September 2001

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Testimony in Iraq

Stories from the Line: Reflections on Protesting the U.S. Army School of the Americas

Christ and Jesus in Early Quakerism
Among Friends

Thanks Are in Order

In the past couple of years, I have used this space in the magazine to reflect on the articles we are presenting to you, to share a bit about our excitement over new projects and challenges, and to introduce new staff and volunteers. This column is written to say thank you.

For me, one of the very best parts of working for Friends organizations is the opportunity to meet and work with extraordinary individuals. As I think back over the years at Powell House, Princeton Friends School, and FRIENDS JOURNAL, so many wonderful people come to mind—Board members, staff, and constituents of these Friendly entities. What a privilege it is to have known and worked alongside of and with these remarkable, dedicated folks! What a huge reservoir of wisdom and what a spirit of joyful service we have in the Religious Society of Friends!

As you read these words, here at the JOURNAL we will be coming to the end of Kenneth Sutton’s eight years of service on our staff, as he leaves Philadelphia to move to Boston. Kenneth came to us in 1993 when our art director, Barbara Benton, mentioned to him that we were looking for a typesetter to help out with the production side of the magazine. Fortunately for the JOURNAL, Kenneth was intrigued by the position and took to it with enthusiasm and talent. It wasn’t long before my predecessor, Vint Denting, noticed that Kenneth’s copyediting instincts and suggestions were superb. In the due course of time, Kenneth became Associate Editor, and then Senior Editor of the magazine—a position he alone has held.

In our years of working together, I have found Kenneth not only to be talented, but a true joy. His thoughtful responses to the manuscripts we receive, his insightful suggestions to authors on improving their work, and his wonderful sensibilities about balancing the articles in each issue have been a great service to all of us, staff and readers alike. As a staff member, he has been willing to speak his mind forthrightly and to share his personal journey with us. Perhaps what I have loved most about working with Kenneth has been his deep sense of calling to do God’s work and watching him discern how best to follow that leading. We will miss his infectious sense of humor and hearty laughter! And I will deeply miss his companionship in thinking about how FRIENDS JOURNAL can best serve the Religious Society of Friends.

I wanted to share these reflections with our readers in the issue closest to Kenneth’s leaving. His name will stay on the masthead for a few more months, as he will be working on the January issue just prior to his departure at the end of the September. We wish him great joy and many blessings in his journey and his new life among Friends in New England.

Another word of thanks is due in this issue. It has been ten years since FRIENDS JOURNAL has conducted a survey of its readers. Our Board member Paul Buckley, who is completing his second term of service and who also will soon be leaving us, has 18 years of experience as a survey professional. In addition to the many other ways in which he served FRIENDS JOURNAL, Paul was willing to work closely with our staff to design a survey instrument that would provide unambiguous information about who our readers are and how they feel about various aspects of the magazine. It was a remarkable learning experience to work with Paul on this project, and I am pleased to report that the results appear in this issue on page 20. Peggy Spohr, Paul’s wife, joined him in working with readers’ responses. While Paul analyzed the data, Peggy transcribed and synthesized the numerous comments added by respondents. We are very grateful to both of them for the many hours of work they have given to this project—and we are very grateful to the Friends who took the time to help us better understand our readership by responding to this survey. I encourage you to read the results for yourself.

To these three Friends who have served FRIENDS JOURNAL so generously we offer our gratitude and our hopes for God’s blessing on their continuing work among Friends.

Susan Olson, Publisher
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Cover photo by Richard McCutcheon: wastewater in a street of downtown Baghdad, Iraq, September 2000
Forum

JROTC should not be in our public schools

Many have argued that cigarette advertising targeting our children is wrong, and we have moved as a society to limit it. Yet we allow the military to target our children to join the military through JROTC (Junior Reserve Officer Training Corps), which is now in over 2,700 public high schools according to American Friends Service Committee, a past recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize. JROTCs are one of the most prevalent intrusions of advertising into the school setting. Like other youth advertisers, JROTC sells a hip, glossy, but false picture about available training and promotional opportunities in the military, failing to mention war crimes, civilian massacres, racism, sexism, and homophobia.

In my opinion, JROTC is an overpriced sales pitch that the public pays for in both dollars and the miseducation of our children. Help for public schools any more than cigarette advertising should.

J. Roy Cannon
Newark, Del.

Help for Ramallah Friends Meeting

In the March issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL, we were made aware of the great tragedy that has become the daily life of our Friends in Ramallah. One way in which we can show our love, our concern, and our compassion for these Friends is by sending funds to Kathy Bergen at American Friends Service Committee Middle East Program Peacebuilding Unit, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, earmarked “Ramallah Friends Meeting Peace Work.”

I hope that many readers will want to help our Friends meeting in Ramallah survive.

Ingeborg Jack
Swarthmore, Pa.

An economy is created by people who live and work in it

In the excellent Michener Lecture on parenting through Quaker values (“Simple Riches: Reflections on the Work of the Quaker Parent” FJ July), Judy Nicholson Asselin writes that economics frames pedagogical philosophy, foreign policy, and even the way we conceive of our own worth, writing as if an economy were a scientific given, like biology. But an economy is created by the people who live and work within it; we decide what is good, useful, and therefore valuable.

If Friends think we too often educate consumers rather than citizens, train warriors rather than neighbors, and see ourselves as demographics rather than democrats, we can learn from a growing movement within the economics profession. Amartya Sen, a Nobel laureate in Economic Science, memorably defines economic Development as Freedom in the very title of his 1999 book, Freedom from war, famine, fear, disease, infant mortality, child labor. Freedom to choose lives we have reason to value.

Dr. Sen and many of his colleagues are members of Economists Allied for Arms Reduction, a nongovernmental organization arguing for human, and humane, security and peace. To learn more, please visit our website at www.eacar.org.

J. Roy Cannon
Newark, Del.

Keep right on

Cheers for carrying advertisements of the Hemlock Society! I first learned of issues related to population, birth, death, and individuals and society at Woodbrooke Quaker Study Centre, then later at the Friends General Conference Gathering. Hemlock Society readings were part of that theme. Please keep right on.

Thoreau Raymond
Concord, N.H.

May Friends continue to be involved in their governments!

It was very good to read Rob Callard’s account of his 21 years of government service (“Serving God and Caesar” FJ Aug.) for two reasons, one personal and one more general.

The personal reason was my experience with Rob Callard at Wellington, New Zealand, when I was the leader of a group of 24 Quakers who went to New Zealand in 1988 to get support from New Zealand Friends. We also went to give them our love and support after they wrote their beautiful Peace Statement in 1987. Rob was at the U.S. Embassy at the time and generously offered his services to us. He arranged a visit between our group and the then U.S. ambassador, so that—at the time of the Rainbow Warrior being bombed—the ambassador could have confidence that we as a group were there solely on a mission of communication with New Zealand Friends. The other service he performed for us was in trying to arrange a visit with David Lange, the prime minister. Unfortunately, Lange was out of town, but we did see one of his top aides. We felt very comforted to have a Friend in such a role.

The more general Quaker appreciation comes from my recent work with many other Friends in mounting an exhibit on “Quakers and the Political Process: Living Our Faith in Action” in time for last year’s Republican National Convention in Philadelphia. We were able to portray the amazing effect that Friends have had in the political process both within and outside of the government, and that Friends—through their involvement in government—have been able to stretch others in their countries towards the general welfare of that entire country. Rob’s involvement, no doubt, has been another chapter in this ongoing saga.

Long live Friends involved with their...
An Open Letter from an Israeli Quaker

Dear Friends of the world,

Here in the Middle East we do indeed have a sad situation, with grievances on both sides. I and many—if not a good majority of us in Israel—have very sympathetic feelings for our brother and sister Palestinians, even though most of Israel is Jewish. I am a Quaker and have been living in Israel since 1969, when I came with my Jewish husband and four children from the United States. We came with the hope of peace and to bring our children to a more down-to-earth lifestyle living on a communal farm.

I consider myself an active Friend and truly believe there is the same Light within each and every person. I have no Quaker meeting to attend here in Israel; I am afraid to go to Ramallah by bus. I meet here instead with people of kindred spirit. We do not identify or define ourselves in terms of religion, but in a common belief in the Inner Light.

There are two sides to every story. I will try to give you a view from the Israeli civilian side, what we feel and suffer.

In 1946 the United Nations split Palestine into two separate states: an Israeli sector and a Palestinian sector. Israel agreed to the small borders, and a ceasefire was declared. Israel hoped then to bridge a peace, but it wasn't easy. The part of Jerusalem that was declared Israeli was separated from the mainland by a small road. There was shooting from the Arabs at our buses. The people in Jerusalem were almost cut off. The Arab people were very hostile; life was very insecure. Finally, in 1948, Egypt, Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon declared war on Israel. After independence was won by Israel, there were announcements on loudspeakers in all major cities of Israel that "the Arab people living in Israel should not flee," no harm would come to them, they should remain in their homes. Unfortunately, many did not listen and left. Others, fortunately, stayed. There are now many large, prosperous Arab villages in Israel, where citizens have passports. The states of Lebanon, Jordan, and Syria did very little to help integrate their fellow Arabs who fled Israel, and kept them in refugee camps, not allowing them passports in those countries.

Over the past 50 years, the surrounding Arab countries declared war three more times on Israel. There was no choice but to fight. Each time, Israel won and controlled more land. Finally, a peace was declared with Egypt, and we gave back the vast area of the Sinai Peninsula. Then a few years ago, peace was declared with Jordan. Despite these efforts towards peace, throughout all the years, there were terrorist attacks.

People from other countries cannot know what it is to constantly fear attacks on innocent people: children riding on school buses, people in cafes, and young people in discotheques. Now, again, [Palestinians] are shooting and throwing stones at civilians driving cars.

Perhaps Israel has retaliated too hard sometimes. I would compare the situation to a person who is being repeatedly bitten by a fly constantly biting little bites. That person brushes the fly away until, swat, they can't take any more.

