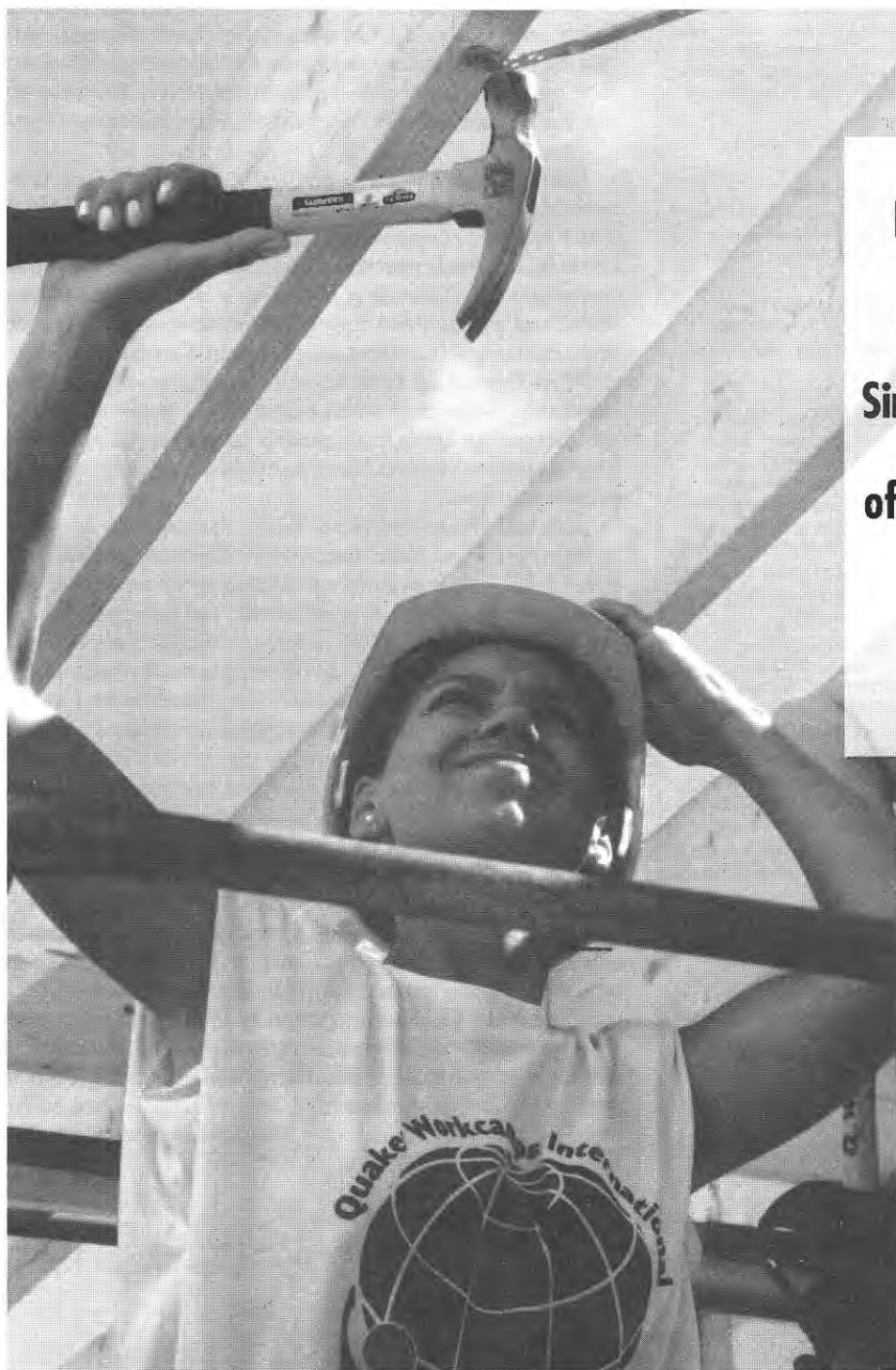


July 2001

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today



**Rebuilding
Burned
Churches**

**Simple Riches:
The Work
of the Quaker
Parent**

**Friendly
Puzzler**

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



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Among Friends

The Ripple Effect of Everyday Goodness

July is a month when things slow down (at least in theory!), kids are on vacation, and families may choose to spend time together traveling. I know I'm going to be on the road, traveling to Quaker gatherings and enjoying some time with my teenage son, Matthew, who will accompany me to the Friends General Conference Gathering. On our trip home we will begin the summer odyssey of visiting potential college campuses. Perhaps because the summer often becomes a focal point for family time and more leisurely interactions with the young people in my life, I'm pleased that this summer issue highlights youth and families in a number of ways.

Harold Confer, in "A Lesson from the Ashes" (p. 6), tells the remarkable and inspiring story of Justin Moffett, a Quaker youth from Westfield, Indiana. At age 16 Justin felt led to organize a disaster response organization to rebuild Salem Baptist Church, a burned church in Humboldt, Tennessee, along with members of that congregation. The result of his caring and willingness to become directly involved with a real human need during one whole summer led to a brand new building and a revitalized religious community that found a new ministry for itself.

In "A Phone Call from Santa Fe" (p. 8), Arthur Harris recounts his mentoring relationship as an empty-nest father with a lonely ten-year-old neighbor boy during the after-school hours throughout a school year in rural Vermont. A dozen years later, his young friend looked him up and gave him cause for reflection on the gifts of being present to others.

Judy and Denis Nicholson Asselin share wonderful practical wisdom on parenting in "Simple Riches: Reflections on the Work of the Quaker Parent" (p. 13). I'm grateful for their exploration of elements they experience as key to Quaker parenting: "living simply, loving unconditionally, and having faith in the ongoing revelation of our divine potential." Their insights about the evolving nature of parenting, and the inevitable encounters with the imperfections of our children and ourselves, are encouraging along with their welcome reflections on how we can grow together, both as parents and as children. At one point, Judy uses a gardening metaphor to describe the experience of parenting, suggesting that everything needed to become a mature plant is already present in the seed, but how much and what kind of tending it gets will determine how well the plant will grow and how fruitful it will become.

These articles, taken together, cause me to reflect that we can never know the ultimate outcome of our acts of caring and kindness. When Justin Moffett was led to gather a group to help rebuild a church in Tennessee, I doubt he had any idea that this work would inspire the recipients of his caring to create a ministry to rebuild other burned churches. Nor, I imagine, did Arthur Harris suppose that the little boy who sipped hot chocolate in his kitchen after school might one day look him up from a college in the Southwest, nor can he know what the impact of his kindly interest so many years ago might one day be on this young man. Our acts of kindness and good will have the potential to flow far beyond our original intentions, and there's something profoundly humbling and miraculous about this. In a world that is sorely troubled by acts of violence and hatred, it's good to remember that quiet, everyday goodness has a ripple effect.

Susan Corson-Finnerty

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Forum

Building community

I am a member of New Paltz (N.Y.) Meeting. We struggle constantly with how to build a community and especially how to integrate new attenders into the life of the meeting. Many of the issues we consider are universal and would easily apply to any Quaker meeting. Why not try out three or more of these ideas during the next few months:

1. Introduce yourself to somebody in the meeting you don't know well.
2. Say hello to a child from the First-day school.
3. Borrow a book from the meeting library.
4. Find the information posted on the bulletin boards.
5. Declare yourself a conscientious objector to war taxes, and mail that part of your taxes that go to support the military to an escrow account.
6. Volunteer to be on a meetinghouse cleaning crew or to wash dishes after refreshments.
7. Attend monthly meeting for business.
8. Find out the true meaning of the following Quaker abbreviations: FCNL, FGC, FUM, NYYM, FWCC, FCUN, FCE, and QUNO.
9. Send a donation to the meeting's general fund.
10. Volunteer to teach some subject you know to the First-day school children.
11. Visit the FCNL web page and send a message to the president or to your Congressional representatives.
12. Find out which queries from *Faith and Practice* speak to your condition.
13. Subscribe to FRIENDS JOURNAL. It makes good bedtime reading.
14. Do an experiment. Arrive five minutes earlier to worship to find out if it makes any difference.
15. Pray without ceasing. Rufus Jones said: "Prayer heightens all human capacities. It refreshes and quickens life. It unlocks reservoirs of power. It opens invisible doors into new storehouses of spiritual force for a person to live by, and, as I believe, for others to live by as well."

Kerttu Kay Barnett
Ulster Park, N.Y.

Apologies

We apologize for mailing problems with our June issue. Due to printer error, some subscribers received two copies of the issue while others received none. If you have not received your copy, please let us know. —Eds.

Seeking that of God in technology

We should all look at the recent report on a conference of Luddites who are greatly concerned about the effect of technology on our lives (*FJ* Apr.). It is true, as the Luddites say, that some of the effects of specific technologies can be bad. These can be pollution, depletion of limited resources, and increase in the gap between rich and poor, and in many ways a diminished quality of life. We need to ask questions about our technologies, and I thank the Luddites for reminding us of this.

I particularly admire their emphasis on living close to our principles, taking what the modern world offers on our terms and with discernment, finding an appropriate blend of simplicity and complexity, paying attention to the details of how we live, seeking simple solutions to complex problems, and doing all of this in community.

In short, I support most of the goals mentioned in the report—but I love technology! Technology, like gravity or pregnancy, is neither good nor bad. The effects can be awful in ways we didn't dream of until recently and this requires our full attention, but there is no evil inherent in technology.

The Luddites say they support appropriate technology, but look at their words: technology is "out of control . . . causing an ecological, social, and spiritual crisis . . . unnecessary . . . not good . . . unfriendly." This sounds like an anti-technology movement. There is a danger of demonizing, of treating with slogans, of abandoning an entire class of phenomena because of very real problems with specific members of that class, of losing respect for what we are opposing, of being carried away by an enthusiasm. Don't throw out technology. Love it and shape it and learn to live with the technology that helps while doing little harm to the rest of the world. We need to seek that of God in technology.

Look at the ideals mentioned in the report and ask yourselves whether a person could achieve them *even while enjoying the benefits of complex technologies*. The ideals are "living a real and present life . . . spreading the word about a different way to live . . . fighting global destructive trends (and) serving others . . . spending time with our families and on our land . . . [going] against the grain of mainstream culture . . . [finding] ourselves in the place just right . . . in the valley of love and delight." All this can be done with or without any specific technology. Technology can be beautiful

and can yield beautiful effects and can contribute to beautiful lives.

Why do I love technology so? Because it is down to earth. I am an environmentalist, a naturalist. I live in the environment, am a child of it, love it, and feel no need for anything else. Technology means working with nature to benefit ourselves, other people, other living beings, and Earth in general. I eschew any theory that draws our attention away from the world around us. The Apostle Thomas reported that Jesus said, "know what is within thy sight, and what is hidden from thee will be revealed to thee." The physical world around and within us is enough for me.

Technology can be used with love, the love of nature in all its forms, including people and everything else. It can be a way of seeking truth so that we can live better lives in this world. William Penn wrote, "True godliness does not turn (people) out of the world, but enables them to live better in it and excites their endeavors to mend it." Humans have a tendency to turn to other worlds to make sense of this one, but we are simply animals making our way on Earth. This is where we are and who we are. Let us love Earth and learn about it and improve it and live well with it. Technology is dancing with nature. Let it be a dance of love and beauty and hope.

Osborn Cresson
Mount Holly, N.J.

Thank you

The members of our meeting feel truly blessed by the generosity of all Friends who responded to the news of the loss of our library in last September's flood. Your gifts, prayers, and encouragement have been for us the reality of the abundance of the Spirit, giving back more than we lost. We strive to be faithful stewards in using and sharing your gifts.

With appreciation,

Martha Nieman, Co-Clerk
Eau Claire (Wis.) Meeting

The spiritual death of public radio and TV

Diane Barounis, in her article, "Spiritual Materialism" (*FJ* Apr.), describes her feelings about a speaker on public television during a pledge drive: "... a speaker like so many I have come to think of as a 'feel good' speaker. He talked about bow . . . to become more spiritual. . . . In that light, it occurred to me that this speaker was indeed selling

something, and the something he was selling was spirituality. I was troubled by this."

Diane Barounis is onto something in regard to public television (PBS) as well as public radio (NPR). I can remember public radio after years in the wilderness of commercial radio. It was like a breath of fresh air. Imagine hearing wonderful classical music without all those prattling commercials? The same was true with the high standard programming on public television.

We now have public programming shrouded in commercialism selling lawyers, banks, Wall Street, destructive industrial farming, large manufacturing conglomerates, architects, and you name it. One wonders how all those sponsors affect programming. I think they do, and negatively. One used to hear some good, sharp satire on public radio. No more. Some people will say, "Well, it's that or nothing, since federal aid has been cut back." It has come to the point where "nothing" may be better.

Diane Barounis, you have a wonderful piece in "Spiritual Materialism." Now come back and do something on the spiritual death of public radio and TV. Was that a great broadcasting darkness George Fox saw?

John L. Vicoli
Roanoke, Va.

Friends acknowledge authority

Maria Mitchell ("Looking at the Stars: Two Quaker Women Astronomers" [*FJ* Apr.]) was certainly an admirable person who led an admirable life. But Maria Mitchell was not a Quaker. Although she was born to a Quaker family, Maria never confirmed her membership as an adult. As a matter of fact, as a young adult, she made quite the opposite decision.

The author states, "Maria followed Quaker practice, living a life of simplicity and humility. However, she could not subscribe to some principles with which she did not agree. . . . She was unorthodox and made up her own mind regardless of accepted opinion. As a consequence of her nonconformity, she was disowned by her Quaker meeting. Refusing to rid her home of a piano caused the break. She remained a Friend in belief. . . ."

Friends acknowledge authority, especially the authority of the monthly meeting in discerning Truth. Disliking authority and the authority of the community of Friends puts Maria outside of the Quaker tradition. Perhaps the author

could have told us more about Marjorie Williams, a modern Quaker.

Michael Caciopoli
Palm Beach, Fla.

Let's not hold hostages to lack of imagination

I am troubled by the presence of an ad for the Hemlock Society in the pages of *FRIENDS JOURNAL* (*FJ* Apr. p. 26). I'm fully aware of the range of opinion on assisted suicide within the Religious Society of Friends. I am not one to stand in the way of one who has conscientiously made such a choice.

However, the Hemlock Society is neither a ministry nor a testimony of Friends. The space and place given the ad alongside ads for Earlham School of Religion, a Friends school, and a Quaker sponsored continuing care nursing facility seems to elevate the Hemlock Society above its role amongst us.

Perhaps it is because I am a person living with a disability that I feel this way, but the quotation by Catholic scholar Hans Küng that "there should be no compulsion to die, but there should be no compulsion to live either" cuts me deeply. We live (at least those of us in North America) in a world that judges people on their ability to produce goods and services to fuel an economy based on consumer spending. All manner of media broadcast images that hold us each to impossible standards of physical attractiveness. For the disabled, the chronically ill, the marginalized, and the unemployed or underemployed there is always a compulsion to die. And when such a person chooses to die, I do not judge them harshly. I see them as someone who lost a battle. But I hold the wider society complicit in their murder.

People who do not see themselves as disabled (for normality is also a label) try to imagine the day when they will no longer be temporarily able-bodied. With everything they now value stripped from them, they find it difficult to imagine life being worth living. And they think they would like the option of an escape clause. I do not want to be held hostage to other people's lack of imagination. Certainly not in my own faith community.

David McKay
Chatham, Ont.

The goal is openness to divine guidance

Thanks to Friend Scott Martin for calling attention to "The Power of the Lord" as

experienced by early Friends ("The Power,' Quaking, and the Rediscovery of Primitive Quakerism," *FJ* May). Friends experience it today as well, though they (we) often hesitate to exhibit the physical manifestations in our meetings.

A few days after the May issue was delivered, I got a call from a Friend in another part of the country. "Have you read the article?" he asked. And, "Do you remember the time in the early '90s when both of us were visiting a meeting in the West, and I experienced movements in my hands and arms and head? Do you remember that at the rise of meeting a woman sitting behind me asked me not to do that because she found it distracting?" I remembered. When I worshiped in that meeting I sat on the floor in a corner where my movements would not be noticed.

Another Friend who experiences vibrations in her body during worship told me recently that the vibrations hardly ever manifest when she is worshiping in her home meeting. And in my home meeting I tend to sit in the back lest someone be distracted. Friend Scott Martin's article may help us as a Religious Society to recognize and accept these movements as just one more way in which the Spirit works in us. Then perhaps more Quakers will allow ourselves to quake while worshiping in our meetings.

Friends may choose to pursue this feeling of the Power through *qigong* or yoga, as suggested by Scott Martin, but it is not necessary to go outside our own tradition. We can follow the simple Quaker practice of daily retirement. We can take a period each day to center and open ourselves and to allow the Spirit to manifest as it will—without preconditions. Perhaps one will experience physical movements, a vision of light, slowed breath, warmth in the belly or the hands, an insight about a problem, a kindly thought, an awareness of a Presence, a feeling of peace. All of these, and more, are manifestations of the Power of God within us.

The dramatic manifestations are not the goal. The goal is to open to Divine Power that it may guide us. If along the way it stirs our bodies let us rejoice and be glad. As we take away barriers to the flowing of the Power of God, who knows what new richness will come to our meetings?

Patricia McBee
Philadelphia, Pa.

Continued on p. 44



If every community had a young person who cared enough about his brothers and sisters who were hurting—and who started a disaster response organization—we could have a totally different view of today's youth.

Justin Moffett, a 16-year-old from Westfield, Indiana, thought that it was terrible that African American churches were burning all over the South. He was especially moved by the burning of Salem Baptist Church on December 30, 1995.

With the help of his family, school, and church friends he formed a disaster response organization called "Works in Progress," and made plans to journey to a disaster site of a burned church and offer enthusiastic hands and feet to the task of recovery.

Addressing the needs of this burned church in Humboldt, Tennessee, in the summer of 1996 was just one of a number of Quaker responses to church burnings by arson and other causes that summer, but it was remarkable because of the age of its organizer.

Daniel Donaldson, the pastor of Salem Baptist Church, was as shocked and dismayed as any of the pastors of the now 1,500 houses of worship burned of all causes since 1995. "How to rebuild a

burned church" is not a common course given in seminaries today, and Donaldson was unprepared for this human disaster.

He was also caught off guard by the help that materialized from thin air. Another pastor, James Kinsey of Sunswept Baptist Church in Union City, Tennessee, gave him a list of different mission groups who might be able to come. From that list "came a call from a gentleman by the name of Justin Moffett, representing this group of Quakers from Ohio and Indiana. He was calling to schedule dates and reach clarity on what kind of work would be needed upon their arrival." Pastor Donaldson was very impressed by this phone call and reported to his church family that Mr. Moffett seemed to know exactly what he had in mind to do. It was not until a few weeks later that Donaldson found out how young Justin was when Justin called one afternoon and talked to his 18-year-old son, Danny, who respectfully addressed him "Sir." Justin told Danny not to say "Sir" as Danny was older than he was. Danny was shocked that this leader of Works in Progress was two years younger than he!

When he reported this fact to his dad, who shared it with the church family, it raised many questions in their minds. Who was actually in charge of this mission team? If it was this 16-year-old, then who was in charge of him? The questions and disquiet grew before the Quakers were due to appear. Pastor Donaldson traveled to Sunswept Baptist Church and apprehen-

A LESSON FROM THE ASHES

by Harold B. Confer

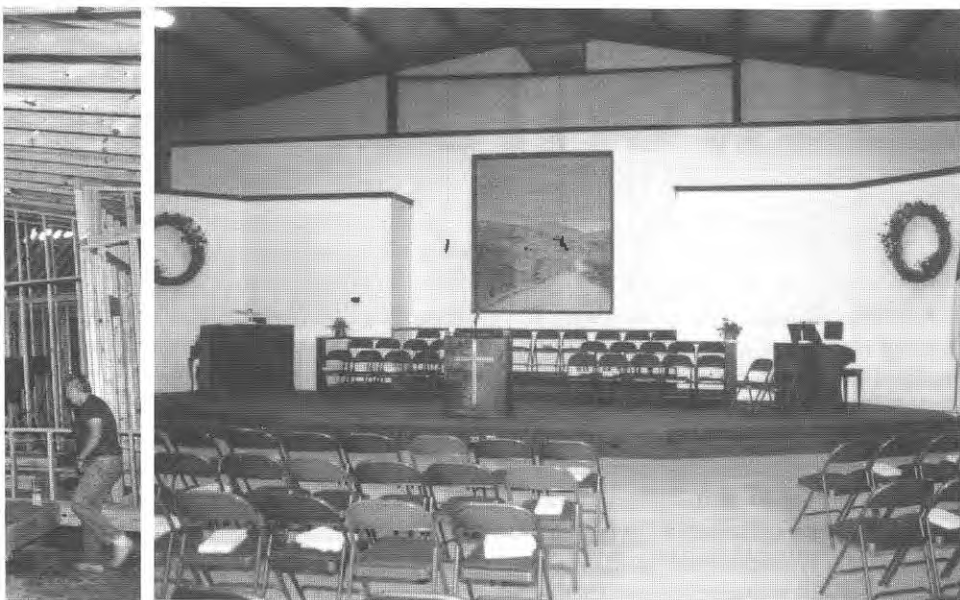
sively waited with Pastor Kinsey for them to arrive. Justin arrived with his grandfather, and Donaldson was impressed with them both. He wrote to me that "Justin was a man of character while yet in a child's body."

It became clear that Justin was in charge. He was there supervising every day. Justin had people of all ages working under his supervision, even men of 60 or older. It is my experience that few youth in authority over others older than themselves can manage this effectively. I have seen situations where older workers, resenting the exercise of authority by a young person, have actually sabotaged the work to show the leader he was not so smart after all, especially if the directions given were incomplete or given with a sense of unearned superiority. It takes a great deal of sensitivity and recognition of the skills the different workers bring to get them to cooperate under the leadership of one younger than they.

