickly gambled away my uncle's money. I was angry at my father, of course, but I was also angry with my uncle. What did he *think* was going to happen to the money when he gave it to my father? I dropped out of college and took the first job I could find—in a prison. I was mentally unchallenged but spiritually very challenged in my new job. I was mad at the world, and I focused some of my anger on my father's

*Mariellen O. Gilpin is a member of Urbana-Champaign (Ill.) Meeting. She holds the people of her meeting in the Light.*

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family. A few years after my father died, I sat in meeting and was called to remember my resentment. In almost the same instant, I felt a deep disinterest in maintaining that old anger. I let go of it, and the anger never returned. I saw the issue in the Light during worship that day.

I was changed not only during worship; I noticed I was different after worship. I remember once speaking to a friend after meeting. As I looked into her face, I was moved to say words of healing about an issue she hadn't shared with me—or anyone else, for that matter. She was a very private person. I felt I might invade her privacy if I spoke those healing words. I was afraid. What if I were wrong? Right or wrong, would she be offended? Then I thought: "This is happening right after worship. I should trust it." I spoke the words of healing, and she looked at me like a wounded animal. I took her hand and squeezed it. I knew I had done what Love required of me. I learned that Something used me in healing ways after worship. I came to call that presence for change, God.

For me in those early years, meeting for worship was a laboratory experiment. I was learning who God was experientially. My whole way of relating to the world changed after meeting and between meetings. During worship I sometimes thought, "Nothing's happening!" But I learned to look at my way of walking in the world after meeting. The whole week was different because I had gone to silent worship.

I have come to believe that meeting for worship is about change, transformation, coming to wholeness. If I truly make an opportunity for God in worship, I will be changed. Sometimes change happens through grace. Sometimes it happens because I work very hard. But if I work hard, it's because God first gave me the grace of wanting to change so I would work hard.

If worship is about change, it is also true that God takes me where I am. If I am caught up in an unsatisfying relationship, God will speak to me about my part in that relationship. If I am doing harm to another, I may reflect during worship on

the damage I am doing. If I am caught up in the laundry lists of life, I may find myself yearning to choose meaning. If I come to worship to mull over a problem, I may learn my own responsibility for the existence of the problem. If I come to worship in mourning, I may find deep gratitude for what has been given. God takes me where I am.

Worship is different each time, depending somewhat on the issues and concerns I bring with me to meeting. It's important to me that I not try to program what worship will feel like. I simply expect to be in worship and don't expect it to feel a certain way. Sometimes worship feels like I'm fully awake, using senses not available to me in my dailiness. Sometimes I am filled with awe and reverence, sometimes with joy, sometimes with holy sorrow, compassion—often with gratitude. What worship is like depends on what I am like when I come to worship—what I need, what I am ready for. Notice, I didn't say what I want, but what I need. God sets the agenda.

I have experienced deep inner silence—wordlessness. During it I am in touch with my core self, my eternal self. The troubling issue will return after the deep inner silence, but I will face the issue with my core self, my eternal self, the spark of God within. I will look at the same events with a God's-eye view, a longer-range perspective that is at the same time a wider and deeper perspective.

I have sometimes experienced what the apostles called the peace that passeth all understanding, the peace in the midst of uproar that says, "This is what's given. This is mine to confront. I know what I am called to do, and I will do it the best I can. Despite outward chaos, outward pain and suffering, outward terror, I am called in this particular way at this particular moment. I will do what I am called to do." The action that was beyond even considering becomes something I choose to do.

I may know that a particular meeting for worship is gathered. All hearts are moved to deal with different aspects of the same issue, through spoken ministry or



not. I have read of profoundly deaf Friends speaking words in worship that are right in tune with the ministry they have not been able to hear with their outer ears. Gathered worship is more likely to happen to me if I truly listen to the ministry of others in meeting. When I truly listen, I will learn that a Friend who has dementia is still capable of being moved to speak to what is on everyone's heart during a particular meeting.

Easter Day, 1993, was an especially gathered meeting for those of us in Urbana-Champaign (Ill.) Meeting. A Friend said he didn't know how he could forgive Robert McNamara, because McNamara wrote he knew the war in Vietnam could not be won, but supported it anyway. All hearts focused at once, not on Vietnam, but on forgiving, and we were as one heart. Several Friends spoke, but the meeting was so deeply centered that there was no mistaking it for a popcorn meeting. I especially remember one Friend saying, "When a deep wrong has been done, healing the breach may not require me to say, 'I forgive you'—because our enemy may not need to be forgiven. But if I can say, 'Please forgive *me*,' then maybe the wound in both of us can be healed." After worship we all were in wonderment about what had come forth in our midst. God had touched a chord, and we all resonated in tune, gathered in worship by the call to forgive.

I may know that a particular meeting for worship is covered—the spirit of God covers us with wings of peace. We are held in God's everlasting arms. This may be a corporate experience, or it may be for one person alone. I think sometimes I can tell the experience has not been mine alone. I have been held for a while, and when I return to the dailiness of life, I look around and see others returning to dailiness at the same moment. There is a general stirring in the room when the Presence lets go its hold on a covered meeting, and we return from a far country.

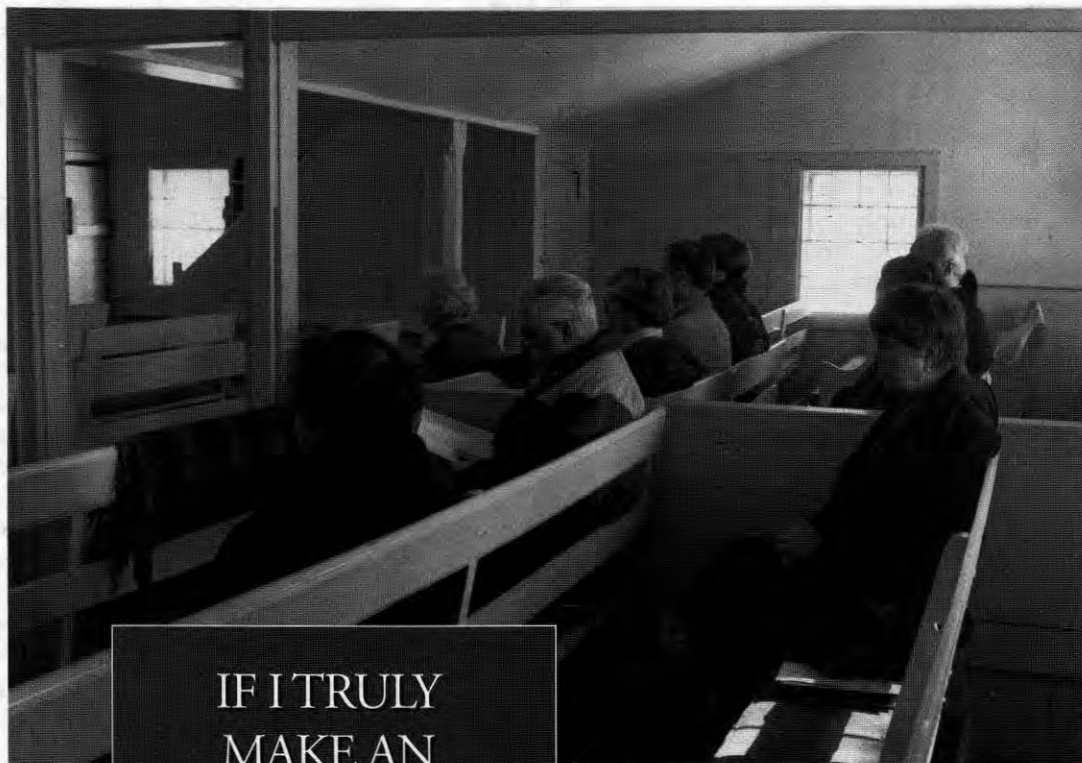
In a covered meeting I feel a little like a small child who has explored the world for a while and then comes to a caring adult's lap to be cuddled before she returns to exploring the world. Like a child,

I am restored by being held in God's lap. After worship I will be ready to explore our world again—ready to fall, skin my knee, learn—and then I'll know it's time to return to God's lap.

The experience of a covered meeting is different each time, depending on my need. Sometimes I have rested in God. I have often come to worship crazy, but I have always left it sane; sometimes a covered meeting means being restored to Reality. For me there are no words during a

a gift. What I do with the gift is my choice. I return to the dailiness of my problem bearing a gift.

The most important ingredient I can bring with me to worship is an attitude of expectancy. Meeting for worship is a time I choose to spend in the presence of God. Silent worship is about becoming friends with God. I glance across the room, and God meets my eye. Attracted, I glance again, and shortly we are conversing. I begin to change, and I like my new self so



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covered meeting. I am beyond words. I am simply held. When God lets me off Her lap there may be a few words: "About that problem you had when you came in—have you thought about this?" God gives me the key. Usually I'm not sure how the key should be used, or how to put it in the lock. I usually have to work for my insights, or if not for the insight, then for how it should be used. But the key is there. I have been held in the Light, restored in God's lap, and given the key. It's

much, shortly I am making regular dates to meet my new Friend. We meet in the silence more and more often. I change some more; I am unmade and remade—several times. I like who I am with God, who I am becoming. In the silence I am comforted, given new thoughts to think, challenged to become whole in spite of brokenness—whole *with* the brokenness. I become more a person, and I love the Person who taught me how, who first called me to personhood. Just as in being with a dear friend, being with God is full of variety. It's never the same twice. There's no agenda, but something special happens each time. Just as I come to be with my friend with expectancy, I come to be with God with expectancy. I hang out with my friend God, becoming more who I am as I learn more about who God is. Silent worship is about relationship with the Author of all that is. □



# Amazing Grace

I was sitting in meeting for worship at the 1999 annual session of Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas. Worshiping with me were Quakers from the whole range of Friends: from liberal, unprogrammed meetings, from pastoral churches, from Latin American Evangelical churches, from conservative, unprogrammed meetings. Several deep messages had come out of the unprogrammed worship, when I was strongly gripped by the impulse to speak. My heart began pounding; I cried for several minutes, asking God to take away the nausea and shaking so that I *could* speak. (It has never struck me as very practical of God to make us shake and tremble and stumble on our words as we are prepared to speak in the Spirit.) Finally I knew I had to speak, whether or not I was shaking, whether or not I was crying. Something like these words came from me: "I am a Friend from a liberal, unprogrammed meeting who has experienced the saving grace of Jesus Christ in my heart. I don't speak of this much around the Friends of my meeting. So many of them are refugees from other institutionalized Christian churches. So many have been whipped with the name of Jesus. But at this gathering I have become aware that I cannot continue to be silent. It is hurtful to me, and it hurts my meeting, for me to be quiet about these experiences. I thank God for this awareness and pray for the strength and love to witness." This is my testimony to the possibility of the saving love of God, through the person of Jesus Christ.

It may be that Jesus Christ is not for every Quaker. It may be that Jesus Christ really is the Way and the Truth and the Life. I

*Merry Stanford is a member of Red Cedar Meeting in Lansing, Michigan.*

simply and truthfully do not know. I cannot read the mind of God, and I know from my own varied experiences that God speaks lovingly and truthfully in many spiritual languages. But, to my shock, Jesus Christ was the one who led me out of hell and into love, peace, and faith. This was a shock because I am one of the refugees of Christianity, one of those who has had to resist Christian language in order to experience God and who has been battered by the patriarchy of the institutionalized church. I fought and kicked at least 75 percent of the way. Even when the signs were clear, it took an astonishing mystical experience to convince me that Jesus really was my spiritual guide and teacher.

I have spent most of my adult life facing and healing experiences of severe childhood abuse. The abuse was so severe that most of you would not readily believe me if I told you the stories. Not only was I a victim, but I was forced to victimize other, more vulnerable children. These deeds and an awful sense of powerlessness created in me a self-hatred that, while hidden, poisoned all of my relationships with the exception, thank God, of my

relationship with my sons. Somehow I was given the strength and wisdom to love them well enough.

Self-hatred is excruciating. It tears at one's heart like a devouring beast, threatening to consume a lifetime's ration of the good and beautiful. Intense pain even causes one, sometimes, to leave the senses and, in a real or perceived way, to leave the body. This happened to me time and again during my life, sometimes without my realizing that it had happened. On those occasions when I knew that I'd been "gone," I felt ashamed and weak. I took it as a sign that I was mentally ill, a condition that is seldom treated with compassion in our society. Certainly it seemed that the people around me weren't comfortable with me, as if I were a bit "off." I was convinced that, were they to know what was really going on for me, at the least they would think me crazy; at worst, they would lock me up in a hospital. So I kept quiet about these experiences.

On one blustery March day some years ago I was sitting in meditation, trying to find some peace of mind. I struggled with the pain of my self-hatred and my memories, and I threw my anguish angrily back in the face of God who had, I believed, forsaken me as a child to my tormentors and was now forsaking me to social isolation. How could a loving God abandon me in that way?! I cried it out to the heavens.

Then, very suddenly and very tangibly, in every way but the visual, there was present with me the person of Jesus. He knelt before me, reached out to me tenderly. I broke into sobs, calling spontaneously to him, "Where were you? How could you have left me like that?!" And then I was given to know something that is hard to explain. I saw the stream of humanity, flowing from an early and violent beginning, through decreasingly violent stages, toward the light

## QUAKER MEETING

Unbidden, they come crowding my throat,  
bursting through my brain barrier,  
these words demanding release.

"Say us. Sing us. Write us. Put us out where  
we can be heard, seen, tasted, felt;  
let our sweet incense offer lingering  
aroma of the lover who sends us.

Birth us."

I rise to break the still waters of silence.

—Ron Martin-Adkins

*Ron Martin-Adkins was inspired to write this poem during the 1998 ESR Ministry of Writing Colloquium.*

by Merry Stanford

that is the peace and love of God. And I knew that in order to traverse that vast distance, human beings had to grow, had to reach toward the light. And that, in reaching, they would step upon each other, would violate each other, would hurt and maim and kill each other. And they would do all these things to their children, as well as to each other. So, for their emotional protection, children are born with the ability to dissociate, to forget violence that occurred at the hands of their caretakers, so they can survive to adulthood, when they can finally remember in safety. This had been a gift, my dissociation; not a weakness, but a gift! And then I was given to see that this Jesus who was present now with me had stayed with my body when I left it, had even stood with me in sorrow as I perpetrated the violence that broke my heart.

It was then that I really accepted Jesus in my core. How could I refuse him? He was the one who held my hand through the depths of my despair, the only one who had been able to be there with me in the worst of the pain. Even my beloved husband, present for so much of my distress during my recovery, had not been able to bear the pain that Jesus bore for me that day. Perhaps the difference was in me. I knew from reading the Gospels that Jesus of Nazareth had been tortured. I knew that he understood that level of physical pain and emotional degradation. I was able to let him bear it, because I knew that he knew what he was getting into! It was as if I were a war survivor, unable to really talk about the war except with my war buddies. Jesus was, and is, the quintessential war buddy—one who knew the horrors of my private war, was able to transcend it, and helped me do likewise.