We are afraid. There has been no assurance from Arafat that he can control the country of Palestine or control these acts of violence. Past terrorists are not kept in prison. We have tried to give back land, to encourage them to make a country for their refugees. Yet daily we watch on T.V. while they hold parades, burn our flag, and that of the U.S. or England. Many of them reject any peace, and Israel as a state at all.

I feel that FRIENDS JOURNAL and people all over the world, should help both sides to see that Israelis and Arabs are not so different. We have similar needs. We need help to inspire understanding, hope, and love. We need a bridge where we can start peace from person to person. My husband and I have treated every Arab or Palestinian with whom we have come into contact with care, love, and respect. Perhaps American Friends Service Committee can help build this bridge. I used to work on their field projects and would be willing to help now. Let's build this bridge!

Sally Rickerman
Landenberg, Pa.

Thanks for the encouragement

Thank you for publishing Rob Callard's very good article about being a Quaker in government service ("Serving God and Caesar" FJ Aug.). I sent a copy immediately to my sister, who faithfully and bravely works for the World Bank.

Elizabeth Boardman
San Francisco, Calif.

Are we too influenced by 12-step groups?

A specter is haunting the hallowed Hicksite halls of U.S. Quaker meetings: the 12-step style discussion group! How often, nowadays, do we hear responses delivered to earlier messages in meeting for worship?

Time is, every message is a response to an original speaker.

I fear many Friends, and visitors, fail to keep to heart the purpose of meeting for worship—an important, indeed essential purpose, not to be compromised. We are there to listen. We are to speak only if we must, and certainly not of, from, or for the ego. It is not what we think that is important there, despite the temptation to begin, "I was thinking..."

Meeting is not for the airing of personal matters. And it is not to be replaced; although discussion groups can be found elsewhere. Where else can you find the special spiritual nourishment meeting offers?

Be warned! We have much of value to lose! Consider carefully: it would be more than difficult to replace meeting for worship, and we would be hard pressed to afford the loss.

Joel J. Barlow
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Viewpoint:

FRIENDS JOURNAL September 2001

Mary Serraff Frohlich
Tel Aviv, Israel
Iraqi children are dying in appalling numbers, as most Friends know. The U.S. bombing of "infrastructure" targets during the Gulf War—power generation plants, water purification and sewage treatment plants—was not nearly as benign as it was portrayed by the elder Bush administration ten years ago. The U.S. public was told the destruction of these sites would bring pressure on Saddam Hussein, with the object of removing him from power. What we were not told was the calculated cost of that "pressure" in the form of human suffering.

Ten years of UN sanctions, enforced under the Clinton administration and now the younger Bush administration, have extended this war against civilians, claiming more lives than the original bombing. A defiant Saddam Hussein remains in power, insulated in his palaces from the privations inflicted on ordinary Iraqis. The Iraqi strongman, who has personally executed enemies and used gas against Kurdish minorities, is excoriated in the United States for his cynical use of the civilian population. The U.S. government has behaved scarcely less hypocritically, both in its 1990 military action—avowedly to liberate Kuwait, but obviously driven by strategic oil interests in the Middle East—and in its continuing pursuit of a failed policy that brutalizes the innocent: the poor, the elderly, and the very young.

According to a 1998 UNICEF report, a million Iraqi deaths have resulted directly from the sanctions. Children account for half the fatalities, succumbing to waterborne diseases such as cholera, typhoid, and dysentery, and from lack of medical facilities for treating birth defects—which are reportedly on the rise in areas contaminated by spent uranium and chemical pollutants.

What have U.S. citizens of conscience—Quakers among them—done to address the suffering inflicted by our government?

One response has been Campaign of Conscience, a project undertaken jointly by American Friends Service Committee and Fellowship of Reconciliation aimed at challenging the sanctions by installing four small water-chlorinators that would provide sterilized water for at least a few hundred Iraqis. Because the purifiers use chlorine, they fall under the UN sanctions against "dual use" chemicals that could conceivably be used by the Iraqi military, and they consequently violate U.S. law. As of this writing, some 85 Quaker meetings in the U.S. have joined in this act of collective civil disobedience, theoretically risking U.S. Treasury Dept. fines up to $1 million. The action is largely symbolic; the chlorinators are not yet in operation, but the campaign has raised awareness and helped—along with world opinion—to force the present administration to re-appraise the sanctions.
Despite these efforts, most of the U.S. public remains oblivious to the continuing casualties.

"Those children die quietly," says Doug Hostetter, who has helped coordinate Campaign of Conscience. "No media. No outrage."

The media's blindness to the suffering in Iraq is all too typical. At best it is a case of violence "done at great distance and by other hands," as John Woolman wrote 240 years ago about the kidnapping of Africans. Surely, in the present case, there is an element of racism behind the media's demonization of Arab leaders. And implicit in the silence is denial: nobody wants to believe that 5,000 Iraqi children are dying every month at our hands, even as the world—especially the Arab world, including Kuwait—calls for the sanctions to end.

Hostetter is international/interfaith secretary of Fellowship of Reconciliation, based in Nyack, New York. He had spoken to my meeting last winter and was among those I interviewed later by telephone in an effort to get a sense of what motivated him and others like him to make the trek to Iraq.

I had intended to go to Iraq myself but for various reasons opted not to, at least for the present. In the course of networking, I discovered that nearly a dozen organizations have been sending delegations to Iraq, so I decided instead to report on their experiences for readers of FRIENDS JOURNAL. I wanted to know what individuals were observing, what they were accomplishing, and what they were carrying away spiritually from the experience.

What I heard inspired me. It confirmed my feeling that when we engage the great issues of our time—recognize and locate them on the map of our consciousness, and translate our faith into action—we are ourselves transformed. Listening to their stories helped me to understand the movement against sanctions in terms of a faith broader than Quakerism and also to consider Quakerism in a different light.

Hostetter, 54, is a Mennonite. But he says he has found his own spirituality deepened and enriched through cooperative work with people of various faiths. He married into a Jewish family, took in two Bosnian Muslim students during the war in Bosnia, and has also worked with Methodist as well as Quaker organizations. He is typical of those leading the delegations into Iraq, whose compassion transcends the boundaries of any particular religious faith.

From his first visit in 1990, just before the Gulf War, Hostetter recalls a highly industrialized Iraq with the best educational and medical system in the Arab world. It had a large middle class and beautiful cities. "We have destroyed it," he says, "and we have kept it destroyed." The systematic bombing of electric generating plants alone deprived Iraq of basic sanitation, since treatment plants all run on electricity.

Hostetter repeats Nobel Peace laureate Mairead Corrigan Maguire's burning question, "In 50 years, the next generation will ask: What were you doing when the children of Iraq were dying?"

Another activist drawn to Iraq and particularly to the plight of the children is Jim Jennings, founder of a group called Conscience International. Asked what was his most moving experience during the dozen visits he had made, delivering medical supplies to pediatric hospitals and supporting other types of relief, he said it was "putting my hand on a dying baby, whose body was just starting to chill."

Jennings, a 62-year-old professor of archaeology and Middle Eastern history, and a Baptist, looks to Christ for his model. As he writes, he is leading a delegation of religious leaders to Iraq. For him the relief effort is "a must-do kind of thing—not something I can shrink from. The children of Iraq are on the conscience of America."

The work also has rich rewards, as Michael Carley discovered during a trip last March to the southeastern corner of Iraq, the area hit hardest by the Gulf War. Carley describes his elation when the bus pulled up to the Labanni water-purification plant that his organization, Veterans for Peace (VFP), had rebuilt in partnership with a Michigan-based group called Life for Relief and Development. Seeing the fresh paint with his own eyes and hearing the pumps humming, Carley says "it just walls you—the fact that it's working and is saving thousands of children's lives!" He broke into tears.

VFP's rebuilding of the Labanni water plant is a large-scale project, restoring filtered and purified water to
Leaving behind her life in the United States, she travelled to Iraq to help. Her dream was to be able to participate in the war. She did so after being befriended by the Bruderhof community and later encouraged to join. 

The AFSC-FOR project employs Iraqi engineers using hardware familiar to the region and is compatible to projects undertaken by groups from Germany and elsewhere.

These sometimes divergent concerns—the legal challenge, on the one hand, and direct humanitarian relief on the other—tend to characterize the efforts respectively of AFSC and Mennonite Central Committee, Hostetter says, although he sees the two organizations as moving closer together in their aims. Teams from the Bruderhof community have gone to Iraq to scrub hospital floors and perform other menial tasks, as part of their witness.

The VFP effort, known as the Iraq Water Project, is not without its symbolism as well. Volunteers put in token stints of work with shovels and wheelbarrows, but chiefly they are providing the funds to put Iraqi engineers and laborers to work.

Amidst the members of Carley’s delegation was a Gulf War veteran named Candy Lovett, who suffers from debilitating Gulf War Syndrome. Near suicide, she had been befriended by the Bruderhof community and later encouraged to join the VFP delegation. She had chosen to go so that she could participate at least symbolically. She managed, from her wheelchair, to lift a couple of shovelfuls of dirt and stone. But Lovett was looking for something else, she told me before the trip. She was looking for forgiveness for her participation in the war. Her dream came true, she told me afterward, when the delegation traveled to the city of Basra. There they met a mother who had lost a child to a U.S. bomb in 1999. Lovett asked her for forgiveness. The mother, Fartous Iqbal, knelt by Lovett’s wheelchair and said in English, “Of course you are forgiven.”

Lovett felt “a big weight come off [her] shoulders.”

Carley has found the work similarly rewarding. “If I never do anything for the rest of my life, I will always know I had this project.” He does not consider himself a religious person. “But I am blessed,” he says. “I am surrounded by deeply motivated people who are powerfully led by their spiritual beliefs. And if there is something out there, I know I am loved.”

One of the most energetic and “on the ground” individuals in the anti-sanctions movement is Kathy Kelly, founder of an organization called Voices of the Wilderness. Kelly has led some 35 delegations into Iraq. She had gone to the Middle East as a pacifist and was there in Iraq, near the Iranian border, when U.S. bombs started falling in 1990. More recently she lived for seven months in Basra, which continues to suffer not only from the sanctions but from the continuing bombardment used to enforce the so-called “no fly zone,” declared unilaterally by the United States and Britain.

