March 2001

FRIENDS
JOURNAL

CRISIS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Heron Reflections
Prayer: The Changer and the Changed
Gifts of a Weekend in Silence
Seeking Justice—Praying for Peace

And when they were in the field, Cain rose up against his brother Abel, and killed him. Then the Lord said to Cain, "Where is Abel your brother?" He said, "I do not know; am I my brother's keeper?" And the Lord said, "What have you done? The voice of your brother's blood is crying to me from the ground."—Genesis 4:8-10

The story of our human cruelty towards each other appears in the very first book of the Bible in the legendary first family, putting into writing the ancient reality of murderous animosity between brothers, a reality that still appears today, thousands of years later, between peoples and tribes around the world. No wonder we sometimes feel frustration and despair in the effort to seek reconciliation for ourselves or to help mediate for others. There is so much blood crying out from the ground!

Nowhere is this animosity more vividly tragic than in the Holy Land—the part of the world that three great religious traditions hold sacred. Perhaps it is the juxtaposition of the deeply sacred with the equally deep profanity of violence between peoples that renders the circumstances in the Middle East so painful to behold, and so unbearable for those who must endure them.

In this issue we bring you the voices of several Friends whose lives and vocations have taken them into the midst of this land of conflict. Mary Ellen McNish, executive secretary of American Friends Service Committee, shares details of her recent trip to the Middle East with an interfaith delegation (p. 6). In an open letter written last December, Jean Zaru, presiding clerk of Ramallah Meeting, urges Friends to become more actively involved in searching for a just peace (p. 9). Colin South, director of the Friends Schools in Ramallah, and his wife Kathy share their immediate reactions to the murder of two Israeli soldiers and the retaliatory bombing of the police station where this took place, adjacent to the Friends Boys School (p. 11). And Maia Carter, who has been living in the Middle East during the past year, shares her reflections on the current crisis in her Christmas letter to family and Friends back in the U.S.

Despite the extensive news coverage of the tensions in the Middle East, we believe that some of the facts reported here and the perspectives they represent are missing from the usual coverage we in the West receive. There is much blood crying from the ground, and grave injustices and atrocities on both sides of this struggle. As Friends, it is our tradition and our obligation to reach for understanding and pursue peace—not as partisans, but seeking that of God in all parties involved.

How much more difficult it is to pursue that Light in those whose actions repel us—and yet how necessary. Is there not a kind of deepening understanding possible when we are willing to listen to forces which we have thought of as enemies? What increasingly seems essential is for us to take responsibility for our part in the ongoing conflict and to act on that responsibility.

The ecumenical delegation that traveled to the Middle East came back convinced of the need to hold both Israelis and Palestinians daily in the Light. In the end, as we seek truth and pursuit justice, our prayers for all who are caught in this struggle may be our most powerful contribution to its resolution.
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There are other ways to simplicity

Having read the articles by Mark Helpseem and by Fred and Judy Ceppas on their Quaker practices (FJ Dec. 2000), I reflect on my own life journey. Helpseem made a cogent point. It is too late in life for my wife and me to coin a non-chauvinist last name. She gave up her family name 55 years ago without a thought of the implications inherent. I can see Helpseem’s point, and were I to marry again, I would have the same qualms he did.

Harder to understand is the Ceppa wardrobe transition. Wearing one’s Quakerism on one’s sleeve does not tempt me. My grandmother wore the Quaker habit as was customary at the time. Bonnet and gray made Quakers as distinguishable as the Amish are today. Anachronistic clothing went out, as did the speech that held over into my youth.

Lucretia Mott avoided wearing anything that supported the slave system. That I understand and endorse. I would avoid buying clothes made in degrading sweatshops if someone were to show me the way. In the article by the Ceppas, I found no socially redeeming reason cited except simplicity. It seems to me that one can reach that goal without so much trouble. Reflecting on those who attend my meeting, I can think of no ostentation. Blue jeans are most common. My generation is the best dressed with long pants and shirts. And we don’t take off our shoes.

The community knows us as Quakers only when we write letters to the newspaper or demonstrate at the mall for peace and justice or environmental concerns. Our clothing does not betray us. Should it?

Philip Kelsey
Somers Point, N.J.

Quakers rebuilding hope

The real story of Friends in the Great Lakes Region of Africa (FJ Dec. 2000) is not to focus on Ray Boucher and my daughter, Joy Zarembka, throwing dirt into a wheelbarrow, but rather the people and the bricks in the background. All those bricks were made by the members of Kamenge Church (Burundi Yearly Meeting) out of mud found on the site and water from the nearby stream. They were built into a big kiln and fired on the spot—the bricks were still warm when they were given their resting place in the walls. Quakers in Burundi, as everyone else there, are making bricks because bricks imply hope, rebuilding, a more peaceful future. Let me describe a few peacemaking activities of Quakers from this region assisted with funds from worldwide Friends.

In Eastern Congo, whenever there is a massacre, Friends build a monument. That is, they have a memorial service where everyone from all sides is invited to come and bring a stone. During the praying and singing, these rocks are placed together to form a monument for those who were killed.

In Burundi at up-country, out-of-the-way Masawa Friends Church, members have identified 98 vulnerable families—the elderly, women with missing husbands—and if their modest houses are destroyed during the fighting, the church community rebuilds them. I visited the house of an elderly blind man whose house had been rebuilt four times!

In Rwanda, Kidaho Friends Church did not seem to be doing much until we went into their church office and found three-and-a-half 240-pound bags of beans. I asked what the beans were doing there and was told that at harvest time the women bring in the beans, which are kept and given to needy people during the dry season.

In Uganda, a small one-room Friends Church has a training trade school during the week. At night it is a homeless shelter for families whose homes and livelihood have been destroyed by mud slides on Mount Elgon.

The Swahili word “ugenzi” means in English both “guest” and “stranger.” East Africans welcome everyone most warmly. I hope that many more Quakers can visit these remarkable African Quakers, particularly those in the hinterlands, and observe their peacemaking activities for themselves. For advice on getting there, contact me at <davidzarembka@juno.com>.

David Zarembka
African Great Lakes Initiative
Friends Peace Teams

Who are our Quaker “National Treasures”?

I am collecting material for a lengthy documentary on unprogrammed Friends in the U.S., and would like to interview some of our wiser elders, including local, low-profile Friends. I’d appreciate suggestions of Friends who have lived their convictions to a great degree and/or who have exceptional clarity about the Spirit. You may send their name(s) and address/phone/e-mail address and a brief comment to me at the following address. Other forms of support are also welcome: financial, historical, videographic, and archival.

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Recognizing that of God does not mean condoning wrong actions

It is not often in a busy single mother’s life that I manage to get the Journal read at all, especially soon after it comes out. Even more rare is that I find something in it so disturbing that I am led to offer an immediate response.

The well-meaning (for I am sure of that of God in her) arrogance of Janet Minshall’s letter (FJ Dec. 2000), which denounced the bright, well-informed, and dedicated activists of the Seattle and other protests of the World Trade Organization as an “uninformed and angry mob,” defies my imagination! Janet Minshall may be a “trained economist,” but it appears her training was acquired from one of those many learning institutions that have almost as great a stake in the status quo as those multinational corporations she champions. The fact that she agrees with other “trained economists” who defend multinational corporate expansion does not give her the right to demean the intelligence and truth-seeking ability of those committed people in Seattle. They represent a vital alternative perspective to that of the heretofore secretive and still manipulative WTO.

The simple fact that the Seattle protests managed to get the WTO’s unpublicized, carefully protected goal of establishing a purely profit-driven global economic policy brought more into the open is reason enough to cheer those who went there to speak truth to power. As for recognizing that of God in multinational corporations, the Friends testimony, as I understand it, is for human beings, not for constructed legal entities. Certainly, the individuals who make up the WTO, just like the individuals on both sides of an armed conflict, need and deserve our respect and understanding, and our loving support to live their lives ever more fully in the Light. That does not mean we condone the WTO members’ wrong actions and policies that ignore vital issues such as environmental sustainability, fair wages and workplace safety, and basic human needs. Further, recognizing that of
God in a person does not mean condoning wrong actions.

The “peacemaking tradition of Quakers” Janet Minshall mentions is not one of ignoring actions and policies that, for example, deny the humanity, intelligence, and basic needs of workers worldwide, or condone the placing of steadily increasing numbers of men and women—a majority of whom have skin color darker than most of us—who read this JOURNAL—into a prison-industrial complex that is deeply intertwined with the policies and goals of the WTO. True peace comes only through justice for everyone. True peace globally requires looking beyond the entrenched perspectives of an educational establishment whose interests are too often dependent on keeping good relations with the very forces in our current economy that we most need to question.

A truly “impartial economic history,” one that takes into account the effect of the actions of multinational corporations and the policies of the WTO, does not attempt to justify what they have done and propose to do. It looks honestly at all sides of the issues. Fortunately, there are thinking people who are looking more deeply. They are questioning the increasingly obvious links between policies of the WTO and other transnational groups dominated by big business/big money interests and the pervasive poverty and exploitation of workers and poor people all over the globe.

I have no doubt that Janet Minshall cares as deeply as I do about having a healthy, sustainable world. I hope that she will reexamine her assumptions and be willing to look longer at some of the thinking that informs the protests and the protesters. Among many sources, Globalize This!, published by Common Courage Press, Monroe, ME 04951, draws on thinking and facts offered not only by some who were in that “uninformed and angry mob,” but by notable “educated” people and groups such as Paul Hawken, Deborah James, and The Environmental Research Foundation. They clearly explain the statistics and other facts that establish good, sensible reasons to question global capitalistic expansion. Further, they offer excellent suggestions for new directions and policies that support the creation of a democratic, sustainable global economy on which our very survival may depend.

Ellen Deacon

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**New beginnings**

As clerk of the Sing Sing Quaker Meeting, I am blessed to have the opportunity to receive and read FRIENDS JOURNAL each month. As I am a prisoner, the November 2000 cover, depicting a prison cell and the words “Friends and the War on Drugs” caught my attention. The article “Silence Is Complicity” by Sam Chamberlain was a well-written representation of the present state of affairs concerning the criminal justice system. As I pondered the article’s contents, a thought began to grow, urging me to share during silent worship at Sunday morning meeting.

Several days later, when a Friend from Purchase (N.Y.) Meeting brought the same article to my attention, I commented that I also had read it. An interesting discussion ensued. Later I began to realize that another war, the war against our spirit, is being waged with silence; and it is growing stronger all the time. Many wars are being fought in places around the world, but it seems as though the soundless wars of racism, false imprisonment, injustice, discrimination, etc., are the most dangerous wars, as they are kept quietly tucked out of public consciousness. Could the reason be fear that our own conscience will hold us accountable?

As a man in prison for the first time, in a world very different from my upbringing, I have become painfully aware of the struggle that many people have faced throughout their lives. Yet prison, my home for the last 15 years, has been the greatest learning experience of my life. I am not proud of causing two people to lose their lives. I am deeply sorry this tragedy occurred. It is a debt I will carry with me always. However, I have worked very hard to become educated and understand my behavior in the past and present. Today I am well aware that when we help others, we help ourselves.

As a legal rights advocate (jail house lawyer), I have witnessed a gradual deterioration in the number of prisoners who litigate important issues because of their inability to pay the filing fees now required. Issues such as poor medical care, due process violations, guard brutality, discrimination, and other important concerns are being swept under the rug, and the battle to preserve human rights is being lost. The struggle against a political force that cares nothing about re habilitation, constitutional rights, those who have made a mistake, or those who live on the other side of life’s fences has become my labor of love. It is an endeavor that has brought greater purpose and meaning to my life. And in spite of being denied parole on two different occasions based solely on the nature of the crime, I will continue to do positive things while I am in here and when released. I am sure these issues are significant both inside and outside of prison.

I am impressed by the article “Silence Is Complicity.” I am convinced God leads us to new challenges each day and I am thankful. It is time for us to come together in spiritual oneness and listen to the voices of our spirit, what I call “soul talk.” Our ability to communicate spiritually connects us in our diversified unity. George Fox, founder of the Religious Society of Friends, was so moved by the inner experience that he said, “The Lord . . . let me see His love, which was endless and eternal, and surpasses all the knowledge that men have in the natural state, or can get by history or books.”

Gustavo Gutierrez, a Catholic priest, says it very simply and beautifully: “Theology will then be speech that has been enriched by silence.”

People of faith, any faith, need to be conscious of the wars being waged against those who “stand with their backs to the wall” and need to return to their beginnings, standing up for what is right and doing what is right. Howard Thurman, a mystic and author of Jesus and the Dispossessed, said it forthrightly:

> We must abandon our fear of each other and fear only God. We must not indulge any deception and dishonesty, even to save your lives. Your words must be yea-nea; anything else is evil. Hatred is destructive to hatred and hater alike. Love your enemy, that you may be children of your Father who is in heaven.

It matters not where we are; it matters what we are willing to stand up for.

John Mandala
Ossining, N.Y.
Report on an Interfaith Delegation

by Mary Ellen McNish

The delicate and complex issues of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict and the American Friends Service Committee role in the Middle East were brought home to me when at a recent family wedding my brother-in-law told me he thought the Service Committee had been too pro-Palestinian. A member of AFSC’s International Executive Committee echoed this perception just this week. “All these reports make it so und like Israel is the sole aggressor and that we have taken sides with the Palestinians,” she said.

I believe this view points out a real dilemma for AFSC. It is a dilemma the organization has faced many times in its history. Are we reconcilers or are we a prophetic voice shedding light on the underlying causes of conflict? And if we choose to be that prophetic voice what role does advocacy play? Does advocacy inhibit our historic role as reconcilers?

Since 1948 AFSC and other Quaker organizations have been working with Israelis, Palestinians, and others in the region to support peacemaking on all sides. From providing logistical support to the Palestinian refugee camps in the 1940s and 50s, to quiet, behind-the-scenes diplomacy at the United Nations, to a long history of service projects in the region, we have been actively involved with and deeply concerned about the conditions that have evolved over the past 50 years.

On November 18, 2000, I was asked to join a delegation of Christian church leaders going to the Middle East. My first glimpse into how interesting the trip would be was when my seatmate on the flight, a retired grandfather on his way to Israel to see his grandchildren, was approached by a Hassidic man to come to the back of the plane to form a minyan (minimum of 10 men praying together). “No thank you,” he said. “Why not,” said the man; “I pray privately,” said my seatmate. “This is for our soldiers at the front,” said the man. “No, but thank you for asking,” said my seatmate. We had an interesting flight discussing how the conflict has affected the common people.

This trip was organized by Churches for Middle East Peace, and we were invited by our counterparts and the Middle East Council of Churches to witness what was really happening, offer comfort and support, and then to tell that true story to the people back home in the United States.