So that's my story of the grace that amazingly entered my life and propelled it forward. I write it because I can no longer keep quiet about it. I give thanks for simultaneously having been given the strength to face the self-hatred that lives within me and for having been saved from the destruction that could have proceeded from it. There may be some among you who will read this story, will recognize some likeness to yourself, and will hunger for the peace of Christ. If you ask, it will come to you. Even if you don't, but yearn for it in the privacy of your heart, it will come to you. But it will come faster if you ask, without reserve. There is no requirement to bear the pain alone. There is no need to be as stubborn as I was. There is one, even Christ Jesus, who can speak to thy condition. □

## CHASING JESUS THROUGH TRAFFIC

Tonight I feel drips of hot oil  
fall from beneath your wings  
onto my scalp  
half stinging me,  
half caressing me  
awake!

Anointed, I taste you  
in the words of our poet,  
in the swirling breath between passing lovers,  
in the tease of breeze through leaves of trees . . .  
but also in the whipping roar of fast traffic!

Before arriving home  
I want to meet your wild side—  
are you not that savage God  
screaming in this city night,  
pretending to be cats in brawl?

Do not hide your face!  
I've come to  
hunt you in shadows under bridges,  
prod you loose from  
the broken bodies of downtown drunks,  
dig for you in the dust of sidewalk cracks,  
listen for you shuffling  
beneath subway grates and sewer covers.

I would chase you down dark alleys,  
all the while knowing  
it is you following me—  
bewildered and mocking  
the blindness of this  
fool in love.

—Tobin Marsh

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*Tobin Marsh is a member of Mexico City Meeting.*



# IN THE WORLD, BUT NOT OF IT

## The Adventures of an Almost-Plain Friend

by Philip W. Helms

Several years ago, I found myself strongly led to work toward greater simplicity in my life, including something approximating plain dress. This leading came as a surprise, since I am an urban Friend and member of a liberal, university-town monthly meeting. I work as an editor and photographer, which leaves me immersed in technology and travel.

I have adapted my wardrobe and my appearance in stages: collarless shirts were first, then suspenders instead of belts. These changes brought little comment, since, as my fashion-conscious daughter assured me, both were then fashionable, an awkward coincidence indeed. I limited my slacks and suits to black with plain buttons, and my shirts to white or unbleached cotton and linen, or chambray in blue or gray. I stopped wearing neckties and discarded my cellular phone and my wristwatch. I began to feel that I was making some progress—and with my defective color vision, I found my revised wardrobe much simpler.

I have worn a full beard all my adult life. I felt led with increasing strength to shave off my moustache, another surprising leading with which I sat for some months before acting. That moustache had been part of my face for 25 years, and it was not easy to make such a change in the identity I presented to the world. This very consideration came to weigh heavily in my decision, but I ultimately found that it simply felt like the right thing to do. This

Let not  
our minds  
rest upon  
goods,  
things,  
houses,  
lands,  
inventions  
of  
vanities,  
or foolish  
fashions.

—George Fox

aspect of my leadings has perhaps been the most difficult to explain to others: the sense that something is simply right, not necessarily supported by extensive or persuasive logic.

When I finally shaved off my moustache, people began to comment, ranging from “Oh, my God!” through “It makes you look more Quakerly,” to “What’s with this Abe Lincoln stuff?” I vacillated briefly, and considered re-growing my upper lip whiskers . . . but somehow, I kept shaving my lip each morning, and the world and I got used to the change.

A broad-brimmed hat posed a greater challenge, since I am a large person and require a particularly large hat size. Broadbrims are not to be found in every dis-

count store these days, and my size proved elusive. I eventually obtained hats in black felt and straw from a store in an Amish and Mennonite community in another state. Initially, my courage was only sufficient to allow me to wear a broadbrim to meeting and while walking in the forest for exercise.

It was the addition of the broadbrim that brought the most definite responses from F/friends. In my meeting, this completed the transformation: I was definitely regarded as plain, even though my clothing was off-the-rack and conventionally constructed. Within my home meeting, reaction was chiefly in the form of questions, both curious and sympathetic: “Have you gone plain full time, or is this just for meeting?” and “How has your employer

reacted to your plain dress?”

One friend questioned the proper form for contemporary plain dress, suggesting that T-shirts, jeans, and sneakers would be more in keeping with the original intent of plain dress: a preference for the practical, serviceable, and comfortable, with a disregard for fashion. Further, she pointed out, traditional plain dress is now so distinctive as to border on ostentation, an advertisement of one’s faith and beliefs. Unprepared, I fell back upon the illogic of faith: it seemed to me to be the right thing to do. With hindsight, I see a contradiction in her points: if to avoid ostentation, plain dress must be periodically updated or modified to avoid an overly sharp contrast with the contemporary mainstream, the practice has been re-enslaved to fashion, at one remove. If one truly disregards fashion, plain dress (contemporary or traditional) will necessarily be or become distinctive with the passage of time and divergence from mainstream fashion. The choice is whether to follow fashion one step behind and thus mute the visible witness to simplicity, or to embrace the traditional (rather visible) form of the testimony.

Matters have been different in the wider Friends community. When I visited another meeting, I was welcomed warmly, but afterward a Friend confronted me: “Why do you dress like an Amishman?” This Friend was apparently unaware of Friends’ plain history.

A week at Friends General Conference Gathering produced a range of reactions: a number of Friends welcomed me to the event and expressed the hope that I was enjoying the Gathering. Others inquired as to my provenance, guessing that I was a Conservative Friend, a Mennonite, or Amish. All were certain I was *other*—an outsider of some sort, different from themselves. When I explained that I was simply a liberal, FGC Friend like themselves, some insisted on a qualifying distinction: “with Conservative leanings,” or “in Mennonite garb.” Some seemed to find me an affront

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to their sensibilities—an anachronism with little or no place at a late 20th-century gathering. One Friend described a discussion that took place in a photography workshop, concerning myself as an unwilling target for the group's photographers, and whether the word "plain" properly applied to one such as myself.

Students on the university campus during the Gathering were even more direct, bluntly asking if I were Amish (and often mispronouncing the name in creative ways).

At yearly meeting, while working with the Peace and Social Concerns Committee, I had occasion to use a borrowed notebook computer to type a letter—and found myself being stalked by the official photographer, who could not resist the image of a plain fellow using a computer.

The following yearly meeting, one Friend inquired, "Are you a farmer?" When I admitted I was not, he demanded to know why I dressed the way I did. I was startled by the implication regarding contemporary farmers and plain dress, being more familiar with the John-Deere-cap-and-overalls variety back home in Illinois, but I managed to recover in time to explain. Curiously, this Friend was quite aware of our plain history, but it had not occurred to him that a contemporary, liberal Friend might dress plain.

Among Conservative Friends, my appearance met with acceptance rather than questions and confusion. I fell around the middle of the spectrum in that group, which ranged from conventional casual dress to undeniably plain garments. To the potential confusion of the not-plain, many Friends who were plain in dress and speech seemed to feel no reservations regarding technology, and the list of participants included many e-mail addresses. After a few days among these Friends, I had become comfortable with plain speech and now use it at times with other Friends.

When one considers the idea of walking for several miles each day through the forest, one imagines a solitary experience. Actually, one encounters a number of people walk-

ing, running, bicycling, and on horseback. As I made my daily walks, I became a familiar local figure, and over time I met with assorted reactions. Several asked if I were Amish; one more knowledgeable than the others added, "or Mennonite." Some only asked where I lived, and expressed surprise: "I didn't know there was a colony of folks like you around here." Two were certain I must be Mormon, and one couple inquired after the "Mormon commune" to which they assumed I was attached.

A small girl on a bicycle stopped to ask if I were Native American. When I responded in the negative, this seemed to confirm her thought and sent her on a mental quest for the term she wanted. "You're not an Indian, but you're one of those guys, like an Indian. . . ." I eventually realized that, in the forest setting, she had connected me to the Hollywood image of a mountain man or fur trapper. When I explained I was a Quaker, she brightened: "Oh, like the guy on the oatmeal box!"

One incident still intrigues me: A party of novice horse-people from a riding stable was passing through the forest along a trail converging with my path. I could hear the guide as they drew closer, offering a running commentary: "Up ahead on the left, we sometimes see deer in the clearing. . . . There he is, on the right!" I paused to look around and to allow the troop of horses to pass. I concluded tentatively that I was the landmark

being identified, though how I had been described, or for what purpose I was included in the tour, I do not know.

As I began to wear the broadbrim more often, in more mundane places, the local confusion continued. Particularly when wearing a long overcoat, I have been greeted in Yiddish by individuals who quickly realized I was neither Hasidic nor a rabbi.

These instances of mistaken spiritual identity frequently provide an opportunity to explain myself and Quakerism in brief, particularly when my new acquaintance offers a follow-up question like, "Well, aren't Quakers and Mormons practically the same thing?" or "You can't be a Quaker; they all died off except for two sisters who are about 100 years old."

To appear plain in public is to become a target for photographers, particularly amateurs and semi-professionals. These folks almost never ask permission; they simply want photos and assume I am there to be photographed. It is certainly true that, during a typical rally at the State Capitol or a Labor Day parade, there are very few folk in plain dress present. This apparently causes some people to assume I am part of the show, like the clown making balloon animals. I find this painful; I do not regard myself as a tourist attraction.



Barbara Benton



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A visit to a public tourist attraction like the restored 19th-century village a few miles from my home carries an added set of risks. During the summer season, the village is partially populated by volunteers in period costume who demonstrate crafts, explain exhibits, and generally add life and an intended authenticity to the village. Strangers often approach me requesting information or directions, assuming I am one of the volunteers. Most of my conversations begin, "I am a visitor here myself. . . ." Some sheepishly admit their mistake; others react with disbelief. I prepare for these encounters by noting where the first aid station, restrooms, and other conveniences are located, to supply the requested information.

The reverse of this coin is a visit to a plain community of Amish and Mennonites. Where the plain folk belong and the tourists are tolerated, I find myself in a curious middle ground. Tourists take me for a resident; the residents know I am not one of them, but recognize me as different from the tourists. It is sometimes possible to enter into conversations with local plain folk. These typically open with exchanges of names, then the inquiries: "Where is thee from? What is thy faith?" As I explain, I meet with surprise: first, no one has heard of a community of plain folk in my area, and second, there is no such community; I am an almost-isolated, almost-plain person. When I identify myself as a Quaker, the immediate question is always, "What does thee believe? Is thee a Christian?" Our reputation precedes us, and universalism is so widely perceived as anti-Christian that liberal Friends are viewed with distrust. This, coupled with the unfamiliar nature of our unprogrammed worship, seems *other* to these plain folk.

I dislike traveling by air. A person of plain appearance attracts a measure of unwelcome attention in most airports, chiefly from those handling security measures. In Detroit, although my bag and I passed through the metal detectors without difficulty, security insisted on inspecting my hat and the top of my head beneath the hat, to assure that no contraband was concealed there. In Los Angeles, the same bag and I were unable to clear the metal detectors, a curious phenomenon, since nothing had changed between Detroit and Los Angeles. Security required me to empty my pockets, and seemed upset that I was not carrying a wallet; this is suspect in our

culture. They concluded the metal clasps of my suspenders had upset the metal detector, but posed no greater hazard. They did not check under my hat.

Any trip to the market is an adventure. One sunny afternoon after tending the lawn, I ventured into a local market in straw hat and chambray shirt. In the produce section, I realized three other customers were discreetly following me, observing and imitating my selections. They had apparently concluded that I had specialized, inside knowledge of the quality of fruits and vegetables.

I find that people—store associates and customers alike—seem more courteous and helpful, even during busy times, when the aisles are jammed with carts and the check-out lines are long. I have drawn two conclusions:

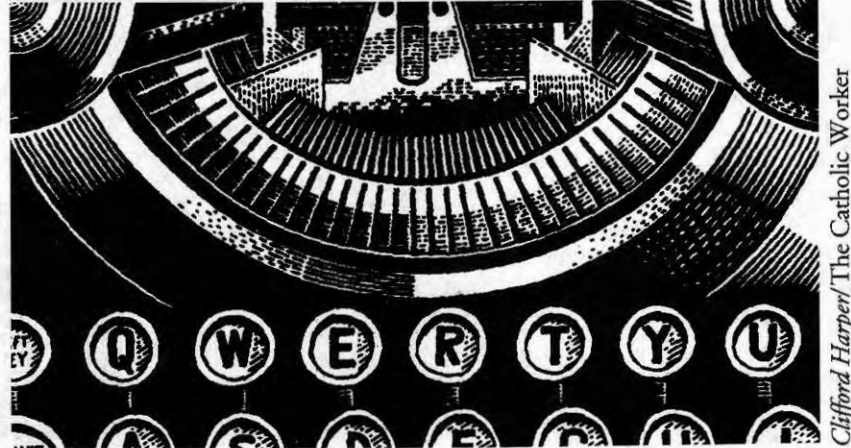
First, the broadbrim is the defining article of masculine plain dress. Given the diversity of styles currently permissible, most casual observers find me only slightly odd without the hat and do not appear to give me a second thought. When I don the hat, most regard me as *other*.

Second, most respond to me differently when they perceive me as a plain person. I have given this long consideration, attempting to understand this phenomenon (and examining my own reasons for dressing this way). My different, *other* appearance causes most people to give me that proverbial second thought and to react to me as an individual rather than as one in an interminable succession of interchangeable customers. Our interaction is transformed from the perfunctory automatism of daily commerce to contact between two people—and in most cases, we respond to that of God in one another.

My next step is the attempt to sew my own plain clothing. This takes me into the sewing and fabric shops, where large bearded men in plain dress are rare. The associates and my sister customers seem bemused and uncertain at my intrusion, but so far, none has ventured any questions at all.

The transition so far has not been difficult, and I have become comfortable as an almost-plain Friend. My sense that "it is the right thing to do" continues to be strong. I cannot imagine reverting to mainstream fashions, nor would I wish to do so. I have not given up anything, and I now enjoy greater freedom and greater truth—to myself and to my faith. □





Clifford Harper/The Catholic Worker

# Claris and I: A Bitter Friendship Ended

by Qani Belul

Once we've gotten a taste of them, it is indeed difficult to give up life's luxuries. Color televisions, video cassette recorders, automatic washing machines, automobiles—over time we come to regard these material possessions not as amenities but as necessities for living a full and happy existence, and we thus tenaciously hold on to them for dear life. During the past several decades this has become true with the personal computer as well, which, alongside the microwave oven, answering machine, and other such devices, is now considered by many to be a necessary household item.

About four years ago, when I was preparing to move to Japan, a friend there with whom I planned to live wrote and asked me if I'd be so kind as to bring over from the United States a small laptop she wanted to purchase. I agreed and subsequently hand-carried the computer from Ohio to her apartment in central Japan. Having no job when I first arrived provided me with a lot of free time, and I decided to utilize some of this by writing. As my friend was frequently off teaching English morning til night, I had plenty of access to her new acquisition (which, because of its Claris Works word-processing program, I called Claris).

I quickly discovered that Claris could save me lots of time and paper, and before long I was directly keying in letters and essays, eliminating the handwriting stage altogether. This relationship went on for some months, me keying in and copying onto disks, with Claris helping edit and efficiently printing out the finished product. As happens all too often with love

affairs, however, chinks began to develop in the relationship. Feeling more and more unsettled by the costs and complexities involved, I started to question the use of the computer as a writing tool.

