A Ministry of Attention and Touch

Friends and the Ecumenical Spirit

The Good News: Words, Symbols, Stories, and Imagination
Among Friends

On Being Present to Each Other

Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen.

—Heb. 11:1

As Easter approaches, my thoughts turn more frequently to the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Jesus. My own testimony is that God does not forsake us in our suffering, but stays and shares it with us, leading us to a resurrection on the other side of that terrible pain. Our task is to remain faithful.

When I first read Mary Lou Phillips’ article (“A Ministry of Attention and Touch,” p. 6) last spring, I was moved by its eloquence and honesty. I was touched as well by her willingness to encounter great suffering, to be present to the sufferer, and by the simplicity of her approach. The enormity of the AIDS crisis is statistically and emotionally overwhelming. On the cover of a recent issue of Newsweek is a photograph of a beautiful African youth, and this headline: “10 Million Orphans.” Inside the issue was a chronicle of the devastation of much of the African continent by AIDS, a situation that far exceeds what we have experienced in North America. Yet every death through AIDS is a form of crucifixion, for the sufferer and for those who love that individual. Having found myself contemplating what individuals can do to respond to this crisis, I’m glad for the opportunity to read firsthand accounts of the efforts of both Mary Lou Phillips and Bette Logan (“Dear Sanya,” p. 9) in offering a ministry of support and caring to dying AIDS patients.

AIDS is not the only tragedy of our time. In the year A.D. 2000 we still find a crucified world all around us: in the disease-ridden shanties of African villages, in the war-torn cities of Eastern Europe, in the sweatshops of Southeast Asia, in the villages struggling back from earthquake destruction in Central America, and yes, in the poverty-ridden ghettos of U.S. cities. It is not easy to behold such suffering without becoming overwhelmed or numb.

Yet the fact is that Jesus did not come to us in a world at peace or free from suffering. He came to teach us to see and live the Kingdom of God, which is always at hand, now, in the present moment. How do we find that Kingdom in the midst of suffering? Perhaps, as one Friend in my meeting recently testified during meeting for worship, we can find it in the “great cloud of witnesses” who have come before us and who surround us now. Since suffering appears to be a given in the world and at times in our personal lives, perhaps the meaning of crucifixion in finding the Kingdom of God lies in how we encounter ourselves and other people through this suffering. As that Friend in my meeting said, quoting Hebrews 12:1, “Let us run with perseverance the race that is set before us.”

The gentle ministries of Mary Lou Phillips and Bette Logan can instruct us, as can the perseverance and care of so many others. Our ability to be present to each other, to hear each other, to share each other’s pain, to believe that there is healing and resurrection and even triumph on the other side of suffering, seems to be key in this process. In her inspiring article on p. 17, “The Good News: Words, Symbols, Stories, and Imagination,” Janet Shepherd reflects on the life-changing power of language and symbols. These are pointers to deeper realities, she says, to truths about the paths we choose. She is taken with an image of collective listening and observes, “Insight and courage come as we listen together; we become less lonely, more connected, and paradoxically, more ourselves.” Whenever I have come to that new life on the other side of desolation, it has been with just that sense of connection to others, of being ministered to or through. And what love and joy is there!
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In 1825, a group of Norwegian Quakers arrived in New York, escaping oppression in their homeland. Here is a model of their 53-foot sloop, Restaurationen.
Further views on the Peace Tax Fund

I've read Spencer Coxe's letter (Viewpoint, FJ Dec. 1999), and I'm aware that he expresses views sometimes shared by other Friends. I assume that he and others have not read the text of H.R. 1454, the Religious Freedom Peace Tax Fund bill. They should do so, as their views are misinformed and misdirected on several grounds.

Spencer Coxe's letter assumes that the purpose of the Religious Freedom Peace Tax Fund bill is to influence the military budget. That is not the purpose of the bill. Its purpose is to acknowledge the inalienable right of conscientious objection to paying taxes for war and preparations for war and to accommodate it as a matter of religious freedom.

His letter states that an effect of the bill would be to ease the conscience of pacifists by creating the illusion that they are influencing politics. That will not be its effect upon me. The effect for me will be to have required the government to uphold the free exercise of religion for its citizens. No legislation could ever ease my conscience on the complex and continual challenge to work in a multitude of ways towards overcoming the spirit of militarism and war by trying to live in the spirit of Christ.

Spencer Coxe characterizes conscientious objection to paying for war as a political disagreement with government policies, which if accommodated would cause a floodgate of dissent and endanger democracy. Democracy should welcome dissent and diversity. For a Quaker to characterize acts of religious obedience as astonishing. The current legal definition of a conscientious objector is one who cannot participate in war in any form because of religious, moral, or ethical belief. Political and philosophical opinions do not qualify. It is a matter of religious freedom, a matter of life and death, physically and spiritually.

The Peace Tax Fund bill is an effort to require the government to respect the free exercise clause of the U.S. Constitution, since the courts have refused to do this. Conscientious objectors are trying to love their enemies out of love for God. This exercise of religion is an inalienable human right. It is important that the government acknowledge such rights if it is to survive as a democracy. Democracy is mocked when the government requires citizens to kill or pay for killing, against their deepest religious, moral, and ethical principles.

Spencer Coxe says the Peace Tax Fund bill is only of symbolic significance, of little or no value, and will not generate publicity. And he says the bill would take the risk of prosecution and penalty out of conscientious objection to paying military taxes, so that the "act will not be seen as brave or noteworthy, it will evoke no admiration, no controversy, no reflection (in fact it will be invisible)." These statements are factually untrue. The bill will not eliminate risk; it does provide for visibility in three ways. When the bill passes, the option will be described in the tax forms everyone receives. Reports of numbers of conscientious objectors and amounts of taxes redirected to nonmilitary purposes will be published in the Congressional Record. The conscientious objector will affirm a statement of belief and file it with his or her tax form. Even if conscientious objectors to paying for war are given legal status and accommodated, they will continue to suffer many forms of discrimination from the public and the military. Making slavery illegal did not end racial discrimination. Recognizing and accommodating conscientious objection to paying for war will not end religious discrimination.

Conscientious objectors were among the first to go to the gas chambers under Hitler. When we study the Holocaust, we mourn the atrocities against Jews, homosexuals, Gypsies—and "others"—our memories of the victims of war rarely even name conscientious objectors. Risk free indeed! We who choose a visible legal status may be more vulnerable to hostility.

There is, as yet, no country that accommodates conscientious objection to paying for taxes for war as an expression of inalienable religious liberty. Conscientious objection has always been pretty invisible to most people, and those who by religious affiliation should support it often misunderstand it. The recent refusal of the Supreme Court to hear the Adams and Browne cases are part of the government's usual attempt to misdefine the issue, bury the idea, and silence the witness. In my own legal test case, Packard vs. The United States, I am asking the Supreme Court for a hearing but may suffer the same prejudicial fate as Priscilla Adams and Gordon and Edith Browne. Like the women's suffrage movement, these cases and this cause is not for us alone. The court's refusals underscore the need to pass the Religious Freedom Peace Tax Fund bill. Without visible legal status, without acknowledgment that it is indeed legal to act upon our beliefs, our "democracy" will continue to confuse and seduce each generation into thinking that war is honorable or necessary and that there are no other options.

Rosa Covington Packard
Greenwich, Conn.

Of the several points one might dispute in Spencer Coxe's letter (FJ Dec. 1999) about the Peace Tax Fund, I shall address the one I find personally challenging. He says such a law would ease the conscience of pacifists and deflect them from hard work. This prediction certainly would not apply to any of the peace activists I have known over the years. We all would agree that a problem as complex as war demands action on many different fronts.

Mary Moulton
Sandy Spring, Md.

Let's heed the call for sanity

I've known Dan Seeger for nearly 40 years. We met when he was working for the AFSC's Philadelphia office, shortly after his landmark Supreme Court case establishing the rights of "non-traditionally religious" conscientious objection to military service, and I was the AFSC's European director of short-term community service projects (once called "workcamps") in Eastern and Western Europe, North Africa, and the Middle East. Dan was a houseguest in my modest Paris apartment.

From day one, it was obvious to me that Dan had something to say and could say it with rare clarity. In the December issue, with his "Gathered For Greatness?", he has outdone all of his previous prolific output. His is a wise and world-class call for reason and goodwill, at a time when the human family never needed it more.

Dan Seeger's well-disciplined essay exemplifies the finest form of the craft. Most notably, he has something immensely important to say. Would that this exquisitely eloquent and extraordinary essay be widely reproduced and read across the world.

Jim Cavener
Asheville, N.C., and Claremont, Calif.

Planting seeds for peace

In her article, "A Journey into the Future from Norfolk Prison" (FJ Dec. 1999), Elise Boulding writes of discovering in that prison that "we have many more potential co-workers in the task of building a more peaceful world than we knew." I can attest to the fact that Elise Boulding has a special talent for discovering and inspiring potential workers for peace, since she succeeded in...
presented an ideal opportunity for initiating Soviet contacts. These developed step by step, starting with importing a wonderful Soviet film to West Berlin, becoming acquainted with Russian film distributors and diplomats, a first Moscow trip with Berlin youth in 1963, and later a full-fledged Soviet-West Berlin exchange. These USSR contacts were warmly supported by Berlin Friends (Margarethe Lachmund served as my guiding angel in those days), American Friends Service Committee representatives, and especially a number of lay Protestants. Of the latter group, Dr. Erich Müller-Gangolff of the Berlin Protestant Academy was a strong proponent of the idea that the Cold War center, Berlin, could be transformed into a leading source for world peace.

One day he called me into his office and said, "Herr Cates, do you know the reason for your success in establishing contacts with the Russians? You Quakers have a fool's freedom." I took this as a compliment in the spirit of Corinthians 4:10, "We are fools for Christ's sake." Still, I would have put a different spin on the situation, since I was always conscious that I was building on the great reservoir of gratitude that the Germans, and also the Russians, felt for Quaker relief after two world wars.

We Friends have another great asset in the fact that in our Religious Society there are many who can effectively motivate workers for peace, sometimes with very few words, sometimes with no words at all.

Paul Cates
East Vassalboro, Maine

Creating the conditions for peace

Thanks to Elise Boulding for giving some inmates in the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Norfolk a chance to participate in a workshop on "Imagining a Nonviolent World" (FF Dec. 1999). No doubt they will spread what they learned.

When I was visiting in the Chillicothe Correctional Institute in Ohio, others in the family went along for a special potluck and group meeting. I'll always remember a granddaughter saying with wide eyes of surprise, "Why, they're just like us!" ("CON-CERN" was a group of 20-30 inmates who planned the monthly meetings for outsiders and themselves and coined the name "CON-CERN").

Elise has helped us, too, who have never participated in one of her workshops, to think positively and to decide where to put our energies in helping bring about a loving and peaceful world. Let's remember the importance of the home life of children and make good, positive parenting education universal. However, each abused soul can be saved.

Marion Penn Stow
Frankfort, Mich.

Responding to simplicity and plainness

The January 2000 issue speaks to my condition in many ways. The adventures of plain Friend Helms were similar to mine as I downsized (over ten years or so) from an eight-room, three-bath home to a single-room cabin—and sold my car to avoid about two-thirds of my polluting the air with a vehicle.

You wouldn't believe how I have to 'fight off' Friendly advice to get a computer and e-mail in my effort to live "simply." I do wish I could express myself as well as the four authors you used!

I am not "homeless" but did choose to build my house out of straw. Some time ago FRIENDS JOURNAL ran a short article about our attempts to establish a community here on Quakerland in the Hill Country of Texas. "Walking" cheerfully on our rocky, arid land and accepting the challenge of an occasional rattlesnake puts faith and living in tune with the Earth on yet another plane.

Eleanor Hammond
Ingram, Tex.

In his article on his adoption of what he terms "almost-plain" costume (FF Jan.), Philip Helms refers to his "leading" to dress in this manner, clearly suggesting a connection to his spiritual search. Given this, I am disappointed that he made so little attempt to articulate that connection. Such costume is unrelated to my own religious concerns, and his article left me curious, but unenlightened, as to how it advances his own. I would be interested in an article focusing on the role his costume plays in his personal religious philosophy rather than on the enjoyment and frustrations of being different.

Craig Shaw
Seattle, Wash.

Continued on page 37
No one told me he was handsome. When A Quaker Ministry to Persons with AIDS assigned me to Darryl, they said he had AIDS; that a stroke had left him partly paralyzed; that he was difficult. They told me he was angry; that the physical therapist had given up trying to get him to cooperate; that his father cared for his bodily needs. But no one mentioned the sweet nature. Or the charm.

Or the good looks.

What they told me about him did not prepare me. Darryl's body under the cream thermal blanket looked long and emaciated. Like pictures of a concentration camp. Like pictures of Biafra. But this was not a picture. In this living, breathing person, I could see bones, the bumps on his skeleton covered in flesh as thin and tight and brown as my kidskin driving gloves. But his head was like the carved ebony bust of an African king, with cheekbones like the flying buttresses on the cathedral of Notre Dame, with deep-set bittersweet chocolate eyes, and with a smile worth the effort of coaxing out.

I started visiting Darryl in January. Then one Monday morning in September, his father Franklin called, "... to let you know," he said, "that Darryl has passed." I wrote in my journal that night:

I expected him to die during my visit this afternoon. He died yesterday morning and they called me today. I feel wronged. All yesterday I thought of him as still alive. I prayed for him, visualized him bathed in the heartlight of the Jesus he loved, thought about trying to wake him to say our good-byes. Why didn't I know?

I rang their bell, hugged Franklin, expressed my sorrow for his loss, then asked if I could go into Darryl's room. I looked at the empty bed in the room I had visited every week for the past eight months and remembered... .

The first time I rang that bell was dreadful. No one heard until I had rung four times, wondering if I was even at the right place. Franklin introduced me and left us, but only after explaining that Darryl constantly fondled his penis. "I hope you're not offended." "No," I said truthfully, "I'm not offended." I added, "That often occurs." I don't know why I said that. I don't know anything about the consolations of the chronically ill.

Darryl spent most of that first afternoon with his back to me. I felt rejected, inadequate, foolish, intrusive. I was there for three hours and thirty minutes—half an hour less than I had promised, but I was desperate to get away. In that eternity, we spoke about four sentences: I asked what he'd like us to do. "Nothing." I asked why he had agreed to my coming. "I didn't know you were coming." In that noisy room, I prayed. I prayed for him; I prayed for me; I prayed for 6 o'clock to come so I could decently leave. At 5:30, I couldn't take any more. "Thanks for letting me come," I said. "I could come back next week, if you like. Or not," I added. "It's up to you." "You can come," "OK.

I didn't know whether to be glad or horrified. Not quite rejected. I now faced another four hours with this angry, scared, unresponsive man, a man with whom I seemed to have nothing in common. I was weary and hungry, and I wondered what I had gotten myself into. One thing was clear: it was a world as far from Quaker meeting as I could imagine. Darryl blocked out the world with his will and with a wall of noise. TV clatter at the foot.
of his bed warred against his CD player blaring Patti LaBelle from the right hand wall. Through the open door droned a dress. I didn't know one could simply talk turned noise and blocked out the reality he refused to admit, with the therapists, even abusive, so they couldn't keep it down, and sometimes a video. I rubbed his back very gently for hours on end. It may have been the only physical contact in his world that was not care-required. I prayed for him, and for myself, and for other people I love, while I rubbed his back. I tried to keep my attention centered on him, even when he was sleeping, which was often. It was a spiritual discipline, that backrub, those visits: an oasis of calm and quiet in my life. He was so patient. He never complained. When I said how are you, he always said "I'm OK," yet he was so clearly, by any ordinary standards, not OK.

I visited him on Monday afternoons for eight months. I was faithful, which is most of what he wanted from me. I brought a Pepsi for each of us, until he wouldn't try one. And our relationship changed. My time with him became a ministry of attention and touch. Although we still spoke very little, the quality of our exchanges altered.

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As I moved my hands across his back, stoking tenseness out of his muscles, I could feel him moving with me into a place of peace. I always began with prayer.

A painter who depicts human figures touching, supporting, and engaging one another uttered a sentence that struck me: "All touch is reciprocal." It was a mantra for my times with Darryl. When he turned his back to me for massage, it was the same physical act as turning away from me in our first meeting, but the significance of the movement had changed, from rejection to acceptance of touch and care. I can't express exactly what that ministry of attention and touch meant to either of us.

He had been the life of the party—a man who snapped his fingers for emphasis when he said "oh-KAY!" a man who loved to dance. Now, to me, he was an oasis of quiet, a human connection who made only one compelling demand: Be faithful. He didn't want my sympathetic ear. He didn't want applause or appreciation for his latest achievements. He didn't want to spew malice and unkindness about myself, and for other people I love, while I rubbed his back. I really wanted that backrub. And so did I. Since Darryl's death, I miss that intimate, asexual touch when there are babies about, but rare between adults.

As I moved my hands across his back, stoking tenseness out of his muscles, I could feel him moving with me into a place of peace. I always began with prayer, hands on his shoulders just at the bend from his neck, my fingers forward almost to Darryl's collarbone, my thumbs where his third rib met his spine. Inwardly I recited: "May you be at peace. May your heart remain open. May you awaken to the Light of your own true nature. May you be healed. May you be a source of
A QUAKER MINISTRY TO PERSONS WITH AIDS

This program of designing and implementing a unique service, using Quaker principles, for people very ill with AIDS, has been in operation for nearly seven years, for four of those years under our own board of trustees and the organizational umbrella of Resources for Human Development, Inc. The program as we know it is now in a hiatus.