There were 26 in the delegation, eight of whom were bishops, representing the Episcopal, Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, and Armenian Apostolic Churches as well as the United Church of Christ (Disciples of Christ). Also represented were Church World Service and Witness of the National Council of Churches, Mennonite Central Committee, and American Friends Service Committee.

The first half of our trip was geared toward meeting with and touring Palestinian areas, and the second half was meeting with representatives of Israeli organizations and the government of Israel.

It became clear very quickly what some of the issues were as we drove to Bethlehem on the first day. Since September 28, 2000, when the “Al Aqsa Intifada” began after a visit to the Al Aqsa Mosque area by Likud Party leader Ariel Sharon and thousands of troops, all Palestinian towns have been cordoned off. Palestinians can’t go into
We prayed with each family of the home, Ted Schneider, the Lutheran FRIENDS
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are not working. Those agreements, to work on the framework of talks while deferring the decisions on the Palestinian demands, have allowed Israel, over these years, to build up an unchecked, powerful presence in the occupied territories of the West Bank and Gaza.

The Palestinian position is clear and has been from the beginning: creation of a Palestinian state based on the pre-1967 territorial borders, shared control of the holy city of Jerusalem, recognition of the right of Palestinian refugees to return to their homes, and compensation for the property that was confiscated from them. A plea was also heard from everyone, “Tell the truth about what you have seen”: home demolitions; destruction of forests and of farms; destruction of centuries-old olive groves; continual building of Israeli settlements, which ring the Palestinian towns in the West Bank and Gaza; building “bypass” roads that isolate and strangle Palestinian towns and on which Palestinians are not allowed to travel; the disproportionate use of military force by Israel, financed by the U.S. government.

The highlight of my trip was attending meeting for worship at Ramallah Friends Meeting. Jean Zaru, clerk of the meeting, graciously hosted the meeting in her home. It was wonderful to worship with Friends in this significant place at this critical time. Members of the meeting confirmed that the information we were receiving was correct, and the views we were hearing did in fact match their own views. Delegation members who attended their own denomination’s services reported back the same conversations.

We then began to meet with people from the other side of the conflict. The delegation, filled with a deep concern for the injustice we saw, met with Israeli government officials and representatives of Rabbis for Human Rights, one of whom was director of the Inter-religious Coordinating Council in Israel. Just as the first part of our trip was a profound experience, so was the second, in a different way.

Our discussions with the Israeli mayor of Jerusalem and the deputy minister for religious affairs in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs were unproductive and troubling. Their view was that Israel was under siege and in a state of war. Thus, they believed it was essential to demolish homes, build more settlements and bypass roads, separate the two peoples, restrict movement,
and respond with military might. The delegation left those meetings feeling frustrated.

The meeting with the delegation from Rabbis for Human Rights was deeply moving and informative. They were from the liberal side of the political spectrum of Israeli politics, and as such they were feeling very isolated within their communities. Two of them had immigrated to Israel from the U.S. during the Vietnam years and now found themselves on the "wrong side of the war of independence." One asked, "Is this the country we dreamed of?" "It is tragic, painful, and corrupting, and the more we deny it the more corrupt we become," said another.

When our discussions went to a deeper level about why the two peoples fear each other so much, they confessed that practically every moment is taken with a fear that a child, loved one, or even oneself is about to be blown up either on a bus or shopping for groceries. In fact, the media fans this flame of fear by broadcasting an index of possible terrorist attack every morning on the news just like a weather report. "Threat of terrorist attack is very high today. Keep your children home."

The rabbis believe that Israeli security and Palestinian liberation are two sides of the same coin. They believe that the Palestinian macro-wound of 1948 must be healed and that patterns of dehumanization be broken. "We must make space for another identity, one of peaceful coexistence. . . We have to pull each other up and have a healthy settlement for all who will live in this land."

Once all the conversations were over, the members of the delegation sat together to compose a statement. Everyone united behind it. A press conference was held, the statement read, and questions asked. A follow-up plan was developed that declared, "We must not lose our moment for witness." Each member of the delegation committed to actions that would raise awareness, activate our own denominations, bring the issues to higher church bodies (where appropriate), approach the federal government, inform through the media, and continue to work together. Each denomination committed to holding a prayer vigil until peace comes to the Middle East. Started by the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, the vigil is an opportunity for congregations to incorporate the welfare of the people of the Middle East into the heart of their church life in their worship, in their learning, and in their advocacy. The prayer vigil is an outpouring of concern for Palestini ans and Israelis—Christians, Muslims, and Jews—whose lives are overtaken by broken relationships and the conflict that flows from these divisions. (To learn more about the prayer vigil go to <www.cmep.org> and click on Prayer Vigil.)

As for American Friends Service Committee, we have called together a Middle East Emergency Crisis Response Team, and we are meeting with our counterparts from Britain Yearly Meeting. We are creating a program to address concerns in the region based on our work in the territory and our work in some U.S. cities.

Our work in the Middle East includes the following programs:

- The Quaker International Affairs Representative based in Jordan, who closely follows the evolving Middle East situation. The QIAR is in regular contact with leaders in government, nongovernmental organizations, peace movements, and academics across the lines of conflict. The QIAR also works on issues of regional concern, for example organizing a regional conference in Jordan on the international convention banning child soldiers.

- The Palestine Youth Program, which has branches in Gaza and Ramallah. The AFSC team works with youth serving institutions in Palestine to develop programs with an emphasis on projects related to cultural preservation and heritage, accessibility for physically challenged youth, and youth leadership training.

- The AFSC Israel Program, which provides grants to Israeli grassroots organizations working for Arab-Jewish coexistence in Israel. Support has been given to organizations bringing Arab and Jewish youth together to jointly plan and implement programs. Support has been given to community organizations in the mixed neighborhoods of Acre and Haifa.

We believe our history, as one of the few U.S. organizations working on Middle East issues in cities around the country, will enrich our planning. We ask you to hold us in the Light, learn the facts about the issues, educate your friends and colleagues, challenge misrepresentations, respond when called upon, and be ready to absorb lots of people's anger. Peace, Shalom, Salaam.
Why? There is poor coverage and a misreported Middle East process in the United States and Europe. Palestinian and Arab views are rarely included in the mainstream media. For that reason, there has been unanimity in the public discourse of the West that the peace process is a good thing.

"Oslo can only be genuinely understood as an economic, political, and disciplinary restructuring of Israel's relationship with the occupied territories, based on the unanimity of given Zionist agendas within Israel." (News from Within, October 1999) Or, according to Edward Said, "How do you spell apartheid? O-S-L-O."

During the past three months, over 360 people have been killed and over 10,000 wounded. Reports of these and other incidents of torture and killings of Palestinians are seldom connected to the deeply flawed Oslo Accords nor with the Israeli policy that maintains hundreds of settlements on our land—a policy that continues to increase and enlarge them, even during Israeli Prime Minister Barak's government. Many rejoiced for Barak's election and hailed him as a man of peace, including Arab leaders. According to a report released on September 26, 1999, by the Israeli advocacy group Peace Now, the so-called "growth" during the first three months of Barak's government includes the issuing of tenders for the construction of 2,600 new settlement units. This may be compared to an annual average of 3,000 settlement units under Netanyahu. Coupled with the army's closure of 23,000 dunums [568 acres] of Palestinian land west of Hebron, it becomes clear that Barak is not at all interested in international law that states that settlements are illegal.

When the military attorney warned him about this, Barak answered, "No international law can change our approach. Our decisions are not made according to international precedents but according to our needs and interests." Neither is Israeli law his frame of reference when it comes to deciding the legitimacy of any settlement, despite the fact that the rule of law was a central issue in Barak's election campaign. Only seven "strongholds" out of 42 built after the Wye River Agreement were declared illegal by Israel—that is not having permission from the Israeli government to exist. And only two of the seven illegal settlements have been evacuated.

Settlement growth is driven by political and ideological considerations that serve the strategic military and economic interests of Israel as well as its scheme of national assertiveness. The number of settlers has reached a total of 349,327, of whom 180,000 live in Jerusalem and 6,166 in the Gaza Strip. These settlements are united by a system of highways or by pass roads and industrial areas that prevent continuity between Palestinian towns and villages and have also been built upon confiscated Palestinian land. There are 177 settlements in the West Bank, including Jerusalem, and 18 settlements in the Gaza Strip.

Israel has permitted these settlements to cause environmental degradation to adjacent Palestinian communities. Untreated sewage, for example, is often allowed to run into the valleys below settlements, threatening the agriculture and health of neighboring Palestinian towns and villages. The very existence of these settlements is a direct violation of internationally binding agreements and regulations, as international humanitarian law explicitly prohibits the occupying power...
Jerusalemites not only are deprived of their Jerusalem residency rights and accompanying social services. Since March 1993, Israel has closed off the city of East Jerusalem from the rest of the West Bank. Palestinians who are not officially residents of the city are not allowed to enter Jerusalem without a proper permit issued from the Israeli military authorities. This closure essentially divides the West Bank into north and south cantons and has greatly increased the fragmentation of the Palestinian community.

I am a pacifist and declared publicly, as early as 1975 at the Nairobi 5th Assembly of the World Council of Churches, my aspirations for peace and reconciliation based on the mutual recognition of the rights of both Palestinians and Israelis, including a two-state solution according to international law and United Nations resolutions, the right of return for Palestinian refugees, and equality for Palestinians living in Israel.

I was a lonely voice then, and I was asked by dignitaries and church leaders (all men) not to stick my neck out and make any suggestions. However, I did not stop. I continue until this day because the cries of my people for peace with justice are loud and clear, and my will to resist injustice has not been defeated. I do admit that often I feel tired, frustrated, and drained and that it is people like you, who still care to be open to the truth, who empower me and give me courage and hope to go on.

What Israel offered the Palestinian leadership (and this includes the Nobel Peace Prize winners, Peres and Rabin) was restricted to overseeing the Palestinians living in the occupied territories as it relates to matters of internal security, health, education, sanitation, tourism, and postal services. Israel still controls the land, water, overall security, economy, and borders. Thus, Israel gave Palestinian president Arafat responsibility for the people without the land, without sovereignty, without a proper permit issued from the Israeli military authorities. This closure essentially divides the West Bank into north and south cantons and has greatly increased the fragmentation of the Palestinian community.

How can we have peace when millions of Palestinian refugees still live in refugee camps in the Gaza Strip and the West Bank, in Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon? The refugees had hoped that the Oslo Accords would address the issue of their right of return—which is a basic human right—and compensation, or at least improve their economic situation. But we have been disappointed again and again.

Refugees suffer from overcrowding, poverty, scarcity of water, lack of sanitation systems, and unemployment, as well as a decrease in the services offered by UNWRA, the United Nations Works and Relief Agency for Palestinian Refugees. The situation of refugees in Lebanon and the Gaza Strip is worse than those in refugee camps in Jordan and the West Bank, but all share the frustration of growing unemployment and the lack of progress on the refugee question in the political negotiations. The Palestinian refugees would like to participate in setting the agenda in defense of their rights according to UN Resolution 194 and international law, which supports their right to compensation and property rights.

Your values, as well as the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, do not allow for racial, ethnic, or religious segregation. You call that racism. You are alarmed if right-wing political or religious leaders encourage racism and exclusiveness. But what we Palestinians cannot understand is how, in our own country, on our own land, can we be denied water or land or building permits, or the right to free movement, or right of return, or self-determination, all because we are not Jewish? And how can this be tolerated by the
enlightened world in light of the hundreds of UN resolutions that have been passed condemning Israel for its practices and demanding justice for Palestinians.

Why are Palestinians living in the occupied territories forced to live in bantustans without the right to resist (because this will be interpreted as terrorism)? And why is this not called apartheid? Is this racism or is it a peace process? Why should we have to drop our priorities for independence, statehood, or human rights just to improve Israeli security? Is this racism or is it a peace process? Why this will be interpreted as terrorism? And equals? After all, the conflict is there because of the incompatibility between the two parties. Can we go on with these arrangements while Israel dictates rather than negotiate and does so without regard for the deteriorating day-to-day reality of Palestinian life, where insecurity, unemployment, poverty, and frustration have become almost unendurable?

Can the world continue to be indifferent, as is President Clinton and his government, to the daily abuses of Israeli power and never say a word in public expressing the slightest understanding of our Calvary? Can the world go on distorting truth so that even these bad agreements, which do not offer much to Palestinians, are not even applied by Israel itself? Can we and you continue to be silent when Palestinians are killed by U.S.-made weapons, such as the apache attack helicopters?

As you know, our misfortunes are not few. Our country is becoming one gigantic prison and one vast cemetery. As a result of this recent Intifada, one-third of those injured have been permanently handicapped and 100 of those killed have been children. The people, land, houses, and trees have been brutally treated. Fear and insecurity have replaced compassion and trust. Relations have become hard and tense. The situation has called on all our resources—mental, physical, psychological, and spiritual. And at times, we feel drained. People need time to mourn, to heal their wounds, to pacify their children, and to find their daily bread.

War and violence are rooted in untruth, as is all sin. And the truth here should be known. For there is no plan, no deal, and no imposed peace process—no matter how powerful—that can completely destroy our alternatives. We must have faith in our rights and in the signs of hope in our midst. Understanding structural violence enables us to consider our situation not only at the level of symptoms, but more importantly, at the level of underlying causes.

Structural violence is silent. It does not show. Television captures direct violence and, most often, the violence of the powerless and hopeless, which is then usually qualified as terror.

We must work hard to find nonviolent ways of overcoming political, social, economic, ecological, and religious violence and to join hands with all those who are committed to not give in to the forces of darkness. In order to hope for justice and to hope for peace, we must work for peace.

Now the work of Christmas begins: to find the lost, to heal the broken, to feed the hungry, to release the prisoners, to rebuild the nations, and to bring peace to the world.

This is a difficult note to write. So much has happened and there is so much to say. It has taken me some weeks to begin to understand the depth of the quality of the work at Friends Schools, Ramallah. It is so easy just to see a good school and to miss the richness of the work at the school over a full century and its impact on the life and living of the community of staff and students, past and present.

One of the reporters who questioned me on our verandah at the Boys School, just before the first missile attack, pointed to the violence on the streets and at the checkpoints, the destruction of the car in which the two Israeli reservists had mistakenly entered Ramallah and their subsequent murder in the police station next to the school, and said to me it was clear that our witness to peace and reconciliation in the schools had failed. He further claimed that only the Christian church leaders and a few Jewish rabbis had such a clearly lame message of peace and reconciliation. This message was not shared by the imams of the mosques, he said.