Justin, however, not only impressed the pastor. The children and youth in his congregation began to see in Justin a person who had not allowed his youth to be a stumbling block to achieving what he

Harold B. Confer <hjconfer@worldnet.att.net> is a member of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting and has participated in and led workcamps for almost 50 years. A winner of the Clarence and Lilly Pickett Fund for Quaker Leadership, he is working with members of his meeting and others to start a new disaster response organization that will target human-caused disasters such as burned houses of worship.

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Before, during, and after: At far left, Justin Moffett stands in front of the burned Salem Baptist Church. Below: Volunteers and church members at work and play.

What we get is the eternally important rediscovery that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Now, four years later, Donaldson works as the state volunteer coordinator for the National Coalition of Burned Churches. He insists that every church that rebuilds plan to take on another burned church themselves, often the next summer. "Only then do you truly discover what it means to rebuild a burned church!"

After two summers of mission trips to Ladonia, Donaldson's church rebuilding crew decided to add a 2,400-square-foot educational annex to their own church. All of the work was done by the members of Salem Baptist. The contractor they hired to oversee their work, Vernell Arnold, was amazed and delighted at the talent they had within their own congregation. The addition was completed in less than six months.

wanted to accomplish. In fact, these youngsters came to see that his age was an asset in the service of God. The pastor described Justin as "a great motivator." As the church family of all ages observed the work of joy, they asked to join in. They became convinced that anyone with the willingness to serve, take directions, and try hard could help.

Many of Justin's workers had never worked with African Americans before and experienced people who did not fit their stereotypes. Justin told me that the greatest thing his workers took away from their experience was spiritual growth and recognition of their own sister- and brotherhood with the members of Salem Baptist. Racial reconciliation, not a goal they set out with, was a gift from God that they took home.

This rebuilding led Pastor Donaldson to reflect about the future. He was concerned that his church family did not have any experts or even major skilled workers,

but through Justin's leadership he came to see that they possessed the greatest gift of all—willingness to risk and to work hard.

By the end of the summer the church was completely rebuilt. The high came when both President Clinton and Vice President Gore arrived with their families for the dedication service. Justin headed back home with his friends after a satisfying summer watching and helping a church rise from the ashes.

But the best part of this story came a year later when Daniel Donaldson and his flock decided they wanted to do something themselves, in a sense to give back what had been given to them. By this time he was in contact with many other pastors of burned churches, and they decided to help another church rebuild. Donaldson and 17 members of his church family traveled to Ladonia, Texas, for a summer of church rebuilding to help Missionary Baptist Church.

This was a totally different experience, they discovered, from helping rebuild their own church. The culmination, as Donaldson told me, came when they drove home. "As my people wearily dismounted from the van and walked to their own cars, they were not walking on the ground, they were walking on air!" It was not until they were able to rebuild another burned church that the impact of that act of service hit them.

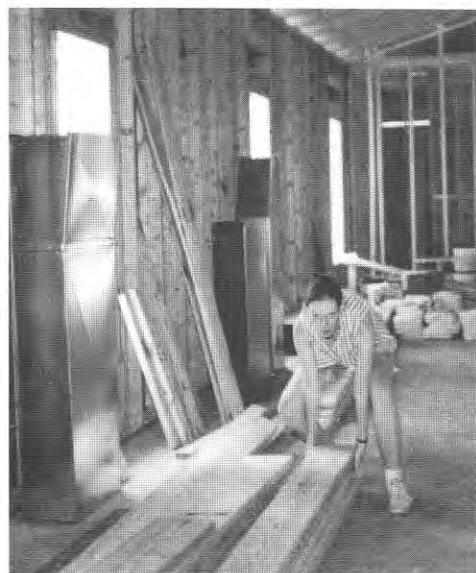
"Now," he said, "I know what Justin and you Quakers get out of this experience!"



Thank you, Justin. I hope you can see that your Quaker youth and adults from Ohio and Indiana did much more than rebuild a burned Salem Baptist church in Humboldt, Tennessee. You also ignited the spirit of workcamping among those you helped so that they in turn helped others as well as themselves. Your works are still in progress.

Justin is an example of what Nancy Thiessen, the leader of a Mennonite workcamp organization, taught me years ago: "The young people working as workcampers are the leaders of the church of today, not the church of tomorrow."

As I have been privileged to see many other young Justins come through my church rebuilding workcamps, I can only say "Amen!" □



A Phone Call from Santa Fe

by Arthur S. Harris Jr.

We are hardly the only Vermonters who rise at dawn and take an early evening shuteye soon after the sun disappears beyond the ridge of Red Mountain. Farmers perhaps? No, just gravel road country folk who ignore TV and start yawning a few hours after *All Things Considered* has brought us the news without the commercial interruptions for dental adhesives, laxatives, or acid reflux remedies that surround snippets of news on the tube.

*Arthur S. Harris Jr., a World War II conscientious objector, lives in Arlington, Vermont.
© 2001 Arthur S. Harris Jr.*

Occasionally the phone interrupts an evening's reading—telemarketers offering a once-in-a-lifetime cruise to the Bahamas from Miami including accommodations and airfare at an unbelievably low price. Phyllis listens until the denouement ("So if you will just confirm your address and credit card information, we'll . . .") because she is kindhearted and believes that even if callers make no sale, they get credit for a completed spiel. I am less generous and toy with the boiler room phone vendors, often switching into poor French and pretending I don't understand English.

By some vague edict or other, such calls

are supposed to cease by early evening. So recently when we were in bed reading, we were surprised to hear the phone just before nine. Make no mistake: those old rotary phones have a lusty ring you can hear 100 yards away—none of your effete, touch-tone buzzes.

"How are you, Arthur?" asked a youthful, disembodied voice I couldn't recognize. Nervy as telemarketers are, none has ever cold-called and used my first name.

"I'm fine, but who is this?" Best to cut to the chase.

"It's Paul. Paul Wengle. Remember me?"



Drawings by Sharli Powers Land

Indeed. A voice from the past—a one-time neighbor, then a grade schooler, now calling from three time zones away, a reasonable hour in Sante Fe.

Enter Paul. About a dozen years ago a neighboring professor in midsummer unexpectedly got an academic year of study abroad and was anxious to find nine-month tenants to occupy his house (for a highly subsidized rental) and care for his aging dog. He found Claire, a clerk at a health food store, and her ten-year-old son, Paul Wengle.

While Claire commuted in her beat-up Ford Fiesta to her job 15 miles away, a school bus deposited young Paul at the bottom of our steep mountain road about 2:30. He'd walk up to their empty house and even before shedding his knapsack would stroke and talk to the dog before letting her out. It turned out that Paul had never had a pet of his own, not even a gerbil. (Nor had he ever had a father either as far as I knew.) Arthritic dog and school-boy soon bonded.

As I worked at home and ran out of steam by midafternoon, young Paul began dropping by to help me rake leaves, toss a football, or discuss the Boston Red Sox. Can you see us in autumnal Vermont, the wispy gray-headed elder and black-haired, sweet-faced youngster?

As winter settled in, he came directly to my house from the school bus. I would prepare hot chocolate and we'd discuss school, which bored him. No preachments from me about nose-to-the-grindstone homework if he ever wanted to amount to something. Instead I suggested with a touch of whimsy that he never let his homework stand in the way of his education. He was entranced with accounts of school dropouts who had become famously successful: the founders of both McDonald's and Kentucky Fried Chicken. I found a youth-oriented biography of that notorious grade-school dropout Thomas A. Edison, which Paul read over a weekend.

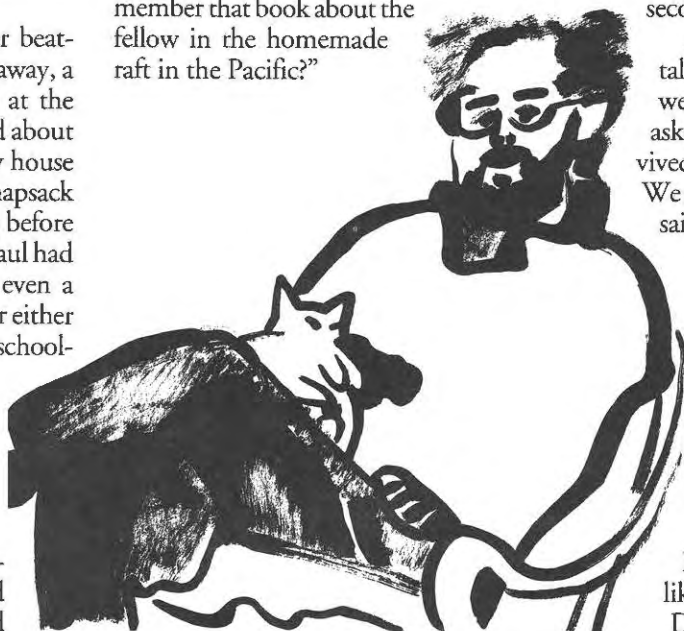
Sometimes I supplemented Paul's small allowance by paying him to tie up newspapers and magazines that we'd take to the recycling center. With the first snow, he shoveled with me. We set up a bird feeder.

Since my own sons were newly mar-

ried and scattered around New England, I looked forward to his afternoon appearance at the kitchen door. He filled an afternoon void when I might otherwise play solitaire or rest on the couch with our 14-year-old marmalade tabby.

In June Paul and his mother moved away, and I lost touch with him.

During that evening phone call from Sante Fe, Paul recalled our afternoons together. "I often think about you and wonder how you are. You know you really started me reading. Remember that book about the fellow in the homemade raft in the Pacific?"



"*Kon Tiki*," I offered.

"That's it, yes. How are you these days? What's new?"

So this 22-year-old and I chatted. He was taking courses at a community college and managed two part-time jobs: clerk at a photography store and helper at a florist's.

I thought we might exchange photos. He wasn't sure he had anything recent but (prompted by me—was this a mistake?) he admitted his photography store took passport photos and he could have one taken of himself. He gave me his post office box address and assured me he'd write and enclose a photo. In these days of e-mail, could we (balding ex-teacher and youthful, part-time student) become pen pals? Or have pen pals gone the way of windup Victrolas?

Off to the Southwest went a snapshot of Phyllis and me at Ernest Hemingway's former estate outside Havana. I wrote Paul that our visit to Cuba had been surreptitious and in fact illegal in the eyes of Uncle

Sam. I chose this particular snapshot because I had introduced Paul to *The Old Man and the Sea* but not without pontificating on the symmetry of the six-word title: 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3. My letter ended by telling Paul his evening phone call had made my day.

So how to account for Paul's lack of response after three or four months? No call, letter, photo. I had forgotten to ask for his phone number, and his post office box address was no help. There were no Wengles in the Sante Fe phone directory, but I did finally track him down at the second photography store I called.

Assuming an airy tone (no parental reprimand; after all, my own sons were hardly great correspondents), I asked, "So how are you, Paul? Survived millennium hoopla all right?" We talked a bit. After a brief lull he said to me, "You really helped me with my project, you know. Yours was the best response."

Project? Response? His call had been more than friendly interest?

"You see, in this Psych course I'm taking, we had this . . . well, assignment where we had to reach back to three people we hadn't seen in years and see how they were and all and sort of, like, write it up."

Deflated, I managed to ask him in a toneless voice if he did well in the project.

"B minus, but I had some spelling mistakes which, like, brought my grade down."

My first reaction was that I had been conned, caught up in a phone scam like my fellow old-timers who buy long-life light bulbs over the phone. I wished him well with a jaunty "Hang in there, Paul."

Off the phone I forced myself to realize that those long-ago afternoons of mentoring were far from one-way. How satisfying they had been for me. If I had been used, it surely didn't seem that way to Paul. Because of a college assignment he had reached out and touched someone from the past, but wasn't it, as he might have put it, "like a learning experience all around"?

Within a few weeks I began to think of Paul once again with affection. Perhaps I'd mail off to that Sante Fe post office box the Jim Harrison novel I'd just read, no strings attached. No acknowledgments needed or implied. An unfettered gift. □



What I Learned from Rachel Hicks

by Rachel West

One Friday morning during a Pendle Hill prayer class, Chris Ravndal introduced us to a prayer form he called "Creating Your Sanctuary." He asked each of us to imagine a comfortable, safe, and peaceful site—each one's own personal sanctuary. We could, if we wished, invite into this space some other person, preferably not a close friend or relative. The spot I imagined was a location on our convent grounds in Oldenburg, Indiana, one with which I am familiar, having spent much time there during numerous retreats and visits. The place is a hilltop with benches facing out on a charming view of both the Sisters' and the town's

cemeteries, of rolling farm land and distant hills.

In my imagination, I seated myself comfortably on a bench, and somewhat surprisingly, a small white cat appeared and jumped onto my lap. I could feel the sun's warmth and smell recently cut clover.

My first thought had been to invite into this sanctuary a person such as Gandhi, Dorothy Day, one of the four U.S. women martyred in El Salvador, or even St. Francis, people whom I have long wanted to meet and certainly wished to emulate. I suddenly felt, however, that this site I found so lovely and peaceful—such a place of prayer—was not sufficiently austere for any of these particular individuals. Lurking in the back of my mind was the fear that they might remind me of my own lack of kinship with those who are poor and unjustly treated. I feared they might say to me: "What are you doing in this

comfortable, safe, and peaceful place? Get our and do something!"

I was feeling a bit abashed when a small, gentle Quaker woman, clad in plain gray, walked into my sanctuary and joined me (and the cat) on the bench. She appeared as comfortable and peaceful as I felt in that spot, and I was delighted to have her join me. Her words to me were quite clear, simple, and altogether astonishing. She said, "Live up to the Light thou hast."

I knew the woman who had joined me was Rachel Hicks, a 19th-century Quaker minister from Long Island. The words she used (I learned later) were those that a 19th-century English Quaker woman, Caroline Fox, heard from the Inward Guide at a time when she was struggling with doubts about the content of her faith. I had read a segment from Rachel's *Memoir* for Quakerism class, which undoubtedly was why it was she, and not Caroline,

Sr. Rachel West is a member of the Order of St. Francis of Oldenburg, Indiana. She spent the 2000–2001 year as a resident student at Pendle Hill. She wrote this essay for "Festival Week," the final week of the autumn term, and it evolved into a Spring 2001 Monday Night Lecture.

who had turned up in my sanctuary. Since Rachel had seen fit to join me there and had spoken to me such a challenging message, I resolved to learn more about this woman. I determined as well to invite her further into my sacred space to discuss the fuller meaning for my present and future life of the words "Live up to the Light thou hast."

Rachel was a Hicksite Quaker minister from Long Island, New York. Born in 1789, she married Abraham Hicks, nephew of Elias Hicks, from whom

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the Hicksite variety of Quakers takes its name. She herself was the daughter of Gideon and Elizabeth Seaman; her mother's family name was Dobson. In the Hicksite/Orthodox split that took place in New York Yearly Meeting in 1828, only a year after her husband's death, she chose the path of his uncle; her own father, however, joined the ranks of the Orthodox. The division caused both Rachel and her father intense pain. She remained convinced however, of the truth of the Hicksite belief that "perfection" or salvation came through an individual's faithful obedience to the Inner Light. In her memoir she relates that at an early age she neither understood nor accepted the doctrine of "atonement" that was at the core of Orthodox theology.

Obedience to the Inner Light was not that easy for her, however. In a family gathering for silent worship when she was 18, she heard quite clearly the inward command that she should become a traveling minister. Shyness and doubt concerning her ability to speak aloud in meeting caused her to deny this inward instruction for more than 20 years. During this time she was often both physically ill and emotionally depressed. Her husband

and two of her five children died, the Hicksite/Orthodox split placed a strain on family and community relationships, and worst of all for her spirits, she felt that she was being deliberately disobedient to the inner voice she had heard at age 18. Within three years, however, after she first "rose and bore testimony to the Truth" at a First-day meeting in 1831, her meeting (Westbury) recognized her gift, and she began the traveling (and often quite strenuous) ministry to the various Hicksite yearly and monthly meetings. This included those in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Canada, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Iowa. Such ministry continued, off and on, until her death at age 89.

She experienced deep sadness as she noted the decline of the Hicksite meetings in size and number. As one of the last of the Quietist ministers, who would often remain silent throughout a meeting they were visiting—to the chagrin of some regular members who were expecting some weighty message—she was dismayed by what she saw as a distressing tendency toward acceptance of a trained "hireling priesthood" and reliance on reason rather than on the Spirit as a guide in vocal ministry. And during the Civil War she suffered profound anguish. She regarded the conflict as an inevitable consequence of both the South's stubborn insistence on maintaining and spreading the evil of slave holding and the North's equally stubborn reliance on products produced by slave labor. Despite the hard times, however, including the deaths of her three remaining children and of the woman who had been her principal traveling companion, she experienced a deep, underlying peace in her conviction that she was being obedient to God's voice as she had heard it. Shortly before her death she told a friend: "I have no anxiety about anything. . . . I feel that I am in the hands of my Heavenly Father; His arms are round about me and underneath, and I can truly say, 'Not my will, but Thine, O Father, be done.'"

My first thought about the meaning in my life of the words Rachel spoke to me, "Live up to the Light thou hast," sprang from my knowledge that she had experienced such a clear call (to be a minister of God's Word) and neglected to follow it for far too long. I reflected for some time, "What kind of leading have I received that I have been

neglecting?" Was she trying to nudge my conscience about some serious personal task I had been refusing to perform? I thought of various times I had made great plans and resolutions to do something (such as write every day in my journal, design a plan for my religious congregation to take a corporate stance against some grave social evil, write articles about nonviolence and submit them to some journal for publication) and, somehow, never really had accomplished. Perhaps the words were pushing me once again in the direction of doing such things. I wasn't at all sure, however, that this was the message intended.

What about that nagging guilt I experience from time to time when I recognize that I am a member of a privileged minority in the world—white, middle class, highly educated, a citizen of the remaining Superpower? I have heard many times that "guilt is not a productive emotion," but at least in Rachel's life, guilt had been the motivating factor in leading her to faithfulness in following the Inward Guide, and subsequently to peace. Was that Spirit pushing me, by way of guilt, toward a ministry that I had decided was no longer for me—direct, active service with the poor and those living on the margins of society? I had come to Pendle Hill burned out after some 15 years in justice and peace ministry—the "indirect" but no less essential work of education and advocacy on behalf of victims of poverty, exploitation, and violence. Was I now being recalled to a more direct involvement? Again, I wasn't sure.

I decided to explore different ways of hearing the words Rachel had spoken to me: "Live up to the Light thou hast." I found the published journal of Caroline Fox, *Memories of Old Friends*, and discovered that she had heard these words when she was feeling guilty about not being able to accept the belief that Christ was Savior and Redeemer. She heard them, not as words of blame, but as words of consolation, intended, it seemed, to assure Caroline that where she was in her journey of faith was precisely the right place for her to be. The sentence was followed by the phrase, "and more will be granted thee." In other words, she heard the command either as "Live up to the Light *thou* hast," or "Live up to the Light *thou hast*, and more will be granted thee."

Gradually, it became clearer to me that this was indeed the way that Rachel's words

spoke to my condition. They were never intended to send me on a guilt trip (however useful for my learning such a journey might be). They were spoken to remind me that in my search for direction, the only requirement is to answer "Yes" to the Light that I experience here and now as a 21st-century, United States, Catholic, Oldenburg, Indiana, Franciscan Sister.

One of my favorite book titles is *We Drink from Our Own Wells*, a book written by the father of Latin American liberation theology, Gustavo Gutiérrez. In it Gutiérrez describes the spirituality of the poor of Latin America, a spirituality of their lived experience of the presence of God in history—their own history. The late Henri Nouwen, in a foreword to the English translation of the book, remarked that the title "expresses the core idea it describes." Nouwen continued: "To drink from your own well is to live your own life in the Spirit of Jesus as you have encountered him in your concrete historical reality." It occurred to me that drinking from the well of my own encounter with the Divine Spirit in my personal history was but another way of stating that I was living up to the Light I have.

I now believe that, had I gone beyond my feelings of embarrassment and invited into my sanctuary Gandhi, Dorothy Day, any one of the four U.S. women martyred in El Salvador, or even St. Francis, each would have told me much the same thing. The words would have been different, of course, arising from each one's own 20th- or 13th-century reality, but they would have meant essentially the same thing. Rachel Hicks's, Gandhi's, Dorothy Day's, Maura Clark's, Ita Ford's, Dorothy Kazel's, Jean Donovan's, and Francis's unique experience of the Divine within each one's personal history and culture prepared each for living up to the Light he or she received. In the same way, my own historical situation and experience prepare me in a unique way to receive that Light in my own daily life and to "live up to it." Yes, this reality does include being a member of a privileged minority in the world. It includes no less the great privilege I currently have of spending my sabbatical year at Pendle Hill and hanging out with Quakers, including not only those among the staff and students, but other newfound friends—such as Rachel Hicks—who encourage me to live up to the Light I have. □

A Quaker Wedding

Asked to sit in silence, we obey,

at least the "we" who are adults.

For children, silence is the enemy,

the warning shot of sleep

and missing out.

So above the quiet, the sounds of squirming,

of plaintive whispers, light and high,

like the breeze atop the stilled firs,

rooted elms, which shade the front lawn

of the Friends' meetinghouse

on this steamy summer day.

One bench before me a child of four or five

twists on the floor before his father

then rises to announce the seriousness of his thirst.

Top button buttoned, the knot from his father's tie

seems half the size of his face,

now red from the heat and the strain of being good.

He lurches,

gets reeled in,

the rub of "I love you" at the small of his back,

the tug of "Behave" at his wrist.

Finally, the soft release of piano notes

brings deeper murmurs, the click

of a patent leather pocketbook.

The couple rise

from their separate contemplations

and stand again before us

holding hands;

they vow to cherish the necessity

of solitude, the comfort of company,

to love with equal measure

both silence and sound, then turn

and walk among us

joyfully to the lawn.

