Ecological Integrity and Religious Faith
Serving God and Caesar
No Creed Is Not the Same as No Theology
Among Friends

A Change—and an Award

When my FRIENDS JOURNAL arrives these days, I greet it with a new sense of awe. After just over a year on the Board of Trustees of Friends Publishing Corporation, I have a growing awareness of the incredible resources of time and talent that go into each issue. Despite the fact the staff faces tight deadlines and inevitable hassles with the various technologies of publishing and distributing, I find in each issue a centered reflection of the Truth as Friends discern it. And as I hungrily read, I reflect how glad I am, along with so many other Friends, to be making just a small contribution.

For the Board of Trustees of Friends Publishing Corporation, I am pleased to announce a change of title for our Editor-Manager to Publisher and Executive Editor. In making this change, our Board is attempting to better reflect to those within the Quaker family and to the wider world the extensive duties and responsibilities involved in this position. Our present Publisher and Executive Editor, Susan Corson-Finney, has served faithfully and skillfully for over two years now, not only running the day-to-day operation of Friends Publishing Corporation, but also representing FRIENDS JOURNAL among Friends and representing Friends in the broader publishing and business world. We commend her on her service and hope that this new title will make it easier for others to understand the multifaceted scope of her position.

We also are very happy to announce that this spring FRIENDS JOURNAL was awarded 3rd place for “Best in Class—General Interest Denominational Publication” by the Associated Church Press (1st place was U.S. Catholic, and 2nd place was The Lutheran). The ACP is a “community of communication professionals brought together by faithfulness to their craft and by a common task of reflecting, describing, and supporting the life of faith…” Nearly 160 publications are ACP members with a combined circulation of nearly 28 million in print and many others on the Internet. This is a top award. It is for overall excellence, not just for a single aspect of the magazine, such as we’ve received in the past. That’s quite an accomplishment for a very small, denominational magazine with a restricted budget. This award brings well-earned recognition to the fine accomplishments of our gifted staff and volunteers, and to all the many Friends who contribute in so many ways.

Keep up the good work, Friends, doing the ministry of the word and sharing broadly in the world!

Liz Yeats
Clerk, Board of Trustees,
Friends Publishing Corporation

The editors are beginning to plan for several theme issues in the coming months, and we invite inquiries or submissions:

- **Friends in the Arts (May 2002)**
  Submissions of visual materials due: November 1. Submissions of manuscripts due: December 1. Visual artists, musicians, performers, or others who want to explore the possibility of interviews, reviews, or other ways of including artwork should contact the editors by November 1 at the latest.

- **Friends and Prisons (Fall 2002)**
  We hope to include articles and news on the death penalty, restorative justice, AVP, privatization, and support from the outside. We particularly invite submissions from prisoners.
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Cover photo © 1994 Danna Cornick
Jesus flexible and uncorrupted

The article “Be Thou Perfect” by Kirsten Backstrom (F May) presents thought-provoking ideas on perfection, based on the accounts in Mark 7:25–28 and Matthew 15:22–28 of Jesus being confronted by the Greek woman of Canaan who sought healing for her daughter. The accounts are interpreted as showing a lack of compassion and downright bigotry on the part of Jesus, who is then transformed by the words of the woman. The assertion is that Jesus is guilty of purveying the popular prejudices of his day. I believe the story can be seen in a different context.

It appears that Jesus and his disciples, perhaps fatigued by the rigors of his ministry, were on a holiday, or at least a retreat, on the shores of the Mediterranean, north of his land where he had been preaching. According to the account in Mark, Jesus tried for privacy, but “... he could not be hid.” It seems his reputation as a healer followed him into the land of the Gentiles, if not the message of his ministry. So it was that the Canaanite woman sought him as a healer. This presented a predicament for Jesus. Were he to exercise his healing powers out of the context of his ministry, a ministry in which he credited healing to the faith of those healed, he might further his fame as a healer at the cost of his primary mission. He could then be seen as another of the many healers and magicians of his day who were apparently fairly numerous in the Roman Empire, his healing powers thus being separated from his message. He might be solicited by others who had no connection with, or particular interest in, his message of faith and the new relationship with God. It would have been unthinkable for him to cheapen his life’s work in such a fashion. His reference to the woman’s people as “dogs” is severe, but seems to be directed at their religion, presumably one or another form of idolatry prevalent at the time. It is hoped that Jesus’ contempt was not meant for the Canaanite woman herself.

The woman demonstrates much perception, and perhaps preparation. One wonders if she had not gone to some trouble to find out who Jesus was and what he was about. She shows him a knowledge of faith, humility, love, and compassion that effectively reconciles her request with his ministry. At that point the way is clear for Jesus to invoke his healing powers in the context of his life’s mission. The woman’s faith has made the way clear for him, and that faith can be credited for the result.

This perspective does not negate the insights into perfection described in the article. It reaffirms the perception of Jesus as a compassionate and flexible human being, but not one who is easily corrupted or one who might be tempted to stray from his central purpose. Quite possibly, though, it put an end to his privacy and his vacation.

Robert H. Keiter
Johnson City, Tenn.

Are we providing access for the deaf?

I recall in an issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL last year (Feb. 2000), a call was put out for individuals available to participate in what was brilliantly called “Access Resources” [for the FGC Gathering—eds.]. As active members and advocates within the deaf community, we heartily approve of this term, and now encourage others to adopt it. I am following a leading to explore how we as a faith community are providing access to worship, fellowship, and faith-based workshops and programs for the “signing” deaf population.

My husband is deaf, and I am fluent in American Sign Language (ASL). Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting has begun to explore such interest and need with us. I have found no evidence of movement regarding this concern outside of our meeting. I would welcome knowing of any related interests or inquiries about this concern.

Hanna O'Doherty
Strasburg, Pa.

Shouldn’t unity with God be central?

I found the report (Witness, F May) from the New England Friends in Unity with Nature Committee interesting. I’m sure their collection of experiences and concerns on sustainability from around the yearly meeting will be helpful. But I wonder if there is not a problem of perspective in their approach.

The committee notes in its first theme that “Sustainability is about limits to Earth’s resources....” This is correct, and seems to me to highlight the problem in approaching concerns about the environment and the right use of resources as being the issue of sustainability. Being about limits, it tends to provoke a fear response. Focusing on limits has led some environmental groups down unchristian paths, such as opposing immigration or advocating that the poor should not be allowed to have children freely.

The approach taken by Jesus is quite different. As shown in the feeding of the 5,000, for example, Jesus portrayed a God who responded to people with an outpouring of abundance. Shouldn’t we be approaching issues in the same way? It is true that some may misuse the Christian concept of the economy of abundance as an excuse for exploitation and failure to exercise care for creation. But this is clearly not biblical. Jesus said God cared for each sparrow, and surely we are to follow that example.

Shouldn’t we be approaching this issue out of love, not fear? Shouldn’t right relationship with creation be framed as a response to a loving God? Isn’t it unity with God that should be central, rather than making the secondary unity with nature primary? Doesn’t care for each part of God’s creation naturally flow from centering ourselves on God?

Bill Samuel
Silver Spring, Md.

Let’s stay with simple openness

The direct experience of the Power of the “Lord, the hallmark of the first Quakers, is still present today in our meetings as it was in the 17th century. It is not, of course, evident in all persons at all times, nor even most persons at most times, but I suspect that this was equally true in the early days of the Religious Society of Friends. Scott Martin’s article, “The Power, Quaking, and the Rediscovery of Primitive Quakerism” (F May), describes such encounters of the spirit with the primary creative force of life perhaps as well as it is possible to describe something that is ultimately beyond words. Certainly there are those today who in a gathered meeting do not merely speak their minds or hearts, but serve as the vehicle through which messages of that Power are delivered. As they quake in the force of that Power, the hearers participating in the meeting often respond even more to the Divine energy being transmitted than to the content of the message itself.

The article goes on, however, to suggest experimentation with various exercises in breathing and meditation used in different traditions, such as Taoism or qigong. I believe that such unguided experiments are potentially quite dangerous. The energy evoked in that way can destroy as well as...
Heifers and Pencils

I just read an article in Christian Science Monitor entitled “Help for Uganda's Farmers: A Heifer to Start a Family” by Danna Harman (3/22/01). It caught my eye because my meeting in suburban Boston has for years assisted a much larger Friends meeting in rural Kenya, next to Uganda. The several heifer programs in Uganda provide cows for qualified families as a means of helping them rise out of poverty. The article claims that the programs are long term, not a quick fix, and are very successful. Evelyn Kaledia, a ten-year-old whose family has benefited from the program, wondered aloud if her family would someday be able to afford some coloring pencils for her. A modest wish.

This brought me back to August 1983. My wife and I married on August 3 and were on a two-week labor tour of Nicaragua. As we left the airport in Managua, we were set upon by a group of barefoot street boys who asked us for pencils as we waited for our tour bus. Our guide or the airport employees told us not to encourage the children by giving them pencils. It seems unlikely that any of us would have been carrying wooden pencils in our pockets anyway. I struck me as odd that these boys were asking for pencils rather than money or gum, etc. I never received a satisfactory answer as to why. I still remember one boy, tall and thin and smiling, barefoot like all the other boys, short pants and torn shirt, about ten to twelve years old, and deaf. I have an older deaf cousin. Perhaps that is why I remember this boy. Our tour bus came, and I did not see this child again. We stayed in earthquake-devastated Managua for a couple of days, then went out to the provinces. Whilst in Managua we met with one of the nine members of the Sandinista Directorate. His office was in a leaky Quonset hut. August is the rainy season. He impressed me when he mentioned the street boys and said that it was his goal, his dream, to set up schooling and programs for these boys to get them off the street and help give them a future. He reminded me of Fr. Edward Flanagan of Boys Town two generations earlier. But, he said that little could be done whilst the Contra war raged in the provinces. There simply were no resources. People were fleeing the provinces, the war zones, and coming to the safety of the cities. They were unemployed and homeless, but safe. The CIA was mining the harbor and funding the Contras with our tax dollars. Those of us on the labor tour, all Americans, were acutely aware of this. When the Contras attacked a village, they killed the men and impressed the boys into the Contra army. They raped the girls and young women and abducted them. Small wonder that people were fleeing the countryside.

Well, the CIA broke the Sandinista Revolution with counterculture in the countryside, embargos, and destruction of the economy. The Sandinistas lost the presidency in an election. Their wonderful social programs and experiments withered under “USA-friendly” presidents so that Nicaragua is again a safe, poverty-stricken, Third World country with massive unemployment and little hope for the future.

The deaf boy at the airport, if still living, would be pushing 30, twice the age of my son, Mark. I’m sure that he never received the sort of schooling that my cousin received at the Boston School for the Deaf. I can only imagine what Nicaragua would be like today if President Reagan had kept a simple “hands off” policy towards the Sandinistas and allowed people of goodwill to perhaps provide heifers for impoverished Nicaraguan farmers and maybe some pencils for their children.

Kevin Coleman Joyce
Randolph, Mass.

Kevin Coleman Joyce is a member of South Shore Preparative Meeting, which meets at the New England Friends Home, Hingham, Mass.

More exchange on the crisis in the Middle East

I've read the articles on the “Crisis in the Middle East” (FJ March) and the responding letters (FJ June), and feel compelled to address points made in a letter written by Bob First (FJ June p.4). He refers to Israel as being the only “true democracy” in the region and that many Arab countries will not tolerate a Christian church or Jewish synagogue. While this is no doubt true, are we to infer that this somehow justifies Israeli policy toward the Palestinians? Bob First also charges that many Arab countries practice “terrible religious and gender discrimination.” Living myself in a neighborhood with a large number of Orthodox Jews, I believe it could be said that Orthodox Judaism also practices religious and gender discrimination.

Bob First states that “in 1948 there were 800,000 Jews in the neighboring countries and now (2001) there are 8,000.” Is this in fact an accurate comparison to the Palestinian case? The Zionist movement formed a new nation in 1948 and needed it to be populated. How many of those 800,000 left willingly to come to Israel? Did the Palestinians leave willingly?

As I see it, the dynamics of the region are changing dramatically. The Orthodox

continued on p. 42
There is a growing recognition that the state of Earth's ecological integrity is not just one more concern to be added to an already long list of concerns. There is a growing sense that to continue representing the ecological issue in our corporate forums as a "special interest" is to remain unresponsive to a central spiritual task of our time: readapting human settlement and economic behavior to the biotic integrity of Earth. The ecological situation is not a concern in the usual sense of the word, nor is it a special interest. It is the foundation of all concerns and the most general and comprehensive interest possible. It is both the given and created context out of which everything we care about and work for develops. The human/Earth relationship is the context in which all concerns are situated. Justice, equity, and peace as well as spiritual well-being have no other home than the human/Earth relationship in which to flourish or wither, as the case may be.

All the areas of human concern that Friends have traditionally addressed will be negatively affected by the ongoing, disruptive impact of human activity on biospheric integrity. Ethnic, political, and economic violence will be exacerbated. Human settlement, livelihood, and food production will increasingly be disrupted. Social and economic inequities will be magnified. Deficiency, stress, trauma, and disability disorders will multiply. Spiritual disorientation will spread.

All of these phenomena are already on the increase. Continued deterioration of Earth's habitability will drive them all into more and more extreme forms. Given the Quaker heritage of bonding religious faith into the work of human betterment, it is difficult to see how we can avoid bringing the crisis in the human/Earth relationship into the center of our perspective.

In 1990 the World Council of Churches held a ten-day convocation in Seoul on Justice, Peace, and the Integrity of Creation. This convocation identified the ecological disruption that will attend the advance of global warming as the preeminent threat to Earth's communities of life. It further agreed that because human economic activity is contributing to global warming, this situation is an issue of fundamental religious import that must be addressed by the world's communities of faith. A decade later the global warming issue is front and center on the witness and action agendas of many religious groups and associations.

Although the human patterns of ecological violation are manifold, the specter of ecological disruption that will accompany the advance of global warming rises like a particularly ominous thunderhead over the landscapes and shorelines of Earth. Human-induced, disruptive climate change epitomizes what is wrong with the current human/Earth relationship. It is a simple and incontrovertible fact that every day human activity is increasing the global warming problem. For those who have come into a full realization of this situation, the problem verges on the unbearable. It has a mind-numbing and spirit-damaging quality.
It is difficult to see how we can claim a clear sense of Divine presence while all around us the channels of energy on which we depend, and the patterns of economic activity that support us, are steadily grinding down and functionally disabling the integrity of creation. It is not just a matter of Earth’s environment becoming an increasingly less hospitable place. It is also a matter of increasingly losing the sense of the Divine as a whole Earth reality, as a cosmic loom interweaving all communities of life. The evidence of this cultural devolution is all around us. We cannot go on disrupting, breaking up, and laying waste to the functional relationships that compose the integrity of creation and expect to retain a viable sense of the Divine. As ecological disruption develops, the issues of human adaptation will become increasingly skewed toward the struggle for bare survival on the one hand, and the struggle to defend wealth and access to the means of life on the other. This is already the situation we are in. As hard-edge survival and the protection of privilege become the dominant factors of social existence, it will become ever more difficult to bring ecological consciousness to bear on public policy. Nothing less than the ability to maintain an overarching faith, an encompassing sense of the Divine, and to work with conviction for the common good are now at stake in the unraveling of the human/Earth relationship.

