Early and Late Vineyard Workers
On Spiritual Monogamy
Consensus: Is It the Baby or the Bathwater?
Among Friends

A Different Perspective

Summer is a good time for slowing down and reflecting on our everyday lives. I look forward to those precious weeks when I take a break from the pressure of constant deadlines—and the demands of keeping up with the busy schedules of my children—to go camping or spend time at the beach. As Mary Ann Downey notes in her article on p. 15, “When I slow down and really observe what is around me, paying attention to each sound and every movement, I am astounded at how much I miss in ‘ordinary time,’ the day in, day out rushing to meet schedules and expectations—all the big and little demands I put on myself and accept from others. In contrast, ‘slow time’ is paying close, careful attention to what is around me, what is inside, where I am physically, emotionally, and spiritually.” How immensely important such slowing down is, in part because it opens up the possibility of substantial growth, deepening our understanding, and connecting with the wondrous mystery penetrating our lives.

Several writers in this issue invite us to consider our world from a different perspective than usual. LaDeana Mullinix (p. 6) shares her experience of deciding to take a year off from any travel away from home—a year to slow down, be available, and catch up on reading and writing. As might be expected, the reality and the ideal were both congruent and disparate, leading her to reflect on how life’s priorities sorted themselves out.

In his essay about “Fred,” a beloved pet dog (p. 13), Ed Dodson explores the connection we share with our fellow creatures, endeavoring to understand reality as Fred experiences it. He writes, “I think, though, that time is not a significant dimension of reality to Fred. Fred isn’t a banker; he has no concept of the value of a dollar. When it comes time to eat, walk, sleep, smell, roll, bark, get a toy, no excuses suffice. To Fred, time is not ‘of the essence.’ To Fred, life and love and joy and interest in the different—silly things like that—are of the essence.”

A group of Friends from Mt. Toby (Mass.) Meeting (p. 18), after spending time considering a possible new Testimony on Sustainability, comment, “The environmental dilemmas we face are not merely technical problems, but are rooted in the kinds of materialism and busyness that separate us from God and from each other. . . . We are concerned that many who seek sustainability take as their premise the desirability of preserving ‘business as usual,’ with our high levels of consumption, travel, and general complexity of life. We feel that actions based on this premise are almost certainly doomed to failure.”

All of these writers, in their own ways, have put their fingers on the importance of reevaluating priorities, slowing down, and stepping off the busy treadmills in our lives. We needn’t venture far for inspiration. The starry night skies, gardens rain-drenched and blooming, the quiet habits of our pets, the guileless smile of an infant, or the visitsation of birds and butterflies outside our windows—these, and so many other things, offer readily available touchstones for exploring the deeper, truer parts of life.

Enjoy this issue of the magazine, Friends. And take time to relax!
Features

6 "I'll Be Home"
LaDeana Mullinix
A commitment to stay put for a year turned out to be less and more than expected.

8 On Spiritual Monogamy
Bob Schmitt
Some rewards of the spiritual life result only from choosing and staying on, one path.

9 Consensus: Is It the Baby or the Bathwater?
Chel Avery
Our Spirit-led sense of the meeting can be enriched by teachings from other methods of decision making.

11 Early and Late Vineyard Workers
John C. Morgan
This parable is rich in guidance for life together in our meetings.

13 Fred
Ed Dodson
He is only a dog, but what a difference he has made!

15 Pain as a Spiritual Teacher
Mary Ann Downey
Healing can require slowing down and waiting.

16 Taking AVP into Class
Newton Garver
Structures of violence and dominance can be challenged—even in the classroom.

18 Environmental Stability and Friends Testimonies
The Full Moon Group
Friends from Mt. Toby Meeting in Leverett, Mas., weigh the implications of a minute from Netherlands Yearly Meeting.

Departments

2 Among Friends
4 Forum
21 Witness
22 Reports and Epistles
22 Bulletin Board
23 News
26 Books
29 Milestones
37 Classified

Poetry

7 Digging the Weeds
Jeanne Lohmann

10 Weathering
Kathi S. Lismore

12 Donning Silence
Ken Martin

The Braided Stream
Dorothy Kemball Walker

14 Nunc Dimittis: For Bleiben, 1988-1999
David Watt

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**Forum**

"Greed" is the right word

The April issue was superb, by my lights; without going into detail, each article spoke very meaningfully words that I could hear. The letters, as always, were valuable because thought-provoking. In this light I would like to share with William J. Mason of Haddonfield, N.J., whose letter is on p. 38, my understanding that while, as he says, our greed will be the death of our society, the biblical declaration is that it is the love of money which is the root of all evil—not money per se. Greed gets it right! Thanks for the grand issue!

Charles B. Woodbury
Lexington, Mass.

We have a choice today

I have a response to Janet Shepherd's "The Good News: Words, Symbols, Stories, and Imagination" (FJ April). In a small part of a very fine piece overall, Janet Shepherd wrote about her hope 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." This little bit of self-effacement, however noble its intent, also unintentionally trivializes the reality of what slavery was in American history. For if Janet Shepherd had truly been the daughter of a slaveholding southern plantation owner, her confrontation with the reality of slavery would have been much more than on the level of merely "enjoying all the comforts of practically free help." On the contrary, she would have been exposed constantly to the suffering human cries of children forcefully separated from their parents, of husbands torn from their wives and vice versa, of brutal whippings and even the severing of limbs. And it was this way not because white southern slaveholders were so cruel and unthinking by nature, but because black people, being fully human and experiencing the same emotions as any other, would not willingly submit to their own captivity and exploitation. So the cruelty and violence was necessary, systematic, and carried out by design. It had to be. In this context, then, how one lives with slavery becomes much more than just a simple choice of whether one is going to enjoy the fruits of unfree labor or not.

Even so, there is a record of white people in the South—even a record of spoiled daughters of plantation owners—who simply did not or could not abide such scenes of socially organized, state-sanctioned terror anymore. And then, in acts that they themselves would hardly describe as noble or courageous, they manumitted all those they held in bondage and afterwards dedicated themselves to opposing slavery tooth and nail. One of these "spoiled daughters" was Sarah Gilliam Barrow of Southampton County, Virginia. Through her husband's writing, she would later infer that in consequence of their joint decision to unconditionally free the slaves she had inherited from her parents—they freely dissenting her young family of nearly all of its capital assets—that "No one now will marry our sons." In that regard, as a historian, I cannot pass judgment on those many privileged individual white people, yesterday or today, who feel they could not or cannot do more in the interest of greater human justice and mercy. But at the same time, I would not dishonor or trivialize the real sacrifices of countless, nameless, and forgotten men and women of all races, stations, and classes who have stood in the face of utter, naked brutality and organized violence and state terror, and yet affirmed their lives and humanity.

This reminds me of the real choice privileged, comfortable, middle-class U.S. Quakers have today, as opposed to the meaningless, hypothetical choice of what we would have done 150 or 250 years ago in America. That is the choice of what we are doing now. To wit, I call attention to what Noam Chomsky wrote in Turning the Tide: U.S. Intervention in Central America and the Struggle for Peace regarding U.S. foreign policy objectives in much of the Third World. These objectives, which still reign presently, may also apply to those who are continually oppressed and disfranchised in our own country. Chomsky wrote:

"The real victims of America's agony are millions of suffering and tormented people throughout much of the Third World. Our highly refined ideological institutions protect us from seeing their plight and our role in maintaining it, except sporadically. If we had the honesty and the moral courage, we would not let a day pass without hearing the cries of the victims. We would turn on the radio in the morning and listen to the voices of the people who escaped the massacres in Quiche province and the Guazapa mountains, and the daily press would carry front-page pictures of children dying of malnutrition and disease in the countries where order reigns and crops and beef are exported to the American market, with an explanation of why this is so. We would listen to the extensive and detailed record of terror and torture in our dependencies compiled by Amnesty International, Americas Watch, Survival International, and other human rights organizations. But we successfully insulate ourselves from the grim reality. By so doing, we sink to a level of moral depravity that has few counterparts in the modern world, and we may be laying the basis for our own eventual destruction as well."

Sam Lowe
Lexington, Mass.

**Peace Tax Fund doesn't address important issues**

The discussion of a Peace Tax Fund (FJ Dec. 1999, Mar., April) has been useful in laying out the framework and various assumptions. However there is more to it than that.

Having talked with people about the draft and conscience before and during the Vietnam War and later during the Gulf War, I pass on these observations. The law says we are equal in its eyes; it lays no claim that all is equal in the way it is implemented.

The law allowing conscientious objection to war does three things in its operation:

1. In practice, it discriminates in favor of members of "peace churches" and mainstream Protestant denominations—a religious bias.
2. Those who are not verbal or who do not have the ability to write reasoned intellectual arguments can expect to be denied—a class bias.
3. If applicants are not raised in the historically dominant white paper-based culture, documentation becomes a major problem—a racial bias.

World War II produced about 12,000 acceptable conscientious objectors; over its years; most Jehovah's Witness men went to prison. Vietnam produced 100,000 C.O. applicants in the fiscal year 1972, nearly the end of that conflict. This came about after years of public outcry and the Seeger/Peter decision that allowed C.O. claims with moral objection, not only formal religious scruples.

A Peace Tax Fund will make it easier for the few, without a full explanation in tax forms. Do we really want another federal bureaucracy to sit in judgment on conscience?

Samuel R. Tyson
Waterford, Calif.

July 2000 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Time for world government?

I am responding to the "Viewpoint" by Brewster Grace (Fj May) supporting the World Trade Organization. During the Kennedy administration, I was a Foreign Service officer. Even then the power of U.S. corporations was frightening. In the State Department, we jumped to their bidding, so far as never to invite consumer advocates in getting a balanced opinion.

Perhaps we need a world government now. But all the people on Earth should elect it democratically. I'm certainly not willing to allow corporate interests to set economic policy without full democratic participation and open meetings. We would also have to provide for full public financing of those choosing to run for office in the world government, so that big money, especially that of the military-industrial corporations, doesn't take nearly 100 percent control, as it has in the United States.

Harold Dorland
West St. Paul, Minn.

More care needed

It took Brewster Grace of QUNO a full page (Fj May) to clear up the factual errors in the article by David Morse, "The Message of Seattle" (Fj March). I have three points to make regarding issues surrounding the WTO controversy and the JOURNAL's coverage:

1. I understand the JOURNAL's staff is small and it can't do the kind of checking a major newspaper can. But can't it ask a staff member of QUNO or FCNL to review articles about issues on which one of them is working before publication? Friends have traditionally had a concern to be completely truthful, which should lead to higher journalistic standards than are evidenced by the JOURNAL.

2. Friends too often seem to jump on ideological bandwagons without taking care to see where those promoting causes are distorting the truth. We need to remember we are a religious society, not a group promoting a political ideology.

3. Friends need to remember that the ends do not justify the means. The WTO protests involved deliberate obstruction of the activities of ordinary citizens having nothing to do with the WTO, the IMF, and the World Bank, and even of ambulances and fire engines trying to perform emergency services to help people, according to D.C. reports. Such tactics do not seem to me to be in accordance with Friends' testimonies.

Bill Samuel
Silver Spring, Md.

Thanks for the balance

I was heartened to read Brewster Grace's informed, reasoned, and constructive letter about the strengths and weaknesses of the WTO (Fj May). It is one thing to see just the good or just the faults, but another to try to arrive at an accurate composite of both. It requires open-mindedness and intellectual self-discipline to do this. Friends are most effective when they proceed in that spirit, and it is clear that the Quaker UN Office in Geneva is imbued with this outlook.

John Vincent
Fort Worth, Tex.

WTO is profoundly antidemocratic

I am grateful for readers' responses to my article, "The Message of Seattle" (Fj March). I wish to address the accusation by Brewster Grace in "Viewpoint" (Fj May) that my article contains "a number of factual errors."

The WTO is a profoundly antidemocratic institution, not simply because its leadership is not elected, but because it has consistently ignored the voices of its poorer member nations. The WTO was and remains a secretive organization, hiding the agendas of meetings, excluding the press, and substituting various "draft" agreements in a shell game that prevents trade ministers and national governments from tracking the layers of approval. When its secret machinations have been brought to light, the popular outcry has been tremendous.