“Every morning,” she says, “usually around 2:30, the planes would come, and we would wonder whether civilians had been hit. Little girls would make a sound—la-la-la-la—and hold their ears, trying to drown out the sound. For the present bombings the Air Force is using National Guard reservists. They’re up there at 30,000 feet and have little sense of consequences. That’s why we think it’s so important to have these people-to-people encounters with Iraq.”

The media’s unwillingness to focus on Iraq is a source of anguish for Kelly. “If people in the U.S. knew the plight of these parents, if they could see the faces of those children—young children—then they would stop seeing Iraq as the personification of one demonized person, Saddam Hussein; they’d be seeing people just like you and me. Then I don’t think the sanctions could stand the light of another day.

“If the media presented this with the same attention they devoted to Elian Gonzales, people would be outraged. Instead, they get the daily diet of ‘What about Saddam?’ and ‘Shouldn’t we be afraid of Saddam?’ This country has by far the most weapons of mass destruction. And yet it’s easy to frighten people in the U.S. into thinking someone is going to aim a weapon at us.”

Kelly is Catholic. Growing up in a big family, she had read with fascination about the lives of the saints, about the nuns who founded orders. She might have taken vows herself, but the church was changing and she ended up in college, where she learned about Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker.

Kelly pays no taxes, not wanting to support weapons and prisons. She lives in voluntary poverty, operating Voices in the Wilderness out of her elderly father’s home in Chicago. She says the IRS agent who showed up to assess what could be seized in lieu of taxes, “looked around and said, ‘You don’t really have anything, do you? I’m going to put you down as uncollectable.’” Jail is no longer a threat, she says, having served nine months of a twelve-month sentence—in maximum security—for the offense of planting corn on a missile silo site in Kentucky.

She thinks people in the U.S. would be furious if they knew how cold-bloodedly the impact of the bombing was calculated. She cites a 1991 report by the Defense Intelligence Agency, only recently declassified, that pinpoints the vulnerability of the Iraqi water system and predicts the consequences in civilian suffering. The bombardments are “more glitzy,” she says, and are what sell newspapers, which is of a piece with our society’s glorification of
violence. But it is primarily the sanctions that are extending the war.

Asked if she sees any grounds for hope, she observed the extent to which the young people involved today in combating sweatshops and corporate globalization are committed to nonviolence. She attributes much of this to their professors, some of whom were activists during the 60s. The task now is to find ways, as Gandhi did, to make the principles of nonviolence attractive to masses of people to persuade people in the United States that "there are advantages to simplifying their lives, to serving the needs of our neighbors rather than exploiting them."

Notwithstanding her Catholic roots, Kelly struck me as more Quakerly in her actions than many of us Quakers. Her testimony caused me to examine my own willingness to translate my faith into deeds.

I also was led to consider the special role of Quakerism in today's struggle for social justice. It so happened that while conducting these interviews I was spending a lot of time reading the work of John Woolman, who for me embodies something quintessential in the Quaker tradition. In the peculiar way that such threads run through one's life, I ended up attending a weekend workshop at Pendle Hill entitled "The Prophetic Voice in Public Life: Reclaiming the Quaker Social Testimony." There I had the opportunity to hear Jonathan Dale, an English Quaker who described his own struggle to live according to his beliefs. It confirmed my own optimism about Quakerism as an actual and potential force in the world.

"No religious body," Dale writes in Faith in Action, "is in a better position to unite around its fundamental values, our testimonies, and offer them to a world which is more than ever deprived of radical vision. That is the distinctive contribution Friends could make. We could be of service if we faithfully contributed to the public debate, seeking out much more actively than at present opportunities to share the vision inherent in our testimonies.... We may not all be actors but, with encouragement and support, we could become more effective agents of change.

All with whom I talked, whatever their religious posture—whether Christ-centered or founded on the teachings of Buddha, or based on no religion at all—shared a dedication to social justice based on nonviolence as well as a belief that their spiritual lives were inseparable from their political lives. All expressed anger at what is happening in Iraq, but the anger was subordinated to compassion, hope, and love. Whether voiced or not, there was a clear, underlying belief in meeting that of God in others; all of which leads me to believe that in a vital sense the Quaker testimonies are broader than Quakerism.

We may try to live by them, but we do not own them. If we own anything it is our institutional readiness to support those who act from the deep wells of faith.

Particularly moving for me were some things said by a Quaker couple from Canada, Rick McCutcheon and Tamara Fleming had just returned from Iraq after spending seven and a half months over the course of a year-long assignment overseeing several projects organized by AFSC and Mennonite Central Committee. The projects ranged from distributing 2,000 metric tons of beans and lentils donated by Canadian farmers through the Canadian Foodgrains Bank, to rehabilitating nine schools in the Baghdad area, to teaching Iraqi farmers modern methods of propagating tomato seedlings.

I asked Fleming, who is 27, what she had gotten from the experience spiritually. "What happens to your heart?" I phrased it. She said that for her it was "seeing the darkness of the situation—the malnutrition, the unemployment, the suffering we were seeing on the ground—and then seeing the Light. We did see the resilience of the human spirit. Driving around Baghdad in some rickety old taxi you come across a wedding and see them celebrating, clapping hands, playing drums. They keep going. You see the survival mechanisms at work, and it fuels my desire to keep going, to keep talking about the issues."

McCutcheon, who is a few years older and had done most of the talking up to that point, answered the question for himself. "How does it affect your heart?" he mused. "As I was listening to Tam, I was thinking, it breaks it open. There's this Buddhist idea of the heart of compassion just breaking open." He talked of the political burnout he had experienced in Toronto before they left for Iraq, his sense of futility. His voice was gentle. "My heart had filled with that darkness for many years. And then it just breaks open. And there, in the midst of this suffering, is Light."
Mary is sitting in her usual corner. She just rocks herself in her chair and cries most of the day. She doesn’t have a rocking chair anymore but grips the wooden arms of the chair fiercely and rocks her upper body to and fro. I squat down in front of her and touch her hand.

“Hi Mary, how are you today?” She glances quickly at me and then away.

“Hi Mary, will you sing with me? Let’s sing ‘Frere Jacques.’” She glances at me during my work hours. On West we are beyond making Easter bunnies.

When I arrive at the nursing home for my shift, I take my “toy cart” where we keep our supplies of balls, beanbags, and puzzles and push it along the corridor from the activities room to the West Wing.

Please Open Door Slowly, warns a tattered, handwritten sign taped to the door. I slowly push open the heavy door, back against the wall where a magnetic catch will hold it. I push my cart through and reach back with my left hand to pull the door loose and let it close behind me with a clunk.

Please Keep Door Closed, says the sign on this side.

I’m heading for the solarium, which is almost halfway down this long corridor, opposite the nurses’ station. The walls are painted pink. Fluorescent tubes provide lighting 24 hours a day. There are open doors on both sides into small rooms with two beds in each. This is the short end with several residents who are long-term but not dementia patients. I push my cart down the short end. I wave to Nell who waves back; she is never out of bed in the afternoons. Elsie is sitting in her room reading the newspaper. Bridget is sitting in her doorway looking for a bit of company.

“Where are you going?” she asks me.

“Down to the solarium, Bridget. Do you want to come and join us?” She makes a face and says, “Maybe I will.”

Near the nurses’ station, Norma is lying back in her geri-chair in the doorway of her room. She opens her eyes wide as I go by and smiles.

“Well, what are you doing here?” she asks.

“I came to see you, of course.” From the photograph on her bureau behind her a middle-aged couple smiles happily. Norma can no longer remember her husband’s name, but she can usually tell me the names of her sisters and brothers. The three beautiful young women gaze out serenely from the family portrait, Norma the middle one.

“You’re the prettiest,” I always tell her.

“Watch out, she’s very combative today,” the nurse warns me. Norma has an alarm clipped between her sweater and her chair. She is at risk for falling if she tries to get out of her chair alone, but she is always trying to get out of her chair. Restraints are illegal in the nursing homes so these alarms alert us to the fact that someone is trying to stand or walk. The noise the alarms make is unbelievable. They distress the residents and set up a lot of agitation and yelling. It gets very noisy here on bad days.

I park my cart next to the nursing station and push Norma’s chair into the day room. She enjoys being in company, but the aides usually leave her in the doorway of her room. I find about ten people in the solarium: a big room with floor-to-ceiling windows and glass doors at the far end. It’s chilly in winter but hot as hell when the sun hits that glass.

First, I go around the room and greet those who are awake. During the afternoon, the Certified Nursing Aides (CNAs) will bring more patients into this room until it is so crowded it becomes difficult to move around. Most patients are in wheelchairs but some can still walk with the help of a walking frame. I usually have about 14 residents in the solarium.

I greet everyone: Mary who is rocking and crying in her corner, Vicki clutching her doll and wanting kisses, Jack dozing in his chair, Patsy who smiles sleepily and says, “Hello Sweetheart” while unbuttoning her sweater to show me the shirt she is wearing, Annie who wants to know if the children are home from school yet, Stella who is mercifully quiet today. I bring the brightly colored beach ball in to see who will play ball today. Norma enjoys this game. She catches the ball when I throw it to her. She holds it up in front of her face, then peeks round the side to watch my

Wynne Busby is a British Friend living in Cummington, Massachusetts, and is a member of Northampton (Mass.) Meeting.
reaction. We giggle together. Two aides come to take her to the bathroom. “Let’s take a walk, Norma.”

She strikes out angrily at them as they try to help her out of her chair. Taking people to the bathroom is done on a list system and heaven help anyone who needs to go at an odd or inconvenient time. I am forever telling an aide that a patient needs to go to the bathroom, only to be told, “Well, she’ll have to wait, we’re doing such and such and such now.”

Kathleen sits between Mary and Patsy. She must always have been a small woman, and now at 91, she seems tiny like a bird that dashed itself against my windows.

“Hey! Are you going to help me?” she yells as soon as she catches sight of me.

“Hi Kathleen.” I squat down in front of her so she can see my face as I smile at her.

“Hi.” She grins. “You’re such a cute thing.”

I think Kathleen must be the only person in the world who can call me a cute thing and get away with it. She catches sight of my earrings, “Oh, I like those.” Her face lights up in a winter smile as she fumbles at my ear.