If our faith is seeking a mode of expression and breadth of address in the world that reaches to the center of the human dilemma, it must move fully into the ecological worldview. This perspective will provide clear and useful openings at a fundamental level into all peace, justice, and equity issues and enable us to help reconceive the whole project of human adaptation to the environments of Earth.

With the imperative of ecologically sustainable adaptation firmly lodged at the center of our faith, we can then develop our work toward peace, justice, and equity in ways that contribute as fully as possible to a reweaving of the human/Earth relationship. Thus can we keep alive an encompassing and nurturing sense of the Divine. Even if we, and all others who are working in a similar way, do not succeed in moving our society out of its ecologically destructive ways and onto a sustainable path, we will at least know we have done the right thing. That may be small comfort, but it may also be the difference between a sense of faithfulness and the despair that will certainly overtake denial and inaction.

We have now come to the time when the options are perfectly clear. Either we continue down the road of unlimited economic expansion and increasing energy use until a convergence of ecological breakdowns stops our cultural momentum, or we place ecologically sustainable adaptation at the leading edge of human settlement and economic behavior.

This dilemma and this choice bear a striking resemblance to the issue of slaveholding with which the Religious Society of Friends struggled and on which it eventually came to a clear focus. In both cases the fundamental issues are the same: control and use of energy, economic productivity, convenience, aggrandizement, massive inequities, and the effect on the souls of all those who were and are enmeshed, in whatever capacity, in a system of unsustainable exploitation.

These similarities are not a coincidence. The end of slavery coincided with the full development of the machine-based factory system, expanding use of coal and the discovery of petroleum. The exploitive mindset and inequitable relationships of the old economy were continued in the new. This is why John Woolman’s observations on economic behavior and social relations continue to be highly pertinent to our time. Because the whole political economy was—and still is—driven by the unquestioned assumption of endless growth, no reflection on sustainable adaptation has ever gained a significant public hearing. The expanding frontier mentality and the vast “natural resources” of the North American continent allowed what historian William Appleman Williams called “the great evasion”—not taking fully into account the fundamental values, attitudes, and relationships required to achieve a sustainable pattern of settlement and economic activity within the regional ecosystems of the continent. That great evasion has continued unabated to the present time.

As the Religious Society of Friends rose to the issue of slavery and eventually became clear on the kind of change that was required, so it would seem we might now rise to the issue of ecological degradation in general and the situation of energy use and disruptive climate change in particular. Although it was certainly not easy for Friends to become collectively clear about slavery, it may be even more difficult to achieve a sense of clarity and undertake effective
action with regard to ecological degradation.

When Friends voluntarily gave up slaveholding, the primary economic activity of farming could still be carried on with the human energy of hired labor, which, as Woolman so eloquently pointed out, must also be seen within a moral context. But with the subsequent shift of the economy to machine-based manufacturing, fueled by coal and oil, the cautionary moral dimension around energy use disappeared. And in fact, with the new technologies a new morality of energy use arose that said, in effect, "the more the better." We now understand this era of high energy use has been a terrible adaptational mistake. Despite the undeniable advances in convenience that high-energy living affords, the damaging impact of this adaptational

stance on the biotic integrity of Earth has now, as in the days of slavery, brought the moral issue to a very fine point.

Addressing the issue of energy use, and the way it exploits and damages Earth's communities of life, is a difficult matter. Virtually everyone in our society, in some way, is living off the pattern of energy production and use that is damaging Earth's biotic integrity and leading to increasing ecological disruption. Nothing less than a major readaptation of human settlement and economic activity is required to address this situation. Because the magnitude of our dilemma encompasses the whole adaptational stance of our culture, it reaches deeply into our spiritual life.

It reaches right into the center of our understanding of ourselves within creation.

In response to the spiritual dimension of our ecological dilemma, a movement of witness and action is growing in communities of faith worldwide. Many individual Friends are deeply immersed in this work, but the Religious Society of Friends, as a corporate expression of faith, has yet to move decisively into this spiritual task. Varieties of minutes have been formulated and approved. Special interest groups have arisen. Committees and working groups exist. Some yearly meetings are supporting the efforts of their members who are called to work for ecological reformation. As good as all these things are, it still leaves us with the question of why no yearly meeting or widely representative Friends organization has stepped into a leadership position on the integrity of creation. In many instances individual Friends have been on the forefront of ecological reformation, but the Religious Society of Friends, as such, seems somewhat unfocused and muted on what is certainly one of the preeminent human dilemmas and critical dangers of our history. For a spiritual movement and community of faith that has been in the forefront of social innovation and human betterment for most of its history, this is a peculiar circumstance. One hopes that the old Spirit is just gathering strength and will, before long and at many collective points, move the Religious Society of Friends into clarity and action on behalf of creation and a sustainable human/Earth relationship.

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Streams of Living Water

During the course of preparing this essay I have been reading reports about the rapid melting of glaciers on the mountains of East Africa and the effect of this change on the water supply in the regions around them. Once spent some time at a cattle ranch on the northwest flank of Mt. Kenya, where the streams of glacial melt water ran full and cold year round. The operation was owned by Gerard and Mary Casey, English Quakers, and originally included over 16,000 acres. The Caseys had turned most of the holding over to a government settlement program and had retained a much reduced ranching business.

It was the reliable, glacier-fed water supply that made the area close to the mountain's base suitable for homestead farms and the plains that extended to the north suitable for ranching. A large range of wildlife also frequented the area due to the water. One of our campsites on the plain was a place called Sitakoi, which meant "zebra water." Here, 30 miles below the glaciers, the stream ran cold and refreshing in a hot desert land. We awoke each morning to gaze at jagged volcanic peaks, laced with glaciers, glinting in the equatorial sun. I am now thinking of what will happen to those many homestead farms as the water supply fails, and to the many animals who for countless generations have known exactly where to find the life-giving water.

Because I know this one region and can see the families in their fields and gardens parceling out the gift-of-the-mountain water to their crops, and because I know there are many regions around the world where this human/Earth relationship sustains families and settlements, I can imagine the disorientation, dislocation, and suffering that will occur as glaciers disappear and the water they once so reliably supplied is no more. It is now estimated that in 15 years the East African glaciers will be gone—a rate of melting for which there is no precedent. And for what? So we, the wealthy of the world, can be surrounded by abundant electricity and have unlimited, high energy transportation at our command?

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Barbara Benton
Thus will all of our traditional concerns and areas of work find a helpful context and a renewal of orientation.

In summary:
1. The science around global warming and disruptive climate change is clear.
2. The disruption by human activity of the biospheric conditions that have brought Earth’s communities of life to their present interrelated existence is a direct and blasphemous challenge to the goodness of God in creation. It is counterproductive to stable human settlement and sustainable economic activity. It is damaging to a sense of the Divine and to a viable, sustainable faith.
3. We have the technology and the skills to reconstruct human settlement and economic adaptation within ecologically sustainable norms.
4. At present we collectively lack the moral conviction, political will, and financial incentives needed to advance the work of ecologically sustainable adaptation significantly.
5. Communities of faith, by virtue of their claim on a relationship with the Divine, are under the obligation of providing leadership on the integrity of creation issue and on the work of ecologically sustainable readaptation.
6. Despite the ecological work that many individual Friends, groups of Friends, and Friends meetings have been doing, the Religious Society of Friends in the United States is notably absent from the ecumenical associations and religious coalitions that are working on the human/Earth relationship and the integrity of creation issue. Particularly with regard to addressing the ecological implications of public policy, this lack of Quaker participation in the wider religious dialogue would seem a lapse we should move to correct.

Can we transcend the special-interest view and the individualistic lifestyle response that seems to have settled over Friends’ approach to the ecological issue? Can we find a renewed sense of spiritual purpose in the task of reweaving all our concerns into a truly ecological worldview? Can we provide leadership in addressing public policy on behalf of the integrity of creation? Can we engage the practical tasks of readapting our shelters, our settlements, and our social and economic systems to the biotic integrity of regional ecosystems and to the Earth as a whole?

Hiroshima Day

Every year on this day, on the hillside by the cathedral—
"Master, it is good for us to be here"—
we watch city and sea blush with dawn.

A light mist rises. We draw close in the teeth of the wind.
This year it is raining: the rain, thank God, is not black.

A warm church porch serves as a tabernacle.

Once again, we read the story of Hiroshima, waking that August 6th in wartime summer when the bomb dropped—
And the people “were transfigured and their faces did shine as the sun and their raiment was white as the light”

Nothing...

This is also the Feast of the Transfiguration, but those citizens were not enlightened. Their negatives shadowed the pavements.

The mushroom cloud which hung in the air hangs in our hearts for ever.

We go down the steps into the still-falling rain.

The walls are still standing, and we are standing for the world’s right never to see that day again.

—Jean Talbot

Jean Talbot lives in Australia.

Friends Journal August 2001
His tender, slender fingers curl lovingly around the living wood, feeling into texture and shape a creation still only half released from imagination. My brother picks up green and unseasoned branches, jettisoned by trees which can afford the surplus, to fashion bowls and candlesticks so that other people can caress and sense a natural transformation and be reminded of original beauty.

—Sue Glover

Tent in the Sky

One night, we staked our tent on a high ridge after a long climb. In darkness we found a site wind-sheltered by low fragrant pines. I saw a brimming cauldron, midnight blue, alive with a million stars. The dipper hung up among them close to Polaris, at rest after a day of scooping up the stars and flinging them wide into the night. Some overflowed and fell into distant pockets of the shore where they became homes, as welcoming as our yellow tent, aglow with its single candle.

—Lucy Dougall

Sue Glover is a member of France Yearly Meeting. © 1999 Sue Glover

Lucy Dougall lives in Woodinville, Washington. She is the author of Orkney Days.

August 2001 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Dear Nick,

I joined the Foreign Service 21 years ago, and you asked me if it might be a good career for you too. You went further and asked if one could be a Friend and work for the government. I told you that I would let you know, since I was just getting started. Sorry about the delay in getting back to you, but I wanted to make sure of my answer.

Public service has always been a strong drive in my life. Before the Foreign Service, I was an assistant professor at a state college, and before that, a high school teacher and a child welfare worker. So you could say that I've worked for the government for 35 years. During meeting for worship a few days ago, a weighty Friend rounded on me, saying I was trying to work for both God and Mammon and I must fail. After meeting she advised me to call a clearness committee to help straighten out my life. Nick, this wasn't the first time I've been eldered this way. Being a Friend and working for the government seem incompatible to some Friends, and being Friends, they let you know it.

I had my own worries 21 years ago, and I sought guidance from my meeting in Charleston, West Virginia, from my colleagues, and, most importantly, from my wife. I looked for examples of Quakers who had dedicated themselves to public service in the government. John Bright, the British liberal member of Parliament, gave me special help through his life and letters. The question was there: can you work for the government and not be corrupted or compromised? I thought of William Penn's advice: "True godliness don't turn men out of the world, but enables them to live better in it, and excites their endeavors to mend it: not hide their candle under a bushel, but set it upon a table in a candlestick." If you live an intentional life, I believe you cannot be corrupted or compromised—unless you want to be. "What if you are ordered to do something that you don't think is right?" asked one Friend. "That's easy," I answered. "Fight it if you can. Quit if you must."

But in truth, government work seldom places you in such a dilemma. Once I was assigned to work with asylum seekers from El Salvador, to give the State Department's advice to the court on whether or not they qualified for asylee status. "So I decide each case?" "No, you just refuse them all." "But that's immoral," I declared. "Wow," was the answer, "would you tell that to the deputy assistant secretary (a political appointee)?" So I did, and she angrily replied, "Well, we don't want you to work with us either!" So I went on to another assignment working with human rights.

The Foreign Service isn't always an easy job: my offices have been bombed, I have had friends killed and maimed, my windows have been splattered with red paint, I've been called a genocidal murderer on Belgrade TV, and I've been picketed by my own meeting! (I would have joined them on several occasions, but we're not allowed to involve ourselves in local politics. I save my own protesting for when I'm back in the U.S.—I've picketed the State Department twice.)

But there are compensations: I've helped remove the sanctions on Haiti; set up a UN peacekeeping force; participated in the Dayton peace process; written two UN Security Council Resolutions; and pressured other governments to release a priest who was being tortured, a nurse who was being held hostage, and missionaries being held by rebel bands. I was part of an effort to remove a U.S. military base deep in the Andes, and I have ad hoc lectured U.S. generals and colonels on

Rob Callard is a member of Charleston (W.Va.) Meeting, currently attending Toronto (Ont.) Meeting.
human rights at the Joint Warfighting Center.

Ten thousand immigrants, the great majority dirt poor, came to the United States with my name on their papers. A hundred thousand visitors and students came as well. I worked hard to get changes in laws and regulations that I thought were wrong. The central poster on the wall in my office is from American Friends Service Committee: “No Human Being Is Illegal.” I’ve taken a lot of criticism for that poster, but that means it’s having an effect.

Among the greatest supports I have on this job are the local Friends meetings. In Wellington, New Zealand, Friends joked when they found out where I worked, “We finally got one! Or does he have us?” Toronto Friends opened their hearts to my family. The Lima, Peru, worship group was precious to us, even as terrorists dynamited buildings (including the embassy) and power stations. While visiting U.S. prisoners high in the Andes, I attended an Evangelical Friends Church, a little thatched hut with “Jorge Fox” written on a blackboard behind the Friends pastor.

Nick, I’ve never hidden my religion. In fact I’ve probably worn it on my sleeve more than I might have, both to keep me honest with myself and also to make certain my colleagues know where I’m coming from. There are a few other Friends in the Foreign Service, but not many. (One of them surprised me when he turned up as the dreaded inspector coming to check out my operation!)

Have I compromised my pure principles? Yes and no. Policy doesn’t drop like manna from the heavens, or even from the president or secretary of state. Policy is created over time and over many tables, much like Quaker committee minutes. Views, even dissenting views, are respected, and experience is taken into account. Some final decisions have made me heartsick; some have been victories for common sense, reason, and the Light. As always Rufus Jones guides me: “There has always been another group (in the Society of Friends) who have held it to be equally imperative to work out their principles of life in the complex affairs of the community and the state, where to gain an end one must yield something; where to get on one must submit to existing conditions; and where to achieve ultimate triumph one must risk his ideals to the tender mercies of a world not yet ripe for them.”

Would I do it again, Nick? Would I recommend it as a life? Yes, I would. Government, at least government in the U.S., Canada, and a handful of other countries, is not Them. It is Us. There are times I step aside to meditate and reflect. But there is never a time when I would step aside for fear of dirtying my hands. If you care about others—and that is our great commandment—then you must work either inside the system or outside the system to make it better. There is much to be said for either side, and there is enough work for all.