As for the power of the WTO to decide issues on a "win-lose basis," I was referring to the hearings conducted in Geneva behind closed doors, by a tribunal of WTO officials that functions as a court in resolving particular trade disputes. A recent WTO decision, for instance, awarded Ecuador $201.6 million in annual sanctions against the European Union, to punish the EU for giving special preference to bananas imported from Africa and the West Indies. The EU preference was based on historic relationships with former colonies, health concerns, and the wish to favor small family-owned plantations over the larger and more chemical-dependent plantations run by Chiquita and Dole in Latin America.

Many more examples could be cited of instances in which the WTO has overturned environmental and values-based preferences that are best left to local governance—not corporations or bureaucrats.

I agree: some sort of international organization is needed to stop corporations from running roughshod over nations. But this is a case of the fox guarding the hen house—and it is certainly not George Fox.

David Morse
Storrs, Conn.

Continued on p. 34

Photo by Matthew Yarmul courtesy of American Friends Service Committee
The idea of staying in town for an entire year came to me in the summer, after returning home to the Arkansas heat from a professional workshop in muggy Florida. Earlier that year I had traveled in Europe, flown to an additional workshop in Maryland and a family reunion in California, and driven to visit family and friends/Friends on many occasions. No trip was markedly unpleasant, but with additional trips looming, the notion of staying home beckoned to my weary, wandering soul.

At first I told no one, not wanting to be influenced by anyone's opinion. The idea began to sprout and blossom: an entire year to settle in and center down, read all those books, keep a journal, and be available to guests. We were in the process of building a new house, and I knew I would need time to unpack, hang pictures, and enjoy the new space. We were becoming more involved with an older friend showing increased dementia and had agreed to keep the dog of a friend leaving for overseas on a sabbatical year from the university.

My notion of a year at home soon grew idealistic. I could become involved in our little town's government, keep disciplined time for quiet and spiritual reading, work on First-day projects for meeting, spend regular time with the neighborhood children after my yoga, and keep up with professional journals.

Eventually, I shared my intention with others, emphasizing its positive aspects: "You can visit anytime—I'll be home." My first negative reaction was from a sister whose son was to graduate from high school. "You've been to all the other graduations; you can't miss his." My acquiescence was quick and painless. Now, except

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July 2000 FRIENDS JOURNAL
for a weekend in June, I would be home.

We moved on January second. I remembered the journal three days later, but did not write. On January sixth, I received a long-distance phone message about a dear friend; "Anna is partially paralyzed. We don't know why, and are at the hospital." Luckily, the cyst pressing her spinal cord was removed, and she regained most functions. Of course I went there and spent a cherished week with her on her return home.

In February, I began the journal and wrote daily for two consecutive days. February had six entries. All other months had one or two entries, except for blank November. I often wondered if writing on good paper about my ordinary life didn't challenge my ecological values, especially as the same perennial issues returned and revolved like the seasons.

In February I also read in FRIENDS JOURNAL a letter from New York Friends, wondering if the $600 spent on attending the FGC Gathering might be better spent on local charities. My homebound commitment became a reason to question the nine-hour trip to yearly meeting and to limit my participation on time-consuming committees. Simplicity reigned.

Absence from our quarterly meetings was harder, as small gatherings are like family reunions. I did attend a day session at the meeting nearest to us and suffered endless teasing about preferring the dog's company to Friends (no comment). But Friends, friends, and family came from around the globe and were welcome. Being able to say, "I'll be home" brought me joy.

Peace was another matter. I found myself putting off tasks, knowing I would always be home and could finish later. I thought of the year in comparison to the hour-long meeting for worship, rationalizing that I would initially be distracted, then would settle down by May or June, and be completely centered by October.

To some degree this happened as planned. The travel fatigue left, and the graduation weekend passed quickly. With less time pressure, I spent more and more time (always willingly, with usual pleasure and occasional frustration) with our confused older friend who, having no family, needed increasing support to handle the enormous changes in his life. His frailty and the frequent help and kindness of people in the community emphasized the wonder of friendship and the undeniable value of a commitment to others in need.

In July, a sister asked if I could stay with her during a serious operation. Of course I went, gladly. I took an entire week off work in October to work in the yard. The holidays were spent welcoming guests and visiting locally, without packing, air tickets, or winter weather worries.

The year is now over. A year at home was less than I had hoped, yet it affected me more than I had imagined. My commitment to the plan was put to the test early in the year, and luckily the importance of friends and family came to the forefront. I am grateful to have been consistently available to help in the care of our senior friend, who died in January following my year at home. The rewards of work outside have shown as daffodils, tulips, irises, peonies, lilacs, and azaleas show they have survived.

I never felt a release from constraint once the year was over, having never felt restricted. Instead, I now find myself more rooted, with a lower center of gravity. I ask myself seriously if any proposed trip is worth the effort and expense.

Most of my projects did not reach fruition as planned. The book pile changed titles, but remains. Committee work still invokes the flight response. Our town continues without my input. The dog is still here.

I felt no sadness at the year's ending, knowing that, at any time and for whatever reason or length of time, I can say, "I'll be home."
ON SPIRITUAL MONOGAMY
by Bob Schmitt

How often have I been disappointed in the faces of new-comers to our meeting, who look to those of us who have been with Friends for years with the expectation that we are steeped in the Quaker tradition! They yearn in their hearts to learn more, while too many of us barely know more than the newcomer. I believe there should be more of us who are committed to grounding ourselves in this particular religious tradition, more of us who are committed to spiritual monogamy within the Religious Society of Friends.

I was again reminded of my concern about spiritual monogamy at the Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns Midwinter 2000 gathering in California. This gathering was hosted at Mt. Madonna Center, a yoga retreat center. Beyond the deep hospitality that was offered by the residents of this community, I was aware of the groundedness and depth of their commitment to their chosen spiritual path. I also wondered how strange it would have been to find listed in their program anything like "Introduction to Quakers" or "Vocal Prayer in the Quaker Tradition." If I had traveled to Mt. Madonna as a yoga retreat center, my expectation would be to find experiences that would deepen my understanding of yoga as a spiritual path. I would expect to find individuals there who were steeped as deeply as they could be in the practice of yoga.

I have wondered why in my home meeting, at yearly meetings, FGC summer gatherings, and Pendle Hill I am as likely to find Friends teaching about yoga, Buddhism, Native American spirituality, and Wicca, as about Quaker practice. Have we become a religious society of dabblers? Why is it that many Friends seem more comfortable chanting words in languages that they don't know than offering vocal prayer in languages that they do know and understand?

I have dabbled in all sorts of disciplines and traditions and have found power there. (I still say my Hail Marys if I wake in the night from a dream of terror.) I don't believe that there is only one way. I do believe I have come to a point where I choose to practice a limited set of disciplines so I can go deeper into my knowing and following the Spirit. In some way this feels like an arbitrary decision. I could just as readily have chosen a Zen path, or a Catholic monk's path. But I am clear that this particular tradition continues to hold power for me.

Some of my clarity about spiritual monogamy came when I was practicing taijiquan in the early 1990s. My instructor wanted me to commit more deeply to it. And I knew that to advance, I would have to commit to coming more than once a week, to practice the form every day. I struggled with this. I came to an understanding that while there would be nothing wrong in making that commitment, I knew that it would be at the expense of my Quaker involvement. It also became clear that what was required of me was to commit to being a Quaker as deeply and as fully as my tai chi teacher wanted me to commit to her discipline.

I want to go deeper, and I know I am still in the shallow waters of what this tradition holds. It is enough for me. I find myself in a place of spiritual monogamy, a place of marrying myself to this particular spiritual practice, of wanting to read, to watch, to listen, to experience all I can about being a Quaker.

For me this deepening involves reading our histories, particularly periods around the separations; seeking out worthy Friends wherever I can find them, to learn from their experiences; exploring other branches of Friends (all branches of Friends) to be reminded of what was lost and gained in the separations; expanding my daily practice of being a Friend. This commitment of spiritual monogamy includes deepening my understanding of the testimonies; practicing the reality of continuing revelation; committing to a particular monthly meeting with whom I ride out the dry times, the hard times. For me, spiritual monogamy is the commitment to go deeper, to explore the problems and struggles in our histories, and currently, in my home meeting: to face the difficulties of community life and to face my own limitations.

There is a treasure here in the traditions and practices of Friends. Without a deepening of our commitment and experience of these practices by at least some number of us, we are at risk of losing this treasure.
This year I've been teaching ninth graders in a Friends school how Quakers make decisions. They believe they already have a pretty good picture of how it works. "Everybody just talks, and after a while, somehow, you agree."

"How do you know you agree?" I ask.

"The person in charge asks whether anyone disagrees, and if nobody does, you write it down quickly before somebody changes their mind." (Alas, I've attended meetings for which this is an accurate description!)

We try it out on a subject that has real consequences for them—which terms will they be required to define on their course exam? Under the pressure of limited time, somebody almost always uses the bad word (that four-letter one that starts with "v"). But somehow, at the last minute, they manage to reach accord on a list of the prescribed length without "v-ing."

It's a start. It's not a Spirit-led discernment process, but it's the part we can explain in concrete terms—consensus. I'm still struggling to help them understand what the extra element is in our meetings for worship for business. I say that we are seeking unity not just on our own judgment, but on our discernment of God's will for us at this time. That is why we conduct our deliberations in the context of worship.

In theory, I explain, we could reach consensus on a particular course of action, but our sense of the meeting might be something different. Perhaps through the combination of our best intellectual, intuitive, and creative problem-solving abilities, we agree that now is the time to build our own meetinghouse; but in our worship, we are guided to wait. For reasons we do not understand, we sense that the Spirit is telling us to continue to meet in the basement of the Community Center. God has a purpose for us where we are, and perhaps the reasons will become clear over time.

I believe I have seen something like this happen at least one time, in a large meeting of Friends.Consensus was not reached, the practical judgment of those present was widely separated, but there was a palpable sense of the meeting. We were called as a body to a course of action that seemed outwardly right to some and outwardly wrong to others, but the inward promptings of the Guide were felt by all, and all consented to follow that call.

Such dramatic occasions are rare, but we need experience them only once or twice in our lives for their significance to become precious to us, and for the difference between secular consensus and Friends sense of the meeting to be clearly understood.

We have no reason to be anything other than comfortable with this distinction between the two decision-seeking forms. Each is appropriate in its place. In my students' classroom deliberations,
where the majority are not Quakers, and where the beliefs of some are not in harmony with the concept of unmediated revelation on which sense of the meeting is grounded, our efforts to reach consensus give them a window to look through, an opportunity to experience at least part of what we are talking about. Many secular organizations that practice consensus do so thanks to the influence of Friends.

Weathering

It’s give and take push and pull constantly moving restless inessantly changing

I want to stay unmoved as it moves by me as it polishes me sandblasting burnishing me to a tarnished perfection

Alas! I find I am simply a drop in the bucket a grain of sand a sharp short green blade beaten down up down shining with a borrowed light.

—Kathi S. Lismore

Kathi S. Lismore is an attendant at Westbury (N.Y.) Meeting.

They have been informed by Quaker decision making, even if it is not the same as what they practice.

But the influence can go both ways. Activists, business people, and a variety of other practitioners have developed the art and science of consensus decision making. There exists a growing pool of wisdom about practical ways of exchanging information, identifying issues, exploring options, generating alternatives, addressing doubts and desires, and the many other aspects of making choices as a group. I have often been disappointed, however, to encounter among Friends a strong unwillingness to learn from consensus models, a mistrust that rivals the similar suspicion that practical, hard-headed, secular folk frequently express about us Quaker idealists.

In the past few years, I have been distressed by a trend in Friends’ discussions about the difference between our decision-making process and consensus. “Consensus” is rapidly joining the “v-word” as a no-no. Often, in the process of making our own methods distinct, we disparage that “c-word” in ways that this effective decision-making method does not deserve.