“You have to have pierced ears,” I tell her. “Do you have pierced ears?”

“I don’t know.”

“They’ll do it for you in the store. It doesn’t hurt.”

“Oh. In the store?”

“You will?” She looks delighted. We have this conversation several times a day.

“Do I need a haircut?”

She tugs at her shaggy silver hair.

“I’ll make an appointment for you,” I promise.

Kathleen dismisses my attempts to interest her in a magazine, a talk, a game.

“I don’t want to... I don’t want...” Later though, when we are playing kickball, Kathleen’s foot in its neat brown shoe gives a little kick to the ball when I send it in her direction. I pretend not to notice. Every couple of minutes she yells, “Please help me! Lord, please help me!”

Hey! Are you going to help me?

But when I ask her what she wants, she doesn’t know. Finally I tell her, “Hush, we mustn’t wake the baby.” I point to where Vicki is sitting clutching her doll three seats away from Kathleen.

“What baby?” she asks, suspiciously.

“Mrs. Carpenter’s baby, she’s just got him to sleep.”

That keeps her quiet for a few more minutes. I continue with ballgames, a beanbag toss, and individual visits with people until 4:30 when it is time to get organized for supper. After I have wheeled or escorted the half-dozen or so residents who eat in the dining room, I return to West and sit near Norma, persuading her to eat some of her supper.

“Norma, here’s your sandwich. Take a bite.”

From time to time I cross the room to Patsy who is falling asleep again, her head dipping onto her supper tray.

“Patsy, wake up. Look! You have some soup.”

I scoop some soup onto her spoon and put the spoon in her hand.

“In your mouth, Patsy.” She looks puzzled.

“In your mouth, Patsy.”

In this way I manage to coax Patsy and Norma and Kathleen to eat something. The CNAs are busy feeding patients who can no longer feed themselves at all and so, although I am not supposed to put food into a patient’s mouth, I do try and help in this way. Kathleen takes three bites of her grilled cheese sandwich, then flings it down on her tray.

“I don’t want any more.”

She struggles to her feet and grips her walking frame.

“I’ve got to get out of here!”

Slowly she walks out of the day room. At the doorway she pauses. “Where am I going?” she yells to anyone who will listen.

I point her down the hall to her room. She’ll be back in three minutes yelling, “Where am I going to sit?”
Today Kathleen is wearing a dark blue denim skirt. It is much too long for her now. I pin up the hem so that she will not trip and fall. Kathleen had a birthday last week. The nurse asked her how old she was.

"Five," she answered, as if anyone should know that.

After supper, Norma thinks we should make a call to her mama, but I tell her it's a long distance call from here, so we'll wait until tomorrow. Norma nods her agreement.

The population changes of course. During the 18 months I have been working there, 12 people have died. And new people come.

When someone from my meeting asked me what I got out of my work, I was stumped for a bit. Partly I get the occasional stunning moment—like Kathleen and her wedding album that is a gift to a poet, or Joanna telling me about the Nile green dress she danced in. It is as if there is a dark place and you can open little windows of light for a moment.

"But isn't that for them, though?"

Maybe, but it's for me too.

The thing is, there are absolutely no pretenses in these interactions on West. All the social niceties we value so highly are gone, totally gone. That makes for a very direct connection. The only way I have found to reach these patients is to beam love at them, close up and full power. I believe people do feel that love, even if only for a moment. Yes, I get something in return: they see me as a friend, they trust me, and love me in return in a way.

The problem—and that's why I asked my meeting for a clearness committee—is that the work is exhausting when you have no support system or backup. It's emotionally draining, and the physical circumstances are pretty hard too: hours on my feet on a cement floor, the room usually overheated: I keep thinking about the work, why I am doing it, how hard it is, how desperately important it is, and how I feel I can't do it much longer. I have been asking myself why there isn't a ministry to nursing homes. Especially, why isn't there a ministry to people with Alzheimer's disease and other dementias?

What would such a ministry look like?

I know nothing about the inner life of the AD patient. If you don't know what to do with a spoon of ice cream when I put it into your hand, what does your inner life look like? In a way, though, that doesn't matter.

Most of the patients I see regularly know me in a way. They don't know my name or my job or anything like that, but they seem to know I am their friend. It must make a difference to have a friend. I believe that love does reach people in the place where they are, even if they know it only for a brief moment. I don't know what that place is like and I hope I never will, but I sense it is something frightening, sometimes puzzling. A person in the later stages of dementia seems usually less frightened. So a ministry to the dementia patient must be one of companionship and befriending. It would have to include regular visits so you become a familiar face. You need to be someone who can be at home in a very odd sort of world.

I find myself frustrated and disappointed at the lack of contact with local faith communities and with the inappropriate nature of some of these contacts. Lilian, for example, still gets the newsletter from her church. It's in 10-point font. She can't read it. Actually she couldn't read it now if it were in 50-point. Lilian used to be a librarian and is happiest when she has some books to move around and arrange, but she can't read anymore. I open her mail for her and read the prayers and scripture passages in the newsletter, hoping that some of the familiar words reach a place in her mind. But I always have the impulse to rush out to the minister of this church and haul him into the nursing home and say, "Look! It's no good sending her this newsletter. She can't read it; she doesn't know what it's about. You have to do better than this."

A ministry to those with AD might have to include playing ball and doing very simple puzzles and winding yarn. It might include looking at family photographs with Norma and reminding her of the names of her brothers and sisters when she forgets them, or looking at Kathleen's wedding pictures with her. It might include singing "Frere Jacques" with Mary because that's the only way to stop her crying for a while; it would include playing cards (War!) with Julian and finding the newspaper for Annie to read in the afternoon even though none of it makes sense to her anymore.

But it would need a friend for the ministers too. I find I carry home a lot of sad and heavy things because I have nowhere else to go with them. Sometimes I feel as if I am on a desert island and ships are going by just out of reach of the sound of my voice or the sight of my frantic help signals.

At about 7:15 I begin to go around the room again, saying goodnight to those still there and still awake. I explain that I am going home now and will be back tomorrow. "Have a good night's rest. Goodnight."

Norma looks puzzled.

"We can find a bed for you here," she tells me, with an expansive gesture. "I'll come tomorrow," I promise.

"I always look forward to your visits," Norma assures me, and I glimpse for a moment the gracious hostess she must have been.

"Have a good night's rest. Sleep with the angels."

I take my cart and push it back down the corridor. I pull open the door and let it close behind me.
Wedding Album

by Wynne Busby

Her white satin skirts are carefully arranged
draped around her by the bridesmaid
for this formal portrait of the bride
who emerges from her pale corolla,
her bosom modestly draped in satin and lace,
serene and serious—no trace here
of the sudden grin like winter sun
which hooks my heart seventy years later—

"My pearls," she points with a grimy index
to the double strand at the young neck,
then to her own throat, fingerling
"Those are my pearls."
"What is your dress made of, Kathleen?"
"Satin, white satin."
Then back to her throat again,
"My pearls."

I turn the pages, here's the family group.
"These are my bridesmaids,
that's Edward's sister."
"Is this Alice?" I ask.
"Yes, Alice. She's only ten years old."
"What color are their dresses, Kathleen?"
"Aqua," she replies without hesitation.

Finally, I point to the young man at her side.
She looks a long moment, shakes her head
and taps the photograph with a yellow fingernail,
"I don't know who that is
~ I think he has since died."
first heard of the U.S. Army School of the Americas (SOA), located on the grounds of the huge Ft. Benning Army base in Georgia, through the Religious Society of Friends. [The SOA was renamed "Western Hemispheric Institute for Security Cooperation" on January 17, 2001—Eds.] When I was offered the opportunity to participate in a nonviolent demonstration for the purpose of closing the school, I went as a Friend with the spiritual support of Penn Valley Meeting, Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative). Throughout the rainy, damp weekend of protest, I sought the guidance and friendship of other Quakers. Two of my daughters joined me in the protest.

Events to publicize and protest training by the SOA are organized primarily by the SOA Watch, a national organization founded by Fr. Roy Bourgeois. About ten years ago, Roy rented an apartment across the street from the main gates into Ft. Benning and opened the first SOA Watch office there. His foresight in doing so propelled demonstrations at the base each November: the anniversary of the murder of six Jesuits and two women who were killed on November 16, 1989. Of the 21 soldiers indicted for the murders, 16 were trained at the SOA. Archbishop Oscar Romero, beloved champion of the poor, also was assassinated by SOA-trained soldiers while he was celebrating mass. Part of his last homily is read at the annual demonstration that began with a handful of friends of those murdered.

The SOA was established in Panama in 1946 to train Latin American soldiers to protect the interests of U.S. corporations and maintain an economy that benefits powerful people in the U.S. and their allies in Latin America. Pentagon figures estimate that $10 to $20 million of our taxes annually support the SOA. Through the SOA, a U.S. military presence is maintained without jeopardizing the lives of U.S. soldiers. Approximately 60,000 Latin American troops have now learned combat skills such as commando tactics, military intelligence, and psychological operations at the SOA. A White House report confirmed the use of SOA training manuals that advocated torture, execution, and blackmail.

Dubbed "The School of Assassins," the SOA is responsible for the deaths of numerous Latin Americans who once threatened U.S. interests. The victims of SOA graduates range from labor leaders and protesters to clergy and innocent witnesses; no one is free from the tyranny enforced by SOA-trained soldiers. What follows is a compilation of stories based on conversations with SOA Watch members who protested at Ft. Benning, Georgia, in the fall of 2000.

Frank and Carol Cummings joined an SOA Watch protest at Ft. Benning about ten years ago, when a priest-friend joined
Roy in a fast at the gates. “There were about 20 people and more police than that,” commented Frank in a recent discussion. The Cummings participate in the annual demonstration to provide a presence from Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting and AFSC to the SOA Watch. Frank is also a member of the Sanctuary Movement, which includes Quakers as well as other religious groups, and which assists refugees from Guatemala and El Salvador to live and speak in the U.S. against torture and terrorist events happening in their villages. This year Frank organized an AFSC and NISGUA information table at the SOA demonstration.