After the Fundraising

on the subway home I think
donor bases
mailing lists
pledge packages
grant requests—
these are not poetic words
and I am a poetic person
on a fundraising committee
no ode has ever touched
these boardroom words are bubbles
filled with hoped-for money
for a health clinic that
lays warm hands on the poor
for whom the words
HIV positive
cancer
fetal alcohol syndrome
are also not poetic
oh holy muse
for the sake of
your sick poor
grant us grants.

—Muriel Steffy Lipp
No Creed IS NOT THE SAME AS No Theology

by Robert Griswold

It has long interested me that members of unprogrammed meetings of the Friends of Truth have, as a group, taken very little interest in the theology of their sect. Undoubtedly there are reasons for this. One possibility is that, in our haste to let our lives speak, we place action first, focusing on our immediate good works, and see less need to spend time considering a broader context for our action. Another possibility is that since Friends have no creeds they believe there is no need for Quakers to have a more articulated understanding of their faith than what each individual member comes up with on his/her own. A third possibility is that we have simply failed to acquaint new members with our theology, leaving it up to them to discover it or not, as may be the case. There may be other reasons for the dearth of theological dialogue in our meetings, but all of them together do not constitute an excuse.

Because we have let theology lapse as a common subject for discussion among us, we have lost some of the source of our vitality. We live in a culture designed to distract us from consideration of more than our immediate impulses. Theology is generally considered an arcane subject that deals with meaningless questions having no relevance to our lives. This is not so. We are famished for meaning in our lives and in our actions.

What is essential for meaning is context. Context means placement, location, home; a perspective from which our experience of the world makes sense. Context has to do with our relationship to what is and our understanding of who we are. Theology is nothing more (or less) than our effort to gain a better awareness of the profoundest context of our lives. How could that not be important? Without this context our lives are set adrift on a sea governed by currents of desire or fear with no compass or destination. Without this context our lives are set adrift on a sea governed by currents of desire or fear with no compass or destination. Without this context as firm ground under our feet we are in a condition that prevents us from answering that of God in everyone.

We need to let our lives speak, but we also need to be confident of what it is that we want that life to say. This power won’t be ours until we have made it ours by laboring together to test our understanding. A separate peace, in which I don’t question what you are thinking and you don’t ask me to account for my notions, won’t serve us. Our faith is personal, but it is not private. We are required to grow in the measure of Truth that is given us, and to do this we must get clear by sharing what we are given with those who are with us in the covenant of membership. We cannot speak to those outside our sect if we do not have some positive things to say. Saying the negatives, “Well, we don’t have pastors and we don’t have a program for our worship service and we don’t vote on business matters,” may succeed in persuading others that we are quaint but does little to help the world understand our message.

There are positive things to be said. I will risk stating some of them in hopes that Friends will revive a dialogue among us that will enable us to bring our message to a world that needs to hear it.

A theology is nothing if it is not a unified whole. Theologies don’t work as hodgepodge amalgams of clever ideas. An encompassing, coherent organization of our understanding is required. This is not to say that any particular statement of a theology is complete and finished. In fact, one of the aspects of Friends theology is that it expects us to grow in Truth. However, the changes that will come as we grow will not destroy the foundation, but rather will add strength to what we know. Friends theology is a solid unit, and though we can talk of separate points we need to be cognizant that in doing so we are not claiming that these can stand alone and apart from the rest. The separation is only to let us focus on one aspect at a time.

The first point of Friends theology is that Divine Love, Divine Power, and Divine Authority exist and are known to exist by direct personal experience. We have called this experience the Light Within or the Light of Christ within. We have also used many other names ("Truth," "Seed," "God," "Word," "Power") to point to our experience. The
proliferation of these names is evidence for the fact that the name is not the thing named. We may have a personal fondness for a name, but the fact remains that the name is only a pointer by which we point to our experience. The experience is primary. The name is secondary. Elizabeth Bathurst, a Friends theologian writing in 1679, had other names but she was clear about this matter.

For 'tis still but one thing I am describing, although rendered by divers Names: In as much as the sure Word of Prophecy, and the Day-Star here spoken of, differ only in Degrees, not in Nature and Kind: both which Expression denote to us, that one gift of Light and Grace through Christ Jesus freely bestowed on all Men...

In the rest of this essay I will generally use the name God to refer to this personal experience of a relationship with the divine. In doing this I risk some misunderstandings that I would like to clear up at once. I specifically reject all imaginings that have grown up around this name and all the games that ask pseudo-theological questions such as, "Can God be in two places at once?" or "Can God keep secrets from himself?" These are games invented by those who have no experience of God and who are confined to the presupposition that God can be the product of their efforts to understand. What I want to discuss is the impact on me of the experience I have had and that I can see (by the fruits of their actions) others having as well. When I get clever and try to describe God, I find myself alone with my cleverness. My relationship with God is not an understanding relationship. It is a "standing under" relationship. I can describe the relationship because I am in it and I know its effects, but describing God requires a presumption I lack. Friends theology is about a relationship based in experience.

A key qualification needs to be made about this experience within. This is not a self-experience or one generated by self-will. In fact, the experience illuminates the conscience in a way that reveals the vanity of self and the hopelessness of relying on self as a guide to give meaning to our lives. This is what the "Light" lights up. Instead of self, we are brought to something stronger and more enduring. Fox called it the "Seed" to show that there was something else that could be nurtured and brought up in us. This experience of the Seed may grow slowly in some and faster in others. Some may be suddenly convinced of the condition and the need for loyalty to the Seed. Others, and I am one, come to this conviction slowly over many years as the inadequacy of the powers of self are revealed. Divine Love and Grace come to us when God finds us ready to receive them; not when we get a notion that they might be a nice thing.

A second point of Friends theology is that this Light, this Christ, is universal and there for all people. This experience, this relationship, is not just for me or for the "elect" or for proto-Quakers. It is accessible to all. George Fox said, "Our God is a God at hand." God is not a character in a book or story that we get to know by hearing or reading about God.

What is critical is the personal experience of the Divine; and that is possible for everyone. It does not matter if they cannot read or speak an articulate sentence. If they have the experience of the Divine, and respond to it, they are part of our fellowship. If they have not had the experience of the Divine or have not yet responded to it, they are still part of the covenant and one with us. This is why Friends are not evangelical in ways similar to other Christian groups. We have no Truth to bring to others like a product to be sold. We are called to show that Truth has us and, by example, to demonstrate to everyone that they too can be found by God within.

This point of Friends theology is the source of our Peace Testimony. We cannot make war on others because for us there are no "others." We know from our experience that we stand in need of the Light in our consciences as part of our condition and in this respect we are no different than any other people. We understand this condition to be universal and the remedy of the Light to be universal also.

A third point of Friends theology concerns our understanding of Christ. Many liberal Friends of today would like to shed the concept of "Christ" and avoid any connection to a Christian past. I have even heard of Friends reprimanding other Friends for offending them by using the word "Christ" in their presence. I, also, have, in the past, declined to count myself a Christian. I now believe that what I was rejecting was something that came out of my experiences with the Jesus Christ I encountered in the fundamentalist and evangelical churches of my childhood. You most likely know the Jesus Christ I am referring to here. This is the one who came along about 2,000 years ago and preached until he got himself killed and came back to life and went up to heaven (whatever that is, it always seems to be up) and, if I now believe (a willful action on my part) that he did that for me, personally, I (ego intact) can get off the hook of my own mortality and be up there with him when I die.

This theology has two fundamental errors in it. The first is that it connects Christ solely with the person of Jesus. One might get the impression in following this erroneous theology that Christ was Jesus’ last name. The second is that it reduces the relationship between Christ and the individual to a voluntary contract. Historically, Friends have declined to be in any quid pro quo relationship with the Divine. We are the Friends of Christ and friends are bound by love, not by contract. The Christ put forward in Friends theology is much different and much more than the “contract” Jesus. In saying this I do not want to imply that Friends think Jesus’ life is without significance. The Christ of Friends was certainly manifested completely in Jesus, but early Friends could not leave Christ in that singular embodiment, however important that was to them. For Friends, Christ (by whatever name) is a reality that we can know personally and be in a relationship with now. This is why we do not consider the Bible to be the Word of God and why we do not believe that revelation is finished. Revelation is not finished because the Divine is not done with revealing to us an understanding of our relationship with God.

Our faith is personal, but it is not private. We cannot speak to those outside our sect if we do not have some positive things to say.
This we know by experience. Early Friends theologians made this point clearly. Elizabeth Bathurst maintained that “True Religion is of great Antiquity” and went to some length to argue that Christ was known to Abel and Abraham. The Christ of Friends is here now and always. Fox spoke of Christ being before time was. The life of Jesus is a demonstration of the Word being made flesh. The Word, Christ, is always being made flesh and always dwells among us. Thus for Friends, Christ as Jesus is important in history, but Christ is not confined to the box of that historical manifestation. Christ is the in-breaking in time (including our time) of the eternal Word (John 1:1–2, Col. 1:15–20). And that Word is with us. Christ lives in us.

This brings us to a fourth point of Friends theology. The self we acquire in the process of our immersion in our culture, the ego we learn to defend and support in our daily lives, is not our most fundamental reality. George Fox talked about the Seed of Christ that could be nurtured within us and lead us to give up service to self. I would assert that to early Friends “convincement” meant they had the beginnings of a release from service to self and had come into service to the Seed.

These Friends got into a lot of debate with the Puritans over the concept of “perfection” based on Jesus’ command that his followers and friends should be perfect. Friends condemned the Puritan leaders for “arguing for sin,” meaning for the idea that human beings were fated to wallow in the fears and lusts of self throughout our life and only discover after death if they were a part of the elect or the damned. This theology left Puritans uncertain about their fate. The anxiety caused by this uncerainty led Puritans to look for “signs” that could indicate whether they were elected to salvation after death. Many came to see their business prosperity as a sign of God’s favor. (The wealthy of today still consider their wealth a manifestation of their superior virtue.)

Fox and other Friends were not satisfied with this view and knew by experience that it was false. They knew they had changed into a new service—service to the Seed of Christ within. They knew they had shed service to self and the will of self that had held them in bondage. They knew that by staying close to the measure of Truth they had in the Seed they were in that state that Jesus had spoken of as perfection. This is why Fox could make the radical assertion that Friends were brought back to that state that Adam was in before the Fall.

Friends have long felt that if you have been convinced by an experience of the Divine within you, you have a totally new meaning and context for your life. You are shaken (and do quake) and your foundation in self is overthrown. Everything must change. Subscribing to a patch of belief wasn’t enough for us. We understand in our personal lives Jesus’ saying:

No one sews a patch of unshrunk cloth on an old garment. If he does, the new piece will pull away from the old making the tear worse. And no one pours new wine into old wineskins. If he does, the wine will burst the skins, and both the wine and the wineskins will be ruined. No, he pours new wine into new wineskins. (Mark 2:21–22)
Some early Friends demonstrated this estrangement from their own past self by odd lotions. For example, James Naylor who, when asked who he was, responded, "One that the world calls James Naylor."

A relationship with God changes us or it is not a relationship with God. If you are holding on to the fears or the comforts or the pride of your old self, then you should question what sort of Quaker you are.

Finally we come to a fifth point of Friends theology. God finds us—not the other way about. No act of self can bring us closer to the Divine. The foundation is a new relationship that happens when we let go so that the "still, small voice" can be heard and come to lead us. If God, the Christ within, is here now with us, the meaning of our lives depends on our being in a relationship with that reality. We have to discipline our lives by ceasing to follow where our egos lead us and let the Teacher within find us and become our guide. This is the meaning of Matt. 10:34, "I did not come to bring peace, but a sword" and Matt. 10:38, "and anyone who does not take up his cross and follow me is not worthy of me."

This new relationship has to sever us from our old allegiance to self, and when we begin to act from lives centered in the Divine, the fruits of our actions will show a difference.

Friends worship in the way we worship because we know by experience that God must find us. The form of our worship has to make it possible for the Seed within to come forth and lead us. The problem Friends found with the old forms of worship was that there was more form than worship. These forms didn't bring us out of the acts of self. Churchgoers sang and prayed and the pastor exhorted the congregation with the ideas he had collected that week. These forms treat God as though God is found "out there," and Friends knew that God finds us when we turn away from "out there"—and self is part of the "out there." God is not an object of the perceptual processes I control, so it is only by laying down those processes and being empty of my own will that God can find me and the relationship can happen.

Hence the Friends program of worship is no program. God is worshiped in spirit by the laying down of our pride and ambition and coming to that which is eternal and eternally present. Worship is about being changed so that our lives are manifestations of love.

Friends worship is not meditation or quiet reflection on the week's happenings or a chance to tell others of our angst over world events. Friends meetings can be used that way but it misses the point, which is to continually refresh a relationship with the reality of God. This is the relationship that brings us into a life that has meaning. Anything less is a mistake and an illusion. Fox called it a "deceit" to show that this illusion was false and a deception. For Friends, sin is whatever we do under the illusion that our ego-centered selves are sufficient for a meaningful life. We can only escape this illusion if we let go of it and give ourselves up (literally) to be found by God.

Others might wish to divide differently aspects of the theology of the Friends of Truth. We have a rich heritage to consider. But for me, the points I have set forth are the ones that I can attest from my experience as a Friend. I offer them in the hope that we can work to bring our understanding together and strengthen our witness in the world.
**Distant Thunder**

Across the placid creek,
Predawn to past dusk,
Dull thuds of death
Resound from distant woods,
Mingle with explosions
From Aberdeen across the Bay.
Family flocks of geese
Drift with the tide,
Float past as if pulled
By some unseen spring.
The heron stretches her long neck,
Bends to her reflected image,
To what lies beneath the surface,
Unconcerned with punctuations
Separating life from death.
The town tabloid tallies
What, how many birds may
Be killed, bagged daily:
2 hen mallards, 1 pintail,
2 wood ducks, 1 redhead,
1 fulvous tree duck, 1 mottled duck,
1 canvasback, 1 black.
The county paper reports
Six hundred thirty deer
Have been harvested that day,
And pickups drive by,
Carcasses strapped to fenders,
Dainty hoofs stiffly protruding.
News of slaughter overseas
In Kosovo, the Far East, Africa
Comes to our doorstep.
As the sunlight dapples our morning,
The chaos comes closer
While we peruse the pages
Over cups of coffee,
Selecting only our own images,
Denying what is beneath the surface:
That killing is a way of life.
—**Joanne S. Scott**

**Sonnet to a Hungry Lady**

They say you slept along the railroad track
And found the kitchen in the driving rain.
The clothes you owned were sticking to your back.
No one could feel your terror or your pain.
Where eyes once sparkled with a young girl's dream
Those candles now were guttered and your gaze
Revealed defeat, a life torn at the seam.
The windows to your soul—a smoky glaze.

But other eyes in homes not far away
Lit up to see the nightly stock returns.
Nasdaq and Dow Jones up again today.
How warm they feel; how bright the hearthfire burns.

While Congress talks of tax refunds for some
You wonder where your next meal's coming from.
—**John A. Kriebel**

Joanne S. Scott lives in Chestertown, Maryland.