How do we reply to such a charge? The last 15 days, at one level, have been a wonderful God-given gift to me in that the real values of the school have emerged so clearly before my eyes. If you had been there on the morning of the death of the Israeli soldiers it might have brought tears to your eyes. Here was a community of students at the high school, some of whom, particularly some of the older ones, wanted to be out there where the action was. They wanted to demonstrate their indiscutable loyalty to the Palestinian flag and nation, to demonstrate with passion their frustration, anger, humiliation, and pain at the loss of friends and family during this latest Intifada, and to make a statement: by their action that they too could and would stand up as their fathers and brothers had done before them for a retributive justice, and that they would not be subdued by dangerous and sometimes lethal rubber-coated metal bullets or by tanks and machine-gun fire.

But the staff contained them, talked to them, and then went on to repair the school, the offices, the computer room, the classrooms, the playground, and the staff rest room. They left the police station and the school with tears in their eyes, knowing that the work of the school was in ruins. The children who had been working with the staff, who had helped repair the school, who had been going to school and playing with their friends, had now been killed. The school had been destroyed. The children were gone, and the school would be closed until further notice.
the sake of the school and their brothers and sisters here they should return quietly to their classrooms and continue the day until they were told otherwise. Now imagine it—by this time the riot on the streets just 50 yards away was at its peak, the police station was surrounded, the noise of an angry crowd was everywhere. The notorious crowd could be seen from the classroom windows as they forced their way into the police station and overwhelmed the police and the army doing their best to prevent entry. The Israelis were shot, and the rest was covered by the news that you...
have undoubtedly seen and heard. The school was evacuated because everyone expected the worst. Within half an hour of the incident the Israeli helicopters with their ferocious firepower circled overhead, and everyone knew that an attack was imminent. The children were frightened and so the staff were anxious. The school was evacuated to the Jim Harb Hall, which is the furthest point from the police station and the best place for worried parents to collect their children. The evacuation started by 11:00 a.m. and was complete by 12:30 p.m. In the face of the situation, it was a miracle. It was orderly and, in the circumstances, brilliantly conducted. Mahmoud Amra, the head of school, was calm, cool, and collected. He oversaw the whole process with a professionalism and a compassion that was admirable. When faced with a classroom of 30 teenagers overlooking the police station, he said to them before the evacuation and before the murder, "Think about the situation, why is it happening, what should be done. Talk about it with each other, express your feelings clearly, and reason out the implications and remedies." The class listened, reordered their desks, and their teacher was able to function better in the face of this volatile situation. Shortly after, they were on their way to Jim Harb Hall.

The story in the Girls School, with children from five years old through to eleven, was the same although the immediacy of the violence was not so transparent. Nevertheless the children were very frightened, there were tears from some of the younger ones and from some parents, such was their concern. Diana Abdel Nour, the principal, and her staff were thoroughly professional and compassionate and led the children to their parents’ arms in safety. The last child left the care of the school at almost the same time as the Boys School, one-and-a-half hours after the ministry of education ordered the schools to close.

Over the last few weeks, I have gained a much better understand-
Heron Reflections

by Caroline Balderston Parry

On the road home from the wedding of Muriel Bishop and Douglas Summers, reunited after many years apart, a beautiful, hot, end-of-summer day, we stopped for a stretch at the Black River, dark yet sparkling in the sunlight, its margins golden and purple with September flowers. Still tranquil and open-hearted from the loving event, I strolled along the river bank. Suddenly, up flew a heron from the reeds quite near us! He spread his great wings and called out hoarsely as he flew across the blue-black water, into the autumn-colored trees beyond. Somehow I felt the heron was saluting us, felt inspired to be equally strong-winged. Then he flew on, way on down the river, steadily pumping those wonderful blue-gray wings. Another “Quoo-ooon-nnk” echoed across the distance.

Over the past ten years I have gradually grown into a sense of deep and sacred connection to great blue herons. In the beginning, I was surprised by this connection to the natural world, but now I have come to accept that these large, long-legged, wide-winged birds are a very precious part of my spiritual life. To me, herons are graceful, not at all ungainly, and their appearance always seems portentous. My encounters with herons—or even with just a consciousness of herons—always seem to help me find Spirit, reminding me of my divine center.

This set of journal entries about those encounters and my life during this period, integrated with my reflections upon both, are meant to share some of my spiritual journey. The journey is often punctuated by stillness.

1. Heron Stillness

On my run today I ended up at my lookout point in the conservation area and spotted a sentinel heron about halfway across the lake. I had binoculars with me, so I observed him closely for a bit, as he waited—for what?—quite motionless. Then I simply stood still myself, asking for help to quiet my internal dialogue, my rushing mind with its lists of all there is to do.

Many years of trying to get the day-by-day business of moving forward right have taught me to start from that core place of Spirit. And in recent years herons have helped my learning. Over and over I have seen them, standing still in a lake or river or along the margin of a swamp or pond, reminding me in some mysterious way to be still and know that I am God.

What does it mean to be still, then? For a heron I imagine it means merging into a timeless now, fully present in each moment, aware of water, fish, lily pads, wind. Herons seem so good at this, not moving at all for long stretches of time, then perhaps simply cocking an angular head, or taking a few steps, spreading out a wing and folding it back inward again, turning to face another direction if need be, and returning to watchful stillness.

As I watch this straight gray-blue shape, I think being here now, fully myself, means a total immersion in knowing that all is well, being relaxed in faith that my life is unfolding as it should. This understanding helps me to still my incessant inner chatter. I salute that heron, nod towards yet another one fishing farther beyond the first, and turn toward home, holding heron stillness within my heart.

Reflecting pool—blue heron balances on itself.

—Pamela Miller

For it is only framed in space that beauty blooms. . . . Here on this island I have had space. . . . Here there is time; time to be quiet; time to work without pressure; time to think; time to watch the heron, watching with frozen patience for his prey. . . . Then communication becomes communion and one is nourished as one never is by words.

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh
Gift From the Sea

II. God-ness through Herons

Some days I am filled with a pervasive sense of inclusiveness, that God is the herons and all the other birds, yes, and their reflections in the still water; and God is the snapping turtle that lurks beneath the surface, and the tiny feathers, the minute duckweed, the foraging snails, and even the rotting logs. At the same time I play with the paradox that I myself am a spark of God, have my own divine core. Other times the phrase “and know that I am God” pushes me right outside my immediate personal thoughts into a new framework that starts me saying my prayers.

Just what does that phrase mean? It’s puzzling because I find different responses in myself as I move through differing moods and modes of being. Some days those words admonish me, tell me sharply to just stop and relax. Other times, more gently, these words remind me to let go of all my small worries, schedules, and questions and to realize I am part of a bigger

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III. Praying with Herons

What I have been learning over these heron years is that part of my job in living, part of my business or work, part of being truly human, is to pray, even though I don’t think I fully understand just exactly what prayer is. Once at Canadian Yearly Meeting I signed up for a small group discussion on prayer led by Lyle Jenks, a man whom I love for his clarity. Only eight of us gathered in a small room to share our experiences, but several were very dear Friends and wise older women. It was a very close time—a precious time, in Quaker language.

Lyle opened our session by saying he didn’t know what the boundaries of prayer were—and to my dismay I burst into quiet tears that continued for some time. I felt fragile not only then and when it was my turn to share my thoughts, but also later over supper. Still I chose to be open and to tell the group about herons and their importance to me in general. I specifically spoke about one summer day on the bike path when I had seen herons in an abundance that electrified me, and I said, “Whatever it means, I pray with herons.” Later I remember the sense that this sharing-which-felt-like-confession was seminal, a turning point in acknowledging my relationship to these magnificent birds.

Another time, in a different Quaker workshop, a leader referred to prayer as “absolute attention,” which made profound sense to me. When I am giving thanks or seeking help for myself or others, the more I am totally absorbed in that process, the more connected to the Divine I feel, the more I intuit I am truly praying as the world’s wise ones speak of it, attending to the absolute moment of love or need or gratitude. And when I meet herons, for reasons beyond my understanding but miraculously acceptable to me, I am attentive in the deepest ways I know. And so it seems that I indeed pray with herons.

We use imagery to translate the immense unknowable Sacred into symbolic terms we can relate to. We pray to a “Thou,” not an “it.” We have “peopled” the heavens with angels and attributed the earth and sky with familial ties: Brother Sun, Sister Moon, Mother Earth. We look for ways to be in relationship with the energy of the universe.

—Christina Baldwin
Life’s Companion

IV. Herons Rising Fearless—vs. Flapping Ducks

I run to the edge of Mud Lake where the large bare log makes a good sitting place and find the opening blocked by a big maple sapling. The beavers have chewed it down—they perennially resume activity in the fall. I heave and pull on the sapling, leaving it in the water where I hope the beavers will claim their rightful booty, but I scare a lot of bird life in so doing. Dozens of ducks fly up, quacking and fussing, and a number of grebes are frightened away. Far off two herons move on down into the swamp, their wings startling white in a sudden burst of sun between gray clouds.

As I stand and watch, the sound of the ducks flying is very noticeable—they flap out of the water, awkward and noisy in contrast to the great blues’ silent rising, and then the ducks’ wing movements actually whistle—in a rusty, inefficient-sounding way—as they go. Herons, in comparison, seem so deliberate and slow, so sure. They may fly off, but do so prudently, never in a panic like the ducks so literally “in a flap.” It’s as if they decide to move on merely because their human observers are being inconsiderate. Despite their size, those great, gray wings seem hushed, and when the herons quonk at me, they may be annoyed in a superior way, but they do not seem to scold out of fear, like their smaller feathered fellows.

In fact, the herons seem quite fearless to me, whether standing their watery ground or wisely departing when conditions are not good for them. And this I ask for myself, for all of us: fearlessness. Further, I ask for the wisdom to know when it is a moment to be still and stay where we are, remembering our deep connection to the Divine, or when it is time to move on.

... our learning comes from this, when a heron blurs the lines of our Divinity.

—Craig William Andrews
quoted in the magazine Heron Dance,
August 1997

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To decide that a situation is not right and to declare it as clearly as the heron quacks is a radical act. As a child I did not have these wise models and actually learned an opposite sort of behavior. A young girl in a large, judgmental family, I adapted an accommodating, equivocal pattern, trying to please or at least second-guess everyone around me. But now I can choose a different stance as I relearn how to be centered in self, realizing that it is different from being self-centered.

At midlife, the herons call to me to leave behind those old ways and proudly fly my own course. May we all stretch and affirm our sense of self, stretch our wings, and rise with care and purpose; deciding for ourselves where to stand or settle. May we, like the herons, move beyond fear.

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Late October: no frost yet and a salmon-striped sunrise seen through the woods beyond my fence. Time to climb over the fence to jog and enjoy the season before I get to work. A windy morning, chilly, the sky gray, the red-yellow-brown leaves more than half blown from the trees around the lake. Just as I emerge at my lookout spot on the point, a heron rises up from nearby, and then a second one comes winging over my head. I stand and follow their paths as they fly first east with the wind and then west against it.

Oddly, they aren't just moving farther off from an intruder, they are circling around and around, across the wind-ruffled lake and back again several times. Each time they wing slowly towards me against the wind and then zoom away like feathered rockets, with the wind behind them. Soon they are joined by a third heron, sweeping low along the water and exposed tree stumps, angling high into the sky to make a triangular pattern of windborn black silhouettes.

I try watching these windy-day herons through binoculars but can barely keep focus on two at a time, never all three. Occasionally I lose sight of one or another, or one alights briefly on the lake or a tall pine; but they don't seem to want to settle, and first one, then the other, ascends once more, confidently breasting the wind. More accurately, perhaps the herons are disinclined to be still on a day so stirred by wind. Like the leaves being tossed and torn from their branches, the herons do not resist, but soar and swoop with the rushing air.
Such energetic company! The wind is cold but invigorating today, and the herons of this morning are fast-moving sky artists, not their usual stately selves. I turn into the wind myself, ready to trot home through the swirling autumn leaves, and know that I too will be vigorous and joyful.

Great herons rising high against buffetting winds:
May we soar with them.

—Caroline Balderston Parry

VI. Winter Heron Thoughts

Out early in the cold air, snow crisp underneath, and the sunlight brilliant, I decide to ski right across Mud Lake, passing the newer beaver lodge, inspecting a muskrat home en route, all the way to the swampy-now-icy east end and back. As my skis rhythmically skim the surface, crunching more than cutting through the snow, I realize that I seem to be on a kind of heron patrol, visiting all the sites where I so often see herons standing in the warm weather, when I am usually confined to the shore. Near the old beaver lodge I even find some of the silvered curving stumps that in some lights deceive me into thinking they themselves are herons.

Winter seems so absolute in mid-February that it's hard to recall all the growing season colors of green leaves, orange jewelweed, and purple loosestrife stalks—all I can see of them today are dry brown stems and branches, sharp outlines against the hard whiteness of the lake. And yet, just as I know the herons will return, so will summer. I tell myself firmly that this is always so, despite the snow—and notice with joy how the sun has melted a little hollow around each stump and stick protruding through the ice. Wherever there is a darker surface to soak up the sunlight, the warmth is slowly winning. The days are lengthening, and soon this frozen white expanse will crack and melt.

Then there will be feathered wings beating across Mud Lake, making different sounds than my swift sliding skis.

So too, the spiritual life with its mystical inner heartbeat is always beating around me, around all of us, if we can only stop to notice. Sometimes we sense a divine uni-
versal pulse as we watch the seasons shift or listen to the wild birds or the rushing river rapids. Sometimes we need silence to remind ourselves; sometimes it comes upon us in medias res, in the middle of the river of life—or of a frozen lake.

New, in the evening, I sit by the window, look out at the mountains, close my eyes, and hundreds of wings come toward me. So many wings inside me, a heart full of wings, arms, toes, brain, tongue, all wings. And a huge motion goes through me, and we travel together.

—Burchild Nina Holzer

A Walk between Heaven and Earth

VII. Herons and a Sense of Homecoming

During the months I was teaching in Oxfordshire, I hardly saw any herons, let alone had any real moments of what I might call heron communion. I wondered about this lack from time to time, especially as my initial visit to the school had been crowned by a slow heron winging across those green hills, steady, high, and confident. That heron seemed to confirm my sense that this opportunity was the right next step for me to take. After I came back to work at Sibford School as "writer in residence," however, I never saw another heron in that area. Undeterred, I kept writing away faithfully on this manuscript, periodically musing about any possible meaning in my lack of actual heron sightings that felt spiritually important.

When I come home to Britannia and Mud Lake once more, and when the flurry of arrival and unpacking, visitors and neighbors welcoming me back subsides, I naturally head off to look for "my herons." It is the third evening after my return, and the end-of-August light is golden across the dry fields and trees. I bike along the northern edge of Mud Lake, following the little supply road to the filtration plant until I come to the gates, and I turn off onto a spit of land where the beavers have gnawed down all the saplings and even some substantial maples.