November 2000 was the second time that Blue Maas, of Des Moines Valley (Iowa) Meeting, participated. Blue tells her story: “Last year in 1999, the tenth anniversary of the slayings, I decided to join the SOA Watch. Using the Internet and e-mail, I found a room to share with other protesters to cut expenses. I carried a white cross with the name ‘Benjamin Linder/Nicaragua’ painted on it, given to me by a Quaker, Marian Solomon, who’d carried it in previous years. She told me Linder had been a young man from Washington who, upon his graduation, went to the mountains of Nicaragua to build hydroelectric devices that would bring fresh water to villages. He was kidnapped and killed by SOA graduates.” Blue carried the cross enshrined with Linder’s name all the way to Ft. Benning. “I switched planes in Atlanta and while doing so, met others obviously headed for the SOA Watch demonstration. As we boarded the plane, a young petite, gray-haired woman tearfully approached me. She pointed her finger at the name on my cross and said, ‘This is . . . . my son.’ There are not words to describe the emotion of that moment and the joy and pride I felt in having made the decision to go to Ft. Benning. Mrs. Linder told me that this was the first time she was going to the demonstration, ‘to be with [her] son.’

“That first night I attended one of several informational sessions held by SOA Watch organizers. Here all protesters take a pledge to participate nonviolently, form affinity groups if they haven’t already done so, and are told what to expect over the weekend. The atmosphere is one of intense caring and solidarity.

“Because of individual schedules, it was two nights before I had the opportunity to spend time with Nadine, a Chicago resident of Salvadoran ancestry and the woman with whom I was sharing a bed!” Blue finally met her roommate and was moved by her story. “Saturday afternoon I found her in our room, busy with a diorama. Using few words she indicated that, like the cross I was to carry, she was at the rally in 2000. Blue planned her trip to the SOA demonstration at the front gates of Ft. Benning. ‘I was to catch a flight home at 12:30, not giving me much time to see the actual funeral procession. I carried my cross as I went to arrange for a cab to the local airport. As I did so, I was stopped by a young woman who recognized the name on the cross as a dedication in a book written by Barbara Kingsolver. The woman explained that she was a resident of Columbus, and I shared what I knew about ‘Benjamin Linder/Nicaragua.’ Then she offered to drive me to the Atlanta airport (a three-hour drive), even though we had just met! As it worked out, she drove me to the local airport in time to catch my original departing flight.” Blue still maintains a friendship with this chance acquaintance and even stayed with her when she was at the rally in 2000. Blue planned her trip to the 2000 protest so that she could be present at the procession and cross the line into Ft. Benning.

“I found the march onto the base on Sunday very somber, yet spiritually uplifting. The names of the murdered are read,
and all those with crosses lift them and say "presente," meaning "you are with us today and we honor you." People walk in native costumes, many carrying flowers and signs, others with various individual symbols honoring murdered family and friends. On the quiet, slow walk to cross the line I thought of Nadine and her baby, Benjamin Linder and his mother, Friends I knew in Central and South America, and the Quakers supporting me in Iowa.

My daughter Breeze Luetke-Stahlman participated in her first demonstration against the SOA at the Pentagon in the spring of 1999 while interning at William Penn House in Washington, D.C. Breeze tells her story: "I was a puppeteer in a 'National Day without the Pentagon,' an action involving street theater, a solemn procession, the symbolic burying of the SOA using dirt brought by the protesters from all over the world, and a 'die-in' to bring attention to the number of deaths for which the SOA is responsible. A 'die-in' is a reenactment of the massacres carried out by SOA-trained soldiers. They occurred on both sides of the line during the November demonstration in Georgia.

"This year [2000] I decided to join a University of Kansas group (where I now am in school). The Sunday prior to the event, my mother and I participated in a special, nondenominational, faith-based commitment and solidarity ceremony at the campus ecumenical center. There we met about 20 students and community members from Topeka, Olathe, and Lawrence who had a variety of reasons for attending the SOA Watch demonstration. Hannah, my 17-year-old sister, decided to join us. She had been working with the AFSC locally to stop military recruiters from speaking in area high schools, and she saw the protest as an extension of that work. Hannah and I had also worked in a mountain village in Honduras under the care of Chapel Hill (N.C.) Meeting earlier in the fall. We went for our friends there. I remembered the words of Archbishop Oscar Romero who said in his last homily, knowing he would be murdered, 'Let those with voices speak for the voiceless.' I traveled to Ft. Benning because I wanted to use my body as a tool and add my voice to those who are saying that we must do all we can to close the SOA.

"At the gates of Ft. Benning I walked in the procession and decided to cross the line onto the base. I walked arm-in-arm with eight others, including my sister Hannah. Proudly upholding our pledge to nonviolence, we were arrested. Although in previous years protesters had been banned from returning to the base for a year, this time the ban was for five years. If we cross the line in the next five years, we risk six months in prison, a $50,000 fine, or both. Many have already served time or are currently in jail for participating in previous SOA Watch events.

"Local reporters met our vans as our group returned to Kansas. The next day, my 22nd birthday, the headlines told our story. One article that touched many ended with my words: 'You give me five years, I'll give you five people.' In other words, we need Friends to cross next year!

"Also in an effort to bring my experience to others, I designed a postcard of Hannah and [me] carrying our banner and crosses. On the back we asked others to join us November 16-18, 2001. With some support from our Penn Valley Meeting, we sent nearly 200 of these to (F)friends around the country during the week of our final exams! If one of those postcards sparks one conversation that questions the role of the SOA, my time and energy will have been worth it. I hope to see more members of my Quaker community beside me at the gates."

Peg Morton is an active member of Eugene (Oreg.) Meeting. "I am a long-term activist, mainly in the Central American solidarity and war-tax resistance movement. I've wanted to be present at faith-based actions for change and have found myself focusing on closing the SOA. This organization represents the absolute worst of an intricate web of U.S. and corporate policies of greed, environmental rampage, and both insidious and physically violent
war upon the poor around the world.

"I traveled from Oregon to Ft. Benning with 80 others. This year more than ever, SOA Watch welcomed and embraced the global movement for change, and I was impressed with the diversity of those in attendance: young people with puppets, vitality, and imagination mixed with Catholic sisters, unionists, those in wheelchairs, families with toddlers, and weathered activists to spend the weekend in the chilly drizzle and protest nonviolently. We all agreed to act in reverence and to honor those murdered. About 3,600 protesters risked arrest by crossing the line onto base property and walking as far as possible onto the base. Over 2,100 of us were actually arrested.

As I watched all those people standing in the rain and cold, listening to survivors of the actual massacre in 1996 in Chiapas, to Pete Seeger, to a row of people who have served this cause in prison, I felt a power that transcends the violence in the world. I felt hope. When it was time for my affinity group of six to walk in the long funeral procession and cross onto the base, we carried dolls that were dressed for burial, each representing a massacred child.

"Shrouded in black, I clutched a family of little rag dolls, [symbolizing] the siblings of a friend who is a survivor of a Guatemala massacre. Never have I felt so bonded to dolls. Once on the base we walked until we found a grassy patch. There we used spades to bury our dolls, wailing loudly from the deepest places of our hearts. Many joined us in our wailing. We were arrested for 'criminal trespass' and 'destroying property.' Yet the dictators and generals, graduates of the SOA and perpetrators of massacres, go uncharged, untried. We were of course insisting trials and her turn to serve in prison.''

Nancy Smith's son was one of about 20 Guilford College students who also demonstrated against the SOA. The school's Service and Coordination Council paid for their gas and hotel, and meals were packed by the school cafeteria. Other support came from the Quaker Leadership Scholars Program and the campus Amnesty International organization. Of the 15 or 20 people who went, two were Quaker. Eight students crossed the line and were processed for arrest.

"As a Quaker and a pacifist," reported Priscilla Ewen from Atlanta, "I go to the SOA protest every year because it is a way to stand up to America's pervasive militarism within a wide base of support. The SOA is so clearly a human rights hazard that many people want to see it closed. More broadly, I am protesting America's general foreign policy especially in Latin America. I definitely think more Quakers should show up next year. There are plenty of religious groups represented, most visibly Catholics and Buddhists. You don't have to be prepared to go to jail to go to the protest. Some people don't cross, some do and come back before they are arrested, and others risk arrest. This past year, an affinity group model was adopted from Seattle and D.C. protests. There was a beautiful and moving affinity group with huge puppets; the soldiers took the puppets from the protesters and hacked them. Those who remain outside of the gates pray for those who cross; a vital role. A huge die-in of 1,000 people was planned this year as well, but it was so wet that the idea was abandoned. Signs included the slogans, 'I order you in the name of God, Stop the oppression' (Romero) and 'Hate cannot drive out hate, only love can do that' (Martin Luther King Jr.)."

Attending the demonstration for the first time this year were Malcolm and Lucy Bell from Weston, Vermont, and members of Wilderness Meeting. Malcolm became involved after joining the Sanctuary Movement and meeting Frank Cummings in 1989. Malcolm distrusts the mission of the SOA and believes the motivation is control and military fraternity. He found it "terribly moving" to watch the multiple columns of people walking peacefully into the fort and feels strongly that "actions against the SOA help to inform the American public of the truth behind the school."

Malcolm wrote a letter to the editor of the Columbus newspaper that was published several days after the November demonstration. The Bells would like to see a Quaker presence this November. "There is a good deal of public respect for the Quakers and nothing could be more consistent with our Peace Testimony," Malcolm said in a recent telephone conversation. They plan to return to the base in November and cross.

Like Malcolm, I found protesting the SOA very powerful. Participating in the rally, as well as knowing that the experiences I heard were similar to my own, gives me strength. Through shared witness, I can continue to work for a better world."
Christ and Jesus in My perception is that most attenders of unprogrammed Quaker meetings in the United States today are uncomfortable with the Christian heritage of the Religious Society of Friends. If so, this is unfortunate, for that heritage is rich and has much to give us if we would only draw upon it. The problem, I propose, has much to do with the fact that we do not understand the distinctly Quaker approach to Christianity and instead accept the interpretations of other denominations as the only ones possible—so that when we reject these interpretations we also reject Christianity.