John A. Kriebel lives in Medford, New Jersey.
It was a hot, early fall afternoon, and we had stopped near the U.S./Canadian border to get gas and refresh ourselves. We were a group of four: my husband, myself, and two teenage stepdaughters, ages 13 and 16. We had spent a week in Idaho at my family’s lakeside cabin and were bound for home in interior British Columbia—Kamloops, to be exact.

I thought things were fairly calm when out of the blue my husband announced that we were going to stop in Vernon, B.C., a 1.5-hour drive from Kamloops, so our older daughter could have her tongue ring replaced.

“What? Her tongue ring? I thought she had it taken out for good!”

“I guess not. Her tongue’s not swollen now, and the guy who put it in says he has a different material that won’t cause a reaction.”

“Well, why does she have to do it today?”

“She wants to save herself an extra trip to Vernon. And she wants it done before school starts.”

“I’m not keen on it, but it’s her choice, she’s old enough, almost 17.”

“How long will it take? I’m not happy about this.”

“Not long, if he isn’t busy. He’s open late on Friday nights.”

While my husband was paying for the gas, I took a chance and tried to engage our older daughter in dialogue about this looming event.

Standing next to her by the car in the hot sun, I said, “I hear you’re going to get a new tongue ring.”

“Yeah.”

“You know why you want to do this? What are your reasons?”

“I just want to.”

“But why? What benefit is it to you?”

“It’s cool.”

“Have you talked with your Quaker friends about this? Are they doing it?”

“No, I don’t know if... They live so far away.”

“Well, I have to tell you, I believe what you’re intending to do violates several of our testimonies—the Testimonies of Simplicity, Love, and Peace. Mutilating the tongue that way is not in accordance with our testimonies.”

“I don’t care. I’m going to do it anyway. Slam went the car door; end of conversation.

The rest of the trip was tension-bound, of course. I informed the three in the car that I didn’t want to participate in this event; being there when she had her tongue pierced would make me an unwilling cooperator. Since I opposed the plan and I felt trapped, my only resort was to protest.

So began the protest that went awry.

When we reached Vernon and everyone tumbled out of the car in front of the body-piercing establishment, I headed north on foot and instructed my husband to pick me up as they headed home. Thinking the time span would be about 20 minutes, I set off into the warm air along a street that would eventually link up to the major north-south highway. They couldn’t lose me, I thought.

I was wearing a blue cotton summer dress with a matching blouse and carrying my purse and a headscarf. Sandals were on my feet. I felt good, healthy, and firm in my convictions. I would show them. Protests were part of our religious tradition.

Needless to say, the 20 minutes turned into longer when the girls insisted they stop off at their cousin’s home after the piercing event. The girls ended up staying with their cousins for a couple of days, so it was only my husband in the car when he set off towards home—and to look for his wayward wife along the way.

First he backtracked to the piercing place, thinking I might have returned there, then drove slowly along streets in the area, even glancing into coffee shops where I might be waiting for him.

When his initial search failed, he set out north on the highway, realizing that if I had been stubborn enough to continue walking, my feet would have carried me quite a distance by now.

He must have driven past me while I made a quick phone call at the O’Keefe Ranch and Restaurant a few kilometers north of town. Calling home with my one and only Canadian quarter got me the answering machine. I told it I was still

by Joy Belle Conrad-Rice

Joy Belle Conrad-Rice is a member of Vernon (B.C.) Meeting and for many years was a member of University Meeting in Seattle, Washington.
walking. If my husband got to Kamloops without me, he could turn around and come back for me.

I headed out onto the highway again. By this time it was dark, but it was still warm, and there was no wind. The scarf around my head protected my hair and face from the wild air pushing at me after each big truck passed. For safety I walked towards oncoming traffic.

So I kept on walking. And walking. Where was he? The stars lit the way, and a partial moon provided some light, as there were few clouds. It got very quiet. Except for the occasional truck and the sound of my own feet crunching into the gravel on the highway's shoulder, the only sounds were night birds and barking dogs.

It occurred to me there might be wild animals in the woods on either side of this highway. Surely there were deer, bear, coyotes, and little critters like skunks, quail, raccoons, and mice. To alert them to my presence, I began to sing.

I made up a little melody and continued to sing it in different forms. My feet were holding up pretty well, but I guessed they would be the first part of me to feel the effects of this trek.

This protest was getting out of hand. It was supposed to have stopped hours ago. Where was he?

By now it was midnight. Wilderness closed in on me. The moonlight disappeared. I began to get thirsty. I was still walking strongly at a swift pace, however, and convinced myself that I could walk all the way to Kamloops if I had to.

I kept looking for that familiar car. Why hadn't he found me? Didn't he know I didn't have any Canadian money on me? And no credit card?

The highway led up and down hills, along meandering creeks, and through First Nations' reserve land. My spirit kept me buoyant. I was determined not to give in. I began to realize that if I sat down to rest, I would want to stay a long time. The bottoms of my feet began to burn.

There was no town in sight; no rest area; no public telephone. (I had remembered that I could call collect from a pay phone.) Here and there I saw a yard-light nestled among tall, dark trees. Walking down a road to one of those isolated homes and the inevitable dog at this hour was out of the question. I had to continue walking.

So I walked and walked. The soles of my feet felt like raw dough.

I continued to sing to myself and the animals and the trees. I wondered if a curious bear was walking along an animal trail parallel to the highway.

I felt strangely uplifted and very safe. I felt protected. What was walking beside me?

I finally saw a sign that said "Falkland, 7 km." Relief swept me: I was almost to a town! Surely there would be a public phone or even an all-night cafe.

The next few kilometers seemed longer than the others. I continued to sing and walk, walk and sing. I wasn't cold, and I wasn't really tired. It was just that my feet hurt, and it was late. Two in the morning!

Finally, I saw a motel and a telephone booth. A quick collect phone call revealed that my husband was home asleep but he would come and get me.

While I waited, I experienced a friendly inquiry from two dogs roaming around the motel. One was a rotweiler and more interested in sniffing garbage than me. The other animal reminded me of a mal­mute husky. Beautiful dark coat, svelte shape, and a head—what was strange about it? Too narrow? I did not know for sure, but I welcomed the dog's attentions. Gracefully he began nuzzling me, sniffing, even jumping up to check out my face. His paws were soft against my collarbone. I petted him and cooed at him. Soon he wandered away with his pal.

Not long after, someone staying at the motel engaged me in conversation. When I mentioned the beautiful friendly dog, she said, "That's no dog, that's a wolf. A tame wolf. Not supposed to be out of his yard."

Gulp. A wolf. No matter, he had capped off my trek. Was he a reward to me for finishing my protest? For staying strong and knowing I was protected? For walking about 25 kilometers in seven hours?

Now things have quieted down at our house. My feet recovered with only a few minor blisters. Our older daughter started school and showed off her new tongue to her friends. Oddly, she never stuck out her tongue at me.
Sixty-two of us gathered in prayerful silence. This was the culmination of our searching, of seven long years of workshops and worship sharing, seven years of threshing sessions and small group meetings, seven years of wondering if we would ever come to clearness. At last, we had called a special meeting for worship for business to test our leadings about same-gender marriage in our Quaker meeting.

From the clerk's table, I looked at the people seated before me: longtime Friends, active attenders, Young Friends, local college students. Some of these I knew as activists who marched with their children on Gay Pride Day, and others had been vocal in their concern about same-gender unions.

Several Friends were noticeably absent. A member of our Ministry and Counsel Committee had resigned her membership a few weeks earlier, unable to reconcile her biblically based Christianity with the leading of our meeting. Other members of our community chose not to attend; while they intellectually felt that we should not condemn homosexuals, they were emotionally uncomfortable with the topic.

We had heard the horror stories of meetings torn apart by this issue: Cleveland Meeting was read out of its yearly meeting; gay and lesbian individuals as well as vocal opponents have been hurt by actions of their faith communities. One clerk described her meeting's consideration as "the business meeting from hell" and spoke of ill feelings that have lasted for years.

Our meeting needed those seven years. We sought ways to use that time of seeking to strengthen our community, and we feared that we would be destroyed if we failed. After three years of discussions, we had approved a minute recognizing that same-gender marriages and commitment ceremonies are being performed in the wider Quaker community. Our meeting resolved that should such a couple move into our community, we would support them in the same way we would support any other couple. From this basis, we discussed what marriage under the care of the meeting meant. We looked at how we care for couples (not very well it turns out), and we resolved to seek more active ways of nurturing the married couples in our community.

We talked about marriage as a civil and religious union and compared this to same-gender ceremonies of commitment. We discussed whether the term "marriage" could, or should, imply only a union between one man and one woman.

In workshops, we examined the varying degrees of our homophobia as individuals, as a faith community, and as a society. We confronted the roots of our beliefs and feelings. We talked about what it would mean to our community to invite openly gay couples to join with us. In answer to our concern about the effect on our children of a gay presence in the meeting, our Young Friends reminded us that they would like to know that they will be accepted, no matter what their sexual orientation.

Together we read the Bible passages that have been used to condemn homosexuality. We sought ways to reconcile these with Jesus' exhortation to love one another and with our own continuing revelation. We talked about our testimonies of tolerance and acceptance and about our need to be faithful to the leadings of the Spirit. We spoke of diversity and of community. We read statements from Christian groups who oppose gay marriage and also attended meetings of the Religious Coa-

Nancy Haines is a member of Wellesley (Mass.) Meeting.
People spoke of family members—sisters and brothers, sons and daughters—who were gay or lesbian and in committed partnerships. A woman spoke of the gay adults who had grown up in our meeting and reminded us of the joy we had found in them as children. A beloved older Friend spoke of her granddaughter who had married another woman a few months earlier; she had thought that a ceremony of commitment would be enough until she saw that this young couple was just as married as any heterosexual couple. People spoke from their hearts about feeling we should be open and welcoming to all people, while personally being uncomfortable and wishing for less controversial ways to accept them fully into community. We cried with each other and held each other in the Light.

After 90 minutes, a man rose who had been quite opposed to the issue. He told of his discomfort with seeing gay couples and of his belief that such partnerships are unnatural. He stated that he had come to this meeting prepared to prevent the meeting from accepting same gender unions. After hearing the heartfelt messages offered during this meeting, he would not just step aside but would join with the meeting in approving this minute. His personal transformation was a gift that brought closure to the meeting.

The draft statement was reworded to reflect more accurately the sense of the meeting: Acknowledging that we are all individually at different points in accepting the extension of the term marriage to same-gender couples, but recognizing the need for spiritual commitment in our community, we affirm the following:

Wellesley Monthly Meeting is an open and affirming faith community. We welcome all seekers. We believe that marriage in our meeting is a spiritual and communal commitment. Any couple affiliated with our meeting, regardless of gender, may request a clearness committee for marriage. If found clear, they may be married under the care of our meeting.

We were stunned, but we were clear. Our meeting had found its way past tolerant acceptance to embrace the diversity of human relationships. We offered a home to all seekers and in the process defined who we are as a faith community. We are still an imperfect group of people. On this day, though, we opened our hearts to God, and we were faithful.
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A Wise Man Named John

John Yungblut
—in memoriam
Who knows the source of wisdom?
Aeschylus and Sophocles said suffering,
You had your share.
Yet you must have been born under Gemini,
for in you wisdom had its twin—goodness.
Were they spawned at the same moment, identical, sisters to your gentleness?
You possessed a rare talent: to speak with authority and yet gently.
To speak to the heart and yet gently.
To speak truth in a world addicted to velvet lies, yet gently.

Gentleman.
Gentle man.
Our language, like our hearts, is confused.
(Recently I heard a killer of eight women referred to as "This gentleman.")
Can one be wise though not gentle... or good?
You left too soon.
John, and I did not ask the question.

—Preston Browning

Two Forums

As I strive for sleep, blood vessels tired but taut still respond to city council meeting, the blather, babble of angry opinions, personality explosions sifting into a gauze cloud of cigarette smoke.

I muse, meander through a long ago Quaker meeting: calm and caution tiptoed into courteous conversation threaded with valleys and foothills of silent searching problems, concerns, wooing consensus smoke-free.

—Connie Bretz

Preston Browning lives in Ashfield, Massachusetts.
Connie Bretz lives in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania

August 2001 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Traveling in the Ministry—But Not on Horseback

by Mary Waddington

It's the 21st century, and we Quakers are still doing it, traveling in pairs great distances to nurture small and isolated Friends meetings. In our very early days the Valiant Sixty were sent out two by two, the way Jesus sent out his disciples to spread the word. After widespread disuse, the practice is making a comeback. Friends General Conference has invited into, that of elder and spiritual processes. I'm not worthy, I might get a nosebleed on Horseback, we fly across the country in part of the airplane. Our dress and speech may also have changed, but nothing else about such journeys seems that much different.

When I got my invitation to travel in the ministry with Nancy Middleton, I knew the decision would have to come from a spiritual process. I was told the journey would be to South Central Yearly Meeting in October 2000, taking up about three weeks of my time—without pay. I prayed pretty hard on this for five days straight. From the beginning I had my list of excuses: I can't afford to lose that income, I don't have a suitcase, I'm not worthy, I might get a nosebleed on the airplane.

The written description of the role I was invited into, that of elder and spiritual companion, included phrases like this: minister to the minister; model prayerful attentiveness; hold the meetings in the Light; help the minister with discernment; give insights into what might be helpful in responding to Spirit's unfoldings; be a midwife, helping to birth the ministry; be a gofer for the physical arrangements. Nancy's role as minister was not about vocal ministry—that is everyone's responsibility. Hers would be to make presentations on topics that meetings had previously requested, such as preparation for worship, discerning God's will in our daily lives, and the qualities of a vital meeting. She would also facilitate worship-sharing sessions. This ministry is not about telling others how to do Quakerism. It's about being present for them, listening, affirming, making resources available, worshipping with them, and helping them get in touch with the Truth within themselves. We'd be a team of two, Nancy and I, on a playing field that stretched across two states.

Holding the invitation deep within, I prayerfully walked my way through the steps of discernment and labored over clearness. I waited expectantly. On day six the answer came through, clearly. I then drew thick pencil lines through three weeks of my client appointment book. Next I requested a minute of travel for religious service from Salem (N.J.) Meeting and began worrying about a suitcase. And about this time I fell into a place of prayer-without-ceasing as the holiness of the assignment settled over me like a mantle. I began my spiritual preparation on the spot. Packing could wait. It would have to—I had nothing to pack into.

October was warm in Arkansas and even warmer in Oklahoma. I was prepared for anything. As gestures of support, Friends had lent me luggage, a camera, books, ear plugs. One Friend had even sent me a check to cover the airplane ticket for breakfast. "We were lovingly packed from one meeting to the next over 900 miles of roadway.