## **My barn is burnt down— Nothing hides the moon.**

—Japanese poem

For example, when setting up to write I was bothered by the environmental aspect, by the necessity of plugging into a power source fueled by petroleum or, perhaps even worse, nuclear energy. Then there were the aesthetic considerations: running electrical cords from Claris to the printer, from Claris to an outlet, from the printer to an outlet; closing the drapes to minimize glare on the screen; readying the main disk and a backup. After some 20 minutes of technical setup time, as I sat preparing to write, the dilemma was most glaring: how to write naturally in such an unnatural writing environment? Yet one of the most consistent traits of us humans is inconsistency; and so I wrote, praising the glories of nature and the benefits of living simply as I sat amid a web of wires, view of trees and garden effectively eclipsed, keying my thoughts into an electronic box. Over time, however, eyes weary and mind unsettled, I became determined to end the relationship.

Some might call me anachronistic, behind the times. After all, today most people rave about the computer as a writing tool. Books and magazines on writing can't say enough about how indispensable computers are to the writer—no more cutting and pasting paragraphs, no more filling the wastebasket with crumpled balls of paper from the first, second, third drafts. Still, the master writers of the past, Eliot,

Thoreau, Woolf, Shakespeare, did just fine without a word processor, and so, I thought, could I.

I quickly found, however, that weaning myself from that little electronic box was no easy matter, and, just as many alcoholics deal with their addiction, I approached the problem in steps. The first step was to go back to writing the initial draft on paper; later the first and second drafts; then the first, second, and third; and so on, until I reached the point of utilizing Claris only as a finishing tool, a polisher of sorts. From there came the most difficult step: doing away with the computer altogether. It was at that stage that I realized just how over my head I'd gotten, how deep into the relationship I'd plunged, and extricating myself from it was by no means going to be an easy matter, but I persevered.

In cases of relationships turned sour, putting distance between yourself and the other will often help extinguish any lingering feelings of attachment, and in my case, moving from Japan to a simpler abode in Nova Scotia—a farm without electricity where Claris had no place—helped immensely, and I can now state (with a hint of trepidation in my voice) that Claris and I are finished.

But before I congratulate myself too much on my success, I should add here that a new addiction has quickly come to replace the old. Not long ago, while visiting a homestead in upstate New York, I mentioned my aversion to word processors to an acquaintance there who said he may have something that would help. A month later the package from him arrived in Nova Scotia, and I took it up to the barn loft where I lived and opened it. There, in an old tan case, sat a steel-gray manual typewriter, solid as a tank, with the name just above the dark green keys:

*Qani Belul is currently a land caretaker at the Land Stewardship Center in Michigan, where he lives with his wife and his manual typewriter.*  
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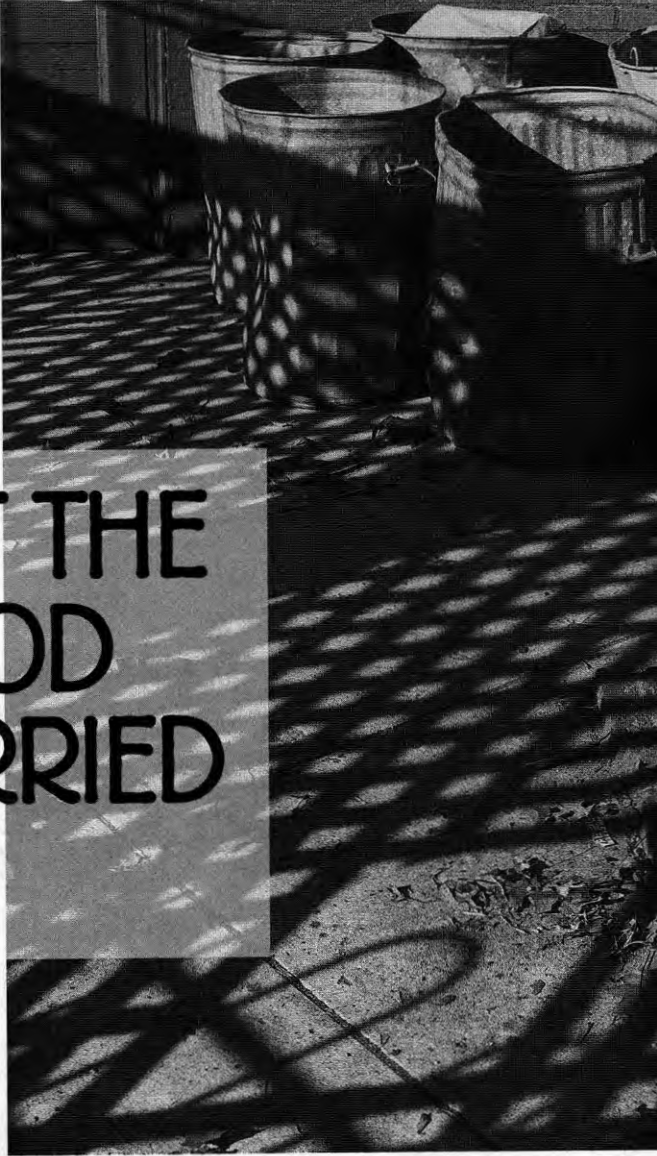
Smith-Corona Sterling. The worn, squat machine immediately struck me as out of place here in 1990s, and I imagined it in its younger days, perhaps in some smoke-filled 1960s office, busily clacking away Monday through Friday among its many mechanical brethren, lined up in formation on the desks row by row. But among the other antiquities on the farm—the woodburning stove and the crosscut saw, the washboard and the iron kettles—Sterling fit in rather well, and I sensed this was to be the start of a wonderful relationship.

Anxious to try it out, I gently lifted the typewriter out of its case and placed it on the old varnished board I use as a desk. I must say it was odd indeed, not having to plug it in or close the drapes before starting to write. I simply sat down, inserted a piece of paper, and began typing.

Now, I am quite aware that, as with Claris, Sterling represents merely One More Possession, one more material object to clutter my life. And I know that, although I no longer burn fossil fuels when I write, some piece of earth somewhere was gouged to extract ore to produce my machine, some factory somewhere spewed toxic fumes to manufacture it, and some amount of fossil fuel is required to make the plastic spools that feed it. I realize too that many will think me ridiculous for investing the time, energy, and money in moving my antiquated friend with me as I travel from place to place.

Even so, I have no intention of getting rid of Sterling, for despite the drawbacks, when I sit down to type it feels natural and right, and I'm happy to be unplugged, off-the-grid, liberated from high technology. Just as I prefer bicycles to cars, shovels to rototillers, books to television, I appreciate the simplicity of the manual typewriter as compared with the complexities of the word processor. I roam the pages on this old machine, climbing the breathtaking peaks, descending into the shadowed valleys; together we journey, my fingers lovingly working the keys of a device powered only by my own exertion.

Don't get me wrong—I have no regrets concerning my relationship with Claris, for much is to be learned from all relationships, good, bad, or middling. But I'm not one who goes for the sleek, the fast, the modern, and in fact, I often find myself pining for the simpler ways that are fast disappearing in our "developed" world. Using outdated, rudimentary technology like a manual typewriter is undeniably more time-consuming, but that's okay—the one thing I do have is plenty of time. Moreover, I frequently find that what many consider to be lengthy, tiresome work can, when done in a simple, straightforward manner, be transformed into a labor of love. □



# NOT THE GOOD MARRIED LIFE

by Diane Pasta

*Diane Pasta is a member of Salmon Bay Meeting in Seattle, Washington.*

I sigh as I wait for the elevator, because I feel guilty about my negative impact on the environment. I used to do better, living without a car in a large collective, using some solar power and eating low on the food chain. Some of the change is laziness, but other aspects are a result of circumstances beyond my control. My disability limits walking and public transportation options and eliminates the option of a multiple-story collective home. I also need a computer to write and an electric toothbrush and other aids for my hands. Rupert has a different disability, but his effect on the environment is positive.

"It's your other housemate," Leah says with a smile of loving amusement, mo-

tioning to the back door. It is Rupert, who sometimes lives in my garage. I even included Rupert on my census report for my household until he told me, without explanation, "Better not." Whether Rupert was ever counted in the census, listed somewhere else, or not, he does count. He does important salvage work, recycling discarded items, finding new homes for them or recycling the metal and glass and paper, or composting the yard waste. We Quakers call it "simplicity" or "good stewardship" when we take care of the environment that way. Future generations may well be more grateful for Rupert's life work than for that of most Quakers.

Rupert is unmistakably a homeless "street person." His hair is matted, and his clothes are torn, badly fitted, and layered strangely. Rupert's sentences are not always coherent or purposeful. He is more than nervous around authority (has he been institutionalized?) and not always good at managing his emotions. His feelings mostly come out as talk, but sometimes he gets in more trouble, though I myself have never felt threatened. Often during the days, Rupert stops by to discuss his work, or rather, he talks, and I acknowledge now and then. Besides his salvage work, Rupert finds new homes for animals that are not being treated well or need new homes for any reason. My daughter likes some of the treasures he has found, and I do not mind his offering things to me—after all, good stewardship of the Earth's resources, this living lightly, is important work.

Today, Rupert tells me of his tasks, with hard-to-hear-and-understand mutterings slipped, as usual, in the midst. "I am behind . . . missed [some events]. . . . I meant to get there but I found some things that needed to go to the Tilt offices, they told me to put them in the back. There is always more work; do you think I should take this item to the minister of Keystone Church or to the house around the corner? There are advantages both ways: the minister is very kind; he helped me when the dogs were sick and the people in the house could use. . . . Are you watering the palm, how much longer can I leave it here? They threw it away,

though I am sure it will thrive again with some care, the old fronds will fall off and it would grow again; those people were moving did you know? The Seven-Eleven manager's boss was pleased; you know the bottom line is all they think about, but it looked nice since I had cleaned up, swept and everything before they came. After all, they give me free coffee every morning, and my dogs get the food they throw away from the night before after they do inventory. Hot dogs and such."

Rupert is funny, though, about food. I offer him things, but he is not interested until he finds out whether the fruit is homegrown, organic. Today, relatively coherent, Rupert continues fretting about how late it has gotten and how he is behind schedule. He is trying to decide where to take the last few items he has salvaged. After a while longer I interrupt, or rather I talk while Rupert continues to talk nonstop, and tell him, "I need to get back to cooking dinner, do you need anything?" He pauses just a moment and then goes on wondering where to take these items and fretting that he is so far behind. I say "Goodbye, see you tomorrow." Then he shifts the subject and tells me that he will not be back tomorrow

since he has been too long in the neighborhood, and he needs to get back to the other parts of town for his work there. "Goodbye, Rupert, you are welcome to stay here when you want," I reply, closing the

door quietly as he talks on. A little while later he goes about his work, leaving a few items in the garage with his stash, and taking others with him to be delivered to their new homes.

When he is gone for weeks, I miss him. Then he is back, perhaps for several weeks. He really is one of my housemates, living in the garage sometimes, sleeping there with his two large dogs. At first it was inconvenient stepping over him to take my daughter to school in the mornings, after he appeared late at night, having finished his rounds at 2 or 3 A.M. "Quiet," he would tell the dogs, still half asleep, "this happens every morning." After a while I stopped parking in the garage; it was his space. Rupert had been offered

places to sleep in beds indoors, but nowhere was he allowed to sleep with his dogs, or else he was required to have a key. "I don't want a key to any place," he responded when offered one to my house to have access to the laundry.

This supposedly homeless man is protective of our home. One day when someone picked flowers from my front yard late at night, Rupert asked him what he was doing, just picking flowers from someone's yard like they didn't belong to anyone? Rupert was a little afraid of confronting him further, but he ran after the car to get the license number and came to report to me right away. Rupert is tall and strong and willing to help; once he moved a heavy pallet that I could barely budge to my basement, picking it up in one hand.

In our neighborhood Rupert has a routine. He lives on the margins of society, eating discarded food and laundering his minimal wardrobe rarely. He does not save money he finds; I saw him put change in the "take a penny leave a penny" bowl at the corner store. He sometimes finds time to read. "It's not the good married life," he once confided in a quiet moment, "but it meets my basic needs."

I am grateful for the gifts he gives to our regrettably uncomfortable community. A friend once asked, "How can you stand it? I couldn't." I just shrugged it off at the time. Now I can answer. I can stand it because I love him and honor the important work he does. He is right to take pride in being able to live while taking so little from the environment and giving back so much.

North Pacific Yearly Meeting includes these queries among those on Stewardship: "How do we exercise our respect for the balance of nature? Are we careful to avoid poisoning the land, air, and sea and to use the world's resources with care and consideration for future generations and with respect for all life?" Rupert, more than anyone else whom I know, can answer these with a resounding yes. Could I follow his example? Could you? □

## A Homeless Man Sets an Example



# FAITH BEHIND FAITH

by Keith Helmuth

*Based on a presentation made at the combined meetings of Atlantic Friends Gathering and Friends World Committee for Consultation, Northeast Region, held at the Villa Madonna Retreat Centre, Renforth, New Brunswick, May 21–24, 1999.*

Within the panorama of human cultures and behind the particularities of each culture's story of faith, there is another story, another level of deep faith, a background context of energy and relationship that animates human experience and nourishes human creativity. When I reach for this most elementary sense of faith, for this faith behind faith, I am drawn into a zone of clarity and buoyancy. I have a sense of this faith behind faith as a primal ebullience of spirit, a kind of incandescent cheerfulness of the soul; faith as an inspirited, transparent, and operational way of being-in-the-world. Standing in the energy of this primal faith and working from the orientation it provides are the conditions that sustain us and out of which we create our particular stories of faithfulness.

Among the memorable images that George Fox contributed to the language of Quakerism, the most frequently quoted seems to be "walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one."

When these words of Fox are quoted, they are usually taken as an admonition, *Keith Helmuth is a member of New Brunswick (Canada) Meeting, currently living in Philadelphia, Pa., and sojourning at Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.*



as an advice on behaving in a certain way. We should read them in the context of the full sentence:

Be patterns, be examples in all countries, places, islands, nations wherever you come, that your carriage and life may preach among all sorts of people, and to them; then you will come to walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one.

"Walking cheerfully" is not an achievement to strive for, nor is "answering that of God" a deliberate practice of discipline. They are both seen as the natural outcome of living in a certain way, a way that has a deeply grounded faith at its center. This link between deep faith and cheerful walking has distinguished the Religious Society of Friends throughout its history. How it emerged is an interesting story.

Cheerful good humor is not the first characteristic that comes to mind when thinking of George Fox and his spiritual milieu. We know from his own account that he was a somewhat reclusive and sober-minded child. As a young man he was frequently beset with a darkness of spirit and an unsettledness of mind with regard to the source of religious authority, the problem of evil, and a sense of personal moral failing. The terms in which he described his continuing ordeal, and the reflections that have been gathered about his life, indicate that something more than the typical anxieties of youth were at work.

For some years prior to the great "opening" that changed his life, Fox traveled widely, seeking advice from others who might be helpful to him in resolving the

dilemmas and lifting the burdens that were accumulating in his mind. As he tells the story in his *Journal*, he found no help among religious professionals, and even his association with other like-minded dissenters did not help clarify his mind or support his spirit.