In order to help us to a new understanding, I'd like to revisit the early Quaker experience of Christ Jesus and discuss what is distinctive about it. I've deliberately used the inverted phrase Christ Jesus, because that was common among founding Friends and because it helps to alert us to the fact that a good pan of our problem is one of language.

In the contemporary United States when someone says "Jesus Christ," implicitly embedded within this term is "my personal Lord and Savior." However, when we simply say "Jesus" we open the possibility that we mean the historical Jesus as understood from the last century of critical biblical scholarship on the Synoptic Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. And when we invoke "Christ" we generally mean the universal presence of Christ, which was manifested in the historical Jesus, but also preexisted him and has continued to break in on the lives of peoples of all cultures since.

This universal Christ is announced in the Gospel of John 1:1-5 with:

> In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. ... in him was life, and the life was the light of all people. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it.

This is the origin of our phrase "Inner Light," and it testifies to the universal presence of God and its capability of breaking in on our lives. In The Coming of the Cosmic Christ, the lapsed Catholic Matthew Fox uses this Christ from the Gospel of John to argue for the universality of this aspect of the Christian experience.

Thus although unprogrammed Quakers may be uncomfortable with "Jesus Christ," I believe they are more at ease with "Jesus" and "Christ." I want to show that the implicit theology that underlies these distinctions is much the same as that of the early Quakers.

Quakerism arose out of the ferment that overtook England in the first generation after the Bible became widely available in English. In the period around the English Civil War most literate English men and women read the Bible avidly and studied it intently. They frequently were shocked to discover that the Christianity portrayed in the New Testament was quite different from the one presented by the established churches, both Anglican and Catholic.

Quakerism was an attempt to recapture "primitive Christianity" as reflected in the Gospels and the Book of Acts. There is a gentle irony to the many Friends who strongly affirm the Quaker testimonies but distance themselves from Christianity—for virtually all of those testimonies are rooted in the Gospels. Do we not lose something when we accept these precious fruits and reject the roots from which they grew?

However, Friends did not and do not believe that the discovery of Truth, whether about Christianity or anything else, is primarily a matter of scholarship. Protestant theologians such as Calvin knew ancient Greek and Hebrew and devoted intensive study to the early texts but came to very different conclusions than Friends did.

George Fox wrote that "though I read the Scriptures that spoke of Christ and of God, yet I knew him not but by revelation..." Fox insisted again and again that he "knew experimentally" the fundamental truths about which he ministered. By
Early Quakerism

this he meant that the Inner Light, the Presence of Christ, the Indwelling Seed gave him a direct experience that affirmed a particular insight for him.

Thomas Ellwood, another founding Friend, wrote similarly:

Now also did I receive a new law, an inward law superadded to the outward—the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus—which wrought in me against what is usually implied by study of the New Testament is important called the Religious experience. Friends have had with the Living Christ. It’s not that Friends are unaware of their many personal failings and the ways in which their aspirations exceed their performance; it’s just that they see no benefit in wallowing in their shortcomings and instead want to get on with doing better. To do otherwise is what George Fox criticized in the Calvinists as “preaching sin.” If one compares early Quaker writing to that of Martin Luther or of most Catholics from Augustine to Vatican Council II, the absence of discussions of Hell is dramatic.

For Quakers, becoming a child of God is a lifelong project. Perhaps one can be “saved” from guilt or can commit oneself to a new path in a single prayer meeting. When one reads the accounts of these epiphanies among early Friends, however, one is struck by the long periods of seeking and threshing that preceded them. And being a “child of God” requires an ongoing series of breakthroughs that come from continuous living in the Light of Christ. Friends therefore have not been ones for altar calls but instead for gradually altered lives.

As a consequence, as William Penn observed of the early Friends:

They were changed men [sic] themselves before they went about to change others. Their hearts were rent as well as their garments, and they know the power and work of God upon them. . . . And as they freely received what they had to say from the Lord, so they freely administered it to others. The bent and stress of their ministry was conversion to God, regeneration and holiness, not schemes of doctrines and verbal creed or new forms of worship, but a leaving off in religion the superfluous and reducing the ceremonious and formal part, and pressing earnestly the substantial, the necessary and profitable part. . . .”

A great many dreadful things have been and continue to be done in the name of Christianity. But this is not true of the Religious Society of Friends. Overwhelmingly the vision and good works of Quakerism have grown out of the understanding its founders had of Christianity. 1, for one, have no wish to abandon Christianity to the fundamentalists. We Friends know experimentally that when we interpret the Gospels in the Light of the Living Christ, we have the capacity to make this troubled Earth a new creation. This is our testimony to the world.
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—Marjorie Schier, Fall Friends Meeting, Fallsington, Pa.

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—Marjorie Schier, Fall Friends Meeting, Fallsington, Pa.

Staying in Touch
by Paul Buckley and Peggy Spohr

Soon after Susan Corson-Finnerty became editor-manager of FRIENDS JOURNAL in 1999, she set a goal to conduct a survey of FRIENDS JOURNAL subscribers. It had been nearly a decade since a 1991 survey, and much had changed in that time. The editors, staff, and Board needed to know whether subscribers had changed as well. Three questions guided the survey development: Who are the current subscribers? What is it about the JOURNAL that keeps them reading? And equally important, why have some people who used to read the JOURNAL decided to stop?

The Lapsed Subscriber Survey
In 1999, members of the FRIENDS JOURNAL Board of Managers conducted a short telephone survey of former subscribers. A sample of 176 was selected at random from people who had not renewed the JOURNAL in the previous six to eighteen months. A telephone number could not be found for about one-third of this sample. Of the remainder, 72 percent answered a short set of questions. Almost two-thirds of the lapsed subscribers interviewed were women, their average age was about 50, and roughly a third had children under 18. Two-thirds had received the JOURNAL for five years or less when they decided to drop their subscription. While 37 percent had started with gift subscriptions, a large proportion had paid for their subscriptions themselves either initially or by renewing an initial gift.

The cost of subscribing was the most frequent reason given for not renewing a subscription—75 percent of all lapsed subscribers listed this as a reason. In addition, nearly half said they did not have enough time to read the JOURNAL, and a little over one-third noted that they didn’t like the content or that it didn’t speak to them.

The Current Subscriber Survey
In early 2001, a random sample of 1,000 current subscribers received a mail
questionnaire. A total of 520 completed questionnaires were returned within two months of mailing. The findings of these questionnaires are included in the analysis that follows and when available are compared to the 1991 survey results.

**Demographics.** Nearly two-thirds of those who responded to the questionnaire were women, and as in 1991, about 60 percent were married. The number of respondents who describe themselves as single dropped from 22 percent in 1991 to 11 percent in 2001. Almost all have children, but the percentage with children under the age of 18 has dropped from 33 to 22 percent. In 1991, the average respondent's age was about 50; currently it is over 60. As would be expected in an older audience, the proportion of retired subscribers has increased from 30 to 47 percent. Educational attainment was high in 1991 and has become even higher—90 percent have at least a bachelor's degree and those with at least a master's degree has risen from 52 to 61 percent. Respondents were most often employed in education (33 percent, up from 29 percent ten years ago), and 22 percent are medical, legal, or other professionals (up from 16 percent). Household income seems to have grown faster than inflation, now averaging over $70,000.
Membership in the Religious Society of Friends among current respondents has increased from 76 to 83 percent, with eight in ten reporting that they attend a Friends meeting for worship at least once a month. While the bulk of the JOURNAL’s readers still live in the mid-Atlantic region, 2001 survey respondents appear to be geographically more diverse, coming from every yearly meeting in North America (evangelical and liberal, programmed and unprogrammed) and from at least eight yearly meetings overseas.

In 1991, 50 percent of respondents said they had been subscribers for more than five years; by 2001 this rose to 72 percent. Similar to 1991 respondents, most reported that they first became subscribers by picking up a copy of the JOURNAL at their meeting (21 percent) or by receiving it as a gift, either from their meeting (14 percent) or a friend (13 percent).

Rating topics. Readers were asked to indicate whether they wanted “more,” “same,” or “less” of each of ten topics. Most answered that the current amount of space given to these topics in the JOURNAL should remain the same or increase. Only the ratings of poetry were somewhat negative, where 25 percent of those responding wanted fewer poems versus 9 percent who wanted more. This topic also attracted by far the largest number of comments, most asking for higher quality in the poetry printed.

Men and women had some very different emphases in this section of the questionnaire. Of all topics listed, women most wanted more “Spiritual Reflections” articles (41 percent women, 29 percent men). Men were more interested in additional articles on Quaker history (33 percent women, 41 percent men), the variety of Quaker beliefs (34 percent women, 39 percent men), and on controversial issues among Friends (31 percent women, 42 percent men).

Rating the Sections. Readers were then asked to rate the various sections (departments, features, and ads) in the JOURNAL. Of all categories, articles were clearly the most appreciated. These were rated as “excellent” by 34 percent (higher than the rating given to any other section) and “good” by an additional 50 percent (also higher than any other section). When asked if they had ever photocopied anything from the JOURNAL, 58 percent said yes, and in most cases it was an article that had been copied. Among the other sections, the editor’s column, Forum/Viewpoint, Book Reviews, and the Meeting Directory all received ratings of excellent or good from more than 70 percent of the
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Overall Ratings. The final question offered respondents a five-point scale from ‘very important’ to ‘not important’ on which to rate overall personal importance of FRIENDS JOURNAL. The highest rating was chosen by 33 percent, and ‘4’ was selected by another 40 percent. This rating increased with the age of the respondent and was consistently high among those over 60. Women rated the JOURNAL higher than men did, and those with adult children rated it higher than those with minor children.

Summary

Aside from an increase in age, the 2001 respondents were very similar to those in 1991. Current readers are generally pleased with FRIENDS JOURNAL, and many assume that Friends everywhere would like to read it. Subscribers tend to be women, over the age of 60, well educated, and to have grown children. They love to read books and to read about books, and they are likely to get their first subscription to the JOURNAL as a gift. Men of all ages, and parents with children under 18, are generally less satisfied with the offerings. Readers want the ads, meeting directory, and Milestones to be current and relevant to

“Except in the letters, I’ve been bothered by a general blandness and superficiality in FJ over the decades. It’s easy to put off reading it. There are wonderful exceptions, but I don’t feel right urging people to subscribe. (Is it too nice or a bit dull?)”