Into the second day of our journey I realized I was up against some challenges. Because of my recent years as a rather cloistered contemplative, I struggled with chattering that felt intrusive. The remedy was to integrate this into the whole and consider it a means of establishing rapport. Additionally, my role of attending to Nancy's physical needs seemed usurped by her enviable foresight and organizational skills and by the wizardry of the clerk of the quarter who had already done the planning. I figured I needed to feel useless in this role in order to experience the fullness of my elder role. Lastly, I was dealing with the frustration of feeling underutilized—holding the ministry in the Light and grounding us in Spirit were as natural to me as breathing, and my lesson here was to feel comfortable in a primary role that required being rather than doing. And yet, somehow I felt incomplete.

I'm guessing that Arkansas/Oklahoma Quarter could be 275 years younger than my quarterly meeting. Its meetings are very small, the members of one being so distant scattered that they gather only once a month, from 10 to 5, in someone's home. None have meetinghouses; one is buying a residential building; and the one FUM, pastored meeting we visited, in the Osage Nation, had bought a little frame, steeped church 25 years ago. There are two members in the quarter who were born Quakers, all the rest, of course, having been convinced, and there seems to be no distinction between members and attenders. Their yearly meeting pushes into five states and boasts a membership of 500 (as opposed to nearly 12,000 in mine). I'm told that 300 attend its residential annual sessions (over Easter weekend at a camp) even though participation requires a 15-hour drive for those on the periphery.

South Central Yearly Meeting paid our airfare and incidental expenses. Our ground transportation, meals, and housing were supplied by the meetings we visited: six monthly meetings, one preparative meeting, and one worship group. One of our overnight hosts, not yet met and not back from travel, had trustingly left us a house key under the doormat with a note telling us to "rummage in the refrigerator for breakfast.” We were lovingly passed from one meeting to the next over 900 miles of roadway.

Mary Waddington is a member of Salem (N.J.) Meeting. This article first appeared in the Salem Quarterly Meeting Newsletter.
into that place of feeling complete when Friends began seeking individual counsel for painful issues of a personal nature that hindered their ability to be fully present for their meeting. It was then that I reached the fullness of my service. I commend those courageous individuals who privately confided in us with very tender issues.

Michael Wajda of the FGC staff calls this kitchen table ministry. It’s clear to me that we cannot separate the challenges of our personal lives from our involvement with our faith community, no matter how hard we try. They are both products of our spirituality, and one informs and influences the other. Nor should we discriminate by holding back our gifts. I found that the bothersome wrinkle of my feeling underutilized and therefore incomplete was nothing more than my having been separated from my call to pastoral care. My Traveling Ministries Program observances, coupled with experience as a member of Overseers in my meeting, embolden me to state that every meeting has within it those who are in need of such care.

So it was that Nancy and I took these wrinkles and smoothed them into a flowing, enveloping coverlet, one that had been designed by FGC and pieced together by Arkansas/Oklahoma Quarter. Having initially been discomfited by these rough spots, they soon became my opportunities to adapt, adjust, extend, and thus become more fully available to the ministry and to Spirit. They were the journey’s gift to me. The Traveling Ministries Program is in its infancy. Whatever coverlet each future ministry creates will be different from ours, but I am certain of one thing. The size, shape, pattern, and color of that coverlet will be perfect for the needs of those being blanketed so long as the edges remain soft, the pattern flexible, the colors fluid, and its crafters yielding to Guidance.

Nancy and I were allotted three afternoons of free time. It was then that we stepped out to taste the flavor of our surroundings. We were warned that, as strangers, any native might ask us the region’s two most prominent questions: “Who do you belong to?” and “Have you been saved?”

Our host meetings were gracious, attentive, and appreciative. We worshiped and worship shared daily, as though every day were the Sabbath. We bonded as we bantered and computer skills are required. Familiarity with programming, board games, and a networked Macintosh computer environment is desirable.

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If you’re interested in the Traveling Ministries Program, you can get more information from

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There’s also information at the Friends General Conference website,

<http://www.fgcquaker.org>

where a copy of Nancy Middleton’s official report to FGC on her travel is posted.
Life in the Meeting

Succession to the Clerkship
by Lucinda Antrim

I am learning to clerk. Meetings give their clerks the power and authority necessary to function. This is something we don't much like to admit, but I can get my mind around it if I think of it as giving to Caesar what is Caesar's: God gets the God stuff, and even Quakers need a little hierarchy. But the only bumper sticker I ever wanted was the one that says, "Question Authority." You see where I am. If I were to arch my neck to try to see the top of my learning curve, I'd fall off backwards. And if I ever get to the top, I don't think I'll see a level plateau; there will be a jagged peak, and then the abyss. Our former clerk says I should consider sliding down the learning curve.

Most of what I've read about good clerking tells me what it looks like from the outside. And though our former clerk gave me the inside scoop (telling me that you are naked, every nerve exposed, so that simple sharpness in a comment feels like deep hurt), I didn't believe him. It was like someone describing death or puberty. All the details are clear, but it's clearly never going to happen to me.

Nor did I believe what he implied: sharpness in myself is also amplified. But here it is, red, bloody, messy. (There are dry bones, too, but that's another chapter.) All the business meetings when I sat neatly stitching, thinking that the needlework kept impatience at bay, it was actually anger, seething, waiting to emerge the second I got my hands on some real power. Run over our time limit while my children are needing a change of pace from the babysitter downstairs? Not on my watch! Spend half an hour trying to finish improperly done committee work? Not without a fight from me! Spend half an hour picking apart properly done committee work? Just watch me flex my muscle against that mistrust.

I misused my power with that needlework. Our former clerk told me something else that I heard intellectually but only now know: everyone present shares in the failure or success of the meeting. I should have been clerking all along. And I have stored the anger from those years of my misuse of my power, so that now I sometimes refuse to use the power I now know I have.

For instance, last business meeting we

Lucinda Antrim, a member of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting, serves on the Board of FRIENDS JOURNAL. She wrote this article "with lots of help, in this as in all clerkly things, from John Randall."
Talking about our current practice and guidelines for minute-taking: are our minutes records of action taken by the meeting (the will of God for the meeting) and/or are they records of discussions? It turns out we had talked about this before and that there were minutes recording the results of the discussions on minutes. Somehow, the committee looking into minutes had not looked at these previous minutes (despite my excellent leadership in pointing them out). And I had ignored hints of this oversight because I was disappointed—which I hid, and called the hiding, “going with the flow.” So we were having difficulty coming to unity on and editing our new minute. I said unclerly, opinionated things. And when an alert person pointed out that the minute currently being written did not fall into any of the three categories of minutes we were minuting, I completely missed the delicious absurdity. I was too mad.

I can write myself a bunch of prescriptions; you can too. For instance, I should have calmly said, as soon as I admitted to myself what had happened in the committee, “I think we would be more enlightened by this discussion if we were having it in the light of the previous minutes on this subject. Let’s let the committee bring it back to us next month.” But oh, too reasonable! Much more fun to be mad.

I don’t like to see this much anger in myself. I particularly dislike seeing it in myself when a large portion of my religious community is seeing it at the same time. At least while I was quietly stitching, I imagine I seemed saintly.

I look at our former clerk. He is slicing apart seams on a pair of jean shorts that were once mine. (One of his last requests as clerk was for our old jeans; he is looking forward to having the time to make them into a rag rug.) John has earned his rag rug. It’s his turn to sew; mine, to be taken apart.  

Reading Minutes Aloud
by Judy Purvis

A characteristic practice at meetings for business of Friends General Conference’s Central Committee is reading the minutes out loud to the meeting for approval. After every one or two items of business, the presiding clerk asks for silence while the recording clerk completes the minutes. After each minute is read aloud, Friends are invited to correct it to reflect accurately both the content and the spirit of what has just occurred in the meeting. Once agreement on the wording is sensed, the clerk asks those assembled to approve the minute. On rare occasions the minute may be postponed for a reading later in the day or the following day, giving the clerk and the recording clerk a chance to find better wording. This may involve meeting with particular Friends whose input is particularly important (such as the clerk of the relevant committee) or who have expressed particular issues with the wording that need to be listened to more closely.

It is important during this process that Friends remain in silent worship. The presiding clerk may ask Friends to hold the recording clerk in the Light as the work is done. No further comments or clarifications are provided until the minute is finished, and Friends are asked not to talk, even quietly among themselves.

This practice has its drawbacks:
- Some Friends who can write clear minutes if allowed to do so in private find it daunting to construct those same minutes while being watched—and waited for!
- When the agenda seems filled with business and time for the meeting is short, it can seem like an unnecessary time-waster to wait while the minutes are written, read back, corrected, read back again, and finally approved.
- When the recording clerk feels the pressure of time, it may happen that a minute is jerry-rigged to accommodate a lot of small issues, when a few minutes spent recrafting it from scratch would produce a minute that is more gracefully phrased and better organized.

Judy Purvis is a member of Chapel Hill (N.C.) Meeting.
Why do we find writing our minutes in this fashion so important? One answer is that it helps to frame each item of business, to allow a space between decisions or reports, to return consciously to worship rather than moving rapidly from one thing to the next. Making this distinction between a secular business meeting and a “meeting for worship with attention to business” is vital to making Spirit-led decisions that reach beyond the now to the Eternal.

Another important, practical reason is that all of us have short memories, and that after the fact, we each tend to remember things differently. Approving the minutes immediately after the discussion greatly increases the chances that they accurately reflect the concerns that have been raised and the sense of the meeting as it reached unity. Hours later, a day later, even a month later, it may be difficult to distinguish between what we said and what we wish we had said, thought we had said, or have said since. Continuing revelation requires us to distinguish between the Light we were given at a particular time and the Light that has been shed since.

But beyond these practical advantages, we have found that something else happens when a minute is read back and Friends say “Approved.” It is at that moment that we really commit ourselves to our decision. The decision is put out in front of us to listen to carefully one more time, and until that “approved,” our business is not really completed. Often in listening to that decision put into plain English, we either recognize its flaws or become really excited at the step we are taking. We aren’t approving the minute, we are approving our sense of unity to go forward in a particular direction. And that approval is essential.

To help a meeting reach that sense of commitment, I have found that I have to let go, as much as possible, of “ownership” of the minute. Like the clerk, as recording clerk I am the servant of the meeting, helping the group articulate its unity, rather than imposing a particular phrasing or arguing about or resenting the changes that are offered. If I truly believe in the presence of God there in that meeting, then this is yet another opportunity to say, “Not my will, but Thine.” Remembering to say “thank you” when corrections or additions are brought forward is sometimes hard, but it has been a valuable discipline for me to practice. I am grateful for the attention that Friends pay to finding the right words, correcting my memory, and holding me in the Light as I grope for the best words.

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Lighting Candles in the Dark Study Guide: Questions and Activities for Teachers and Parents of Children 2nd Grade-High School
by Donna Bisset, Robin Wells and Marilou Carlson, FGC Religious Education Committee

This easy to use study guide makes a most beloved book, Lighting Candles in the Dark, even more useful to parents and teachers. Every story's teaching points are made explicit through sensitive questions, crafts, service projects and Bible verses. The stories and creative activities deal with wide ranging topics from peace to war, from planting trees to visiting prisons. Many stories are drawn from Quaker history and each story illuminates one of the Quaker testimonies.

QP of FGC, 2001, 100 pages, 8.5" by 11" with 3-hole punch $15.00

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QP of FGC, 2001 reprint, 215 pages, paperback $13.00

New from Quaker Press
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Books

The Great Work: Our Way into the Future

Thomas Berry, one of the most eminent cultural historians of our time, presents the culmination of his ideas and urges us to move from being a destructive force on Earth to a benign presence. This transition is the "Great Work" of the title. Berry portrays it as one of the most important tasks ever faced by humanity and all life forms on the planet.

This book is a collection of 17 deep-ecology essays followed by a comprehensive, 32-page bibliography of source material. The essays cover subjects like the environment, economics, politics, and ethics, among many things; they encourage us to reflect on our role amidst the wonder and magic of planet Earth as it travels through an emergent universe.

Although Berry's message is ultimately one not of doom but of hope, he is unwavering in his grim appraisal of our ruinous behavior towards our planet and its life forms. Berry roundly criticizes our universities, multinational corporations, and financial as well as religious institutions—even the U.S. Constitution—for a multitude of sins. But the cultural arrogance of Western, industrialized societies and their blindness to the rights of other life forms on Earth is at the top of his list.

"All rights are limited and relative," Berry writes. "So too with humans. We have human rights. We have rights to the nourishment and shelter we need. We have rights to habitat. But we have no rights to deprive other species of their proper habitat... We have no rights to disturb the basic functioning of the biosystems of the planet."

In the end, Berry sees the possibility of a brighter future. "The distorted dream of an industrial-technological paradise is being replaced by the more viable dream of a mutually enhancing human presence within an ever-renewing, organic-based Earth community." However, he cautions that there is not much time left to act. "Even as we make our transition into this new century we must note that moments of grace are transitory moments. The transformation must take place within a brief period."

Some readers may find Berry's prose to be dense at times and somewhat repetitious, but the power of his message is worth the effort. The Great Work is an extremely thought-provoking book.

—Greg Pahl

Greg Pahl is a writer and member of South Starksboro (VT) Meeting.

August 2001 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Voices of Hope in the Struggle to Save the Planet

There are many difficult moral issues at the heart of the current global environmental crisis, and they are the same general issues that are central to religion. Voices of Hope in the Struggle to Save the Planet explores the connections between faith and ecology and points the way towards strengthening those connections. This book chronicles the lives and works of a wide range of religiously based groups and individuals across the globe who are trying to find ways, both large and small, to stop the destruction of the planet by the human species. Included are spiritual leaders and activists drawn from Judaism, Western and Eastern Christianity, Islam, Buddhism, Taoism, Shinto, and the faiths of indigenous peoples. Each chapter includes a short analysis of a particular faith’s ecological teachings and description of the environmental problems of the country where a particular activist is living.

While the levels of activity and success described in the book vary widely from one religion or country to another, the fact that these groups are engaged in the growing eco-spiritual movement at all is cause for hope. The potential that this movement holds for a dramatic turnaround in humanity’s current headlong stampede to self-destruction is substantial. If we could somehow manage to rise above our own fundamentalist impulses, fears, and resistance to change, the world’s religions could influence and help motivate millions of people around the globe to take positive action on a wide range of critical environmental issues.

Still, I could not escape an uneasy feeling that the authors were, at times, grasping at straws to try to demonstrate eco-religious activity where it was, even by their own admission, almost nonexistent or struggling against seemingly insurmountable odds. But make no mistake, this is not a mindlessly optimistic book. It does not shy away from the enormous dimensions of the challenges faced by the eco-spiritual movement or the power of the entrenched forces arrayed against it. The fact that some of the people interviewed or described by the authors in the first part of the book were subsequently intimidated into silence, forced into hiding, or murdered for their efforts, clearly demonstrates the risks involved in "speaking truth to power."

One member of the tiny Egyptian Green Party sums the situation up succinctly when asked by the authors if he is optimistic. "Well,
not exactly,” he replies. “We are hopeful. Without hope, one cannot live.” This informative and thought-provoking book offers hope for those who will be participating in the most important movement of the 21st century—the struggle to save the planet.