I have often read in Friends’ writings that consensus is based on “mere compromise.” Nothing could be further from the truth. Consensus, when practiced properly, draws out the problem-solving creativity of participants, producing novel, high-quality, cooperative decisions that go far beyond what any negotiation between opposing positions or any vote of the majority might have produced.

This is consensus at its best.

At its worst, when practiced poorly, consensus can result in compromise or lowest-common-denominator outcomes; it can result in dissatisfaction by participants who feel coerced to give in. And at its worst, when practiced poorly, our Friends sense-of-the-meeting approach to decision making can result in exactly the same calamities. If we must compare, we should compare the best of both or the worst of both, rather than the best of sense of the meeting to the worst of consensus. We will see then that in their proper realms, and when practiced well, both are excellent systems; when misapplied or abused, both can pave the way to disappointment.

The particular techniques used in consensus to structure discussion, ideageneration, and group process are not a threat to Friends methods. They can be used effectively in Friends meetings if they are practiced in the context of faithful listening for Divine guidance. They are tools to aid in the discovery and exchange of ideas, just as worship aids us in discerning a final selection and in deepening our commitment to a course of action.

Some years ago I helped write a pamphlet for the guidance of clearness committees. In one section, we listed practical techniques that might be useful, such as brainstorming, round robins, etc. One reviewer commented that such techniques were inappropriate in a Quaker clearness committee, which should be focused on the Spirit.

It was my belief then, and it remains so, that there should be no competition between heeding the Spirit and using practical, secular techniques. In the final discernment process, our hope is to be guided by the Spirit, but that guidance opens to us most often when we are in the midst of a sincere and deep exploration of our own thoughts, understandings, and imaginings. Our decision making can benefit by the use of creative approaches to discussion, in much the same way that our religious education for youth can benefit from the expertise of advanced education methodologies and child development theory in the crafting of First-day school curricula.

I’ve observed that the most effective clerks of our business meetings often introduce consensus-like structures into complex decision-seeking discussions, but they are careful to couch them in language that clouds their secular sources. It is amusing to hear a presiding clerk say, “Let us take a moment and invite each person in turn to speak out of the silence on this matter,” rather than, “Let’s go around the table and each one respond to the proposal.” On the one hand, the “Quakerese” is helpful, reminding us to hold to a discipline of worshipful listening. But I often suspect that the special terminology is needed to disguise a practice that might be rejected, if recognized to be secular and “techniquy.”

We need not be so cautious. Let us not throw out the baby with the bathwater! It is true that consensus decision making is not what we choose to practice in our meetings for worship for business, but it is not the enemy either—it can be the source of skills and methods that will help us reach a sense of the meeting more effectively.
Early and Late Vineyard Workers

by John C. Morgan

T
he story that Jesus tells of the workers in the vineyard (Matthew 20:1–16) is one that speaks to spiritual communities across time and tradition.

Consider first the context: A rich young man has just rejected the call of Jesus to ministry because he has been charged to give his money to the poor, that is, to reorient his life from the material to the spiritual. One of the disciples, Peter, then asks Jesus what is in store for them, since they have already given up everything and followed him. Peter’s question is one that feels familiar today: “Okay, I’ve paid the price; now, what’s in it for me?” Jesus offers the promise of deeper life to those who fulfill his commands, but at the same time issues a warning: “Many who are first will be last, and the last, first” (Matt. 19:30).

Then consider the parable itself. A landowner goes out at daybreak to hire workers for his vineyard. He makes an agreement to pay each worker a certain amount for the day’s work. At the third and sixth and ninth hour, the owner hires more workers, promising to pay each “a fair wage,” and one hour before closing down for the day, he hires more workers. Each worker is paid the same amount, those who came first and those who came last, causing those who worked longest to grumble: “The men who came last have done only one hour, and you have treated them the same as us…” The landowner tells the workers he has lived up to his promises, paying each what he said he would, but then he adds: “Why be envious because I am generous? Thus the last will be first, and the first, last.”

I understand the parable all too well, having been both the first and last worker in the vineyard.

For 20 years I have been a Unitarian Universalist minister, primarily helping smaller congregations grow in numbers and depth, but also starting new churches. I remember feeling perturbed at newcomers arriving on the scene ten years after a small handful of us struggled to build a community from ground zero. I know how those early workers felt: disgruntled, envious, upset that newcomers were telling us old-timers what needed to be fixed. “How dare they,” I would think inside, secretly resenting their brash opinions.

Lyle Schaller, the church growth expert, has suggested one critical phase in the life of most spiritual communities—a phase of both great opportunity and potentially great conflict—when newcomers arrive in the midst of old-timers (he calls them “pioneers” and “settlers”). Since I have been both a pioneer and a settler, I have empathy for each.

Old-timers are invested in the commu-
Dorothy Kemball Walker, a member of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting, lives in Sandy Spring, Md. © 1999 Dorothy Kemball Walker

Newcomers like strangers who don’t know the history and enter a community with new eyes, sometimes seeing things that old-timers miss. When I was training new congregation leaders I often would ask them to take an imaginary journey with me. Closing their eyes, I invited them to “see” their building and community as if for the first time. Many were amazed at what they saw, including one woman I remember shouting out loud: “Good heavens, I can’t even read the sign on our building, it’s gotten so worn down by the weather!”

Newcomers bring new eyes to see things differently and new energy to invest. Without knowing it, they can sometimes step on the toes of others because they don’t understand the history of the place or the people. Newcomers bring great enthusiasm to the work, sometimes engendering muttering from old-timers: “Wait until they run into the oversight committee or (name any powerful group in your meeting)!”

The trick in creating a healthy, vital spiritual community is learning how to create a new tapestry, woven out of the wisdom and memories of the old-timers, but renewed by the energy and enthusiasm of newcomers. It is a delicate balancing act I fear few of us learn unless we have been part of communities that didn’t handle this blending well, in which folks simply got nasty and forgot that better selves or why the community was there at all.

Along the way, I have learned a few things, not many, about how to create a vital tapestry, blending the old and new, but most of what I have learned I have found simply stated in the parable of the vineyard workers. It has to do with generosity, and, more important, why we are generous one to another, even when we don’t particularly like someone.

Think about that parable again, and consider these queries:

Who owns the vineyard?
What is the fundamental quality of the owner in the parable?
Why are new workers and old-time workers paid the same?

From my reading of the parable, the vineyard is owned by the landlord, not the workers. The landlord is God; we are the workers or stewards of creation. The fundamental quality of the landlord, or God, is generosity (“Why be envious because I am generous?”). The landlord doesn’t ask to what religion or nationality workers belong; the owner simply invites them in to work together. And third, the reason that the recently arrived workers and the longtime workers are paid the same has nothing to do with fairness, but everything to do with the opportunity, the call to be faithful. It is fidelity to opportunity that matters, not how short or long a time you have labored in the vineyard, a lesson, I fear, which few learn easily.

The parable speaks to my condition in a number of ways.

A deeply spiritual community is one that remembers to whom it is committed, not how many members or buildings it has under its care.

A deeply spiritual community understands that generosity means welcoming strangers as if they were friends and honoring old-timers as if they were newcomers. And deeper still, a spiritual community waits with patience to hear what the landlord offers in leadings and testimonies and inner resources.

A deeply spiritual community honors a variety of gifts of ministry and eldering, and it honors fidelity to opportunity, not necessarily longevity of service, though it honors that, too. It understands that it takes many workers to labor in the vineyard, not just one.

You may work for only an hour in the vineyard, but hopefully it will be a full, rich hour, the best hour of your workday because you are faithful to the call.
Fred is a remarkable dog. Many of you who are taking time to read this have met Fred, perhaps talked to him a bit, at the FGC Gathering in Boone, N.C.; maybe at the Amherst, Mass., Gathering; certainly at Agate Passage Worship Group. He's no frivolous dog: a good Quaker, he enjoys meeting, though he more frequently waits outside. He's no stranger to the pages of FRIENDS JOURNAL. He appeared, immortalized by the only female Pulitzer-Prize-winning editorial cartoonist, Signe Wilkinson, in August 1992, in my piece on simplicity that Signe graciously wanted to illustrate. She gave it the full Monty. Her character sketch of Fred wasn't in her portfolio the year she won that Pulitzer, 1991. It doesn't matter. He's only a dog.

Nancy, my wife, picked him out from PAWS the day before he was to be "put down" (that euphemism for killing him). He has been with us for 14 years—never more than an hour away. He attended my classes in Anthropology and Sociology in Grays Harbor (students soon learned that a dog biscuit would go a long way); he loved to camp with us; he waited patiently outside while I supervised student teachers; he attended meetings with good humor and tolerance; he barked an occasional "hello" to Vint Deming when we talked on the phone. Don't misunderstand: I'm not a sentimental man; I'm a scientist, an anthropologist by trade, and regarded as generally hard-nosed, though my best friend Bruce commented on that 1991 article, "Simplicity," that he and my colleagues always had thought of me as rather simple. He's still my best friend—you tend to overlook lapses when your best friends get old.

Friends who know him, be advised: Fred is not doing well. He has a node in his groin that augers ill for folks his age. I wondered what to do. I consulted long and deeply with the vet, discussing possibilities, eventualities, operations, radiation, chemotherapy, and matters like "quality of life" that don't make sense to some of us who see life's worth as quantity. Finally, after finding the lump grown from golf ball to softball size since four days ago, I talked to Fred. He told me, quite dearly, in his own way, to "let it be." Not strange, if we could only think of us as connected.

I'm not "off the wall" here. I dare say there isn't one of us who has not experienced, in one way or another, a sense of belonging. A sense that that's OK—let it alone now, and accept, with grace, not necessarily with joy, what is to be. This is a mysterious happening; it cannot be duplicated week by week, and would be cheapened were that to be. We are connected to those around us, in ways undefinable but as real as experience and perhaps beyond experience. Why is it not possible to include in that mystery creatures not ourselves: those who have shared the journey from campfires to cultures? Dogs were part of that. From when? We don't know, but at least while we were still nomads, prior to the agricultural revolution. And they, and other creatures not as docile, nor as accustomed to human interference as are dogs and cats, joined in our enterprise.

We were certainly not clever enough, nor informed enough to evolve alone. We often speak of the domestication of plants and animals as part of the evolution that informs our lives. I suspect "domestication" has been a two-way street. The joy with which Fred greets another—a dog, a cat, a coon, a goat, a baby seal, a deer, a tree frog, a lizard, a crow, a human being: anything strange, wanting to learn more about them, to smell, to wonder at the differences—is a joy that many of us have yet to learn, or perhaps have lost. He does draw the line at flies, mosquitos, small things that buzz and fly, and leaping cacti, one of which caught his nose in Tucson. Every day the same old territory contains a million new smells.

What happened overnight? What new creature walked through here? What was in the early dew that wasn't there yesterday? Is there something new worth marking? The delight in tomorrow is the substance of evolution. Perhaps we could practice a lesson in domestication from the example of "lesser creatures" who enrich our lives.

So how much time does Fred have? Maybe a week, a month, a year, I don't know. I think, though, that time is not a significant dimension of reality to Fred. Fred isn't a banker; he has no concept of the value of a dollar. When it comes time to eat, walk, sleep, smell, roll, bark, get a toy, no excuses suffice. To Fred, time is not "of the essence." To Fred, life and love and joy and interest in the different—silly things like that—are of the essence. Fred
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knows that life is not jolly all the time, there are times when things could be better, no Pangloss he; this is not the best of all possible worlds—but it’s the world we have to work with. Meantime, I think his dreams get better, as old men’s dreams are apt to do. He more frequently barks his high-pitched bark he used to use when he chased his birdies down the surf at Westport many years ago.

Two walks a day are no longer enough—three, or even four. I think he somehow knows his days are “dwindling down to a precious few,” and he appears to want to take advantage of those he has. So much to smell, as each new day comes along. I have to pick him up now to get him into the car; he wants to go. Fred will let me know the day when his joy is not worth the pain it takes him to get there. That will be a hard day for me, and I know Fred will do the best he can to make it better. He’ll wag his tail, look at me with his big brown eyes, as he always has, and try to make me understand, “That’s OK, Dad, let it be.” I won’t understand; I’m only human.