Many lessons were learned along the way, but most startling, the wonder of what is possible when people are united by a shared vision. Our vision arose from a concern for people, facing not only illness and early death, but also the stigma of judgment related to same-sex relationships and, later, the web of discrimination, addictions, and mental illness. Our concern was for those standing alone in a time of need. A Quaker term comes to mind, "as way opens"; we felt the way opening as this program came together so quickly and we were able to do so much with relatively little. We had a borrowed desk and phone in a great location, a host of volunteers, and eventually a budget covering 1.2 full-time people's salaries. We remember gratefully the generous and encouraging support from many. As we walked with those most intimately affected by AIDS, we learned to face our own fears and helplessness. We learned, and taught others, not to be afraid of being affected by AIDS. We learned, and taught others, about a basic healing relationship with another which requires our honesty and unconditional positive regard as our guide. Friends call this guide Truth and Love.

Our problem was not our finances, though we were often "hand to mouth." To continue, we would have to become a nonprofit business. We were never big enough to sustain the effort of a home-based service delivery program. To stabilize, we needed to develop more of an infrastructure and to groom new leadership among the board and the staff. The continuing energy was not forthcoming. We realized that our time together was a

Healing for all beings.” He was a source of healing for me.

It was a mindfulness experience, that backrub. I was intent on the feel of his skin against mine, my fingers probing beneath the skin to touch and gentle the tense places. I was aware of the pale tobacco color of my tanned hands against the coffee-bean darkness of Darryl, aware that the texture of his skin varied, soft and smooth on his right side, his “good” side, the side where his arm was still useful and where the weight of his body rarely rested. At the curve of his left ribs, the skin texture changed and became coarse, sandpapery, with a rough, gritty texture.

I realize now, long after his death, that I creamed my hands four times a day, every day, the whole time I was visiting Darryl. If I had cuts or scrapes on my hands between visits, I tended them carefully, discarding bandages before my next visit. The hands that touched Darryl’s back were as soft and gentle as I could make them—which is to say, not very, as my hands are often in water, I am clumsy in small things, and my hands are wrinkled and bruised, cut and callused. Still, for nearly seven months, I treasured my hands like sacramental objects. It was unconscious. I only notice it now, months after Darryl’s death, looking at how rough and unkempt my hands have become.

Always when we began, his skin was warm, and I was conscious that my hands were cooler. Gradually my awareness of his warmth would fade; by the end, my hands would be as warm as a towel fresh from the dryer. When I moved a hand to my own clogged sinuses or arthritic neck, I could feel the healing heat deep in my tissues. It surprised me.

Darryl was magical. There was a quiet space there beside his bed that I slid into the way I slide into the silence that waits for me in the meetinghouse. It was not so much resignation as calm acceptance. “I’m OK,” he said. When treats came he was pleased and surprised.

Darryl listened to me. He fastened eyes as sweet and soft as a summer Hershey bar on my face, and he remembered what I told him about the people in my life. The next Monday, he would ask about my son’s job, about “your friend, the cook. What did he make this week?” He was glad to see me. Once he said so, and I asked him why. I wanted to know what I was doing right. I had a hunger for certainty in that ambiguous situation. But he gave none. “I don’t know,” he said, “I’m just glad to see you.”

It strikes me that his friends and family knew a different person from the man I knew. They describe a sweet, gentle man (and so far we agree) who lived life fully, even greedily, a man with lots of people in his life. When I read recently what Robert Bly says about “Katabasis, going down from the heights into the place of ashes and disfigurement,” I immediately thought of Darryl. That’s where I knew him, in the depths, separate, apart, unconnected.

As I write, it’s six months since Darryl
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DEAR SANYA

by Bette Logan

Under a concern for patients dying of AIDS, I worked at a hospice in Thailand. The patients received minimal physical care and no emotional or spiritual support, even though the hospice was located at a temple. I offered love, friendship, and a lot of touch—mainly through massage. My work was under the care of Toronto (Ont.) Meeting (of which I am a member), and I received financial support from IFriends in Canada.

There were two types of patients: those who lived on their own in rooms on the grounds (i.e. “second stage” patients); and those in the hospital who were mainly bedridden. The former were mostly supported financially by their families who may or may not have had other contact with them. Those who could still walk needed more food than was provided. If they didn’t have money to buy the extras, they had to do without. They also needed the psychological boost of being able to walk to the eating place or candy-shop and have social contact with the others. The needs of the hospitalized, however, were more acute. On the other end of the spectrum, those who could no longer chew or swallow regular food were not provided with alternatives; if they had no money they were forced to endure a water-only diet. This happened regularly. Fruit was not provided at all, although once in a while visitors brought fruit as a donation.

Journal entry—March 8, 1999

Oh Sanya, what are you teaching me? I feel there’s a lesson to be learned here, but what is it?

When I went into the hospice to see you last night, you told me to leave. Leave! Leave! How can that be? And then, out of the blue, you asked me, “Will you go to my funeral?”

“Yes, I will.” (What brought that up?)

“Go to my funeral tomorrow?”

“Yes, I will,” I repeat without missing a beat, even though the question doesn’t make any sense at all.

“Will you stay here with me all night?” I’ll stay,” I tell you, and yet I’m completely mystified—even more so when, a moment later, you again tell me to go away.

I’m totally confused, but you’re not, are you, Sanya? You have it all thought out. I’ve barely turned away when—What’s this? Noise! Scuffling! I turn and... Oh, how can this be? Another volunteer has you by the wrists; the two of you are struggling. I stand there, entranced, amazed at your strength; it’s an even match even though you haven’t eaten for days now. The skirmish continues. It’s over the empty bottle you have clutched in your hand. I finally realize you’re trying to break it...

The brain processes. Like the scene, it plays in slow motion. I feel I’m expected to do something—to choose a side. But which side? If I love you, I have to want what you want, don’t I? Or do I? I’m frozen in indecision.

The struggle continues. Where did you get the strength? I want to support you, and yet—this just doesn’t seem right. I make my decision, step forward, pry your fingers back one by one, and take the bottle from your hand. I’m sorry, Sanya, I’m truly sorry. What kind of friend am I?

You’re obviously thinking the same; you have nothing to say. I sit with you a few moments when, all of a sudden, you bolt out of bed and walk unsteadily—lurch, perhaps is the word—down the corridor. The whole place stops; everyone’s watching, silently wondering... What are you doing? You haven’t been out of bed for a week.

You barely make it to the nursing station, grab a chair, and sit before the counter, head bowed low, hands raised to your forehead, palms pressed together in the prayer position. I’m watching from the other end. It’s a silent movie, but I know the lines. You’re pleading. Again and again you plead, and I know what you’re pleading for.

But they ignore you.

You start back, but you’re broken. You
slump to the floor. I help you up and back to your bed. I take your hand. No response. Once again you tell me to leave. I feel you’re humiliated and want to be alone, so I turn and walk away.

But how could I know you had still another plan? Immediately there’s confusion: Running! Shouting! I turn and oh, there’s no end to your determination, is there, Sanya? I stand there transfixed. What kind of pain has brought you to this? What kind of desperation? Now you’re spraying insect spray into your mouth! I watch. I can do nothing. I don’t want to do anything. A patient grabs the can from you. (Does no one respect your autonomy?) In a minute the nursing assistant arrives with an antidote, and finally I take a stand.

“Don’t do anything!” I implore her. “He wants to die! Let him die!” You heard me, didn’t you Sanya? . . . Didn’t you?

There are no apparent effects from the spray, and finally the nurse comes from her house and gives you a sedative. You take my hand, and I feel warmth and love just as I did the first time you did that. Do you remember? You took my hand and told me that when you first came here you couldn’t walk; I massaged your legs, and you could walk again. You hadn’t wanted to eat, but once you could walk, you had the heart to eat again. And it was all because of me, you said; all because of me. Oh, the joy in your eyes—I felt I could see your soul. At the same time I admit it was rather unsettling, for how can I live up to that?

The sedative begins to take effect, and you start to talk. You talk and talk, but your voice is so low and your speech so slurred (and my Thai so deficient) that I can hardly understand anything. All I can do is be there, hold your hand, and wipe your tears.

But you’re not finished yet. Just when I think everything has passed, you ask me to soothe you with the blanket. You don’t know how that makes me feel, do you Sanya? How it tears me apart? But it’s not the first time I’ve been asked; in fact, I’ve been asked often enough to have checked out the Thai vocabulary for the situation. “It cuts me to the heart,” I tell you, “but I can’t do it.”

“You can,” you insist.

But I can’t. I’m sorry, Sanya. I can’t help you. I can’t help you live, and I can’t help you die.

So then you talk and talk some more, and the one thing that repeats itself in my mind today is: “Nobody comes to see me.” No, nobody comes to see you. Nor do they come to see most of the patients here. Who can understand what it is to live with that? To die with that? To be 27 years old, dying of AIDS, and no one comes to see you.

Finally you sleep.

And now today I’m struggling to sort this all out. I know there must be a reason why you’ve brought this to me, but what is it? It makes me think again about an article I read in FRIENDS JOURNAL a while back. I wish you could read it. The author tries to make a case for a certain “quality of life” that can be attained when we can no longer do the things that used to be meaningful to us. She said when this happens we are freed to experience a new dimension; we have a new opportunity for growth not available to us when we are caught up in our normal lives. What do you think of that, Sanya? What do you say about that as you lie there seeing the havoc AIDS has played on your wardmates? What do you think when you watch two bodies being carried out every day? Do you think they feel blessed they had an opportunity for spiritual growth? Somehow I don’t think so.

Journal entry—March 15, 1999

Well, Sanya, I’m just back from our talk. I felt you should be clear on exactly what happened last night because I know you won’t remember most of it; also, I wanted you to know how I feel about it.

Last evening, after you took the pills, you went into convulsions. (Do you make sure I’m around when you do these things?)

I lived every second of it with you, every minute. How many minutes? I’m not sure. It seemed forever, your body flailing this way and that, and the nursing assistant struggling to stuff a towel into your mouth. It was horrifying. Your body had a will of its own. Nothing had prepared me for this. I held you and spoke soothing words—it was all I knew to do. Eventually the seizure ended. You said nothing but looked puzzled and seemed to be looking for something. Then, after about 15 minutes, more convulsions, even more long-lasting and violent than the first. Two minutes? Five minutes? I don’t know. It was outside of time. At last, with a final jerk, your body slumped to a sudden halt. Total stillness.

No pulse. Pupils don’t dilate.

Good, I thought. You’ve got what you want. Your suffering is over.

A long moment.

And—then! Guess what? Signs of life! And—oh! My real reaction! I want you back! I start coaxing you back to life! You don’t remember any of this, do you Sanya?

In time the nurse arrived and once again gave you an injection. You told her you love me—that I’m like a mother to...
you. And you wouldn’t let me leave your side—not for an instant. Nor could I of what you’re doing—what you’ve done and today I felt compelled to tell you all clinging, clinging. To what? To life? To death? To me? I wish I knew.

And you asked me if I love you.

And again you asked me to smother you.

I stayed with you through the night, and today I felt compelled to tell you all this because I think you should be aware of what you’re doing—what you’ve done to yourself, and how it hurts me.

“I understand you want to die, Sanya, I really do. But to me—to my way of thinking—it’s not good to die in trauma like that; I think it’s better to die peacefully.”

“I won’t do it again,” you told me.

I hope that’s the case. I sincerely do; I can’t bear to see you go through any more of these failed suicide attempts. I pray you won’t try again. But... but, maybe... I’ve been thinking about this... I’ve been thinking... maybe I should find out for you how you can do it properly... just in case... .

Oh dear Sanya, why did you touch me with your soul-light and draw me into all this?

April 26, 1999

Wat Phrabhat Namphu
Lopburi, Thailand

Dear Sanya,

Did you get the note I gave you? Well, I know your body got it because I put it in your shirt pocket before the cremation, but did you get it? Of course, I think you already knew the message: “Thank you for what you gave to me. I love you. I’ll miss you. I’ll never forget you. I feel blessed to have shared a piece of your life.”

I felt so content when you died. It was a completion; it was as it should be. I cried for your sufferings over the time I knew you, but not for your death. I washed your body, dressed you in the clothes I had bought for you, and helped place your body in the coffin. All of this was done with a deep calm, a sense of thanksgiving and of privilege. And mostly with a kind of rejoicing because of the peace in which you died.

The last two days I sat and held your hand, and you had stopped your clinging. You were content and even told me to go home and sleep. You have no idea how happy that made me—to have you back off from your dependency on me.

You know, Sanya, over 500 people have died at this hospice since I’ve been here, and I can count on one hand the number I saw die with a peaceful heart as you did. I saw it in your face, in your manner, and best of all, you told me in words.

It’s one month today since you died, and I’ve had a lot of time to think about everything. I’ve reread that article I was telling you about. In it the writer says that when we usually think of as our quality of life has diminished, the “very

WAITING

I am waiting for my mother to die. I say “You know, she’s ninety-nine.” They say “Bless her heart.” But they don’t understand.

So I am held like a boat at anchor Waiting for her last voyage. Feeling the guilt of longing, Wishing for it, at last, to be over. And yet, and yet.

I think of her quiet strength That held my moments Together, of her being At my side when I needed her, Battered by life.

I make excuses. I explain How she has to be bathed And dressed; how she Doesn’t understand where She is, where my father is; Why I can’t bear to see her, Not more than once a year; How she doesn’t know me, But, now and then, she does; And then, I don’t know what to say.

This summer I saw a daughter Bring her mother home to die. Family gathered around to hold Them both in their arms and hearts. I watched from the perimeter The last hours slip away, Longing for the privilege,

The beauty, the release, of that death.

Joanne S. Scott

Joanne S. Scott lives in Chestertown, Maryland.

THE DEAD ARE NOT LOST

in memoriam, Mulford Sibley

They exist and live in what they valued, what they loved, and move among us in the service of the good.

Meanwhile, their possessions sit on a shelf—necessary for a time, but unfitted to that larger life of the spirit.

Hold this leaf in your hand. And when you release it, note the grace in its fall, as it finds its place in the nature of things.

Michael True

Michael True is a member of Worcester (Mass.) Pleasant St. Meeting. Mulford Sibley was a teacher of political philosophy at University of Minnesota, a Quaker, and author of works in the history of nonviolence.
by Keith R. Maddock

I was invited to represent the Quaker position during an interfaith educational conference on contemplation and action in daily life. I knew it would be a challenge to find common ground with people from different spiritual traditions, including the Jewish, Muslim, Hindu, Sikh, Jain, Buddhist, and Native American communities. But I wondered if it wouldn't be an equal challenge to find common ground with the representatives of other Christian churches participating in the dialog.

To begin with, I asked whether the name “Quaker” could stand on its own without being defined in the context of Christianity. This was not an issue for George Fox nor for most members of the Religious Society of Friends well into the 20th century. They were apparently steadfast in extending their toleration to other faith communities in light of the universal Christ, while they themselves were being persecuted by the established Christian churches. In our own time, however, we are seldom as secure in our traditions—and many of us are wrestling with what it means to provide a radical alternative to traditional religious institutions at the beginning of this new millennium.

Strictly speaking, ecumenism is concerned with the various Christian churches seeking a common ground of unity. Today, however, we are more aware of a wider household or spiritual family of people seeking the meaning of life and its ultimate purpose. While it is still essential to the Christian community to seek internal unity, it is no longer possible to envision this without seeking understanding and harmonious interaction with other faith communities. How then could I express the Quaker witness in terms that would be true to the household of faith where I lived and yet easily understood by neighbors who lived at different spiritual addresses both within and apart from the ancient Christian heritage?

My early experience of religion was based on affiliation rather than faith. A person was United, Presbyterian, Anglican, Baptist, or of some other denomination. Mixing was simply not done. As I matured, however, I became exposed to people who viewed their religious experience differently. While visiting a Roman Catholic relief agency in Mexico, I met a young American working for the agency who was not Catholic and preferred to identify himself as an Episcopal Quaker. While he was brought up to appreciate High-Church ritual, he often felt more at ease in the contemplative silence of Quaker meetings. Silent worship led him to take more initiative in responding to God and to seek ways of expressing his faith in action. He seized on the first opportunity for service that was offered, without regard for institutional differences.

Such stories among committed Christians are becoming more common as people distance themselves from exclusive affiliations and explore different ways of expressing their faith. The hunger for spiritual renewal and the necessity of working with people from different backgrounds to create a better world have emphasized the importance of submitting outward differences to broader interpretation. The history of Christian institutions corrupting the universality of religious experience into a theology of cultural domination continues to make this a difficult challenge. A radical group like the Religious Society of Friends may have an advantage in overcoming these obstacles, as long as its members cherish their commitment to “primitive Christianity” without allowing their testimonies of tolerance and understanding to become hardened into a new form of dogma.