Had George Fox not had his time of "opening," when, while immobilized in hopelessness, he heard a voice that said, "There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition," as no other voice could, he might have continued ever deeper into despair and ended, perhaps, in disaster. The event that saved George Fox was the realization that he could see the darkness and evil of the world only by virtue of the greater Light and love that surround all things. The "ocean of light and love" flowing over the "ocean of darkness and evil" did not eliminate the evil, but the fact that love was revealed to him as pre-eminent established a zone of faith and gave him the confidence he needed to speak his understandings and led, eventually, to "walking cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one."

Why did the Society of Friends survive when other, similar dissident religious movements of 17th-century England did not? It is often suggested that Fox's approach to organization and discipline enabled Friends to survive and even flourish in a modest way. While this may be true, it has always seemed to me something less than a fully rounded explanation for Quakerism's survival. There is a



parallel question of equal interest: What kind of persons were drawn to the Religious Society of Friends, who could take the organizational and discipline-maintaining processes that Fox and others initiated and carry them forward in such a way that, three-and-a-half centuries later, we are the beneficiaries and custodians of this durable and vital heritage?

Larry Ingle, in his book on George Fox and the creation of Quakerism, *First Among Friends*, suggests that when Fox defined personal experience of religious authority as revealed directly and inwardly, he moved the Protestant impulse into its most radical expression of spiritual individualism. He further suggests that persons who became members of the Religious Society of Friends were those well primed for this move. This may be the case, as it certainly

religious movement that naturally attracts persons who place a high value on social process and social goals.

Which brings me back to the theme of "walking cheerfully over the world." When we consider the orientation of the teaching/learning process, we immediately see that it is fundamentally optimistic. We enter into the learning process because we believe that good will result. We enter meeting for worship with the expectation that we may receive a sure and definite forwarding of our understanding on some matter of concern, a forwarding that may come through hearing the spoken word or inwardly through a reconfiguration of thought and feeling. This context is one that stands, as it were, *in italics*—that is, it has a *forward-leaning* feel to it, a stance of expectancy, a kind of sober cheerfulness toward the future and what it may bring. This orientation was implicit in the manner of meeting that early Friends adopted. It grew logically from Fox's experience of a teaching/learning process at the center

of spiritual life. No matter what seasons of quietism or storms of schism came to pass within the Religious Society of Friends as the years went by, this orientation of learning was never lost, this small wheel of expectancy continued to turn at the center of meeting for worship.

What of our situation with regard to this heritage? What are our prospects for being effective carriers of the kind of faith that results in cheerful walking and in answering that of the Divine in all Creation? Does our primal faith have a growing or waning future in the world over which we are now walking?

Teilhard de Chardin, in his last years, spoke with particular concern about the loss of a certain vitality in modern society. He said that what concerned him most about the contemporary human situation was "the dying down of the zest for life." It is particularly significant that after a long life of scientific, philosophical, and theological work, the focus of his concern came to rest on this question of primal vitality, on what can be seen as the faith behind faith. Teilhard de Chardin was a theological thinker, a man of faith, and I suspect his deep concern for the "dying down of the zest for life" was prompted by the realization that there are conditions of loss within which conscious faith, no matter how well supported by theology, is

## On Walking Cheerfully in a Darkening Time

was for numerous other dissident religious groups of the time, but Fox drew an additional interpretation from his experience. Fox said that the universal spirit of Christ comes as an inward teacher. This he had experienced directly, and when he began to advocate this approach, a considerable response ensued. A significant number of persons were ready for this teaching/learning approach to spiritual life, and the Religious Society of Friends came to foster and nourish this orientation. It was not just a matter of authentic religious experience becoming inward and individual, and becoming the signifier of the soul's eternal salvation, as Protestantism in general understood the case to be. For Friends it was the embarking on a spiritual exercise of continual and lifelong learning. Meeting for worship became the main context both for encountering this learning and for expressing it when the Spirit had moved it to a sense of readiness for sharing. Thus the movement toward spiritual individualism was balanced and reconfigured within the collective learning experience of meeting for worship. Add to this the consistently pioneering work of the Religious Society of Friends with regard to a whole range of human rights, social justice, and peacemaking issues and it becomes obvious that Quakerism, in the main, has been and remains a



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unable to sustain itself, is unable to find adequate grounding, and will flounder or fail to flourish.

This failure of faith to flourish can be characterized in a number of ways. It can come as the loss of a positive psychic orientation. It can be felt as the giving way of spiritual grounding. It can be experienced as the withering or even the death of the soul. In whatever form it comes, it is characterized by the loss of a deep and vital relationship to the whole of life, to the whole range of our biological, social, and spiritual existence. I think what Teilhard de Chardin feared, and characterized so memorably, is the loss of this faith behind faith, the loss of this essential context out of which conscious faith emerges and by which it is sustained.

This brings me to the heart of my concern over the outlook for faith, and I am departing here from Fox's sequence of lived faith leading to "cheerful walking." I think he was correct in his observation, but I am also persuaded that the relationship between faith and cheerfulness has another dimension, another sequence of mutual interdependence.

I have come to understand what I am calling the faith behind faith as the organic context of social relationships, the context that provides the raw material out of which the mind of faith is able to blossom and the life of faith is able to proceed. Human programs of social order depend on a fully functional realization of faith, and this realization depends on a vital and continuing connection with a combination of Earth process, social process, and relationship understanding (ecological consciousness). Although Earth process is primary in the combination of factors that make up the background context of faith, it is the least recognized and, increasingly, the most damaged.

The structures of faith on which cultures rely to order their social worlds do not come from the stars. They come from a long and intimate association with the whole experience and behavior of Earth. Deep faith and its ordering work in the world of social relationships is an *expression* of Earth, a condition born out of Earth process and sustained in its flowering by the organic integrity of the biosphere. Damage to the integrity of Earth's biotic process rebounds against the functional integrity of deep faith, and the decomposition of deep faith rebounds against



the functional integrity of the whole social world.

What this means is that the damage we inflict on the environment of Earth is not just a problem of resources and adaptation, but it is also a profoundly spiritual and far-reaching social problem. With the mounting scale of invasive human behavior and its deteriorating effect on Earth's biotic environments, we are progressively losing our grounding in the deep background coherence of organic relationships. This degradation of the context out of which faith emerges sets the stage for a host of problems including "the dying down of the zest for life," the deterioration of social relations, and a sense of cosmic alienation that results in apathy and/or violence.

No matter what we believe at the level of a specific, religious faith, the human erosion of Earth's biotic integrity has the inevitable effect of diminishing the context of the Divine in our experience. The mask of theology cannot hide the fact that it is the ecological process of Earth as a whole that furnishes the path of emergence for the Divine. The degradation of Earth's self-sustaining biotic process is, in effect, a disabling of the Divine and a

withering of faith's primal source. For Christians and other monotheists, this disabling of the Divine amounts to nothing less than the growth of an inadvertent atheism. For all those who are aware of the Divine in other forms of experience, the issue has essentially the same critical bearing—the diminishment of the integrity of Creation leads to the diminishment of the Divine in human experience.

**T**he crux of the matter is this: the capital-driven, growth economy is progressively divesting the planet of its biotic integrity. It is systematically dismantling the intricate articulation of mutually interdependent biotic processes that have been building over the course of Earth's evolutionary history. The more of Earth's biotic processes that are distorted, degraded, damaged, and destroyed by the behavior of the capital-driven growth economy, the more our sense of the Divine disappears into conflict and confusion.

Two examples will help make this specific. There was a time when we could talk about the blessing of the "God-given rain" as it came over the landscape and refreshed all life. This is no longer the case.

Rain has now become, over virtually the whole Earth, the bearer of bio-toxins that are systematically produced by the economy of perpetual growth. The result is a systematic degradation of Earth's biotic vitality. The blessing of the rain has been adulterated with a curse, and a once-clear sense of the Divine has been lost.

Recent interviews with the residents of aboriginal communities on Prince William Sound, where ten years ago the *Exxon Valdez* spilled a vast quantity of crude oil, have revealed a loss of spiritual orientation, a *loss of the zest for life*, which mirrors the loss of fecundity now seen in the coastal zones. So damaged is the marine environment from which they draw both physical and spiritual sustenance, that even the heart-lifting ebullience of the spring season is now lost to them. Depression and suicidal tendencies have spread among the residents as the extent and persistence of the damage—which cannot be corrected—has become evident.

From every region of Earth there are stories of the loss of fecundity and the loss of species, stories that document the progressive subsidence of Earth's biotic flourishing. We are in what Canadian moral philosopher and political economist John



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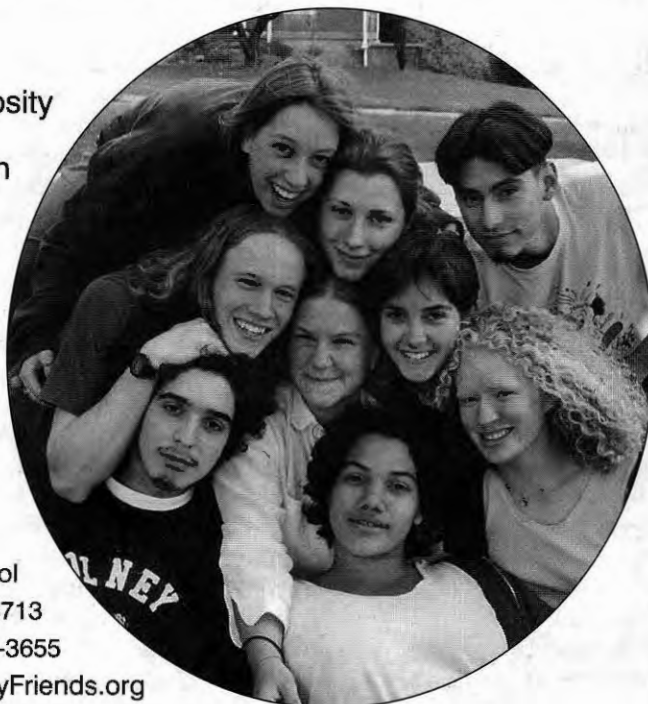
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McMurtry identifies as “the cancer stage of capitalism”—a phrase which, he insists, is not just a metaphor but an analytically precise designation for the growth economy’s relationship to the life system of Earth. The guidance of Adam Smith’s famous “unseen hand” may yet include a sharp backstroke. If this scenario seems like an exaggeration, please consider this: in the conflict between economic growth and ecological integrity, the best that can usually be done, with regard to protecting the environment, is to *negotiate the rate of destruction*.

*Negotiate the rate of destruction?* This is a completely irrational, indeed insane, situation. It is also an accurate characterization of our dilemma. Until the trajectory of this relationship is reversed, until the momentum begins to move the other way and the negotiations are for an increasing rate of environmental preservation, we are, biotically, socially, and spiritually, headed for a bad end. This is not a world over which it is now easy to “walk cheerfully,” and we need all the understanding we can muster with regard to the origin and maintenance of deep faith.

There are four aspects of the faith behind faith that should be brought into focus: the metabolic, the metaphysical, the social, and “the ecology of the imagination in childhood.” (This latter phrase is the title of Edith Cobb’s important study on childhood development.)

The metabolic aspect of faith is mostly overlooked in discussions of spiritual life. But if we take seriously our rootedness in Earth process, the importance of metabolic process for the entire range of human functioning is obvious. Metabolic process is a fundamental component of Earth process. Brain tissue—the seat of consciousness in general and thought processes in particular—is nourished and made functional in exactly the same way as muscle tissue. The same observation can be made for the glandular tissue of the endocrine system, the seat of emotional response and balance. In the same way that Earth is the only house in which the Divine has been known to dwell, the body, as a metabolic process, is the only configuration of Earth we have in which to nourish and extend spiritual life.

Because we rely on neurological and endocrine processes for that part of our experience we call spiritual, and because



these processes are subject to considerable variation, due to both genetic and environmental factors, the emergence and sustaining of what I am calling primal faith is, in part, a matter of nutritional intake and metabolic efficiency. Biochemical knowledge, individual testing, and clinical practice have now reached a level that makes possible the design and tailoring of nutritional programs for enhanced metabolic efficiency. Enhanced metabolic efficiency underwrites the zest for life, nurtures primal faith, and makes for cheerful walking. This is an area of significant and hopeful action with regard to both personal faith and the collective faith that is needed for effective ecological and social reform.

With regard to the metaphysical aspect of the ecology of faith, I can do no better than to return to George Fox. I previously described his early turmoil as involving a quest for the source of religious authority, the dilemma of evil in the world, and a struggle with personal morality. The thorniest metaphysical problem in the whole of human experience is the problem of evil. This is a problem on which much theological ink has been spilled, but it is not a theological solution that is required. On the contrary, as George Fox discovered, an experiential solution is needed to release the paralyzing hold of this problem.

Fox came to understand what so many seekers before and after him have understood: that there is, from the standpoint of human perception about this world, an unremitting dualism that forever foils our great desire for unity. We know without doubt the goodness of many things. At the same time, evil has a pattern of recurrence that keeps us on the metaphysical rack. But in our darkest moments, even when we come to times of spiritual disorientation and are shadowed in a sense of absence, we can remember this insight: *the sense of absence can be known only within the overarching and surrounding aura of Presence.*

The design of human perception and the process of moral reasoning are constituted in such a way that a comparative element is always at work in the way we come to know and understand things. As bad as things are or may become, the negative aspect always emerges and takes its shape against the context of a positive background. In the dance of opposites, the positive sets the stage and always leads the motion of performance. Or, as Tho-

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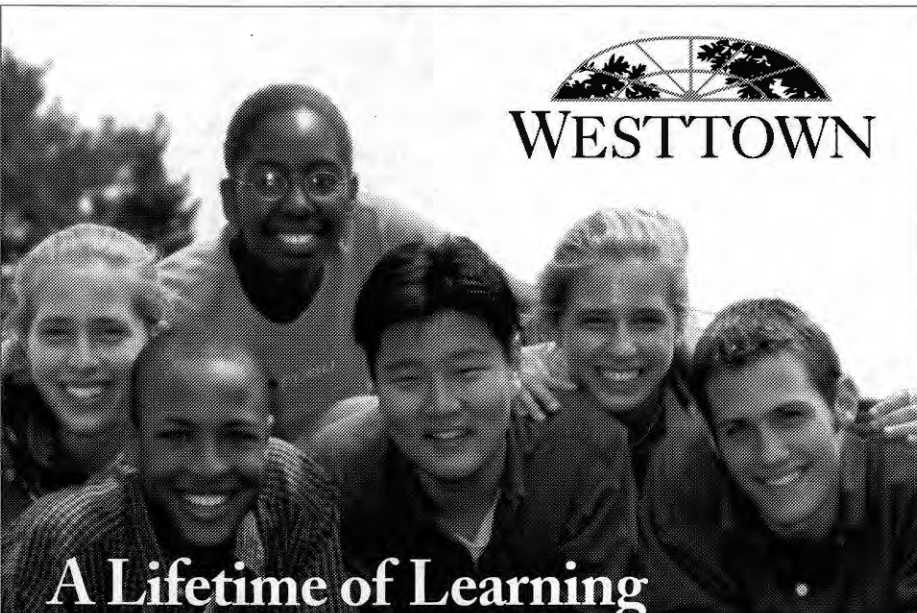
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mas Berry observes, even though there are negative and destructive elements in the unfolding of Earth's story, there is nonetheless a consistently positive and creative trajectory of development within Earth process. (The only alternative to this is to regard Earth, and life itself, as a canvas of pervasive evil against which good things unaccountably arise.)