—Steve Foley

Steve Foley lives in Weatogue, Connecticut.

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SIMPLE RICHES

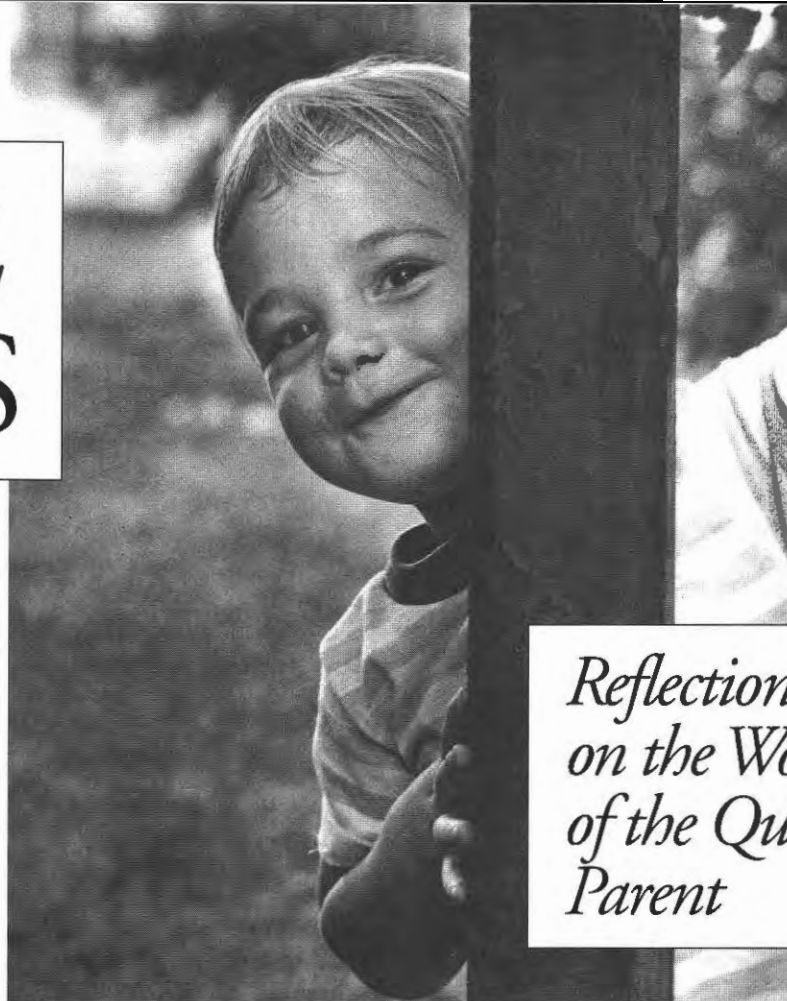
by Judy and Denis
Nicholson Asselin

Judy: When Denis and I were asked to give the Michener lecture, I was daunted by the realization that we would be treading in the footsteps of Friends far weightier than we. But I calculated that taken together, we weigh nearly 300 pounds, so perhaps our combined weight will see us through.

Although Denis and I view our roles of mom and dad as a work in progress and can claim no special expertise, we have chosen as our topic the work of the Quaker parent or grandparent or aunt or uncle—work that we find challenging, rewarding, humbling, infuriating, and spiritually uplifting, often all in the same day. Dwight and Ardis Michener and then my mother, Jean Mitchener Nicholson, have struggled with, refined, and passed on to me by example how to infuse Quaker values into their work as parents.

As a child, I knew I could get my grandfather Dwight's attention by telling him some slightly exaggerated fact, such as "I just ate 5 peaches for lunch!" His reply was always the same and always delighted us: "Mercy me!" He let me work with him in his wood shop, let me model for private photo sessions, rode me on his tractor; in every small gesture or word he made me feel important, a feeling the fourth girl in the family can't get too much of. Not until I attended his memorial service did I learn about the loans he made to Europeans to help them escape Nazi Germany and about feeding chil-

Judy and Denis Nicholson Asselin are members of Westtown (Pa.) Meeting. Judy teaches at Westtown and Denis at the Shipley School. This article was presented as the 25th Michener Lecture of Southeastern Yearly Meeting in January 1995. Reprinted with permission from Wider Quaker Fellowship and the authors.



Susan Dudley

Reflections on the Work of the Quaker Parent

dren in Marseilles with my grandmother during the war.

My fondest memories of Grandmother Ardis came from my adult life. Her habit of living simply, fine-tuned during the Depression, made it hard for her to spend money on herself. When Denis and I, newly married, wanted to spend six months in France working at the Friends Center, she helped finance our trip. She was always interested in what we were doing and made us feel we could do anything we set our minds to.

I won't even attempt to describe how my mother Jean has influenced me, because, after all, she is the best mother on Earth. My recollection is that she never yelled at us or spanked us, and even though my oldest sister claims that my recollections are flawed, Jean provides a great model for motherhood. When I was in junior high school, a friend once said to me in disbelief and with almost a tinge of disgust, "Is your mother always this nice?" I had to admit that yes, she was.

These three people, along with my father, my Nicholson grandmother, and many aunts and uncles, modeled for me what I consider to be the key ingredients to successful Quaker parenting, and which we would like to explore in more depth

here: living simply; loving unconditionally by accepting our own and our children's shortcomings; and having faith in the ongoing revelation of our divine potential.

We live in a society that largely embraces the antitheses of these principles. Our marvelous human ability to make bigger and better machines has complicated and sped up rather than simplified our lives. Our prejudices against "the other"—be it other races, other economic classes, other religions—make unconditional love seem way beyond our reach. Most important of all, and perhaps the root cause of the first two, our society has embraced as gospel the scientific model of an objective reality, that the world is essentially a material place and human life an essentially biochemical phenomenon. Even as quantum physics shatters this Newtonian notion of objectivity, our social institutions, our governments, our way of looking at the world are still largely dominated by the paradigm that if you can't see it or measure it or spend it or kill it, it either doesn't exist or isn't important. What matters most to us as a country, and more increasingly as a world, appears to be political and economic power.

I would argue that economics under-

lies the debate about education, since most educational reform aims to increase our children's access to wealth in a competitive global economy rather than their access to truth. Economics frames our foreign policy, justifying wars to keep gas prices low. Economics frames our self-perception, equating success with income and job status.

What does all this have to do with being a parent? In my view, everything. For this is the cultural status quo in the world our children inhabit. The gauntlet for the Quaker parent—and I would define “parent” to include any adult concerned with the legacy we pass on to the next generation—is to find ways to

nurture children who can respond to life more openly than the culture may allow, who can see themselves as powerful, creative, and enthusiastic creatures of nature, as spiritual beings, and as agents of social good.

Denis: Let's start with living simply. To frame our look at how we can live more simply in the world of the Internet, MTV, fast food, and shopping malls, I'd like to offer St. Francis of Assisi as an appropriate teacher.

But first, a moment pops into my mind from one of my favorite musicals, *The Music Man*. You may recall the scene when Mayor Shinn snaps out of Professor Harold Hill's hypnotic sales pitch and orders his sidekicks to “get that man's credentials.” You know about Judy's credentials as a Michener descendant, but perhaps you'd like to hear more about mine. Unlike Judy, I'm not a birthright Quaker, but I comfort myself with the fact that neither was George Fox. I was raised a Roman Catholic, and by age 13, I was convinced that God had called me to the priesthood. I joined the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, a monastic order dedicated to ecumenism. Its mission echoes Christ's prayer, “That they all may be one,” very avant-garde theology for the mid-1960s when I joined.

My official break with Catholicism co-



incided with my departure from the Friars. But if the old dictum “Once a Catholic, always a Catholic” is true, then I stand before you as a recovering Catholic. Quakerism slipped in where Catholicism left me, and although the two religions may seem like an odd couple, they are for me siblings sharing the same home, supporting each other and rooted in the same mysticism. Those are my spiritual credentials in a nutshell.

LIVING SIMPLY

Now to St. Francis and his view of simple living. Francis Bernardone of Assisi, Italy, was one of an unusual number of mystics in the late 12th century whose devotion to all of creation led them to that place from which they could contemplate the Creator. Creation and mysticism were closely intertwined. A visionary, a gentle rebel, a challenger of the status quo, Francis provides us with an exciting model to forge a new world view. He joyfully embraced what he called Lady Poverty, rejecting his comfortable, middle-class existence to live as do the lilies of the field, in pure faith that God would provide.

I, on the other hand, can't seem to live without air conditioning in Pennsylvania, and I'm guessing most of you Floridians feel the same way. And I'm certainly not planning to give away my Macintosh com-

puter. Without it, Judy and I couldn't have composed this lecture as easily. Perhaps Lady Poverty now includes a limited number of modern amenities to compensate for the 800 years that separate Saint Francis and us.

Saint Francis, who internalized the experience of a living cosmology, could serve us well today as the patron saint of ecology. For him, Mother Earth is nothing less than a royal person. As a giver of life, she is praised for her birthing fruits, flowers, and herbs. If the planet is to survive, then our worldview—our cosmology—must place significant importance on how simply we live and how connected we are to

the nature that we are part of. How do we teach this to our children?

Each year we take a family vacation to the Nicholson family cabin on Rancocas Creek in the New Jersey Pine Barrens. There is no electricity, no plumbing, no phone, no computer, and no television. Each of us admits privately to adjustments of one kind or another when we first arrive at the cabin and adapt to a lifestyle where less is more. Yet only two days into the experience, no one volunteers to leave the cabin to buy provisions at the market in Browns Mills. Four days into the experience and there's a quiet revolution when we consider leaving this “cathedral of the pines,” this sanctuary that allows us to detoxify from our unsuspected addiction to things. We begin again to hear, feel, touch, taste, and see nature's creation in ways we can't when residing in the electronic fortress we call home. When we return to civilization, the modern conveniences of our house more than suffice to meet our needs. Simplicity needn't mean sacrifice or deprivation, but a reconnection to that which is most important and satisfying—a sense of ourselves as part of nature, not apart from it.

Judy: I'm reminded of a similar moment shared with my daughter Carrie last summer when we hiked in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Her wide eyes

saw better than mine the natural beauty that surrounded us as we climbed. There wasn't one detail that escaped her attention. As we walked, she commented on this unusual flower, that particular moss, this impressive tree, that distinctive bug, or those colorful mushrooms. Each remarkable element of nature awakened her awe and stimulated her imagination to weave tales of fairies and magical dwelling places. Modern technology cannot duplicate these marvelous things. Carrie's heart was spontaneously lifted with joy and so was mine because of her uninhibited enthusiasm. She never tells similar stories when we walk through a shopping mall.

I am certain Saint Francis walked in the same kind of joy as hers, for he understood that true glory comes from the divine source of all things, and all of nature is its tangible conduit.

Many of you may know of the Seventh Generation Company in Vermont that sells environmentally safe household products. It derives its name from sound Native American advice that consumers make decisions today that consider the impact seven generations into the future. Imagine moving through the day with a sensitivity to how our lives will enhance the quality of life for those who come after us. This is definitely not a popular approach! The prevailing culture wants us to live more fully now and forget holding our wants in check.

Denis: At home, we used to make fun secretly of Judy in her frugal endeavors to live life more simply. When the first issue of *Tightwad Gazette* arrived by mail several years ago, the kids and I wondered what we were in for. It wasn't just a question of budgeting to make ends meet, but more her desire to live more simply as a responsible citizen of Earth. We now avoid juice-in-a-box and overly packaged products. We compost our garbage, recycle everything we can, and take pride in putting out one can of trash a week instead of the usual two or three for a family of four. We've cut our electric usage down through fluorescent lighting, and we live in a super insulated, passive solar house. We still use more energy in one week than most third world citizens use in a lifetime, but it's a beginning.

Simplicity in regards to material possessions and the responsible stewardship of Earth is evident. But how simple are our days? our weekends? our months? How

cluttered is our life with activities that eclipse those small calling voices deep inside? As a teacher, I have become painfully aware of how we can't breathe deeply anymore in our school curriculum. Students overextend themselves in courses and extracurricular activities and find free time hard to come by or even difficult to manage when it falls in their laps. We teachers are poor models. We rush from class to faculty meeting to the Xerox machine to coaching. The students often witness us breathless, and as good students, they learn their cues accordingly.

And what about at home? Do we rush back from school or work to do home maintenance, rush to shuttle our children to soccer practice, dance class, judo class, birthday parties at the bowling alley, or the gym? I now loiter suspiciously at the calendar hung up on the refrigerator and panic whenever I see additional commitments multiply before my eyes. When I can no longer see the original number of the date, I know we will be knee deep in rushing for the next 24 hours.

We have tried to draw the line at the family evening meal as a moment not to be tampered with. Yet both Judy and I are often called to committee meetings that extend well into the evening. We squeeze what feels like two days' worth of work into one. We all breathe a sigh of relief in June when the school year comes to an end. Our summers so far exclude involvement in day camps, overnight camps, computer camps, sports camps, etc. As a family, we move as a unit in the summer, traveling, swimming, playing, and even working together.

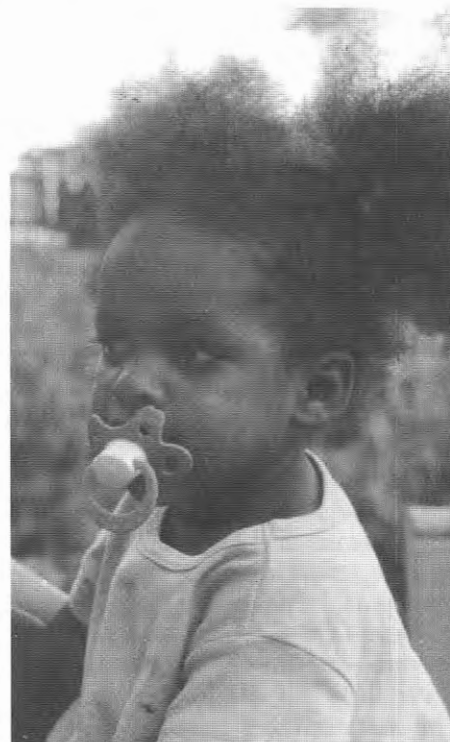
We are learning how to say "No!" to that additional commitment, and as you all know, it's difficult to do. We inevitably are asked to serve on this or that committee, knowing that we could do a good job and enjoy it, but at what cost? I often feel as if I am disappointing the meeting, the school Parent Council, and the local community organization when I say "No!" I feel selfish. But children learn best by our example. Let them see us strive to live joyfully and simply both in possessions and in rhythm of life.

LOVING UNCONDITIONALLY

Judy: The second attribute in our work as parents that we struggle with daily is how to love our children unconditionally. I

once jokingly said to Nathaniel, who was about three at the time, that the trouble was, I loved him too much. He said with total seriousness, "Oh no, Mommy. I need all that love. It goes down into a big pit in my tummy and makes me grow!" His perception turns out to be pretty close to the truth. We now know that babies fail to thrive when love is withheld.

The most important aspects of unconditional love that have emerged for me in my work as a mom are first, loving myself, in spite of my warts and bumps; second, learning not to equate my child's bad behavior with her character; and finally, setting limits.



Joanne Clapp Fullagar

Loving Ourselves As Parents

I can remember vividly one Sunday in meeting basking in the deep love I feel for my children when it suddenly dawned on me that this uncritical love I was feeling was exactly the love my parents must feel for me. My parents have many times told me that they love me, and yet not until I experienced that love for my own children could I really know the depth of their love for me, that wellspring of acceptance that serves as bedrock for my sense of myself. Knowing that I am essentially good and lovable helps in those moments when I blow it as a parent.

I remember calling my sister Erica once in total hysteria after I had left the cellar door open in a distracted moment and let

my six-month-old fly down the stairs in his walker. He escaped with minor bumps and bruises, but my confidence as a parent had been shattered. My sister lovingly empathized. "Oh Jude," she said, "You've had your first 'I'm a bad mother' experience." What did she mean, my first?! Would there be more?

Since that phone call, there have indeed been many errors in judgment in dealing with my children, moments when I find myself saying and thinking things about them that are not particularly loving, moments of anger that make me feel more like Dracula than dear old mom.

We attended a weeklong conference for families at Pendle Hill a few years ago, and one theme that came up again and again was the anger that could erupt in our families. Where does it come from? Why does it keep rearing its ugly head? How can we deal with it? Gradually we realized that we all carried around in our heads some notion of the "ideal Quaker parent"—who never raises her voice or ever spansks or thinks unkind things about her children. Collectively we killed off this mythical parent as we discussed ways to cope creatively with anger, ways to keep our and our children's anger from becoming rage, and how we can still view ourselves as pacifists and loving parents even if we occasionally lose it with our kids.

One insight I gained from that discussion centered on the moment between a negative action from our child and our reaction as the parent. By stretching that moment—the gap between action and reaction—we can choose our response rather than lash out without thinking. This may seem only a slight twist on the old adage to count to ten, but to me it suggests a bigger idea than just cooling off a degree before screaming. The gap of time gives us the critical chance to exercise our freedom to choose.

I have been fascinated by reading accounts of Victor Frankl, a Jewish prisoner in a death camp during World War II who maximized that moment between stimulus and response. Even while being tortured, he considered himself to be free because he could still choose how to react to what he endured. His captors could not control his attitude. This extraordinary capacity to claim freedom in the most horrific situation imaginable provided spiritual nourishment not only for other prisoners, but also for some of the guards.

Now I don't exactly wish to equate



parenthood with torture, but there are those days when I feel like I'm being nibbled to death by ducks. My daily challenge is to focus on that gap of time between the moment my children hit me with a choice bit of negative behavior, and my reaction to it. The longer I can prolong that moment, the freer I am to react in a way that best helps my child and me, that builds rather than erodes our relationship.

Loving Our Children

Just as we are learning that unconditional love for our children doesn't exclude emotions that seem un-Quakerly and doesn't mean that we have to be perfect, we are also exploring how to respond to what seem like un-Quakerly attitudes and feelings in our children. Nathaniel has played war games, made guns out of Legos, and drawn pictures of B-2 bombers ever since he was four. After we got over our initial distress at his attraction to these things, we have come to recognize that he is responding quite naturally to his particularly strong appetite for power, danger, and adventure. He does not have a violent character, but he clearly needs to play out the battle between the good guys and the bad guys in order to grow. Short of buying him a toy gun, we have consciously tried to provide outlets for that hunger.

Denis: One creative solution we dreamed up in response to his "testosterone poisoning" as one friend calls it, are "night hunts." Nathaniel and I arm ourselves with tree

branches, flashlights, and the flash from my camera and charge out into the dark night around our home to zap imaginary monsters and bad guys. We'll crash around for an hour after dinner cleaning up the territory before returning to the civilizing influences of a warm home. It has been a great outlet for all those destructive impulses which, in an eight-year-old, more likely disguise feelings of weakness and powerlessness than reflect any real hatred.

Another successful outlet has been reading adventure stories out loud. Last summer, I read Tolkien's *The Hobbit* to the family. This story of dwarves, elves, goblins, and dragons provides plenty of sit-on-the-edge-of-your-seat adventure. *The Hobbit's* protagonist, Bilbo Baggins, travels over swift rivers and through dark forests to Lonely Mountain where the dragon, Old Smaug, resides. His dwarf companions know what they want—the gold in the dragon's lair—and they want Bilbo to steal it. In the course of the story, Bilbo escapes from the sly Gollum, the wicked Goblins, and the giant Spiders, and he even conquers Old Smaug himself. Who would have imagined little Bilbo capable of such epic wonders? His hidden resources always surface when push comes to shove.

Nathaniel and I entered our own hobbit world when we decided to hike up to Mount Haystack in New Hampshire last summer, not an easy climb for an 8-year-old (or for a 46-year-old for that matter!). The deceptive beginnings of the path alongside a clear mountain brook captured and sustained our interest and eclipsed the fact that we were rapidly changing elevation. The running water soon disappeared, the grade got steeper, and the forest darker. Nathaniel and I crawled over boulders and slipped along our way. The absence of sky and light gave us no hopeful perspective. It was here that he and I equated the trail and our experience to that of the dwarves and Bilbo on their journey through the forest of Mirkwood. We remembered the wizard's advice to "stay on the narrow path and don't lose hope," but we were thirsty, our feet and calves ached, and we were hungry. We climbed and climbed and climbed, and for what purpose? Even though the beautiful parts seemed obscured, Nathaniel kept going with an urgent sense of purpose. In two and a half hours we emerged unexpectedly from our gloomy "Mirkwood" above the tree line and suddenly were on the peak. The visual feast

was stunning, and I could see the wonder in Nathaniel's eyes. He just couldn't take it in all at once. He had never before experienced a journey that required such physical exertion and reaped such abundant rewards. From there he gazed longingly at the two-mile ridge trail leading to Mounts Lincoln and Lafayette, and his determination propelled us onward to climb those two peaks as well.

If, in loving our children, we want them to respond to personal leadings in life, we will need to teach them that sometimes it's hard work. The tenebrous Mirkwoods of life linger out there to obscure the path and discourage the spirit. As a parent, I am tempted to take away difficult experiences from my children and deliver them miraculously from their hurts so that they can arrive at understanding without having had to struggle to earn it. We have been taught to think of negative emotions and pain as bad things, rather than growth producers. As parents, we can climb alongside our children as they struggle, but we cannot lift them to the mountain top.

Judy: When Nathaniel was going through a rough time at school, a friend who is a school psychologist provided me with a helpful phrase: "Respect the integrity of the child's struggle." When Nathaniel was sad at school, I got sad with him—told him how upsetting it was to me to know he was unhappy. My friend helped me see that my attempts to make him feel better were actually adding to his burden. I had to stand by as his loving guide, nor as his anxious, "What's the matter with my kid?" mom. When I stopped mirroring his anxieties with my own, he gradually revealed the source of his suffering, and we worked to resolve it together. Respecting the integrity of the child's struggle as his own, not as my struggle, is part of our unconditional love. If we get pulled into our children's discomforts, hatreds, fears, and anger, we cannot be the supporter or provide the loving authority they most need in those tough moments.