—Greg Pahl

Greg Pahl is a writer and member of the South Starkboro Meeting (Vt.)

Selections from the Religious Poems of John Greenleaf Whittier


Flying Horses: Poems


While I was reviewing the religious poems of John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892), my husband came home, and Whittier disappeared. I searched in all the places I had perched while reading, but to no avail. My husband denied knowledge of its whereabouts. Twelve hours later, Whittier mysteriously reappeared. The book had the look of having been enjoyed. My husband claims innocence, but I fully expect to hear telltale Whittierisms slip from his lips.

That’s because the Friends at the Tract Association have chosen well. These poems represent Whittier’s thought on a number of spiritual themes dear to Friends. As Whittier repeatedly circles around brotherly love, the Inward Word, participation in God’s dream for us (which he would name as resignation to God’s will), the unnecessarily confining nature of creeds, theodicy (how a good God can allow evil in the world), silent or open worship, and the meaning of living in the present, I hear him slowly working out his own theology. That’s certainly true in “In Quest” (1873): “This outward search availeth nor, / To find Him. He is farther than we thought, / Or, haply, nearer.”

While tracing this development would have been easier had the poems been arranged chronologically, their dates of publication are given in the index, and not much else marred my enjoyment of Whittier’s thoughtful, stately rhymes.

Jeanne Lohmann’s evocative free verse feels closer to home for me than Whittier’s rhymes, as indeed it is. A contemporary Washington state poet and Quaker, Lohmann deals contemplatively with travel, death, nature, creativity, and the poet’s relationship to these things in her seventh book. Of course, these
categories overlap. From “Island Ferry” in part three comes this struggle between the urge to be present and the poetic urge: “Conversation is not what I want or need, / not when the islands are rising and falling away / and the rain will not blow against me like this, / ever again / Not for any poem I could write, / any memory of sadness or art.”

Part two includes, among other things, Lohmann’s grieving over her mother’s death and the death, apparently, of her husband. Although Lohmann uses theological language sparingly, she wrestles with big questions: the challenge of living in the present, what death means for the living, the nature of commitment. This is also seen in part four’s “January Moss.” Lohmann’s 21st-century answer to Yeats’s 20th-century proclamation that the center will not hold and that meaning and hope will elude us. Lohmann counters, “For all we know / if we wait, if we can, / the nexus will hold us … .” I’m glad Lohmann thinks so.

But it is part one that grabs me most. “Children in a Cemetery, Kyoto” is one of the only poems I know that openly deals with the pain of stillbirth. “Passing Through” mirrors the struggle between life and art found in “Island Ferry.” And “Flying Horses,” the title poem, grips me with its challenge: “Would I / be bold to risk such transformation, seize the bright manes though it burn my fingers, / though better’s air is thin and hard to breathe, / though planets spin and die around us?”

Lohmann asks questions I want asked, probes issues I think bear scrutiny, and she does it in a way that draws me into the life that flows through the poems. As with the Whitman collection, these poems have been previously published. I wish their publication dates were included—but otherwise, Lohmann offers a pleasant, provocative read.

Both of these volumes contribute greatly to the little-known genre of Quaker poetry—and do so in ways that will enlighten and challenge the Friendly reader.

—Michel Clement

Michel Clement, who is in her final year at Earlham School of Religion, is a member of Mendocino (Calif.) Meeting. She currently attends West Richmond (Ind.) Meeting.

In Brief

321 Penguins
By Big Idea, 2000. $14.95/30-minute video. Ages 4–8. Twins Jason and Michelle get to spend part of their summer vacation at Grandmum’s house. Disappointed and disagreeable, the pair venture to the attic to find something, anything, to do with all their free time. Upstairs they discover an old telescope. Unable to take turns fairly, Michelle insists on going first. Jason reluctantly settles down to play with some penguin figurines and a toy spaceship. That’s when Ziggal, Migdel, Fidget, and Kevin, the space traveling penguins, zap Jason into their spaceship and take him for an out-of-this-world adventure. They take a trip to Planet Wait-Your-Turn to investigate why the planet is heating up. Apparently a bug has infiltrated the planet and no one can take turns. Not even the planet itself, which is trying to be first in the solar system line. It’s up to Jason to share a lesson on patience and save the day. From the creators of Veggie Tales, an excellent new series still grounded in Sunday morning values but with stories less biblically based.

—Alessa Keener

Alessa Keener is a member of Baltimore-Stony Run (Md.) Meeting.

Also of Interest

Pacifism since 1914: An Annotated Reading List
Compiled by Peter Brock, University of Toronto Press, 2000. 119 pages. $12/paperback.

Suffering of Early Quakers 1650s to 1690: New England, Maryland, and West Indies

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August 2001 FRIENDS JOURNAL

Reports and Epistles

Spirit of Peace and Unity Flows to Kenyan Quakers

Friends in Kenya have taken a giant step towards peace and reconciliation at a five-day Triennial Conference held at Kaimosi Teachers College and attended by delegates from 14 yearly meetings, overcoming differences that had split them for 28 years.

The conference theme was from Isaiah 40:1-2, when God said: “Comfort my people, comfort them! Encourage the people of Jerusalem. Tell them they have suffered long enough and their sins are now forgiven.” With tears of joy flowing freely, delegates from the three yearly meetings of Lugulu, Kitale, and Elgon Religious Society shook hands and hugged one another as they promised to work as a team. God beckons us to come back, search ourselves, and become instruments of peace and reconciliation, they vowed.

Speaking on the theme, Dr. Peter Arap Bisem said: “As people of God we should not waste time on wrong things. We should comfort ourselves from uncertainty and from hatred. We must make maximum use of our talents and energy.”

One of the most invigorating speeches came from a young Quaker, Esther Mombo, who put up a strong plea for Young Friends to be given the rightful share of leadership in the Friends Church. Speaking on “church management and administration,” Esther said that God wants proper church management. God wants church leaders who share responsibility with others and who look ahead and see what is good for the church. “Young people are tired of being told, ‘you are leaders of tomorrow.’ They want leadership now,” she said.

When early missionaries came to Kenya and established the Friends Church, they embarked on education, evangelism, and industrial development, with Kaimosi as the center of activities. Almost 100 years after, Friends in Kenya have no single university. An organization titling itself the Friends Church in Kenya has resolved to establish a university at Kaimosi. Courses in theology, medicine, technology, and forestry are contemplated. Delegates to the Triennial Conference discussed the idea.

The Triennial Conference delegates agreed that Friends United Meeting should set up an office in Kenya for easier consultation with Kenya Friends. Two representatives of FUM in Indiana attended the conference and were impressed with the spirit of unity displayed.

Friends in Kenya hope and pray that with God’s blessings, we will shine in unity and peace.

—Joram Amadi, member, Vihiga Yearly Meeting
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1. Lipper Balanced Fund rankings as of 3/31/01: 1-Yr: #169 of 472; 3-Yr: #12 of 381; 5-Yr: #10 of 264; 10-Yr: #15 of 66. 2. Figures include reinvested dividends, capital gains distributions, and changes in principal value, and represent past performance, which is no guarantee of future results. Investment return and principal value may rise or fall so that shares, when redeemed, may be worth more or less than their original cost. June 2001. Distributor: H.G. Wellington & Co., Inc.

Quaker Roots Run Deep.

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News

Former Nebraska death-row inmate Randy Reeves's sentencing hearing, originally scheduled to begin on May 29, has been moved to September. Lancaster County District Judge Karen B. Flowers signed an order setting the hearing for Sept. 18 after reviewing a motion from Reeves's attorney seeking more time to prepare. Reeves, 45, the son of Don and Barbara Reeves of Central City (Nebr.) Meeting, was sentenced to death in 1981 for the murders of two women inside Lincoln (Nebr.) Meetinghouse. He was within two days of dying in the electric chair when the Nebraska Supreme Court stayed the execution in January 1999. The following year, the high court ruled it had improperly sentenced Reeves to death in 1991 and ordered that he be resentenced in Lancaster County District Court. That hearing was set to begin before a 3-judge panel. Reeves's attorney had filed a motion seeking postponement of the hearing saying she needed more time to contact character witnesses and review other records. Reeves, drunk and under the influence of the hallucinogen peyote, climbed through the meetinghouse's kitchen window in the early morning hours of March 29, 1980, and stabbed Janet Mesner and Victoria Lamm to death. Lincoln police arrested him later that morning. A jury later convicted him of two counts of felony murder. He was sentenced to death in September 1981. Family members of the two women have since expressed contrasting views about the appropriate fate for Reeves. Lamm's husband and daughter, as well as the Mesner family, have lobbied state officials and the Lancaster County attorney's office to spare Reeves's life. But Lamm's immediate family, including her father and brother, have said they want Reeves to be executed. —Lincoln Journal Star

Wilton (Conn.) Meeting approved a minute affirming the meeting's support of same-gender relationships. "Guided by the belief that there is that of God in every human being, and in keeping with the Spirit of God's love for all, we affirm our support of our members and attenders in their marriages or other committed, covenant relationships. We affirm specifically our support of same-gender relationships. If any couple wishes to be joined before God in this faith community we invite them to do so in the manner of Friends," the minute states. Wilton Meeting also reaffirmed a previous minute that states, "We affirm our support of our members and attenders in their committed covenant relationships. We affirm the clearness committee process for a marriage under the care of the meeting as per guidelines for equal treatment, in Faith and Practice." —Wilton Meeting newsletter
Hartford (Conn.) Meeting approved the use of its meetinghouse as a "satellite site" by Earlham School of Religion (ESR). Jay Marshall, dean of ESR, anticipates a small group of students, presumably from most parts of New England, coming to Hartford for the intensive course Earlham is offering toward a Master's degree. The initial part of the course will be offered during the first two weeks of October. — Hartford Meeting Newsletter

Martha B. Byans is the new principal of Friends School Haverford. She previously was director of development at Westtown School and clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting from 1995 to 1999. She is president of the Corporation of Haverford College and recently received a Doctor of Education degree, with her thesis on leadership in Friends schools. — Friends Committee on National Legislation

Faith-based funding would lead to unconstitutional religious and government entanglement, according to the new Coalition Against Religious Discrimination. More than 850 clergy from across the country signed a petition to President Bush and Congress criticizing proposals to publicly fund faith-based organizations. They also fear that it could create division among religious groups competing for public funds. — FCNL Newsletter

A new survey reports that many leaving welfare in the wake of the 1996 welfare reform legislation are hungry. Many former welfare recipients have had to take available jobs that do not pay enough to support a family and find themselves poorer and hungrier than ever. As a result, growing numbers of the working poor are turning to faith-based organizations for help in securing life's necessities. Survey responses, which came from 34 states, overwhelmingly indicated that working families are the fastest growing category of people in need. The full text of the survey is available at www.nccusa.org. Click on "A to Z Index" (Welfare Reform Survey). — EcoLink

The Robert Wood Johnson Foundation says it will devote $100 million to faith-based volunteer groups who serve the elderly, disabled, and chronically ill people as part of its 10-year-old Faith in Action Program. The Princeton, New Jersey, based organization recently announced that it will disburse the funds during the next six years, but only to volunteer groups comprised of people from a variety of faiths. — Christian Century

Hate crimes are on the rise. According to an FBI report, there were a total of 7,876 bias-related crimes in 1999. Of those, 4,295 are attributed to race bias (about 55 percent), 1,411 to religious bias, 1,317 are because of sexual orientation, 829 because of ethnicity or national origin, and 19 are because of disability bias. Of the 7,876 crimes reported, 17 were murders. Nine murders were motivated by race, three by sexual orientation, three by ethnicity or national origin, and two by religious bias. The range of crimes reported includes murder, assault, intimidation, sexual assault, and arson. The crimes reported include those against an individual (83 percent), a group, a religious organization, a business, or society. — ColorLines

The African American community is being devastated by HIV and AIDS, according to studies from the Center for Disease Control. In 1999, African Americans made up 37 percent of all AIDS cases in the U.S., though they were only 12 percent of the population at the time. One in 50 African American men and one in 100 African American women are infected with HIV. In 1999, nearly two-thirds of all women reported with AIDS were African American. Of all pediatric AIDS cases reported, 65 percent are African American children. African Americans are twice as likely as Latinos, and eight times more likely than whites, to be infected with AIDS. — ColorLines

A new device may aid landmine removal. The International Atomic Energy Agency is about to conduct the first field trials of a device that employs neutrons to sniff out mines. Observers using the device hope to pinpoint whether there is nitrogen-14 present, something found in most landmines, in the substance being probed. If the tests, likely to be held in the Balkans, prove successful, this could help to clear safely an estimated 100 million landmines buried in 70 countries, many going back to World War II. Land mines kill or maim 24,000 people a year, 80 percent of them civilians—mostly children, women, and peasants. Although 111 governments ratified a UN treaty banning mines, about 2,000 are placed for every one cleared. — Toward Freedom

Monsanto has settled in a PCB exposure lawsuit in Alabama. The lawsuit was between Monsanto's spinoff, Solutia, and 1,500 plaintiffs who were members of the Sweet Valley/Cobb Town Environmental Task Force. The plaintiffs lived on or near the fence line of the...
Monsanto chemical company in a largely black and low-income white area. They were exposed to polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs), a mixture of chemicals used as insulating fluids for electrical systems. The group claimed that residents suffered emotional distress, fear, and mental anxiety and will have to undergo periodic medical tests. —Toward Freedom

At 20 cents for each pair of blue jeans, less than one percent of the sale price goes to the women who sew them in Nicaragua's "free trade" zone. In the Taiwanese-owned Chentex factory, Nicaraguan women, working sometimes 12 hours a day, six days a week, make $65 to $124 a month, not enough to buy food for a small family. Many workers live in dirt-floor shacks of plywood and plastic sheeting. Pressed by activists, several U.S. corporations have adopted "codes of conduct" for their suppliers. But because the corporations themselves, or firms they hire, verify compliance, these codes are essentially a public relations tool. —Turning Wheel

The Church of Pakistan has ordained its first two women deacons, despite civil court action by a breakaway church that believes the Bible bans women from the clergy. Newly ordained deacon Kushnud Azariah said her ordination was both a privilege and a challenge. "The church has taken a very bold step, particularly in our Islamic context, in ordaining women," Azariah said. "The gender barrier has been broken." She added that future ordinations will depend on how the women deacons play their roles in church in society. —Sojourners Magazine

The General Board of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) formally apologized this spring to Americans of African descent for the denomination's "wicked apathy" concerning slavery. Board members confessed "a wicked apathy which permitted and resulted in untold suffering among the African people kidnapped by evil people and 'sold' to Americans to labor without compensation." —Christian Century

A new study has counted more than 1,200 mosques across the United States, a 25 percent gain over the last six years. The study results, part of the larger Faith Communities Today project, found that 33 percent of those affiliated with U.S. mosques are of South Asian origin, 30 percent are African American, and 25 percent are from the Arabic-speaking world. Most of the mosques were established in the last two decades, and 93 percent of all mosques are attended by more than one ethnic group. The total number of Muslims in the U.S. remains uncertain. —Christian Century

For Young Adults: Creative Approaches to Conflict:
Alternatives to Violence Project Basic Training
Nancy Frommelt & Laura Taylor • Aug. 31-Sept. 3

Peaceful Mind, Open Heart:
A Silent Insight Meditation Retreat
Mary Orr • Sept. 14-22

Quakers and Racial Justice
Vanessa Julye, Jerry V. Leaphart & Ernestine Buscemi • Oct. 12-14

Prophecy and Social Justice
Daniel Smith-Christopher • Oct. 26-28

Inquirers' Weekend: Basic Quakerism
Gene Hillman, Christine & John Rose • Oct. 26-28

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Upcoming Events

• August 3—Faith Lifts Food for Thought, a musical evening with David Roth, singer, songwriter, and former resident bard at New York’s Omega Institute. Also August 11—Brother Blue, Soul to Soul. Both free performances are at Pendle Hill Quaker center, Wallingford, Pa., beginning at 7:30 p.m. Call (215) 566-4507 or visit website at <www.pendlehill.org>.