In 1659, Isaac Penington wrote that Christians had a tendency, from the time of the apostles, to strive for “a wrong unity and uniformity in outward practices and observances, and to judge one another unrighteously in those things.” He argued that it was not difference in practice, but the judging of one another on that account, that stood in the way of peace and unity. He wrote:

How sweet and pleasant it is to the truly spiritual eye to see several sorts of believers, several forms of Christians . . . every one learning their own lesson, performing their own peculiar service, and knowing, owning, and loving one another in their several places and different performances . . . and not to quarrel with one another about their different practices.

To the early Quakers, the known world was essentially Christian, and to seek unity in the Spirit meant reconciling different movements that claimed to embody the teachings of Jesus in their teaching and institutions. They did not hope to see all of these bodies united in form, but to acknowledge the subordination of all institutions and forms to direct revelation in the lives of ordinary people. In 1737, an English Quaker named Thomas Story wrote: “The unity of Christians never did nor ever will or can stand in uniformity of thought and opinion, but in Christian love only.” This was one of several radical testimonies that the Quakers made in the face of persecution and the ex-
exclusive claims of established churches during the 17th and 18th centuries.

At the same time, the age of political and commercial expansion brought Quakers into direct contact with people beyond the Christian world. If outward forms of religion were not to be the decisive criteria of truth, they were challenged to acknowledge that God may be working through other faiths as well. Marjorie Sykes, a 20th-century British Quaker who lived and worked in India, wrote:

We all know the fruits of the spirit, and recognize the beauty of holiness in our own ancestral tree... The flowers of unselfish living may be found growing in other people's gardens and... rich fruits of the Spirit may be tasted from other people's trees. They spring from the same Holy Spirit of Truth, the same Seed of God, whose power moves us through Christ.

In the traditional testimonies of Friends, the acceptance of Truth embodied in other faiths extends well beyond toleration. It implies that the Spirit of Christ, the revelation of divine love, may be known by other names in different cultures. A greater potential for unity reaches beyond the Christian world because there is a common need for people of all faiths to reach out to one another in compassion and understanding.

In his pamphlet, Mutual Irradiation: A Quaker View of Ecumenism, Douglas Steere celebrated a growing openness in the contemporary Roman Catholic Church. He found this an inspiration to understanding among Christians, as well as among the adherents of other faith traditions. Steere described Pope John XXIII as "calling us to witness to the operative presence, here and now, of this fathomless love and concern that is at the heart of things: a presence which is already actively at work in the unconscious life of every part of the creation." Mutual irradiation, which allows people to discern truth in different professions of faith, leads to a more practical understanding of how God cares for the world. It focuses on a common concern to realize God's love for creation—to end every form of violence; to share more equitably in material resources; to share one another's experience and expertise in alleviating poverty and recognizing injustice; and cooperating to preserve the earth's environment.

The Quaker witness to an interior, personal faith enables us to relate comfortably with diverse religious communities. Feren Nünn, author of Friends and the Ecumenical Movement, wrote that the key to the Quaker role in ecumenism is a style of witness "very much inward and very much outward: deeply Christian, yet insistently universal; voluntary, yet sensitive to that which can unite all concerned." The vision of all people united in the power of the Spirit commits us to promote an active, accepting, and unlimited concern for everyone, despite differences in culture and doctrine.

The Religious Society of Friends emerged in the 17th century as an alternative to the politically aligned institutional church. By stressing the inward, individualistic aspect of religious experience, the early Friends felt they could become clear and effective advocates for peace at a time when sectarian conflicts were bitter and resistant to both secular and religious solutions. They were totally committed to the transformation of their society without compromising their spiritual integrity. William Penn—one of the most widely recognized of the early Friends—once commented that true religion doesn't turn people away from the world, but enables them to live better in it and excites their desire to mend it.

If inner peace is an essential condition for social commitment, it follows that commitment to social justice is the natural fruit of inner peace. The contemplative experience in many different religions often refers to the eternal now, a moment when time stands still and we are confronted with the ineffable meaning of existence. A 20th-century Quaker, Thomas Kelly, interpreted this experience as a catalyst for action when he wrote:

Social concern is the dynamic Life of God at work in the world, made special and emphatic and unique, personalized in each individual or group who is sensitive and tender in the leading-strings of love.

The Quaker experience is to live in this tension between contemplation and action, seeking a balance that integrates personal experience with toleration to restore peace and justice to the world. The ecumenical spirit is brought to life through the integration of contemplation and action in daily life.
THE "SLOOPERS"

QUAKER PIONEERS FOUNDED THE FIRST NORWEGIAN-AMERICAN SETTLEMENT

by Kathryn Parke

On October 9, 2000, as part of the Ellis Island 2000 celebration, the 1825 arrival of the Norwegian sloop Restoration ("Restaurationen") in New York harbor is to be reenacted. This event will be of special interest to Friends, as many of the passengers on the sloop were Quakers, escaping oppression in their homeland. Friends in New York gave hospitality and financial aid to these immigrants, who had no knowledge of the English language and American ways and had spent all they owned to emigrate.

Quakerism had come to Norway as a result of the Napoleonic war. Toward its end, English Quakers learned that 2,700 Danish and Norwegian prisoners were crowded onto old warships in Chatham and other harbors. Wilson Birbeck and William Allen of London Meeting, later joined by the French-American Stephen Grelet, visited these prisoners and took them literature, translated by the 17th-century Dano-Norwegian, Christopher Meidel. Several, already dissatisfied with the state-established Lutheran Church of their time, found in Quakerism the spiritual resource they had been seeking. When the 1814 Treaty of Kiel released these prisoners, they took their new faith home and inspired others.

One of the new Quakers, Lars Larsen, stayed in England for a time, working for the William Allen family and learning enough English to get along. When he returned home to Stavanger, he found the Quaker group there suffering significant repression—military conscription, tithes to support the established church, demands to conform to Lutheran rites of baptism, confirmation, marriage, and burial. Failure to comply led to imprisonment, heavy fines, and loss of property. (A little later, in 1845, a Dissenter Law was passed that gave Quakers and others some religious freedom, but not exemption from the church tax until 1891, and no alternative to military service until 1957.)

A sympathetic neighbor, Cleng Peerson, visited the United States in 1821 and brought back word that life was freer there and better in many ways. Eventually, several families, 52 persons, decided to emigrate. They asked Peerson, who never officially became a Quaker but seems to have lived like one, to return to America and find some land for them.

To Norwegians, land ownership was basic to well-being. In 1824, Peerson made his way to the Quaker village of Farmington, N.Y., where he had friends (Friends?) from his earlier visit. From there, he walked to the Pulteney Land Office in Geneva and reserved six parcels of land in Orleans County for them. The Pulteney agent, Quaker Joseph Fellows, later met the immigrants in New York and was helpful.

It took all the resources they could scrape together to buy and equip a 53-foot sloop, Restoration (one-fourth the size of the Mayflower), and a cargo of iron for ballast and resale. Little money remained for their land journey and to pay for the land. Their neighbors thought they were crazy! They'd surely be carried into slavery by Turkish pirates or killed by Indians or sea monsters.

On July 4, 1825, however, Restoration bravely sailed from Stavanger. Each family had 2 1/2 x 2 x 5 feet of space to store all the things they would need to begin a new life. The bunks must have been three or four deep, with hardly any space left for passageways.

After 1,280 miles, they approached the Madeira Islands, not far off the coast of Africa. Were they blown off course? Or
perhaps the southern route was used because of seasonal trade winds and to avoid fogs and icebergs off Newfoundland. They were short of water by this time. A contemporary account tells that the sailors picked up a floating cask of old (and strong) Madeira wine and became tipsy. Restaurations' approach to the harbor of Funchal was so erratic that—since it showed no colors—the port authorities thought it must be a dangerous plague ship, adrift without control. The fort's cannons were trained on it. Friendly sailors on a German ship in the harbor shouted "Hoist flag!" In a frantic hurry, the passengers hunted out a Norwegian flag in the baggage, saving them from being blown out of the water.

The Madeirans, especially John H. March, the U.S. consul, were hospitable and replenished their food and water. March entertained all 52 at a banquet which they never forgot. After a few days they continued, the trip taking 14 weeks altogether.

Restaurations arrived in New York on October 9, 1825, with 53 passengers. (The Larsen's daughter was born on the voyage. They named her Margaret Allen after Lars's English Friend.) Their troubles were far from over. A kit of carpenter's tools, vital to their pioneer life, slipped into the sea as they disembarked. Their skipper was arrested and Restaurations impounded—it was illegal to cross the ocean in such a small and overcrowded boat! Happily, Cleng Peerson was at hand with some New York Quakers, who took in the weary travelers until the skipper, the sloop, and its cargo were released from custody. They couldn't pay the fine of $3,150 plus costs, but U.S. Quakers petitioned President John Quincy Adams on their behalf. All the penalties were forgiven, as they were "foreigners, and entirely unacquainted with the language and laws of the United States."

The land Peerson had reserved was near what is now Kendall, on the shore of Lake Ontario, 32 miles northwest of Rochester, New York. Further assisted with passage money from New York Quakers, the immigrants took a steamer to Albany. On October 22 they boarded a canal barge traveling west. They reached Holley, ten miles from Kendall, about the 31st, and proceeded from there on foot. Since the Erie Canal was not officially opened until October 26 of that same year, their west-going barge must somewhere have passed the ceremonial east-going flotilla carrying Governor Clinton and other notables to pour water from Lake Erie into the Atlantic Ocean!

Lars Larsen remained in New York to arrange for the sale of Restaurations and its cargo—the only capital the immigrants had. It was a disappointing effort: they got only about $400 for what they had bought in Norway for $1,370. By the time this

and only the hand tools they could bring in the limited space aboard the sloop. Tree removal and plowing must have been done entirely by human-power! To sell their corn in Rochester, the men carried it 32 miles on their backs. The women too are said to have walked there and back to buy cloth and other necessities. The exigencies of keeping alive were about all they could handle, never mind walking to

meeting in Rochester or 28 miles to the slightly nearer Hartland Meeting.

Moreover, at just about this time the Great Separation between Hicksite and Orthodox Friends occurred. This must have confused and disillusioned the Slopers, hardly any of whom could yet understand English, let alone the fine points of doctrine involved. Not surprisingly, some found it sensible to attend one of the non-Quaker churches in the neighborhood. Quaker historian John Cox commented, "An influx of Norwegian membership might have meant much for us and for them, but while we quarreled over a back fence they went by, in the path of the pioneer."

In 1826, Martha and Lars Larsen moved to Rochester. Lars, a ship carpenter, could use his expertise there, building and repairing boats on the Erie Canal. They prospered and soon were able to build a substantial house on the western edge of Rochester. The Larsen home became an important way station for subse-
quent Norwegian immigrants, many of them Quakers. Hospitality was a heavy burden! Martha wrote to her friend Elias Tønstad, the leader of the Stavanger Quakers, begging him not to encourage anyone to emigrate, unless they could take care of themselves. “We, of course, do what we can for them all. I have gone around town looking for work for them, and Lars has taken many of them into the country.” But there were just too many. No wonder Martha’s health broke down, as she later wrote. About 6,200 Norwegians passed that way during the next few years. How many stopped with the Larsens is unknown—probably hundreds, if not thousands.

Lars is said to have affiliated with the Hicksite branch of Quakerism, while Martha and her children remained loyal to the Orthodox persuasion. But in Martha’s letter to Tønstad, after deploring the “dissensions” and “those who have left,” she writes, “as far as I know, my dear Lars no longer associates with them, which is the greatest joy I could desire. . . . He is greatly interested in church work.” A later letter from Martha to Tønstad describes the long journey the couple made by boat, train, and wagon to visit Friends in Philadelphia and then attend New Yearly Meeting. She speaks of meeting Stephen Grellet and Joseph John Gurney there. “O my dear Friend Elias, thou cannot have any idea what a good meeting the yearly meetings are.”

Unhappily, Lars was drowned in 1845, near Schenectady, N.Y., on the way to Albany with a load of flour. A temporary partner took over the boat. There were suspicions—though never proved—that Lars was deliberately pushed into the canal. Martha continued to live in Rochester until her death in 1887.

The removal of the Larsens and a few other Friends to Rochester may have drained too much leadership from the Kendall settlement. Illness, misfortune, and the difficult land-clearing also discouraged the immigrants. Although Cleng Peerson had built a house in Kendall, in 1833 he explored westward and found cheaper, abundant, and very fertile land—more easily cleared, too—in Illinois. He is said to have walked over 2,000 miles on this journey. (Peerson seems to have been an inveterate explorer—he ended up in Texas!) Most of the settlers soon sold their land in Kendall (at a little profit, since the opening of the Erie Canal had raised land values in western New York State) and traveled to the Fox River settlement Peerson chose for them, south of Chicago. Later Norwegian immigrants followed them to Illinois and subsequently to Iowa. Those who remained Quakers founded two Iowa Conservative Meetings, Paullina and Stavanger. Paullina continues today. A few Norwegians joined pastoral Friends churches in Iowa, Wisconsin, and South Dakota. Others returned to the familiar Lutheran observances or joined other churches.

By 1837 the Kendall settlement was much reduced, though census reports as late as 1925 show continuing Norwegian presence. It is remembered in Norway, and also by a monument in Kendall, as the first Norwegian settlement in America (since Leif Ericson). King Olav V of Norway visited Kendall in 1975 to honor the sesquicentennial of Norwegian immigration.

The reenactment of Restaurationen’s arrival in New York on October 9, 2000, is planned by the Norwegian Immigration Society to celebrate the 175th anniversary. Friends who can be present for this occasion will find it interesting to repeat in 2000 the welcome that New York Friends gave the Sloopers in 1825!

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**EASTER**

*The Real God, God above God, daily and gently seeks to crack my iron-shelled, Easter-egg-encased God to effect resurrection, albeit slow.*

Margo Morrison

*Margo Morrison lives in Friends House, Sandy Spring, Maryland.*

Barbara Berston
THE GOOD NEWS

Words, Symbols, Stories, and Imagination

by Janet Shepherd

Helen Morgan Brooks, 20th-century Quaker, public school teacher, poet, and elder at Fourth and Arch Street Meeting in Philadelphia, was my friend. Her grandfather, born into slavery, was taught to read and write at the age of ten by the ten-year-old son of the plantation owner who was, thereby, in violation of the law. Slaves were not to be taught to read and write at the age of ten by the name Morgan, for John Morgan was the name of the plantation owner’s son. It was always Helen Morgan Brooks. That name kept her in touch with her own story.

Sometime in the late 1960s, the British Broadcasting Corporation wanted to record a few African American poets reading from their own works. Helen was invited to read several of her poems for the program, which was to be recorded in Philadelphia and broadcast in Britain. She accepted gladly, but as the day drew near, she grew increasingly uneasy and in need of encouragement. Langston Hughes did not hesitate. The name Morgan, for John Morgan was the name of the plantation owner’s son. It was always Helen Morgan Brooks. That name kept her in touch with her own story.

Langston Hughes had been her friend for some time, she telephoned and told him of her nervousness about the program. It was, after all, for the BBC, and they were paying her $23 a minute! Did he have any advice?

Langston did not hesitate. “Baby, for $23 a minute, read SLOW OW,” he carefully intoned into her ear.

If words are often symbols and point beyond themselves to other realities, to suggest that “slow” should have been “slowly” is to miss the symbolic nature of Hughes’ brief advice. Langston, Helen’s friend, wanted to ease her nervousness, to help her lighten up. He wanted, I’d also say, to remind her to work the system, to go with the flow. Thereby was survival.

Symbols actually participate in the reality they stand for and keep that reality alive. They are able to haunt us and to whisper into our hearts, and often into our dreams, their own messages.

The Good News

Words have power to mold or shatter, to include or exclude, in our word-created worlds. Maybe that is why in the beginning was the Word? Words have the power to bring into being, to accomplish something new.

Now, serious as words as symbols are, they are not so serious that we cannot play with them. Words may also release tension and joy and grant a sense of perspective, as Langston Hughes’s did. It is no surprise to me that professional comedians are well paid, and who among us has not found a burden suddenly bearable or life just more pleasurable when something funny breaks in?

But words have many tasks, and they are cordial to playing the game I call Substitutions. For example: about ten years ago Roberta Nobleman presented her one-woman show on Julian of Norwich at Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting. On the way home (it was reported to me) an older Friend said that she had enjoyed the presentation except for the frequent mention of the blood of Jesus. A younger Friend said, “Instead of‘blood of Jesus,’ I substituted ‘life of Jesus.’ We were then talking of the same experience.” Blood carries life. Without good blood there is no dis­posing of impurities, no nourishment, no healing.

Words that soothe, repel, or intrigue us are to be taken seriously, and we are wise to have a fine dictionary at the ready. Especially for theological terms: they beg to be courted until they surrender some fresh understanding. No careful regard of a symbol is ever a waste of time. We may not wish to spend much time contemplating blood, but we can thank the Red Cross blood banks for their steady lifegiving

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work, and remember the life of Jesus, a life not obsessed with self-preservation, a life crowned by the shedding of blood, a life willing to relinquish life.

A couple once asked if they might be married in meeting, but before long it became clear that it was only because we had no Christian symbols cluttering up the worship space. We had to explain that the very absence of certain symbols (cross, altar, music, liturgy, chalice, postures) becomes itself a symbol. Was not silence a symbol? And what about words that broke the silence? Were they not symbolic of the deep human need to search for words? What about the fact that no one was obviously in charge? That was certainly symbolic.