Parking the bike, I follow a short trail through the tall loosestrife and reeds. I quietly step out onto the dam and boulder at the end of the point, and a big fellow, vivid and still, immediately catches my gaze! More accurately, the late sunlight illumines the broad white streak of feathers beneath the bill of a standing heron.

Near enough to be very clear, yet too far off to be alarmed by my appearance, he seems to be basking in the evening while all around him other waterfowl are busy with their incessant swimming and feeding. Far off, where shadows reach across the lake, I can also make out the fast-moving shape of a beaver, the quiet prow of its black head hardly visible, water rippling softly behind.

Sudden tears stream down my face. Taking all this old familiar beauty in, especially sighting the heron, touches me deeply: my spirit feels jubilant. It is as if I am inwardly exclaiming, "Oh there all you creatures are at last!" When I spot another and then another heron in the distance, it seems as if they respond, "Of course, we are always here, what did you expect?" Blowing my nose, eyes blurry, I watch one heron fly low across the glassy lake waters that reflect the wide-winged image I hold so dear. Inwardly, I reaffirm that I will continue to spread my own wings, continue to trust that Spirit will match and meet my human efforts. Tearfully, thankfully, I truly know I am home once more.
VIII. Heron Alignment

I am lying on a towel on the floor in a body awareness class, along with about half-a-dozen other women, and the leader is talking us through a series of moves. It is early on a Saturday morning in June, warm enough to be wearing just a T-shirt and shorts. My T-shirt happens to sport a glorious heron image; it was a birthday gift from a friend who knew how pleased I would be with it.

The floor is hard beneath my back, yet my body is fairly relaxed and my mind feels present in the moment, aware of each small movement task we are asked to do. “Notice your shoulder blades,” I hear the leader say, “check whether they are both equally in contact with the floor. Are they different? Feel how your spine touches the floor, feel each vertebra.” When she finishes leading us through our trunks and limbs, she suggests we concentrate on our heads. “Turn your head to the left side and try not to be tense in your neck. Now let the plane of your chin be parallel to the top of your shoulder. With your eyes closed, in this position imagine that your nose is pointing to the left, and breathe in deeply.”

Suddenly I am filled with an unexpected merriment, an inner chuckling contentment! As I focus my awareness on my nose, I realize my own nose is lined up with the sharp, pointing beak of the large heron head-and-shoulders portrait on the T-shirt that covers my breast. My T-shirt heron is drawn in a side view, with its S-curve neck, head plumes, and strong beak all turned to the left, as my head now is. It is totally surprising, yet seems so fitting, and funny too, to consider that I myself am long-necked and also have a straight, pointed nose.

I often think of myself as like a heron, but this moment carries more meaning than that simple recognition. Here, aware of the warm summer air around me and the position of each bone and fingertip resting on the rough towel surface beneath me, I have a profound sense of once again lining myself up to the Divine. It’s as if the heron image has drawn my attention to—no, literally pointed the way to—the Great Alignment. My nose is parallel to the painted heron’s, my heart is open to the universe, and quiet happiness suffuses me, top of head to tip of toe.

On Earth As in Heaven

Everything in the universe has its place and orbit it would seem, Mercury, Jupiter, Neptune, Mars, moon around earth, earth around sun, even the comets hold steady to the course however tight they cut the curves.

In my mother’s kitchen,
teaspoons spoon with teaspoons
knives with knives.
The woven baskets frame the window
and the toaster
sits confidently always
southwest of the cutting board.

Like a rogue asteroid,
somewhere cut loose and singular
in a patterned sky,
I, however, lose my track
and the objects that should
by rule of gravity—
I believe—hold fast
to the space around me.

Keys, rings. My car
in an infinity of parking lots.
Brand new glasses, gone
when I was nine, despite
a crack commando team
sent to search and recover,
They emerged days later
from their nest between the sheets
in the linen closet.
Where else would they be?

Most inconveniently,
I lose myself.
“North is up,”
my fifth grade teacher said,
pointing to the compass between
the continents,
but directions do not hold.
The sun rises sometimes here
sometimes there.
North migrates erratically
beyond my grasp
shifting with each turn I take
and leaving me
to wonder lost on a simple
mountain path
or between the market
and my piano teacher
in a town with two traffic lights
and one short street of stores.

Kesaya E. Noda is a member of Hanover (N.H.) Meeting.

Mornings how grateful I am for light
seeping through the city streets
like an incoming tide,
washing over each cold pole
and Edison eye
to call all the world
into the ocean of day.
Waking me to silence
where I can seek and find
the Center
that sways and shines
through the fingers of my faith
and illuminates
my every
way.

—Kesaya E. Noda
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PRAYER
The Changer and the Changed

by Barry Zalph

Not coming from a prayer-oriented family or community, I found the idea of praying for someone vaguely embarrassing. "What's the point of lobbying God? Doesn't God already know our every need and desire?" Praying for help had a taint by association with manipulative "faith healers" and their simpleminded flocks. Armies on both sides of nearly every war have prayed for, and have the strength or sureness to pray, alone, for her miraculous recovery. The remainder of my prayers focused on her comfort rather than her healing. She died a couple of weeks later. Oddly, I do not remember asking anyone for help with my prayer conundrum. Despite my confusion, this experience made the power of prayer undeniably real to me.

Doubts still nagged me:

• When should I pray? Should I reserve prayer for singular occasions such as terminal illness? Somehow it seemed disrespectful to invoke this power for my comfort or convenience. Where should I draw the line?
• How should I pray? As a highly verbal person, rather unskilled at visualization, I considered my first prayer experience anomalous. While it showed that effective prayer need not conform to a familiar formula, I suspected that there were more and less beneficial ways to pray.
• For what should I pray? Though I never entertained the notion that my prayers controlled my mother-in-law's destiny, I knew that they unleashed power. How could I know whether I was praying for the right thing, particularly in situations when another concerned person was hoping for something else? Even if everyone united in the same wish, would it necessarily be right in the grand scheme of things?
• How does prayer work? Does intercessory prayer mean trying to change God's mind? Are certain outcomes good only by virtue of people caring enough to pray for them? This seems to imply very mushy...
boundaries between good and bad. If "good" really means something, why wouldn't God choose it every time, irrespective of our petitions? Not surprisingly, these questions paralyzed my prayer life for some time.

My discovery a year later of Friends and waiting worship did not quickly result in prayer taking a central role in my life. Friends asked me to pray for various people facing various challenges. I might agree to "hold them in the Light," but more as a vague statement of goodwill than as a commitment to some concrete action. Friends spoke glowingly of the value of prayer in their own times of trial. Somehow, expectantly awaiting the blessed Voice during meeting for worship came more easily to me than attempting to enlist divine assistance in a specific situation.

The next several years brought a gradual easing of my reluctance to pray. Usually, I played it safe and prayed for big, distant causes that seemed unquestionably good and worthy of God's attention. In about 1990, a Friend shared in vocal ministry her efforts to pray that the Light would find its way into the hearts of evildoers. This message challenged me to love the despots and murderers and recognize that the Holy One could reach and redeem even them. What seemed impossible to me rested easily within the grasp of the Divine. Although I no longer remember who shared that message or what words she used, the message opened a new era in my prayer life and faith.

Timidly and tentatively, I began to pray for help in personal challenges facing me and my friends and relatives. I felt like something I ought to do. I suspended my questioning and decided I did not need to know how prayer worked. By and by, I became convinced that it did work.

Eventually it dawned on me that prayer has nothing to do with influencing God. Rather, prayer proclaims my conscious decision to unite my will with the divine will. In other words, by praying I assert my desire to align my actions and thoughts with right order. I lay a concern at the feet of the Holy One and ask for the clarity to discern and the strength to follow divine guidance. I open myself to God's incomprehensible, unlimited love, power, and grace to heal, transform, and transcend. I offer myself to serve in any way divinely directed. Instead of telling God what to do, I ask what God would have me do. This frees me to pray in any circumstance, because at heart is the prayer of Jesus, "not my will but thine be done." (Luke 22:42)

Yet my practice rarely approaches the ideal of prayer without ceasing. Many times, laziness or stubbornly-held hopelessness shackles my prayer life. When I have a hard time imagining a good outcome to a painful situation, I resist praying. My fitful prayer has less in common with that of Jesus than with the plea of the father of the demon-possessed boy: "I believe; help thou my unbelief!" (Mark 9:24) Despite my contrariness, grace has a way of finding me and gently reminding me to return to prayer.

Praying for other people has become one of the most reliable ways for me to experience the quickening presence of the Holy Spirit. As I imagine in prayer a healed person, relationship, or society, I feel a thrill of awe and gratitude at the capacity and willingness of the Holy One to transform anyone or anything to a whole and blessed state. I do not know what this wholeness might entail. A glance around me confirms that the Creator can solve any problem in ways more beautiful and profound than I could ever envision.

As I immerse myself more frequently and deeply in prayer, a web of interconnected benefits manifests itself. Focusing on the struggles and sufferings of others decreases my self-absorption. Laying their troubles at the feet of God reminds me of my powerless­ness to heal others. Conversely, it reminds me that I can serve as an instrument of divine love and healing if I make myself available for that service. Prayer increases my helpfulness and turns back the tide of fatalism. This in turn eases my anxiety and makes me better company and a steadier worker. Prayer reassures me that the works of the Divine, including those in which I play a part, face no constraints of time and resources. Through prayer I become less frustrated and more patient.

As a spiritual companion to a traveling Friend invited to help a meeting through a painful situation, I participated in a very intense threshing session. As I intently held that meeting in the Light, a prayer overtook me: "Oh, that I could pray so fervently for my own meeting!" Upon returning home, I sought to hold my meeting in prayer during worship, during business, and throughout the week. This has
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March 2001 FRIENDS JOURNAL
I don’t know exactly what attracted me to the idea of a silent retreat last April at Woolman Hill in Deerfield, Massachusetts. In all my relationships, I’ve been driven to communicate, to understand, to be understood. Admittedly, this adds effort to interacting with others, but I’ve never known any other way to achieve genuine contact. In signing up for the retreat, perhaps I was drawn to the possibility of discovering what was there, inside, if I just stopped. At the very least I figured, I’d get to spend some extended time in nature. I pictured sunshine, birds, and soft spring breezes.

Driving from Connecticut that Friday, I scanned the battleship gray skies, hoping against all weather predictions for the promise of a white cloud or even a lighter patch of gray. I arrived early at the old farmhouse where I’d be staying, dropped off my bags, and began to take a walk down Keets Road. The air was heavy with moisture. Breathing in the fragrance of field grasses and budding trees, I’d gone half a mile before a pinpoint drizzle turned into a downpour. When I returned, soaking wet, the others had arrived—nine of us in all. I found my room, changed my clothes, and joined the group.

After a relatively quiet supper, we gathered to speak briefly about our expectations for the weekend. Like me, everyone there had come with their life’s concerns. I shared what was uppermost in my mind—a love relationship that was ending. Most of the others spoke more generally about transitions they were going through, or “some different things” they were dealing with.

It is this very reserve, the way people hold back from disclosing who they are, that so often makes me feel alone with my life’s struggles and joys. In another setting, I might have asked questions, prompted conversation, or at least shown my empathy. This time, I tried to accept people’s guardedness without judgment or personal involvement. From someplace deep inside, a sigh of relief welled up in me.

During the churchlike quiet of the rest of the night, slight sounds stood out—the shuffling of slipped feet, the clink of a spoon on a cup, logs crackling in the wood stove. As I sat on a couch, flipping through books a group member had spread on the table to share, one by Wendell Berry caught my eye. I found this line about the ease of old friendships in his poem Kentucky River Junction: “Though we have been apart, we have been together.” The words filled me with longing for the man I still loved, whose presence was ever in my heart.

Alone upstairs, I cried for the many gifts this good man and I had brought to each other’s lives; for the courage it took us both to let go with love; and for the knowledge that, despite our differences, we’d always remain connected. I pulled his borrowed sleeping bag over me and slept soundly.

A heavy rain was battering the roof when I awoke Saturday morning. After my shower, as I prepared to join the group, I noticed myself tensing up—a lifelong reaction to being with people I don’t know. Downstairs, I poured coffee, smiled at a couple of people, helped myself to breakfast.

Sitting at a long wooden table, I ate, chewing slowly and deliberately—really tasting the eggs, the toast, the home fries. As we sat together, I noticed each person around the table: savoring a bite, lost in private thought, or staring out the windows as rain fell. In our silence, I felt a sense of belonging.

It helped me to see how much of an outsider I usually feel in groups. I compare myself to others who seem more “popular” or at ease, worry about things to say, or feel compelled to ask (or answer) tiresome questions. Here, with no pres-
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Sure for social talk, I allowed myself to just eat, just observe, to just be. How wonderful, I thought, if being with other people could always feel this relaxed.

During the day, I found that even smiling began to feel like an imposition—the demand to be friendly, to prove friendliness. I began to opt for nods or eye contact, instead, intimating simply, I appreciate your presence. I had never before realized how much reassurance we ask of each other all the time in daily life: I, perhaps, more than most.

I lost track of time. Around me, people sat at windows watching the rain, napped on the couch with comforters, read books—respectful of, yet minimally involved in, each other's presence. I felt alone, but not left out. Not lonely.

At different times I'd stop to reflect on something I'd read, and I'd notice, as if for the first time, someone else staring away from the open pages of a book or slowly knitting or writing feverishly in a journal. My heart would soften to each person upon whom my gaze fell. I was struck by the irony that, with all the words we say to each other, we cannot ever really tell anyone who we are, nor expect to find the reality of other people in what they tell us. It is perhaps when we least intend to communicate that we most reveal ourselves.

Being together in this effortless way also gave me a chance to see how strained I generally am around other people as I attentively try to find out who they are. It occurred to me that getting to know other people is a slow process that cannot—and need not—be rushed. Here, I felt the implicit assumption that whoever you are, whatever you are doing here, I accept you. It was a subtler shift for me to ease into the flip side of that assumption: whoever I am, whatever I am doing here, I accept myself. If I could remember these truths, I could enjoy people even before I got to know them well.

I began to see that in conversation we have only the details of our thoughts and feelings in which to find mutuality. In silence, the specifics of a person seemed not only unimportant but potentially divisive, one more way I would judge myself similar or dissimilar to someone else. The fact was, we were all connected—we were all part of God—and I was one of them and they were one of me, and we were part of everything around us.

That evening, during a temporary letup
Strange human pull to assign such strong feelings to only one special person. I breathed love in. I exhaled love. In my room that night, I cried at the thought of love's abundance—and at the strange human pull to assign such strong feelings to only one special person.