• September 8–9—Denmark Yearly Meeting


• October 19–20—annual Ministry of Writing Colloquium at Earlham School of Religion in Richmond, Ind. The keynote speaker will be Elizabeth Cox, the author of three novels, poetry, essays, and short stories. Workshop leaders will include essayist Peter Anderson, nonfiction writer Kathleen Bolduc, poet Scott Holland, and editors C. Michael Curtis, senior editor of The Atlantic Monthly, and Gregory Wolfe, publisher and editor of Image: A Journal of the Arts and Religion. The $55 registration fee covers all colloquium events, one meal, and refreshments. For more information contact: Writing Colloquium 2001, J. Brent Bill, Earlham School of Religion, 228 College Avenue, Richmond, IN 47374. E-mail: <billbr@earlham.edu>.

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

Opportunities/Resources

• Friendly Woman announces the theme “Speaking Truth” for the Fall 2001 issue. The submissions deadline is August 15, 2001. For instructions to authors and artists, please see the website at <http://user.icx.net/~richmond/FW/FW_home.html> or contact Friendly Woman, 1106 Caldwell Lane, Nashville, TN 37204, or e-mail: <pennywright@earthlink.net>.

• Dan Levinson of Pima Meeting in Tucson, Arizona, is interested in hearing from any meeting that uses e-mail on a daily basis to communicate with members/attenders about meeting activities. E-mail <drdan3@dakotacom.net>.

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Milestones

Births/Adoptions

Madding—McAfee James Madding, on May 20, 2001, to Anya and Roger Madding. McAfee is welcomed by Nashville (Tenn.) Meeting and by older sister Marley. Anya Madding has served the meeting as First-day school coordinator.

Travis—Oscar Travis, on August 1, 2000, to the Malcolm, Susan, and Joshua Travis family, attenders of Nashville (Tenn.) Meeting. Megan Potter and Hibbard Thatcher are godparents.

Marriages/Unions

Foster-Robertson—Connie Hambrick Robertson and Drew Foster, on May 5, 2001, on the lawn of the Andrew Jackson Hermitage, under the care of Nashville (Tenn.) Meeting, of which Drew is a member.

Houghton-Melton—Paula Melton and David Houghton, on May 28, 2001, under the care of Nashville (Tenn.) Meeting, where they are attenders. The couple resides at the meetinghouse.

Deaths

Branscombe—John (Jack) C. Branscombe, 89, on January 17, 2001, in Corpus Christi, Tex. He was born on December 21, 1911, in Edmonton, Alberta, to Henry and Maud Branscombe, Londoners who had emigrated to Canada and, when Jack was about ten years old, to Chicago. Jack lived in Chicago until his first marriage, when he and his wife, Rae Branscombe, moved to New York. Their daughter, Joyce, was born in New Jersey. After the couple divorced, Jack entered the "pitch" business, becoming one of the nation's great pitchmen. In 1947 he married again, and he and his wife, Helene Branscombe traveled the country selling "One-Year Polish" until they settled in Chicago, opened the Branscombe Cable Company, and raised their daughter, Montaine. After Montaine's sudden death, the couple retired to Corpus Christi in 1975. Helene died in 1994 of lung cancer. In 1996 Jack married Beverly Ann Randolph, in London. Jack was a member of Coastal Bend Meeting in Corpus Christi. He is survived by his wife, Beverly Ann Randolph; a daughter, Joyce Dalabakis; and five grandchildren.

Brown—Jack Ross Brown, 75, on April 3, 2001, at home on Bainbridge Island, Wash. He was born on January 20, 1926, in Seattle, the youngest child born to Lee Dieckman Brown and Roswell Keeler Brown. A dependable and natural leader of the class of 1943 at Ballard High School in Seattle, Jack left University of Washington after only one term to serve in the infantry on the European front and in the occupation after World War II. According to Jack, it was his experience in the army that led to his loyalty to the Peace Testimony. Jack had no religious background when he worked in the AFSC workcamps in Berlin in 1950. It was through that work that he recognized Quakerism as a faith that acted more than it spoke. He graduated from University of Washington in 1952, and from University of Michigan Medical School, completing an internship in Cambridge, Mass., and a year of work.

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internal medicine residency in 1957. While studying at University of Michigan Medical School, Jack married Judy Reynolds, whom he had met when they both served in Quaker work camps in Europe. An active Quaker since 1955, he initially joined Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting. He was active in Cincinnati Meeting from 1962 until 1965, when he became a member of University Meeting in Seattle. From 1957 to 1962 he practiced medicine in a small hospital in Gaziantep, in southeastern Turkey, learning the language and helping to develop a medical residency program as well as a pilot public health program with a well-baby clinic. In 1962 he entered a residency program in psychiatry at University of Cincinnati Medical School, focusing on community psychiatry, and went on to provide mental health service for the Group Health Cooperative of Puget Sound, in Seattle. He and his wife practiced good works during sabbaticals in 1970/71 in Turkey, and in 1981/82 in New Zealand and Australia, at the Royal Edinburgh Hospital in Scotland, and on an organic agricultural project in Ethiopia. Jack is survived by his wife, Judy Reynolds Brown; children Ross Brown, Craig Jacob Brown, Leyla Welkin, and Marcy Summers; and ten grandchildren.

**Cox—Irving England Cox Jr., 83, on February 13, 2001, in Long Beach, Calif., of pneumonia after declining health. He was born on May 24, 1917, in Philadelphia, Pa., to Irving England Cox and Grace Adele McKibbin. He grew up in Philadelphia and attended Germantown Friends School. He received his Bachelors and Masters degrees at Whittier College. Irving spent most of his teaching career at Wilson High School in Long Beach, where he inspired students with his deeply felt Quaker philosophy. Many of his students considered him their idol, remaining his close friends until the end of his life. Often compared to the character played by Robin Williams in the movie "Dead Poets Society," Cox was a man who opened his home to his students and who, along with his wife, led student excursions to Europe and Mexico for 17 summers. He was frequently on the edge of trouble with the administration because, as a former student recalls, he would make his students think. He was an active member of Marloma Long Beach Meeting in Seal Beach, Calif. While at Whittier College, Irving met his wife, Alva, who was descended from California Indians of the Bishop-Mono Lake area. In a fictionalized book he was writing at the time of death, Irving tells about his early life growing up in Philadelphia as a Quaker boy and his family's difficulty during the Depression when they had to drive across the country to California. Irving was predeceased by his wife, Alva; his son, Corky; and a sister and brother. He is survived by a brother, Robert Cox, and a grandson, Christopher Cox.**

**Hardy—Austin E. Hardy, 79, on February 5, 2001, in Lancaster, Pa. He was born February 23, 1921, in Concord, N.H., the son of Arthur E. and Gladys Saltmarsh Hardy. Shortly after his graduation from University of New Hampshire in 1943, he married Wilbertha Moody, daughter of a Quaker educator. Austin and Wilbertha were among the 13 people who established Lancaster Meeting in 1947 as the first united monthly meeting of Caln Quarterly Meeting. They were instrumental in bringing the Orthodox (Bradford and Uwchlan) and Hicksite**
For What Are We Waiting and In What Spirit?

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(Sadsbury) Calm Quarters together as the first united Quarterly Meeting, three years before Philadelphia Yearly Meeting reunited in 1955. Austin joined the meeting officially in 1950. He will be remembered for qualities of leadership, integrity, ingenuity, and as a concerned community member. In a 40-year career with RCA, he worked on the development of phosphors for radar display tubes and received seven patents. Austin is listed in American Men of Science. His technical papers for the Electrochemical Society earned him the Young Authors Prize and the Turner Book Prize. After retirement, he was a consultant in Italy, the former Soviet Union, and China. Austin was predeceased by his sister, Nellie Russet. He is survived by his wife, Wilberta Hardy; a daughter, Patricia Hardy Charles; two sons, Charles Chester Hardy and Charles Hardy Beck; seven grandchildren; one great grandson; a sister, Clair Hill; and two brothers, Lawrence Hardy and Arthur B. Hardy.

Krechetoff—Gennadi (Boris or Mr. K) Krechetoff, 87, on Christmas morning, 1999, at Ashby Care, in Berkeley, Calif. He was born in Moscow in July 1912. Gennadi was a long-time and faithful attendee of Berkeley Meeting. He was deeply moved by the comments of others and although his lack of confidence in his English kept him from speaking out during meeting, he often shared his insightful comments afterwards. Before coming to the Bay Area, Gennadi had lived in Russia, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Venezuela, and New York. He said he spoke five and a half languages, and his beer, bright grin, and habit of kissing ladies’ hands made him stand out. He worked as a carpenter and builder, mechanic, and masseur. He adopted children, and at Pacific Yearly Meeting he played games with them and told them funny stories about his life. Gennadi belonged to the Self Realization Fellowship of Yogananda for 40 years. He inspired others to a steadfast spiritual practice, often speaking of how completely the regimen had transformed his life. He was predeceased by a son, Vitaly Krechetoff. He is survived by his daughters Nina and Irene Krechetoff. His surviving adopted families include Cyd and Gerry Gates and their children Melanie Lemon Bishop and her son Andrew Bishop; Sandra and Fred Gey and their children and grandchildren; friends Tania Guevara and her sons, and Alicia Carrera.

Morgan—Ernest Morgan, 95, on October 1, 2000, at his home in Celo, N.C. Ernest was born on July 6, 1905, in St. Cloud, Minn., the son of Arthur E. Morgan and Urania Jones Morgan. He was a member of Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting and a longtime attendee of Celo Meeting. He attended Antioch College, and in 1926 he founded the Antioch Bookplate Company, now the Antioch Company in Yellow Springs, Ohio. In the 1940s he published the weekly Yellow Springs News and cofounded the Yellow Springs Community Credit Union. In the late 1940s he served as chairman of the Socialist Party of Ohio and ran for governor. He was a United Nations administrator for Arab relief in the Gaza Strip. In the early 60s, he and his wife Elizabeth Morey Morgan founded the Arthur Morgan School in Celo and the Celo Press. In 1963 he cofounded the Continental Association of Funeral and Memorial Services. His Autobiography, Simple Burial is currently in its 14th edition and has been retitled, Dealing Creatively with Death. His autobiography, Dealing Creatively with Life, was published in 2000. In 1983, 12 years after the death of his first wife, Ernest married Christine Wise, who died in 1996. He is survived by two sons: Arthur and Lee Morgan; a daughter, Jennifer; seven grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; two great-great-grandchildren; and a sister, Frances Bolling.

Richan—Anne Richan, 67, on September 15, 2000, in Chester. Born on February 17, 1933, in New York City to Saul and Rose Bernstein, she attended Brookline High School near Boston. As early as her teens, when she joined a work group to help build a library at Highlander Folk School in Tennessee, it was evident that a calling to be of service to others would shape Anne’s life. After graduating Phi Beta Kappa from Oberlin College, she attended Columbia University’s School of Social Work for a year before marrying Willard Richan in 1955. For the first part of their life together, Anne’s primary concern was for their growing family, and she continued to reach out to others, always affirming the good in people, particularly those who might have appeared odd or disquieting to others and those who felt abandoned by society. Soon after the family moved to Swarthmore, Pa., in 1969, she joined Swarthmore Meeting, and she helped found a draft counseling program housed at the meetinghouse that continued through the Vietnam War era. In about 1980, Anne began working with Friends Suburban Project, a Philadelphia Yearly Meeting program, on conflict resolution services, which eventually formed the Community Dispute Settlement Program. In the mid-1990s she became active in the Alternatives to Violence Project. At the time of her death, Anne was leading AVP workshops at the State Correctional Institution in Chester and at Gandy Hill Prison in Wilmington, when she not only won the trust of prisoners but brought better organization to the program and worked ceaselessly for full support from the prison staff. She was a tireless advocate for refugees from civil war in El Salvador and an active worker with the Central American Sanctuary Alliance, traveling to El Salvador to document repressive conditions there and bring them to the attention of local members of Congress. On her final trip, she also served as election observer. She will be remembered for her generous warmth. Anne is survived by her husband, Willard Richan; mother, Rose Bernstein; children Amie, David, Bonnie, and Peter Richan; and grandchildren Anne Marie Aiena and Henry Cooper Tippens-Richan.
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population in Israel, where large families seem to be the norm, is growing much faster than the secular community. Houses, and therefore land, will be needed for the children of these Jewish families. The settlements will not stop. We must ask ourselves, “Where will the Palestinians go?” What will be Israel’s solution to its Palestinian problem? The Palestinians need a homeland, otherwise they are going to find themselves further and further marginalized by an increasing Jewish presence. While I have great compassion for those Jews who suffered terribly during the events of World War II, it cannot blind me to unjust and unfair treatment of the Palestinian people.

Teresa Dutton
Baltimore, Md.

I am not surprised at the range of responses to the articles on the conflict in the Middle East (F/J Mar. and June). I think the articles published needed more historical background showing what led to the creation of the state of Israel by the United Nations in 1948 following the Holocaust. The Holocaust was preceded by centuries of anti-Semitism and Hitler’s attempt of a “final solution.” Tragically, there were those even in the West who endorsed Hitler’s policy. The doors of escape were virtually all closed to Jews as they sought refuge and escape from the Third Reich to the United States, Canada, and England. Children were helped and there was a trickle of admission to the West, but not the large scale needed.

The Zionist movement fostered the creation of the state of Israel. Many Jews questioned that action at the time. There are complex resultant problems that not only involve extended force by the Israeli army to protect settlers, but also a committed Palestinian terrorist Intifada bent on driving the Israelis into the sea, plus the plight of those who still reside in Palestinian refugee camps.

It seems to me that the articles could have shown this historical background and the JOURNAL been more evenhanded, for instance, in having a split cover photo revealing the plight of both Palestinian women and Israelis. The content of the articles could have provided more depth about Israeli life, showed the peaceful coexistence of many Israelis and Palestinians through jobs and living together, and reflected the serious shortfall of Palestinian leadership in washing their hands of truly helping their own people. Israel and Palestine are both responsible to resolve the tragedy of the refugee camps.