Creating Boundaries for Growth

And how do we set limits? Unconditional love does not mean never saying no to our children or giving in to their every whim. Quakers have historically challenged authority, and for my generation, which came of age in the 1960s, authority of any kind was suspect. Now here we are,

30 years later, in positions of authority ourselves as parents, having to determine when to set limits on our children's behavior and when to let them choose for themselves. Just as surely as they grow out of the shoes we buy them, they eventually grow out of the limits we set for them when they are young by learning to check their behavior and impulses.

When I plant a tomato seed, it already contains all the information it needs to

guide the plant yet gives it room to grow. When we raise a child, we also have the distinct advantage of knowing what a fully grown person can be. We have experienced growing up ourselves and have more wisdom about the best conditions for maximum growth than do our children. We need to provide them with boundaries.

Kind and gentle as she is, my mother knew how to set limits. Here's an example. After college graduation, I moved



Friends General Conference

become a mature plant. But I have the special knowledge of what it requires to grow to maximum size and productivity: weed it, water it, keep the soil rich and loose, support the new branches. Untended, the plant will grow low to the ground, choke out the neighboring plants, and spill onto the lawn into the path of the mower. Fruit maturing near the ground will rot, and the harvest will be diminished. Yet I can't stake the plant too tightly or the stems will break when the fruit ripens. I have to provide support that

back in with my parents. Two months later, I was still unemployed and nursing feelings of self-pity, having been recently rejected by my college boyfriend. One morning, my mother placed the want ads in my lap and said with uncharacteristic bluntness, "Get a job." After I got over my complete shock, I did. That very day, in fact. By stating her expectations, she was showing how much she loved me; she put down a stake for me, offering a way for me to pull myself up off the ground. It was exactly what I needed.

GROWING IN THE SPIRIT

Denis: The final aspect of our work as Quaker parents that we would like to explore here is perhaps the most important: how to reinforce in our family life the power of the unseen Spirit. Divine insight—continuing revelation—is available to each of us, child and parent. Consider the natural enthusiasm of children, which literally means filled with God (*en-theos*); we can learn much from their spontaneous wonder and joy in the world, attitudes of mind and spirit that have perhaps grown a little rusty in myself.

Between two teaching jobs, I chose to stay home with Carrie and Nathaniel, then ages one and three, and Judy went back to work full-time. It was as though I had entered a new dimension of time. Each day seemed an eternity but the months flew by. My pre-children mode of organizing my days to the minute and getting things done crumbled before the insistent needs of the children, who pulled me into the present with every diaper change, juice spill, or spontaneous giggle at some unexpected pleasure of the day.

The experience was deeply humbling. I was doing what millions of women have done for generations and continue to do thanklessly: nurture our children. I now consider it God's work and would describe my 15 months at home with my children as sacramental. Perhaps my choice of the word "sacrament" shocks you. Quakers tend to shy away from such theological expressions. Yet if by "sacrament" I mean "an outward sign instituted by God to give grace" then there is no better word to describe the work we do with our children. The sacrament suggested is Holy Communion. To raise, instruct, counsel, coach, nurture, and support children is a shared experience, an intimate fellowship between children and adults. From that communion emanates an enduring grace.

During those months as primary parent, relatives and friends often called me "Mr. Mom." The label disconcerted me, as it implied that women are the ones called to play the dominant role in raising our children. Historically this is true, but that year my reply to the address "Mr. Mom" became "No, you mean Mr. Dad!" Men are called to communion with children as well. The ensuing grace of this sacramental relationship will satisfy our children's "father hunger" (as Frank

Pittman calls it in his book *Man Enough*). More importantly, it will show them that masculine doesn't have to mean only domination, competition, and "getting ahead" by force.

Judy: Our children are also living models of spiritual transformation, showing us how quickly we can slide from an unproductive mode or habit into a positive, productive one. Denis and I joke that just when we think we can't stand another moment of one of our children's phases, or can't stand some irritating habit, they miraculously change. Carrie sucked her thumb like an addict until she was five. She once announced in a very loud voice, to the great amusement of an orthodontist's waiting room full of parents whose kids had braces on their teeth, "I am going to suck my thumb forever!" My many short lectures about her severe overbite and my sweet cajoling to get her to stop had no effect, and so I gave up and never mentioned it again. Many months later, she decided on her own that she had had enough and stopped cold turkey. I was dumbfounded. When we take the pressure off our children, they often choose those moments to leap forward, transforming themselves more completely than we would have thought possible.

We need to re-envision our children constantly, allow them to change in our mind's eye at least half as quickly as they are in fact changing. The revelations provided by our kids make parenting much like being part of a collage or a moving sculpture, like weaving a tapestry that continually changes in hue and texture.

We have been given many examples of the transforming power of the Spirit in the Bible, in the lives of great religious leaders like Gandhi and Dr. King, and through great works of literature. One of my personal favorites is Scrooge's awakening in *A Christmas Carol*. The insight he gains during his night with the spirits changes him in an instant. "I am as giddy as a school boy!" he laughs. "I don't know anything, and I don't care that I don't know anything." George Bailey, in the film *It's a Wonderful Life*, experiences the same delicious excitement when his guardian angel helps him see how good his life really is. "I'm going to jail!" he exclaims towards the end of the movie, "Isn't that wonderful?" His external circumstances haven't changed; he is still bankrupt. What has changed is his attitude towards those

circumstances. What I love about this movie and Dickens's classic is that both characters, after their brush with divine truth, plunge into life with spontaneous, joyful enthusiasm (*en-theos*). In those Spirit-filled moments, they become exactly like children.

If we are open to them, we can experience our own mini-transformations daily and witness those of our children.

Denis: I believe that if we live the basic tenets of simple living, unconditional loving, and openness to divine oneness, we have the potential to effect significant changes in our world and in the children we leave behind to inhabit it. Part of being a Quaker means to take risks, to question assumptions, and, to borrow a *Star Trek* phrase, "to boldly go where no others have gone before." I imagine George Fox was that kind of risk taker. He felt a deep leading and responded to it with the same enthusiasm and joy that St. Francis did. We are the descendants, both birthright and convinced, of this compulsion to search for the truth. That truth must direct our intimate and communal journey with our children if healthy growth is to occur in our families, our communities, our country, and on our planet. In the words of John Woolman, we are simply invited to "let our lives speak!"

Judy: We'd like to conclude with two quotations that capture for us our vision for our work with our children. From a letter attributed to Chief Seattle to President Franklin Pierce in 1852:

Will you teach your children what we have taught our children? That the earth is our mother? What befalls the earth befalls all the sons of the earth. This we know: the earth does not belong to man, man belongs to the earth. All things are connected like the blood that unites us all. Man did not weave the web of life. He is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

Denis: And a prayer of a Native American child:

O Great Spirit whose voice I hear in the winds and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me! I am but a child small and weak; I need your strength and wisdom. Make me wise so that I may know the things you have taught my people. Let me learn the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock. □



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New England Quaker Meetinghouses—Past and Present

By Silas B. Weeks

Foreword by James A. Turrell

188 pages, paper, \$18.50

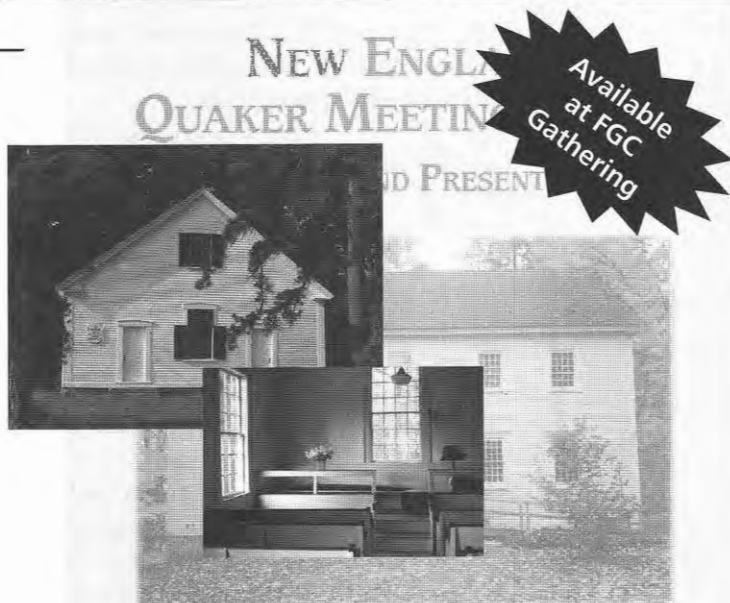
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Ladybug

by Rebecca M. Osborn



Beyond the forest, at the edge of the swamp, a little red-speckled ladybug crawled slowly up the stem of an orchid. Her name was Lydia, and she was looking for her lunch. Today lunch was to be tiny white aphids.

Suddenly Lydia heard a loud buzzing sound above her head. She looked up to see a red scorpion fly hanging by his front legs from the top of the plant. He had a long, jointed tail that he had twisted into the shape of a hook to catch her and pull her up.

Quickly, Lydia opened her wing flaps and, spreading her little round wings, flew away. She saw just what she was looking for—a short, stubby plant covered with aphids.

Lydia landed on the roots of the plant and began to lick her way up. The aphids were sweet and tender. She had scooped up almost half a bellyful when she heard a shrill voice call out:

"Who are you?"

It was the voice of a sundew plant. She was tall and slender with a crown of tiny white flowers around her head. She had a skirt of small round leaves covered with delicate hairs. Each hair glistened with a kind of nectar.

"My name is Lydia," the little ladybug said. "What is yours?"

"My name is Sophia," the elegant sundew replied.

She watched Lydia intently.

"What are you doing there on that stalk?" she asked,

"I am eating aphids," Lydia replied cheerily.

"You are eating aphids!" Sophia exclaimed.

"Yes. That is what I eat. I eat aphids."

"O, that is cruel!" Sophia exclaimed.

"Perhaps it is," Lydia agreed,

"but if I didn't eat the aphids, the aphids would eat all the plants. They would eat you, too."

Sophia shook the crown of white flowers on her head. "Just the same," she said in a scolding tone of voice, "it isn't a very nice habit."

At that very moment there was a buzzing sound over their heads. The same red scorpion fly that had tried to seize Lydia by its tail settled on one of Sophia's small round leaves with the hairs on them.

Sophia was very calm.

"It is very nice to see you," she said to the scorpion fly.

He didn't return her greeting but began immediately to suck up the nectar on the ends of the hairs.

Suddenly the scorpion fly began to jerk his legs frantically. He twisted and turned and bent his long jointed body in all directions. But, as he twisted and turned, he only slipped further and further down into the sticky nectar. Then Lydia saw the hairs on the leaf curl up slowly and cover his body. She could hear his frantic buzzing as they closed over him. Soon the buzzing stopped and the scorpion fly disappeared altogether.

"You ate him!" Lydia said, "You ate the scorpion fly!"

Sophia did not reply.

"Why did you tell me I shouldn't eat aphids when you eat flies? You are a hypocrite!"

Sophia lowered her head. The little crown of flowers drooped.

"I thought if I told you," she said, "you would be afraid of me. I thought you would fly away and never come back. I am so lonely here in this bog. No one ever comes to see me."

"Small wonder," Lydia said, "You eat them!"

"But I was made to eat flies!"

"And I was made to eat aphids."

"So, we are the same! And you don't hate me?"

"Not when you're honest," Lydia said.

Sophia smiled happily.

"Then you will come back! You will come back again to visit me?"

Lydia was silent for a moment, then she said:

"Yes. Yes, I will come back to visit you, but I won't get any closer!"

And, with that, she lifted her little wing flaps, spread out her tiny wings, and flew away home. □

Rebecca M. Osborn is a member of Unami (Pa.) Meeting.

Friendly Puzzler

For the young (or young at heart)

by Tess Antrim-Cashin

Directions:

The words are placed so that they run down or up, sideways, and diagonally. An example of "happy":

h	y	happy	ypah	h
a	p			a
p	p			p
p	a			p
y	h			y



When you find a word, color the squares of the word brown or black. Letters can be used more than once. Color blank squares blue. If you do you will come up with an object.

The following words are hidden in the puzzle:

Bible	equals	Friends	Lago	Quakerism	silence
bless	Fell	Fry	lion	peace	soul
Cobb	Fox	hope	love	Penn	

Dictionary of Names in the word search:

Cobb—The helper of George Fox's friend

Fell—George Fox's wife

Fox—A famous Quaker who lived in the 17th century. (Many phrases such as "Stand in the light" come from George Fox.)

Fry—A Quaker who visited prisons

Lago—George Fox's mother's maiden name

Penn—Another very famous Quaker. (Similar to George Fox, William Penn helped Quakers to become what they are today.)

S	T	A	N	D	I	N	T	H	E	L	I	G	H	T	O	P
A	Q	E	I	M	R	V	Z	B	U	Q	I	N	J	Z	F	A
A	B	F	C	J	N	R	W	Y	X	W	V	S	O	X	G	C
X	B	F	R	J	S	P	H	O	P	E	F	K	W	L	G	C
M	L	D	N	T	I	F	E	L	L	L	R	L	F	O	D	S
S	E	W	G	U	L	O	L	A	G	O	I	K	A	O	P	O
H	M	Y	F	V	E	X	B	F	C	V	E	R	N	H	M	F
W	O	M	E	C	N	O	I	L	R	E	N	U	A	N	N	O
K	P	F	S	R	C	O	B	B	E	Y	D	E	J	O	P	O
T	Z	S	W	O	E	Q	U	A	L	S	S	F	A	X	C	F
N	P	U	E	Q	U	A	K	E	R	I	S	M	O	P	K	L
D	T	X	D	F	N	R	E	I	V	S	Q	L	B	P	M	A
L	E	Z	F	N	C	G	H	R	J	Q	O	N	I	S	T	G
Z	D	H	E	R	B		C	D		H	J	U	B	I	E	A
D	H	P	L	G	P	U	T	X	V	S	U	Q	L	M	I	E
C	G	K	O	S	L	W	K	A	B	Y	T	P	L	S	H	D

Bonus:

Can you find something that George Fox said hidden somewhere in here?

Tess Antrim-Cashin, ten, created this puzzle for the newsletter of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting. Solution on p. 44.

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Life in the Meeting

Spiritual Evaluation of Movies

by Jim Morrissey

"Movies are one of the bad habits that have corrupted our century. They have slipped into the American mind more misinformation in one evening than the Dark Ages could in one decade."

—Ben Hecht

We rely on a culturally determined collection of myths to help guide the responses of individuals within our society. Historically we have progressed through oral tradition, scribe-written documents, and mass-produced literature as the mechanisms for transmission of these myths. Today movies are a major force in the creation of our contemporary myths. At Reading (Pa.) Meeting we have developed a set of queries to help evaluate the spiritual implications of movies.

We make a conscious decision to go to a movie. Upon entering a theater we willingly suspend our personal distance and a certain amount of our beliefs. Although we usually see a movie with someone else, essentially we are alone in the dark theater, focused on the action on the screen. After the movie we usually do not discuss the film in any detail and do not examine the underpinnings of belief depicted.

The ability to tell a riveting story supplemented by auditory amplification, special effects to immerse the audience in the immediacy of the scene, careful control of the situations presented, and background musical emphasis combine to present a compelling and overwhelming experience. This provides absorbing entertainment and has become an art form. A wide variety of symbols are woven into the fabric of movies to communicate subliminally the messages important to the director. The camera closely restricts our vision and therefore our viewpoint. The dialogue focuses our hearing on the story line. Background music sets a specific emotional pitch to the scene and the entire story.

These potent presentations usually center around a conflict. The characters' efforts to resolve these conflicts provide the motif of dramatic development. So real are these movies that an aesthetic distance is difficult to achieve. Depending upon the outcome depicted in the movie, the actions are incorporated either positively or negatively into the viewer's own myth structure without critical review.

Since movies are relatively permanent

records presented in sound, speech, color, music, and visual action, they lend themselves well to critical analysis and group scrutiny. Each film has a specific story. Concrete details in the selection of scenes, scenery, music, and spoken dialogue reflect the outlook that the filmmaker intended. How does this outlook relate to our experiences, spiritual goals, and community?

For the past six years, Reading Meeting has been watching films monthly as a spiritual exercise. We have devised queries to help us discern the spiritual background and messages in the movies we watch. With a long film we get together early and share a potluck dinner. After the movie is shown we gather over coffee and refreshments to discuss it.

We first discuss the outline plot and delineate the relationships depicted. Then we analyze the techniques used to convey the meanings shown. We especially look for colors, symbols, settings, and music. Finally we look for evidence of continuing revelation and interconnectedness of characters with each other, their universe, and with the divine.

The queries we pose to guide us are:

- 1) What is the main story?
- 2) What symbols (objects, actions, situations, colors) repeat themselves? What is the significance of this repetition?
- 3) What conflicts, in the dramatic sense, arise?
- 4) Do you identify a persuasion toward a particular attitude?
- 5) What percentage of time is devoted to any particular theme?
- 6) How are the conflicts resolved?
- 7) How does the movie relate to your experience? What scenes help you to understand the problems presented? Does the movie shed light on concerns in your life?
- 8) As the plot unfolds, what lifts you up and what lets you down?
- 9) How does the visual and auditory design impact you?
- 10) Are there any examples of divine intervention?
- 11) Do you have any problems with this movie?
- 12) As the film ends, how do you feel about life?

The discussions have been lively and thought-provoking. The linear plot question helps to clarify the story line and to review the film mentally. Discussion of the symbols helps underline the premises of the filmmakers. The after-movie sharing helps put a perspective on

Jim Morrissey is a member of Reading (Pa.) Meeting.

the emotional pitch of the movie and examines the proposed myths presented. In most movies the basic conflict is between good and evil, and in the discussion a new perspective on these elements emerges.

The almost universal use of conflict—personal, societal, interpersonal, environmental, and historical—as plot motifs involve the audience in the film. How the conflicts are presented evokes the prejudices of the audience members. Discussion helps to provide a more holistic view and individualizes the specifics, enabling viewers to look for that of God in every one, including the villain.

How the conflict is handled dramatically is the central element in understanding the myths underlying the filmmaker's basic outlook. The use of symbols in the visual and oral dialogue helps to clarify what information is being transmitted and what is being perceived by the audience.

Relating the events and human techniques to our own lives provides a focus to explore analogous situations we might encounter and aids in discerning what paths are available to follow. A movie offers a framework of our universe with subjects that can help us explore what the effects of various actions may be. This in turn can help us discern what is changeable, and how to effect this change.

Divine intervention in our daily life is commonly overlooked. When this intervention appears as part of a movie it is usually presented in an oblique fashion. *Apollo 13* is an example of a recent movie strongly implying the power of prayer and divine guidance.

Reflecting on what elements in the production make us uneasy—either spiritually, personally, or politically—brings forth a variety of perceptions. The queries centering on personal, social, and political outlooks help us to evaluate our personal and group worldview at this time. Recognizing ourselves in the movie can help us expand our horizon by identifying assumed limits. The movie *The Day the Earth Stood Still* ends with the implied solution to world conflicts being the imposition of force from an advanced civilization to coerce the world into stopping all conflict. It did not define what conflict is forbidden. The total reliance on force to achieve a desirable goal invites this kind of scrutiny.

Ending with a discussion of the personal, emotional relationship between the film and the discussion group audience rounds out the evening.

For Reading Meeting these movie sessions have been a form of inreach and some outreach. It is also building community—helping bond members together and deepen spiritual sensitivity. Often the movie evening has led to messages in subsequent meetings for worship. □

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Young Friends

An Hour of Silence

Brendan Flanagan

We sit there silently, staring off into space. The benches all face the middle of the room, keeping us centered. Occasionally a baby cries or someone sneezes. The room smells of must that people have tried to cover up with cheap air fresheners. There is a spot of light moving on the wall, most likely reflected from someone's watch. The small, round stained-glass window near the top of one wall casts light on the small area at the center of the room that is free of benches. Some people look at this. Others look out the window at the cars that whiz by. Some find comfort in the faces of others in the room.

There are small children scattered all over the room, obviously not happy to be here. They speak in whispers meant to be silent but audible throughout the room. They ask their parents for the time. They wave to their friends and mouth words of greeting.

There have been several messages already, and meeting has not yet reached the halfway point. This surprises many; facial expressions mirror their feelings. When the speaker rises all attention is turned toward him. People who were lost in their thoughts are brought back to this world for a few moments. Parents make sure their children look up from their books to be polite, but the speaker would not have known either way—his eyes are shut in an almost meditative trance. His words flow not from him, but through him. He sits.

The halfway point has been reached; the small children leave with a few adults. There are a few moments of pure silence. The whispering has abated, the children are now downstairs, and their songs rise up to the room through the floor. Some parents recognize their children's voices and smile.

The room is much sparser now. The absence of faces to look at has left



Brendan Flanagan, a student at the College of William and Mary, was born into Brooklyn (N.Y.) Meeting and attends Langley Hill (Va.) Meeting.



many people searching the walls and ceiling. The small cracks in the walls, the stained-glass window with one piece missing, and the rafters with intertwining beams all receive scrutiny. The remaining occupants of the room are not all familiar with each other. Most know each other only by name or face, but now they are bonded together with the silence, a bond that is much stronger and more material than that of words. Words are not always true, but silence never lies.

Now a voice is heard from the back corner. A deep, raspy voice begins to sing in a language that is foreign, perhaps Hebrew. It is a sad, mourning song. The song must not be foreign to some because soon others are joining. A high voice sings harmony. More join in. A round is formed. *Shalom, shalom* one group calls. *Shalom, shalom* another group responds. Hair is on end as the beautiful, sometimes harsh harmony fills the room. It is full, but more is being forced in. The sound is like a death march as still more people join the round. Just as ears feel about to burst one group drops out, then another.