Meantime, we do the mundane things—keep his nails trimmed, keep his ears washed, make sure fleas are relatively controlled, reinforce his relationships to others—his friend, J.C., his folks on the beach down at Point No Point who now recognize him, and all that stuff. How do we know what’s going on with another species? I think we do, though we are loath to admit it. Community includes the “lilies of the field, who toil not, neither do they spin, but Solomon, in all his glory,” etc., etc.

God grant me the grace and dignity to do what I must do as well as Fred has done, when my time comes, as it must. Be kind to each other, Friends, and to the other animals whose space we share; we are all we have. Peace.

My life was saved when I was fourteen months old.
A woman came to the shelter that day—the day after her rape—and paid sixty dollars for a watchdog.

She was a fool. I was seventy-seven pounds, but I was no watchdog.

Searching for a John Wayne, mistakenly redeeming a Gandhi.

Still, for three thousand nights
I slept next to her, my snores and sighs telling her:
you are not alone; the world is not as dangerous as you think.

Today, she stands above me. I avert my eyes.

And then, at three o’clock,
as the needle begins to eradicate my pain, she leans down and places her lips next to my right ear.

She whispers—one, twice, and then six thousand times:
How beautiful you are. You did great. You are loved.

—David Watt

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David Watt is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.
Pain is the teacher now, and I am the reluctant, rebellious student. I'm gradually hearing and seeing the lessons it has for me despite my efforts to not pay attention. I've had these lessons before, and I realize that whether the pain is from grieving the loss of a partner, healing from surgery, or diminished ability from accidents or aging, I have to keep repeating and relearning these same fundamentals. Like so much else in life, the basics are simple but easily forgotten.

Pain and healing require the spiritual disciplines of slowing down, paying attention; accepting that life and growth begin in darkness; waiting with faith; and believing in the divine plan for direction. When I slow down and really observe what is around me, paying attention to each sound and every movement, I am astounded at how much I miss in “ordinary time,” the day in, day out rushing to meet schedules and expectations—all the big and little demands I put on myself and accept from others. In contrast, “slow time” is paying close, careful attention to what is around me, what is inside, where I am physically, emotionally, and spiritually. Healing takes time, but acceptance of this fact is a challenge for me still. My competitive nature urges me to do it faster and better than everyone else and to beat the odds. It is as simple as calling “Time out!” from life’s game. I am convinced that some of the biggest mistakes I’ve made in my life happened because I didn’t slow down and pay attention at the right time.

Spring colors cause me to forget that the daffodil and tulip bulbs I planted last fall grow in darkness and need the cold, gray months of winter before moving toward the warmth and light of spring days. All growth and life begin in darkness, and we begin to discern the still, small voice within in the darkness pain brings. In times of spiritual darkness, it is hard to believe that doubting is the crucible from which faith is born or rediscovered.

It is now clear to me that there is a vast spiritual difference between “waiting for” and “waiting with.” When I wait for healing or wait to be led, I live in the future, in the hope of some better, different state. “Waiting with” is grounded in the faith that my inward teacher is present now, always accessible, enabling me to find contentment in the moment. It is the difference between saying, “All will be well again,” and knowing, “All is well now.” My struggles with healing come from a lack of patience and a lack of faith. How can I accept that there is a divine plan for my growth, my life? If the Spirit gives tulips the inner wisdom to bloom and directs the flight of birds in migration, can I not also believe that direction is available to me? In her book A Country Year, Sue Hubbell writes “Moving is one answer to the problem posed by growth. Biologists like to emphasize that growth from the inside out is one of the characteristics that separates things that are alive from those that are not.” This is what I need now: growth from the inside out, unfolding according to plan. “To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven.” I remind myself of this lesson, and I realize how hard it still is for me to give up the pretense that I am in control and can make myself heal faster. Struggling to believe and accept the Spirit’s plan for my unfolding shows me the limits of my own faith.

Moving into and through pain is ultimately a spiritual journey and, like all journeys, reveals to us those lessons and truths that we need and are ready to see. In ancient days the Chinese character for “journey” was drawn as a picture of people camped under the branches of a tree. We find special places for shelter and rest as part of every journey, and with this wonderful metaphor I picture myself resting under the protection of the tree of life, waiting with faith to be shown the next step on the journey of healing and faith.

Pain as a Spiritual Teacher
by Mary Ann Downey

Mary Ann Downey, a member of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting, is a member of the FRIENDS JOURNAL Board of Trustees.
Taking AVP into Class
by Newton Garver

Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP) was established in 1975 as a project of the Peace and Social Action Program of New York Yearly Meeting, NYYM still supports AVP, and a Quaker historian—Alson van Wagner, who is not an AVPer—has called it the cutting edge of contemporary Quakerism. Outwardly AVP is insistently secular, with only understated hints that it is an expression of Quakerism. But Friends were prominent in its establishment, and in its formative years it was nurtured almost exclusively under the aegis of Friends. Nowhere do those Friends or others mention Fox's great opening of 1647, that every person is enlightened by the Divine Light of Christ, but AVP is guided from beginning to end, in one form or another, by that insight. It leads not only to details of the workshops but also to the striking difference between AVP and programs such as "aggression reduction training," namely that AVP seeks to strengthen what we see in persons while other programs seek to suppress what they see in persons. Since AVP works wonders, what lessons can we take from its format into our daily lives?

Eric Reitan and I described AVP practice in Pendle Hill Pamphlet 322. We noted ten distinctive features of the workshops: voluntarism; team leadership; ground rules that stress affirmation and prohibit put-downs, reliance on "Transforming Power," experiential rather than conceptual learning, spiritual rather than rule-governed focus, progressive and cumulative syllabus, laughter and fun built into each session, varied pace, and frequent feedback. I think most Quaker educators have a similar aim in the classroom. We want our classrooms to be safe at least in the sense that a student will not be ridiculed for making a mistake or subjected to biting sarcasm for asking a question. And we want our classrooms to be challenging at least to the extent that students do not tune out, remain entirely passive, or become merely regurgitative. I have had some success in adapting AVP practices for my university classroom.

Leadership in AVP follows the Friendly rather than the military pattern. Responsibility and decision making (planning and judgment) are never solo, and the main job of a leader is to make and hold space for others rather than to lecture or command. This contrast, stated this way, makes the traditional classroom appear more military than Friendly. The instructor does the planning, delivers lectures, leads discussions, sets and grades exams, and determines final grades, often with a ranking of students (perhaps by grading on a curve, which is especially un-Friendly in that it necessarily pits students against one another)—and the instructor does this all on a solo basis. Little if any of this resembles Quaker clerking or AVP practices, except the planning. The question I posed to myself is whether it is possible to modify these traditional practices and eliminate lectures, exams, and competitive grading while still maintaining academic standards.

I began with the physical space. Circles are regularly used in AVP because no one in a circle has a special position; in a circle there is no preeminence, so leadership or initiative can come from any part of the space. Besides its symbolic significance, a circle puts anyone and everyone in a position to exert or share leadership. So I arranged us in a circle, large enough that no one was sitting behind. Circles are magical, as Rilke said, and already the "command and control" pattern was broken.

The next step was to create space for the students to do what an instructor usually does, namely, to make presentations and to comment on performances. I did this by dividing the syllabus into well-defined segments, each with readings and a theme. In a graduate seminar on Kant, where I did this for the first time, the segments were presented a few weeks at a time, with three well-defined topics for discussion each week; students could then volunteer to lead those discussions. In an undergraduate seminar on "Pugnacity and Politics" I have done more intensive planning, so that all 40-odd discussion topics are detailed by the second week, allowing the students to plan their presentations to fit with the rest of their schedules. This planning creates and structures space for participants in roughly the way that AVP facilitators plan workshop agendas.

Inviting students into the spaces thus created needed to be done carefully, so the first session of the Kant seminar was devoted to the worries and reservations participants had about the process. Three concerns stood out: that presentations would be loose and disorganized, that they would ramble interminably, and that the professor would be cut out of the course. The first point was met by requiring presenters to deliver an outline or draft to all participants the day before the seminar. With the gist thus distributed, the second point could be met by limiting the actual presentations to ten or fifteen minutes; the discussion could then take up anything presented either orally or in writing. With considerable time thus reserved for discussion, participants were
easily reassured that the instructor would not be cut out.

Good discussion cannot be taken for granted, and academic discussions can be needlessly cutting and hurtful. I arbitrarily adapted one of the AVP “ground rules”: “No Put-downs.” No negative points were to be made until at least three people had noted strong positive points about the presentation. With that proviso, presenters were invited (not required) to lead their own discussions. Since leading discussions is a traditional clerking role, I was willing to step in and lead the discussion if requested.

I have handled the grading differently in the graduate and undergraduate seminars. For the graduate students I maintained the traditional expectation that they would present a term paper, probably based on their seminar presentations, and I graded these papers according to my usual standards. The students, however, not only had the advantage of discussion following their presentations but were also allowed to rewrite their papers on the basis of my comments, if they wished. For the undergraduates there is no such paper requirement. Instead participants are required to keep a journal in which they record what has especially struck them about readings and discussions. Journals have been used in education for some time (I became acquainted with them at Friends World College), but I find that they are new to my students, and they are certainly new to them as an alternative to final exams. I offered to help with the journals in the early stages for those who had anxieties about this strange new requirement. At the end of the semester I spent 20 to 60 minutes with each student, reviewing the journal, consulting about final grades (which took account of presentations and class participation as well as the journals), and getting feedback about this strange new world of participatory education.

This experiment of taking AVP into the classroom was a real challenge. The effort was fully rewarded, however, by appreciative and grateful feedback from both graduate and undergraduate students.
A group from Mt. Toby Meeting in Leverett, Massachusetts, has been exploring the ways our Quaker faith informs, and is informed by, our relation to the natural world. We began meeting after many of us had served as resource people for a Young Friends’ Retreat on Earth that was held at our meeting. In different ways we are all “Earth activists.” We meet to help one another develop a spiritual foundation for responding, as individuals and as members of our larger communities, to the growing environmental crises sweeping over us. These problems are so immense and so intractable that the support and comfort of others is essential for avoiding the despair and paralysis that otherwise come so easily.

As we become more mindful of the environmental impacts of our actions, our ultimate goal is to transform our way of being in the world, individually and collectively, to reduce the destruction we have caused. While we are tempted to leap immediately into “solutions” to perceived “problems,” it is our sense that there are so many changes we should/could be making that it is essential to develop a clear spiritual context for making such changes. Otherwise, there is a great risk of increasingly frenzied response, accompanied by an increasing sense of guilt, futility, and despair. In the face of these risks, we seek to quiet, center, and ask to know what is right for us and for the earth.

In the fall of 1998 we were asked by the clerk of our monthly meeting to respond to a Netherlands Yearly Meeting Minute on Sustainability brought before New England Yearly Meeting in August 1998. Their minute, approved in 1997, calls for Friends to develop a new testimony on sustainability as an essential part of our response to the environmental crisis. Monthly meetings have been asked to respond to the minute, coordinating responses through the New England Friends in Unity with Nature Committee. We discussed the minute at several of our meetings, sponsored a worship-sharing hour in which many meeting members participated, and several of us taught First-day school sharing our understanding of links among Earth, people, and Spirit. This work has led us to further reflection and clarity on questions of environmental sustainability.

Our Evolving Perspectives on Environmental Questions

The environmental dilemmas we face are not merely technical problems, but are rooted in the kinds of materialism and busyness that separate us from God and from each other. For ourselves, at least, we feel that changing our lives to respond to the perceived environmental crises is most likely to be effectively sustained if the changes are embraced joyously as a way to enhance our spiritual aspirations, rather than grudgingly accepted as sacrifices to our “lifestyle” that are forced on us. Making these choices is a
relational obligation, requiring spiritual discernment about who we are and what we really aspire to for ourselves and our world. We are concerned that many who seek sustainability take as their premise the desirability of preserving “business as usual,” with our high levels of consumption, travel, and general complexity of life. We feel that actions based on this premise are almost certainly doomed to failure. We seek to truly comprehend that our concern for Earth may well afford us opportunity and strength to make those changes in our lives necessary for our spiritual growth.