Sadly, the couple left us. I think of them often, searching for a symbol-less space, unaware that the search itself is a symbol that reminds us of the human need to seek and to discover, to look and find.

Symbols, then, not only point beyond themselves to a more complex reality, but they then participate in that reality, according to Tillich. Our worship spaces not only express our testimony to simplicity, they may actually create in us a longing for more simplicity in our everyday lives. A kiss both expresses and creates love. The Statue of Liberty not only symbolizes national welcome, it keeps national welcome alive.

For me, though, the most powerful symbol of all is a story. Stories escort us over the bridges we need to cross and the dark places to be negotiated.

For me, the most powerful symbol of all is a story. Stories escort us over the bridges we need to cross and the dark places to be negotiated.

When Margaret Mead and James Baldwin had their Rap on Race in August 1970 on television, Margaret told James that he could not hold her responsible for the sins of the past. She refused to be burdened by others' earlier mistakes and failures. The past was past. Baldwin, on the other hand, felt himself implicated in the world's past traumas and sorrows. The past is always present, he insisted. The present is the past. Mead disagreed.

I'd like to think that had I lived during the time of U.S. slavery, I'd have been courageous enough to work on the Underground Railroad, but I can just as well imagine myself a spoiled daughter of the plantation owner, enjoying all the comforts of practically free help from those who were anything but free. In the story of the Good Samaritan, we usually identify with the Samaritan who, quite literally, saves the situation. But we all have it within us as well to be like the two who passed by on the other side, not choosing to see the bruised body on the lonely road. I like to think that at the crucifixion of Jesus I would have been brave and true to my Friend, but more than likely I'd have followed Peter and declared I never knew the One on the way to the gallows. "A follower? I'd have said, "Surely you must be joking!"

Poignant incidents, as well as full-blown stories, have a way of going for the jugular: they go straight to the heart via the imagination and are absorbed into the blood of our lives. Just suppose Margaret Mead had said to James Baldwin, "James, though I didn't actually own slaves, I do know that owning people is wrong. What must I do now, today?"

Her lack of imagination sold her short. An opportunity for forgiveness and restitution escaped her—at least for that moment.

Stories escort us over the bridges we need to cross and the dark places to be negotiated.
need to cross and the dark places to be negotiated. They also illuminate these passages, as early texts were illuminated by painstaking monks who knew that one illuminated capital letter added subtle balance, beauty, and focus to the whole page.

At a Friends Services for the Aging training session, a participant told of her first Quaker meeting: it was in the Haverford (Pa.) Meetinghouse at the end of the college term. The large room was packed with students and their families. In the course of worship, a man rose and said that if someone had told him a week ago that not only would he be attending a Quaker meeting, but that he’d rise and speak as well, he would have thought him crazy, for he was Jewish. But here he was, and there was something he just had to say: while sitting in this stilled place he had been strongly reminded of another time and place in which he had waited expectantly with others. It was during the Second World War; part of the family had managed to get to New York, but other members were still in Europe. When letters came from relatives who lived daily with growing danger, the New York families would gather in one apartment to read each letter aloud. They did not read the letters alone. That same sense of needing each other in order to hear important news was his again that morning.

Insight and courage come as we listen together; we become less lonely, more connected, and paradoxically, more ourselves. And we become more imaginative, more understanding.

My imagination was stirred by the story in Haverford Meeting. What news does the Spirit of God have for us week by week? What, I asked myself, might those letters we were reading together each week say? Perhaps . . .

You are loved. Please know that. All of you. All the time.

You are forgiven. You have only to ask to receive. You receive mercy only to bestow it, to give away. Be generous.

You are not alone. There is a large number of those who at all times and in all places care and ask as you do. You travel together. You are my sturdy companions.

There is work for you to do. To work is to pray. Invite me into all that you do. My world, your world, is needy. You shall bring hope, joy. You are blessed. Now bless.

Is it any wonder it is called the Good News?

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Doodles from the Front Bench

The words come out,
Then go back in,
When editings
By groups begin.
What do we have
When all is done?
Ten crossed-out lines
And lots of fun!

If our attention you would hold,
Remember, please, to plan.
Know what you think we should be told.
Then, briefly as you can,
Proceed to make your point quite clear.
Don't bring in extra facts,
But don't leave out what we must know
To justify our acts.
You need not joke, but if you smile
Your words may have more force.
Though life has problems all the while,
Some humor helps, of course.

I'd hate to be the one
Who must report to us at nine,
Although I know that at that hour
We think all plans are fine.

Evaluate — evaluate —
From what we think to what we ate.
We can't just think that something's great.
We must—we must evaluate.
I sit by the ocean and watch the waves break.
No puzzles, no problems to keep me awake.
My mind is as calm as the depths of a lake.
No rumor of war can my peacefulness shake.
But could I endure if I stayed here all year?
There's something inside me that would soon, I fear,
Break forth into panic about the world's state.
Some people just naturally evaluate.

The sentence of the speaker grows
In ratio that's clear.
The more he says, the less he knows.
The lengthy talk I fear.

The gimmick (if such word seems right)
That keeps us sitting through the night
Is rising, clearing throat, and then—
"I hesitate to speak again."

—Marjorie M. Anderson

Marjorie M. Anderson, a member of Kennett (Pa.) Meeting, is recording clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting’s Interim Meeting.
Witness

Reflections on a Prayer Vigil

by John Andrew Gallery

On Sunday, January 16, 2000, as we maintained our weekly afternoon peace vigil on Independence Mall in Philadelphia, I reflected on a lesson I had prepared to teach in First-day school that morning. As is often the case, the events of the afternoon provided an interesting example about the lesson.

The First-day school is studying the parables of Jesus, and I had reflected on the parable of the sower whose seed falls on rock, in weeds, and on fertile ground. This parable is usually interpreted in terms of the seed as a symbol for the Word of God. After all, this is how the Gospel says Jesus himself explained it. That might be true, and there are useful ideas that can be learned from looking at the parable that way. But for me this parable, like others, illustrates the characteristics of a man (and most of them are about men) who is already living in the Kingdom of God, even as he goes about his daily life. This is a means of showing us how we too should live if we want to live in the Kingdom of God.

This parable is strangely simple. The man goes out to the field, he throws his grain, some falls on rock, some may grow up among weeds, some will fall on fertile ground and bring forth a good harvest. To Jesus' listeners this must have seemed a strange story—after all, it is exactly what any one of them would have done in planting a field, a perfectly ordinary act and way of sowing in those times. How does this seemingly ordinary story tell us anything about living in the Kingdom of God?

I find it useful to look at the parables in contrast to the way I might do something similar. I have often planted a vegetable garden. When I do, I first create some rows in the soil and then carefully sprinkle my seeds down the row, trying to make sure there is adequate space between each seed. I cover them over and water them. I am trying to make sure that each and every seed I plant grows. Of course I

John Andrew Gallery, a member of Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting, has been a regular participant in the peace vigils since they began in April 1999. The vigils are held each Sunday from 4 to 5 p.m. in Philadelphia, in front of the Liberty Bell, on Market Street between Fifth and Sixth Streets. Simultaneous vigils in other locations are encouraged. For information, e-mail Marcelle Martin at <Cityquake@aol.com>.

Friends Journal April 2000
know that this will not be the case, and that even if they all did grow, they would be too close together, and I would have to weed out some. But my planting actions are very much based on a desire on my part to control the results of my actions—to ensure that every seed grows.

The sower in the parable takes a very different approach. He knows that every seed cannot grow—some will fall on rocks, some will have to be weeded out, some may not get enough water or sun. He knows that if he tried to control what happens to every seed, it would be pointless, and what’s more, it would take him forever to plant his fields.

So he acts quite differently than I do in two important ways. First, he doesn’t try to control the outcome of his actions; he isn’t overly concerned with the results. He knows that if he throws enough seeds in generally the right direction, enough will fall on fertile ground to create a good harvest. Second, he trusts God. He trusts God that enough will fall on fertile ground, and that the rain and sun will come. Those two things—not being overly concerned with results and trusting God—are the difference between him and me, the difference between someone who is living in the Kingdom of God and someone who is still trying to.

Not being concerned with results is hard for me. Sometimes I am hesitant to do something unless I am fairly certain that I will succeed. In many cases, not being certain, I don’t try. When I do try, I often want the results to be what I want. I’m not always prepared to trust the process, to trust God even, that a result different from what I think is best is, in fact, best. (That is the great strength of Quaker meeting for business as a learning process—learning to trust God that the result that emerges will be the right one for that moment.)

This parable helped me understand more clearly what I am doing by participating in the peace vigils. I started last April because I felt a need to take an action that expressed my concern about the NATO bombings. What was the right action?—I use that term in its Buddhist sense. The right action was to be a visible reminder that peace is the essential goal. The sower takes right action—to feed his family and village he must plant his field, and to be successful he must throw his seed at least in the right direction. So the first act is deciding on right action. For Quakers this is sometimes characterized as a leading, but that sounds overly serious to me. The second action is taking action. It’s not enough to know what’s right to do, you actually have to do it. The sower sows his grain; I and others stand in the cold holding signs. What results do I expect from my actions? Did I expect NATO to stop bombing in the Balkans because of what I was doing? No. Did I expect President Clinton or Congress to change their views? No. I had no idea what the results might be; I didn’t care. I was simply trusting God that some good might come of this.

Each week some collection of people react to us. Some stop and talk, some honk horns and give us a thumbs up. This past Sunday a group of Asian tourists stopped and looked at us, talking in their own language with one another. By motions they asked if they could take our picture. We have become used to that. But these people wanted to be in it. One woman came forward and stood beside me and had her picture taken; a man came and stood next to Marcelle Martin and had his; two people picked up one of our signs and stood in front of us and had their picture taken. As they were doing this, I thought about what would happen when they got home, thousands of miles away. They would take out these pictures and show them to their friends—“Oh look, remember those Quakers in Philadelphia standing in the cold for peace?” (We gave them some Quaker literature.) What will their friends think? Who’s to know that the pictures won’t encourage one or more of them to make a more serious commitment to peace in their own lives?

By standing on the mall, I throw my seeds. I am not concerned with the results. I trust that God will find some fertile ground for them to fall on, and that each seed that grows—each person who goes away reminded that peace is our goal—will eventually produce an incredible harvest.
A Regathered Society
by Silas B. Weeks

One of George Fox's better known calls was that issued from Pendle Hill for "a great people to be gathered." We cannot be absolutely sure of what he meant by these words. However, it seems reasonable to make at least two assumptions. The first is that we are called to seek redemption by being less "in the world" and more in the Light. The second assumption is that it was a call for an actual physical gathering of people; people gathered in a primitive Christian church and recognized by a devotion to peace, equality, simplicity, and community.

Both of these calls were answered. His message resonated, and as he often records in his journal, "many were convinced." Meetings for worship were quickly established, and within a short period of time there were an estimated 30,000 Quakers in England.

The publishers of Truth came early to the American colonies, and in short order four of them had Quaker governors. Two colonies, for at least short periods, had Quaker-dominat ed legislatures. This is all well-known history. What is of interest at this time is that after a long period of decline, there seem to be signs of a new call to be gathered. The unprogrammed form of worship of the Religious Society of Friends is the only radical alternative form of Christian worship where each is personally responsible for one's own spiritual journey and which can only be grown and nourished in corporate gathering.

In reaching out to this large group we must again become publishers of the Truth. In fairness to seekers, we must set some boundaries; we cannot be all things to all people. We are a Christian church, a primitive church with no leaders and no followers, for Jesus said, "I have called you friends," not servants. We need to note further that we are not waiting in holy expectancy for the second coming, for we believe that Christ is already among us, that Christ has come to teach his people that salvation lies in how we live our lives here and now, that to the best of our ability we try to center them towards peace, equality, simplicity, and community.

People worshipping with us or joining us are not asked to make any personal avowal on where Christ's message fits into their lives but should be comfortable with knowing that we feel that God's message through Jesus is that our personal lives should speak to the issues in the "world" by our daily conduct. Put more simply perhaps, that we are called to establish Gospel Order.

However, a disclaimer is necessary. Friends do not view Christianity in any sense superior to other worship forms. Quakers are universalists in believing that the Light or the Seed or that of God is equally available in all persons in all places.
Reports and Epistles

1999 Baltimore Yearly Meeting Epistle

To Friends Everywhere, Greetings:

Friends met for the 328th session of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, Eighth Month 2–8, 1999, on the parched campus of Wilcox College in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Five hundred fifty-six Friends enjoyed the balmy late summer weather. Among us were 55 Young Friends and 92 Junior Yearly Meeting (and younger) Friends. Our ages ranged from 7 months to over 90 years.

We welcomed the presence of Isaiah Bikokwa, missionary to Friends Church in East Africa, serving at Sambura Friends Mission; Abisai Nandoya, Vokoli Yearly Meeting; Sarah Mwanzia and Selly Olindo, Nairobi Yearly Meeting; David M. Blamires, Britain Yearly Meeting; John "Jack" and Robin Powelson, Intermountain Yearly Meeting; and Thomas Taylor, Lake Erie Yearly Meeting, former staff member of Friends World Committee for Consultation. We also noted epistles from Suzanne O’Hattick (Baltimore, Stony Run), currently working in Bosnia, and Adrian Bishop (Takoma Park) and Bette Hoover (Sandy Spring), among others with the Kamenge Reconstruction & Reconciliation Project in Burundi. They as well as your epistles, which were the basis of our pre-meeting retreat, reminded us that we are part of a widespread body of Friends. The week continued "Exploring Friends Around the World—Listening and Learning." Friends were grateful to Isaiah Bikokwa, who, with his Bible study group, brought the ministry of song to a tense business meeting.

In his annual report, our general secretary, Frank Massey, challenged us to consider: 1) Who are we as Baltimore Yearly Meeting? 2) What are we seeking to accomplish as a yearly meeting? and 3) How will we accomplish this work? His words may well have been prophetic; this has been a year for addressing profound issues and taking risks.

Reports from the camp directors demonstrated that those programs continue to offer occasions to be patterns and examples. The "rough stuff" of the camping experience provides the vehicle for individual spiritual development and personal transformation.

With space made for the Spirit, we have been reminded that Divine presence may not make for comfortable business meetings. Our long-treasured diversity has brought forth difficult issues. Friends from Virginia Half-Year’s Meeting brought us a minute on Equality of Rights for Same-sex Marriages. In his cover letter, Henrik Schutz, clerk of Virginia Half-Year’s Meeting, closed by saying:

Virginia Half-Year’s Meeting Friends are well aware the question of equality of marriage rights for gay and lesbian couples raises deep and important questions among individuals and monthly meetings... Our minute is not intended to suggest we have found all the answers to these questions, but we do believe this is the time to engage one another in a process of spiritual discernment. We invite and urge Friends to join us.

This minute has been referred to monthly meetings for further seasoning. A Minute from Young Friends also spoke eloquently to this issue. [See “Young Friends,” H Dec. 1999–Eds.] Carefully crafted minutes from Young Friends and from Alexandria Monthly Meeting dealt with the use of tobacco at Young Friends conferences and how best to nurture one another as we deal with this divisive issue. Young Friends reached out to other Friends in the "Produce Department," an intergenerational series that found some of us as kumquats and others as "ava-guava-java-chokes" or "mango-ropes." They also facilitated an interest group on the smoking issue. Their care for one another and for the Religious Society of Friends was a spiritual gift to all of us; we rejoice in their growth and in the future that they represent. We humbly seek to follow their courage and example of loving leadership. In the present, they also brought us hugs, exercise, and humor when we needed it most.

How best to support those Friends whose ministry we have embraced also exercised us. We still search for discernment on how and when to release Friends and how to create an appropriate environment of accountability. We are not clear what functions are best done by monthly meetings and which would be better done by the yearly meeting.

Our new recording clerk, Ron Mattson, brought us the special ministry of reading each minute immediately after the consideration of the business to which it referred. This practice and the added silence it brings deepened our worship.

Yearly meeting sessions seek a necessary balance between conference activities and business. Workshops, Bible study, and other opportunities for fellowship were as always a rich part of our program. On the last evening, our chorus brought us a new Quaker carol, "Christmas day is every day the Light is born in me."

Thomas Taylor began the Carey Memorial Lecture with song; John Greenleaf Whittier’s hymn "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" to the C. Hubert Parry melody in C-flat as the Europeans sing it. His experience of the familiar Quaker words in a new setting encouraged for him a fresh assessment of their...
meaning. The language we use, our assumptions, and our individualism can all get in the way of hearing each other. We in the United States are not always good at learning about foreign cultures we visit. We tend to assume that “we are the world” and so the world is just like us. He strongly advised that we do a whole lot of listening and watching and refrain from trying to rearrange someone else’s furniture. In all probability we do not understand all that is going on. He called on us to:

find a common space inside each person where the miracle of God’s redeeming love is at work. . . . As Friends of different cultural and theological traditions, perhaps we have to exercise more our capacity to be interpreters, to concentrate more on hearing others, in their own languages and tongues [whatever] the point of view of our religious clothing. (Loida Fernandez, Mexican Friend and interpreter in Faith In Action, FWCC Report.)