“I have always liked your font choice and layout! I’ve been subscribing since the late 1970’s!”

“We are very disappointed in FRIENDS JOURNAL of late. It is as if it has been taken hostage by mystical secular humanists. I grew up in PYM, which was very non-Biblical. I liked that, but this new approach is ridiculous. It has become a political tool. I get this as a gift, but I’d rather have a roll of stamps next year.”

“Closing thoughts: I’ve seen a lot of coverage of current events/social justice witness in FJ—which is great; however, I’d like to see more about the spiritual side of Friends’ witness. I think we liberal ‘slick’ or more expensive. ‘Keep it plain and simple,’ wrote one.”

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“Laddy I want to thank all of the staff for producing a beautiful, highly readable magazine without any gloss or glamour! It lifts my spirit from the moment I see it has arrived at our door. Well done, all of you! Or should I say, in the old way of Friends, ‘you have been favoured’—by the Spirit working through you. Whatever way you say it, I wish you all every blessing.”
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POSITION ANNOUNCEMENT

FRIENDS JOURNAL, an independent monthly Friends magazine, publishes "Quaker thought and life today." Our readership is located in all 50 states and 42 foreign countries, and includes members of every yearly meeting in North America, across all the branches of Quakerism.

We are seeking a Senior Editor. In collaboration with the Executive Editor, this individual will select manuscripts for publication, provide oversight of technical production of the magazine, create the annual production schedule, read and respond to approximately 400 submissions annually, supervise editorial volunteers and staff interns.

Experience and knowledge of the Religious Society of Friends is essential. The ideal candidate will be pleased to work with the wide range of belief found among Friends General Conference Quakers, and also will be enthusiastic about building bridges across the branches of Quakerism. Excellent organizational, editorial, writing, and computer skills required. Familiarity with The Chicago Manual of Style is desirable.

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Send resume and three references by October 1 to: Susan Corson-Finnerty, Publisher and Executive Editor, FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1216 Arch Street, Suite 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107.
Fax: 215-568-1377.
No phone calls please.

Senior Editor

A Response ... and an Invitation

We are very grateful to the 520 readers who filled out and returned our survey this past January. The information we’ve gotten from you has been heartening and given us valuable guidance in thinking about future issues. The comments written on these surveys are candid and hence quite helpful. We greatly appreciate hearing from our readers!

Despite the enormous care taken to create a survey that would yield unambiguous responses, some questions remain for the editors to puzzle over. Who were the 480 individuals who did not respond to the survey, and why didn’t they? Is there a personality or dispositional or perhaps life circumstance difference (such as retirement) between those who responded and those who didn’t that would skew the results?

One thing is quite clear. The content of FRIENDS JOURNAL is created to a significant extent by our readership. So if you are a reader who hopes to see more spiritual reflection in these pages, or more Quaker history, or more controversial issues, or more on the variety of Friends beliefs, or more humor, or more advertising from areas outside the mid-Atlantic region, be advised! We will keep our eyes open for such material, but you, dear readers, must send it in to us! Please help us to meet these stated needs by encouraging others and considering yourself what you might submit for possible publication.

A final thought. A copy of this readership survey is on our website at <http://www.friendsjournal.org/contact/reader_survey.html>. While those who fill out the survey this way will not become part of the statistical group in this article, your responses are closely read with great interest. These respondents, too, will help shape the magazine in the months and years ahead. So if you’d like a chance to see the actual survey questions and to offer your comments on the JOURNAL, send them to us using this wonderful tool.

Susan Corson-Finnerty

September 2001 FRIENDS JOURNAL.
Tom Ewell
by Kara Newell

Tom Ewell may be one of the few Friends whose clearness committee didn't clear him on the first try! He did not grow up a Quaker, but he became interested in Quakers when he was teaching at Cambridge (Mass.) Friends School in the early '70s. "I decided midway through the year (1972) that I would check out these Quakers I was working for; so I went to Friends Meeting at Cambridge, and I felt at home. I had gone to a number of churches in the Cambridge area, and I'd not found one that I even went back to a second time. So Quakers were a big discovery.

"After a few months, I asked how to become a member. Of course they said, 'You write a letter,' which I did right away, and they set up a clearness committee for me. About 15 minutes into our first meeting, they asked if I'd ever read Faith and Practice, or been to a business meeting, or read a book about Quakers. I said, 'no!' Courteously, they suggested I think about Quakers a little more, go to business meeting, and maybe read Faith and Practice.

"Their rejection was good. I went to business meeting and began to appreciate the deeper part of Quakerism—its faith and practice. When I had a second clearness committee, perhaps a year later, it was a great celebration. I knew I had found a home, and I've not looked back.

"I never tire of reflecting on 'there's that of God in each person,' partly because it's the heart of my egalitarian instinct. I find it such a powerful way to organize my conscience, my social witness, and my sense of who I am.

"The same thing goes for Friends community, which does not just happen. You have to give your heart as part of the community. If I am smug about my Quakerism, it isn't about theology or practice, it's about the wonderful community to which I have access, traveling across the country or a phone call away—people with whom I share deep values and trust."

Tom Ewell is 57 years old and lives in Cape Elizabeth, Maine. He has been executive director of the Maine Council of Churches since 1986. He is a member of Portland Meet-

Kara Newell is a member of Reedwood Friends Church in Portland, Oregon.
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Tom graduated from the College of Wooster (Ohio) in 1965. He grew up in a small town in Ohio. "In some ways [it] seemed like a wonderful, sheltered place with considerable freedom and privilege. But both of my parents died in those years, my father when I was a baby, and my mom when I was 16. I was taken into the home of my Methodist Sunday School teacher, I call her 'Mom Dundon' and have been an adopted member of her family ever since. I am grateful for my good fortune.

"On a fellowship, I taught college in India for two years, 1965-67, working with Tibetan refugees during the summer break. I returned through Southeast Asia and faced into the Vietnam War when I talked with an Air Force man who was pulling the trigger and bombing places we weren't supposed to be bombing—Cambodia and Laos. He also confessed to his relationship with a Thai woman when he had a wife at home. He was a miserable guy.

"That conversation was stunning—that there was this huge lie going on.

"When I went to India, I was a major apologist for the U.S., but I came back with an inclination to do peace work—at least to tell the story of what I had seen." Tom taught for two years in an inner-city Philadelphia junior high school, then went to School for International Training in Vermont. He did an internship in Bolivia and eventually went to the Center for the Study of Development and Social Change in Cambridge, as a volunteer and activist. "There I really dug in as a pacifist. My day job was Manpower; I worked some with [Late American education activist] Paulo Freire and spent most evenings doing antirwar work."

Tom married in 1971 and taught at Cambridge Friends School from 1972 to 1976, deciding that education was not his calling. He was drawn toward ministry, so he spent a year at Earlham School of Religion and went on to Washington University in St. Louis for a graduate degree in Social Work.

Tom went to Maine because of a college roommate's poster—a scene from Maine's Georgetown Beach that fascinated and amazed him, and he visited the first chance he got. He determined that he would move there, which he did eventually with his family after finishing his graduate work. He first worked in a housing rehabilitation program for three years. Then he served as director for New England Yearly Meeting from 1982 to 1986.

Having been executive director of the Maine Council of Churches for over 15 years, Tom is reflective about his work and his future: "One thing I feel good about is developing a leadership style that flattens the organization, both staff and committee. There's a broad shared responsibility for the work—it's almost the norm that people cannot claim individual credit for anything that's done in the council. And that includes me, of course." Tom acknowledges that he must do the administrative work well to be free to do the public policy work he most enjoys.

Outside work, Tom's focus is on family and faith. His two sons have graduated from college and are finding their way in the world. Tom is a proud father and spends quality time with his children. Though he and their mother divorced a number of years ago, he is open and honest with his sons about the pain of the divorce and has supported their relationship with their mother. He is now happy in a mutually supportive and spiritually compatible marriage and is the stepfather of a third adult son.

Tom nurtures his spiritual life in several ways. "I take some time in the morning to thank God, gratitude being the heart of prayer. I also take at least a week a year to go away on retreat for regeneration, rest, and quiet. And being part of a larger faith body, my meeting, has always been important."

Over his years as a teacher, social activist, pacifist, Quaker, husband, father, administrator, and leader, Tom has looked to heroes and mentors—Schweitzer, Gandhi, King—for inspiration and courage. But, he says, "increasingly, the real heroes of my life are older people who have stood the test of time, who have held integrity, grace, and humor. Watching Mom Dundon grow old (she's now 97) has been a lesson. She has lost her eyesight and hearing, but when we sing hymns and pray, she is as sharp as ever. Her prayers are cogent. She goes into a different place. She's only gotten better over the years. I think what I most want to do is grow old and be like that."
Quaker Organizations

The Social Testimonies at Pendle Hill
by Paul Rasor

As a newcomer to Quakerism, one of my most exciting discoveries was the Quaker social testimonies. I had heard of the Peace Testimony, but it was not until I began reading authors such as Howard Brinton and talking with my Pendle Hill colleagues that I learned of other testimonies that spoke in depth to every dimension of life. Here, I realized, is a set of living principles that can ground a personal and corporate way of being in the world.

As I sought to deepen my understanding, I found the state of the dialogue on the social testimonies among Friends to be ambiguous. In North America, at least among people I met at Pendle Hill and within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, there didn't seem to be much discussion of the testimonies. Even at the recent FGC Gathering, while several events touched on one or another testimony as part of a witness on the environment or economic justice or peace, there were no workshops or interest groups exploring the social testimonies in general. This puzzled me. It is possible, of course, that the testimonies are so deeply ingrained in the Quaker makeup that this sort of discussion is not really needed. Perhaps, as a newcomer, was simply discovering something that everyone else took for granted.