At the same time, we are aware that many of the problems have highly complex and interacting ecological, economic, and social components, so that making choices and setting priorities intelligently will require that we take the time and care to ground ourselves in some of the technical complexities involved, avoiding the overly simplistic “solutions” that can be so tempting.

These are not just intellectual problems. We want to ensure that our response to environmental questions grows out of a loving and intimate connection with the natural world, rather than from a more remote and analytical position. We are concerned not to fall into the trap of over-intellectualizing the discussion, with lengthy debates over whether or not global warming is real, or with discussions like whether or not “stewardship” is the appropriate name for the relationship we aspire to with the natural world. Before we can name the relationship, it has to exist, in simple, everyday acts of attention, care, and interaction. We have spent time discussing the kinds of daily practices each of us has, and would like to have, for grounding ourselves more mindfully in the world around us. We hope to support one another in cultivating habits that directly strengthen our sense of connection to, and dependence on, the rest of creation.

A traditional view asserts that human nature consists of a spiritual side in opposition to a physical one, with the goal being to transcend our baser, “creaturely”
selves. Many of us reject this view, aspiring to perceive ourselves and our place in the world as an indivisible synthesis of body, mind, and spirit. We are shaped by the millions of years of our history, and our resulting capacity for joy and sorrow is a cherished and integral part of who we are, providing us with a deep sense of kinship with our fellow creatures and giving us a vital stake in what happens to them. This connection is also, for many of us, one of the principal sources of nourishment for our spiritual life.

Our Response to the Idea of a Testimony on Sustainability

While we are sympathetic to much of the Netherlands Yearly Meeting minute, we are not convinced that adopting a testimony on sustainability would be helpful. We have examined the proposed testimony from the following perspectives:

Is it necessary?

The Netherlands minute asserts that we need a new testimony. This motivated us to go back and re-read the existing testimonies (as reflected in the queries) in New England Yearly Meeting’s Faith and Practice—particularly those on Personal Conduct, Stewardship, Vocations, Social Responsibility, and Peace and Reconciliation. It seems to us that the problem is not that we don’t have a testimony that speaks to the environmental crisis, but that we aren’t taking seriously the testimonies we already have.

Most of the causes of our environmental problems arise from the same roots—greed, failure to nurture a simple and spiritually oriented life, lack of attention to the impact our behaviors have on others—that have diminished the lives of humans for centuries and that spiritual teachers have long addressed. To view environmental degradation as a new kind of problem requiring new cures risks missing the important point that we are getting ourselves in trouble for the same reasons we always have. There is thus the danger of seeing the solution in too superficial, too technical a light.

At the same time, though, there are some important aspects of our relationship with Earth that our queries don’t seem to address adequately. They do not explicitly call us to consider the impact of our actions upon future generations; they do not explicitly endorse our creaturely side and help us to affirm and enjoy this part of our nature; they do not speak to our role in the larger ecosystem. It would be helpful to expand our queries to take these aspects of our lives into consideration.

Is it clear?

By creating a name such as “testimony on sustainability,” we are in danger of thinking that we have found a solution. But what do we wish to sustain—our comfortable middle-class life? The status quo? The ultimate sustainable environment is a lifeless world. We fear that this term means too many things to too many different people to be helpful. We need a conceptual tool that is clear and sharp, but “sustainability” is too vague. The fact that so many politicians and international corporations are co-opting the concept, talking virtuously about sustainability, or worse yet, “sustainable development,” suggests that we are dealing with a compromised and fuzzy concept.

Is it useful?

Similarly, the concept of sustainability is so broad that it often does not offer a clear guide on making the small decisions in our everyday lives that we need to make. We find the traditional testimonies of simplicity and right use of resources to be more helpful in this regard.

Is it honest?

The problem is, we are nowhere near taking biological, economic, or community sustainability seriously. When we talk about recycling, public transportation, fuel efficiency, etc., while ignoring issues of population growth, petroleum-dependent economies, and inequities of wealth distribution, we may be talking about fine and useful things, but we are not really talking about sustainability. If we don’t really mean sustainability, moral integrity suggests we develop a more honest vocabulary to describe what we are talking about—amelioration, slowing the pace of destruction, lowering our levels of consumption, etc.—and not pretend we are talking about a lasting solution to the deeper problems.

We Are Already Home

We are part of Earth, not above it—Earth supports and sustains us more fundamentally than ever we do Earth. At the heart of much of our ecological problem is that we have come to see ourselves as aliens. We are sufficiently evolved so that we no longer know—in our senses, in our minds, in our hearts—our need of Earth. Because we do not recognize need, we do not honor obligation. Accordingly, we perpetuate the tourist mindset that seems to characterize so much of our living and thinking.

What Do We Do Now?

Friends tend not to be philosophers, but doers. The question we are called upon to consider prayerfully is “What is needful now?” Recognizing that all answers are provisional, that certainty and guarantees are unavailable, we are simply required to respond faithfully to whatever discernment is given to us at this moment, trusting that further light will be forthcoming as we proceed. It would be a tragic mistake to wait until we feel we have the “whole picture” clear before we act, since unexpected events are certain to alter radically the best-laid plans.

We sense that our “simple” changes may be profoundly transformative; we acknowledge our deep fear of fundamental change.

We need to begin now, living mindfully from day to day. We need to share our journeys, struggles, and successes with each other. Our monthly gathering is one of the very important things we can do.

The Importance of Joy

As we grope our way into the responses that feel appropriate to us individually and the kinds of collective changes we seek, we aspire to remain deeply aware of the tremendous beauty, joy, and spiritual inspiration that surround us everywhere. To become so overwhelmed by the magnitude and apparent insolubility of the problems, to become so bereaved by the very real losses that are taking place around us that we fail to see the great joy that remains—that would be a defeat indeed.
Court Testimony of Kathleen Fisher

March 10, 2000, before Judge Hugh Lawson in U.S. District Court, Columbus, Ga.: United States of America vs. Kathleen D. Fisher

Your Honor, I believe that this trial is about the charge of “unlawful reentering of a U.S. military reservation and intending to engage in partisan political activities.” Had the arraignment charge said unlawful reentering alone, I would have pleaded guilty. But during the funeral procession I was not engaged in “partisan political activities.” For me, crossing the line was a part of a lifelong journey of spiritual discernment.

I grew up in an evangelical Christian household where I learned simple truths. “Thou shalt not kill.” “Thou shalt not covet anything that is your neighbor’s.”

Later I attended a Christian university, where I majored in biology and studied the Bible. I learned from the prophet Amos, how the rich defraud the poor, crush the needy, and anathematize the peasants of the land. Micah spoke about beating swords into plowshares and how God requires us only to do justice, to love goodness, and to walk modestly with God.

At graduate school while studying molecular biology, I had my first encounter with the Mennonites, a peace church. I learned about the intersection of faith and nonviolence. My understanding of “Thou shalt not kill” grew. No one is allowed to kill, not even the government.

But my real education came while I worked as a volunteer for the Mennonite Central Committee. In Swaziland I taught at a school for refugees, most of whom were from South Africa. After Zimbabwean independence, I was asked to help rebuild a school and a hospital in Zimbabwe. There I taught high school and organized the hospital laboratory and x-ray departments. From my students I learned how faith, vision, and compassion sustain people in the face of institutional violence, like apartheid, corporate plunder of their environment, and military oppression through mass murders and other overt violence. Their example challenged me to confront injustice in a nonviolent way.

It was in southern Africa where I met two other groups who have shaped my faith in the last 20 years: the Quakers, who speak of “that of God” in everyone; and the Grail, an international organization of 2,000 women who each day live out their faith and vision by working globally for change—for social justice, for environmental sustainability, and for celebrating each of our cultures and beliefs. From these two communities I have learned about listening to the hum of creation that is under everything; that we must be as compassionate as God; and that the sword is always beaten by the Spirit. And it is from these two communities that I learned about spiritual discernment and knew that I must let my life speak for my beliefs.

Currently I work for the United States Grail as national staff/networker. Each week I volunteer at the local AIDS hospice and sing in Aurora Chorus, a women’s choir that sings “in harmony for peace.” I attend Quaker meeting and attempt to lead a life following the Quaker tenets of living in simplicity, choosing a path of nonviolence, and finding “that of God” in everyone. I provide financial assistance for my mother and my older disabled sister. My mother lives with the challenges of aging and heart failure in addition to caring for my sister, who is unable to live independently.

I do have, as all of us do, political opinions. I believe that the School of the Americas represents all that needs changing in U.S. foreign policy and that the closing of the SOA is only a start in reassessing and redirecting U.S. foreign policy. But it was a call of the Spirit that led me across the line. I responded to “that of God” within me by carrying a coffin in honor of the dead: men, women, and children who were the victims of violence.
Greetings from Friends Rural Centre Rasulia

God led us to organize Diagnostic Medical Camp on 12th December 1999. Camp started with silent worship followed by lighting of lamp by Sirpunch, Gram Pandeyat, Dolaria. Doctors were welcomed in a traditional way. More than 750 patients were tested and treated by a group of devoted specialist doctors from Gandhi Medical College, Bhopal, and Primary health care, Dolaria.

Free medicines were distributed by C.B.T., World Reach Centre Guides, Junior Red Cross Girls, and scouts working as volunteers. 

Friends from Bhopal and Hoshangabad Monthly Meeting also helped in the camp.

Savitri Masih, Chairperson F.R.C. Rasulia acquainted patients with the objective of F.R.C. and said it is written in Matthew 25:31-46 if we do anything for the poor people we do it for God.

Report: "We come on pilgrimage to Hoshangabad district as it is the birthplace of many of us. By serving the sick or their own people, they get blessing or Prasadam. We wish people happy and healthy life in the new millennium."

We aspire to continue our social responsibility.

S. Masih, Chairperson F.R.C. Rasulia, Hoshangabad

Reports

Upcoming Events

- September 18–19—Interfaith Coalition on Energy’s “National Conference on Reducing Energy Use and Costs,” at St. Stephen’s Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, Pa. Tuition is $250 before August 1 and $320 thereafter. E-mail cndrewruedin@earthlink.net or call (215) 635-1122.
- October 6–9—Be Not Conformed: an FGC-sponsored conference for high school Friends to explore the Biblical and universalist roots of our Quaker heritage, in McNabb, Ill. Call FGC at (215) 561-1700.

Yearly Meetings:
- August—France; Jamaica; Kenya: Bware, Central, Chavakali, East Africa, East Africa (North), East Africa (South), Elgon RSF, Elgon East, Kakamega, Lugari, Malava, Nairobi, Nandi, Vokoli; Tanzania
- August 1–6—Baltimore
- August 2–5—Iowa (FUM)
- August 2–6—Ohio Valley
- August 3–6—Central Alaska Friends Conference
- August 5–10—New England
- August 9–13—Western
- August 12–19—Canadian
- August 16–19—Ohio (Conservative)
- August 23–27—Uganda

(Th annual Calendar of Yearly Meetings, which includes locations and contact information for yearly meetings and other gatherings, is available from FWCC, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, or 4 Byng Place, London WC1E 7JH, England.)
Friends Peace Teams Project and Burundi Yearly Meeting plan to open a trauma healing and reconciliation center. The center will promote the healing and reconciliation of a society torn apart by internal conflicts, so the wounds from nightmarish tragedy do not lead to problems such as alcoholism, random violence, wife and child abuse, and suicide. A team of two Burundians and two internationals will spend three months in training in Burundi and three months learning trauma healing and reconciliation in South Africa. The center plans to implement sites where families and individuals in need of trauma assistance can be treated, facilitate and coordinate workshops on trauma healing, train lay people in trauma healing and reconciliation, build and strengthen the capacity for dealing with trauma, foster solidarity among counselors of trauma cases, and encourage research in this field for the Burundian context. The AGLI needs to raise almost $70,000 per year for the center; a short brochure or a detailed proposal can be obtained from African Great Lakes Initiative, c/o David Zarembka, 17734 Larchmont Terrace, Gaithersburg, MD 20877, e-mail: davidzarembka@juno.com, or telephone (301) 208-1862. —The Interchange

Quaker House in Fayetteville, N.C., was highlighted in a television report by Fox 5 Atlanta. The television station carried out an investigation into military recruiter harassment of young people trying to get out of the delayed enlistment program. With permission, Quaker House supplied Fox 5 with several cases of individuals who had been threatened with jail time, dishonorable discharges, and cutting off of college scholarships. The report concluded that military recruiters “intimidated, threatened, and even outright lied” to young people in an effort to bully them into enlisting. Copies of the two-part, 14-minute story are available from Quaker House, 223 Hillside Ave., Fayetteville, NC 28301.