Again it is silent. This time it is a much more solemn silence. The air seems stale and hard to breathe. The world is spinning, the song still rings. People sit on the edge of their seats, obviously very moved. Then, like a dam bursting, the tension is released. People shake hands. Meeting, unlike the dead, has risen. □

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"As you know [our daughter] was involved with a super play production of the history of Tibet which is being made into a documentary for distribution around the world. She was responsible for art and costume work. She is studying Buddhism and the Tibetan language and is also teaching the children English, besides everything else she is doing. She will have so many stories to tell. We are so HAPPY that she is having such a good education and at the same time evolving into a wonderful human being with all the lessons she is learning and all the teachers who are appearing to her on her journey."

—Parent's letter to Friends World Admissions Office on the Friends World Program, South Asia Center

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FRIENDS WORLD PROGRAM



Books

A Young Friends' Summer Bookshelf

Depending on where you grew up, the best part of those long summer days that stretched across your childhood might have been an exuberant game of stickball in the street after dinner, the first bleat of a lamb warm from its mother's womb, or that first wild leap into an ice-cold wave at the shore.

For me, it was Mrs. Vogelson's library. Every afternoon, I'd slip into the library and spend an hour or two tucked behind an old wooden bookcase, sitting cross-legged on the cool linoleum floor under two tall windows that let in the summer breezes. The library was usually empty, except for Mrs. Vogelson of course, and the silence was soft and welcoming.

I wish I could say I was enthralled by Defoe or Cooper or some other weighty author, but I have never been a model of literary correctness. Instead, I was and am fascinated by biographies. Who were these people about whom whole books were written? What did they do? What did they think? What made them tick? Day after day, as the sun beat against the heavy yellow shades that covered the windows above me, and the kids outside played kickball and tag, I would read the stories of Nancy Hanks, Jane Addams, Florence Nighringale, Nellie Bly, and Eleanor Roosevelt. In no small way, they formed who I am today as effectively as the women who surrounded me in real life.

What books are helping to form your children? If you're not sure, you're not alone. In some ways, I think we've become so accustomed in our society to having books around that we forget what powerful tools they can be. They change worlds and mold lives. That's why, as you schedule soccer camp, swimming lessons, and cookouts into your child's summer, I hope you'll also schedule a few lazy afternoons with some thoughtfully chosen books. Here are some suggestions to get you started. They were recommended by our children's book reviewers and selected with an eye to encouraging Quaker values.

—Ellen Michaud

Because Nothing Looks Like God

By Lawrence and Karen Kushner. Illustrated by Dawn W. Majewski. Jewish Lights Publishing, 2000. 31 pages. \$16.95/hardcover. Ages 4–8. What parent in any religion has not heard the three difficult questions: "Where is God?" "What does God look like?" and, "How does



© 2000 Dawn W. Majewski
Because Nothing Looks Like God

God make things happen?" Questions concerning religion are often difficult for parents to respond to. This charming, colorful, well-illustrated book helps in the discussion. The answers are both simple and brilliant, written in terms youngsters can understand. The illustrations show multi-cultural families in bright colors. This short book will enrich anybody's religious stance and fits very well into Quaker literature. *Because Nothing Looks Like God* is nondenominational and nonsectarian. It has been endorsed by Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish religious leaders.

Joan Overman

Cathie Felstead/The Circle of Days



The Circle of Days

By Reeve Lindbergh. Illustrated by Cathie Felstead. Candlewick Press, 1998. 25 pages. \$15.99/hardcover. Ages 4–8. Reeve Lindbergh, daughter of poet Anne Morrow Lindbergh, has written a lovely children's book adapted from St. Francis's *Canticle of the Sun*, written in 1225. The simple language, quiet and reflective, offers families a look at the prayer of praise. The last sentences appeal to Quaker values:

"For all your gifts, of every kind,
We offer praise with quiet mind.

Be with us, Lord, and guide our ways
Around the circle of our day."

The brilliantly colorful illustrations are just right.

—Joan Overman

I Wish Tonight

By Lois Rock. Illustrated by Anne Wilson. Good Books, 2000. 25 pages. \$16/hardcover. Ages 4–8. Told in rhyme and with much imagination, this little story of a small boy's dreams turns his bed into a sailing boat that takes him to great adventures. Scenes of friendship, multicultural cooperation, and environmental concern all lead to the line, "I'll wish for a world where what's wrong is put right." *I Wish Tonight* will be enjoyed by many little ones; the story offers many Quaker values. The best feature of *I Wish Tonight* is the wonderful, colorful illustrations.

—Joan Overman

The Shore Beyond

By Mary Joslin. Illustrated by Alison Jay. Good Books, 2000. 28 pages. \$16/hardcover. Ages 5–8. Clara, who lives on the shore of a lake, watches her father leave each day in his rowboat to ferry people to the other shore. She wants so much to go with him—she wants to explore to the ends of the earth! Her dream is to row in her own boat to the other shore and down the river to see the world. And at a bit older age, she and a friend build tiny boats and take off to fulfill their dreams.

A wise sailor tells Clara, "You may choose to be a traveler, or you may choose to settle down, for your life itself is the journey. One day you will reach the place you long for, and you will know in your heart that it has for long been your home."

The colorful folk-art illustrations do much to enhance this story.

—Joan Overman

Joan Overman, a member of Elmira (N.Y.) Meeting, is the book review assistant for FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Search for a Fawn

By Esther Bender. Illustrated by Edna Bender. Herald Press, 1998. 32 pages. \$8.99/paperback. Ages 4–8. A boy tries to cope with a new stepbrother and the recent death of his grandfather in this well-crafted and beautifully illustrated story from our Mennonite friends at Herald Press. Copper, along with his older

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NEW for Adults!



Plain Living: A Quaker Path to Simplicity

by Catherine Whitmire

Drawing on numerous first hand accounts of Friends ranging from Margaret Fell and Isaac Pennington to Jan Hoffman and Patricia Loring, *Plain Living* delves into the many dimensions of simple living. *Plain Living* is not about sacrifice. It's about choosing the life you really want, a form of inward simplicity that leads us to listen for the "still small voice" of God.

Sorin Books, 2001, 190 pp., paperback \$13.95

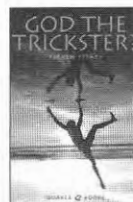
God the Trickster: Eleven Essays

compiled and edited by Ben Pink Dandelion

"Nothing is an accident. Nothing is coincidence. All the authors in this collection subscribe to a personal relationship with God . . . all have felt . . . a sense of being tricked along their spiritual paths. In some way a Trickster figure has been at work in our lives." — from the introduction.

Contributors include Margery Post Abbott, Chuck Fager, Jane Orion Smith and Seren Wildwood.

QHS, 2001, paperback \$20.00



Unraveling the White Cocoon

by Jeff Hitchcock

"I had thought to subtitle this book *A Guide to Self-Discovery and Understanding for White Americans Who Live and Work in Multiracial Settings*, but that was much too long and so I mention it here. This book is a labor of love and concern about a topic many hardly know exists. Therein lies the concern. White people form part of the equation of our multiracial nation, yet we've given little serious thought to our role as simply that—white people."

— from the preface. An unusual and important book by a Friend.

Kendall/Hunt, 2001, 249 pp., paperback \$21.95

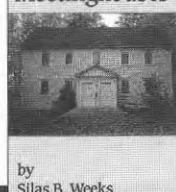
New England Quaker Meetinghouses: Past and Present

by Silas B. Weeks

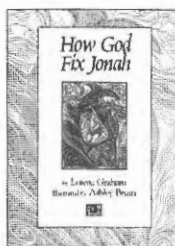
Silas Weeks has spent more than fifteen years gathering photos and histories of more than 110 New England Quaker meetinghouses. Delightful anecdotes weave through notes about architectural style, location, cost, and significant Quaker family names. Includes list for each state of related Quaker burial grounds with directions. Appendix of meetinghouses by architectural style, historical and current maps, glossary and index.

FUP, 2001, 180 pp., paperback \$18.50

New England Quaker Meetinghouses



by
Silas B. Weeks



NEW for Young People!

How God Fix Jonah

by Lorenz Graham, illustrated by Ashley Bryan

"The son of an African Methodist Episcopal minister in California, Graham taught in a missionary school in Liberia in the 1920s. He wrote this collection of biblical story-poems . . . in the voices of West African teachers and students. Now the collection has been reissued in a

handsome volume with dramatic, new, full-page block prints by Ashley Bryan. The stories, great for reading aloud, have the simplicity and rhythm of the oral tradition. . . . A book to share across generations." — Hazel Rochman

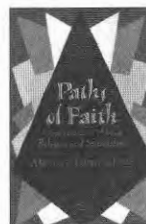
Boys Mills Press, 2000, 157 pp., hardcover \$17.95

Paths of Faith: Conversations About Religion and Spirituality

by Michael Thomas Ford

"Bringing the interdenominational approach of such anthologies as Reeve Lindbergh's *In Every Tiny Grain of Sand* to an older and more critical audience, Ford interviews 11 individuals fully committed to as many different forms of religion. From a Reform rabbi to the cofounder of the Reclaiming Witchcraft Tradition, from a Quaker [Stephen Cary] to the president of the Hindu Temple Society of North America, the speakers here are consistently articulate about their beliefs, their spiritual struggles and their practices. Ages 12-up." — *Publishers Weekly*

Simon & Schuster, 2000, 260 pp., hardcover \$17.00



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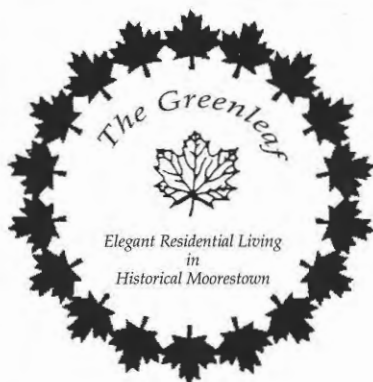
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brother and younger stepbrother, Tucker, are visiting his Grandma while his Dad and new wife are away.

Hearing about an albino fawn in the nearby woods, the boys camp out several nights, hoping to see it. Finally, after almost losing one another in a storm, it is Tucker who comes close enough to see the fawn's pink eyes.

The shared experience of relying on one another has drawn the boys together in a way that helps them understand and respect each other even as it establishes the bonds of a new family.

—Elise Barash

Elise Barash, formerly on the staff of George School, is a member of South Starksboro (Vt.) Meeting.

A Colonial Quaker Girl: The Diary of Sally Wister, 1777-1778

Edited by Megan O'Hara. Bridgestone Books, 2000. 32 pages. \$22.60/hardcover. Ages 8-12. Sally Wister was not a plain Friend; her father's wealth provided material privileges such as silk and chintz dresses and social privileges such as meetings with officers in the Continental Army. Disappointing as it may be to some present-day Friends, not all subsequent settlers to Penn's Holy Experiment lived austere and devout lives. Actual excerpts from Sally's diary paint a picture of a rather typical young colonial girl. With the Revolutionary War providing the setting, readers will notice the glamour of the military reflected in young Sally's eyes. While the preteen has a cognizant fear of the realities of war, she supports no discernable Peace Testimony in her writing. The afterword, however, allows readers to meet the more traditional Friend that Sally became as an adult. This primary source offers an appealing biographical alternative to other stories of weighty Friends and makes an excellent starting point for a discussion on continuing revelation.

—Alessa Giampaolo Keener

William Penn: Founder of Pennsylvania

By Steven Kroll. Holiday House, 2000. 32 pages. \$16.95/hardcover. Ages 9-12. William Penn lived a life both charmed and aggrieved. Born into a life of privilege, his father's position in the royal court offered young William a certain sense of security, which enabled a bold derermination. When William chose to pursue a life in accord with Friends, his outspokenness caused him to suffer from the religious perse-



Ronald Himler/William Penn:
Founder of Pennsylvania

cution of his day. Kroll plainly tells the story of Penn's complex life journey as a Friend. The story highlights significant events from Penn's life, yet centers mainly around his years as a Quaker crusader in England. The muted illustrations suggest the greater depth to which readers can go with Penn's story. An excellent biography for the middle reader.

—Alessa Giampaolo Keener

Sacred Places

By Philemon Sturges. Illustrated by Giles Laroche. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2000. 40 pages. \$16.99/hardcover. Ages 9–12. A lyrical introduction of the geometry and architecture found throughout the world that creates the spaces we call sacred. Every religion has such a place. Some places are created on isolated islands, some in the middle of town. The illustration of each of the 28 sacred places is accompanied by a brief historical and/or cultural note. These notes encourage readers to discover parallels between religions and their places of worship in an effort to build unity among our family of faiths.

The exquisite illustrations made from paper-cut drawings and paintings highlight how form meets function and creates a unique beauty that celebrates each belief system. Depending on your child's level of interest, he or she can stop at this aesthetic level or go back to the beginning and reread the historical notes included on each page. The author offers clear and concise summaries of the five main religions discussed in the book.

—Alessa Giampaolo Keener

The Boy Who Loved to Draw: Benjamin West

By Barbara Brenner. Illustrated by Olivier Dunrea. Houghton Mifflin, 1999. 48 pages. \$15/hardcover. Ages 4–8. There was a time in Quaker history when Friends were not encouraged to express themselves artistically. Young Benjamin West of Pennsylvania knew this, yet he was possessed with a desire, an urge, a need to draw. He risked his father's

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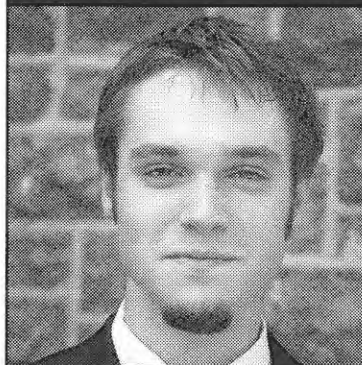


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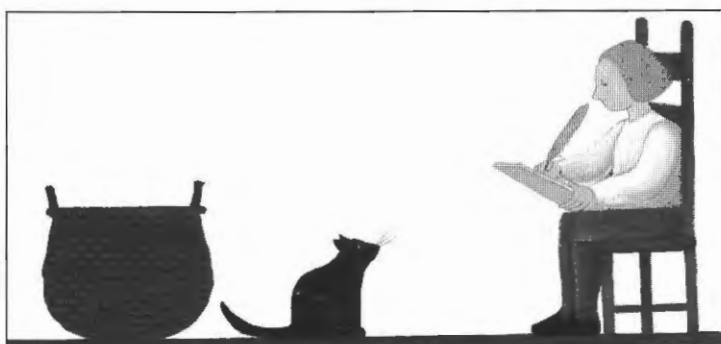


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*Olivier Dunrea/The Boy
Who Loved to Draw:
Benjamin West*

wrath by drawing with a quill pen without permission.

He tempted his mother's patience while in pursuit to discover paint from a local Native American. He jeopardized his own safety by using the family cat as a bristle source for his paintbrushes. Through all his exasperating adventures to create art, his parents saw that Benjamin had a gift that should be respected and nurtured. At the age of nine, Benjamin was sent to study art in Philadelphia, and he eventually continued his studies in Europe. This charming childhood tale straight from the annals of Quaker history introduces young Friends to a father of American art who may be best known for his painting of Penn's Treaty with the Indians.

—Alessa Giampaolo Keener

Alessa Giampaolo Keener, of Baltimore-Stony Run (Md.) Meeting, homeschools her children and writes children's book reviews.

Best Spiritual Writing 2000

Edited by Philip Zaleski. Harper San Francisco, 2000. 354 pages. \$16/paperback.

"The best spiritual writing is hospitable to the reader; it offers an open door. Its language is approachable, accessible to the many and not just the few. While it may aim for the stars, it is firmly grounded in the material of ordinary experience." So wrote poet/essayist Kathleen Norris in her introduction to Philip Zaleski's *The Best Spiritual Writing 1999*. And fortunately for us, *The Best Spiritual Writing 2000* holds to that prescription.

The third in Zaleski's "Best Spiritual Writing" series, *2000* is a collection by almost 40 authors, including the likes of John Updike, Annie Dillard, Richard John Neuhaus, Natalie Goldberg, and Wendell Berry. It was compiled by Zaleski, who is a senior editor of *Parabola* magazine, a religion instructor at Smith College, co-author of *Gifts of the Spirit*, and author of *The Recollected Heart*.

As in each of his previous volumes, Zaleski's collection is introduced by a spiritual writer of some note. In the past, introductions were written by Patricia Hampl and Kathleen Norris. This year *Care of the Soul's* Thomas Moore offers the opening thoughts. Moore says that spiritual writing's "first task is to give

our ordinary ordeals deep context and tools of transcendence. It should turn us inside out, peeling back our skin of literalism, and remind us to hear the divine and angelic music that sounds through in any good piece of writing of any genre that has been inspired by a muse and directed toward the slightest transcendence of our ordinary days."

These pieces do that. And more than that, the themes that Zaleski has chosen for his folio of nonfiction are as wide as its authorship and theological framework. In its pages readers encounter Harvard University's divinity professor Harvey Cox's scathing look at "The Market As God"; Ann Hood's "Search of Miracles"; Natalie Goldberg's pilgrimage to Japan to honor her deceased Zen teacher; and Jacques Lusseyran's writing about "What One Sees Without Eyes," a blind man's perspective of the light within as opposed to the light beyond. Readers also travel with Christopher Bamford "In the Presence of Death," join Miller Williams for "A Conversation with Jimmy Carter," and hear Anita Mathias's confession that "I Was a Teenage Atheist."

It is this breadth of religious thinking that should appeal to readers of *FRIENDS JOURNAL*. *The Best Spiritual Writing 2000* offers no dogmatic, narrow-minded definition of spiritual writing, but rather embraces the spectrum of spiritual exploration. It invites readers to reflect on their own spirituality and, in Moore's words, be turned "inside out."

Broad, too, are the sources from which Zaleski has drawn these essays and poems. While a reader might expect to find material from *Christianity Today*, *Image*, *Spirituality and Health*, *First Things*, and *Parabola*, Zaleski has not limited himself to these. Many of the pieces originally appeared in *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, *New Republic*, *Kenyon Review*, *New York Times Magazine*, and other supposedly secular sources. This not separating sacred from secular and honoring all spiritual seeking makes *Best Spiritual Writing 2000* especially hospitable to Friends.

Another feature that commends it to us is its list of the best spiritual books of the last century. The list was determined by a panel of thinkers such as Frederic Brussant, Harold Kushner, Huston Smith, and Quaker writer David Yount. Books on the list include Black Elk's *Black Elk Speaks*, Dietrich Bonhoeffer's *Cost of Discipleship*, Mircea Eliade's *The Myth*

of the *Eternal Return*, M. Scott Peck's *The Road Less Traveled*, and 96 others. As would be expected (and hoped), in keeping with our publishing history, Friends are well represented, with Richard Foster's *Celebration of Discipline* and Thomas Kelly's *A Testament of Devotion* making the list. Of course, many readers will disagree with some of the selections, but just reading the titles and reflecting on their inclusion can be an exercise in spiritual questioning and questing.

Best Spiritual Writing 2000 is a worthy book for use in reading groups, first-day school classes, or for personal spiritual growth. As with any collection, readers will find some pieces that will speak to their condition more than others. And they might find themselves arguing with some of Zaleski's choices. My main disappointment in Zaleski's entire series, for example, is the absence of fiction. I wish for some writing like that which appears in Paula Carlson's *Listening for God: Contemporary Literature and the Life of Faith* or C. Michael Curtis's *God: Stories*.

Still, as the effort of one editor (an editor of remarkable sensitivity and spiritual insight) culling the plethora of published spiritual writing, it is a significant book. Each piece is thoughtful and insightful. *Best Spiritual Writ-*

ing 2000, in Kathleen Norris's words, "offers an open door." I invite you to step through it.

—J. Brent Bill

J. Brent Bill, FRIENDS JOURNAL's assistant book review editor, is a member of Muncie (Ind.) Meeting and an instructor of religious creative writing at Earlham School of Religion.