**F**ox reports seeing and inwardly experiencing an "ocean of light and love" surrounding and overflowing the "ocean of darkness and evil." This realization does not magically remove the experience of anguish or exempt us from any moral task with regard to evil, and it may not be helpful at all for some people, but it is the experiential moment of understanding to which many souls have come. It is a perspective that allows us to begin charting a new way of coping with whatever range of difficulties our situations and our personal predispositions hold in store for us. It is, if not a resolution, at least a resting place for the metaphysical problem of evil, a resting place that allows us to catch a better stride in our approach to "walking cheerfully over the world."

In ecological thinking and writing we often rely on the expressions "land community" or "community of the land," expressions of great resonance brought into environmental discourse by Aldo Leopold. We have generally reserved our sense of social behavior for interactions between humans and between human groups. Since the rise of the study of animal behavior, however, it has been necessary to extend our understanding of sociality over a much greater range of creatures (something that most keepers of livestock and subsistence hunters have always understood). Furthermore, it is now well documented that plants have definite variations of behavior depending on environmental factors, and thus our sense of sociality takes another leap. I could go on about the social life of the soil, the characteristics of specific watersheds with their complexity of relational effects and responses, and end up with James Lovelock's concept of Earth's biosphere as an interactive phenomenon of self-regulating process. But I think the picture is sufficiently drawn. *The entire realm of what we call "nature" is, in every detail, an intensely social phenomenon.*

There is no place where energies, relationships, reactions, and responses are not



flowing back and forth, up and down, and crosswise through the weave of the world. From flocks of migratory birds to ocean-cruising pods of whales to forest tree species succession to the companionship mutually enjoyed between animals and people, there is no end and no "outside" to the sociality of Earth. The more this is realized in the details of our lives, and the more this is understood, even when it is beyond the scope of our experience, the more the Earth in general and our communities in particular will become for us a place of embedded relationships, a place of richly diverse stimulation, a place of both external and interior beauty, a place that nourishes our little slip of faith into a flourishing and sheltering tree.

"The ecology of the imagination in childhood" is an area of development important for the rise of the faith behind faith. With regard to the development of ecological consciousness in children, various kinds of environmental education programs are obviously important. Of even greater importance is the integration of the ecological worldview into every part of the educational curriculum. But beyond all this is the opportunity for children, at some time before the age of approximately ten, to have the kind of experience that results in a sense of bonding with an aspect of Earth's great beauty and mysteriously encompassing mantle of life. This experience of having heart and mind go out and enter a part of Creation, and for that part of Creation, in turn, to enter our life and become, in effect, a part of our identity, settles a vision of beauty and deep natural connection in the soul. It becomes a lifelong reference for all understanding and action. It opens a path of development into ecological consciousness and gives rise and standing to the faith behind faith. I am not suggesting that such experience need be dramatic or in any sense "mystical," although that may happen, but only that it be steadily informing of character, values, and behavior.

What I have sketched here is certainly not the whole range of experience that can contribute to the sustaining of faith, but, taken together, these four areas of experience—areas that are accessible to most persons—can substantially enhance our ability to maintain not only a cheerful walk, but also a helpful and effective hand in the ecological and social adaptation that is upon us in this dark and perilous time. □

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## Books

# Young Friends' Bookshelf

by Alessa Giampaolo Keener

*Finding children's books, videos, CD-ROMs, and software that encourage Quaker values is sometimes difficult. Most of us rely heavily on First-day school committees to bring books that encourage thought and debate into our children's lives. But First-day school teachers can't do it alone. From time to time, FRIENDS JOURNAL will review resources—frequently from lesser-known publishers—that will offer parents an opportunity to draw their children into a discussion of values held dear by a variety of Friends. —Eds.*

## Books

### Ages 8-12:

#### Secrets on 26th Street: A History Mystery

By Elizabeth McDavid Jones. Pleasant Company Publications, 1999. \$5.95/paperback. In 1914 Susan O'Neal's father dies, and her mother works twelve hours a day, six days a week to provide a basic subsistence for Susan and her two sisters. The family takes in a British boarder, Bea, to help pay the rent. Suddenly Susan's mother disappears, and Susan catches Bea in a series of lies. Susan has no one to help, and she becomes distraught over her missing mother, who has been arrested for women's rights work. But when she hears suffragist Alice Paul speak at a women's rights rally about women needing to rely on themselves to get through difficult times, Susan is finally able to devise a plan to find her mom. The life of Susan's mom parallels that of Alice

Paul's in many ways, and the book ends with a six-page historical note on Alice Paul, her early association with Emmeline and Christabel Pankhurst, and how "the vote" was eventually won.

### Ages 8 and up:

#### William Penn: Quaker Colonist

By Kieran Doherty. Millbrook Press, 1998. \$22.40/hardcover. This exhaustive look at William Penn focuses on the struggles Penn faced time and again in reconciling his devotion to the Religious Society of Friends with his obligations to his father and, later, the king of England. At the tender age of 13, Penn was first exposed to Friends when a traveling minister visited the family's castle in Ireland. Doherty offers this chance meeting as a pivotal moment in Penn's life—Penn revisited it numerous times in his mind as he sought to determine his path in life. Throughout the book, Doherty separates fact from some of the fiction that has grown up around Penn's life. For someone who is not a Friend, he writes with amazing insight into a life lived "in the manner of Friends."

### Ages 6-10:

#### Lucretia Mott: A Photo-Illustrated Biography

By Lucille Davis. Bridgestone Books, 1998, \$14/hardcover. Lucretia Mott's eloquence and passionate work contributed significantly to the development of Quaker testimony, history, and process—and Davis captures the essence of this dynamic woman in a way that children can understand. Two caveats: first, Davis writes of the time when Lucretia discovered that male teachers received higher salaries than female teachers at the school where she worked. The book suggests that Lucretia dropped the matter when she could not secure a higher wage for herself. She did not. She fought on. A second caveat concerns Davis's definition of "minister." Some readers may mistakenly view Lucretia Mott as a Protestant pas-



Some people were angry at the Motts for helping slaves.

Here are some phone numbers to order books:

AFSC Bookstore Pasadena (Calif.): (818) 791-1978 • Barclay Press: (800) 962-4014

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## FRIENDS UNITED PRESS *New for Winter, 1999*

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By William A. Charland

Paper 216 pages \$15.00

Bill Charland, career counselor and employment training consultant, shows how to find meaningful work today by asking the right questions—and listening carefully for the answers. The Quaker author of *The Idiot's Guide to Changing Careers* (Macmillan, 1998) takes a deeper look here at work—its history, meaning, and current trends.

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### The Clouded Quaker Star:

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With Sessions Book Trust

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Vera Massey offers a compelling perspective on James Nayler's ministry before and after his trial and conviction for blasphemy by Parliament. It's all here: Nayler's power and faith, his torment, his stormy relationship with George Fox.

### A Winding Road to Freedom

By Randall Wischart

Paper 152 pages \$13.00

Cassie risks her hard-won freedom from slavery in order to rescue the infant son she left behind on a Kentucky plantation. On her side are a savvy black abolitionist network, Levi Coffin and other Quakers of the Underground Railroad, and her courageous friend Luke. Sequel to *Luke's Summer Secret*. (Gr. 6-8).

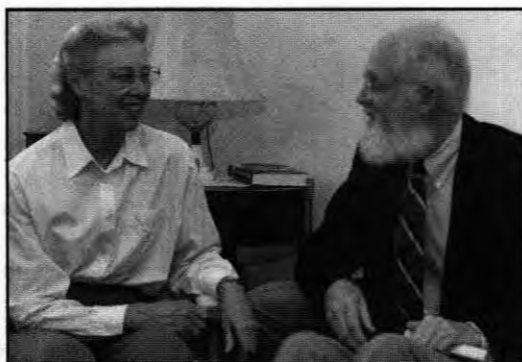
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# FRIENDS JOURNAL

tor overseeing a congregation. Eight full-page photographs and one drawing complement this biography, although only the drawing shows a younger, less acerbic-looking Lucretia. Other titles in this series include Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony.

### Tapestries: Stories of Women in the Bible

By Ruth Sanderson. *Little, Brown and Company*, 1998. \$15.95/hardcover. Women number few in the Bible, and fewer still have actual names. Sanderson collects 23 stories of women found in the Old and New Testament and surrounds them with rich, tapestry-like illustrations. From the widely known Eve and Mary of Nazareth to the more obscure Witch of Endor and Phoebe, Friends find a range of women who worked as instruments of God and provide significant role models for our daughters.

### Ages 4-8:

#### All Kinds of Children

By Norma Simon. *Albert Whitman and Company*, 1999. \$15.95/hardcover. Children all around the world have at least one thing in common: belly buttons. Working from this common ground—and capitalizing on the need of young children to relate to the world through egocentric glasses—Simon explores the shared likeness in how families meet their basic needs. While the text celebrates similarities between children, the illustrations show differences in actual houses, food, and skin color across the world.

#### Where Does God Live?

By Holly Bea. *Starseed Press*, 1997. \$14/hardcover. One day a little girl, Hope, asks her mother, "Where does God live?" When her mom responds, "Up in heaven," Hope sets out to find heaven and God. Grandma Rose finally explains to Hope that God actually exists everywhere because a little bit of God remains in all of God's creations. Grandma Rose describes God as a loving figure (not as "He") who provides strength and guides us to truth. If you can get past the distracting rhyming verse, you'll find a sweet book that speaks to the Light within us all.

### Ages 3-8:

#### Somewhere Today: A Book of Peace

By Shelley Moore Thomas. *Albert Whitman and Company*, 1998. \$14.95/hardcover. This poetic photo book journeys through a single day to see peace in action. From sending a letter to someone far away to planting a tree, children clearly see simple actions at work, culminating in peace. The photographs reach across borders to present a multicultural face,



yet Thomas brings it all home by reminding children that change always begins with one person.

## CD-ROM

*Ages 3-8:*

### Beginner's Bible Box Set

*Produced by Brighter Child, 1998, \$39.95.* This four-CD-ROM set presents the stories of Noah's Ark, Moses, Christmas, and Easter as interactive storybooks. The format differs for each title, although stories remain true to the biblical text and are retold in what the producers have deemed an age-appropriate manner. The story of Easter, for example, omits the portion about Pontius Pilate and simply shows a silhouette of the crucifixion. The animation is based on the friendly illustrated characters found in the *Beginner's Bible*. The stories of Moses and Easter do the best job of presenting the basic story and developing it with pop-up video clips. Each "page" of the story offers related activities, such as "Did You Know?" facts, true-and-false quizzes, and skill-building games. Because of the difficulty in capturing the abilities and interests of all children in the three-to-eight age range, some of these games may be frustrating for younger players.

## Video

*Ages 3 and up:*

### Larry Boy and the Rumor Weed

*Big Idea, 1999, \$12.95, 30 minutes.* What's green, with no arms and has toilet plungers sticking out of its ears? Larry Boy, the cucumber superhero of *Veggie Tale* fame, of course! A cross between old *Batman* television shows and *Little Shop of Horrors*, Larry Boy's newest adventure has him on a mission to stop the Rumor Weed. It all starts when Junior Asparagus and Laura Carrot surmise that Alfred Asparagus must be a dangerous robot because he has to go home to "recharge his batteries." A bad case of whisper-down-the-lane cuts across town until Alfred becomes hostage to the monstrous Rumor Weed. As with all *Veggie Tale* movies, the show ends with a Bible verse and a moral. In this case, Larry reminds kids they can be heroes too if they use nice words to make people feel better. Currently available only in Christian bookstores.

*Alessa Giampaolo Keener, who reviews children's books for a variety of publications in the Baltimore area, attends Baltimore (Md.) Meeting-Story Run and serves on their ad-hoc religious education curriculum committee.*

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## Reports and Epistles

### Kamenge Reconciliation and Reconstruction Project

30 July 1999

Dear Friends,

Warm greetings from Burundi. It is a privilege for me to be able to write to you. You have heard that on 20 July 1999 we welcomed the Friends Peace Team Project African Great Lakes Initiative participants. We have with us John Johnson, Raymond Boucher, Bette Hoover, Rebecca Calcraft, Adrian Bishop, Joy Zarembka, and Zainabu Dance. They are teamed with seven people from Burundi Yearly Meeting, particularly Kamenge Monthly Meeting members, on reconstruction of a destroyed house. It is indeed an international, cross-cultural, and life-changing experience. The participants are very active, zealous, and hard-working. We are so glad to have them with us and are looking forward to continued cooperation and relationship.

I also wanted to thank you for helping in putting together what was necessary in order for this event to take place. Many of you have contributed financially, morally, and materially. You have made a lasting investment, a contribution to mending our torn country. As the team works together, there are elements of a healing process that affects our Burundi team in particular. We in Burundi have suffered a lot in different aspects because of the civil war that has been going on over a period of many years. In responding to this crisis, we have been doing peace initiatives such as peace education in different schools, workshops on nonviolence, translating peace materials in the local language, reforestation, and conscientious objection issues. We would like help in the area of trauma healing. For those who are not familiar with Burundi, I wanted to share this brief history.

Burundi, only 27,834 square kilometers, is one of the most densely populated countries of the globe. With about six million people, its density is about 284 people per square kilometer. Its neighboring countries are Rwanda, Democratic Republic of Congo, and Tanzania. It is generally said and accepted that Burundi is populated with two major ethnic groups: the Hutu (85 percent) and the Tutsi (14 percent) together with the Twa who are only 1 percent. However, what are seen as ethnic groups in Burundi has nothing to do with what others perceive as tribal groups. Hutu and Tutsi as well as Twa speak the same language. They live one next to the other with the same culture and habits. They look the same, contrary to what some people have said from time to time—that Tutsi are tall while Hutu are short and so on.

One can ask oneself why Hutu and Tutsi

should fight among themselves. It is not easy to explain. Even though they are not ethnic groups as known elsewhere, their common history, particularly during the Belgian colonization, led them to perceive themselves as different and antagonistic. The exclusion in different spheres of the national life such as in education, justice, and the army caused them to perceive themselves as different.

In 1993 the very first Hutu president was assassinated. This happened only three months after he was democratically elected after more than 30 years of unshared rule by the minority Tutsi government. After the assassination of the president, the Burundi community went through hardships beyond imagination. Hutu and Tutsi started to fight with cruelty that is hard to describe. People were burnt or buried alive; babies, women, old people, even cattle were cut into pieces. Hatred was such that even people of your own group would kill you if they saw you helping someone of the other ethnic group.

We are very thankful to all who kept us continually in their prayers, those who supported our reconciliation projects through which we were able to touch the lives of many people, and those who enabled us to encourage people to love not only the friends but also the enemies.