A traveling exhibit from the German Historical Museum in Berlin, “Quiet Helpers: Quaker Service in Postwar Germany,” documents 30 years of Quaker relief efforts in Germany from feeding programs after World War I through the reconstruction of a defeated Germany in the late 1940s. It also traces 300 years of Quaker history as a community committed to peace and justice work. The exhibit opened in Indianapolis; stops are scheduled at Earlham College and in Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia. —Indianapolis Star

New England Quaker Volunteer Service is making progress after its recent start-up. Chris Parker reports that NEQVS is planning a
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number of short work projects in various locations around the yearly meeting in November and December 2000. The organization has already begun an initial survey of possible volunteer sites, but more are needed. They would also like to hear about Friends who work for nonprofit organizations to explore building on existing relationships.

Right Sharing of World Resources, now an independent Quaker organization, distributed $85,000 in its last fiscal year, with grants to two dozen projects in various countries including El Salvador, Zimbabwe, Burundi, and India. RSWR is now at work on a website, a video, and other projects. For more information, contact Right Sharing's general secretary, Roland Kreager, at 3300 Winding Way, Cincinnati, OH 45229, call (513) 281-4401, or e-mail <rswr@earthlink.net>.

AFSC supports the cancellation of Mozambican debt. According to Mary Massieur, African Region Director for AFSC, a large part of the infrastructure of Mozambique, painstakingly rebuilt after 16 years of civil war, was swept away by recent floods and cyclone winds. Emergency aid is still needed to save thousands of lives threatened by cholera, malaria, and other diseases caused by poor sanitation and health conditions, but AFSC states Mozambique must also be relieved of crushing external debt in order for reconstruction and economic recovery to continue. This recovery includes replacing infrastructures in flood-affected areas, rebuilding and restoring homes, re-establishing micro- and medium-sized businesses, restoring other sectors of the country's economy, and removing dangerous land mines uprooted by floodwaters. If Mozambique's debt with international financial institutions were canceled, it would save $1.4 million per week in debt servicing.

Portland Friends School, begun last September, is in urgent need of startup funds to keep its operation going. For more information, write to Portland Friends School, 2201 SW Vermont St., Portland, OR 97219, or call (503) 245-8164.

The U.S. Supreme Court has refused to hear a Quaker appeal of Internal Revenue Service penalties on religious practice. Rosa Packard, a Greenwich, Conn., Quaker, had challenged the authority of the IRS to penalize her for religiously based non-payment of war-related federal income taxes. For the last 18 years Packard has filed her income tax return, notifying the IRS by an attached letter that her core religious beliefs prevent her from paying a tax if any part of the money collected from her is used to fund war or preparation for war. Every year she has placed the full amount of

July 2000 FRIENDS JOURNAL
AFSC has nominated Denis Halliday and Kathy Kelly for the Nobel Peace Prize. Kelly is a cofounder of Voices in the Wilderness, the first U.S. grassroots organization to bring activists to Iraq to witness the effect of sanctions, to bring food and medicine to the people of Iraq, and to educate the public upon their return. Halliday, an Irish Quaker, is a former UN assistant secretary-general and humanitarian coordinator in Iraq who after 34 years of UN service resigned his position in 1998 to protest the humanitarian impact of the economic sanctions on the civilian population of Iraq. AFSC said the commitment and courage of the nominees illustrate the far-reaching impact of the actions of individuals in the cause of peace. According to Don Reeves, AFSC interim executive director, “Taken together, the work of Kathleen Kelly and Denis Halliday represents a comprehensive approach to the problem of economic sanctions against Iraq and the devastation wrought on the population of that country, particularly children.”

Military spending continues to consume a massive chunk of the federal U.S. budget. FCNL reports that the U.S. military consumed more than 41 percent of the federal funds budget for fiscal year 1999. Total spending for past and current military activities in FY99 amounted to more than $1 trillion dollars. For FY00 (the current budget year), Congress and the president have already agreed to spend almost $309 billion on current military activities. This is $15 billion more than last year.

SIPAZ (Servicio Internacional Para La Paz) reports that conditions remain tense and uncertain in Chiapas, Mexico. In addition, observers fear the possibility that the government may decide to take advantage of the interregnum between the July elections and the transfer of power in December to launch a well-targeted offensive in Chiapas. On the other side, the Zapatista Army of National Liberation, faced with prolonged stalemate in the peace process, may elect to take up arms once again. SIPAZ also notes that the government’s campaign against international observers continued this year.

The proposed budget of the Clinton Administration calls for a 14 percent increase in the federal Indian affairs budget from the current fiscal year to $9.2 billion, according to the Winter 2000 Indian Report of Friends Committee on National Legislation, which stated its support for this amount. “Despite the significant gaps between the needs of Indian Country and the resources provided by Washington, the president’s budget request represents an important step in the right direction and deserves the support of Congress.”

The history of perhaps the world’s most famous capitalist board game: Monopoly was featured in The Friend of February 25, 2000. Ironically, the game—originally called “Landlord’s Game”—was created by U.S. Quaker Lizzie Magie in 1904 to highlight unfair rents charged by some city landlords.

Ruth Martin, of Surrey, England, has devised a board game on Quaker history. She writes: “I originally compiled this game for my own use when taking the children’s meeting at Godalming as I found I often did not have time to prepare. The game is suitable for anyone over about five years. It incorporates what we call the 1652 Country, i.e., the north of England where Quakerism started. There are Advices and Queries (for adults as well as children) and lots of other general information. It teaches about the origins of Quakerism, the beliefs, and gives information about early Quakers, testaments, Quakers in industry, scientists, etc.” She is in the process of producing the game for general use.

In California, young men who buck the military may lose their driver’s licenses. After failing to convince the 1999 state legislature to take high school diplomas and college jobs away from nonregistrants, the military requested the state legislature to deny driver’s licenses to California male between 18 and 26 years who fail to sign a certificate of compliance with Selective Service registration requirements. According to California’s Friends Committee on Legislation, the young men most likely to be harmed by this legislation would be those who are poor, of color, and from urban areas. FCNL notes that driving is essential for most jobs and education and that nonregistrants should not be deprived of employment and learning opportunities because of their conscientious beliefs. —FCL of California

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Books

A Young Friends’ Summer Bookshelf

The summer’s half over. Your kids have been swimming, running, hopping, and otherwise emptying their minds for weeks. Now they’re starting to look at you with that slightly bored, slightly evaluating, slightly mischievous look that means you’re about to hear the most amazing phrase ever to float across the American breakfast table: “Mom (Dad) I haven’t got anything to do...” Our suggestion: Gather up your child’s First-day school buds, pool parental resources (or raid the meeting’s enabling fund), and head for your local bookstore. Then let the kids learn about our world with one—or all—of the following.

—Alessa Giampaolo Keener

The Arrow over the Door

By Joseph Bruchac. Dial Books for Young Readers, 1998. 96 pages. $15.99/hardcover. Ages 9–12. Today my oldest son sometimes feels estranged from his peers because he feels he is the only child without Pokemon cards. Samuel Russell felt the sting of ridicule 225 years ago when his friends joined the Revolutionary War army and then called him a coward for not doing the same. The contexts certainly vary but the underlying issue remains the same: living your life according to your beliefs (or at least your parents’) can make for some lonely and confusing times in a young Friend’s life. Although 14-year-old Samuel Russell is fictitious, the story he tells is recorded in the annals of Saratoga (now Easton, N.Y.) Meeting. Samuel does not understand how his parents can be at peace with living in the midst of the brewing Revolutionary War. In his heart, Samuel believes that he could never idly stand by and watch his family be attacked by Indians without fighting back. Not until a group of Native Americans enter into the Russells’ meetinghouse during worship does Samuel finally find peace and an understanding of the people he fears so much.

Virgie Goes to School with Us Boys

By Elizabeth Fitzgerald Howard. Simon and Schuster Books, 2000. 32 pages. $16/hardcover. Ages 5–9. Virgie’s Mama and Papa were slaves until Mr. Lincoln set them free. As with virtually all former slaves, they were illiterate and wanting an education for their children. Seven miles from Virgie’s home in Tennessee, a group of Quakers opened a school for African American children. Her older brothers are going—and Virgie desperately wants to go.
Love All around This World: Peace Songs for Kids (Audiocassette)

By William Jolliff. Center for Peace Learning (United Kingdom), 1999, 40 minutes, $8. Here's the truth: Jolliff offers listeners an auditory treat with 11 original folk songs. And you're going to like the tape regardless of your musical preferences—just as I did. Jolliff's bluegrass music (not a type of music that normally gets airplay in my house) blared on my stereo as my preschool son and his friend danced circles around my dining room singing "John said no." After I turned the tape off and shooed the kids into the pigpen—I mean playroom—I found the Tailor John song still on. It took a moment, but I finally realized that if the tape was off, then I was the one singing Jolliff's little ditty. Clearly, the tunes are catchy and the words are easy to pick up. Best yet, a convinced Friend himself, Jolliff brings Quaker history a little closer to children by singing about Levi Coffin and John Woolman.

Daughters of Light: Quaker Women Preaching and Prophesying in the Colonies and Abroad, 1700-1775


By 1700, an increasingly prosperous urban Quaker leadership turned away from the enthusiastic excesses of the first decade of the Children of Light, and the Religious Society of Friends was becoming more conservative within the framework of its own peculiarities. In one respect, there was no compromise with too. But they don’t think she needs to learn. So all summer long she tries to convince her family she should go. Not until after the harvest do Mama and Papa finally agree to let Virgie make the journey and stay all week at school, just like the boys. A true story speaking mainly about equality between the sexes. An excellent book for a First-day school program.

King Solomon and His Magic Ring

By Elie Wiesel. Greenwillow, 1999, 51 pages, $16/hardcover. Ages 5-10. As a grandfather sits down to tell a story, so unfold the tales and legends of King Solomon in this magical book. What you find here is a fantastical retelling of King Solomon's life according to Jewish tradition. Because the Bible generally skims on detail in 1 Kings, Wiesel goes to work with his imagination to fill in the gaps.

You may find yourself wondering about the difference between fact and fiction as you read, but the story reaffirms that remaining open to the Spirit allows us to make wise decisions, as Solomon did in his early life. Our demons, like Solomon's, can take many forms, but they generally come with the trappings of the material world. We are also reminded that faith in God can help us regain "lost treasure"—and that without inner peace our legacy will be nothing more than Solomon's ruined temple and divided kingdom.

The Kingfisher Book of Religions


George Bernard Shaw once said, "There is only one religion, though there are a hundred versions of it." Well, now you can watch the many faces of religion come alive in Kingfisher's comprehensive survey on world religions. Each faith tradition includes clear, color photographs of ceremonies, artifacts, artwork, and children. The fluid and easy-to-understand text allows readers of all ages to discover the unique qualities and commonalities that exist in the world of faith.

Working in two-page spreads, the book examines the transformation of organized religion from ancient cultures and traditional beliefs to more modern religious movements, such as Rastafarianism. Barnes writes in such broad terms that the nuances of some religions are neglected. The description of the Christian experience, for example, may not speak to all Friends. Regardless, the book remains an outstanding resource in its breadth and lack of commentary.
the original Quaker vision: God poured out the Holy Spirit on women as well as on men, and anyone—regardless of economic or social status, gender, or age—could speak the word of God.