As we prepared to go our separate ways, rain came, bringing life to the dry ground. We pray that the healing waters of the Spirit will be with us as we continue to seek God’s Truth. We carry with us questions:
• How do we recognize that our various, seemingly incompatible perceptions of Truth may contribute to a larger whole which becomes clearer with continuing revelation?
• How do we share our experiences and our Truth with those whose experiences and Truths are different in such a way that listening and response bring us all closer to an appreciation of the vastness of God’s Truth?

—On behalf of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, Lamar Matthew, Presiding Clerk

Canadian Yearly Meeting
1999 Epistle

Greetings to Friends everywhere from the 166th yearly meeting of the Religious Society of Friends in Canada, our 44th as a united meeting. We gathered together at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg, Manitoba, from August 14 to 21, 1999, with the theme “Peace Like a River.” One hundred twenty-two adults and 37 younger Friends came together across 7000 kilometers from 21 of the 22 monthly meetings and were joined by guests from yearly meetings outside of Canada.

From our opening worship the currents of the Spirit flowed steadily among us, carrying us through clear pools of silent time as well as some turbulent stretches. There were no portages; the Creator’s wisdom was apparently to attend to our needs rather than our wants.
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Rocks in the channel, such as our difficulties in finding future meeting sites and Friends willing to serve some of the major yearly meeting offices, churned up our feelings and brought fresh air into our midst as we threshed out our visions and hopes for the yearly meeting. Are we drifting with the current by maintaining our current form? Will a period of struggling upstream bring us closer to our Source? We seek again: what is it that we are called to do?

It is clear that a part of that call is to witness to peace. In special-interest groups we learned about personal spiritual practices and about Friends’ responses to violence and conflict at home and internationally. Our Bible study presenters, Gordon Zerbe, Harry Huebner, Joanne Spears, and Betty Polster, challenged us to consider the true ground and implications of peacemaking, examining the biblical roots of our Quaker Peace Testimony. How do we respond to oppressiv systems where there may seem compelling reasons to side with the oppressed in violent struggles for justice? Can Friends be among the prophetic voices of our times, articulating the need for nonviolent resistance to evil, opposition to war, and the right use of the world’s resources? How do we, centered in that of God within us, participate with the Divine in creating peace with justice?

Our Friend Jack Ross reminded us of the possibilities for reconciliation that open when we strive “To Dwell in the Power of Truth,” the title of this year’s Sunderland P. Gardner lecture. Sharing vignettes from a lifetime of nonviolent activism, he illustrated the importance of spiritual preparation for this work. Our ad hoc committee on sexual harassment and abuse presented an extended workshop exploring ways in which we in our meetings can support each other in addressing these issues and respond to incidents within our community from a spirit of love rather than fear. Bringing restorative justice principles to bear may provide a way forward on these issues, which the yearly meeting has labored with for several years. Burma Bushie, an elder from the nearby aboriginal community of Hollow Water, provided a glimpse of these principles in action by describing healing processes that include both victims and offenders, processes by which an entire community has begun to confront and reverse a dreadful history of abuse precipitated by colonialism. She asserted that our most basic peacemaking role as human beings is to create the space within which the Creator heals; the message that our first task in this work is faith reverberated throughout our time together.

Among other active steps, the yearly meeting was moved to make commitments to develop a Testimony on Sustainability and encourage Friends working on ecological issues, to join the Jubilee 2000 call for international debt forgiveness, and to support the Canadian Friends Service Committee initiative for a Quaker International Affairs Representative to serve in Ottawa. Visitors from the Pimickamak Cree Nation of Cross Lake in northern Manitoba spoke of the poverty created in their community by the failure of governments to honor the agreements under which hydroelectric projects have dammed the flow of the Nelson River. We were dismayed to learn of this breach of faith and agreed to take action in their support.

In a parallel stream, Young Friends channelled their considerable energy into exploring conflict resolution, anger control, responses to bullying, and world peace issues during their program time. Their creativity was expressed in journals, photography, and group balancing. Many new friendships were developed, and there was a great sense of peace within the group.

We had much refreshment in each other’s fellowship during the week, reconnecting and sharing our joys and sorrows while cooking and eating, playing together at our family picnic, dancing, and raising our voices in song until well past sunset. The wind accompanied us with its own unpronounceable music, propelling dramatic clouds and sudden rainstorms overhead, stirring the forest of trembling aspens next to the college grounds as if in applause for the Creator’s works. May we all be so stirred, in worship and in our lives together.

—Gordon McClure, Clerk
News

The death penalty has been put on hold in Illinois. The Associated Press reported that Gov. George Ryan announced a moratorium on executions on January 31, saying that he wants to know why more Illinois death sentences have been overturned than carried out. "There is no margin for error when it comes to putting a person to death," Ryan said at a news conference in which he called for a special panel to study the state's capital punishment system. "Until I can be sure that everyone sentenced to death in Illinois is truly guilty... no one will meet that fate." The panel will study Illinois's entire capital punishment system and focus on why the cases of 13 death-row inmates were overturned. The governor reiterated when it comes to putting a person to death, "There is no margin for error.

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting endorsed a minute calling for the abolition of capital punishment in the U.S. The minute, which originated with Pennsdale (Pa.) Meeting, was sent to the governors and U.S. senators of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. The minute reads in part: "We assert that all human lives are precious. We renounce violence as a solution to violence, whether in war or in punishment. Therefore, we hold that the death penalty is wrong in any conceivable circumstance, and we call for its final abolition in the United States."

On February 13, 2000, a reception was held in Philadelphia to celebrate Robert Drake's accomplishments on the road to recovery. Robert Drake, age 37, a gay author and member of Arch Street (Pa.) Meeting, was severely beaten on January 31, 1999, in northwestern Ireland where he was working on a new novel. Two men in their early twenties, Ian Monaghan and Glen Mahon, of Sligo, Ireland, are now serving eight-year prison sentences for the assault. Robert Drake's recovery has been gradual: from a coma to responding to pain, to responding with recognition, to laughter. After lengthy hospital stays, he is now home in an apartment. Still needing 24-hour care, he continues rehabilitation. Contributions to defray his expenses are being accepted by his meeting. Checks may be made out to "Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia," earmarked "Robert Drake Fund." 320 Arch Street, Philadelphia, PA 19106-2114.

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Eugene (Oreg.) Meeting, concerned about violence in schools, communities, and homes, is presenting a public forum series on “The Spiritual Basis of Nonviolence.” The monthly forums are being held in the meetinghouse from February through May. The first forum focused on the theme, “The Biblical Roots of Nonviolence.” Other themes are “Global Faith and Practice (Liberation Theology and the Oppressed); “Local Faith and Practice” (Inter-group Relations and Community); and “Personal Faith and Practice” (Family, Child-rearing, and Education). There is opportunity for audience participation after presentations by speakers at each forum. “The forum series is meant to help concerned people understand the spiritual basis for nonviolence and the practice of nonviolence in our lives and in our society.” —From Eugene Friends Meeting Newsletter

The 1999 Gustavus Myers Outstanding Book Award was won by Resistance in Paradise: Rethinking 100 Years of U.S. Involvement in the Caribbean and the Pacific, an AFSC publication reviewed in FRIENDS JOURNAL (Feb. 2000). This award is a program of Boston University’s School of Social Work.

Friends Committee on National Legislation has awarded the 1999 Edward F. Snyder Peace Award to U.S. Representatives Dennis Kucinich (D-Ohio) and Tom Campbell (D-Calif.) for their efforts to stop the NATO bombing of Kosovo and Yugoslavia. FCNL cited in its January newsletter that “Both members took unpopular stands as they confronted congressional colleagues and the president and encouraged them to take a path other than war.” In this issue of its newsletter, FCNL also commended U.S. Representative John Conyers (D-Mich.) for his efforts to have the U.S. lift economic sanctions against Iraq. Conyers has called the sanctions “a complete failure,” while he strongly supports the military sanctions against the regime of Iraqi President Saddam Hussein.

Nearly 300 international religious leaders honored Bishop Samuel Ruiz of the Diocese of San Cristobal de Las Casas, Chiapas, Mexico, when Ruiz retired late in 1999. Their joint statement, “Choose Life,” citing Ruiz’s “40 years of prophetic and pastoral ministry and servant leadership” was released at a Solemn Mass in the Cathedral of Peace celebrating Ruiz’s 75th birthday. Bishop Ruiz gained worldwide attention for promoting peace during the Zapatista rebellion in Mexico and for his work with the poor and indigenous cultures in his diocese.


**Bulletin Board**

**Upcoming Events**

- **May 7**—Friends Historical Association spring meeting, with a presentation by Catherine C. Lavoie on “Friends Meeting Houses of the Delaware Valley: The Evolution of a Building Form.” Events begin at 10:30 A.M. for worship at Shrewsbury (N.J.) Meeting. Contact Joelle Berrolet for additional information, phone (610) 896-1161, e-mail <fha@haverford.edu>.

- **May 12-14**—Netherlands Yearly Meeting

- **May 13-16**—Sweden Yearly Meeting

- **May 26-28**—Finland Yearly Meeting

- **May 26-29**—Northern Yearly Meeting; Briton Yearly Meeting

- **June 22-25**—“Spirituality in Action: Quakers in Education in the New Millennium,” presented by Friends Association for Higher Education, Friends Council on Education, and Earlham, in Richmond, Indiana. Keynote speaker: Parker J. Palmer. For more information or to register online: <http://www.earlham.edu/Q/ceducators>, e-mail <ceducators@earlham.edu>, or phone (215) 241-7116.

- **June 23-25**—13th Biennial Conference of Quaker Historians and Architects, Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana (meets concurrently with the FAHE and FCOE conference above). Presentations will include a range of Quaker biography and history topics. Information and registration materials are available from Joelle Berrolet. Friends Historical Association, Haverford College, 370 Lancaster Avenue, Haverford, PA 19041, e-mail <fha@haverford.edu>, or visit the website at <http://www.haverford.edu/library/fha/fha.html>.

- **July 1-8**—Friends General Conference 100th anniversary Gathering, Rochester, New York (The annual Calendar of Yearly Meetings is available from FWCC, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.)

**Opportunities**

- Fellowship of Reconciliation’s Interfaith Reconciliation Work Camp Bosnia is seeking participants for this year’s workcamp in northwest Bosnia. The Reconciliation Work Camps demonstrate FOR’s commitment to pluralism and the power of love, truth, and nonviolence. According to Doug Hostetter, “We teach English, listen/learn from Bosnian Muslims and Serbs who have suffered from war and ethnic/religious bigotry, and do small work projects to help with the healing of individuals and bring together communities that have been devastated by war and prejudice.” The cost is $2,000, with $500 due by May 15 and $1,500 by June 24. For more information contact FOR, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960; telephone (914) 358-4601; fax (914) 358-4924; e-mail <dhosette@forusa.org>.

- Do you want to be a full-time Quaker volunteer in Boston? Quaker Volunteer Service, a community service of Quaker Friends and transformation being considered by Beacon Hill Meeting, wants to know of potential volunteer interest. Room, board, transportation, insurance, and small stipend provided. Student loans may be deferred. Anticipated program includes community living, spiritual and leadership development program. QVS welcomes interest from people of all ages, backgrounds, and faiths who want an experience through Friends principles. Its work is to be a witness to the sacredness of every person and the power of love to overcome violence and injustice. Info: Quaker Volunteer Service c/o Chris Parker: <cparker@afsc.org>, 617-629-7513, <http://www.afsc.org/qs.html> (note that this website isn’t up yet, but should be soon).

- A Civil Rights History Bus Tour, organized by the Damascus Road Anti-Racism Team of the Mennonite Church, Franconia Conference, will take place from June 23 to July 1. It will visit Greensboro, Montgomery, Tuskegee, Birmingham, Selma, Atlanta, Farmville, and Washington, D.C., for on-site learning about anti-racism then and now. The cost will be $750. If interested, call (215) 723-5513, or e-mail <guest.57482@MennoLink.org>.

**Resources**

- Internet-savvy Friends (and friends) can visit a United Nations website that will help the world’s hungry, reports the January 7 issue of The Friend (London). Simply by clicking on <www.thehungersite.com>, people will secure donations to UN food programs from corporate sponsors of the site.

- New Zealand Friends have set up an official website at <http://quaker.org.nz>. The designers welcome feedback.
Books

Making Peace with Conflict: Practical Skills for Conflict Transformation

Several years ago I was preparing to teach a Pendle Hill course on "Conflict Resolution for People of Faith." I knew I would have to draw on a variety of resources for the "faith" part of the course, but I wanted to find a single book that would provide a practical overview of the variety of communication, cooperation, negotiation, creative problem solving, reconciliation, and other practices commonly taught under the rubric of "conflict resolution." To my surprise, I could not find any current book that was broad enough in scope, reliable in content, and addressed to the adult layperson.

Finally I called Mennonite Conciliation Service and asked Carolyn Schrock-Shenk whether I might use an audio resource developed by their staff a number of years ago. "Are you sure you want to use it?" she asked. I had my own doubts. While the resource met all my criteria, it was dated and a bit hokey. "Can you recommend anything else?" I responded. After a pause she said, "I'll send it to you."

So imagine my delight to see that the same Carolyn Schrock-Shenk is one of the editors of a newly published book that goes right to the heart of what I was looking for. Making Peace with Conflict is addressed to Mennonite readers, but on every page it speaks to the condition of Friends. Its short chapters, written by conflict resolution professionals, deftly delineate the essence of the skills needed to cope with conflict constructively. The practical techniques are grounded in the context of a progressive Christian perspective, liberally illustrated with biblical passages.

The authors are vigorous in their representation of conflict as an important part of our spiritual journey, calling on us to respond with open, prayerful hearts and with a willing and faithful practice of our best abilities. Spiritual and practical concerns are never far apart in the pages of this book, which begins with a personal look at our individual experiences and slowly expands to look at conflict in social relationships, families, congregations, and global peacemaking, including a section that examines the role of power in those relationships. I urge Quaker readers not to skip (as I almost did) the chapter on "Congregational Decision Making," thinking it will not apply to Friends' processes. It does.

I believe the well-stocked meeting library should include this book as the cornerstone of a small collection of classics in the different conflict resolution skill sets (including any of Gordon Thomas' "Effectiveness" training books on communication techniques and Fisher and Ury's Getting to Yes on win-win negotiation). But for the library with a small acquisition budget, Making Peace with Conflict is the single essential purchase in this category, offering the most comprehensive, most relevant to Friends, and overall best no-academic conflict resolution overview available within a single cover.

—Chel Avery

Chel Avery, a member of Goben (Pa.) Meeting, is Quakerism coordinator for Abington Friends School.

The Drums of Noto Hanto

Most of us realize that teaching young Quakers how to handle aggression is a tough job—particularly when even the "good guys" in books, films, and videos throughout our culture generally resort to lasers and fists, then excuse themselves on the grounds that they didn't have an alternative.

Fortunately, a number of children's books over the years have sought to offer an alternative view of who "good guys" are and what they do when confronted with aggression. But with the best of intentions, many of these alternative heroes have been an adult's idea of a hero. And many have ended up acting and sounding like passive, paperboard souls who, as every kid knows, would get flattened on the playground in ten seconds.

That's why The Drums of Noto Hanto is such a welcome addition to our bookshelves. Using hugely vibrant images and minimal words to tell the story of a small Japanese village that is attacked by greedy warlords in the 16th century, Quaker storyteller Alison James and New York artist Tsukushi have created a children's book that offers an alternative to both aggressive and passive heroes. In fact, they've created a whole village of assertive men, women, and children who use intelligence, imagination, courage, and collective action to defeat armed aggression.

When the warlords are spotted approaching the coastal village from the Sea of Japan just before dark, the villagers realize that they—like our own children—do not have the strength or tools to fight a conventional battle and win. So old and young, men and women, strong and weak, develop a strategy that will save the village: they build bonfires on the beach, make nightmarish bark masks, drape seaweed over their hair, and bring out the village's ceremonial drums to make the invaders think the village is inhabited by monsters.

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"A rain of arrows came. But the drums roared an answer: DON da DON da DON!" From The Drums of Noto Hanto. Illustrations copyright 1999 by Tsukushi. Reprinted by permission of DK Inc.

with rhythmic voices.

The villagers use small drums with high voices that sound like "tiki tiki tiki tiki ton ton ton!" They use middle-sized drums that "shake the leaves on the trees—Podo pada, Podo pada, Koto koto Koy!" They use large drums that boom like thunder—"DON kada DON kada DON DON DON!" And they use the great Taiko, a drum so huge that the eight men playing it make it sound like an exploding mountain: "DON tonga DON tonga DON! DON! DON!"

The rhythm of the drums drives James's text as surely as the energy of Tsukushi's bold images drive the book. The warlords turn tail and run, the villagers are left to turn their victory into legend, and we are left with new heroes—and an unforgettable tale that adults will enjoy as much as children.

—Ellen Michaud

Ellen Michaud, a member of Starksboro (Vt.) Meeting, is the book review editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Of One Blood: Abolitionism and the Origins of Racial Equality


When the U.S. Constitution was adopted in 1787, many Americans believed that slavery was a great evil, but few knew what exactly could be done about it. Even if the slaves were freed, people believed, they could never be assimilated. Many came to agree with Thomas Jefferson that the only solution was to send them back to Africa or to colonize them elsewhere.
Paul Cuffe, an African American Quaker sea captain, had been interested in sending free blacks to the British colony at Sierra Leone so they could help establish trade in merchandise and agricultural products. This, he believed, would lessen the terrible reliance by Africans on the slave trade. In the early part of the 19th century, his idea was taken up—and distorted—by a group of benevolent men who proposed that the United States send all free blacks to establish a new colony on the coast of Africa. The American Colonization Society based its arguments on the widely held belief that race presented an insolvable problem to the new nation.