—David Niyonzima  
General Secretary  
Burundi Yearly Meeting of Friends

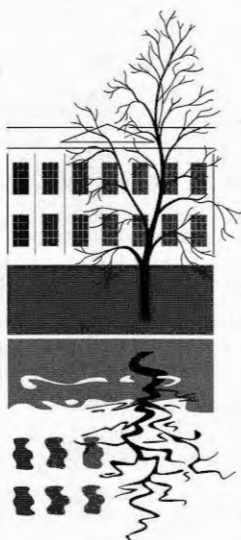
### Illinois Yearly Meeting

We met at MacNabb, Illinois, from July 28 to August 1, 1999, among fields covered with long rows of eight-foot-high corn and dark-green soybeans. The heat of the sun was nearly unendurable, ranging from 90 to 105 degrees Fahrenheit. Active lawn games were changed to water games, and many adults cooled their feet in the toddlers' wading pool. Some of us retreated to the Wee Friends' air-conditioned room.

Our theme this year was, "The Prisms of Membership." Isn't it true that we are like prisms—inert until illuminated? During our annual session we pondered the task of understanding ourselves—attempting a sincere illumination of the common ground amongst our sometimes conflicting persuasions. . . .

Our workshops, which met during the afternoons, included topics from silence to science. Committees considered the maintenance of existing buildings and listened to a description of a new structure that might prove useful both to Clear Creek Monthly Meeting and to IYM. Others spent time reviewing our administrative needs, and we resolved to continue the committee that has





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been designated to work with the coordinating clerk and expressed hope that she, together with the committee, will furnish us with useful recommendations.

Young Quakers met with their age groups each morning. Friends participated in compostable recycling, some battling with the rock-hard ground, and others finding 1998 corn-cobs and disposable diapers. Others observed a black butterfly with bright blue spots; soon the same image was painted onto the faces of several participants. Another group decorated sections of old sheets with chromatographic color designs and sold them as napkins for the benefit of Right Sharing of World Resources and Friends Committee on Unity with Nature. Meanwhile the junior high group did construction work on their new meeting place, and the high school Friends offered their second annual coffee bar to raise money to be able to go to YouthQuake. Each of the groups also enjoyed presenters who shared their life experiences in a variety of ways. Many of the participants enjoyed walks, staying up until the early hours of the morning and lifting both their feet and their hearts with folk dancing.

Our morning meeting for worship with a concern for business proceeded with calmness and clarity under the gifted leadership of our clerk, Elizabeth Mertic, our reading clerk, Roxy Jacobs, and our recording clerk, Julia Pantoga. An amazing event should be recorded here: namely, on Thursday morning, completing all business items in two hours instead of the usual three hours. This remarkable event has occurred seldom in past years—during some of those past years we were obliged to schedule additional business meetings during the late afternoons of Seventh Day.

We bear responsibility for ourselves. No matter where we venture, the arms of God enfold us, and God has no hands but our hands; God has no feet but our feet.

—Margie Haworth, Don MacCrimmon,  
Alice Uyttebrouck, Bob Wixom



## News

A Quaker heads the National Interreligious Service Board for Conscientious Objectors for the first time since World War II. NISBCO's interim director, J.E. McNeil, is an active member of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.). According to Jonathan Ogle, chair of NISBCO's board of directors, McNeil has over 20 years of experience as a lawyer and activist. She has handled cases involving war tax refusers and conscientious objectors to military service. McNeil will serve as interim director as NISBCO searches for a long-term executive director.

The number of refugees allowed into the United States could increase. The U.S. State Department has proposed an admissions ceiling of 90,000 refugees for the fiscal year 2000—an increase of 12,000 over the FY 1999 ceiling. This increase reverses the steady decline in refugee admissions during the Clinton administration. Under the proposed refugee admission ceilings for FY 2000, African admissions would be increased from 12,000 to 18,000. Other regional allocations would be Near East/South Asia, 8,000; Kosovo-affected populations, 10,000; former Yugoslavia, 17,000; Latin America, 3,000; former Soviet Union, 20,000; East Asia, 8,000; and unallocated, 6,000. —*Church World Service Immigration and Refugee Program of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the USA*

One Quaker meeting is promoting private efforts financially to support the United Nations, and several New England meetings have supported the move. Hanover (Vt.) Meeting and the Upper Baha'i Community organized FUND, an acronym for Fund the United Nations Deficit, and asked contributors to donate \$2 or more. The effort is in response to the United States' delinquency in payments to the United Nations. FUND also suggested that each contributor notify her or his congressional representatives of their contribution and the need for legislative action. As of July 1, 1999, FUND had sent a total of \$5,000 to the treasurer of the United Nations. —*John Radebaugh*

William Penn College was renamed William Penn University earlier this fall. Officials said the change reflects the school's global mission and diverse, multi-campus identity. It also comes at a time when the school is experiencing dramatic growth in enrollment and financial support. Officials also announced William Penn University's plans for building a Center for Technology and Science and new student housing, and for renovating Spencer Chapel. William Penn University is located in Oskaloosa, Iowa.

## NEW from the FGCB bookstore

*Valiant Friend: The Life of Lucretia Mott* by Margaret Hope Bacon \$14.95

*Insights on Leadership: Service, Stewardship, Spirit and Servant-Leadership* ed. by Larry C. Spears \$29.95

*I Am Quaker: Religions of the World* by Felice Blanc \$12.95

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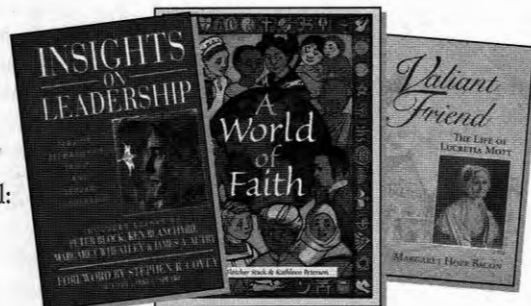
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## General Secretary

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The AFSC is a Quaker organization which includes people of various faiths who are committed to social justice, peace, and humanitarian service. It has nine regional offices in the U.S. as well as programs throughout the world. Within the AFSC's structure of collaborative decision-making and cooperation, the General Secretary, the AFSC's senior management officer, provides organization-wide leadership that supports program development, implementation, and evaluation; guides senior-level staff; works with the Board and other oversight committees, volunteers, and colleagues on program outreach and education to further the work of the AFSC; participates in fund-raising strategy development and activities; and models stewardship of organizational resources.

Requirements include membership in the Religious Society of Friends; significant senior-level management experience demonstrating staff, volunteer, and program leadership ability; a deep understanding of and commitment to the mission and principles guiding the AFSC's work; the ability to work with people of different backgrounds; experience with analysis and interpretation of national and international social, economic, and political developments; fundraising, budgeting, and financial management skills; the personal flexibility to travel internationally; and strong writing and public-speaking skills.

Letter of interest & résumé by January 31, 2000, to Jean Lester, Search Committee Clerk, Box 452, 1735 Market Street, Suite A, Philadelphia, PA 19103. Fax: (215) 567-0669. E-mail: [MJCobbbs@afsc.org](mailto:MJCobbbs@afsc.org).

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There is a new executive secretary of the Associated Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs: Victor Angulo, pastor of Buffalo (Iowa) Meeting. Several personnel changes have also been made at the MOWA Choctaw Friends Center in Alabama. Norman and Jane Snell, members of Indiana Yearly Meeting, have been appointed as directors of the center, while Susan Thompson, North Carolina Yearly Meeting, has been appointed to serve as the director of the center's academy.

About 130 Friends gathered in August to commemorate the 50th anniversary of Quaker Center in Ben Lomond, California. Commemoration ceremonies included dances and prayers from the Oholone Tribe and the burying of a time capsule, to be opened in 2049 at the center's 100th anniversary. The property was first set up as Quaker Center when Clyde and Lucile Manley donated the land in 1949. Over the years, the land has been used by Quakers as a camp for inner-city children and a spiritual retreat, according to the October *Friends Bulletin*. For more information on the center, e-mail <mail@quakercenter.org> or visit their website at <http://www.quakercenter.org>.

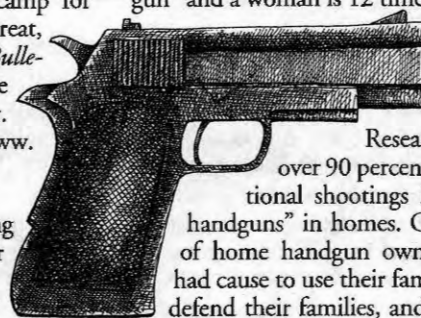
South African Friends are soliciting U.S. Quakers for stories about their work against apartheid. The group is gathering stories with the idea of compiling a book about the contribution of Quakers toward the demise of the apartheid system and the establishment of free South Africa. Information should be sent to George or Mary Ellis at <mmellis@iafrica.com> or 3 Marlow Road, Kenilworth 7700, Cape Town, South Africa. —*Quaker Life*

Canadian Friends Service Committee has joined other groups in filing formal objections to the Canadian government's efforts to expropriate a portion of seabed in Nanoose Bay, British Columbia, according to the autumn *Quaker Concern*, the CFSC newsletter. The area is used as a test range for the U.S. Navy. Several Quakers spoke in opposition to the plan at public hearings held in July 1999. CFSC and others argued that the U.S. Navy refuses to certify that its ships practicing in the bay do not carry nuclear weapons. In addition, the land that the Canadian government is seeking to expropriate from the province of British Columbia is land claimed by the Te'muxw First Nation, Native American group.

As of November 1999, as many as 5,000 political prisoners continued to suffer in Serbia months after the end of the war in

Kosovo. Children, women, and men were among those arrested and illegally detained in Serb prisons without any trial or court procedure to justify their imprisonment. They included doctors, professors, lawyers, and students as well as individuals involved in humanitarian and political activities. Amnesty International reports that all the prisoners they interviewed, who had been held and released before the end of the war, had been beaten, threatened with death, and many were tortured. They were also humiliated, not given food and water for days on end, and denied medical care. All indications are that these same crimes have been perpetrated against those still in prison. —*Rachel Findley, Peaceworkers*

Personal and family handguns are the largest cause of U.S. gun deaths. According to the Violence Policy Center, a U.S. resident is 43 times more likely to die by a "family handgun" and a woman is 12 times more likely to be killed by someone she knows than by a stranger.



Research shows that over 90 percent of all unintentional shootings involve "family handguns" in homes. Over 84 percent of home handgun owners have never had cause to use their family handgun to defend their families, and fewer than 11 percent have never fired their handgun at all. Only 2 percent have ever cleaned their guns, and less than 29 percent have any gun use training at all. Over 40 percent of handgun owners keep their gun in their cars, but of these, 21 percent have had their handguns stolen out of their cars. Of handgun owners who have children in their homes, 77 percent store the ammunition separately from their guns, and 51 percent keep their guns in lock boxes. More than 38 percent of handgun owners who had children in their homes were certain their children did not know there is a handgun in the house, but 60 percent of their kids did know there is a gun in the house and knew where it is kept. —*Cliff Pearson, The Dallas Peace Center*

Friends General Conference will hold this year's Gathering in Rochester, N.Y., July 1 to 8. The theme of the week will be "Deep Roots; New Growth." Details on workshops and other events will be sent out in March. Anyone interested in volunteering may contact Liz Perch at (215) 561-1700 or e-mail <gathering@fgc.quaker.org>.



## Bulletin Board

### Upcoming Events

- February—Cuba Yearly Meeting
- February—Mexico, Reunion General
- February—Western Association, Whittier, Calif.

(The annual Calendar of Yearly Meetings is available from FWCC, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.)

### Opportunities

•The September issue of *Spark*, the newsletter of New York Yearly Meeting, reported that a reunion of former Young Friends from the 1940s and 1950s will be held next year in New Windsor, Maryland, from June 12 to 16. Anyone interested in attending can contact Alice Vedova, 80 Valley View Ave., Ridgewood, NJ 07450. Her phone number is (201) 652-1794, and her e-mail is <halvedova@aol.com>.

•A "Quaker Youth Pilgrimage 2000" is being organized for July 14 to August 12. The pilgrimage to historic Quaker sites in England and Northern Ireland, sponsored by Friends World Committee for Consultation, is for Friends who are 16 to 18 years old. The total cost per individual is approx. \$1,750. For more information, contact FWCC, Section of the Americas, 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, (215) 241-7250, or e-mail <judyb@fwcc.quaker.org>.

### Resources

•*Friendly Woman* has found a new home. The address for subscriptions, submissions, and correspondence is: Friendly Woman, 1106 Caldwell Lane, Nashville, TN 37204. E-mail: <pennywright@earthlink.net> (please designate FW in the subject line). The first issue is expected on January 30, 2000, with a theme of Quaker Women's Spirituality and Ritual. The production team, which coordinates its publication efforts through cybertechnology, includes women who reside in Canada and Belize. The second issue's theme will be Body Image; the date for submissions is February 15, 2000.

•Christopher Densmore at the University of Buffalo has set up a website entitled "Reform, Religion, and the Underground Railroad in Western New York." The site has information on Quakers and their involvement in the effort to smuggle escaped slaves to freedom. The site's address is <http://www.acsu.buffalo.edu/~densmore/>. Christopher Densmore can be reached via e-mail at <densmore@acsu.buffalo.edu>.

•David H. Albert has founded the Quaker Homeschooling Circle (QHC) for Friendly homeschoolers and friends. Quaker home-



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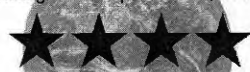
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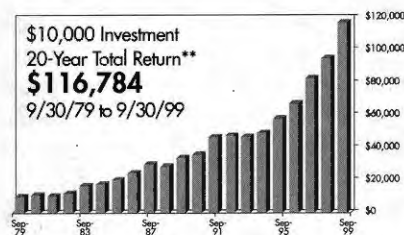
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schooling families are invited to participate in the QHC through e-mail discussion at <quakerhomeschool@topica.com>.

•Vietnamese culture and Quaker projects in Vietnam are the focus of *Winds of Peace*, a new quarterly publication from Madison (Wis.) Meeting and the My Lai Peace Park Project. The first issue includes a variety of photographs, several articles on different aspects of Vietnamese culture, a "child to child" art exchange, the Vietnamese Peace Park, poetry and book reviews, as well as information on the My Lai Loan Fund. Subscriptions are \$20 per year. Make checks payable to Madison Friends Meeting, 1704 Roberts Court, Madison, WI 53711-2029. —*The My Lai Peace Park Project*

### Calendars

Friends institutions have used calendars as a means for furthering their ministry for over 100 years. Here are several:

•2000 Friends Calendar (The Tract Association of Friends, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102). Deliberately plain, in 8 1/2 x 11" format, this calendar emphasizes the scriptural basis for Friends beliefs and the writings of mostly early Friends. It has been published annually since 1885, \$1.50, or \$15 per dozen; contributions toward postage are appreciated.

•2000 Motto Calendar (The Motto Calendar, P.O. Box 59, Douglassville, PA 19518). It is printed in two colors in a smaller format and has uplifting quotations from a range of sources. Ten for \$10 without envelopes, \$12.50 with envelopes.