Although 17th-century Friends were feared and reviled because female Friends stepped out of the role to which the larger society confined them, 18th-century Quaker women ministers came to be respected by the general public. Their own inward spiritual authority, combined with recognition accorded them by their meetings and Friends in general, was enhanced in the first half of the century by the growing political and economic power of male Friends, especially in Pennsylvania, West Jersey, Rhode Island, and North Carolina. Friends were the third largest religious group in the colonies. Women Friends ministers were a widely recognized and accepted anomaly to the usual legal, social, political, and religious role of women.

Based on her dissertation, Rebecca Larson provides an excellent study of 18th-century Quaker women ministers, focusing on the 57 who traveled in the ministry across the Atlantic. After a chapter on the beginnings of Quakerism, Larson examines how a woman discerned her call to ministry, and what this meant in terms of a reorientation of lifestyle, sense of self, and desires or goals for life.

The author begins to answer questions about those Quaker women, most of whom were wives and mothers. After a careful and often inwardly painful time of discernment of a leading to travel in the ministry, a woman sought unity from her meeting. It was a terrific wrench to leave children and husband, often for extended periods, to be faithful to God's instruction. In more cases than Friends today might realize, meetings gave financial support when needed by ministers for travel, for help at home in the absence of the minister, and occasionally even to help support the minister and her family to establish a livelihood. Occasionally the meeting even overruled a husband's objections.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter recounts the reform and revival of the 1750s. Other authors have written about it. Jack Marietta chronicled the rise in disownments, and Jean Soderlund tracked the two strands of outwardly tightening the discipline and inwardly stirring up a spiritual renewal that joined forces to free Friends of slaveholding. But Larson tells the story through the eyes of the traveling women ministers, especially Mary Weston, Mary Peisley, and Catharine Peyton. These women discerned a careless, worldly spirit among Friends that was more focused on business and political affairs than the narrow path of Quaker witness through plain speech, plain dress, and Friends' endogamous marriage process. Since Friends assumed that one's outward lifestyle reflected one's inward spiritual state and relationship with God, these women ministers felt that straying from the testimonies was a symptom of a deeper ill. So they preached a call to turn and take up the cross daily. And they encouraged meetings to accept their task of discipline. As a result, by the Revolutionary War, Friends were vigorously encouraging each other to uphold testimonies by freeing their own slaves, marrying within Quaker process, and not cooperating with military activity. Those who did not were labored with and eventually disownned. Those who remained stood united in the face of the world.

Daughters of Light invites discussion as readers compare the past with our present. For example, the scandal today is not that women preach the word from God, but that any Quaker would dare speak with divine authority. In 1734 it was noted that frequent visitors to British meetings did not join because they were unwilling to take up the cross. How does this resonate with our own willingness to do so, or our sense of the meaning of membership, and the distinction between members and attenders? I took Daughters of Light with me on a trip to a Quaker committee meeting and found that the cloud of women ministers thereby accompanying me was wonderful.

The book concludes with an excellent appendix containing capsule biographies of 57 women who traveled across the Atlantic in the ministry between 1700 and 1775. There is a partial list of 356 women ministers from this period gleaned from several sources, but using only a third of the meeting minutes from what became the United States. The list includes (when known) name of husband, birth and death dates, place of birth, and meeting location by colony or country. The name of my ancestor, Abigail Paxson, is misspelled, but the minutes of her time had many misspellings. There are thorough footnotes but no bibliography.

Daughters of Light is an excellent book, highly recommended for meeting libraries, as well as for personal use. It reads very well, having presumably sloughed off the academic manerisms common to dissertations.

—Marty Grundy.

Marty Grundy is a member of Cleveland (Ohio) Monthly Meeting.

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Milestones

Marriages/Unions

Anton-Newkirk—George Newkirk and Marie-Elena Anton, on May 6, 2000, under the care of Friends Meeting of Ocala (Fla.). George is a member of Gainesville (Fla.) Meeting, and Marie-Elena attends Ocala Meeting.

Deaths

Catlett—Richard R. Catlett, on July 29, 1999, in Columbia, Missouri, during the annual gathering of Illinois Yearly Meeting, an event that Richard had participated in many times. Born in Springfield, Missouri, on May 2, 1909, to Richard and Ila Catlett, Richard spent most of his long life in a consistent effort to better the lives of others. A peace activist for many decades, he was a conscientious objector in the Civilian Public Service program during World War II, working on reforestation and trail building in the Appalachian Mountains. After the end of that war, he worked with the UN Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, taking cattle to Europe to rebuild the dairy herds there. He graduated from Southwest Missouri State University and in 1963 moved to Columbia, where he worked for University of Missouri before starting Columbia Specialty Foods Store, introducing health foods to the community. This business was used to help many young and needy persons with inspiration and good jobs. Richard was a founding member of Columbia Meeting and an active war tax resister, for which he was imprisoned briefly about 25 years ago. In his war tax resistance, he was supported by both Illinois Yearly Meeting and Columbia Meeting, which held an open meeting for worship at the prison where he was held. He was active in student organizations, and during the Vietnam War he continued his peaceful activism by volunteering his time with Columbia Friends/ Columbia Fellowship of Reconciliation Draft Counseling Service. He was also a founder of “Everyday People,” a substance-abuse recovery program. He was active in a drive to unionize non-academic university employees, and in recent years with the land trust movement and with organizations promoting sustainable agriculture. He touched many with help, leadership, and inspiration. He is survived by a son, Richard W. Catlett; a daughter, Natalie Catlett; brothers Charles and John Catlett; a niece, Ila Davidson; and a nephew, Bill Davidson.

Holden—Leonard Holden, 72, on September 22, 1999, of complications after suffering a heart attack while attending a reunion of World War II Conscientious Objectors in Virginia with his son, William. Born on January 18, 1922, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, he was a founding member of Tacoma (Wash.) Meeting. He took an active part, financially and otherwise, in purchasing the meetinghouse at 3019 North 21st Street in Tacoma. Leonard was a father, a partner, an activist, a friend, and a believer in hope and goodness. He devoted 32 years to the Tacoma School District as an educator and administrator. He was also active in national and world peace organizations, including the United Nations Association and Fellowship of Reconciliation. He continually sought ways to bring about peace and justice in the world, and he counseled individuals who because of conscience could not serve in the military. Leonard’s favorite quote, “Every Life Has Meaning...”

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by Thor Heyerdahl, typifies his life: “The main purpose of life can be summed up in seven words: Translate ideas into events that serve others.” Leonard is survived by his wife and partner, Eloise Holdren; daughter Meri Holdren and family; daugh-
ter Lenné Holdren Musarra and family; daughter Julie Holdren and family; a son, William Holdren; and five grandchildren.

Kolling—Esther June Shaw Kolling, 74, on January 5, 2000, in Socorro, N.M. Born on November 19, 1925, in Wichita, Kansas, Esther was the younger daughter of David Harvey and Bernice Ruth Welch Shaw. She was educated in Wichita public schools, and she graduated in 1947 with honors from Friends University with a Bachelor’s in Chemistry. The following year she married Orland William Kolling at University Friends Church in Wichita, Kansas. During the first years of marriage, Esther worked as a medical technologist in St. Louis, Missouri. After earning her art degree, Esther taught classes through Wichita Weaving Guild, in the Winfield community, and at Southwestern Col-
lege. Her award-winning work was exhibited at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in New York City, at the Denver Art Museum, and regionally at the Midwest Weavers Conference, Kansas Artist Craftsmen, and War Eagle Arts and Crafts Fair. Esther was a fifth-generation Quaker, and the Re-
ligious Society of Friends provided an important spiritual foundation throughout her life. She sang in the choir of University Friends Church in Wichita, and when she relocated to St. Louis, both she and Orland became active members of St. Louis Meeting. Upon moving to Winfield, Kans., in 1959, they retained their ties with St. Louis Meeting as nonresident members. They moved to Socorro in 1989, where Esther became active in the Quaker community, participating in prison ministry for three years at New Mexico Correctional Facility in Los Lunas. When the 1994 FWCC Triennial was held at Ghost Ranch near Abiquiu, New Mexico, she provided humor and practical help during the “Native American Religions” study tour. In Socorro, music returned to her life, as she regularly sang in performances of “Las Cantatas.” Singers recall her encouragement and joy, and miss her strong, clear voice. She is survived by her daughters, Elizabeth Buckley, Deborah Richards, and Annette Weaver; grandchildren Manessa and Clayton Weaver; and loyal friend, Milton Kashner.

Marshall—William Betti Marshall, 84, at his home in Medford Leas, Medford, N.J., on April 15, 2000. A resident of Medford Leas for 27 years, William was born in Haddonfield, N.J., on July 21, 1915. When he was four years old, he became ill, and the doctors, thinking he had diphtheria, administered an antitoxin that produced a terrible reaction, causing him gradually to lose nearly all control of his motor abilities. He attended Haddonfield Friends School, Moorestown Friends School, and graduated from Earlham College in 1938. His father hired people to help him walk in college, but by 1946 he was unable to walk at all and spent the rest of his life in a wheelchair. His brother E. Wayne Marshall introduced William to the Institute of Pennsylvania Hospital, where William learned to weave Soon, with a weaving loom set up in his room, he created beautiful patterns. He also learned to use a typewriter and became editor of the Quarterly Meeting Messenger of

July 2000 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting, of which he was a lifelong member. He took an interest in nature and wrote articles about flowers, describing them and explaining where they could be found. He was well known for his cheerfulness and stoic outlook; his courageous spirit served as an inspiration to many. He is survived by brothers E. Wayne Marshall and David L. Marshall and five nieces and nephews.

Morris—Anna (Ann) Rathbone Sayler Morris, 93, on February 15, 2000, at Chandler Hall Hospice in Newtown, Pennsylvania. Her death ended a life distinguished by service for, and pleasure with, her family, friends, Quaker faith, and civic responsibilities. Anna Sayler was born in Eaton, Ohio, on New Year's Day, 1907. She was the first of four children raised by Eleanor Rathbone White Sayler and James Lanning Sayler, a lawyer. At the age of five years, Ann moved with her parents and her brother, Allen, to North Chicago, Illinois, where she attended public school. In 1914, the Sayler family—since increased by the birth of Ann's sister, Elizabeth—moved to Southside Chicago. Ann's family increased in 1918 by one more when her cousin, Francis White, joined them after the death of his mother. In 1920 Ann started to attend John Fiske High School, where she developed a talent for dramatics and, strongly influenced by a drama teacher, acted in school plays. On January 25, 1925, Ann graduated from high school, a half-year off the normal term. With a scholarship, she entered Earlham College, where she majored in French and Psychology. Theater remained a big interest of hers, and she won the leading role in the senior class play. She developed an interest in student politics. During her summers in college she participated in Young Women's Christian Association and attended national conferences at Lake Geneva, for one of which she served as a chair. (Two years later she would go to Geneva, Switzerland, to attend an international YWCA convention.) Her interests extended to the National Student Association; in the summer of 1928 she attended the Association's national conference in Kalamazoo, Mich. After Earlham awarded her a Bachelor's Degree in Arts in May 1929, Ann took a year or more to plan her future. One of her first steps was to review her religion: her grandfather White and grandmother Rathbone and their families had been Quakers; accordingly, Anna traveled on a scholarship and loan to Woodbrooke Quaker Study Center near Birmingham, England; she was there in the fall of 1929 when the U.S. stock market crashed and the world-wide Depression developed. Completing her studies at Woodbrooke, she returned to the United States, arriving in New York City on Labor Day, 1930. Shortly after her return, Ann received a job offer as a secretary for Henry Hodgkin, the first director of Pendle Hill, the Quaker center just being built near Philadelphia. She took a crash course at a business school in Chicago to learn shorthand and typing, then started work in January 1931. In 1932 Ann joined Media (Pa.) Meeting. There she met Elliston P. Morris, who was taking summer school classes while on leave from work with American Friends Service Committee in the coal fields of West Virginia. On June 30, 1934, Anna and Elliston were married. They lived in Knoxville and Norris, Tennessee, before settling in Pennsylvania in 1939. There in

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1940 the Morrises joined with 12 other families to establish an interracial, interreligious, secular community called Bryn Gweled Homestead on a 240-acre farm the families purchased the previous year in Upper Southampton Township. The community parceled out 2-acre sites with 59-year leases to like-minded householders, who built homes. As Ann's health failed, she became active in civic and religious organizations. She served two terms on Pendle Hill's Board of Managers (1955–58 and 1963–70) and on the George School Committee (1956–68). From 1961 to 1966 she chaired the Friends Conference on Religion and Psychology and joined its executive committee in 1960. In an address she gave at the end of her term as chair, she spoke of what the Conference meant to her: "The spiritual bond which has developed through the years brings faith and trust and joy into the fiber of our planning in a remarkable way. The fellowship is precious, and we are eager to share it as widely as possible." From 1975 to 1976 she served on Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's Meeting on Worship and Music. After their children left home, Ann and Elliston traveled widely, including trips to the Soviet Union, Greece and Italy, Costa Rica, and Scandinavia. Elliston died in 1980, after which Ann moved to Friends Village and then to Chandler Hall (both in Newton, Pa.). She is survived by her four children: William P. Morris, Eleanor Morris Cox, Jonathan W. Morris, and Nicholas S. Morris; five great-grandchildren: Grace H. Cox, Jennifer L. Cox and Morgan A. Cox, and Alexander Morris and Jacob Morris; six nieces and nephews; and by Frank White, her brother-cousin, and his five children.