In Brief

John Woolman and the Global Economy

By David Morse. *New England Yearly Meeting Committee on Prejudice and Poverty, 2000. 19 pages. \$4/paperback.* My first thoughts reading David Morse's brief book were "How depressing!" and "How negative!" Surely the United States and its free enterprise system is not facilitating the development of global monopolies by a few corporations? Yet, as I read I was convinced that the issues Morse raises are of vital concern to us all—from his treatment of genetically modified foods


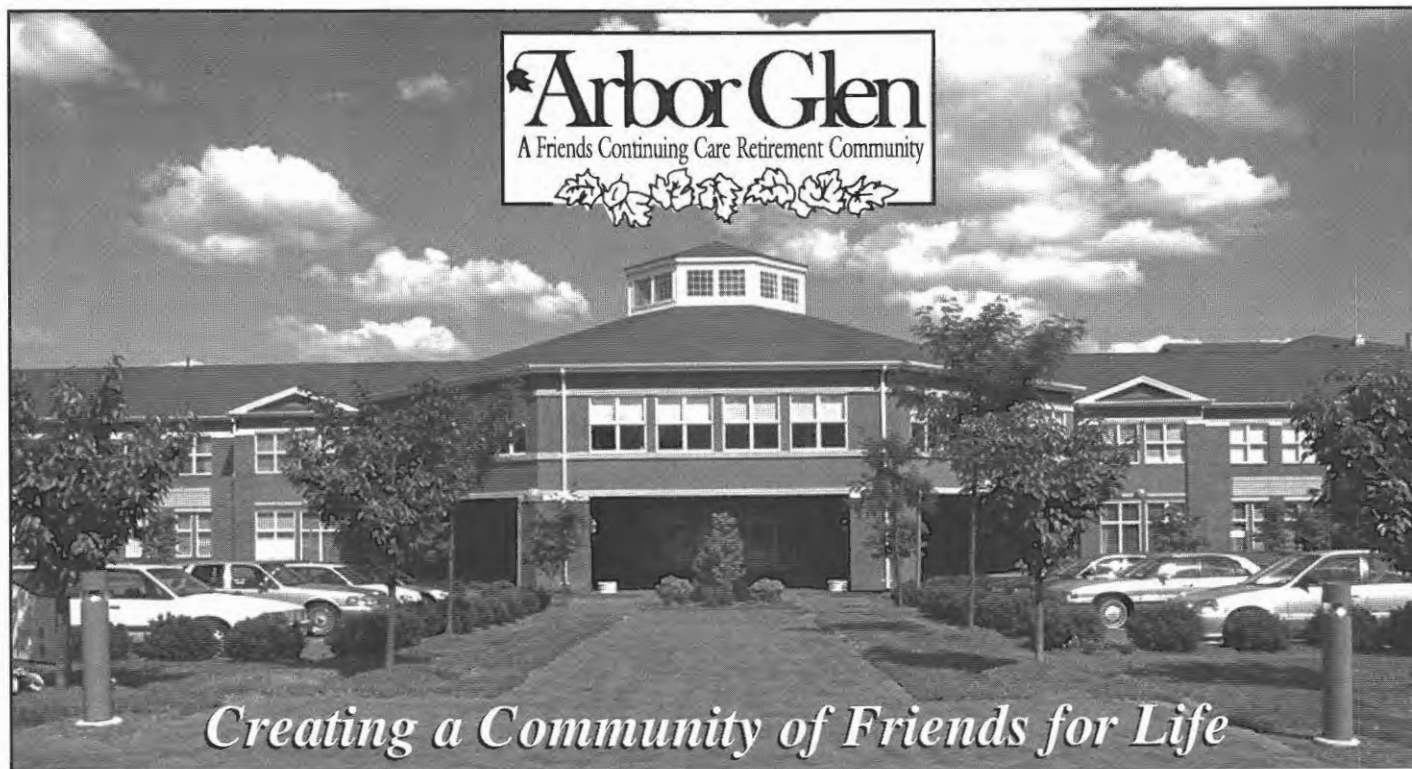
to actions of corporations like Monsanto, to the U.S. media's uncritical treatment of trade issues. Morse directs the reader to the example of John Woolman as a guide for confronting the global economy. While our lives and economy are vastly more complicated, Morse points out, we can still listen to and act upon our consciences as Woolman did. That means we must first look within both ourselves and our economy. *John Woolman and the Global Economy* is a good place for meetings and social concerns committees to begin a discussion around this important topic. It can also help us learn how to work constructively with governmental and corporate representatives.

—Christina Conn

Christina Conn is a member of Muncie (Ind.) Meeting, where she is a member of the Peace and Christian Social Concerns Committee.



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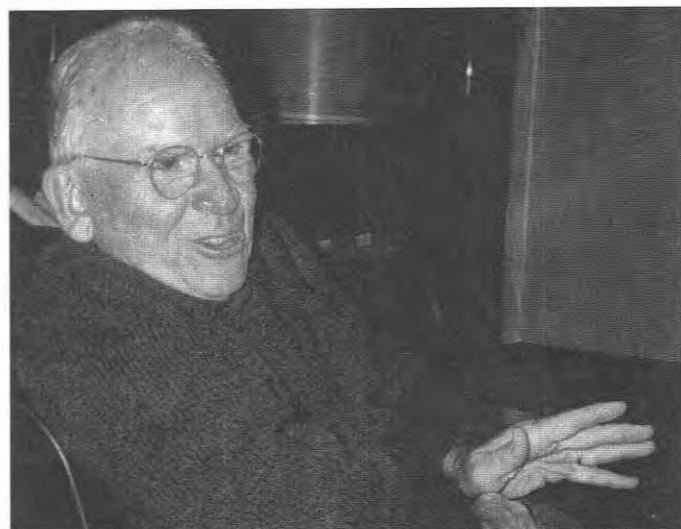
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Quaker Profiles

Bob Philbrook

by Kara Newell



John Wilkin

Bob Philbrook is as vibrant, confident, and energetic as anyone you'll ever meet. He also happens to have gotten polio when he was six months old, an event that has shaped his life in many ways. As a pre-teen he had several operations that stunted his growth—he stands only about 4'11". Now he spends some of his time in a wheelchair, due to post-polio syndrome.

Though he describes himself as a "70-year-old victim of polio," his story is not one of victimhood but of victory, intelligence, warmth, humor, activism, and faith. His faith developed early. "I discovered God as a child, when I was kept alone, away from other children. The only person I could talk to was God. And I just knew, I just simply knew, that not only was there a God but that God paid attention to me, despite the miserable physical and lonely state I was in. My vision of God being there was so strong that it sort of gave me permission to do anything I wanted to do. That was my world."

He left institutional care to enter regular high school as a sophomore. The following year, "the kids wanted to elect me president of the class" but were forbidden to do so by the principal because Bob was short of credits to have junior status. He experienced this rebuff as being "segregated into a separate kind of life," which strengthened his resolve to graduate with his class. "I went to summer school and then took five courses the next year. I graduated in three years with 17 credits (only 16 were needed)—they had to give me a diploma."

Facing obstacles as challenges is a pattern throughout Bob's life and career. His father was an alcoholic; he and Bob's mother separated when Bob was nine years old. His mother had albinism, was very fair-skinned, nearly blind, and quite sickly. To glimpse Bob's early

life, see the movie *Cider House Rules*, which he says "is the story of my growing up years. I spent brief periods at home with my mother, but I had very little experience of being held or taken care of by her over a sustained period of time." Bob says his mother "is the one person I admire most profoundly. After I graduated from high school, one morning I came into the front room and found my bags sitting by the front door. I said, 'What's that all about?' My mother said, 'Today's the day you're leaving.' She knew I would never succeed in life if I hung around taking care of her—I had to go out in the world and make it on my own."

In Bob's youth, it was a given that people with handicaps should learn a trade. He decided on watchmaking, finished the 18-month training course in a year, and went to work "in a ritzy jewelry store in Portland, Maine," where he worked for ten years.

"During my time there, I learned to fly airplanes. I met an instructor who said, 'Yes, I'll teach you how to fly.' As we headed out over the water, he said, 'This island has a road down there; sometimes we practice emergency landings there.' When I steered back toward the airport and got over the mainland, he shut off the engine and said, 'Now what would you do?' I turned back out to the ocean and headed right for that island; I lined up on the little roadway and just before I touched down, he gave it the power, leaned over the seat, and said, 'I could make a pilot out of you!' That was the beginning of a great friendship."

"I loved flying. I flew to do search and rescue work with the Civil Air Patrol. It was exciting for me—I was 25 years old and having the time of my life. I flew for about

Kara Newell is a member of Reedwood Friends Church in Portland, Oregon.

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15 years, accumulating about 1,000 hours of flying time."

Eventually he bought his own jewelry store, which he enjoyed because he "needed to do something else besides fixing watches. I'd done it well and I wanted to do more."

Bob is a family man. He reflects on becoming a husband and father. "About the time I bought my store, I got married—my wife, Sandy, had four children at the time. That was quite a step for me, becoming an instant father. The youngest was 18 months and the oldest 11 years. It was a challenge for me! And I'm very pleased with what I did. The four of them have similarities because of their heritage—they're totally, totally different people from the two children my wife and I have. I love all of my kids; each one is unique, and I just have an incredible investment in them."

"Most of my adult life, my real calling has been community organizing. I made a friendship with a fellow who escaped from a French monastery and came to America—to do something useful. He came rushing into my store one day and said, 'There's an ad in the paper for community organizers. Let's apply!' So we did, and each got hired. I closed my store and began my career. In time, I formed a welfare rights organization that still exists today—still has meetings every month, after 30 years."

During his long and successful career, he did rural organizing, was a counselor for high-risk kids, became a spokesperson for the homeless, and eventually helped organize a homeless shelter network that still functions well. After more than 30 years, he still works with a "coalition of folks in Maine to bring about good social legislation—an incredible, well-run organization." At one point, University of Maine hired him to develop programs and courses—"paraprofessional training for people who worked in agencies to learn the language of the poor." It was so successful that the state bought the program from the university.

About the time Bob started community organizing, he met Quakers. "After I learned watchmaking in Waltham, Massachusetts, the people had wanted me to stay, but the city was full of watchmakers—there was no job for me. When they found me a job at Raytheon, I said, 'You'll never get me to build guidance systems for missiles! Even in my youth, I knew you just don't make things that kill people.'

"When I became a community organizer, one of my jobs was a draft counselor. I worked with strange people who were also doing draft counseling and they all knew each other—Quakers. Needing to find out more my wife and I took our family to the Quaker meeting-

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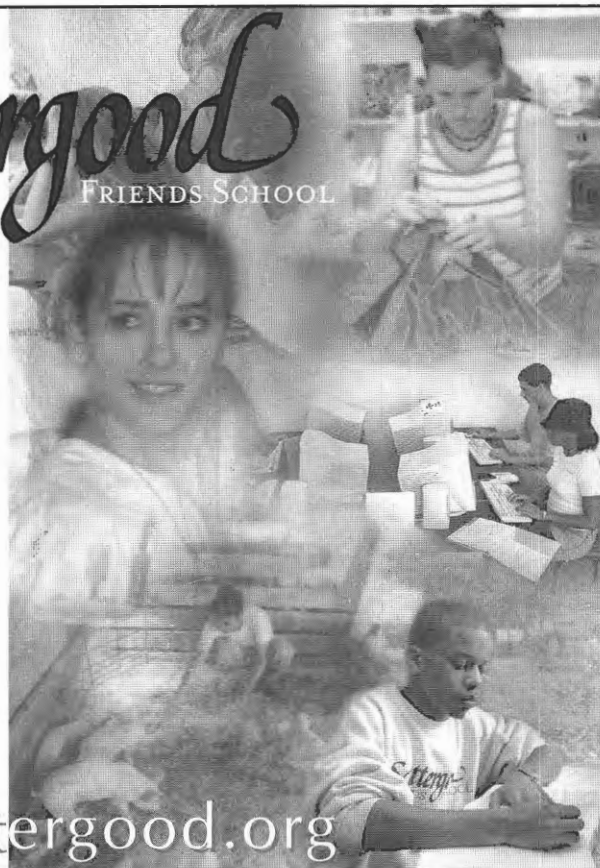
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house. There were the six of us and seven of them. Not being smart enough to know that we were putting a real strain on these folks, we kept coming."

Bob resisted joining Quakers for many years, even though he was a faithful attender and participant. It became "a big deal for yearly meeting. I said, 'There are lots of people who are not members but working just as hard, are just as loyal as people who are members. If they choose not to be members, so what? They're still Quakers.' Taking a strong, clear stand helped me win. But the yearly meeting won, too—nonmembers were recognized as well as members at all kinds of meetings. 'Then somebody said, 'We really need you on American Friends Service Committee.' I said, 'You have to join to do that, don't you?' 'Yeah.' So I joined. I had made my point.

"Virtually everybody in my meeting [Portland, Maine] is really socially active. The meeting supports me as a released Friend through a fund to which many members contribute. I could never do what I need to do without that support. It lets me maintain our house and travel to meetings, many thousands of miles each month. Most of my life is tying together all of the different organizations that are supposed to be helping the poor, letting them know what poor people really want.

"Part of what keeps me going is humor. I just love it! For about 11 years I was a suicide prevention counselor. One day I talked a guy into my car who was trying to jump off a bridge. It was February, a miserable, stinking night, sleet, rain, and everything all mixed up together. I said, 'We've got to get you to the hospital to get looked at. He finally caved in, saying, 'I'd rather be dead, but if you say so.' As we were going through the entranceway to the hospital, my crutch went out from under me and I went down into the slush. A nurse saw me flopping around and said, 'Sir, can I help you?' I said, 'No, no, it's him who needs help.' I pointed up to the guy. He's looking down at me. She looks at me. She looks at him. She says, 'Sure it is!'

"I accept that I can fail in earthly terms, but I have no picture of what failure is in the global perspective. I just go through life thinking, 'I can do anything.' If I play any kind of religious role, it is to keep religion relevant to the rest of society and the future. I believe that practicing my faith adds relevance to religion. I do what I do simply because I love doing it. It's fun. I find life fun."

Bob Philbrook tells the truth. □



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News

Ben Fox and Ben Buckland, Young Friends from Tasmania, are on a pioneering journey from the Netherlands to Australia by sustainable, locally appropriate, and public transport. They will use means such as bicycles, buses, trains, camels, canoes, rickshaws, and boats. The two men, who have been working and studying in Europe, decided that they needed to do something to raise the community awareness and provide a practical demonstration to the community about what can be done by individuals to reduce greenhouse gas emissions. Along the way the young men intend to collect a symbolic pinch of soil from countries that will be impacted by the predicted rise in sea levels due to global warming and record interviews with the communities that will be affected. The two young men will travel through Belgium, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, India, Bhutan, Bangladesh, Thailand, Vietnam, Cambodia, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia, and Torres Strait before arriving back in Australia in early 2002. They may be reached at <benanywhere@yahoo.com>. —*Australian Friend, May 2001, and Hobart City Council*

Rockland (N.Y.) Meeting intends to work with Open Arms, a nonprofit agency operating a residential program for chemically dependent women in Rockland County, to establish a new residential program for women who have been incarcerated. The Leigh Schuerholz Residential Program honors the memory of Leigh Schuerholz, a member of Rockland Meeting who organized a mother's group in the Rockland County jail to help women there to maintain relationships with their children and other family members. Rockland Meeting first planned to establish the Leigh Schuerholz Memorial Women's Residence, but a building considered for this purpose had structural problems. Open Arms, meanwhile, has agreed to dedicate a minimum of 25 percent of its beds and Social Services funding to the Leigh Schuerholz Residential Program. Rockland Meeting and Open Arms anticipate that a minimum of four ex-offenders will enter these safe, clean, and sober supportive households this year. —*Rockland Meeting newsletter*

Winston-Salem (N.C.) Meeting approved a six-week sabbatical for Judith Dancy, who is in her eighth year as pastor at the meeting. The sabbatical is to be taken sometime before June 30, 2002. According to the recommendation by Ministry and Counsel, which was approved by the meeting, goals for the pastoral sabbatical "will be agreed upon between Ministry and Counsel and the pastor and will include perceived benefits for the meeting as well as the pastor; preparation for the sabbatical will be completed in time for Ministry and

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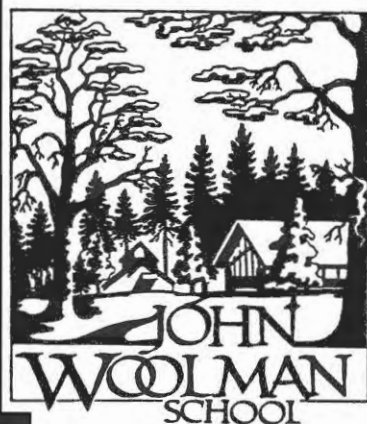
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Counsel to work with the Finance Committee in requesting extra financial support for the specified period of time;" and "a commitment will be made by the pastor to the meeting for at least one year of employment following the sabbatical." In proposing the sabbatical, Ministry and Counsel affirmed, "We feel it is important for our pastor to have a time of rest and renewal, as well as to nourish her soul and develop her individual gifts and vision for her ministry, as well as to deepen her faith." Dancy said her plans for the sabbatical include "possible study at Pendle Hill or other appropriate facility, sojourn among other Friends, possibly in Philadelphia or New England Yearly Meetings, and time for writing, study, and reflection." — *Winston-Salem Meeting newsletter*

Storrs (Conn.) Meeting approved a minute calling for the lifting of economic sanctions against Iraq and endorsing the Campaign of Conscience for the Iraqi people. "As Friends, we wish to bring an end to the suffering of the Iraqi people," the minute states. "We oppose the policies of our government and others that continue the sanctions. . . . The sanctions have, themselves, become a weapon of mass destruction. Storrs Meeting is led to join the Campaign of Conscience for the Iraqi people, a nonviolent initiative of American Friends Service Committee and Fellowship of Reconciliation. We believe that the campaign is consistent with Friends Peace Testimonies and practice." Pledging to assist further "in as many other ways as we can," Storrs Meeting contributed financially to the campaign. The minute was published in the *Chronicle*, a newspaper in Willimantic, Conn., which in an editorial concluded that "after ten years of tough talk and actions, different tactics deserve a chance" in the policy of the United States toward Iraq. — *Norman Janes, clerk, Storrs Meeting*

Burlington (Vt.) Meeting also approved a minute of support for the Campaign of Conscience and contributed to the campaign out of the meeting's current budget. — *Burlington Meeting newsletter*

Penn Valley Meeting in Kansas City, Missouri, approved a minute to join "the Campaign of Conscience to end economic sanctions against the Iraqi people and will continue to do so until the sanctions are lifted. . . . We denounce as immoral the promotion of human suffering to leverage U.S. strategic objectives, and we believe we are obligated to treat all people with respect and dignity. The United States should petition the UN Security Council to eliminate all sanctions against Iraq that are not specifically related to building weapons of mass destruction." — *The Friendly Connection, newsletter of Penn Valley Meeting*



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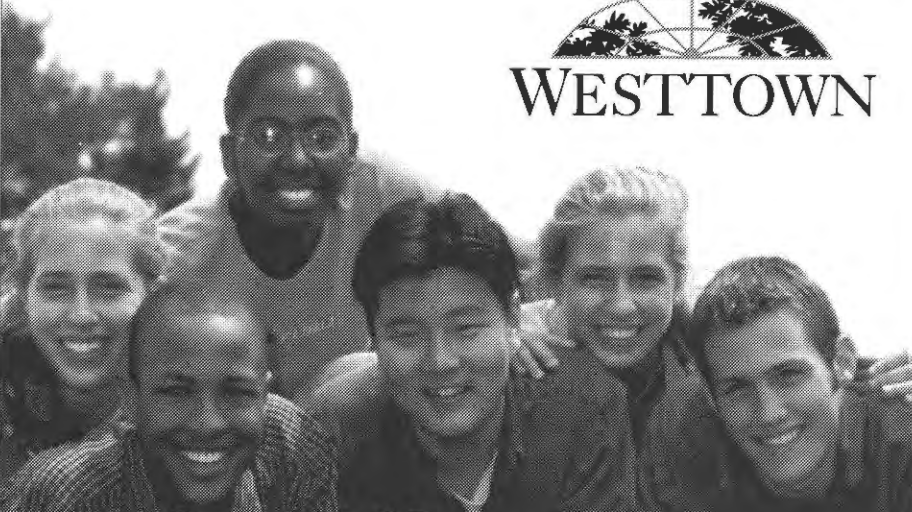


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Santa Barbara (Calif.) Meeting provided a potluck supper for participants in the California Prison Dharma Walk early this spring. The Dharma Walk, to the major prisons in California from Oakland to Lompoc, is an interfaith pilgrimage that seeks a more humane alternative to imprisonment. With 33 state prisons, California currently has nearly 160,000 men and women behind bars. Those imprisoned include 584 persons awaiting execution. *Dharma*, meaning universal or natural truth, is a word used in the spiritual teachings of Buddhism. Jun Yasuda, a Buddhist nun who is the initiator of the Dharma Walk, has written, "All living things are sacred. Punishment is no solution; putting people in cages is no solution; more killing is no solution. These things happen because of fear. We believe in taking care of each other in a humane way, with compassion." Santa Barbara Meeting has approved an anti-death penalty endorsement issued by the Moratorium Now Movement in California. Santa Barbara Meeting added to the endorsement the following statement, attributed to John Bright in 1868: "The real security for human life is to be found in a reverence for it. If the law regarded it as inviolable, then the people would begin also to regard it. A deep reverence for human life is worth more than a thousand executions in the prevention of murder. The law of capital punishment while pretending to support this reverence, does in fact tend to destroy it." —*Santa Barbara Meeting newsletter*

Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting approved a minute reaffirming its opposition to the death penalty. "We believe that the deliberate taking of a human life by the state, under any circumstances, is an absolute and irrevocable denial that there is that of God in everyone. Each person is uniquely valuable and divine and none is totally beyond redemption. Capital punishment rejects the message of forgiveness. It degrades the humanity of the executioners and of the society that endorses the act. The meeting will work with concerned members of all religious faiths and others of like conviction to abolish the death penalty." —*Palo Alto Friends Newsletter*

Citing philosophical opposition to "the taking of human life" and "devaluation of human life in our society," AFSC announced its opposition to both the death penalty and the federal execution of convicted Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh. "The 1995 bombing of the Murrah Federal Office Building in Oklahoma City," the statement read, "was a heinous and deliberate act of mass violence and the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) is deeply grieved by the pain suffered by survivors of this tragedy and by the family members of its victims.

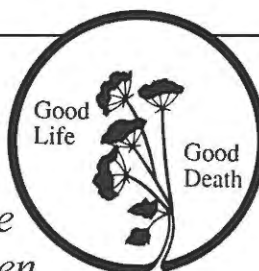
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The AFSC recognizes the unspeakable suffering of the community affected by this violent act and the need to hold its perpetrators accountable. However, Quaker conviction that there exists that of God in all human beings, as well as Quaker testimonies against the taking of human life, compel us to oppose the death penalty in all cases. The AFSC stands in firm opposition to the execution of Timothy McVeigh. We believe the legitimate demands of justice can be satisfied, but executions are never acceptable. The deliberate, planned, intentional taking of life by the state brutalizes and diminishes society. Quaker teaching and the AFSC's extensive experience with situations of conflict show us that violence inevitably begets more violence, no matter the perpetrator. In declaring certain human beings absolutely worthless and unfit even to live, our government is officially embracing, legitimizing, and acting upon the very sentiments that lead to the occurrence of violence in the first place. We believe that the execution of Timothy McVeigh will serve only to perpetuate the continued devaluation of human life in our society. We call upon all people, especially communities of faith, to embrace each other as children of God, to pursue justice and fairness, to choose moral courage over fear, and to work together to ensure that neither our state nor federal government puts another human being to death."