But most free African Americans were not interested in being relocated. They felt that the United States was their home and that their ancestors had helped build the country; they intended to stay and obtain full recognition of their citizenship.

Under the leadership of Philadelphia’s African American sail-maker, James Forten, and his son-in-law, Robert Purvis, a reaction against the concept of colonization swept through the African American community. In the process, many abolitionists who had once favored colonization turned against it and developed a counter movement calling for the immediate abolition of slavery and for the full recognition of the dignity of African American citizens. Taking for their motto a verse from Acts: “God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth,” these radical abolitionists, under the leadership of William Lloyd Garrison, made it a point to cultivate African American friends and to back their demands for racial equality.

According to author and historian Paul Goodman, who died before the book was published, the Garrisonians were the innovators of the movement for racial equality that continues to flourish today.

Although he touches on the lives of a number of Quakers, including Anthony Benezet, Paul Cuffe, and Lucretia Mott, Goodman does not explore the Quaker origins of the concept of equality, as expressed by Penn, Fox, and Woolman. Equally disappointing, although he mentions the African Americans who participated in the Garrisonian movement and the antislavery struggle, he does not do full justice to their lives.

This is, nevertheless, a thought-provoking book, important to all who are interested in the movement for racial equality.

—Margaret Hope Bacon

Margaret Hope Bacon, a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, is the author of several Quaker histories, including Quiet Rebels, Mothers of Feminism, and Valiant Friend: The Life of Lucretia Mott.
Treasure in Clay Jars


The "treasure" that Elizabeth Ostrander Sutton seeks and finds in clay jars is not a conclusive discovery but an ongoing process of spiritual exploration and revelation through scripture readings, prayer, journal writing, and creative work with clay. In this pamphlet, Sutton shares the process with us. And although I started out reading with my critical mind, confused by the lack of explicit statements of purpose and concrete examples, I soon found myself carried along by the rhythms and images of Sutton's own spiritual evolution. The beautiful photographs and drawings of her pots helped me to open up and follow along with the nonverbal aspects of the journey—and the lovely "canyon" piece with its craggy, irregular opening and pool of deep blue glaze at its heart was particularly compelling. Even when the language was awkward, the earnestness and intensity of the process itself came through: "I need to go beyond myself and acknowledge that there is something going on beyond my ability to understand." Words, handwork, and prayer all come together in a comprehensive whole that is more than the sum of its parts. Although its impact is difficult to convey in a brief review, this pamphlet is a work of art to be treasured.

—Kirsten Backstrom

Kirsten Backstrom is a writer and a member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Oregon.

In Brief

For Emancipation and Education: Some Black and Quaker Efforts 1680-1900

Minutiae of the Meeting: Essays on Quaker Connections

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Milestones

Deaths

Cadbury—Eleanor "Ellie" Cadbury, 87, on August 15, 1999, at her home in Norwich, Vermont. She was born on January 16, 1912, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the daughter of William Edward Cadbury and Mary Yarnall Brown Cadbury. A member of Uwchlan Meeting in Downingtown, Pa., from birth, she attended Germantown Friends School, studied music at Hollins College in Virginia, and received an M.A. degree in Elementary Education from Columbia University. She first taught music and kindergarten at Downingtown Friends School in Pennsylvania. In 1953 she became director of the Page Experimental School of Wellesley College. She then moved to Norwich with Dorothy Davison and helped her develop a model Head Start program and founded the Thetford Kindergarten. From 1954 through 1976 Ellie taught kindergarten in Hanover, New Hampshire. After retiring, she created the music and story hour at the Latham Memorial Library in Thetford Hill, Vermont, an activity that she continued for 20 years. In 1977 she transferred her membership to Hanover Meeting. Ellie will be remembered by many in the Upper Valley for her devotion to children. She had a generous spirit and experienced joy in her natural surroundings, especially loving birds and animals. She is survived by a niece, Sarah Giddings; a nephew, William Cadbury; and cousins Bartram Cadbury and Anne Atlee Crew.

Cashmore—Edna Tracey Cashmore, 91, at Pennwood Village, Newtown, Pennsylvania, on December 16, 1999. Although Edna’s life was focused on her love for her Quaker faith, she met her husband when both were in their teens while they were both teaching Sunday school at a Congregational church in Philadelphia, where they were married. In 1947 they moved to Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Edna became a member of the Workcamp Subcommittee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting’s Social Order Committee. She served for many years as secretary of the Philadelphia Chapter of Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom. She graduated from Girls’ High School and Philadelphia Normal School. When she discovered that the school district in which she lived did not have a kindergarten, she established one in her home. She taught First-day school in Newtown, where she initiated the tradition of a Christmas pageant. Later, having moved back to Philadelphia, she supervised a day camp in Fairmount Park for underprivileged children. She became a life member of the Girls’ Rowing Club, rowing her single shell on the Schuylkill every morning before breakfast. Over the years she gave a home to refugees from the internment camps for Japanese Americans, Castro’s Cuba, Berlin before the fall of the Wall, Iran, and Latvia. Among the first residents of Pennwood Village, she became volunteer assistant to the activities director of the infirmary, leading a therapeutic exercise class for those suffering from Parkinson’s Disease. She started a First-day morning prayer group for those having physical difficulty in attending an established meeting for worship. Until a few days before her death, she sat at the head of that meeting every First Day and, until her own physical disability prevented, rose early every First Day to arrange the seating for the meeting in a Pennwood parlor. By her will, Edna donated her body to the Anatomical Gifts Registry. She is survived by her husband of 69 years, C. Laurence Cashmore Jr.; a daughter, Dr. Joyce C. Bradley; a son, G. Laurence Cashmore III; thirteen grandchildren; and ten great-grandchildren. Another daughter, Tracey C. Carter, predeceased her mother by a few months.

Holz—Alvin Bert Holz, 80, on July 12, 1999, of a stroke, in Swannanoa, North Carolina. He was born in 1918 in Brooklyn, New York, to Albert C. and Emma D. Holz. He did not go to college but educated himself through reading and by participating in cultural activities. Thanks to an uncle who was employed as a brass polisher in New York theaters, Alvin managed to get passes to all the Broadway productions, and he liked to compete in the Saturday-night dance contests at Roseland Ballroom. Although he was a Lutheran, he successfully convinced his draft board during World War II of his pacifist sincerity and was drafted into Friends Civilian Public Service in August 1941. He served in Buck Creek, North Carolina, where he met his future wife, Edile Nielson, a student at Asheville School, and continued their quest for the simple life. In addition to farming, Alvin served during this time as business manager for Wilmington College. From 1948 to 1950 the Holzes were part of a Quaker team serving in the Gaza strip, organizing and operating a large relief program to provide temporary housing, food, and clothing for refugees. Afterwards Alvin became business manager for the American Hospital in Beirut, a comptroller for UNICEF in New York, and business manager for the Alvin Alley Dance Troupe. He retired in 1981 to Swannanoa, North Carolina, and volunteered at Warren Wilson College. He is survived by his wife Edie.

Kilpack—Gilbert Kilpack, 85, suddenly, on September 22, 1999, at home in Lyne, New Hampshire. The son of John and Helena Hawthorne Kilpack, Gilbert was born on March 28, 1914, in Portland, Oregon. Gilbert was a man who celebrated the human intellect. His love of creative expression of the human spirit through music, art, and an kept his mind fresh and alert until his death. In 1939, Gilbert and his wife Ruth traveled from Oregon to Oberlin, Ohio, where they started their earliest association with the Religious Society of Friends. It was at Oberlin College that Gilbert earned an M.A. degree in Philosophy. In 1945–46 the couple were students at Pendle

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April 2000 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Hill. They next moved to Baltimore, where Gilbert was Secretary of Stony Run Meeting for five years. In 1948 they and their three children returned to Pendle Hill. Gilbert served as Extension Secretary and then as Director of Studies for Pendle Hill, a position he held until 1958. After the couple separated in 1958, Gilbert began teaching at Wilmington College. Mentoring by his associate Ken Woodruff inspired him to pursue a career in academics. In 1961, after marriage to Jo Mott, he accepted a faculty position at Reed College in Portland, Oregon. Next he was invited to teach at University of Rochester, where he greatly enjoyed teaching literature to students at the Eastman School of Music. His marriage to Jo Mott ended in divorce. In 1973 he married Virginia Wандover. Following his retirement from University of Rochester in 1977, the couple moved to rural New Hampshire, where in his later years Gilbert explored the joys of writing and reading folk tales, fables, and children’s stories. He believed in the greatness of the human imagination and fantasy and rejoiced in their expression. He is survived by his wife, Virginia Kilpack; his daughters, Mary-Ruth Crawford, Kathleen Smith, and Phoebe Price; a son, Hawthorne (Kip) Kilpack; his grandchildren Carl Crawford, Julie Crawford Borst, Lisa Smith, Jennifer Price, and Isabel Price; a great-grandson, Nathan Borst; and his brothers, Captain John Kilpack and Dr. Bennett Kilpack.

Panunzio—Wesley Constantine Panunzio, 85, at Alden Court in Fairhaven, Massachusetts, on November 14, 1998. Wesley was born on January 12, 1913, in Cohasset, Massachusetts. He used his middle initial to make it clear that he was not his twin brother, Wesley Vincent Panunzio. Wesley C. graduated from Harvard in 1935 and returned for his Masters in Modern Languages and Doctorate in Linguistics in 1957. He moved to Westport to join the Language Department at Southeastern Massachusetts University in Dartmouth, becoming a member of Westport Meeting in the mid-1960s. With a love for words and language and a belief that communication was precious, he was known for his concern for precise pronunciation, accurate grammar, and careful usage of words. He blessed those close to him with frequent editions of his “Human Principles,” a guide for living that, if embraced, he believed could bring about world peace. Wesley served on numerous New England Yearly Meeting committees. One of his favorite causes was the Heifer Project, and Westport Friends envision that somewhere in the world there is a water buffalo nicknamed Wesley. He joined the anti-nuclear-war marches in New York. He was a member of Witness for Peace and loved to share the experiences of his travels to Nicaragua in 1983 and 1985. In 1988 he traveled to the Soviet Union and joined the Peace Cruise down the Dnieper River in Ukraine. He faithfully attended yearly meeting, where he is well remembered for his coffeehouse performances, and he was a frequent attendee at the annual FGC Gathering. Many knew Wesley as an older, gentle man, always dressed in a tie and jacket, holding three-by-five cards as he wrote down names, addresses, and phone numbers. In meeting he would quote a psalm or one of his own poems, sometimes
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having to stop to catch the quaver in his voice as he was overcome with emotion. He wanted to hear your story, and in return he wanted you to hear his. He needed to be with people and counted on them to help him. Friends at Westport, at the rise of meeting as the names are spoken, miss hearing him declare loudly and melodiously, “Wesley C. Panozzi.” He leaves no immediate survivors.

Williams—Andrew Duane Williams, 48, of pneumonia, on January 5, 1999. Born in Ithaca, New York, on June 6, 1950, Andy moved to Davis, California, with his parents when his father Bill took a position at University of California. He graduated from Davis High School in 1968. His lifelong commitment to participating in community life was evident early on: he played first clarinet in the orchestra; performed one of the lead roles in the musical Oklahoma; participated in tennis and track and field events; and was treasurer of his senior class. Andy's life was also marked by his ongoing struggle to live with mental illness with courage and tenacity. Diagnosed with schizoaffective disorder at 17, he coped with it on a daily basis for the rest of his life, aided by faith, support from family and friends, therapy, and medications. Andy lived in San Mateo, California, for 14 years, and while there he graduated with an Associate of Arts degree from San Mateo Community College. In more recent years he lived in Davis as part of the Pine Tree Gardens group home for mentally ill adults, which was founded by his mother Pat Williams in 1986. There he led the weekly sing-along, playing his guitar. He also worked at Davis Lumber and Hardware, caring for the nursery plants. He participated in Schizophrenic Anonymous, Bipolar Anonymous, and Working Wonders groups. He received great help from the Yolo Community Care Continuum programs at the Farmhouse, Safe Harbor Crisis House, and Haven House. He was an active member of Davis Meeting and a longtime member of its Peace and Social Concerns Committee, acting as liaison to the Quaker United Nations Office. He was open about his illness, and part of his legacy is a series of articles about how mental illness had touched the Williams family that were published in the Sacramento Bee in October 1994 and were contributed across the country to groups that serve the mentally ill. The many ways Andy touched others deeply was evident in the outpouring of love and memories from the hundreds who attended his memorial service in Davis. Andy's humor and outlook on life enriched those around him. He loved music, going to the mountains with friends, dancing, and taking care of animals and plants. He had a habit of saying goodbye by saying "Pray, pray, play," which helped keep him in balance and gently reminded others as well. He enjoyed discussing spiritual concerns and believed deeply that community is what nurtures people; he felt that his ideas about people living in farming villages would help build community and peace on earth. Andy was preceded in death by his brother, David Christopher Williams, in 1981. Surviving him are his parents, Bill and Pat Williams; a sister, Kathleen Fossdale; and her husband Dennis; nieces and nephews.
Amen to Alla Podolsky’s insights into technological purity (Forum, FJ Jan.). In the early days of word processors, I noticed that those who employed them were generally people with access to the services of a secretary.

Dee Cameron
El Paso, Tex.

I found February’s issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL devoted, in part, to voluntary simplicity inspiring. In particular, I was impressed by Chuck Hosking’s article, “If Jubilee Means Global Sharing, Then Usury Is Capital Punishment,” which spoke to my condition, since lately my meager investments look obscenely large.

So I was looking for an address for Right Sharing of World Resources. I looked in Roy Joe Stuckey’s account in the same issue and in your editorial, but I could not find an address anywhere. Do they have an address? I do not have a computer and therefore have no access to the Internet.

Constance M. Sattler
Moodus, Conn.

We have received a number of requests for this information. Please read the following letter.—Eds.

Right Sharing of World Resources

Thank you for the coverage that Right Sharing of World Resources recently received (FJ Feb). I thought that Friends might like to know how Right Sharing is doing now that we have become an autonomous Quaker organization. In a word, great!

The board of trustees has met three times and in March approved projects for the year 2000 and refined the organization and program of RSWR. The “hands-off” from the RSWR Committee of Friends World Committee for Consultation to this new board has gone well. The “new” RSWR is in good hands.

We have been clear that we will continue with that for which we are best known, making grants to small, grassroots organizations in the developing world. I anticipate the amount available for grants in 2000 will be at least what was available in 1999 ($86,515). At the same time, the board has made it clear that RSWR needs to develop an array of educational tools for Friends to use in First-day schools and for adult education. As we anticipated stepping out on our own, we did not know how we would be received or how successful we would be. The response, at least as measured in financial support, demonstrates a resounding “Yes!” to us. In the first nine months of this fiscal year we have already generated income to match the best previous full year. Thank you, Friends! It is humbling to know that there is a solid base of support among Friends for RSWR as a program, and in right sharing as an idea.

Finally, I thought Friends might like to know how to contact us: Right Sharing of World Resources, 3960 Winding Way, Cincinnati, OH 45229-1950, (513) 281-4401, fax (513) 281-4340, <rswr@earthlink.net>, <www.home.earthlink.net/~rsrw>.

Roland Kreager, General Secretary
Cincinnati, Ohio

Personal experience speaks most deeply

Many thanks to Merry Stanford for her courageous article, “Amazing Grace” (FJ Jan.). I am one of those non-Christian-identified Friends who is uncomfortable with Christian language in vocal ministry. I have also had a long association with Jews and Judaism (although I am not Jewish) and understand the even greater discomfort of Friends of that background with “Christian” language.

Nevertheless, I always treasure ministry that is inspired by personal experience, no matter what the language used (as long, of course, as it is not abusive). Life is not easy for anyone, but some people have suffered unimaginably more than the rest of us. All Friends should welcome whatever spiritual experiences have helped such people survive and heal, and their messages should be received with open hearts and minds. Thank you, Merry, for reminding me once again not to judge vocal ministry by the words spoken when I may not know the life experiences of the speaker that give deep meaning to those words.

Marian Rhys
Novato, Calif.

Sleuthing out the correct state

Back in the 1930s, when I was a teenager, I once took an occupational aptitude test in my father’s favorite popular magazine, The American. It told me that I had the proper talents for a detective. Now after 60 adventurous years as a misplaced specialist in Russian, Polish, and South Slavic studies, I find that page five of the January 2000 issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL brings me back to the talent for which, apparently, I was born. On that page is an interesting Viewpoint about Quaker worship entitled “Out of the Silence.” At the end of it is the name of the author, Henry Swain, along with his address, which is given as “Nashville, Tenn.”

The style and content of this article are so familiar that I found it hard to believe that it was not Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting’s Henry Swain. A phone call confirmed my skepticism. Our meeting’s Henry Swain is an active member of our committees on Retreats, Property and Finance, and Welcoming. He and his wife, Mardi, live 17 miles to the east of Bloomington on Less Traveled Road, in Indiana’s own Nashville.