Palmer—Candide Heine Palmer, on February 13, 2000, in Worcester, Massachusetts, unexpectedly after a short illness. She was a longstanding member of Worcester-Pleasant Street Meeting. Candide was born in 1926 in Hamburg, Germany. When her parents, political dissidents, left Nazi Germany in 1939, their four children were sent to the Quaker School in Eerde, Holland, while her parents settled in New Zealand and later sent for the children to join them. Their father returned to Germany to settle business affairs and was not able to leave for seven years because of the war. In December 1939, the four children sailed from London. Peter, 15, looked after the money, and Candide, 13, became a surrogate mother to the other two children, 9 and 3. Candide had to cope with rough weather, seasickness, one child that had a habit of disappearing, and a very frightened little sister. After about four weeks they arrived in New Zealand, where Candide was relieved of her overwhelming responsibilities. Because her mother was unable to support the family, Candide went to live with a family in Wanganui. While there she attended the Friends School, Wanganui Girls College, and entered a pharmacy apprenticeship. According to her sister Viola, she was attentive and loving and a great support to her mother throughout. Candide served on the school committee for New Zealand Friends School and was New Zealand Friends liaison for Friends Service Council in London. She was also once of two representatives from New Zealand to Friends World Committee, the Young Friends Conference, and the Pacific Area Friends Conference held in conjunction with Friends World Committee. Following the conference she attended Woodbrooke, Quaker Study Center in Birmingham, England. While attending the Friends World Conference in London, she met Vai Palmer of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting they were married in 1952 and settled in the United States. They had two children, Logan and Crystal. Candide was a devoted mother and homemaker and was active in the local meetings where her husband served as pastor. The family moved several times while the children were young, living in Philadelphia; Gonic, N.H.; Washington, D.C.; and Chicago. She was active in prison ministry and counseling conscientious objectors. In 1963 she was recorded as a minister by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, where she retained her membership. From 1965 to 1978 she wrote four children's books on themes of minority groups, urban life, and strong female characters, and *Caves of No Return*, a science fiction work for teens with low reading skills. From 1975 to 1979 she was managing and production editor for *Ranger Rick* Nature Magazine of the National Wildlife Federation in Washington, D.C. Her publications also include *Intersections*, a book of prayers and meditations, and *Pray Without Ceasing*, a prayer manual for Friends. She earned a Master's in Quaker Studies from Earlham School of Religion in 1984, and from 1983 to 1985 she served as Director of Publications for ESR. In 1985, Candide came to Worcester, Mass., and served four years as administrative secretary/office manager for New England Yearly Meeting. From there she moved to the Homeless Outreach and Advocacy Project (HOAP), Community Healthlink, Worcester, Mass., where she coordinated volunteers, students, and interns. After she retired, she volunteered her services one day a week in the yearly meeting office. Worcester-Pleasant Street Meeting suffers the loss of a dedicated sojourner member. She served on the Ministry and Counsell and the Buildings and Grounds Committees. She was presiding clerk and assistant presiding clerk. For several years she conducted Bible study sessions, and she represented the meeting on the Worcester Ecumenical Council. She gave workshops on prayer at yearly meeting sessions as well as at the Friends General Conference Gathering. Candide expressed her creative abilities in both writing and painting. Some of her paintings have been displayed at New England Yearly Meeting sessions and at the Worcester Art Museum. Recently she combined her artistic and writing skills by creating cloth books for her granddaughter, whom she adored. In her own quiet way, Candide was a major influence at Worcester-Pleasant Street Meeting, where she was always at her place at worship on First Day with her head bowed. Her messages in meeting were spiritual gems and often contained quatrains, subtle humor. She was a pleasant "watchdog" for the meeting, quietly admonishing when the meeting veered off the Quaker way. Even as Candide's health failed, she never lost her independence. She will be greatly missed by the meeting, friends in homeless agencies, and in the larger community of Friends throughout New England.

Woodside—Kenneth (Ken) Hall Woodside, 61, on November 28, 1999. Kenneth was born on June 18, 1938, in Northampton, Massachusetts. The older of two sons of Gilbert and Mary Woodside, Ken grew up in Amherst, Mass., where Gilbert was a faculty member and later an administrator at University of Massachusetts. Like his father, a distinguished zoologist, Ken was drawn to science. He majored in Chemistry at Oberlin College and earned a Ph.D. in Biochemistry in 1968 from University of Rochester. While at Oberlin he met Laura Adams, whom he married on June 18, 1960, in Greensboro, North Carolina. Ken was a loving and devoted father for their two daughters and proud of their achievements. His professional development took the family from Rochester to the Medical School of Pennsylvania State University and to University of Miami Medical School. He moved his research work to Mount Sinai Hospital in Miami Beach, then later joined the faculty of what is now Nova Southeastern University School of Osteopathic Medicine in Fort Lauderdale. There he chaired the Biochemistry Department, serving as a mentor to students. Ken's grandfather Woodside was a Friend, and Ken, Laura, and their family were members of the Rochester (N.Y.) and Brookline (Mass.) Meetings. Mr. Woodside served as Friends Church of Miami and Miami Meeting's executive committee in 1968 to establish an interracial, interreligious, secular meeting to like-minded householders, who built homes.
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**Forum, continued from p.5**

Why it's called “Florida Avenue Meeting”

If our Friend Riley Robinson of Washington, D.C. (Forum, F/J May) understands the history of the Florida Avenue Friends Meeting, perhaps he will understand why we “oldies” refer to it by that name.

When I was born in late 1924 in Washington, my parents, and my grandparents, Albert and Lena Stabler, were all members of the 1811 Eye (“F”) Street Meeting. I remember attending meeting there many times as a small child. I remember speaking in meeting there at age six, reciting the 23rd Psalm!

When Herbert Hoover was elected, he attended the Eye Street Meeting, and my grandfather knew him, which was a delight to Grandpa. However, I was told that the Friends in Washington decided that the Eye Street Meetinghouse was a little old fashioned for a president to attend meeting in, so they decided to build a new, larger meetinghouse.

I would guess the Florida Avenue Meetinghouse was built in 1929 or 1930. Many Friends then deserted the Eye Street Meeting and attended at Florida Avenue, but for a time, there were two Friends meetings in Washington.

Later, the Eye Street Meetinghouse was bought out and destroyed, and now there is a big office building on that block. If Friend Riley Robinson will go to Eye Street and walk between 18th and 19th, he will see where the meetinghouse used to be.

I hope this history will enable Riley Robinson to understand the reason we oldies always refer to the Florida Avenue Meeting by that name.

Helen Stabler Grinstead
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Help is needed for Russian orphans

We recently returned from a four-and-one-half month trip to Russia, where my husband received a Fulbright grant to teach. I coordinated the purchase and delivery of donations to orphanages and needy families in Pskov, Russia. It was gratifying work, and we hope to continue to help. We have a website with photos from our adventures at [http://www.rorem.com/russia](http://www.rorem.com/russia).

Following is a letter I received from Friends House Moscow. We are very excited that the folks there are continuing the work we were doing while we were in Russia.

There is one particularly needy orphanage in Belskoe Ustrie, with retarded children, which
they have chosen as their project. This orphanage has dire needs for shoes, clothing, and building repairs. When I visited this orphanage in the fall of 1999, it was overwhelming. The stench of urine and disease almost knocks one over when one walks in the door. The paint on the walls and windows is peeling, and the children wear stained clothes with holes. Their socks had holes in them too. Many didn't have shoes. I went with a delegation of Norwegians, who brought food, clothing, and toys. We purchased medicines, kitchen supplies, and other things for them. But the needs of this orphanage are still immense, and they receive very little government funding. They have no hot water, and the building was really cold. If there is any way Friends might be able to help, it would be greatly appreciated. I told the staff of Friends House Moscow that I would spread the word of their project to Quaker meetings in the U.S. Please keep in mind that the U.S. dollar is huge in Russia, and one dollar buys much more there than it can here. Even a small donation by our standards would be a godsend for them. The letter from Friends House Moscow follows.

Dear Rima,

Galina Orlova, a staff member of Friends House Moscow, and Patricia Cockrell, clerk of Friends House Moscow Executive Committee, visited a number of children's organizations in Pskov. The main purpose of our visit was to go to the orphanage for children with mental diseases in Belskoe Ustie. We studied the situation at this orphanage and understood that it was important to help the children. Our experience says it is better to work via trustees rather than through government organizations. We see Friends House Moscow's role as aiding the coordination of the organizations and individuals that are ready to help the orphanage.

We would ask for the assistance of as many Friends meetings as possible. The orphanage is situated in the village of Belskoe Ustie, 120 kilometers from Pskov. There are 111 children, ages 8-18, who live there. The building is in a very poor state. The children are not well fed—only one U.S. dollar is spent per person per day. The money for food does not come regularly.

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Eastern European, Russian, and Third World views must be represented.

In recent assessments of global peace building, a neglected dimension in dialog needs emphasis. Friends’ efforts such as those of Friends House Moscow have largely focused on Western free-trade discourse with free-trade client establishments in Russia and other nations. What may be more central to building a global culture of peace based upon social justice is an inclusive, concentrated discourse among socialist and other non-capitalistic partisans in Russia, Eastern Europe, the Third World,
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Doug Hostetter, International/Interfaith Secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and Mary Ellen Chijioke of the Pendle Hill Forum Planning Committee reflect on the previous session.

Mordecai Jackson, Director of the Men's International Peace Exchange, asks a question to the panelists.

Dan Seeger, Pendle Hill Executive Director, chaired a session on how Friends can make a personal difference today. Gordon Browne told of his experiences as a “military tax refuser” for over thirty years. Friend Ellen Moxley of the Scottish Center for Non-violence shared her story of arrest and acquittal in a direct action program against Trident submarines in Scotland. The African Great Lakes Initiative was described by David Zarembka, Coordinator of Friends Peace Teams Project.

David Hartsough (pictured with participant Steve Angel) made an appeal for the creation of a multi-ethnic, non-violent International Peace Force to witness for peace in strife torn regions.

Thomas Hamm, Professor of History at Earlham College, gave an insightful address on his research on the actions of the AFSC and other Friends during the Vietnam War.

Elizabeth Enloe, Executive Director of the AFSC New York regional office, and Pat Hunt, Pendle Hill Executive Board member, discuss the role of the AFSC in peacemaking.

The intensity of the experience is reflected in the faces of the conference participants.