Sunday morning, the moment I woke up, I stripped my bed and packed my clothes. I found myself thinking ahead, almost frantically. Would I encounter a lot of traffic going home? Should I stop at an antique shop? What did I need to take care of when I got back?

As my mind began its old race, I realized that already, even before leaving, I'd forgotten to stay present. This, I could see, was going to be my greatest challenge in keeping the gifts of the weekend alive in daily life. For if I could not experience the moment I was in, how could I have a true experience of anyone or anything existing in that moment? How can I connect with what is when I am temporarily disconnected from the place where it exists?

After morning worship, our group remained sitting in a small circle in the dining hall, and as the rain beat upon those tall windows, we shared whatever parts of our retreat experience we chose. This time, people spoke more specifically about themselves, their struggles and insights. I cared about what they said, but I no longer needed to hear their stories to feel connected to them. The silence had given us a framework in which we could fit together while finding our separate places. It was as if we had been putting together a puzzle—individually and collectively—that only now could be revealed.

One woman seemed to sum up what I felt about this group of people whom I hardly knew, but felt closer to in silence than so many people I've known more personally. So often, she said, she'd missed the moments of her life by doing one thing while focusing on something else. She had been more herself with us, she said—more present in the act of living—than she had been hundreds of other times in her life, with hundreds of other people.

"I was really here this weekend," she said, giving me the final insight I would bring back into the larger world of strangers, friends, and loved ones. "And you were really here with me while I was living my life."
Quaker Profiles

Loida Fernandez

by Kara Newell

Conversation with Loida Fernandez focuses on family, Quakers, and her current work. Her life seems shaped by her Quaker heritage and faith journey. "I am the youngest of three daughters. I have a son, Emilio, who is 19 years old and in his second year at Haverford College, doing sciences. He is my pride! He grew up bilingual and got a full scholarship to Haverford, after doing high school at Olney Friends."

In 1950, Loida Eunice Fernandez Gonzalez was born in Ciudad Mante, in Northeast Mexico. Education is important in her family: "my mother's relatives went to a Quaker school, and she graduated from high school." All family members on her mother's side were Quakers; she characterizes her family as Quaker Christian, and she notes that "Loida Eunice" is a biblical name (grandmother and mother of Timothy). Her grandfather was the first Quaker in Mante.

Her story is best in her own words:

"Both of my parents are deceased. I was able to care for each of them in their last days, which gave us the opportunity to finish our business and feel good about our relationships.

"As a young adult I moved to Ciudad Victoria, where our meeting is. I had rarely attended our meeting for worship because it is a two-hour drive to Ciudad Victoria from Mante. But living in Victoria, I got to participate in the meeting. I had always felt close to people in the meeting; in many ways, we were like an extended family, so natural in Mexico.

"Early in the '50s the pastor of our meeting, Don Genarito G. Ruiz, and a member of Mexico City Meeting, Heberito Sain, had the vision of bringing Friends together regularly to consider a theme in worship-sharing. Our of those meetings in the '50s grew what is now the General Reunion of Mexican Friends.

"My mother was an early clerk of the General Reunion of Mexican Friends. As clerk, she received epistles from Friends around the world. They were in English, which I didn't understand then, but I did understand that my mother had connections with people who believe more or less as I do. Growing up knowing about the larger family of Friends was like a small lab for the kind of things I do now with Friends World Committee for Consultation.

"I moved to Mexico City to study theology and work at Friends House. By 1969 I was a Quaker by conviction. Through participation in the student Christian movement, which was very ecumenical, I was exposed to all kinds of people, ways of thinking, theology, and actions. Many Christians I respected got involved in liberation movements in Latin America, but that was not my response. As a Christian I needed to find my way to participate in changing the world. Quakerism was a way to put together faith into action, my natural path.

"I participated in the 1969 Young Friends of North America conference, in Kansas. I spoke very little English but the spirit I felt there was very deep. Someone in prison was being tried as a conscientious objector. There was a vigil, and for the first time, I experienced holding someone in the Light. I also discovered an alternative to liberation theology in the "Lamb's War," the Christology written and talked about by T. Canby Jones, Lewis Benson, and others. It was a turning point for me to have another option for embracing peace and nonviolence.

"I have been working for Friends World Committee for Consultation for seven years as the staff person for the Latin American Region, Section of the Americas. I also worked for FWCC earlier. I was the first person to act as executive secretary for COAL, an organization of Latin American Friends formed after the Wichita conference of 1977.

"My job is keeping different groups of Friends in Latin America in touch with each other and responding to the needs of these Friends. I relate to Friends in nine different countries, most from the Evangelical tradition, some who call themselves pastoral Friends, as well as a small group of unprogrammed meetings.

"I am facilitating the production of Quaker literature in Spanish—translations of excerpts from different books. Right now we are emphasizing Barclay's Apology. We put into a booklet two of the propositions having to do with the outward sacraments; we're also doing workshops on Barclay.

"Where 99.9 percent of the non-Catholic groups practice both communion and baptism, our tiny Friends minority needs a response to people who say that Friends are not Christians. We help Friends say, 'My church
has a very long history; I'm not a member of a new church. We Friends have been here for more than 300 years and we are active today.

"Another project is facilitating a two-way dialogue between Friends from English-speaking countries and those from Latin America about their faith experiences. We're putting together Latin American Quaker reflections or meditations on specific themes in a bilingual way.

"Important models and influences in my life are first of all, my mother, and then my aunt. They were very strong, kind, faithful women, also known by their deeds in the community. In our small town, my mother began a dialogue between Catholics and Protestants, which was no small accomplishment.

"Several other Quakers are important to me. I had a dialogue with Heberto Sein about his silent vigil and witness that there has to be a way to resolve conflict other than through violence. Mike and Margaret Yarrow were at Woodbrooke when I was there, their lives a testimony to nonviolence. Domingo Ricart, a Spanish Quaker, inspired me with his very deep concern for the translation of Quaker literature.

"I nurture my faith in two ways. One is prayer, and the other is participation in the meeting for worship. In the last year, particularly, I have been able to have a worship-sharing group with my family, which has been very important.

"I enjoy writing poetry, mostly in Spanish, though I have written two or three things in English. I also like to write stories. Music is one way to make me happy. I am taking singing lessons!

"For the past few years I have lived with my 94-year-old aunt, Cointa. Sometimes I'm tempted to think I am taking care of her, but in my heart I know that she's taking care of me! We do a lot of praying together; she's a wise woman, and she's really fun, too, always making jokes. She reads two newspapers a day and two weekly magazines. She watches the news on TV. Her sense of justice is very important. She reads the Bible, of course—that's central to her life.

"Recently we have been looking at women characters of the Bible. It is fascinating to see how, at her age, she questions some of the roles women have played in the Bible, and she doesn't agree with those!"

Hearing Loida Fernandez speak about the influences in her life, as well as her ministry, makes it clear that she has absorbed many admirable qualities and lessons from her family and her Quaker upbringing. She is an international Quaker, doing important ministry, strong in her beliefs, articulate in her witness, and a delightful person with whom to spend time.


Pendle Hill Spring Weeklong Courses

Woolman, Women Traveling in the Ministry
“Love is the First Motion”
Liz Kamphausen  April 8–13

Introducing the Religious Thought of Sri Aurobindo,
Rabindranath Tagore, Mahatma Gandhi and S. Radhakrishnan
Margaret Chatterjee  April 22–27

Writing Our Memoirs
Margaret Hope Bacon
April 29–May 4

Light Then and Now:
A Tour of Quaker Philadelphia
Stan Banker  May 6–11

Wittgenstein: An Introduction
Newton Garver  May 13–18

Laughing Pilgrims:
Humor and the Spiritual Journey
Howard Macy  May 20–25

Witness
As Way Opened
by Clare Sinclair

Marietta’s little daughter was murdered. Through her anger, grief, and devastation she struggled until she found peace with her God and the path to forgiveness. This was the powerful message Marietta Jaeger Lane gave us at the 1999 summer gathering of Montana Gathering of Friends (MGOF). It was in this message that we saw an opening to put into action our belief in the sanctity of every life and to work toward eliminating the death penalty in our state. Jean Triol and I volunteered to represent MGOF at the Montana Abolition Coalition, an alliance of church and human rights organizations formed to stop state-sanctioned killing.

At the September meeting of the coalition, Eve Malo, the district coordinator of Amnesty International, said she had a preposterous idea. She wanted to travel to many of the smaller towns in the state and hold dialogues on the issue of the death penalty. I asked if I could join her. I had been waiting for such an opening. I longed for a meaningful focus for my life. The year 2000 seemed special to me as it I would celebrate 80 years on this planet. Over the next months we planned the itinerary and sought contacts in each of the towns we had chosen to visit. This was a more difficult task than anticipated. With patience and hard work we were led to someone in each town who would help us find a place to meet and hand out flyers for the meeting. The 42 towns chosen encompassed all four corners of the vast state and the seven reservations of Native Americans.

We considered walking this journey but for a state that is 240,000 square miles this would take several months, so we settled on Eve’s pickup truck pulling a sheep herder’s wagon, which would be our home for the journey. The wagon represented Montana’s rural life of sheep and cattle ranches, antiquated just as is capital punishment, and is in keeping with Quaker simplicity. Our mission, “Lighting the Torch of Conscience,” was written across both sides of the wagon. The chosen route followed that of peace and women’s rights activist Jeannette Rankin when she ran for representative to the U.S. House in 1917. The choice of the wagon proved a real gold mine for publicity. Almost every newspaper in the state carried a story of our visit. There were excellent articles and photos. The publicity given us by newspapers, television, and radio stations provided openings we had not anticipated. I am certain this publicity carried our message to many we would not have otherwise reached.

March 19, 2000, was the date chosen to depart from the old state prison at Deer Lodge, Montana. The hope was that at the coming of spring the snow would soon disappear. Twenty-six brave souls joined together on a very cold night and became a circle of loving support for the venture. “We shall overcome” and “Peace I give to thee, oh river” rang out in the icy air. After silence Father Piot, chaplain at the prison, led in the prayer of Saint Francis.

The reception in each of the communities was different. In all of the towns, openings came to speak with and listen to groups in churches, schools, colleges, senior centers, and libraries. We found respectful citizens in every community. Many did not agree with our mission, and the confrontations with those who aggressively opposed it gave opportunity to learn to stay centered, listen to the truth within, and speak with clarity and compassion. We both look back on this as a gift.

Each meeting started with a short presentation of the spiritual basis for abolishing the death penalty and the need for forgiveness. Eve, a member of Murder Victims Families for Reconciliation, told her story of how her family learned to forgive her uncle for killing her grandmother. After listing the injustices of the death penalty the meeting was opened for dialogue. We carried a simple resolution for signatures. These names, as witness to those who oppose capital punishment, were to be presented to the state legislature in January 2001.

We went to teach and to inform. But as usual, we found ourselves learning. The sorrow in these small communities was palpable. So often people opened up their hearts and shared their stories of encounters with the justice system, of relatives from their own families on death row, narrow escapes from death row sentences, their personal fears, and the grief of victims’ families. We felt their pain.

Speaking to high schools and colleges brought some of the liveliest and deepest discussions. It was from these groups that we...
heard personal stories of how violence, the judicial system, prison, and the death sentence affect their lives. One story told of how the community had rejected the entire family because of the acts of their relatives. Support was scarce for many friends and families. Occasionally even their faith community had turned against them. Students were encouraged to ask questions, and we answered from our knowledge and insights. When we did not have sufficient time to answer, we took the questions with us and sent answers to the teachers so that the students could have our input. After returning from the journey we received word that one of the teachers had included a question on the death penalty in the final exam. She was pleasantly surprised that many quoted us accurately. She said she felt our visit had influenced the thinking of her students and thanked us for coming.

Wherever we went we found eagerness to explore the causes of violence in our communities and nation, how we could prevent it, and how to heal both the victim's and the offender's families. Our focus was on restorative justice and finding paths to forgiveness and healing. We found ourselves telling Marietta's story over and over again.

Visits to the seven reservations gave opportunity to hear the concerns of some of our most oppressed people. Since the native population has suffered greatly by the death penalty, we found much support for its abolition. In spite of tremendous difficulties we found great courage and hope in the students and faculty of the community colleges of the reservations. From older Native Americans we heard of the tribal practices of the "old days." This gave us insight into their view of the death penalty. Many still believe that the spirits of the victims cannot find rest until the murderer is killed. We were told that these restless spirits are often seen wandering the reservation at night eagerly awaiting peace. We also realized how difficult and confusing
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March 2001 FRIENDS JOURNAL
News

Members of Radnor (Pa.) Meeting are being asked to save their Pennsylvania real estate tax refunds and, as suggested by the Peace and Social Concerns Committee, contribute that money to a fund to help James Rhoads Elementary School in Philadelphia. "It is distressing that the state of Pennsylvania is returning a portion of our real estate taxes to us when Philadelphia public schools so need the money," Radnor Meeting declares. James Rhoads Elementary School is described as "one of the more distressed schools" in Philadelphia. Volunteers are checking with the school social worker and teachers to determine where the need is greatest. — Radnor Meeting's Monthly Bulletin

Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting is encouraging an effort to restore and preserve Bird-in-Hand Meetinghouse. The small, stone meetinghouse, surrounded by a cemetery, is located just east of Lancaster on Route 340 (Old Philadelphia Pike). When the Quaker meeting in Bird-in-Hand was laid down years ago, Sadsbury Meeting took possession of the meetinghouse. Several years later, Sadsbury Meeting asked Lancaster Meeting for assistance in caring for it. Two trustees for the property were appointed. A group of Conservative Friends began to use the meetinghouse and made some improvements to the building. This group continues to use the meetinghouse on an irregular basis. Meanwhile, after some research on the history and use of the property, Andrew Mongar has a view toward eventually using the building for meeting for worship and as a Quaker outreach to the thousands of tourists who pass the site daily during the summer. He has been named a trustee for the property as he continues his research and vision for Bird-in-Hand Meetinghouse. — Lancaster Meeting newsletter

Cambridgeshire Friends sent more than 350 kilos of academic journals to Ethiopia as part of an effort to provide educational material to the developing world. The bulk of the material was given to Addis Ababa University, and the rest was distributed among ten other educational institutions. The meeting plans to keep gathering journals, especially those relating to agriculture, and shipping them to Ethiopia and other African countries. The group spends about £5,000 to ship more than 500 kilos of material each year. — The Friend, Sept. 29, 2000

Monthly meetings affiliated with North Pacific Yearly Meeting are being asked to recommit their support to a yearly meeting minute opposing capital punishment. Approved 15 years ago, the minute states, in part: "We reaffirm our opposition to capital punishment... based on our belief that there..."
Try the lighter side of life. Tom Mullen has a knack for bringing out the humor and meaning in everyday events. Family mealtimes, vacation trips, aging, grandchildren—no event is too big or too small a target. These make great gifts, too!