•Quaker Tapestry Calendar (Quaker Tapestry Exhibition Centre, Friends Meeting House, Stramongate, Kendal, Cumbria, LA9 4BH, UK). The calendar consists of detachable postcards of individual tapestry panels. £3.75 plus postage/handling. The 2001 calendar will be on sale from January 2000 on.

•AFSC 2000 Calendar (AFSC Development Office, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102-1479). This 11 x 17" wall calendar documents the service work and global ministry of AFSC through black-and-white photographs. \$12.50, including postage.

•Friends Calendar 2000: Celebrating the Millennium (Houston Graduate School of Theology, Calendar Headquarters, 7447 Wood Bluff, Houston, TX 77047). This large-format wall calendar provides space for the name of the institution ordering the calendars. \$13.90, including an envelope and shipping/handling.

Since the names of some of these calendars are almost identical, Friends should be careful when ordering.—*Peggy Morscheck, Director, Quaker Information Center*



## Milestones

### Deaths

**Blood**—*Margaret Cheek Blood*, 81, at Bryn Mawr Hospital on October 2, 1999, in the loving presence of her family. She succumbed to respiratory complications following heart surgery three weeks earlier. Margaret was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on September 1, 1918, and grew up in Danville, Kentucky. She first became involved with Friends while attending Yale Divinity School. It was at Yale that she met Bob Blood, whom she married in 1944 under the care of Lexington (Ky.) Meeting. Work with Japanese-Americans interred in Arkansas during World War II led to a lifelong interest in Japan and two periods of residence in that country. Bob and Margaret were part of Cecil Hinshaw's "holy experiment" in Quaker higher education at William Penn College from 1946 to 1949. In 1952 the Blood family moved to Ann Arbor, where Margaret led the First-day school for many years. She also played a central role in the Ann Arbor chapters of the United Nations Associations, Women's Strike for Peace, and Interfaith Council for Peace. While working on the staff of Pendle Hill from 1969 to 1973, she and Bob began co-leading couples, personal growth, and creative movement workshops. In 1973 they launched a retreat and counseling center in their home. She and Bob touched the lives of thousands around the country with their work. After Bob died in 1988, Margaret became clerk of the meeting and helped Friends find unity around sanctuary for Central American refugees, support for committed gay couples in the meeting, and creative and loving response to disruption of meeting for worship. Margaret also played a pivotal role in the development of the Friends Lake Community and Michigan Friends Center. In 1996 she moved to Kendallat-Longwood. She was loved by many for her compassion, commitment, and spontaneity. She is survived by sons Peter, Alan, Larry, and Jon and their families.

**Braddock**—*Sara Cecilia Underwood Braddock*, 92, on June 25, 1999, at Quaker Heights Nursing Home in Waynesville, Ohio. The second of four girls, Sara was born in Harveysburg, Ohio, on an orchard farm. She attended Wilmington College, a Quaker school in Wilmington, Ohio, for two years in the 1920s. After receiving her R.N. from the Christ Hospital School of Nursing in Cincinnati in 1930, she cared for young and old, working in the premature infant ward of a hospital and in the Quaker Heights Nursing Home. She became a member of Miami Meeting (Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting) at a young age and continued as an active member there until her death. In 1930, under the care of the meeting, she married Raymond West Braddock, and together they were involved in many Quaker activities. At one time or another, she served on every committee of her monthly meeting, as well as serving as clerk. One of the highlights of each year for Sara was attending the Friends General Conference Gathering. In the 1970s Sara returned to Wilmington College, majoring in Spanish. She graduated in 1975 at the age of 69. From 1981 to 1983, she and Raymond served as hosts of Davis House in Washington, D.C., where they interacted with many international visitors. They recalled their time at Davis House as one of their most enriching experiences.

Throughout their lives, Sara and Raymond would invite meeting guests to their home for dinner, and they formed deep and lasting friendships in this way. In the 1950s they shared their home with a Lithuanian refugee family sponsored by their meeting. Sara had a hopeful attitude and an expectation that people would give of their best. Many people felt encouraged to be with her. Sara was preceded in death by her husband. She is survived by a sister, Esther Doster; daughters Jennie Lee Fischer, Wilhelmina Branson, and Ramona Buck, and their husbands; eleven grandchildren; seven great-grandchildren; and eight nieces and nephews and their descendants.

**Clarke**—*Lester J. Clarke*, 87, in an automobile accident on August 19, 1999, in South Lee, Massachusetts. A son of John Kanaly and Ora Mae Bronson, Lester J. Clarke was born on June 12, 1912, in Sioux City, Iowa. Raised by his stepfather George W. Clarke, he was always known as Clarke and later had his name changed legally. After attending school in Sioux City, he served in the Civilian Conservation Corps during the Great Depression, working in Idaho and Florida. In 1942 he married Margaret Davis, and during World War II he served in Civilian Public Service at camps in Maryland, Florida, and Tennessee. After the war, he and his wife moved to Gould Farm, Monterey, Massachusetts, where he worked until moving to South Lee, Massachusetts. He and his wife built their home of rammed earth, the only such house they ever saw. In 1974 he retired from Mead Corporation after 21 years of service. Lester was an artist, working in all media: oil, acrylic, water color, gouache, woodcutting, etching, and pastel. His work was shown at the Lenox Library, Berkshire Artisans, and the Pittsfield Art League. Most recently he had joined the Berkshire Writers Group and had just published a book of his experiences in Civilian Public Service, *Certified Pure and Segregated*. Lester and Margaret Clarke were co-founders of South Berkshire Meeting. Lester served there as clerk and member of various committees. He also served on the board of Woolman Hill, a Quaker conference center in Deerfield, Massachusetts, and on various committees of New England Yearly Meeting. He served for 30 years on the Lee Democratic Town Committee and 21 years on the Lee Board of Health and the Tri-Town Boards of Health. He was a member of the Lee Council on Aging and the Lee Land Trust. Lester Clarke is survived by his wife of 57 years; a half-sister, Dorothy Irwin; a half-brother, George Clarke; and several half-nephews and half-nieces.

**Cuthbertson**—*Mary Moss (Polly) Cuthbertson*, 96, on October 15, 1999, in the nursing section of Stapley Hall, Philadelphia. With her death she was released from the burden of frail health that she had carried with her for the last several years. She survived her husband of 57 years, Kenneth E. Cuthbertson, who died in 1996. Born in Georgia, she was a longtime and beloved member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting. Her long professional life was committed to working with college-age persons through both AFSC and YWCA, and her time of active participation in the meeting spanned several decades. During that time she served faith-



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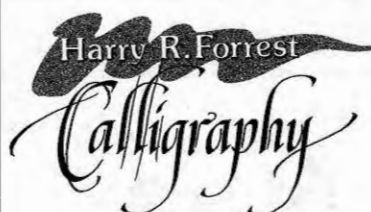
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fully as an overseer and, for six years during the 1970s, the meeting's clerk. Polly provided leadership in the development of Friends Center, which brought together in one complex American Friends Service Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and Central Philadelphia Meeting. Polly helped ensure that the identity of the meeting remained intact with the development of the center. Those who were active during the time of her participation in the meeting remember with gratitude her gifts of vocal ministry.

**Little**—*Billie Sue Screechfield Little*, 70, on August 7, 1999, of a heart attack, in Atlanta, Georgia. The child of Leida and Melborne Screechfield, Sue was born in Kansas City, Missouri, on April 29, 1929. As a young child she moved with her family to Topeka, Kansas. The energy and enthusiasm that characterized her life surfaced at Highland Park High School, where she was the band drum major and homecoming queen. After majoring in music at Washburn University in Topeka, she became an accomplished organist employed by the Jenkins Music Company, where she taught and played the organ professionally. She spent the last 35 years of her life in the field of alcohol and drug rehabilitation. In the early 1970s she completed a Bachelor's in Social Work. She was cofounder and director of the Community Alcohol Treatment Foundation of Topeka, director of the Alcohol and Drug Abuse Treatment Program at Bethany Community Hospital in Kansas City, Kansas, and director of the Tau Center, an alcohol and drug treatment center of Our Lady of the Lake Hospital in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. She was also the victim's advocate for Mothers Against Drunk Driving for many years in both Louisiana and Oregon. During the six years she lived in Eugene, Oregon, she worked as the regional employee assistance director for the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads. In 1948 Sue married Charles F. Wilkerson. They had five children, and they divorced in 1967. That year she married Ed Holt, who was killed on August 7, 1972, in a plane crash along with Sue's youngest daughter, Vikki Linn Wilkerson (14). In 1979 she married Bill Little. They were divorced in 1992. That year she moved to Eugene, where she joined the Symphony Guild, actively supporting that organization by providing musical programs for the annual Christmas Walk fundraiser. She joined Eugene Meeting in 1993, became active in the Project Care Team, and served on the Oversight Committee and as housekeeper. In 1997 she was reunited with Bill Little and moved back to Baton Rouge, where she became director of the International Students Hospitality Service Loan Closet for Louisiana State University. At her memorial meeting, people spoke fondly of her kindness, beauty, and grace. She is greatly missed by all who knew her. She is survived by two daughters, Susan M. Rogers and Kathleen Sapp; two sons, Charles Patrick Wilkerson and William Michael Wilkerson; four grandchildren, Jackie Sapp Moder, Jeffrey Sapp, Menina Wilkerson, and Patrick Wilkerson; one great-grandson, Nicholas Moder; a sister, Lucy McIver; and a sister-in-law, Karen Lundblad.

**Neff**—*Almena Innerst Neff*, 78, on February 5, 1999, after a long illness borne with courage and humor. Almena was born on June 12, 1920, in Canton, China, where her parents were missionaries. When her father accepted the pastorate of the

college church of Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio, the family returned to the United States, and Almena attended elementary and high school in Westerville before entering Otterbein College. At Otterbein, Almena met Tedd Neff, and they were married in May, 1943. Following her graduation, Almena held the position of youth secretary of the Dayton, Ohio, YWCA, a position she left to join Ted who, as a conscientious objector, had been sent to work in a mental hospital in Rhode Island. As a new bride, she suddenly found herself head matron in charge of 55 developmentally disabled young women. Soon they came to love and trust her, waiting eagerly for her each morning. In 1947 Almena moved with Ted and their infant son Michael to California, where Ted was to embark upon a teaching career in public education. During their years in Southern California, Almena and Ted were active volunteers in peace groups in their community. Almena obtained her teaching credentials in 1964, and that same year the Neff family, now with two sons and a daughter, moved to Davis, California. Almena is remembered by all who knew her as a devoted and inspirational teacher with a warm and generous spirit. She was a member of Davis (Calif.) Meeting and held many positions of responsibility there. She was known for her discernment in meetings for worship and business, support of children's activities, friendly hospitality in her home, and her lovely singing voice. She was a consistent and articulate advocate of peace and justice and participated in many community activities and organizations. She knew how to speak truth to power, whether that power was vested in friends and neighbors or in elected officials. Almena is survived by her husband Ted, sons Michael and Timothy, daughter Cathy, sister Lucille, brothers Ivan and Richard, and five grandchildren, who were the light and joy of her life.

**Palmer**—*Thompson V. Palmer Sr.*, 96, on October 8, 1999, at Brandywine Hall, West Chester, Pennsylvania. A lifelong member initially with Chester Meeting and subsequently with Concord Meeting, he served the meetings in many capacities. Thompson was born in Chester, a son of the late Charles and Arletta Palmer. A graduate of Pennsylvania State University, he majored in botany and was active in cultivating native plants and rock gardens. In recent years, much of his land was purchased by Thornbury Township and designated as Palmer Park. An arboretum is anticipated. A former resident of Concord Township, Thompson campaigned and worked for the consolidation of five one- and two-room schools into a single, larger school. He also helped to start the Consumers Cooperative in Media, and for many years he served on its board of directors. He is survived by his wife, Esther Lamborn Palmer; three children, Vail Palmer, Clarkson Palmer, and Margaret Champney; two brothers, Newlin and Russell; eleven grandchildren; and ten great-grandchildren.

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



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Responsible mature playwright/songwriter Quaker couple will care for your smoke-free, pet-free home beginning June 2000. One month to one year. References: Curt Ireland/Cynthia Strom. Telephone: (605) 341-1991. E-mail: <stromprod@aol.com>. Fax: (605) 341-5667.

## Books and Publications

Disarm government? Free the people? Help make it happen! Support government without guns. Free information: **Quaker Libertarian Caucus**, 2020 Pennsylvania Avenue NW, PMB 297, Washington, DC 20006. <www.BeFreeNow.org/QuakerLibertarian>.

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

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

**Read "Quaker Theology,"** the exciting new journal from QUEST (Quaker Ecumenical Seminars in Theology). And join us for a weekend seminar, "A Quaker Introduction to Theology," January 14-16, 2000, in State College, Pa. Details from: QUEST, P.O. Box 82, Bellefonte, PA 16823; E-mail: <QUEST@quaker.org>; Webpage: <www.quaker.org/quest>.

**Read Without Apology** by Chuck Fager. Assertive, upbeat liberal Quaker theology for today. Historian Larry Ingle calls it "an important addition to any Quaker library. I know of nothing else quite like it..." 190 pages, \$11.70 postpaid. Orders: (800) 742-3150; or from Kimo Press, P.O. Box 82, Bellefonte, PA 16823.

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

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

**Become a Published Author.** 75-year tradition of quality book publishing, promotion, distribution. "Author's Guide to Subsidy Book Publishing"—(800) 695-9599.

## Opportunities

### Selected Pendle Hill Conferences

January 14-16: **Language for the Inward Landscape**, with Bill Taber  
January 21-23: **Dialogue on Science and Religion**, with Jocelyn Bell Burnell, Cyril Harvey, and Mel Keiser  
January 23-28: **God's Compassion in the Hebrew Prophets**, with Tony Prete  
January 28-30: **Couple Enrichment**, with Marian and Nelson Fuson  
January 30-February 4: **Serving God in the Temple of the Heart: A Jewish-Christian Dialogue**, with Rabbi Marcia Prager and Rebecca Kratz Mays  
February 6-11: **An Introduction to Pastoral Care for Quakers**, with Judy Guey  
February 11-13: **Inquirers' Weekend**, with Wade Wright and Mickey Edgerton  
February 20-25: **Faith and Culture: the Search of the Sacred**, with Tom Torosian  
February 25-27: **Limitless Creativity: for People of Color**, with Niyonu Spann; and "What is Truth?" **A Friendly Dialogue of Christian, Universalist, and Scientific Perspectives**, with Doug Gwyn, Mac Given, and Dan Seeger  
March 19-24: **Quaker Work at the United Nations**, with Quaker UN staff  
March 24-26: **Buddhist-Quaker Intersections: Sharing our Religious Experience**, with Sallie King  
For more information: Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099. (800) 742-3150, extension 142. <www.pendlehill.org>.

**Young Adult Leadership Development Interns, Ages 18-24:** Work at Pendle Hill and at volunteer placement sites; worship and reflect together; participate in workshops and consult with experienced Friends; develop your leadership skills; build your own community—and have fun doing it. 10-12 young adults. Some experience of Quakerism required. Modest stipend. June 14-July 30. Contact Youth Coordinator after January 10: Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086; (610) 566-4507 or (800) 742-3150 x 129, or e-mail: <youthprogram@pendlehill.org>.