Chapel Hill (N.C.) Meeting issued a statement urging that the United States take all of its nuclear weapons off "hair trigger" alert. According to the statement, the United States and Russia have "about 2,500 warheads on hair-trigger alert. This means that both countries have nuclear weapons that are ready to fire in as little as three minutes. De-alerting nuclear weapons would lengthen the time needed to launch a nuclear missile, therefore making catastrophic human and computer error less likely. . . . The time has come for the U.S. to begin de-alerting its nuclear weapons in order to reduce the threat of nuclear war. Leadership by President Bush to take weapons off hair-trigger alert would send a clear message to Russia and the rest of the world that the United States is serious about maintaining the world safe from the threat of nuclear war." —*Matthais Drake, clerk, Chapel Hill Meeting*

Friends of Hartford (Conn.) Meeting approved a contribution toward the reconstruction this summer of the North Dartmouth Meetinghouse at Woolman Hill Conference and Retreat Center in Deerfield, Massachusetts. The North Dartmouth Meetinghouse, regarded as a fine example from the mid-19th century of early Friends architecture, was disassembled in North Dartmouth several years

ago, packed on a flatbed and in a trailer, and moved to Woolman Hill, where it awaits reconstruction. Over \$100,000 has been raised for the reconstruction, and an anonymous donor has agreed to give one dollar for every two dollars contributed, up to \$10,000, for the project. The reconstruction is expected to be completed in the fall, when a dedication service and other special events will mark the occasion. —*Hartford Meeting newsletter*

Quakers have been meeting with officials of NATO, the European Parliament, and the foreign ministries of various nations including the U.S. to present various proposals for alternatives to aerial bombings in future political crises. British Friends have published their proposals in the pamphlet "Stopping the Clock—Alternatives to Military Intervention." For copies of the pamphlet, write to Millius Palayiwa, QPSW, Friends House, Euston Road, London NW1 2BJ, U.K. or e-mail <milliusp@quaker.org.uk>. —*Quaker News, Spring 2001*

Friends Committee on National Legislation is decrying the U.S. military budget, which is described as "outrageously high." The current fiscal year budget is \$337 billion. The Bush administration has proposed a \$14.2 billion increase for fiscal year 2002. "We believe that further increases in military spending are not needed," FCNL wrote in its April 2001 Washington Newsletter. "This is not the path to national and global security." For more information on FCNL's position regarding military expenditures visit <www.fcnl.org>.

Russ Nelson of St. Lawrence Valley (N.Y.) Meeting has established an electronic newsletter that will be distributed on a regular basis. The newsletter will focus on one topic per issue. Anyone can sign up to receive the newsletter by visiting the website at <http://quaker.org/clq> or send an e-mail to <clq-subscribe@quaker.org>. —*Northern Yearly Meeting News, April 2001*

Warning of a scam artist: A Friend has reported receiving a collect call during which a man spoke over the operator and identified himself as a meeting attender. After she accepted charges, he pretended to know other members quite well, having obtained their names from an unknown source, perhaps a printed list. Another caller claimed to be related to a member and was given the name and number of someone in the meeting for assistance, which enabled the caller to make reference to the first Friend when calling the second. Both callers cleverly played on sympathies in asking for money. Friends are advised to exercise caution; even when no money is sent, phone charges for collect calls can be very high. —*Eds.*

Bulletin Board

Upcoming Events

•August—Bware, Central, Chavakali, East Africa (North), Elgon, Elgon East, Kakamega, Lugari, Malava, Nairobi, Nandi, Vihiga [was East Africa (South)], Vokoli Yearly Meetings (all in Kenya); Tanzania Yearly Meeting; Jamaica Yearly Meeting

•August 1–5—Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting

•August 2–5—Iowa Yearly Meeting (FUM); North Pacific Yearly Meeting

•August 3–10—European Gathering of Friends, "QuakerCamp 2001"

•August 3–12—Central Yearly Meeting

•August 4–9—New England Yearly Meeting

•August 7–12—Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative)

•August 8–12—Western Yearly Meeting

•August 11–18—Canadian Yearly Meeting

•August 15–19—East Africa Yearly Meeting; Ohio Yearly Meeting

•August 22–26—Uganda Yearly Meeting

•August 23–27—France Yearly Meeting

•August 30–September 4—North Carolina Yearly Meeting (FUM)

•August 31–September 7—World Conference against Racism, Racial Discrimination, Xenophobia, and Related Intolerance, Durban, South Africa

•October 20 (changed date!)—Quaker College Fair, Arch Street Meetinghouse in Philadelphia. Information: Debi Peterson at <Fahe@quaker.org>.

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

Opportunities

•AFSC's Nobel Peace Prize Nominating Committee is seeking nominations of individuals or organizations who have made a significant and sustained contribution to the culture of peace. Guidelines for candidates include: commitment to nonviolence and work in the areas of peace, justice, human dignity, and the integrity of the environment. Attention will be given to candidates from all parts of the world and to those for whom the awarding of the prize may offer valuable support by its timeliness and visibility. Consideration will also be given to the relevance of candidates and their work to the AFSC and other Quaker experience. It will be most helpful to receive nominations before July 2001. The committee would also like to hear from Friends and

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AFSC committees and staff on whether to consider extension of the human rights/justice selection guidelines in the future to include candidates in the economic arena whose work effectively and significantly contributes to peaceful relations and diminishes conflict, perhaps by addressing key underlying causes of conflict. Qualities that might be demonstrated in such work include community, cooperation, nonviolence, environmental soundness and sustainability, significant participation by women and minorities, and perhaps small scale enterprises. The committee is aware that its charter is already very broad and that expansion of its purview could lead to less attention to other areas, especially actions directed to reduction of violent conflict. Comments pertaining to this question will be very helpful in informing future discussion by the committee. Please submit nominations and comments to: Nobel Peace Prize Nominations Committee, American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

•Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, is seeking two adult facilitators and fourteen young Friends, ages 16 to 18, for the Quaker Youth Pilgrimage, July 12-August 10, 2002. The pilgrimage, both physical and spiritual, will trace some of George Fox's journey through Virginia and North Carolina. A diverse group of Friends will come together to explore their common roots, experience different forms of worship, visit important Quaker historical sites, and undertake a work project while traveling, living, and working together. Cosponsored by Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, and the Europe and Middle East Section, this is a biennial, international event for Quaker youth from different branches of Quakerism. For information including cost and application materials contact: FWCC, 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Phone: (215) 241-7250; fax: (215) 241-7285; <americas@fwcc.quaker.org>. Deadlines: adult facilitator—December 15, 2001; pilgrims—January 15, 2002.

Resources

•Canadians now have a website that allows them to search a database about pollution and health problems for any area in their country: <www.pollutionwatch.org>. People in the United States can already look up similar information via ZIP code at <www.scorecard.org>. —BeFriending Creation, May/June 2001

•The Yorkshire Quaker Heritage Project at University of Hull in Great Britain has created a central website for all sources of information about Quaker history in Yorkshire. The site address: <http://www.hull.ac.uk/lib/archives/quaker>.

Milestones

Deaths

Best—*Helen Briggs Best*, 88, on July 3, 2000, in What Cheer, Idaho. Helen was born on March 13, 1911. She was a lifelong member of the Religious Society of Friends. She graduated from William Penn College in Iowa with a teaching degree, and later, after earning a Master's Degree from University of Oklahoma, she worked in family guidance clinics and mental health centers in Oklahoma, Kansas, and Missouri. As a professor of social work at University of Kansas, she developed a teacher training course that won regional awards for mental illness prevention programs. In Merriam, Kans., she established a multiservice center offering a variety of social services, including mental health counseling. For a time she was president of the Southern Arizona Mental Health Association. With her husband, Herbert Briggs, she was a founding member of Penn Valley Meeting in Kansas City, Mo., and instrumental in the founding of Oklahoma City (Okla.) Meeting. She was later a member of Coal Creek Meeting in Iowa, until transferring to Pima Meeting in Tucson, Ariz., as a sojourning member. Herbert Briggs died in 1970. Helen married Jim Best in 1981. She became active as a spiritual healer in the Johrei Fellowship, a healing community, in Tucson. She maintained an active private counseling practice until her death. She is survived by her husband, Jim Best; her son, David Briggs, and his wife, Rebecca; her granddaughter, Cinaman Azarcon; and three great-grandchildren.

Cutler—*Robert Bruce Cutler*, 70, on March 25, 2001, at Dominican Hospital in Santa Cruz, Calif., of renal cell cancer. Born in Evanston, Ill., on October 8, 1930, Bruce first became acquainted with Friends when they helped him with his desire to obtain conscientious objector status during the Korean War. A student at Iowa State University in 1950, he became the first person to apply for membership in the newly established Iowa City Meeting. For his alternative service, Bruce worked under the auspices of AFSC in Mexico and with a United Nations project in El Salvador, where he met Concetta Tina Corelli. Tina had finished her education in Italy after World War II with the help of Quakers, and she had subsequently volunteered for the same El Salvador project. Bruce and Tina were married under the care of Friends in Texas. They lived for 32 years in Wichita, Kans., where Bruce taught English and Humanities and founded the Creative Writing Program at Wichita State University. During this time he received Fulbright grants to teach at universities in Paraguay, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, Argentina, and Ecuador. Bruce wrote 14 books of poetry as well as other fiction, plays, and essays. His latest book, *At War with Mexico: A Fictional Mosaic*, was published the month before his death. After Bruce retired from teaching, he and Tina moved to St. Paul, Minn., where Tina died of cancer. Bruce became active in Twin Cities Meeting, particularly in the renovation of its meetinghouse. Eventually Bruce married Emily Grizzard, the first Friend-in-residence at this new meetinghouse. They moved to Santa Cruz,



Meg Richardson

Calif., in 1996. He is survived by his wife, Emily Cutler; three children, David Cutler, Ann Docken, and John Cutler; his brother, Richard Cutler; seven grandchildren; and six step-grandchildren.

Leake—*Roy Leake*, 77, on October 6, 2000, at his home in Bloomington, Ind. He was born on September 6, 1923, in Danbury, N.C., to Mary Belle Browder and Roy E. Leake. A 1943 graduate of Guilford College, he served as a conscientious objector with Civilian Public Service in Gatlinburg, Tenn. In 1946 he was assigned to Europe for postwar relief work in France and Germany with AFSC's relief and reconstruction team. He attended French School at Middlebury College in the summer of 1957, and he received his Master's and Doctoral degrees in French from Bryn Mawr College in 1959 and 1962 respectively. In 1961 he was appointed to Indiana University's Department of French and Italian in Bloomington, where he and his wife, Alicia, became active in Bloomington Meeting. Roy was a leading figure in the formative years of IU's overseas study programs in France. During his 27-year career at IU he was resident director of the Strasbourg Overseas Study Program (1967–8); director of the honors program in St. Brieuc (1970–4); director of the Consortium on Institutional Cooperation Program in Quebec (1980–3); and campus director of language programs in Dijon and Rennes, France. His research centered on the 16th-century French author Michel de Montaigne and included authorship in 1981 of the first concordance to Montaigne's *Essais*. Roy served as editor of his meeting's newsletter for the last seven years of his life. He is survived by his wife, Alice Elder Leake; a daughter, Patricia Leake; a son, David Leake; and three grandchildren, Alyssa, Timothy, and Emily Leake.

Nelson—*Barbara Greenwood Nelson*, 79, on February 6, 1999, in San Francisco, Calif. She was born in Pasadena, Calif., on November 10, 1919, and grew up there. On December 9, 1973, Barbara joined Berkeley Meeting and remained an active presence there for the rest of her life. She attended UCLA and began her career as an elementary school teacher, focusing on the welfare and needs of underprivileged children. During World War II she married Charles Gregg, who was wounded in the conflict. The marriage ended in divorce in the 1960s. In 1972 she married Anton (Ax) Nelson. Her intense concern for others and her deep spirituality inspired all who knew her. Today a portrait of Barbara hangs in the foyer of Quaker House in Berkeley, where visitors can still see her warm smile and loving gaze. She was predeceased by two of her children,

Madeline and Zachary. She is survived by her children Brandon, Benjamin, Toben, and Alison Gregg; and grandchildren Erin, Andrew, Heather, Nicholas, and Saskia Gregg.

Schutz—*Robert Rudolph Schutz*, 85, on May 4, 2001, at home in Santa Rosa, Calif., of metastatic colon cancer. He was born in Bixby, Minn., a town of fewer than 100, on July 22, 1915, the elder son of a schoolteacher and a small-town banker. He earned degrees in Horticulture, Plant Ge-

netics, Meteorology, and a doctorate in Economics, but horticulture was his first love and provided him with much pleasure throughout his life. While pursuing his doctorate he met and married Marie Hayes, and together they had four children. The couple's disenchantment with organized religion and ritual and their desire for a better world brought them to Quakers early in their married life. After the experience of serving in World War II, Robert shifted his focus for improving the world from the scientific to the social. He was one of the founders of Friends Committee on Unity with Nature and a founder, treasurer, and guest editor of *Earthlight*, the magazine of spiritual ecology. He saw poverty as a key to many of the world's problems and put years of research into his book, *The \$30,000 Solution, A Guaranteed Income for Every American*. He served as editor of *Friends Bulletin*, clerk of Pacific Yearly Meeting's Social Order Committee, and on the board of Friends Association for Services to the Elderly, manifesting his vision for a Quaker retirement center. He was a founder of Monan's Rill, an experimental community still thriving after 30 years, and a founder of Pacifica Foundation and KPFA, the first listener-supported radio station in the nation. He was a member of Redwood Forest Meeting in Santa Rosa. He is survived by his wife of 52 years, Marie Schutz; four children, David Schutz, Margaret Sorrel, Roberta Schutz, and Karla Hendon and their partners; and six grandchildren.

Sekhmet—*Selkis G. Sekhmet*, on September 28, 2000, at her home in Mill Valley, Calif., after a long struggle with multiple sclerosis. Gail Louise Pakstis was born in 1952 in Philadelphia, Pa. After studying Egyptian mythology she changed her name to Selkis Sekhmet. Her college years were spent at Temple University and Kansas State University. She was a beloved member of Marin Meeting in Mill Valley, having joined in 1994. She served on Ministry and Oversight and as acting clerk. She took a great interest in the children of the meeting and often stopped in to assist in classes. She served on the board of Marin Center for Independent Living, as chair of Marin Paratransit Coordinating Council, and on the Golden Gate Bridge Highway and Transportation District Advisory Committee on Accessibility. She also served as president of the Indoor Sports Club and the Camino Alto Tenants Society, and she was active on the Mill Valley Americans with Disabilities Act Local Advisory Committee. She demonstrated inner strength and willpower in the face of enormous physical challenges. For her the simple act of going to meeting took tremendous effort, requiring early

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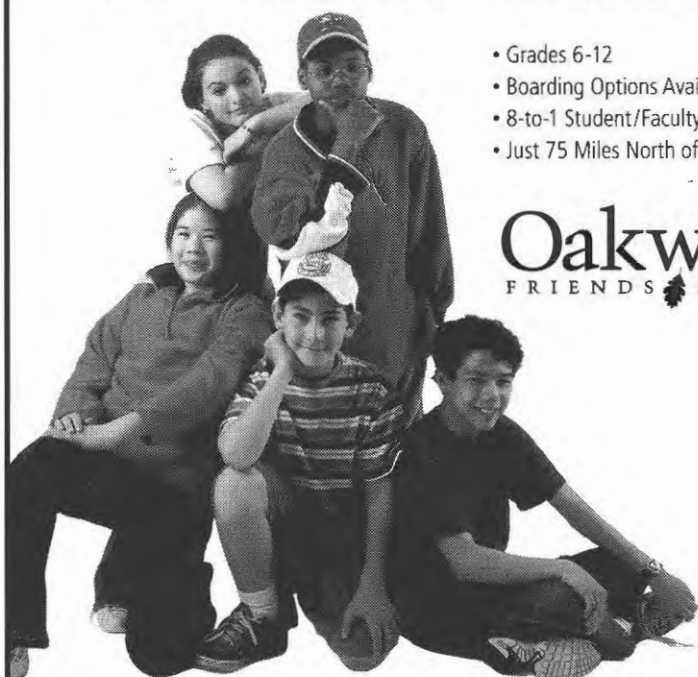
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attendant care, hours of preparation, and a problematic electric wheelchair. But she made the journey often, rolling alone along the streets and into the meetinghouse. Selkis helped to plan Quakerism 101, a short course on Quaker history and practice. She is survived by her parents, Andy and Clare Pakstis; two brothers, Andrew and Paul Pakstis; two nephews; and a niece.

Shouse—*Marjorie Patton Shouse*, 89, on February 21, 2001, at Fredericka Manor Care Center in Chula Vista, Calif. She was born on February 9, 1912, a descendent of 18th-century Scottish-Irish pioneers to Western North Carolina. For 55 years she resided in San Diego, Calif., with her husband, Francis, living in a cottage a few blocks from La Jolla Meeting where they were active members for 37 years. Marjorie and Francis made music a rich part of their lives and regularly attended the singing hour before meeting. Marjorie spent more than 30 years in the field of early childhood education. For 22 years she was a dedicated and much loved teacher at Central Elementary School in Solana Beach School District. As a teacher in the First-day school of La Jolla Meeting her kindness inspired many younger Friends. She is survived by a son, Richard Shouse, and by a granddaughter, Lisa.

Walton—*Lewis (Lew) Brosius Walton Jr.*, 79, of lung cancer, on April 4, 2001, in Gwynedd, Pa. Lew was born in Chicago on June 21, 1921, the son of Lewis Walton and Emma Kinsey Walton, formerly of George School and Hatboro, Pa. During his school years, Lew earned the nickname "Wig" because he could wiggle his ears—a name by which he was known to family and school friends ever after. He graduated from George School in 1939. He rowed crew for University of Pennsylvania, joined the Psi Upsilon fraternity, and following in his father's footsteps, graduated in 1943 with a degree in Architecture. He spent his summers on Adventure Island in Door County, Wis., as a camper and later a counselor and learned sailing, knot-tying, and map and compass reading. Lew was commissioned in the Marine Corps in 1943. He married Ann Deming of New York City and was assigned to the teaching staff at Quantico, Va. In 1945, Lew underwent training for the Office of Strategic Services. Just after World War II ended, he received orders to report to Kun Ming, China, for OSS operations. While in China he contracted polio and was sent back to the United States for rehabilitation. After receiving a medical discharge in 1947, his marriage ended and he moved to Philadelphia, reconnecting with the extended Walton family. In 1949 he married his cousin, Alice Walton, the next year moving Allie and her three daughters to Deerfield, Ill. Lew and his father formed a partnership in 1953, Walton & Walton, Architects, which continued until Walton Sr. retired in 1969. Lew then joined the A.C. Nielsen Company as corporate architect and later became vice president of facilities for Nielsen locations around the world. Lew and Allie were members of Lake Forest (Ill.) Meeting. Lew designed its meetinghouse and worked on the Illinois Yearly Meeting meetinghouse. He was active in Friends General Conference and as president of the Friends Meeting House Fund for 12 years. After Lew retired, he and Allie moved to Foulkeways, and he joined Gwynedd Meeting. Allie died in 1992. Lew served on the Gwynedd and Foulkeways boards and undertook

various life-affirming projects with area Friends. He also visited family, old friends, and family history sites, driving to Florida and the Pacific Northwest. He had a love of topography, land use, history, and trains, and was fascinated to follow old railroad grades searching for abandoned tunnels and landmarks of interest. Lew joked that he was born a century too late—he would have loved being the locating engineer for a railroad, facing the challenges of laying track through the western mountains. Lew died as he wished, at home at Foulkeways. He is survived by his daughters Meredith (Marty) Walton, Jaiyh Amatuli, Eleanor Merritt, and Vida Walton, and twelve grandchildren.

Warren—*Margaret Draughon Francis Winder Warren*, 94, on December 14, 2000, at Wilmington, Ohio, Nursing and Rehabilitation Center. Born on April 26, 1906, at "The Elms" in Edgecombe County, North Carolina, Margaret was the daughter of Lyman Latham and Florence Rux Draughon. After receiving her Bachelor's degree from Duke University, she undertook graduate work at William & Mary School of Social Work. In 1932 she married Harold Edmund Francis, and together they had three daughters. At 55, five years after Harold's death, Margaret married Steve Winder, a widower with eight children. During this period, Margaret became an active member of the Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting. A year after Steve's death in 1974, Margaret moved to Wilmington, Ohio, to work with Barbara Reynolds to establish the Peace Resource Center at Wilmington College. She served as live-in hostess for several years and helped furnish the center in time for the 30th anniversary of the Hiroshima bombing. In 1984, at the age of 79, she married Luther Warren, 93, under the care of Campus Meeting in Wilmington. He died in 1997. At different times Margaret was also a member of meetings in Washington, D.C., and Cleveland, Ohio. She worked in areas of social concern including poverty, alcoholism, mental health, and civil rights. She offered hospitality to hundreds of people including foreign students. She is survived by three daughters, Allie Neff, Flo Friender, and Normie Kane; stepchildren Robert, Ann, Allan, Tom, Mary, Carl, and Paul Winder, Normie Rockwell, and Bob and Bill Warren; 29 grandchildren; and 17 great-grandchildren.

Zavelle—*Virginia Zavelle*, on February 13, 2001, at Kendal in Lexington, Va. She was born in Philadelphia on November 11, 1923. She grew up in Bucks County, Pa., and won 11 varsity letters at Hatboro High School where she was active in swimming, field hockey, basketball, as a member of the boys' gymnastics team, a drum majorette for the band, and a member of the all-eastern U.S. team in field hockey. She attended University of Alabama. Virginia loved the arts, books, and music. She helped found the Princeton Ballet Society and enjoyed weaving Nantucket baskets. She helped found a Friends meeting in Albuquerque, N. Mex., and was a member of a group that reestablished Princeton (N.J.) Meeting. She worked with Jonathan Kozol in Boston at the original Head Start Program. She was the mother of two boys and one girl. She is survived by her husband of 57 years, Alexander Zavelle; two sons, Michael Joseph Zavelle and David Adair Zavelle; and three grandchildren, Clementine, Charles, and Atticus Zavelle.