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In the end, this book makes a convincing case for the value of laughter in our lives. "Life is serious, and in the back of our minds we recall we’re eventually heading for the graveyard. Fortunately, the Christian faith says the graveyard is not the last stop. Thus, we are free to enjoy funny things that happen along the way."

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is that of God in each person.... just as we cannot condone one person’s choice to kill another, neither can we condone the state’s choice to kill any individual. We encourage Friends in North Pacific Yearly Meeting to act publicly to help focus opposition to the use of the death penalty.” —Mulnomah Meeting (Portland, Oreg.) Newsletter

Central Philadelphia (Pa.) and Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meetings have changed the name of their overseas committees with the intention of making their meetings more welcoming to African Americans. Both meetings took this action after a Friends conference on racial concerns held at Burlington (N.J.) Meetinghouse at which African American Friends spoke of the issues with the name “overseers” because of its use in slavery. Central Philadelphia changed the name of its committee to membership care, and Chestnut Hill changed it to care and counsel. Central Philadelphia is exploring whether other language used by Quakers may unintentionally exclude or offend people. —Peace Piece, newsletter of the Peace Field Secretary of Haddonfield Quarterly, December 2000

Hartford (Conn.) Meeting recently celebrated the 50th anniversary of the construction of its meetinghouse. A weekend of activities included a potluck dinner, a musical program with Quaker singer Susan Stark, and reminiscences from meeting members about the past 50 years. Over 100 present and former members participated in the event. The observance “helped us to be more aware of and appreciative of the history of the meeting.” The presence of Quakers in the Hartford area dates back to 1799 when a meetinghouse and school were erected on Quaker Lane in West Hartford. This meeting was laid down in the mid-19th century after a mass exodus of Quakers to the Midwest. The current meeting was established in 1940, and the present meetinghouse was constructed in 1950 on the site of the original one. —Ed Paquette

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting’s experiment in providing local meetings with outreach grants appears to be paying off in higher attendance. In 1997, the Membership Development Support Granting Group launched a five-year effort to see if grants to local meetings might reverse a two-decade decline in attendance. Last year, PYM saw an increase for the first time since the 1970s. —PYM News, November/December 2000

Carolyn Keys, a member of Montclair (N.J.) Meeting, arrived in Bujumbura, Burundi, in October 2000 to begin work with the Burundi Trauma Healing and Reconciliation Center. The Center is sponsored by Burundi Yearly Meeting, with the assistance of the African Great Lakes Initiative of the Friends Peace Team Project. Support for Friends in Burundi is also provided by American Friends Service Committee, Canadian Friends Service Committee, Quaker United Nations Office, and Alternatives to Violence. Montclair Meeting is administering the Keys Fund, established by New York Yearly Meeting, as an ongoing means of financial support for the project in Burundi. The Keys Fund participated in the purchase of computer equipment that Carolyn took with her to Africa. —Montclair Meeting Newsletter

Gilbert F. White, distinguished professor emeritus of geography at University of Colorado and a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting, was one of 12 U.S. scientists selected to receive the National Medal of Science for 2000. White has contributed to the study of water systems in developing countries; global environmental change; floodplain management; nuclear winter; the mitigation of natural hazards including earthquakes, hurricanes, and drought; and geography education in general. He is a former president of Haverford College. —University of Colorado at Boulder

Jonathan Rickertman has been appointed the first full-time head of George Fox Friends School in Cochranville, Pa. He worked at Friends Community School in College Park, Md., while earning his Master’s in Education at George Mason University, then spent two years in Moscow with U.S. AID programs. George Fox Friends School began five years ago with 5 students at Oxford (Pa.) Meeting. It now has 36 students in preschool through the sixth grade. Classes are limited to 16 students, 10 students in preschool classes. —Friends Voice Newsletter of the Brandywine Region of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting

Two young people with Quaker connections have been in the news: The new Miss Teen USA, Jillian Parry, 18, has strong ties to Middletown Meeting in Bucks County, Pa. Her father is a member and all of her family are attenders. And Emily deRiel, 26, of Earlham School of Religion in Haverford (Pa.) Meeting, won the silver medal in the women’s modern pentathlon at the Summer Olympics in Sydney. —PYM News, November/December 2000

Earlham School of Religion is asking for nominations for the Leatherock Chair of Quaker Studies and one other faculty position. Both positions require extensive knowledge of Quaker history and theology. Nominations, résumés and references should be sent to Phil Bailey, Earlham School of Religion, 228 College Avenue, Richmond, IN 47374, bailspe@earlham.edu, or call (800) 432-1377, ext. 1715.
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• July 21–August 4—Quaker Youth Theatre invites young people ages 14–23 to join them at Britain Yearly Meeting in Exeter, UK, in producing a new music drama, “Elizabeth of Newgate,” which tells the story of Elizabeth Fry’s work in Newgate Prison in the early 19th century. Financial assistance is available for overseas participants. Contact Rachael Veazey at <qyr@leaveners.org> or phone +44 (0121) 414 0099.

(The 2001 Calendar of Yearly Meetings is available from FWCC, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.)

Opportunities

• Lisle Intercultural Programs offers educational trips, including “Costa Rica: Cultural Diversity; Cooperative Living” (May 26–June 16), “India: Seeking Ways to Empower” (July 7–28), “USA, Pacific Northwest: Building a Sustainable Future” (July 8–28), and “Bali: Arts and Community” (July 29–August 19). Academic credit and financial assistance are available. Call (800) 477-1538 or visit <www.lisle.utoledo.edu>.

Resources

• A bibliography of educational material on how people in the developed world can help others in the Third World is now available from Right Sharing of World Resources, Inc., a Quaker organization committed to improving the lives of those in the developing world. If you would like a copy, contact Roland Kreager, 3960 Winding Way, Cincinnati, OH 45229 or e-mail <rswr@earthlink.net>.


• The senior choir of Farmington (N.Y.) Meeting has released a CD. It costs $10; cassettes are $8; add $2 for shipping. Make checks payable to Farmington Friends Senior Choir CD Fund and mail to Marion Cole, 5950 Allen-Padgham Road, Farmington, NY 14425.
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Books

Listening Spirituality, Vol. II: Corporate Spiritual Practice among Friends

I cannot say enough about how helpful and important this second volume of Listening Spirituality is for me personally and for the continuing vitality of our beloved Religious Society. I am excited, I have been nurtured, and I am very thankful for Patricia Loring's labors.

Patricia has followed a clear and challenging leading as she has "birthed" this and the first volume of Listening Spirituality, both with support from her meeting and a discerning clearness committee. In Volume I, Patricia described and interpreted many personal spiritual practices that are compatible with a Quaker life, and she has begun work on a third volume on Quaker ethics—how Friends are led to live in the world.

In this second volume, Patricia considers our corporate spiritual life. She enters this with an understanding that contemporary Quakerism has been heavily influenced by the dominant culture's emphasis on individualism. She knows that many of us celebrate the centrality of direct personal experience of God or Truth or however we name the Divine. But this is only one part of Quaker spiritual life:

Quakerism has placed as great an emphasis on corporate discipline as on personal spiritual experience. Quaker structures have been grounded in and shaped by what is experienced in favored times of corporate worship: mystical unity with one another in the love of God; being drawn together around the burning bush; the melting of boundaries of ego; being gathered together in the Fisherman's net.

Patricia writes with much insight (and in clear and simple terms) about modern "quasi-communities," about the limiting effects of an overemphasis on rationalism and reductionism, about the perils of postmodernism, and the countercultural, even subversive nature of Quakerism in both the 17th century and today.

For me, Patricia's chapter on "Discernment: The Heart of Listening Spirituality" is indeed the heart of this volume. She defines spiritual discernment as "a growing ability to distinguish the spiritual intentionality, directionality of being, or tropism toward God in ourselves, in others, in words, or in a speaker, from other impulses, words, or speakers that are perhaps worthy but arise from a different source." And I love the way she describes what is being discerned as a dynamic rather than a plan.

Among earlier Friends, faithful responsiveness to inward promptings was experienced as obedience to the requirements of a transcendent, yet utterly present, deity. In the 20th century, the response has often been felt more nearly as cooperation—sometimes articulated as co-creation—with God. Co-creation implies a still unfolding creation in which the Creator continues to work with and through us when we respond in faithfulness to the promptings of Love and Truth in our hearts.

Both interpretations reflect Friends' felt sense of the Divine as a dynamism rather than as an entity. By and large, Friends have sensed God not only beyond history, but also moving within history and nature—rather than standing outside and giving orders, pulling strings or whispering instructions in order to stage-manage history. The sense of the dynamic, ongoing work of God within and through us and the rest of creation is part of the Quaker experience of "God with us."

Patricia cites one of Thomas Merton's talks about how it is useless to go hunting for the divine plan for our lives. There is no such plan, Merton said. "Rather the movement of the Spirit is unfolding in a kind of great improvisation in every instant as history goes on. We participate by moving with the dynamism, Spirit or Life, trying to discern the direction of the movement and to stay with it. Our cooperation or lack of it is part of the creation of the next instant." This is what Friends mean by "waiting for way to open."

Listening Spirituality is also eminently practical and usable. It is well organized, making it easy to locate topics of special interest to the reader. Most sections in each chapter conclude with a set of perceptive and helpful queries as well as a listing of resources and references for further reading. And this is one of the most beautifully designed books I have ever read. It is clear, full of space, and further enhanced by black-and-white brushwork in an Asian style—all thanks to Quaker artist and designer Bob Schmitt. All of this makes the book ideal for use in study groups or meetings.

Let us hold Patricia Loring in the Divine Light as she continues her labors on Volume III of this extremely important work.

—Bruce Birchard

Bruce Birchard, a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, is general secretary of Friends General Conference.

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are killing thousands of children every month. Friends, we must speak for the children. Letters, postcards, e-mails, phone calls, and faxes to our Congress and our President can help get sanctions lifted so that children may live!

**Milestones**

**Marriages/Unions**

Brown-Schultz—Dorothy Schultz and Elmer H. Brown, on November 11, 2000, in the meetinghouse at Friends Homes, Guilford, N.C. Dorothy, formerly a member of Charleston Meeting, is a member of Friendship Meeting in Greensboro. Elmer is a member of Friends Meeting at Cambridge, Mass.

**Deaths**

**Bradley**—William (Bill) Earle Bradley Jr., 87, on September 19, 2000, at his home in New Hope, Pa. Born on January 7, 1913 in Lansdowne, Pa., Bill graduated from University of Pennsylvania in Electrical Engineering and had a long career as Director of Research at the Philco Corporation specializing in television technology. During World War II at Philco, in collaboration with the Radiation Laboratory at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he worked on the development of radar. In 1957 he joined President Eisenhower's Science Advisory Panel and led research programs for the Institute for Defense Analyses in Washington, D.C. Bill returned to Pennsylvania in 1970 to found his own company, the Puredesal Corporation. He was interested in developing modern methods of making clavichords, constructing telescopes, experimenting with Stirling engines, exploring new methods of home heating, and working on land use and pollution control issues. He made geological field trips and lectured entertainingly on a wide variety of subjects. He was a member of Wrightstown (Pa.) Meeting and taught First-day school for several seasons in his retirement years. Bill was predeceased by his wife, Virginia Meyer Bradley (1912–1983). He is survived by two children, Albert Bromer Meyer Bradley and Virginia Louise Meyer Bradley Scarier; his child by inclusion, Liu Hong; four grandchildren; and a brother, Donald Belcher.

**Dockhorn**—Marian Dockhorn, 92, on October 25, 2000, at home in Southampton, Pa. Marian Frances Siddall was born on August 10, 1908, in East Cleveland, Ohio. She graduated from Oberlin College and earned a Master's in Religious Education from Columbia University. Marian moved to Philadelphia in 1933 and took a job with YWCA, where she began working for racial integration at the local and national levels. She and her husband-to-be, Wayne Dockhorn, participated in 1934 in the first workcamp in the United States, organized by AFSC in Westmoreland, Pa. In 1935 she and Wayne married in Marburg, Germany, where Wayne was an exchange student. Upon their return to Philadelphia, they worked at Bedford Center, a Quaker-led settlement house. In 1940 Marian and Wayne joined with 12 other families to found Bryn Cweled Homesteads, an interracial, cooperative community in Southampton. That year they became Friends by joining Middletown Meeting in Langhorne, Pa. In 1947 they were among the founders of Southampton Meeting and remained members there for the rest of their lives. During World War II and the postwar years, Marian and Wayne opened their home to refugees from Europe and to Japanese Americans from the West Coast who had been placed in internment camps. Marian worked for many years as membership secretary of Women's International League for Peace and Free-
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by Alvin Anderson

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member of Rock Valley Meeting, and for many years a member of the Freeport Worship Group, which he helped to found. When their children were two and four, he ad Adah directed an AFSC workcamp in Porter County, Ind., organizing a recreation program for migrant workers involving 12 college students. He was an avid traveler, and wherever he went, he attended Friends meetings when possible. He reached his goal to bicycle at age 80. In addition to his commitment to peace, Bill was always actively involved in promoting good race relations. He also worked with the Rockefeller International Student Fellowship to bring students from other countries into local homes for Thanksgiving. Bill is survived by his wife, Adah; son, Paul; daughter, Ann; four grandchildren; and two sisters, Margaret Roberts and Dorothy Smith.