### Burundi Trauma Healing and Reconciliation Center

Positions available: 2 people interested in working for Peace Team in Burundi for 25 months beginning July 1, 2000. These international team members will work with two Burundians in developing the Burundi Trauma Healing and Reconciliation Center, a new endeavor to deal with the consequences of years of violence in Burundi, sponsored by Burundi Yearly Meeting of Friends and the African Great Lakes Initiative of the Friends Peace Teams Project. Six months of training in Africa including trauma healing and reconciliation work, Kirundi (the language of Burundi), social, political, religious, economic, and historical background of Burundi. Application deadline, April 1, 2000. For more information see <www.quaker.org/fntp/agli>, e-mail: <davidzarembka@juno.com>, call (301) 208-1862, or write African Great Lakes Initiative c/o David Zarembka, 17734 Larchmont Terrace, Gaithersburg, MD 20877.

**Quaker House Ann Arbor** has periodic openings for six-person intentional community based on Friends principles. (734) 761-7435, <quakerhouse@umich.edu>, <www.ic.org/qhaa>.

### Travel For The Socially Concerned

Join Quaker couple touring Guatemala 3/14-25, Sweden/Finland 6/21-7/12, or U.S. Four Corners Anasazi sites in September. Nova Scotia in 2001. Three decades of Hinshaw family travel/study/residence in all four areas, including 27 previous tours. For small-group travel with an anthropological focus, write: Hinshaw Tours, 2696 W. 160 Terrace, Stillwell, KS 66085, (913) 685-2808.

**Friends Center with unprogrammed Christian orientation** beside Olney campus offers personal retreats with spiritual consultation available; also January 28-30 retreat on **You Are My Friends** with Barbarajene Williams, March 3-5 **Marriage Enrichment Weekend** with Joan and Rich Liversidge, April 28-30 retreat on "The Quakers' Christ" with Henry Jason, and June 2-4 retreat on **Words and the Word** with Howard Macy and John Punshon. For information write Bill Taber, 61357 Sandy Ridge, Barnesville, OH 43713, or phone (740) 425-1248.

### Quaker Writers and Artists!

Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts. FQA's goal: "To nurture and showcase the literary, visual, musical, and performing arts within the Religious Society of Friends, for purposes of Quaker expression, ministry, witness, and outreach. To these ends, we will offer spiritual, practical, and financial support as way opens." Help build an international network of creative support and celebration. Membership, \$20/year. FQA, P.O. Box 58565, Philadelphia, PA 19102. E-mail: <fqqa@quaker.org>. Web: <http://www.quaker.org/fqa>.

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

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

### Travel to Tuscany and Provence

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

**Friendly Science:** Pendle Hill's Forum Program on Science, Technology, and Religion is networking with Quakers in the sciences for future conferences, publications, and a moderated listserv. Register at our website <[www.pendlehill.org](http://www.pendlehill.org)> and click on "questionnaire." Or send current c.v. to Doug Gwyn, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086.

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

## Personals

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

## Concerned Singles

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

## Positions Vacant

**Monteverde Friends School** needs K-12 teachers and volunteers. School year begins in August. MFS is an English-dominant, bilingual school with multi-graded classes in Costa Rica's rural mountains. While salaries are low, the experience is rich. Simple housing included for teachers. Teachers please apply by January 31, volunteers any month, to Jenny Rowe, Monteverde Friends School, Monteverde 5655, Puntarenas, Costa Rica. Tel/fax: (506)645-5302. Email: <[mfschool@racsa.co.cr](mailto:mfschool@racsa.co.cr)> with copy to <[vandusen@racsa.co.cr](mailto:vandusen@racsa.co.cr)>.

**Arthur Morgan School.** A small Junior High Boarding School seeks Houseparents and Teachers for 2000-2001 school year. Positions also include a mix of other responsibilities: teaching (academics and/or electives, music, art, etc.), leading work projects and outdoor trips, maintenance, gardening, and cooking. Intimate community of staff and students; staff-run by consensus. Simple living; beautiful mountain setting. Contact or send resumé with cover letter to: John Logue or Sherrill Senseney, AMS, 1901 Hannah Branch Road, Burnsville, NC 28714. (828) 675-4262.

### Summer Employment

Staff Needed. Quaker owned/directed camp since 1946. Located in one of the most spectacular areas of the U.S., in Adirondacks near Lake Placid, N.Y. Positions available for cabin and specialty counselors as well as some department head and administrative positions. Good salaries and accommodations. Single or married, children of staff warmly welcomed. See our ad on page 33. Call Mike or Christine at (609) 688-0368.

**Cook Needed**—for small Quaker-led farm camp near Pennsylvania's Pocono Mts. Cooking for 50-55, 2 meals/day, natural foods emphasized. Quantity cooking experience preferred but not required, should be skilled in both vegetarian and meat-based cooking. Garden literacy and ability to plan balanced and varied meals helpful. Mid June-late August. Carl & Kristin Curtis, Journey's End Farm Camp, RR 1 Box 136, Newfoundland, PA 18445, (570) 689-3911.

**Legislative Interns. The Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL)**, a Washington-based lobbying organization which works to bring Quaker values to bear on national policy, seeks applicants for its legislative internship program. Legislative program internships are 11-month, full-time positions which run from September 1 through July 31. Interns participate in advocacy, research, writing, and other work to support FCNL's efforts on a wide range of peace and social justice issues. Interns attend seminars related to FCNL work, Congressional committee hearings, and meetings of relevant interest groups. Interns receive a subsistence-level stipend plus benefits (health coverage, vacation, and sick leave). Internships are open to individuals with a college degree or equivalent experience. For application materials, please visit our web site at <[www.fcni.org](http://www.fcni.org)> or contact Portia Wenz-Danley at FCNL, 245 Second Street, NE, Washington, DC 20002; telephone (202) 547-6000; fax (202) 547-6019; e-mail <[portia@fcni.org](mailto:portia@fcni.org)>. Application deadline is March 1. For additional information about FCNL, contact Portia Wenz-Danley or visit our web site at <[www.fcni.org](http://www.fcni.org)>. FCNL is an equal opportunity employer.

**Intern Position-AFSC Washington Office:** Starting September 1, 2000, this full-time, paid, nine-month position is usually filled by a recent college graduate. The Intern will assist in varied program and interpretation tasks arising from AFSC work on peace and social justice issues and also with Davis House, an international guest house. Applications close March 20. Full job description and application form: AFSC, 1822 R Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20009.

### General Secretary American Friends Service Committee (AFSC)— Philadelphia, Pa.

The AFSC is a Quaker organization which includes people of various faiths who are committed to social justice, peace, and humanitarian service. It has nine regional offices in the U.S. as well as programs throughout the world. Within the AFSC's structure of collaborative decision-making and cooperation, the General Secretary, the AFSC's senior management officer, provides organization-wide leadership that supports program development, implementation, and evaluation; guides senior-level staff; works with the Board and other oversight committees, volunteers, and colleagues on program outreach and education to further the work of the AFSC; participates in fund-raising strategy development and activities; and models stewardship of organizational resources. Requirements include membership in the Religious Society of Friends; significant senior-level management experience demonstrating staff, volunteer, and program leadership ability; a deep understanding of and commitment to the mission and principles guiding the AFSC's work; the ability to work with people of different backgrounds; experience with analysis and interpretation of national and international social, economic, and political developments; fundraising, budgeting, and financial management skills; the personal flexibility to travel internationally; and strong writing and public-speaking skills. Letter of interest & resumé by January 31, 2000, to Jean Lester, Search Committee Clerk, Box 452, 1735 Market Street, Suite A, Philadelphia, PA 19103. Fax: (215) 567-0669. E-mail: <[MJCobb@afsc.org](mailto:MJCobb@afsc.org)>.



**Sidwell Friends School**, a coed PreK-12 Quaker day school located in Washington, D.C., invites qualified applicants for staff and faculty positions which may be applied for at any time. Members of the Society of Friends are particularly encouraged to apply. Sidwell Friends, students, and alumni represent many cultural, racial, religious, and economic backgrounds. The school's vigorous academic curriculum is supplemented by numerous offerings in the arts and athletics. A Chinese language and history program is shared with other area schools on a consortium basis. The curriculum includes community service requirements and opportunities for internships in Washington, D.C., and a student year abroad. Educational and extracurricular activities are enriched by the school's presence in the nation's capital. Send cover letter and resumé to Office of Personnel Services, Sidwell Friends School, 3825 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Washington, DC 20016.

**Summer Work Opportunities at Pendle Hill**  
**Summer Youth Programs Co-Coordinator:** Work with Coordinator to implement Young Adult Leadership Development Internship (ages 18-24, six weeks) and supervise leaders of youth camp (ages 15-18, one week). Foster sense of community; lead discussions, field trips, community work projects; coordinate incoming resource people. Approximately June 1-August 6. Room, board, salary.  
**Youth Camp Co-leaders (3):** Plan and lead weeklong service learning program in collaboration with PYM's workcamp program. Build community; lead games, discussions, field trips, work projects; plan fun activities. Camp dates: July 9-16. One advance planning weekend at Pendle Hill in May or June. Room, board, and honorarium.  
**Young Adult Leadership Interns:** Ages 18-24. Modest stipend. June 14-July 30. See full description under "Opportunities."

Contact Youth Programs Coordinator after January 10: Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099; (610) 566-4507 or (800) 742-3150, ext. 129; or e-mail: <[youthprogram@pendlehill.org](mailto:youthprogram@pendlehill.org)>.

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

**Nurse Needed**—for small Quaker-led farm camp near Pennsylvania's Pocono Mts. Approx. 34 campers, ages 7-12, and 15-20 staff. Involvement in daily program encouraged. 2 or 3-week sessions. Call or write for job description: Carl & Kristin Curtis, Journey's End Farm Camp, RR 1 Box 136, Newfoundland, PA 18445, (570) 689-3911.

**Quaker United Nations Office-New York**—Opportunity for two interns at the Quaker UN Office from September 2000 through August 2001. Interns follow disarmament, human rights, economic justice, development, environment, women and children, indigenous people, refugees, and regional issues at the UN; research/write articles and briefing papers; arrange/attend UN and other meetings; assist with office administration. Candidates must be college graduates or have equivalent experience, demonstrate interest in international affairs and a commitment to Friends' principles; and possess good writing/computer skills. Stipend and medical coverage offered.

**For information and application form write:** Quaker UN Office, 777 UN Plaza, New York, NY 10017, or by e-mail: <[quonny@pipeline.com](mailto:quonny@pipeline.com)>. Deadline for submission of application and references: **February 11, 2000.**

## Real Estate

### For Sale

Looking for a home in sunny southern Arizona? We have a barely-used in 1997 double-wide mobile home for sale on five acres immediately adjacent to Friends Southwest Center. The Meeting doubles in size over the winter months where Friends from all over the U.S. and Canada sojourn and enjoy a quiet, pristine, warm and dry environment. If you are looking for ownership of land and home rather than renting in a Quaker community, this is the place for you. 8727 Highway 191, McNeal, is listed with Century 21 in Douglas, Arizona. (520) 364-7906.

## Rentals & Retreats

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

**Provence, France.** Beautiful secluded stone house, village near Avignon, 3 BR (sleeps 5), kitchen/dining room, spacious living room, modern bathroom. Terrace, courtyard, view of medieval castle. \$2,230/mo. June-August, \$1,730/mo. September-October. Marc Simon, rue Oume, 30290 Saint Victor, France, <[msimon@wanadoo.fr](mailto:msimon@wanadoo.fr)>; or J. Simon, 217 High Park Blvd., Buffalo, NY 14226. (716) 836-8698.

**Quiet Wisconsin Country Home.** Private room. Share house, 35 acres hills/trees with owner. \$250/month or work in lieu of cash. Utilities included. (608) 525-8948.

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

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

## Retirement Living

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

**Foxdale Village**, for Quaker-directed life care. A vibrant and caring community that encourages and supports men and women as they seek to live life fully and gracefully in harmony with the principles of simplicity, diversity, equality, mutual respect, compassion, and personal involvement. Spacious ground-floor apartments and community amenities such as library, auditorium, wood shop, computer lab. Entry fees \$49,650-\$167,050; monthly fees \$1,363-\$2,754. Fees include medical care. 500 East Marylyn Avenue, Department F, State College, PA 16801-6269. Telephone: (800) 253-4951. <[www.foxdalevillage.org](http://www.foxdalevillage.org)>.





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

## KENDAL

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### Communities under development:

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

### Independent living with residential services:

Coniston and Cartmel • Kennett Square, Pa.

### Skilled nursing care; assisted living:

Barclay Friends • West Chester, Pa.

### Advocacy/education programs:

Untie the Elderly • Pa. Restraint Reduction Initiative

Kendal Corporation Internships

For information, call or write: Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, P.O. Box 100, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-5581. E-mail: <info@kcorp.kendal.org>.

## Schools

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Services Offered

### Mary Teichman Calligraphy

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**Quaker attorney** with solo practice in Philadelphia offers legal services with Friendly approach to: wills and trusts, domestic matters, health law problems, SSI, consumer problems, contracts. Mediation services available. Call Pamela Moore at (215) 991-0777.

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

**Marriage Certificates.** Fine calligraphy in traditional plain styles or decorated with beautiful, custom-designed borders. Also **Family Trees** for holiday gifts, births, anniversaries, family reunions. Call or write Carol Simon Sexton, Clear Creek Design, 820 West Main Street, Richmond, IN 47374. (765) 962-1794.



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### Camp Woodbrooke, Wisconsin.

Make friends, experience community, develop skills, and learn about the environment. Quaker Leadership. Ages 7-12, 36 boys and girls, 2- and 3-week sessions.

<www.campwoodbrooke.com>, <ajlang@mhtc.net>. Brochure: (608) 647-8703.

Make friends, make music this summer. **Friends Music Camp,** ages 10-18. Brochure, new camp video: FMC, PO Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387; (937) 767-1311; <musicfmc@aol.com>.

### Journey's End Farm Camp

is a farm devoted to children for sessions of two or three weeks each summer. Farm animals, gardening, nature, ceramics, shop. Nonviolence, simplicity, reverence for nature are emphasized in our program centered in the life of a Quaker farm family. For 32 boys and girls, 7-12 years. Welcome all races. Apply in December-January. Carl & Kristin Curtis, RR 1 Box 136, Newfoundland, PA 18445. Telephone: (570) 689-3911.

## Summer Rentals

**Prince Edward Island (Canada):** Seaside cottage. Three bedrooms, two baths, large deck. 3 acres. \$600 per week. Call: (610) 520-9596.

## Late Ad: Position Vacant

**Executive Director—**Society of Friends, 600-resident not-for-profit, multi-facility CCRC in Medford, N.J., seeks individual with strong leadership skills. NHA lic., BS/BA required, CCRC exec. Please contact Carlton Whittington, One Commerce Square, 2005 Market St., Suite 3300, Philadelphia, PA 19103. Phone (215) 656-3574, fax (215) 568-5654, <cwhitting@divsearch.com>.

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