William Edgerton
Bloomington, Ind.

Our apologies for the error and thanks to Bill Edgerton for his friendly correction.—Eds.

A suggestion to help the hearing-impaired

George Ewing’s letter regarding hearing difficulties in meeting for worship (FJ Feb.) is a welcome acknowledgment of a disability affecting more and more people as environmental noise pollution increases.

As a profoundly hearing-impaired person, I suggest that while additional technical devices (I use the most powerful hearing aid manufactured) are helpful and probably do very well for those who have only 50- to 70-percent hearing loss, their use involves much wiring and considerable manipulative skill to be effective. Also they are costly.

I suggest that we should accept American Sign Language (ASL) as a universal second language beginning by teaching it in all Quaker schools. ASL is a fully developed “language” and is not easy to learn, especially as an adult. However, I feel that signing, learned as a matter of course in the early grades, would be a distinct advantage wherever we are—in meeting, in a noisy street, in a foreign country (providing it has become “universal”).

Learning ASL is not a “quick fix” but would be useful over the long term. It is beautiful to see.

K.W. Lew
Bellingham, Wash.
On finding the Eucharist in daily life

In her letter about a sense of communion in sharing meals with strangers (FJ Feb.) Lee Maria Kleiss may have been misguided in believing that "eating together is [only] a Jewish-Christian-Islamic tradition" and that Hindu wives don't eat with their husbands and friends.

Anthropology teaches that sharing food is a universal bonding force that crosses all cultures, from the remotest regions of the Amazon rainforest to the deserts of aboriginal Australia. Historically it has always been a way of welcoming strangers, long before the Jews had their Ten Commandments.

There really is no one religion called Hinduism. In the 19th century, officers of the colonial British Raj began to use the term in their censuses to refer to the purported "system" of religious beliefs and practices of non-Muslims, non-Jains, non-Sikh, non-Parsi, non-Jewish, and non-Christian Indians.

Later, the Western-educated leaders of these "none-of-the-above" Indians eventually adopted the label Hindu themselves, in an effort to name a religious identity that could challenge and surpass in age and authority (because of the much older Vedic texts) the various religions of their many colonizers. In essence though, this multifarious "religion" is so varied and distinct in its many exotic customs, practices, gods, and goddesses that no one label can really be used. With regard to "Hindu" wives, I believe that what Lee Maria Kleiss experienced was simply an extremely submissive-wife-domineering-husband sect, not any generalized "Hindu" tradition, because there really isn't any.

Where she is right on the mark is in noting "in our present culture, daily family meals are becoming a rarity." This is creating the widespread anomie that began with the Industrial Revolution and is ever gaining momentum as we fully enter the Computer Age. Unfortunately, stressed-out parents are constantly placing increasing burdens on their children's schools in lieu of taking responsibility for their own and their children's behavior and attitudes. If they don't take the time even to eat together, I doubt they have time for daily family centering-down.

My grandchildren are being dragged-up in day care centers instead of loving, parental care. Really, how much love can one expect from a minimum-wage employee, even if the parent can look in over the Internet? Our greed will be the very death of our society. Money is the root of all evil! And it always has been.

William J. Mason
Haddonfield, N.J.

Information sought

Madison (Wis.) Meeting would like to receive minutes and other prepared materials that monthly or yearly meetings have produced on sexual abuse or incest. Please send these to: Jean Eden, 1112 D Mound Street, Madison, WI 53715.

Jean Eden
Madison, Wis.
Assistance Offered

House Sitters
Responsible young family (one child) eager to house sit June-August in D.C. area. Will be in town for 40% of the time. For information contact: (212) 476-5213, <chaniannas@aol.com>.

Assistance Sought

Quaker Inner-City School Endowment Fund. A small group of well-integrated Quaker schools are doing a terrific job in inner-city neighborhoods. Help them raise sufficient endowments for long-term financial stability. For information contact: Imogene Angel, 150 Kendal Drive, Kennett Square, PA 19348, telephone: (610) 389-0895.

Newton Institute needs contributions and volunteers for the ratification of the UN Children's Rights Convention by the U.S. <www.newtoninstitute.com> or P.O. Box 1747, Elyria, OH 44035.

Books and Publications

As Way Opened: A History of the Atlanta Friends Meeting 1643-1987. Small worship group grows into urban meeting, details leadership of John Yungblut with Martin Luther King Jr. in the civil rights movement, draft counseling, and building a new meetinghouse. 225 pp., $22.00 from APM, 701 West Howard Avenue, Downer, GA 30309.

Become a Published Author: 75-year tradition of quality book publishing, promotion, distribution. “Author’s Guide to Subsidy Book Publishing” (605) 695-9599.

To receive the British Quaker Socialist Newsletter, please send $1 for 1 year to Tom Todd, 3713 West Main, Kalamazoo, MI 49006-2842.


You’re in good company with Friends United Press authors—including Douglas Steere, Howard Thurman, Daisy Newman, John Punshon, Tom Todd, Duane Goum, Louise Right, Michael Smith—building communities 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, 28, Philadelphia, PA 19107, M-F 9 a.m.-4:30 p.m., EST. (800) 666-4556, e-mail: <bookstore@fgc.quaker.org>.

Opportunities

Selected Pendle Hill Conferences
May 5–7: Replenishing Our Soul Sense, with Helen Horn
May 12–14: Spiritual Autobiography, with Mary Rose O’Riley
May 14–15: Renewing the Quaker Journal Tradition, with Mike Heller and Rebecca Katz Parnes
May 21–26: Seeing the Whole Bible, with John Pennington
May 28–30: Mass Observation, with John Calvi
June 11–15: Making a Difference: A Creative Approach to Conflict, with Darrell and Susan Hefte
To find the titles, presenters, and dates of the Spring Lecture series, Science and Religion in Quaker Perspective, or check our website.

The Mary Jeanes Loan Fund and the Anne Townsend Grant Fund for members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting are now taking applications for financial aid for post-secondary school education for the 2000–2001 school year.

With interest income and repayments of earlier loans being the only funding sources, the Fund is not being expressed by applicants, we have been able to help with loans and/or grants averaging about $1,000. May 2000 is the deadline for the submission of applications.
For more information, please contact Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, Education Programs, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19141. Telephone: (215) 241-7243. E-mail: <TomH@pym.org>.

Youth Camp, Ages 15–18; Explore Quaker spirituality and values through discussions, worship, and service projects including workcamp in Philadelphia. Have fun with craft projects in our studio, recreation trips off-campus, community building games, and evening bonfires. July 9–16. For details, contact Julian O’Reilly, Pendle Hill, 338 Mill Hill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086; (610) 566-5407 or (800) 742-3150, x 129; or e-mail : <youthprogram@pendlehill.org>.

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 Olney Avenue, Phila., PA 19141, telephone: (215) 383-3722, e-mail: <chicanitas@aol.com>.

Friends Center with unprogrammed Christian orientation besides Olney campus offers personal retreats with spiritual direction available for 2 weeks. Send $265 for a retreat on "The Quakers’ Christ" with Henry Jason, and June 2–4 retreat on Words and the Word with Howard Macy and others. For information write Bill Taber, 10365 Sandy Ridge, Barnesville, OH 45713, phone (740) 825-2428.

Montevideo Studies of the Arts, Montevideo, Uruguay: "Where Craft and Culture Meet." Participants in week-long classes in a community founded by Quakers in 1951. Attend Quaker meeting. Take classes in ceramics, painting & drawing, textiles, stained glass, jewelry, basketry, woodworking, dance, photography, leatherworking, yoga, and meditation. Contact: The Pendle Hill, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19141, telephone: (727) 486-5516, fax: (727) 486-5516, e-mail: <chicanitas@aol.com>.

Travel to Tuscany and Provence
Taste of Tuscany and 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 countryside near Asciano and Avignon. Information contact: Mark Haskell, Friends and Food International, 1707 Taylor Street, NW, Washington, DC 20011, USA. Telephone: (202) 726-4616; fax: (202) 726-4616. E-mail: <MKHaskell@aol.com>.

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To consider affordable retirement property near an established Friends meeting in the beautiful southern Arizona desert, visit the website <www.azretirement.org> or write to Roy Joe Stuckey, The Arizona Friends Community, 8587 North San Luis Obispo Drive, Douglas, AZ 85607.

Pendle House Ann Arbor has periodic openings for six-person intentional community based on Quaker principles. For information call (734) 761-7455, <quakerhouse@umich.edu>, or <www.ic.org/>. <www.ic.org/>.
Single Booklovers, a national group, has been getting unsolicited booklets together since 1970. Please write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19038, or call (610) 358-5049.

Positions Vacant

Chief Financial Officer


AFSC is a Quaker organization that includes people of all ages. Since 1948, free sample: Box 444-FJ, Lenox, MA 01242, or (413) 445-6309, or <http://www.afsc.org>.

Counselors and Support Staff needed at Camp Onas, the Quaker Camp in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Camp Onas is seeking counselors over 18 years for the eight-week summer and/or additional programs. High school graduates or individuals over 21 with wilderness camping and canoeing experience to lead four-day wilderness trips. Cook and nurse positions are available for either or four weeks. Opportunity exists for individuals with campagna experience to work for weeks while their children attend Camp Onas. Please call Sue Nieger Gould at (610) 847-5565 or e-mail at <friends@campons.org>. To learn more about us, go to <www.campons.org>.

Want to be a full-time Quaker Volunteer in Boston? Room, board, transportation, insurance, small stipend provided. Student loans may be deferred. Anticipated commitment of one year minimum. Program Info: Quaker Volunteer Service, c/o Chris Parker: <parker@afsc.org>, (617) 929-7513, <http://www.afsc.org/>.

Lower School Principal

Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

Milton Academy, an independent K–12 coeducational boarding school located in Milton, MA, seeks an energetic, strategic, and forward-thinking principal for a K–6 day program housed on the 125-acre campus, located 9 miles outside Boston. The Lower School Principal reporting directly to the Head of School, is responsible for the day-to-day leadership of the Lower School, including the After School Program and the Lower School faculty and staff, and overseeing and supporting curriculum and its ongoing development. A member of the Administrative team is charged with coordinating the planning for the Lower School and managing the Lower School budget. She/he communicates with and supports the Upper School Principal and the Head of School.

At the heart of a successful candidate will be a love of teaching and children. In addition to having classroom experience, the candidate should be well grounded in child development and be committed to being an articulate writer and speaker in a variety of forums and media. The ideal candidate will model collaboration, coordination, and a strategic approach to decision-making, and creative problem-solving. Flexibility is as important as sensitivity, tact, and empathy. She/he will have a good plan for experience to implement her/his vision for the school. An understanding of admissions, the use of technology as an educational tool, and experience in promoting diversity are essential. Prior experience in independent schools and a Master’s degree is required.

Interested candidates should send a résumé and letter of interest to: Brian Lord or Robin Johnston, Isaacson Miller Inc., 334 Boylston Street, Suite 500, Boston, MA 02116; (617) 262-6500; fax: (617) 262-6509. e-mail: <mlord@lmsearch.com>, <rjohnston@lmsearch.com>.

Milton Academy is an Equal Opportunity Employer. We seek a diverse and broad spectrum of qualified individuals. Please visit our website at <www.milton.edu>.

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. Experience in both vegetarian and meat-based cooking. Garden literacy and ability to plan balanced and varied meals helpful. Mid-June–Late Aug. $90/wk, plus room and board. Contact Steve Smith, RR 1 Box 136, Newfane, VT 05343. (802) 365-2345.

Nurse Needed—for small Quaker-led farm camp near Pennsylvania’s Pocono Mts. 1 RN, 10–15 campers ages 7–12, and 15–20 staff. Involvement in daily program encouraged. 2- or 3-week sessions. Call or write for job description: ‘Linda and Martin Curtis, Farm Camp, RR 1 Box 136, Newfane, VT 05343. (802) 689-3911.

House Manager, Pittsburgh Friends Meeting is seeking applicants for resident House Manager and Assistant House Manager positions beginning July and August. 2000. Compensation includes health insurance and housing on meetinghouse property. Contact Denny Phillips, Assistant Clerk, 5578 Bethel Pike, Pittsburgh, PA 15217 or (412) 422-4682. <dp194191@att.net>.
Rental Properties:

- Quiet Cabin outside Asheville, North Carolina. Secluded setting with creeks. Environmental experience. $45 weekly-end days or $250 per week. Beautifulf (828) 683-5483, or e-mail: pickett8403@bellsouth.net.

- Seeking quiet? Healing? Deeper prayer? Study time? Individual retreat facilities. $30/day room, and guidance if desired. Beautiful mountain views, hiking trails. Faith-based and interfaith retreat center. 7 Rose, Director (UCC minister and spiritual director), 8 Lake Blvd Road, Great Barrington, MA 01252-1450, P/F: (413) 298-0663. E-mail: <sandraroot@aol.com>.


- Pocono Manor. 74 bedrooms, 72 baths. Beds made up daily. With mountain view. Hiking trails from back door. Weekends or by the week. May through October. Contact Jonathan Spinks (215) 775-1856.

- A Friendly Maui vacation on a Quaker family organic farm. 20 minutes to beaches. Large deck with mountain and ocean views. With large octagonal room, skylight, ocean view, walk-in closet, and private bath. Fully equipped, organic vegetable garden, and hot tub. Bed and breakfast or bed and breakfast: $70 per day. Weekly and monthly rates available. Write or call Henrietta & Wm. Viteri, 375 Kamyo Road, Hakui, HI 96780. Telephone: (808) 576-2655. Fax: (808) 277-4352.


- For Older People:

- KENDALL COMMUNITIES and SERVICES

  Kendall communities and services reflect sound management, adherence to Quaker values, and respect for each individual.

  Continuing care retirement communities:
  - Kendall at Longwood, Crosslands • Kendall North, Pa. Kendall at Marion, Marion, N.C. Kendall at Oberlin, Oberlin, Ohio. Kendall at thaca • Inca, N.Y. Communities under management: Kendall at Lexington • Lexington, Va. Kendall on Hudson • Sleepy Hollow, N.Y. Kendall at Granville • Granville, N.Y. Independent living with residential services: Carillon and Carmel • Kendall North, Pa. Morgan School • Eastham, Mass. Advocacy/education programs:
    - United the Elderly • Pa. Petition Reduction Initiative Kendall Corporation Internships

  For information, call or write: Doris Lambert, The Kendall Corporation, Box 100, Kendall Square, P.A. 02144. (800) 385-5581. E-mail: <info@kcorchp.com>.

- Schools:

  Orchard Friends School. A school for children, ages 4-12, with language-based learning differences, 16 East Main Street, Millington, N.J. 08731, (610) 772-2777. Fax: (610) 851-0012. E-mail: <orchardD1@aol.com>.

  John Woolman School, Rural California, grades 9-12. Preparation for college and adulthood, small classes, caring staff, work program, start boards, including 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. (610) 691-1890.


- Retirement Living

  Friends House, a Quaker-sponsored retirement community in Santa Rosa, California, offers one- or two-bedroom garden apartments or more spacious three-bedroom, two-bedroom homes for assisted 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 one hour south of San Francisco with convenient access to the Pacific coast, redwood forests, and the redwood coast. Located in the heart of a large and growing community, Friends House, 684 Benicia Drive, Santa Rosa, CA 95409. (707) 598-0152, <www.friendshouse.org>.

  Pooleville 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 $49,250-$157,000, depending on your special needs. Fees include medical care. 500 East Mayflower Avenue, Department F, State College, PA 16801-6229. Telephone: (800) 252-4951.

  Friends House, Inc., founded by the North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing retirement options since 1868. 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. Both communities are close to Guilford College and several Friends meetings. Enjoy the beauty of the countryside, the Wilson Library, and the Quaker history of the area. Envision a retirement, including natural, intellectual, and spiritual opportunities in an area where Quaker roots run deep. For information please call: (336) 292-9952 or write: Friends House, P.O. Box 245, Greensboro, NC 27409-0245.
We are a fellowship, Friends meeting, seeking to enrich and expand our spiritual experience. We seek to obey the principles of the Spirit, however named. We meet, publish, correspond, inquire welcome! Write Quaker Universalist Fellowship, 121 Watson Hill Road, Landenberg, PA 19350-9344.

Marriage Certificates: Fine calligraphy in traditional plain styles. Friend’s bonds, 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.

Quaker Real Estate Agent. Friendly, low-key help in the Baltimore/Washington area. Twenty-five years experience. Call Fran Palmer at (410) 236-3377 or e-mail <FPalmer@aol.com>.

Summer Camps

Endless Summer Baseball Camp Endless Mountains, Montrose, Pa.
- Boys & Girls 8-14; Overnight & Day Camps
- 2 one-week sessions: July 24-28, July 31-August 4.
- David Culp, director, member of the Society of Friends, former Kansas University Varsity player and coach at Abington Friends High School and Phillies Camp.
For brochure contact David Culp (215) 248-9361, fax (215) 248-9360 or Patrick Zehndner, 3887-10th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19119. E-mail: <BerryCulp@aol.com>. Our Web Page: <http://endlessmountains.bloom.com>.

Journey’s End Farm Camp is a farmed to children for sessions of two or three weeks each summer. Summer camp experience of 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 early. Carl and Kristin Curtis, RR 1 Box 136, Newfoundland, PA 18445. Telephone: (570) 689-3911.