McCoy—Richard Hugh McCoy, 91, on October 10, 2000, in Cranberry Township, Pa. Born in 1908 into a rural Friends family in Wilmington, Ohio, Dick grew up plowing fields with mules and milking cows by hand. He left farm life at age 17 and entered Earlham College, graduating in 1929. In graduate school at University of Illinois, he became a teaching assistant, discovering a lifelong passion for academia. He earned his M.S. and Ph.D. degrees in 1931 and 1935. While at Illinois, he published a paper describing the isolation and identification of threonine, the last of the identified essential amino acids that are necessary for animal growth. This paper was reprinted in 1974 in Nutrition Review as a classic. After graduate studies, Dick spent five years in nutritional biochemical research, first at University of Chicago and then at Wistar Institute in Philadelphia. In 1940 he came to University of Pittsburgh, where he spent the next 38 years as a researcher, teacher, and administrator. He taught biochemistry within both the liberal arts college and the school of medicine. In 1957, he became assistant dean of the Division of Natural Sciences, and in 1967, the first associate dean for graduate programs. During his deanship he helped initiate a graduate program for teachers from nine historically Black colleges. At his first visit to Friends in Pittsburgh, on December 15, 1940, the group attained official recognition as a monthly meeting, and he became a charter member. He remained a member of this meeting until his death and served it in many capacities, including as clerk. In 1952 he married Margaret Stockdale. That same year he served as a delegate to the Friends World Conference in Oxford, England, celebrating the 300th anniversary of the founding of the Religious Society of Friends. Dick applied his scientific knowledge to pragmatic social concerns, particularly world hunger. In 1974, he and Margaret attended the United Nations World Food Conference in Rome as part of the Pennsylvania delegation. In his last five years at Pitt, he was involved in the Health Center Nutrition Program and taught seminars in nutrition. After his retirement in 1978, Dick, Margaret, and others founded Sherwood Oaks Retirement Community, the first facility of its kind in western Pennsylvania. He also researched and wrote a book, Early Transportation in Pennsylvania. Macular degeneration took away his vision at age 81. Dick’s friends saw him as honest, caring, fair-minded, appreciative of the integrity of others, and the possessor of a quiet sense of humor. He is survived by his wife of 48 years, Margaret Stockdale McCoy; a sister, Marga-
Mott—Eugene W. Mott, 82, on November 2, 2000, at University Hospital in Iowa City, Iowa. Eugene was born on March 2, 1918, in Iowa City to Lewis and Emma Moffit Mott. He was a lifelong member of Bear Creek Meeting near Earlham, Iowa. He taught elementary school in California and was a substitute teacher with the Des Moines school system. He had also been a nursing home administrator and a sister, Karen Walek. Eugene was married on October 15, 1937. In 1949, with a Master’s in Social Work. While working in the relief office, she met Brooks Poynter, and they were married on October 15, 1937. In 1949, after many moves, the couple settled in Pasadena, where they lived for 23 years. Frances worked in her field, later becoming a full-time student in the Graduate School of Religion at University of Southern California, where she received her Ph.D., and then graduated from University of Pittsburgh with a Master’s in Social Work. While working in the relief office, she met Brooks Poynter, and they were married on October 15, 1937. In 1949, after many moves, the couple settled in Pasadena, where they lived for 23 years. Frances worked in her field, later becoming a full-time student in the Graduate School of Religion at University of Southern California, where she helped set up the Ph.D. curriculum, which became the School of Theology at Claremont. Early on Frances became a vital supporter of AFSC. She was First-day marched on May 4, 1914, the second of four boys. His father cannot think of anything in life that is not spiritual. Even at the checkout line at the grocers, one’s relations with others in the line, the checker, all of life has a spiritual component.” In her last year she initiated at Panorama a focus on end-of-life issues.

Poynter—Frances W. Poynter, 92, on September 14, 2000, at Panorama City Convalescent Center in Lacey, Wash. Frances was born on June 15, 1908, in St. Joseph, Mo. Her parents were Harmon Sandusky and Frances Ruttan. Frances graduated from Benton High School as class valedictorian. She served on numerous committees including Ministry and Oversight and representing Friends on the Legislative Commission of Ecumenical Ministries of Oregon. Frances was a vital supporter of “New Call to Peacemaking,” reaching out to other peace churches to form coalitions for action. In 1981 the couple moved to Panorama City, specifically designing their new home with a living room big enough to hold meetings. Frances was an active member of Olympia Meeting. She served on numerous committees including Ministry and Oversight and Nominating Committee, as liaison to Associated Ministries, Steering Committee, and AFSC. Brooks died in 1993. In a 1999 interview Frances said, “I cannot think of anything in life that is not spiritual. Even at the checkout line at the grocers, one’s relations with others in the line, the checker, all of life has a spiritual component.” In her last year she initiated at Panorama a focus on end-of-life issues.

Salyer—John Salyer, 86, on September 13, 2000, in La Jolla, Calif. John was born in Paw Paw, Mich., on May 4, 1914, the second of four boys. His father...
wasa Baptist minister in mission churches. When John was 12 years old, his father moved to a young Baptist church in Richmond, Ind. John attended Earlham College, majoring in Biology and English. There he first encountered Quakers, and he became interested in Fellowship of Reconciliation. When his father died at the end of his first semester, John worked to earn money for the family. These were Depression years, and his mother served meals to the public in their home. After graduation, John attended an AFSC workcamp project on soil conservation on an Oklahoma Indian reservation. He entered graduate studies in Forestry at University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, but he had to drop out for lack of money. He worked as a naturalist at Turkey Run State Park in Indiana, and he led a Boy Scout troop. There he met Ann Heap, who worked in the Girl Scout office in St. Louis. John and Ann were married two years later. In 1942, John became clear that he could not participate in the war. He was a personal friend of a local Selective Service officer who knew him to be sincere, so he was inducted into Civilian Public Service, where he was assigned to work on the Blue Ridge Parkway in North Carolina. Ann eventually came to the camp as head of food processing, but when their daughter Kari An was born, Ann and the baby moved back to her mother’s home in Missouri. John petitioned for transfer to Eastern State Hospital for the mentally ill in Virginia, where the staff had been decimated by military conscription. Eventually Ann joined him there, working as director of the patient feeding program. Kari An spent many of her early days in a two-week hospital organized by the Mennonites. When the Vietnam War escalated, a draft occurred, and when the Vietnam War escalated, a draft occurred, and eventually John and Ann, with other friends, formed the new, unprogrammed Pima Meeting. Feeling washed out by these difficult years, they applied to AFSC for assignment, and in 1962 they went to Nigeria for four years in multinational work camps. They organized projects for some of the young people who had strayed away from their parents in country villages. Later, they moved to a village to help in construction and function of a threadbare incipient hospital organized by the Mennonites. They returned to California in 1966 to direct programs at the AFSC Inter-Tribal Friendship House in Oakland, until an Indian director was found two years later. Then they worked at Friends Center in Honolulu for five years. They became friends with Marybeth Clark through the Hawaii International Volunteers Association. During this time Ann developed breast cancer. She died in 1973 at 60 years of age. In 1974 John and Marybeth were married, and after Marybeth accepted a post as head of the Vietnamese language program at Australian National University in Canberra in 1983, she and John became active in Canberra meeting. The couple worked in Australia for eight years, then moved to San Diego to be near
Marybeth's parents. John is survived by his wife Marybeth Clark, a daughter, Kari An Salyer, four grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.

Satterthwaite—Henry F. Satterthwaite, 91, on September 29th, 2000, at Capital Health System at Fuld Hospital in Trenton, N.J. He was born on September 10, 1919, to Grace Fletcher Satterthwaite and Harvey T. Satterthwaite, and became a member of Trenton Meeting by application of his parents in 1927. A quiet boy who never talked much, he and his brother attended meeting and quarterly meeting regularly with their parents. A 1938 graduate of George School, Henry went on to graduate from Swarthmore College and Rutgers University School of Law, and served in Civilian Public Service during World War II in Patapasco, Powellsville, and with the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. He was a lawyer in private practice and an attorney for the Washington Township Planning, School, and Utilities Boards and East Windsor Township Planning Board. He was active in quarterly meeting affairs, and Friends counted on him for expert legal advice. Even in later life, Henry was an enthusiastic camper, driving a station wagon with a trailer hitch and small boat. He was a man willing and able to wield a snow shovel to clear the meetinghouse walks, and to guide his meeting with advice on legal and insurance matters. He served Trenton Meeting as treasurer, on the steering committee for Burlington Quarterly Meeting, and many monthly, quarterly, and yearly meeting committees. He is survived by a brother, John R. Satterthwaite; and two cousins, Alice Thorn Larquer and Ridgway Satterthwaite.

Spelman—Leslie Pratt Spelman, 97, on May 28, 2000, in La Jolla, Calif. Pratt was born in Covert, Mich., on March 7, 1903. Primarily known as a musician, Pratt studied organ at Oberlin College and received his Ph.D. in 1946 from Claremont Graduate School in California. He taught at University of Redlands, retiring in 1968. His last public performance took place at the World Conference of Friends in Greensboro, N.C., in 1967. His 1975 book Organ Plus is a catalogue of ensemble music for organ and other instruments. An avid flower gardener. Pratt brought fresh flowers to La Jolla Meeting every First Day for years. He is survived by two daughters, Julie Young and Mary Ince, and a son, Rusty Spelman. Two other children, a son, Leslie Spelman II, and a daughter, Laura Rafferty, did not survive him. He is also survived by 13 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren.

Taber—Stephen Randall Taber, 61, on January 17, 2000, in Philadelphia. Steve was born near Philadelphia on May 3, 1938, the son of Robert and Lois Taber, members of Chestnut Hill Meeting. He graduated from Antioch College and did graduate work in demography at University of Chicago. With his wife, Judy, one son, and another child on the way, he began research in a demography project in Uganda, where he and his family stayed for eight years. His work contributed to knowledge about Ugandan population dynamics and ultimately helped in the country's battle against AIDS. He worked through the '70s and '80s for the City of Philadelphia and for the Demography Research Group at University of Pennsylvania. Toward the end of this period, he suffered a decline in his work and personal life, his marriage ended, and he was diagnosed with a brain tumor. The tumor was

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treated with radiation and surgery, with apparent success, and in 1988 he married Joan Enoch, a physician in psychiatry. Although he worked again briefly in Uganda, he suffered the effects of brain damage due to his treatments, and he was forced to stop working in his profession. In 1991 Steve and Joan moved to Flagstaff, Ariz., where they became attenders at Flagstaff Meeting. Steve used his talent to repair donated computers for the benefit of others with disabilities. He also became an active advocate in Flagstaff’s independent living movement. In 1996 he transferred his membership from Chestnut Hill Meeting to Flagstaff, but because of his increasing disability and health problems made worse by Flagstaff’s altitude, in 1998, with the help of Flagstaff Friends, he moved back to the Philadelphia area to be near his sons and brother. Joan continued working in Flagstaff and later took a job in Oregon. Back in Philadelphia, Steve’s and Joan’s families’ attempts to settle him in a Friends-related retirement community failed because the staff was not prepared for such a young, brain-damaged retiree. Long-time friends arranged a living place for him in a familiar neighborhood and helped him reconnect socially. This brought Steve in close association with another person affected by a disability, Linda Gottschling, who has advanced multiple sclerosis, and the needs of each were mutually complementary. Steve died in her home. He is survived by sons Patrick Roy Taber and Colin Randall Taber, and by his brother, Richard Hallock Taber. Wengert—Robert Wengert, 73, on June 20, 2000, in Eugene, Oreg., of cancer. Bob was born on August 4, 1926, in Idaho Falls, Idaho, to Elmer and Shirley Lane Wengert. He attended University of Utah for two years and moved to Eugene in the mid-1950s. On November 11, 1970, he married Mira Knutson. He was a longtime member of Eugene Meeting, where he served as clerk in the late 1970s. He was very active with Junior Friends, and served on several committees. He played the French horn and was an original member of the Eugene Symphony. He also played in several chamber music groups. He repaired musical instruments for a living and worked at Lights for Music in Eugene for 17 years before retiring. He is survived by his wife, Mira; three sons, Robin Wengert, John Knutson, and Mark Knutson; a daughter, Karen Madeira; a sister, Marian Alter; and eight grandchildren.

We welcome Milestones that meetings and families send us. If you would like an item listed here, please send it to us within six weeks of the event (see p. 2 for contact information). Please include dates, locations, and meeting affiliation of the parties. For death notices (maximum of 600 words), include date and place of birth and death, meeting affiliation, highlights of the person’s life as a Quaker (including personal life, family, and career), and full names of survivors. Please include your contact information. Publication depends on available space. Milestones may be edited for length, and we cannot guarantee publication date.
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Pendle Hill’s Young Adult Program offers internships for 10 young adults, 16-25, to teach. A term is 3 months. The program is open to the public. For more information contact the registrar, Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19060; (600) 742-3150, ext. 142; <registrar@pendlehill.org>.

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For Sale

MEMORIALS AND HEADSTONES
- Engraved stone or marble, $500-$1000. Call (508) 229-7231, 879-0027, or e-mail: <Graveyard@inmatel.com>
- Polished stone or granite, up to 50 characters. Contact: monumentists, such as Monumental, 200 Main Street, Norwood, MA 02062.

Peace and F_PWM pawns and pieces in 35 colors; kits, buttons, needlepoint, etc. Contact: Sample card $3.00. Yarn Shop of Friends Journal, 14727. (716) 474-0185.

Have You Hung A Quaker Today?
Printed on cloth: "Cherished names, white, yellow, blue, green, red, and 100% cotton fabric. One apron $69, $162, $240, $312/12. Add $9.00 shipping per order and sales tax for N.Y. delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed."

Opportunities

Help maintain order at FRIENDS JOURNAL
Volunteer needed to assist the editor one day a week, 3-5 hours, to answer incoming phone calls, check manuscripts, maintain files and archival material. Must be comfortable using a computer (will train). Contributes to the editorial work of the magazine. Call (212) 673-7180 for more information.

Looking for a creative living arrangement in New York City? Pennington Friends House may be the place for you! We are looking for people of all ages who want to make a serious commitment to a community lifestyle based on Quaker principles. For information call (212) 673-7180. We also have overnight accommodations.

Assistant Sought

Contributions and low-interest loans needed: Northampton Friends Meeting is negotiating a new meetinghouse and will be able to absorb the cost. Contact: Bruce Hawkins, 51 Henshaw Avenue, Northampton, MA 01060; (413) 584-2788; <bhawkins@science.smith.edu>.

Books and Publications


For reading pleasure, the following are available:

Quaker Life (succeeding American Friend and Quaker Action)—informing and equipping Friends worldwide.


Free Online Adult Religious Education Materials. Emphasis on reading traditional texts aloud in a worship-sharing setting. Web address is: <http://www.friendsjournal.org>. For more information contact the registrar.

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Classified Ad Deadlines:

May issue: March 19
June issue: April 16
Submit your ad to:
Advertising Manager, Friends Journal
1216 Arch Street, 2A
Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835
(215) 563-8629

Advertisements for Information (215) 563-8629.
Classified rates $6 per word. Minimum charge is $15. Logo additional $15. Add 10% if boxed, 10% discount for 10 or more insertions, 25% for six. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by Friends Journal.

Accommodations

English Cathedral City, Chichester, Roman history. One of the two bars in the city centre.
Friends Meeting, rail station for London and Gatwick, 242 p.p. with full breakfast. Wife: Clowley, 3c Georgian Priory, Wargate, Chichester. Tel: 917 352735, E-mail: <mcnywolof@geoorganlf.chicheese.van.co.uk>

Beacon Hill Friends House: Quaker-sponsored residence of 18 interested in community living, spiritual growth, peace, and social concerns. All faiths welcome. Openings in June, September. For information, application: BBHF, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02113, (617) 227-9113. Overnight and short-term accommodations also available.

Santa Fe—Simply charming adobe guest apartment at our historic meetinghouse. Fireplace, bath, kitchenette, very convenient to downtown Santa Fe, as well as our tranquil garden. One night—one month stays. Available. Call (505) 893-7241.