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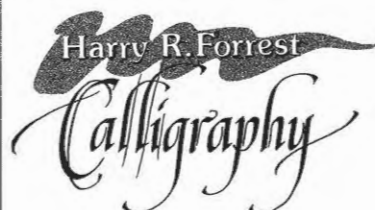
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Forum, continued from p. 5

Drug addiction and victimless crimes?

I received my first issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL (May) this week and have read nearly every bit of text therein. I thoroughly enjoyed several of the articles, including those by Kirsten Backstrom ("Be Thou Perfect"), Roxy Jacobs ("The Miracle of Forgiveness: A Journey of the Heart"), and Scott Martin ("The Power, Quaking, and the Rediscovery of Primitive Quakerism").

However, I found one book review disturbing. In her review of *The Case for Penal Abolition*, Joy Pile writes, "... prisons in the U.S. and Canada primarily punish those who commit victimless crimes, such as drug offenses." This is perhaps one of the most irresponsible statements I have ever read! To refer to drug offenses as "victimless crimes" exhibits a glaring lack of awareness of the nature of both the illicit drug industry and the nature of the disease of addiction.

I am a recovering addict (clean for four and one-half years) who has taken responsibility for my own past transgressions. By many standards, my own active addiction was rather mild, spanning only nine years, during which I acquired a B.A., nearly always held a job, and spent only a handful of days in jail. Yet in the process of recovery, I have taken a searching moral inventory of my life, in which I compiled a rather lengthy list of victims. This list included family, friends, lovers, institutions, and even strangers completely unknown to me. In active addiction, I hurt, lied to, cheated on, manipulated, stole from, exploited, or otherwise harmed nearly everyone with whom I had contact, on some level or another, through the self-centered obsession, compulsion, and fear that characterize the disease of addiction. (I have made many amends and gone far in the process of forgiving myself.)

I am also the adult child of addicted parents. The cycle of abuse and terror that addiction spawns is insidious, debilitating, and merciless. The disease itself destroys the dignity and self-worth of all in whom it festers. Anyone who has worked with children or families who have been touched by this disease knows just how much harm and suffering, and the countless victims this disease creates.

I would certainly not disparage the work of those who champion reform in the penal system, especially in regard to economic and ethnic disparities. I would, however, sternly admonish anyone with the blind audacity to label drug crimes "victimless." It does a great dishonor to the families, children, friends, lovers, employers, employees, landlords, etc., that have been victimized by addicts and addiction. Millions of dollars in productivity, property loss and damage, and sick leave, insurance, etc., are spent or lost to addiction-related events every year. So far I have not mentioned the evils of drug trafficking! How many have died in this "industry"? How many of our nation's youth have killed each other, never realizing their potential as human beings?

Among recovering addicts there are many who will state unequivocally that the greatest motivator has been the pain of facing the havoc that we have wreaked. For many, that meant living with ourselves while incarcerated. Truly, no separation is more painful than the separation from God that the total selfishness of addiction imposes upon the addict. In my estimation there is no truer manifestation of Hell! We cannot simply enable addicts by soothing and babying them, or allowing them to live in denial of the damage and harm they create while actively using drugs. We only encourage the downward spiraling debacle of addiction by doing so.

I'm not advocating corporal or inhumane punishment of addicts. Certainly many have been incarcerated repeatedly without changing their ways. Likewise, many have been through treatment after treatment facility without changing. I personally know several who went through detoxification and long-term treatment 30 or more times before they finally stayed clean. I have known some who never spent a day in jail or treatment, who got clean simply through the 12-step fellowships. I do not pretend to have answers to the problem of addiction (I do know that active participation

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Solution to Friendly Puzzler on p. 21

in a 12-step program is practically guaranteed to keep addicts clean). I know very little about the prison reform movement and am unqualified to comment on it. But I wish to make perfectly clear that *drug crimes are absolutely not victimless crimes*, and the cycle of abuse and victimization that is spawned by the use of intoxicants is fathomless.

Anonymous
<addict@photodharma.com>

Early scientists may not have been theists

I must take exception to one statement in Ralph Slotten's letter "Faith in a personal God matters" (*FJ* May). That statement is: "Paradoxically, modern science is largely the creation of Christian theists." Paradox implies a contradiction, in this case the meaning is that believers in a personal God created science that often denies the existence of God.

At a time when a lack of belief carries little or no risk, it may be hard to put oneself in the frame of budding scientists in 1500, but scientists in those days had no difficulty thinking of Galileo who—in spite of high clerical backing—was put under house arrest for defending a heliocentric world, and many other less well-known scientists who suffered a worse fate. Nontheist scientists in 1500–1800 were less safe than abortion-providing physicians are today in the U.S. Is it any wonder that few or none openly admitted a non-orthodox view?

Unorthodox views of prominent persons are sometimes neglected by writers of history. Consider the widespread view in the U.S. today that the Founding Fathers were theists, even though the personal letters of many, if not a majority, show them to have been deists. Another reason for the failure of early scientists to conform to the pattern of thinking of modern scientists is the prevailing culture in which they lived. It is very difficult for anyone to break completely free of the culture in which one grows up and lives. Even today, scientists with radically new ideas often have a hard time to be heard. An historian of science may be paraphrased as having said that radically new scientific ideas are generally not accepted until the old fogies have died and are replaced by younger people who don't have a stake in the old verities.

History is a messy subject, and people who like paradoxes have no trouble finding them.

Edward J. Stevens
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Coming to London? Friendly B&B just a block from the British Museum and very close to London University. A central location for all tourist activities. Ideal for persons traveling alone. Direct subway and bus links with Heathrow Airport. The Penn Club, 21 Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JJ. Telephone: +44 (0207) 636-4718. Fax: +44 (0207) 636-5516.

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An oasis of calm in the heart of London? Yes, at the Quaker International Centre, where short-, medium-, and longer-term accommodation is available as well as conference facilities. Excellent homemade food. For further information contact telephone: +44 (0207) 387-5648, fax: +44 (0207) 383-3722, or write to: 1 Byng Place, London WC1E 7JH.

Coming to DC? Stay with Friends on Capitol Hill. **William Penn House**, a Quaker Seminar and Hospitality Center in beautiful, historic townhouse, is located five blocks east of the U.S. Capitol. Convenient to Union Station for train and METRO connections. Shared accommodations including continental breakfast for groups, individuals. 515 East Capitol Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003. E-mail: <dirpenhouse@pennsnet.org>. Telephone: (202) 543-5560. Fax: (202) 543-3814.

Looking for a creative living alternative in New York City? Penington 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) 673-1730. We also have overnight accommodations.

Accommodations Sought

Seeking affordable beachfront house in North Carolina for a week in the fall. Will take loving care; nonsmokers, no pets. (410) 556-6061.

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House sitter(s) needed mid-August–mid-November at our home near Camden, Delaware. Retired individual or couple willing to assume care of dog and two cats, yard, and payment of utilities. Contact: A & M Richards, 3390 Walnut Shade Road, Camden, DE 19934. Telephone: (302) 697-6910 or e-mail: <tillerguy@hotmail.com>.

Call for submissions: Were you ever a part of **Argenta Friends School**—student, staff, houseparent? Seeking essays, poetry, photographs for a reflective anthology. Deadline Nov. 1, 2001. Contact Tina (Wallace) McMahon for details: (503) 762-0352, <tmcmahon@transport.com>.

Books and Publications

Library seeks Pierre Ceresole's **For Peace and Truth**. Bill Coperthwaite, The Yurt Foundation, Machiasport, ME 04655.

The **2001 Quaker Peace Roundtable**—Read all about it, on the web; 25+ stimulating, informative reports and papers, at <www.quaker.org/qpr>.

Friends Bulletin, magazine of Western Independent Quakers, free samples, subscription \$15. A *Western Quaker Reader*, *Writings by and about Independent Western Quakers*: \$23 (including postage). *Friends Bulletin*, 5238 Andalusia Court, Whittier, CA 90601. <www.quaker.org/fb>. <Friendsbul@aol.com>.

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Peace Fleece yarns and batting in 35 colors; kits, buttons, needles. Sample card \$3.00. Yarn Shop on the Farm, 1235 Red Run Road, Stevens (Lanc. Co.), PA 17578. (717) 336-5860.

Opportunities

Consider a Costa Rica Study Tour. Take a 12-day trip to see the real Costa Rica. For information and a brochure call: (937) 584-2900 or 011 (506) 645-5065, e-mail: <jstuckey@sol.racsa.co.cr> or write: Roy Joe Stuckey, 1182 Hornbeam Road, Sabina, OH 45169.

Quaker Writers and Artists!

Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts. FQA's goal: "To nurture and showcase the literary, visual, musical, and performing arts within the Religious Society of Friends, for purposes of Quaker expression, ministry, witness, and outreach. To these ends, we will offer spiritual, practical, and financial support as way opens." Help build an international network of creative support and celebration. Membership: \$22/year. FQA, P.O. Box 58565, Philadelphia, PA 19102. E-mail: <fq@quaker.org>. Web: <http://www.quaker.org/fqa>.

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

Summer Conferences at Pendle Hill

Spiritual Life Enrichment Retreats, with Nancy Bieber: July 15-20, July 22-27, August 5-10, August 12-17
 July 15-19: **Clay, Myth, and Fairy Tale**, with George Kokis
 July 15-20: **Gifts of Vision: A Retreat for Photographers and Other Artists**, with Danna Cornick
 July 20-24: **Brushes with the Spirit**, with Jill Powers
 July 20-24: **Songwriting from the Center**, with Bob Franke
 July 27-29: **Inquirers' Weekend: Basic Quakerism**, with Jan Hoffman and Kenneth Sutton
 July 27-31: **A Yoga Retreat You Can Take Home**, with Robert Butera and Dawn Mehan
 August 1-5: **Singing for Shy People**, with David Roth
 August 1-5: **Landscapes of the Soul**, with Helen David Brancato
 August 5-9: **Creativity as Sacrament**, with Jan Phillips
 August 10-14: **Storytelling as a Sacred Art**, with Hugh Morgan Hill (Brother Blue)
 August 10-14: **Writing for Life: Exploring the Peaceful Power of Story**, Lynn Nelson
 August 10-14: **Drawing and Writing: Meditations on the Psalms**, with Lynda Lambert
 August 15-19: **The Ministry of Writing for Publication**, with Tom Mullen
 For more information, contact: Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099. (800) 742-3150, extension 142. <www.pendlehill.org>.

To consider mountain view retirement property, near a Friends center, visit <arizonafriends.com> or write Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 6567 N. San Luis Obispo Drive, Douglas, AZ 85607.

Travel to Tuscany and Provence

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

Personals

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

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

Positions Vacant

Founding Head of School San Francisco Friends 'chool San Francisco, Calif.

San Francisco Friends School, an independent coeducational K-8 school, seeks a founding head. We are scheduled to open in fall 2002 with 60 K-2 students, with a projected eventual enrollment of 400 K-8 students. SFFS joins a commitment to academic excellence with Quaker values of simplicity, integrity, peaceful problem solving, service, and mutual respect.

The Founding Head should have the vision and passion to shape a new school academically, organizationally, and financially. He/she should have experience with Friends schools, a commitment to diversity, a collaborative leadership style, and senior management level experience in an educational setting. Advanced degree preferred.

For a complete job description and requirements, visit www.sffriendsschool.org. Applicants should e-mail or fax resume, cover letter, and statement of educational philosophy to:

Mary Hossfeld and Randy Mildren

SFFS Head Search Committee

<mhossfeld@aol.com> • fax: (415) 447-8695

<mildren@worldnet.att.net> • fax: (510) 524-8247.

P.O. Box 475776 • San Francisco, CA 94147-5776

San Francisco Friends School is an Equal Opportunity Employer



FWCC

Section of the Americas

Friends World Committee for Consultation Section of the Americas seeks a Friend for appointment as Executive Secretary beginning January 1, 2002. The Section of the Americas administers a portion of FWCC's worldwide work of developing communication and cooperation among Friends of varying backgrounds and traditions. The section's Executive Secretary employs and supervises staff in the Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. office and elsewhere in the Americas to assist Friends in their worship and work together. The position requires close coordination with FWCC offices and Sections around the world and considerable travel. Spanish-language skills desirable. Applicants should have deep experience of the life of their own yearly meetings or groups and an active awareness of Quaker faith and practice among other groups. Deadline for applications: August 31, 2001. Job description and application form available from: **FWCC Section of the Americas, 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102**, phone (215) 241-7250, fax (215) 241-7285. <americas@fwcc.quaker.org>.

Quaker House, located in **Central North Carolina**, is seeking a director to continue its active peace education program addressing the issues of militarism and violence in our society. Quaker House began its peace work and counseling program over 30 years ago. Interested applicants should have a desire to develop peace action programs for Quakers of all ages, have good interpersonal skills for providing information and outreach to Quaker meetings and the general public, and have a willingness to oversee and maintain the existing telephone counseling program to military personnel. The applicant should be familiar with Quaker principles and practice. Salary is modest. Medical insurance is provided and a housing option is available. Submit a letter of interest, résumé, and references to: Search Committee, 1502 Nathan Hunt Road, Greensboro, NC 27410. For additional information call (336) 370-8982 or e-mail <parsonb2@guilford.k12.nc.us>.

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is seeking a two-day-per-week **Coordinator** for the Nonviolence and Children Program to begin **October 1, 2001**. The PYM staff person will: 1) support the work of volunteers who conduct trainings and workshops in the area of children and peacemaking, 2) organize and provide trainings and consultations to Quaker meetings, teachers, parents, and professional organizations, 3) keep abreast of recent developments in the field of children and peacemaking, and 4) provide consultations in the area of nonviolence and children to groups outside of PYM. Applicant must be a college graduate or equivalent, with training in some aspect of child development. Two or three years' experience with teaching and/or leadership of young people required; program development and implementation experience desirable. Inquiries to Marty Smith, (215) 241-7008, or e-mail: <marty@pym.org>. Send cover letter and résumé by **September 1** to: Marty Smith, PYM, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Why pay rent or mortgage payments, when you can live rent-free? 700+ property caretaking/housesitting opportunities available, worldwide. Subscriptions: \$27/year. The Caretaker Gazette, (480) 488-1970. <www.caretaker.org>.

Santa Fe Friends Meeting seeks resident. Mature, hospitable Friend for a two-year term, beginning 11/2001. Commitment to Quakerism and service. Send for information: Search Committee, SFMMF, 630 Canyon Road, Santa Fe, NM 87501, (505) 983-7241.

Resident. Redwood Forest Friends Meeting, Santa Rosa, Calif. Residents performing hospitality and caretaking duties are sought for a dynamic Friends meeting north of San Francisco. Post inquiries to Resident Committee, RFFM Box 1831, Santa Rosa, CA 95402.



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

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

Arthur Morgan School. A small junior high boarding school seeks houseparents and teachers for 2001-2002 school year. Positions also include a mix of other responsibilities: teaching (academics and/or electives, music, art, etc.), leading work projects and outdoor trips, maintenance, gardening, and cooking. Intimate community of staff and students; staff-run by consensus. Simple living; beautiful mountain setting. Contact or send résumé with cover letter to: Nicole Delcogliano or Sherrill Senseney, AMS, 1901 Hannah Branch Road, Burnsville, NC 28714. (828) 675-4262.

Real Estate

Blue Ridge area. 63-acre coop, cohousing "green community" forming. Washington/Baltimore, 65 miles. 4-8 home sites for sale. Oak Grove, 16170 Mountain Orchard Lane, Round Hill, VA 20141. <lellasmith@juno.com>.

Our neighborhood blends old, young, and in-between Come live in **Crowell Gardens**, our premier "green" cooperative neighborhood on a gentle south-facing slope on 10 acres just outside Asheville, N.C., with a view of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Own a quiet, sun-filled, comfortable, health-supporting, energy-efficient, low-maintenance townhouse with radiant floor heat and low energy bills. Use the large community building for optional shared meals, laundry, discussion groups, and other functions. Enjoy nearby urban and recreational amenities. Phase 1 townhouses \$120,000 and up. <www.ndbweb.com>.

Rentals & Retreats

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Two adjacent, fully equipped vacation homes on Chincoteague Island, Va., sleep max. 8 or 10 each. Walk to town, bike to Assateague Island National Seashore. Polite pets permitted. Off-season (before 6/16, after 9/3) <\$500/week; weekend=1/2. (703) 448-8678 or <mvanrade@flash.net>.

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

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

Cape May, N.J., Beach House—weekly rentals; weekend rentals in off-season. Sleeps 12+. Great for family reunions! Block from beach. Close to mall. Ocean views from wraparound porch. Call: (718) 398-3561.

Retirement Living

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

Foxdale Village, for Quaker-directed life care. A vibrant and caring community that encourages and supports men and women as they seek to live life fully and gracefully in harmony with the principles of simplicity, diversity, equality, mutual respect, compassion, and personal involvement. Spacious ground-floor apartments and community amenities such as library, auditorium, wood shop, computer lab. CCAC Accredited. Reasonable fees include medical care. 500 East Marilyn Avenue, Department F, State College, PA 16801-6269. For more information, call Lenna Gill at (800) 253-4951. <www.foxdalevillage.org>.



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



Affordable Housing—The Quaker House at Woolman Commons. Join the growing, vital Quaker community in the charming, historic town of Mount Holly, N.J., home of John Woolman. Located just one block from the meetinghouse, the spacious modern apartments in the fully restored and renovated pre-Revolutionary homes are offered to Friends (and non-Friends who have worked for Friends organizations), aged 55 and older, with **confidential financial assistance available to those who qualify.** For information/application, write or call: Kate Kwicinski, Medford Leas, Route 70, Medford, NJ 08055. (609) 654-3000.

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

Schools

Rancocas Friends School: Pre-K, half and full day, after school care, quality academic and developmentally appropriate program with Quaker values. Affordable tuition, financial aid. 201 Main Street, Rancocas (Village), NJ 08073. (609) 267-1265. Fax: (856) 795-7554.

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

Friends Meeting School. Serving 90 students on 50+ acres in southern Frederick County between I-270 and I-70. Coed, pre-K to grade 8. Strong academics, Quaker values, small classes, warm caring environment, peace skills, Spanish, extended day program, optional piano lessons. 3232 Green Valley Road, Ijamsville, MD 21754. (301) 798-0288 <friendsmeetingschool.org>.

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



Orchard Friends School. A school for children, grades K-7, with language-based learning differences. 16 East Main Street, Moorestown, NJ 08057. Phone: (856) 802-2777. Fax: (856) 802-0122. E-mail: <OrchardLD@aol.com>.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Friendly Financial Services. Let me help you prepare for retirement or work out an estate plan. Socially responsible investments—my specialty. Call Joyce Moore, LUTCF, Joyce Moore Financial Services at (610) 966-6127 or e-mail <JMFS@aol.com>. (Securities offered by Washington Square Securities, 20 Washington Square South, Minneapolis, MN 55401.)

Acupuncture Associates of West Roxbury, serving the Boston area. Relieve Pain—Improve Energy—Restore Health. Amy Crikelair, Licensed Acupuncturist and Herbalist. (617) 325-1746. <AmyCrik@aol.com>.

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STUDY, WORK AND SERVICE

The Religion and Social Issues Forum: Quakers and Money

Friends need to examine their decisions about obtaining, holding, and using money and other assets, to see whether they find in them the seeds, not only of war, but also of self-indulgence, injustice, and ecological disaster. Good stewardship of economic resources consists both in avoidance of those evils and in actions that advance peace, simple living, justice, and a healthy ecosystem.

Faith and Practice
Philadelphia Yearly Meeting

Materialism and Economic Inequality

There is a growing concern among Friends regarding the rampant materialism in American culture and the expanding inequality of wealth within the United States and among nations. The Pendle Hill Religion and Social Issues Forum will be sponsoring courses, weekend and weeklong conferences, lectures, and publications over the next few years to help Friends examine possible spiritual, economic, and political responses to these issues.



The Dexter B. Pattison Fund

Elizabeth "Betty" Pattison, in memory of her husband, established the Dexter B. Pattison Fund at Pendle Hill. Dexter Pattison, a PhD organic chemist, spent a career developing organic compounds with the Dupont Corporation. He was also an investment advisor to several Quaker institutions and deeply concerned that Quakers invest and share their money with integrity.

MONEY AND SPIRITUALITY

The Dexter B. Pattison Fund has been established at Pendle Hill to underwrite a series of Religion and Social Issues Forum courses and conferences to encourage Friends to reflect on *money and spirituality*. Pendle Hill also plans to develop study materials, including thought provoking articles, lists of resources, and queries for Friends meetings to use in their local meeting "forums."

Quakers and Money

Monday Night Lecture Series, Fall, 2001 will sponsor nine outstanding speakers on the spirituality of earning a living, transforming one's relationship with money, tax witnessing, Quaker philanthropy, and other issues.

Quaker Spirituality, Values, and Testimonies on Money

A three day conference over Columbus Day weekend, October 5-8, 2001, will bring together Friends from across the country to examine how Friends might witness or testify to the world with our choices of careers, our lifestyles, and our stewardship practices.

Simple Living

A weeklong course, November 25-30, 2001, led by Frank Levering, will explore practical ways to create financial stability compatible with a simpler lifestyle.

Earning, Spending, Saving, and Sharing Money

A weekend workshop using small groups, February 8-10, 2002, will develop new advices and queries on career as vocation, simple lifestyles, socially responsible investing, and faithful stewardship.

Pendle Hill wishes to thank Betty Pattison and all friends of Pendle Hill who have given or are considering investing in the Campaign for a New Century. For information on how you can make an investment, please contact:

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