Three worship groups in a region:

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

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Meetings

A partial listing of Friends meetings in the United States and abroad.

(NA)-Handicapped Accessible

MEETING NOTICE RATES: $15 per line per year. $20 minimum. Payable a year in advance. No discount. Changes: $10 each.

BOTSWANA
GABORONE-phone (267) 974174 or fax 324888.

CANADA
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA-(902) 461-0702 or 477-3980.
OTTAWA-Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 914 Fourth Ave. (613) 232-9923.

COSTA RICA
MONTEVERDE-Phone 645-5207 or 645-5506.

SANTO DOMINGO
SUN JESUS-Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m. Sunday.

EGYPT
CAIRO-First, third, and fifth Sundays at 7 p.m. Call Allan Swan 337-5925 or Larry Langley 372-6699 (days).

EL SALVADOR
SAN SALVADOR-Unprogrammed meeting. Call Carmen Bux 264-4536.

FRANCE
PARIS-Unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m. Sundays at Centre Quaker international, 114 Rue de Vaugirard, 75005 Paris. Entrance at 114 bis. Phone: 01-45-48-74-23. The Center has no sleeping accommodation.

GERMANY
HAMBURG-Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m., second and fourth Sundays. Waterbakerweg 69, Phone: 040-3521-80621.

HEIDELBERG-Unprogrammed meeting. First and third Sundays. Call Brian Tracey: 0622-1236.

GHANA
ACCRRA-Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Sundays. Hill House near Animal Research Institute, Accra, Ghana, APO Area. Phone: (233) 212-296.

GUATEMALA
GUATEMALA-Unprogrammed, First and third Sundays. Call Mary Thompson: 2014251, Nancy España: 0929461.

INDIA
NEW DELHI-Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Sundays at New Delhi NWCWA Office, 10 Parliament St., Tel.: 91-11-9693925.

MEXICO
CUMLI VICTORIA, TAMALAPAPA-de los amigos, Sunday 10 a.m. Thursday 5 p.m. Matamoros 737 2-92-73.

MEXICO CITY-Unprogrammed meeting Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los amigos, Ignacio Montoya 132, 06030, Mexico 1, D.F. 705-0531.

NICARAGUA
MANAGUA-Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Sundays, El Centro de los amigos, Managua, Nicaragua. Info: 813-821-2428 or 811-050-0584.

UNITED STATES
Alabama
BIRMINGHAM-Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Sundays. Girls, Inc., 5051 8th Ave. South, (205) 932-5070.
FAIRHOPE-Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Sundays at Friends Meetinghouse, 9281 Fairhope Ave., Write: Box P.O. 370, Fairhope, AL 36532.
HUNTSVILLE-Unprogrammed meeting 10 Sundays in various homes. Call (205) 857-6522 or write P.O. 5530, Huntsville, AL 35810.

ROYAL (Blount County)-Worship group. (205) 429-3088.

ALASKA
ANCHORAGE-Call for time and directions. (907) 666-0706.

FAIRBANKS-Unprogrammed, First Day, 10 a.m. Hidden Hill Friends Center, 2622 Gold Hill Rd. Phone: 479-3766.
JUNEAU-Unprogrammed, 10 a.m. Sunday. 750 St. Anns Dr., Douglas, Alaska 99924, Phone: (907) 966-4459.
MAT-SU-Unprogrammed. Call for time and directions. (907) 376-4551.

Arizona
FLAGSTAFF-Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school at the New School, 1401 7th Street, Flagstaff, AZ 86001., Phone: 983-4565.
McNEAL-Cochise Friends Meeting at Friends Southwest Center, 7 1/2 miles south of Elfrida, Worship 11 a.m. Phone: (520) 842-1212 or (520) 842-9900.
PHOENIX-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix, 85020. 945-5831 or 955-1876.
PRESCOTT-Worship group (602) 778-5971 or 445-7619.
TEMPE-Unprogrammed worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. 318 18th Street, Tempe, 85281. Phone: 988-3966.
TUCSON-Pima Friends Meeting (unprogrammed), First-day school and worship 8:30 and 10:00 and Wednesdays at 11:45. 321 8th Ave., Tucson, 85705-7232. Information: (520) 233-2208.

Arkansas
FAYETTEVILLE-Unprogrammed. (501) 521-8657 or 527-8626.
HOPE-Unprogrammed. Call: (870) 777-5302.

ARKANSAS
ARKANSAS-Unprogrammed meeting, discussion 10 a.m. worship at 11 a.m. at 3415 West Markham.
Phone: (501) 864-2223.

MINA-Unprogrammed. Call: (501) 394-6135.
Florida


DAYTONA-BEACH—Sunday 10:30 a.m. in homes. Please call (386) 397-3847 for information.

DELAND—Worship and First-day school at 11 a.m.; Unitarian Church, 820 N. Franklin. Info: (305) 734-6914.

FT. LAUDERDALE—Meeting 11 a.m. Information line (954) 696-5000.

FT. MYERS—Meeting at Calusa Nature Center First Days at 10:30 a.m. and 3 p.m. (239) 247-0313.

GAINESVILLE—Meeting and First-day school 11 a.m. 1911 W.N. 2nd Ave. 462-4201.

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting for worship, First Days. For location and time phone (904) 786-3648 or 733-6574.

KEY WEST—Meeting for First Day, 10 a.m. 810 Geiger Key Rd. in Key West. Phone: (305) 296-3498.

LAKE WALES—Worship group, (813) 676-2199.

LAKE WORTH—Palm Beach Meeting, 823 North A St. (863) 661-4847.

MIAMI—Meeting and First-day school 10:30 a.m.; E. 11th Ave., 4477. (305) 367-2340.

MIAMI—Meeting and First-day school 9:30 a.m.; 316 E. Marks St., Orlando, FL 32805. (407) 425-5125.

ST. PETERSBURG—Meeting, First-day school, and Teen Group 10:30 a.m. 198th Ave. S.E. Phone: (813) 885-3001.

SARASOTA—Worship 10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m. 35th St. at Siesta Key. Phone: (941) 358-6798, or Fern Moy, clerk. (941) 955-1974.

TALLAHASSEE—2001 S. Magnolia Dr., 32301; hymn singing 10 a.m.; worship school, 10:30 a.m.; willy study Bible; mid-week worship. (904) 367-3620 or 421-6111.

TAMPA—Meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. Life Center, 8151 N. Franklin. Phone: (813) 854-2242 and 977-4022.

WINTER PARK—Meeting and First-day school 10:30 a.m.; 316 E. Marks St., Orlando, FL 32805. (407) 425-5125.

Georgia

ANNEWAKEE CREEK—Worship Group—30 miles West of Atlanta. Unprogrammed worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. in homes. For information call (770) 360-7138.

ATLANTA—Northside Unprogrammed worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. and 3 p.m. 2001 W. Peachtree St. NW. Phone: (404) 952-8117.

BROOKLYN—Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 1007 North Broad St. Phone: (404) 475-4078.

HAWAII

BIG ISLAND—Sunday 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship, potluck lunch follows. Location rotates.

HONOLULU—Sundays, 5-45 a.m. hymn singing; 10 a.m. worship and First-day school, 2426 Oahu Ave. Phone: 983-8650. Overnight inquiries welcomed. Phelan Ave. (808) 986-2714.

MUA-Friends Worship Group. Contact: John Davis. (808) 877-2109, 170-D Kamani Place, Kula, HI 96750. or (808) 572-1525 (Wailuku).
SPRINGFIELD—Meeting for worship unprogrammed. Sundays at 10:30 a.m. at 335 Broadway St., Springfield, MA 01109. Phone: (413) 733-8202.

STATE COLLEGE—Church and its children’s First-day school 9:45 a.m., adult 10:15 a.m. at St. John’s United Church of Christ, 422 E. Main St., State College, PA 16801. Phone: (814) 237-7051.

SUGAR HILL—Church and its children’s First-day school 9:45 a.m., adult 10:15 a.m. at 2800 Aiken Ave., (615) 229-0125. Pam Boccal, clerk.

WEST KNOXVILLE—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. at 1517 Meeting House Lane, (423) 694-0036.

TEXAS

ALPINE—Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30-11:30 a.m. in the home of George and Martha Flora. Call: (915) 937-2590 for information.

AMARILLO—Call: (806) 383-6241 or (806) 426-3526.

AUSTIN—Forum—10 a.m., unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Supervised activities and First-day school for young Friends. 3014 Washington Square, 452-1841.

DALLAS—Sunday 10 a.m. 5828 Worth St. Hannah Kirk Pyle, clerk. Call: (214) 821-6807 or 821-6853.

EL PASO—9 a.m., unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Sunday at 2801 Texas, Call: (806) 793-1500. Please use the back door. Phone: (915) 334-8206. Leave a message.

FORT WORTH—Church and its children’s First-day school 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. at Westminster Foundation, 2750 W. Lowden. First-day school also at 11 a.m. (817) 626-6118.

GALVESTON—9 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m.; 1501 Post Office St. Andrew McPhaul, Clerk. Phone: (409) 744-4214.

HILL COUNTRY—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. worship 10 a.m. School, Kerrville, Texas. Byron Sanford (830) 866-5543.

HOUStON—Live Oak Meeting. Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Sept.—May adult discussion 9:30 a.m.; supervised activities and First-day school for children 9:30-a.m. at 4808, 4803 Bonsenton. (713) 862-8685.

LUBBOCK—Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Sunday morning 10 a.m. Lutheran Student Center, 2615 19th St. Please use back door. (806) 790-3907 or 791-4806.

RIO GRANDE VALLEY—Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Sundays; for location call Carol J. Brown (210) 383-6245.

SAN ANTONIO—Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Discussion 11 a.m. Contact: Student Center, 126 Spenkop. Mail: P.O. Box 6127, San Antonio, TX 78291. (210) 945-8956.

TEPUS—Unprogrammed Call: (903) 725-2833.

Utah

LOGAN—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. (unprogrammed), 1517 W. 10th St., Logan, UT 84321. Phone: (435) 750-6510.

SALT LAKE CITY—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. TensorFlow, 500 North and 400 East. Telephone: (801) 359-1506 or 582-0719.

Vermont

BARTON—Glover Friends Meeting House. Worship 9:30 a.m. Sundays, 10:15 a.m. ady, and 11 a.m. School. For location call Carol J. Brown (802) 383-6245.

BRADFORD—Worship 9:00 a.m. Sunday at 265-9620. For information call Forrester, (817) 626-8181.

EASTON—10 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m.; 1501 Post Office St. Andrew McPhaul, Clerk. Phone: (409) 744-4214.

HILL COUNTRY—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. worship 10 a.m. School, Kerrville, Texas. Byron Sanford (830) 866-5543.

HOARY—Worship Sundays, 10:30 a.m. for all. First-day school 10:15 a.m. for children, adult time variable. (215) 968-9800.

YARDLEY—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. First-day school follows meeting during winter months. North Main St.

YORK—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. 125 E. Philadelphia St., clerk, Lamar Matthew (717) 643-2285.

Puerto Rico


Rhode Island

PROVIDENCE—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. each First Day. 59 Morris Ave., Providence, RI 02906. Phone: (401) 424-0200.

SALESVILLE—Worship 10:30 a.m. each First Day. Lincoln-Great Rd. (Rte. 126) at Rive Rd.

WESTERLY—Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 57 (3rd St. (401) 448-7078.

WOOSOCKET—Smithfield Friends Meeting, 108 Smithfield Rd., (401) 448-7078. Worship each First Day at 10:30 a.m. (401) 762-5726.

South Carolina

CHARLESTON—Meeting for worship Sundays, Campus Ministry Office. College of Charleston. Call or write for the time: (803) 723-8520, P.O. Box 1655, Charleston, SC 29403.

COLUMBIA—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 2821 Old Moultrie Rd., 3737 Crompton Rd., (803) 252-2221. Visitors welcome.

GREENVILLE—(unprogrammed) meets each First Day in the residence of Ben and Caroline Cameron at 6 Ramblerow Lane, Greenville, SC 29601 at 4 p.m., EST, or 4:30 p.m. or 5 p.m. EST, when it is in effect. For directions call Lewis Shallos at (864) 895-7205.

HORRY—Worship Sundays, 10:30 a.m. (unprogrammed), Grace Gifford, inain, (864) 365-6645.

South Dakota


Tennessee

CHATTANOOGA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship and children’s First-day school 10 a.m. 305 Creekside Drive, (731) 651-8299.

ROSSVILLE—Worship, Sunday, 10:30-11:30 a.m. at 305 Creekside Drive, (731) 651-8299.

JOHNSON CITY—Tr-Cities Friends (unprogrammed). Edie Patrick, (423) 283-4932 or epatrick@accol.com.

MEMPHIS—Meeting for worship (unprogrammed) and First-day school 10 a.m. 1091 Broadway, (901) 762-9100.

NASHVILLE—Adult sharing (child care offered) 9-15 a.m. Singing for all 10:15 a.m. Circle meeting for worship/First-day school 10:30 a.m. 2804 Aiken Ave., (615) 229-0125. Pam Boccal, clerk.

WEST KNOXVILLE—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. at 1517 Meeting House Lane, (423) 694-0036.
no one has had a greater influence on the Religious Society of Friends in the 20th century than Rufus M. Jones. Professor of philosophy at Haverford College from 1893-1934, he was a founding organizer of the American Friends Service Committee and served as chairman or honorary chairman from its inception in 1917 until his death. "Rufus" was also instrumental in establishing Pendle Hill and was a much beloved teacher and lecturer on Christian Mysticism at Pendle Hill from 1930 until his death in 1948.

During a period in which the evangelical or orthodox Christian world view was being challenged increasingly by Darwinism, science and higher Biblical criticism, Rufus Jones's over fifty books inspired millions with his writings on the personal religious experience of the Divine or higher Presence within all human beings. His vision of Friends as part of a larger mystical or spiritual movement grounded not in doctrine and theology, but in the individual and corporate experience of the Divine Within deeply influenced 20th century Friends thought and practice.

**On Mysticism or Spiritual Religion**
"Religious mysticism is an attempt to realize the presence of God in the soul. It is grounded in the fact that a direct intercourse between the human soul and God is possible; and its ultimate goal is the attainment of a state in which God shall cease to be an external object and shall become known by experience of the heart. "The great mystics who must be our types have learned that every new truth, every new vision, involves a new duty and leads to activity."

The mystics do not trouble themselves with arguments about God because, having known Him by experience, they need no further proof. The reality of the mystical experience, the 'testimony of the Soul,' was for Rufus Jones always valid, the laboratory test of God's existence.

**On Spiritual Discernment**
"The Bible may be an infallible Book, but who is the infallible interpreter? Of many organized churches, which one produces conclusions that are invariably right? Can every revelation of the Spirit claimed by individuals be accepted as authentic? What if two revelations conflict? Does each person become 'a full tiaraed Pope'?

The spirit in one man must be tested by the spirit in many men. The individual must read his inward state in the light of the social spiritual group. He is not, and he cannot be, an independent organ of God. He can have part in the divine life at all only as he is one person in a spiritually organized community. He must therefore learn to know God's will not merely in private inward bubblings, but by genuinely sharing in a wider spiritual order through which God is showing Himself."

**On The Inner Light**
Robert Barclay, the most theologically sophisticated of the early Friends explained the Inner Light in a way that Rufus Jones considered both "unspiritual and contrary to all the known facts of psychology." Barclay made the Seed something foreign to Man's nature, inserted into it, so that man remained forever a duality, a human man plus a divine Seed or Light. This view placed so vast a gulf between the divine and the human that it left no basis for divine immanence; it made possible visitation by divine light from wholly beyond, but denied the possibility of God as the indwelling light and life of the soul, permeating all the activities. It had moreover an unfortunate effect on Quaker ministry, making the person believe himself an entirely passive instrument through which the message comes without any thought or preparation of life on his part.

"The true Quaker principle, based on primitive experience, was that man's spiritual nature is rooted and grounded in the Divine Life... The truth which comes will then be no injected revelation, no foreign irruption, but the genuine fruit and output of a perennial life which unites in itself the finite and the infinite in one expanding personality. The Inner Light, the true Seed, is no foreign substance added to an un-divine human life. It is neither human nor Divine. It is the actual inner self formed by the union of a Divine and a human element in a single undivided life."

**On Negation vs. Affirmative Mysticism**
The techniques of the mystics, the stages of Purgation, Illumination, and Contemplation, the spiritual ladders, ... held very little interest for Rufus Jones, partly because of their emphasis on ecstasy, which he considered a false trail. The "union above thought, above states of consciousness, above knowledge, which is ecstasy, is the final refuge of all negation mysticism."

Not ecstasy but an enhanced and unified personality and increased energy to carry out God's purposes in the world were to him the hallmarks of the mystical experience. "The supreme task of spiritual religion is this positive task of discovering how a man like one of us can go up into a vision of God and come back with power for the transformation of his human."

**On Spiritual Gifts**
"Too many of us think the great gifts are those of teaching, of exhorting, of working miracles, of speaking with tongues. Not at all! There is a more excellent way. It is just the power of making our lives felt in others' lives, of giving out ourselves, of suffering long and being kind."

You get tired of bright people and of society people and rich people and talkative people and artistic people and so on and on but you can tie forever to a person with a soul, the one who is rich in spirit."