Quaker House, Managua, Nicaragua. Simple hospitality, shared kitchen. Reservations: +505 (2) 65-3216 (Spanish) or +505 (2) 68-0944 (English). For general information, call Pro-Nica: (727) 621-2482 or e-mail: <Quakerlife@fum.org.cn>. For more information contact the registrar, Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19060; (600) 742-3150, ext. 142; <registrar@pendlehill.org>.

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Books and Publications

Travel For The Socially Concerned
Join Quakers in anti-slavery in small-group 2001 travel study to Sweden/Finland 9/10-7/11, Peruuvian Amazon and Cuzco/Machu Picchu 9/14-9/30, Nova Scotia 9/21-10/3, or Guatemala February 2002. For more information, write, or visit the Internship Center, 1112 E. College Avenue, Shippensburg University, Shippensburg, PA 17257, Tel: 717-880-2606.

Quaker Writers and Artists!
Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts. FQA's goal is "to nurture artists who are Quakers to further transform their literary, visual, musical, and performing arts within the Religious Society of Friends, for the purpose of spirituality, witness, and outreach. To these ends, we will offer spiritual, practical, and financial support as we open." Help build an international network of creative membership. Membership: $25/year. FQA, P.O. Box 58655, Philadelphia, PA 19101; E-mail: fqa@fqa.org. Web: <http://www.quaker.org/fqa>.

Concerned Singles Newsletter
Concerned Singles Newsletter links compatible, socially conscious singles who care about peace, social justice, the environment, spirituality, and all religions. Write, or visit the Concerned Singles Newsletter, 1112 E. College Avenue, Shippensburg University, Shippensburg, PA 17257, Tel: 717-880-2606.

Health Care Administrator
Friends Care, an interfaith non-profit, is currently seeking a permanent residence community located in Greensboro, N.C., is currently seeking a qualified candidate for the position of Health Care Administrator. This position will be responsible for the skilled nursing and assisted living community at Greensboro, and Greensboro, N.C. This is a full-time position. Applications are invited, and an Ed Evens Alternatives and working with a nonprofit environment is a plus. Friends Care, Inc., founded by the North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing services and care since 1818. Positions Vacant

Positions Vacant
Why pay rent or mortgage payments, when you can live rent-free? 700+ property caretakinghousesubleasing opportun­ities around the world. Write, or visit the Carerak Gazette, (408) 488-1970. <www.carerak.org>.

Allen's Neck Friends Meeting (Quaker) in Dartmouth, Mass., is seeking a part-time pastor. Duties will be: leading worship, pastoral care, community outreach, and involve­ment in all meeting activities. A parsonage is provided. Please write or call, Sharon Wypych, 175 Division Road, Westport, MA 02790-1347. (765) 983-1413.

Earlhame College, Institute for Quaker Studies, seeks a Director of Development and Institutional Relations. Additional duties include building a relationship with partners in the plastic arts, filmmaking, theater, and print and plan and carry out events which bring together Quaker students and faculty with resources for community benefit. M.Div. or similar required. Working familiarity with faith, practice, and organization across the Quaker spectrum. Email applications to: c.wyman@earlhame.edu. Applications should also send a letter explaining qualifica­tions and vision for the position, resume, and names of at least three professional references by March 10th to: Patrick Nugent, Dean, Earlhame College, Richmond, VA 23237-1413.

Richardsons School Position Open For Fall 2001
Richardsons School is seeking a teacher for kindergarten-age children. FIFS offers education grounded in the principles of the Religious Society of Friends. The successful candidate must have a bachelors degree, a background in education, and experience with Quaker philosophy. Excellent personal reference and references from members of a Quaker meeting are required. Duties may include oversight of the school's program, including teaching (academics and/or electives, music, art, etc.). Excellent communication skills and a willingness to manage complex tasks simultaneously, excellent teamwork. Full-time school year, with a week's vacation in March and a one-week vacation in June. For application, visit: <www.fifs.org>.

Summer Employment
Staff Needed. Quaker owned/directed camp since 1946. Located in one of the most spectacular areas of the U.S., in Adirondacks near Lake Placid, N.Y. Positions available for cabin and specialty counselors as well as some department head and administrative positions. Good salaries and ac­commodations. Single or married, children of staff warmly welcomed. See our ad on page 29. Call Mike or Christine at (603) 691-9908.

Friends Care seeks qualified counselors who can teach crafts, pottery, drama, sports, canoeing, and sailing. Also need an E.M.T. or Nurse, W.S.I. certified lifeguards, assistant cooks, and a lead counselor. Help us build a Quaker community, where you can put your faith into practice. Call or write: Sara Moore, Director, P.O. Box 64, E. Vassarboro, Maine 04677; (207) 722-9856; e-mail: <sarahmoore@canoe.org>.

Intern Position—AFSC Washington Office: Starting September 8, 2001, an intern, preferably a college junior or senior, will be filled. The position is open to individuals with a college degree or equivalent experience. For application materials, contact Portia Wenze-Donley at FCNL, 245 Second Street, NE, Washington, DC 20002. (Phone) (202) 547-6000; fax (202) 547-6019; e-mail: <PortiaW@fcnl.org>. Application deadline is Friday, August 17, 2001. Please: send resume, cover letter, andHamilton-Brachen-Righbors website at www.fcnl.org. FCNL is an equal opportunity employer.

Sidwell Friends School, a co-ed, pre-K through 12 Quaker day school located in Washington, D.C. , invites qualified applicants for staff and faculty positions. Sidwell Friends School is committed to diversity and encourages applications from qualified candidates of underrepresented groups. Send cover letter and resume to: Office of Personnel Services, Sidwell Friends School, 5015 Massachusetts Avenue, NW, Washington, DC 20015. Sidwell Friends is an equal opportunity employer. Positions Vacant

Real Estate
March 2001 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Smith Neck Meeting in Dartmouth, Mass., seeks full- or part-time pastor for active meeting in rural seaside community. Gifts for working with youth and community outreach program. The position is funded for five years; share in the meeting's income. For information, please contact Anne Lopukis, 407 Bakervile Rd., Dartmouth, MA 02747 or <fcnl@mci nets.com>.

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**Weekly and Weekend**

**A Friendly Maui vacation** on a Quaker family organic farm, 20 minutes to local beaches. New stone and cedar building with large octagonal room, skylight, ocean view, walk-in closet, and private bath. Full kitchen, organic vegetable garden, and hot tub. Bed and breakfast or bed and breakfast at $70 per day. Weekly and monthly rates available. Write or call Henrietta & Wm. Vitanella, 375 Kawelo Road, Hilo, HI 96720. Telephone: (808) 970-0289. Fax: (808) 963-0404.

**Retirement Living**

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

**Continuing care retirement communities**

Kendal at Longwood Crosslants • Kennett Square, Pa. Kendal at Manover • Hanover, N.H. Kendal at Oberlin • Oberlin, Ohio Kendal at Ithaca • Ithaca, N.Y. Kendal at Lexington • Lexington, Va. Communities under development:

Kendal on Hudson • Sleepy Hollow, N.Y. Kendal at Granville • Granville, Ohio Kendal at Furnumsville • Greenville, S.C.

**Independent living with residential services**

Crosslants and Crosslands Communities Nursing care, residential and assisted living:

Brynwool • West Chester, Pa. Advocacy/education programs:

Untie the Elderly • Pa. Resistance Reduction Initiative Kendal Corporation Information:

For information, call or write: Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, P.O. Box 100, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-3831. E-mail: cil@scop.kendal.org.

Faxdale Village for Quaker-directed life care. A vibrant and caring community that encourages and supports men and women as they seek to live fully and graciously in harmony with the principles of simplicity, diversity, equality, mutual respect, compassion, and personal involvement. Spacious ground-floor apartments and community amenities such as library, lounge, and exercise rooms. CCAC Accredited. Reasonable fees include medical care.

300 East Maryland Avenue, Department F, State College, PA 16801-5059. For more information, call Leona Gill at (814) 865-2947. www.faxdavill.org.

Friends Homes, Inc., located by North Carol

**Schools**

Stratford Friends School provides a strong academic program, supportive learning environment, and a Quaker setting for children ages 5 to 13 who learn differently. Small classes and an enriched curriculum answer the needs of the whole child. An after-school program is available. The school also offers an extended day program, tuition, and summer school. Information: Stratford Friends School, 35 Lindroth Road, Hockessin, DE 19707. (302) 237-4000.

Friends Meeting School—Serving 90 students on 50 acres in southern Frederick County between I-270 and I-70. Coed, pre-K to grade 12. Strong academics, Quaker values, small classes, warm caring environment, peace skills, Spanish, extended day program, optional piano lessons. 3329 Green Valley Road, Jarratt, VA 23075, (804) 774-0291, <friendsmeetschool.org>.

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

Lansdowne Friends School—a small Friends school for boys and girls ages three through sixth grade, rooted in Quaker values. We provide children with a quality academic education, a nurturing environment, and small, caring community. Summer program: 110 N. Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050. (610) 623-2548.

**Orchard Friends School**—A school for children, ages 4-12, with language-based learning differences. In a small, nurturing environment. Frankford Friends School, 1500 Orthodox Street, Philadelphia, PA 19124. (215) 533-5369.

**Junior high boarding school** grades 7, 8, 9. Small academic community, challenging outdoor experiences, community service, consensus decision making, daily work projects in a small, caring, community environment. Arthur Morgan School, 250 First Street, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 676-4262.


**Spring Friends School**—Five- or seven-day boarding option for grades 9-12. Day school pre-K through 12. College preparatory, upper school AP courses. Strong arts and athletic programs. In 1981 one of the first Quaker athletic programs. Coed. Approximately 480 students. 140-acre campus less than an hour from Washington, D.C., and Baltimore. Fully accredited. Incorporating traditional Quaker values, 16229 North Road, Sandy Spring, MD 20860. (301) 774-7167, ext. 6000.

**Westminster Friends School**—A diverse, coeducational Quaker school for children, nursery through grade 12, in a small, nurturing community. 2765 Westminster Road, a center-valued elementary and middle school for students with learning differences. Small, remedial classes, qualified staff, serving Philadelphia, Bucks, and Montgomery Counties. 319 Meeting House Road, Horseshoe, Pa. 15010. (412) 674-2675.

Come visit College Friends School on your cross-country travels, six miles south of 177 in the green hills of eastern Ohio. A residential high school and farm, next to Stilwell Meetinghouse. College is a key feature behind a living, learning, and community, and useful work. 61395 Sandy Ridge Road, Barnesville, Ohio 43713. Phone: (740) 425-6516.

United Friends School—coed, preschool-8; emphasizing integrated, developmentally appropriate curriculum, including whole language and manipulative math; serving upper Bucks County. 101 High Street, Quakertown, PA 18951. (215) 536-1733.

**School Services**

Visit Beautiful Wedding Certificate Website

Over 30 full-color images of hand-drawn, illustrated, realistic artwork plus ceremony ideas, sample vows, and easy, online order form. www.calligraphicART.com or <http://home.att.net/~snwolff>. Phone: (704) 592-0755.

Fix your cross-country travel plans! Head west to Rocky Mountain National Park or east to Lake Superior, Minnesota. For more information contact us today.

**Summer Camps**

Night Eagle Wilderness Adventures, in Vermont’s Green Mountains, is a unique, primitive camp designed to build a boy’s self-confidence and foster a better understanding of native peoples and their relationship with Earth. Activities tend to spring from the natural environment and teach boys to rely on their own ingenuity. Through exploring and camping, making, and being, campers learn to live and play together in a spirit of cooperation rather than competition. For 40 boys, ages 10-14, two- week sessions available. Write: Night Eagle Wilderness, 620 West Main Street, Richmond, IN 47374. (765) 962-1294.

**Friends Music Camp**—exciting, challenging Quaker-sponsored program for ages 10-18; invites your inquiries. Why is FMC’s return rate so high? Music, musical theatre, friendships, canoe trips, soccer, Quaker community. Brochure, video; FNC, PO Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387, (513) 767-1311, (513) 757-1816. <musicfmc@aol.com>

**Camp Woodbrooke**—Campers thrive in a caring community where each person is challenged to explore and develop their own talents and skills. Woodbrooke is a non-sectarian, non-denominational, non-profit summer camp located on 200 wooded acres. Daily Mowing, potting, canoeing, canoe packing! A great place to have fun and make lasting friendships (603) 924-6703. www.campwoodbrooke.com.

**Journey’s End Farm Camp**

is a farm designed for children of all ages this summer. Farm animals, gardening, nature, ceramics, computer science, and Quaker traditions. Space is limited. Call Kaitlin & Kristin Curtis, RR Box 136, Newfoundland, Pa. 18445. Telephone: (570) 689-3911. Financial aid available.

**Summer Rentals**

Adirondacks—Housekeeping cabins on quiet, unspoiled lake, fireplaces, fully equipped, June through September. (808) 654-3655 or write Dreyer, Cranberry Lake, NY 12827.
NANCY AND SCOTT CROM

Nancy Crom, who died in 1992 of cancer, believed that working for social justice was the natural expression of respecting "that of God in everyone." That conviction fueled her tireless work for peace during the Vietnam war, on behalf of Nicaraguan villages, for nuclear disarmament and the Beyond War movement. Her involvement in Pendle Hill spanned more than 30 years - as a resident family member, a student, and member of the Board.

Scott Crom has touched the lives of thousands of students over a 40 year career as a professor of Philosophy and Religion at Beloit College. The insights Scott brings to the fundamental questions of religious belief and experience are markers in the spiritual journeys of those who have studied with him or read his Pendle Hill Pamphlets. An active friend and supporter of Pendle Hill since 1960 when he was a student, Scott has been a frequent sojourner, an occasional teacher in the resident program, and has served as Dean of Studies and as a member of the Board.

New Social Action & Witness Scholarship

Pendle Hill's Campaign for a New Century has received a generous endowment gift in honor of Nancy and Scott Crom by their son, Steve Crom, and his wife, Nike S. Beckmann. The endowment income will fund an annual scholarship to be awarded to a selected social activist to worship, study, work, and reside in the Pendle Hill community for ten weeks. Preference will be given to an applicant who:

1. have been deeply involved in social justice movements, or
2. plan to study in depth a major religious and social issue, or
3. are preparing themselves for service in working for peace and social justice.

Invest in the Future of The Religious Society of Friends

Pendle Hill wishes to thank Steve Crom, Nike S. Beckmann and all friends of Pendle Hill who have given or may be considering an investment in the future of Pendle Hill. For information on how you can make an investment, please contact: Richard Barnes, Director of Development, Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099, (800) 742-3150, ext. 132, E-mail contributions@pendlehill.org, www.pendlehill.org.