The Israelis should not be cast in the
light of the same oppressor role as the Nazis, even though serious restraint was needed in their random use of firepower. Friends, along with others, need to be mindful that we do not give credence to a return to the horrible trap of anti-Semitism, a culture of thinking that has only recently been addressed by the Christian churches, led by the Pope among others.

Friends, in their historical role as peacemakers and as a religious body, can help progress with reconciliation of this tragic situation through more in-depth and even-handed action and reporting. I am certain that will happen.

Donald Laitin
Orangeville, Ont.

The letters in the June issue in response to the articles presenting the Palestinian point of view require me to respond. I have heard from Jewish friends who are in distress because of the Israeli behavior. It is hard for them to state their position, but they do, and often are vilified for it. Michael Lerner, editor of Tikkun magazine, has heard death threats. The Jewish peace movements both in Israel and here need all the support they can get. Just as much, the Palestinian attempts at nonviolent protest need our support. They, too, are threatened by both Palestinian and Israeli forces. My belief is that we should be quite clear that those are the people on the ground whose efforts Quakers support. Of course, we need to recognize that there is no balance of power in Israel. Those who shout for justice are as legitimate as those who would support mediation. It is important for those working for justice to recognize that their efforts and voices need to be carefully modulated to make room for the peacemakers. Mediators know that they must be able to listen to the pain and anger of those who are being oppressed or attacked and to their advocates.

Years ago a Jewish friend of mine wrote an article critical of American Friends Service Committee, which was at the time working with and advocating for Palestinians. He had been a conscientious objector in World War II and had done alternative service (as did my Jewish Quaker husband). He had an ideal of Quakers as peacemakers and was disturbed because he felt that AFSC was working with and concerned only for Palestinians. Where was the point of view of the Jews, who felt they were surrounded by hate in the Arab countries? We cannot dismiss those feelings.

A few years ago, I was upset to know that some Quakers joined Washington Peace Center (housed at that time in our meetinghouse) in a protest organized by Arabs in which they shouted, “Death to the Zionists! Death to the devil Jews!” Words are important. They can hurt sometimes as much as blows. We need Quakers who can work with the oppressed without becoming unable to imagine what has led up to the oppression and see the humanity (that of God) in the oppressors. We need mediators who can listen to the anger and hurt of the oppressed. And we need all Friends to be able to see that anyone who is willing to be engaged in assisting the oppressed or in working for peaceful resolution is valuable and worthy for our admiration and support.

Judith Reynolds Brown has said much of this in her article, “Dilemmas of Our Peace Testimony” (FJ June). Another role for peacemakers who want to address this issue is with Friends Committee on National Legislation, to influence our government regarding the destructive role the U.S. plays in supplying arms to Israel. There is more to do than any one of us can manage. Let’s celebrate those who are out there doing what they are led to do.

Elizabeth Segal
Washington, D.C.

Reading the comments in the June issue on the articles about the Palestinian point of view clearly demonstrates the tension that prevents the establishment of peace between Israelis and Palestinians. Why are all these letters complaining about the lack of examination and presentation of the Palestinian point of view? What is wrong with airing the Palestinian side? In the mainstream press we get the Israeli side ten times over before a word is said about the Palestinians’ position.

Anti-Semitism can be very strong, and this saddens me greatly, because there is such imperfect comprehension of the terror that the Israelis feel about their survival. But Israelis turning into neo-Nazis in behavior is helping nothing. Seeing this thirst for an eye for an eye by both peoples achieves no changes, only a world of blind people.

Patty Quigg
Pawcatuck, Conn.

Correction

In Phillip Harley Smith’s letter, “Peace in Israel should not be from the barrel of a gun,” (FJ June, p. 4), the sentence “The Israelis will have collected over $1 billion from Germany in reparations for the Holocaust...” should have read “The Israelis will have collected over $100 billion from Germany in reparations for the Holocaust...” We apologize for this error.

—Eds.

Fox emphasized minding the seed of God

The letter from Bill Samuel (Forum, FJ May) quoting George Fox admonishes readers to “gather in the name of Christ” and to “not use the many names by which there is no salvation.” I managed to contain an immediate urge to react, thinking, I’ll just wait and depend upon the response of others in the June issue. To my surprise (and dismay) that didn’t occur. So, here I am, forced by that unfulfilled expectation to react.

The least disruptive thing I would offer is to point out that there exists a multitude of Quakers who enjoy the influence of various prophets, including Jesus, and who revel in the concept of continuing revelation as a means to one day experiencing the enlightenment that is readily available to peoples of all faiths.

Conversely, the most disruptive thing I would offer is to say that this marks one of the few instances (tongue in cheek) when I’m glad that FRIENDS JOURNAL has a limited readership. My Islamic friends, who also revere Jesus as a prophet, might well remark, if exposed to such a message, that our culture will never mature spiritually until our widespread attitudes of narrow-minded religious exclusivism are challenged and changed. Fortunately, my Quaker understandings belong to that challenge.

So I will continue to rejoice in my Quaker-Sufi faith while also recognizing the validity of the faith of others, including of course those who have a need to limit their focus upon Christ. Quakers, however, who promote such a limitation by quoting George Fox always seem to do so out of context. Clearly George Fox’s emphasis was upon minding the seed of God and the teachings of Christ. There is no issue there until one is contrived to interpret Christ as the seed.

What I’ve always found to be fascinating is to discover the many followers of George Fox amongst people who never heard of him.

Brett Miller-White
Swannanoa, N.C.

Note: It is not possible to run responses to a prior issue in the issue that immediately follows, owing to the nature of our production schedule. For instance, as this August issue goes to press in July, the content for the September issue is complete and the October issue is well beyond the planning stages.

—Eds.
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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 work and tasks together. The position requires a close coordination with FWCC offices and Sections around the world and considerable travel. Spanish-language skills desirable. Application should include full experience of their work and their ability to live with others of their own yearly meetings or groups and an active awareness of Quaker faith and practice among other groups. Desires for applications: August 31, 2001. A description and application form available from: FWCC Section of the Americas, 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Phone: (215) 382-1520, fax (215) 241-7285. <americas_fwcc@fwm.org>

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 available for any time. Members of the Society of Friends are particularly encouraged to apply. Sidwell Friends students and alumni represent many racial, religious, and economic backgrounds. The school’s rigorous academic curriculum is supplemented by opportunities 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 location in the nation’s capital. Send cover letter and résumé to Office of Personnel Services, Sidwell Friends School, 3825 Wisconsin Avenue, NW, Washington, D.C. 20016-3390.

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MANHATTAN - Unprogrammed meeting. For time and
Grandview Terrace, Manhattan, KS 66502.

LOUISVILLE - Meeting Harrison Road, Berea, KY.
Sunday. a.m. Nursery provided. 921 Louisiana
East Vassalboro. Jan Munroe, clerk,
Neighborhood House, Northeast Harbor.

NEW ORLEANS - Unprogrammed worship
BRUNSWICK - Unprogrammed
9:30-10:30 a.m., 910 10th Street, S. From the south on Rt.

OXFORD HILLS - Unprogrammed
a.m. Wednesday. Phone: (207) 758-3579.

BOSTON/SPARKS - Gunpowder June-August.
Nursery, (end of) Stanley Hill 627-4437.

WASHINGTON - Friends Lower School, Edgemont Lane and
Beverly Philosophers Terrace. Worship 11 a.m.

COPENHAGEN - Unprogrammed meeting for worship at
Copenhagen, Denmark.

AMSTERDAM - Meeting for worship and First-day school.
Sundays, approximately 10:30 a.m., Fair

COLUMBUS - Discussion 9:30 a.m., unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m. 6408 Laughing Brook Dr. (573) 474-1827.
KANSAS CITY/Penn Valley Meeting, 4405 Gillham Rd. 10 a.m. Call (913) 281-7323 or (913) 384-3991.
ST. LOUIS - Meeting 10:30 a.m. 1001 Park Ave., St. Louis, MO 63104. (314) 886-1122.

GREAT FALLS - Unprogrammed, Sundays, 11 a.m. winter, 10 a.m. summer. 1601 South 12th Street W. (406) 549-6747.

MISSOURI - Columbia Unprogrammed meeting for worship 11:00 a.m. 901 Pleasant St. Phone: 754-3887.

YARMOUTH - Friends Meeting at 58 North Main Street in South Yarmouth. For time and directions. Phone: (508) 396-3773.

WESTPORT - Meeting Sundays 10 a.m. Central Village. 600-4993.

WICHITA - Heartland Heartland
10 a.m. First Day. Meeting for business fi rst.

Baltimore - Open 9:30 a.m. and 10 a.m. July and August, 2316 N. Charles St. 430-3773. Home school: worship and First-day school. 11 a.m. Sept.-May (except 3rd Sunday-10 a.m.). 10 a.m. 1700 E. Monument Ave., (410) 457-9188. P.O. Box 4436. Fax (410) 235-4451. E-mail: sparkle@clark.net.

Baltimore/Sparrows Point Gunpowder Meeting Meeting every First Day. 9 a.m. Call for directions. Phone: (410) 472-4580.

BETHESDA - Classes and worship 11 a.m. (year round) Sidwell Friends Lower School, Edgemont Lane and Beverly Rd. Phone: (301) 464-5959.

CHESTERTOWN - Chestertown River Club, 124 Philosophers Terrace, Worship 11 a.m. Clerk: Yasuo Tanaka, P.O. Box 1025, Chestertown, MD 21620. (410) 778-1777.

DARLINGTON - Deer Creek Meeting, Worship 10:30 a.m. Clerk, Allen Gregory, P.O. Box 1315, Darlington, SC 29532.

EASTON - Three Haven Meeting, 405 S. Washington St. At 10 a.m. Kenneth Carroll, clerk. (410) 820-8347, 792-7952.

FALLSTON - Little Falls Meeting, Old Fallston Rd. Worship 10:30 a.m. Clerk. (410) 877-3615.

FREDERICK - Meeting for worship 10 a.m. First-day school 10:15 a.m. Wednesday 5:30 p.m. 720 N. Market St. (301) 574-3520.

PATAPSCO - Preparative Meeting 10:30 a.m. Mt. Hebron House, Ellicott City, First-day school, weekly meal. (410) 997-6317.

SALISBURY - Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Carey Ave. at Glen. (410) 543-4343 or 537-5341.

SOUTH MARYLAND - PAX - Meeting, Worship 10:00 a.m. all services. (301) 394-3124.

TAKOMA PARK - Preparative Meeting, Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m., First Day, at "Crossings," One Columbia Avenue, P.O. Box 1169, Takoma Park, MD 20913. (301) 981-8807.

UNION BRIDGE - Pipe Creek Meeting. Worship 10 a.m. P.O. Box 487, Union Bridge, MD 21107. (301) 831-7446.

Massachusetts

ACTON - Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Harvard Wheelers Community Center, corner Main and Church Sts., West Concord (during summer in homes). Clerk: Jim Thorsman, (978) 263-6609.

AMESBURY - Worship 10 a.m. 120 Friend St. (978) 463-3259 or (508) 389-3293.

AMHERST - Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. First day. Phone: 413-548-9188, or clerk (413) 772-2822.

ANDOVER - Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phillips School, (978) 470-0350.

BOSTON - Worship 10:30 a.m. First Day, Beacon Hill Friends House, 6 Chestnut St., Boston, 02108.

CAMBRIDGE Meetings Sundays 10:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.; Forum at 9:30 a.m. Longfellow Park (near Harvard Sq.), 60 Brattle St., Phone: (617) 689-6883.

CAMBRIDGE Friends Meeting Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. 225 Church St., (617) 327-3891.

CANTON - Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 220 Canton Center Rd. Canton Meeting, Canton, MA 02021. Phone: 754-3887.

DEERFIELD - Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Deerfield Friends Meetinghouse, 550 Main St. Deerfield, MA 01344. (413) 774-3431. All are welcome.

FRAMINGHAM - Worship 10 a.m. First-day school, year round. 841 Edmands Rd. (2 m. from Framingham train station). (508) 677-8321.

GREAT BARRINGTON - Unprogrammed meeting. 10:30 a.m. First Day, 200 Main Rd. (23) Phone: (413) 520-1203.

GREAT WESTERLY - Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Little Chapel, 55 Main St. (413) 637-2288.

MARSH'S VINELAND - Unprogrammed worship 9:30 a.m. 430 S. Main St., Westerly, RI 02891.

MIDDLETOWN - Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Sterling Hill Road, East Middletown. Jan Munroe, clerk, (860) 321-3141.

Vermont - The most recent meeting in the New England Quarterly Meeting, held in the Green Mountains of Vermont.

LAWRENCE - Unprogrammed meeting for worship at discussion. To be held every first Sunday at 10 a.m. Child care available. (781) 843-3277.

MANHATTAN - Unprogrammed meeting. For time and place, write to Friends Meeting, c/o Conowingo, 2371 Grandview Terrace, Manhattan, KS 66502.

TODAY'S MEETING at Topeka was 8:45 a.m., followed by discussion. 833 S.W. 8th, Topeka. First-day school and childcare provided. Phone: (785) 232-9210 or 522-6263.

WICHITA - Heartland Heartland
10 a.m. First Day. Meeting for business first.

SOUTHERN MARYLAND - Pax Meeting, Worship 10:00 a.m. all services. (301) 394-3124.

TAKOMA PARK - Preparative Meeting, Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m., First Day, at "Crossings," One Columbia Avenue, P.O. Box 1169, Takoma Park, MD 20913. (301) 981-8807.

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We are all creatures, not only born into the sure darkness of death, but also endowed with an unquenchable longing for the light of life... We can all meet in this same light, however varied our lanterns.

Dan Wilson Director of Pendle Hill, 1953-70

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• study religious thought and practice, Quaker studies, peace and social justice, and spirituality in literature and the arts
• experience the divine while working with others in community
• prepare for service to the Religious Society of Friends
• assist Friends seeking divine guidance in meeting the challenges of contemporary society

A Resource for Monthly Meetings
Pendle Hill is committed to nurturing and sustaining monthly meetings. While Pendle Hill is not a Quaker seminary or school of theology, it provides the educational resources and seasoned teachers to help monthly meetings address the challenges facing their families, their meetings, their communities, and the world.

Over 2,000 Come to Pendle Hill Each Year
Pendle Hill offers many programs for Friends to enrich their skills in such ministries as clerking, providing pastoral care, facilitating Alternatives to Violence training, witnessing to Friends' social concerns, and teaching religious education. Each year over two thousand people sojourn at Pendle Hill or attend our new weeklong courses, our weekend and summer conferences or other programs.

Alex Kern attends Young Adults Friends Conference

Invest in the future
If you want to learn how you can make an investment, not only in Pendle Hill, but also in the future of the Religious Society of Friends, please contact:

Richard Barnes
Director of Development
Pendle Hill
338 Plush Mill Road
Wallingford, PA 19086-6099
800.742.3150, ext. 132
E-mail contributions@pendlehill.org
www.pendlehill.org