On the other hand, it is also possible that Friends' understanding of the testimonies is not as deep as it might be, and that there is a profound need at present for this sort of dialogue. This is the message I heard repeatedly as I worked on organizing the conference held at Pendle Hill this past May, entitled The Prophetic Voice in Public Life: Reclaiming the Quaker Social Testimonies. Participants were excited by the topic and many expressed hope that avenues for further exploration might be found. Many, in fact, affirmed the idea that these testimonies did indeed need to be reclaimed, as the conference title suggested.

Our dialogue around the social testimonies could be helped enormously by the recent work of British Friends. Following a

Paul Rasor is director of the Religion and Social Issues Forum at Pendle Hill Quaker Study Center, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086.
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There are other problems as well. I have noticed that some Friends seem to use the term “testimony” as though it were a synonym for “belief.” Indeed, many people in general seem to reduce religion itself to belief. But religion is more than belief, and so is Quaker testimony. The Peace Testimony, for example, certainly reflects a particular set of beliefs (principles may be a better term here). But, as I understand it, it is the actual refusal to take up arms or resort to violence, not simply the belief about it, that is the testimony—the witness to the world.

Another issue is the emergence of new testimonies and new understandings of old ones. I sometimes see a list of testimonies—usually Equality, Community, Simplicity, Integrity (or harmony), and Peace—offered as though they were a fixed set. But of course old testimonies fade from use (we don’t hear much about hat honor these days), and new ones emerge, though without formal process. Some Friends, for example, have begun to speak of a testimony for Earth or creation. Others suggest that a testimony on economic values may be emerging, even while economic issues continue to be addressed through the traditional testimonies of equality and simplicity.

Several questions emerge from these developments, as well as from the Pendle Hill conference. First, what is the state of the dialogue around the social testimonies? Are Friends generally aware of the deep historical and spiritual basis of the testimonies, or are they perceived simply as political statements or “nice ideas”? Are Friends aware of how the testimonies can be lived in daily life?

Second, as living and evolving spiritual principles, do the various articulations of the social testimonies now in existence need to be revisited or updated for the 21st century? Is there a need for a new corporate articulation of the testimonies? If so, at what level? The monthly meeting? The yearly meeting? What role might an institution like Pendle Hill play in such a process? And how might the British experience help?

Third, how do the social testimonies inform the activities of prophetic Friends? How deeply is Quaker activism today grounded in the Spirit, and where do the testimonies enter the picture?

It is our hope that the Pendle Hill Religion and Social Issues Forum can provide at least one context for addressing these sorts of questions. We would be interested in hearing Friends’ views of the state of, or need for, ongoing dialogue around the social testimonies.
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Witness

Pray for Whom?
by John Andrew Gallery

As I stood at the vigil today, I carried with me thoughts from the morning's meeting for worship. On my way to Central Philadelphia Meeting, I happened to glance at the front page of the Sunday paper. There was an article that began with the headline, "Should we pray for Timothy McVeigh?" I carried this thought into meeting, and it kept going around in my head. I felt I had to speak and was about to rise, intending to preface my remarks by saying that I had often heard it was not appropriate to base messages on what you read in the morning newspaper. But as often happens in meetings, just before I rose a woman across the room stood and began her message by saying, "I have often heard it is not appropriate to base messages on the morning newspaper." She too had been struck by the same article, and it led her to reflect on the nature of prayer, on the need to pray for those whose opinions are different from our own, and a reminder that whatever else prayer does, it changes us.

As the meeting progressed, there were several other unrelated messages, but I found that my leading to speak had not gone away. And so I rose to say something like the following:

I too was moved by the article asking whether we should pray for Timothy McVeigh. When I first thought about it the answer seemed simple and obvious: of course we should pray for him. There is that of God in him just as much as in me, his spirit will go to God at his death just as mine will. Of course we should pray for him and hold him in the Light.

But as I think further I realize that I am not called to pray for Timothy McVeigh this morning. I am called to pray for myself, and perhaps for others in the room and in this country. For the past 11 years, every day of every week, the United States has bombed Iraq. Over that period of time, hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children—civilians, just as innocent as the 168 people who died in Oklahoma City—have been killed in my name and I have remained silent. I have let it go on; I have not even written a letter to the president expressing my opposition. Timothy McVeigh has merely held up a mirror to my face and let me see what I have been doing. So this morning I pray for my own forgiveness.

Dear God, please forgive me. Forgive me for my silence. Give me the strength and resolve to be silent and complicit no more.

John Andrew Gallery is a member of Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting. Weekly prayer vigils for peace are held in Philadelphia every Sunday at 4 p.m. For more information, e-mail: <Cityquake@aol.com>.
Life in the Meeting

State of the Meeting Reports

Many monthly meetings go through an annual process in the spring of assessing the spiritual condition of their fellowships, their meetings for worship, and their witness to their communities. Growth in the number of both members and attenders is noted. Improvements to meetinghouses are listed. Concerns about participation in meetings for worship and the depth of the spiritual experience encountered in meetings for worship are described. Joy at the renewal of First-day school is expressed. A sense of strengthened fellowship is recognized. A commitment to the ongoing seeking of a greater union with the Presence in the midst is acknowledged.

Here, as gleaned from meeting newsletters, are summaries of the state of Society reports of ten meetings from Maine to Hawaii:

Remodeling and rebuilding the meetinghouse and peace and social concerns issues were addressed by Portland (Maine) Meeting last year. "Our meeting brimmed with life," the meeting's annual state of the Society report affirms. "Attendance at worship grew, as did the number of individuals serving on committees.... This combination of new energy and prayer was a great blessing.... May we continue both to enjoy the blessings of our Society and stretch ourselves in the service of the Spirit."

South Berkshire Meeting in Great Barrington, Mass., experienced a "new situation" as "stewards of a house and 29 acres of meadow, mountainside, and swampland" that brought "new responsibilities and the problems that go with increased budgets and difficult decisions." The meeting rejoices, however, "in the existence of a worship group in Lenox, Mass., under our care" and also affirms that "our leadings seem to have been in the direction of spiritual growth.... Our meeting supported the Campaign of Conscience without a dissenting voice.... We look forward to a significant increase in the size of the meeting."

For Westerly (R.I.) Meeting, last year was a time of growth, in numbers both of attenders and new members, and in the transformation of the meetinghouse grounds with new landscaping. "The presence of the Spirit is felt moving through both our silent worship and vocal ministry," Westerly Meeting reports. "Various members have shared their skills and knowledge with First-day school.... Outreach has extended support for the AFSC coffee project, kits for Iraq.... We share a gratitude for the presence of the Spirit among us, which inspires us not to tell each other..."
In addition to The Hickman’s “not too big, not too small” size, Bill and Becky McIlvain liked the retirement community’s in-town location.

“There are so many things you can do within walking distance. We’re still driving now, but the day will come . . .”
concerns in the community.

Eugene (Oreg.) Meeting defines “spirituality” as “the awareness of our connection to the highest Light within, however named; the oneness of all, the recognition of that of God in each person.” Consequently, the state of the Society report continues, “We are reminded to be tender as we take political actions, to preserve the dignity of all; and to avoid being drawn into adversarial positions that could harden our hearts, close our minds, or jeopardize simplicity in our management of time, talent, and resources. . . . We are seekers everyone. . . . Together we wait, in repeated, expectant silence for both divine leading and that compelling willingness to follow.”

For Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Oreg., “The past year, 2000, has been rich and lively . . .; we have deepened our sense of community and of worship, and we are gradually strengthening our offerings of ourselves into community service and activism.” Some of the concerns Multnomah Meeting focused on last year were global warming, peace, and homeless youth. Three other worship groups are also under the care of Multnomah Meeting. “We realize that the more we give to the meeting, the deeper our roots grow into the living stream that sustains us.”

For its state of the meeting report, Honolulu (Hawaii) Meeting approved a “ditty” of couplets, “respectfully submitted” by Marjorie Cox, clerk. Among some of the accomplishments of Honolulu Meeting during the past year are the refurbishing of the meeting’s library, growth of First-day school, extended outreach in response to concerns of the meeting’s Peace and Social Concerns Committee, and Thrift Shop workers donating their earnings to American Friends Service Committee. The Honolulu Meeting report ends with an exuberance that speaks for all state of the meeting reports:

“As our meeting tries to meet members’ needs
We are inspired by the thought of past Quakers’ deeds.
And their search for truth which continues still
For the voice within us gives us the will.
We are trying to stand with all Quakers,
Friends,
Convinced that such actions will lead to good ends.”

And . . .

“Living our beliefs should be joyful and give pleasure.
Laughing, we believe, is a God-given treasure.”

—Robert Marks

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Senecas and new science and historical thinking for their faith and are searching for an enlightened, integrated way to be. Marcus Borg offers a new understanding of scripture that attains a grasp of the other’s religion, politics, and lifestyles and were able to mutually achieve their goals by finding the similarities and utilizing them.

A Friend among the Senecas: The Quaker Mission to Cornplanter’s People
by David Swartz
This account of a 1799 Quaker mission to a Seneca village in northwestern Pennsylvania is based on the journal of Henry Simmons and offers a captivating look at Seneca culture of the period—their festival and games, division of labor, and fascinating cult of dreams, that effected many of their actions. The perceptive Chief Complanter, realizing that his people must adapt to new social and economic patterns, welcomed the Quakers as teachers, not so much for their religion, but for their knowledge of agriculture. The interactions between the two groups brought on conflicts among the Senecas and new developments in their culture. The author shows how Simmons and Complanter each attained a grasp of the other’s religion, politics, and lifestyles and were able to mutually achieve their goals by finding the similarities and utilizing them.

Quaker Witness: An Elizabeth Elliot Mystery
by Irene Allen
The latest Elizabeth Elliot mystery in paperback involves a paleontologist found murdered in his Harvard lab. The prime suspect is a student of his, who has just filed sexual harassment charges against him. The wise and gentle clerk of Cambridge Meeting steps in to help exonerate the graduate student and find the real killer.

Reading the Bible Again for the First Time: Taking the Bible Seriously But Not Literally
by Marcus J. Borg
Growing numbers of people are unwilling to abandon the world of science and historical thinking for their faith and are searching for an enlightened, integrated way to be believers and to understand the Bible. Marcus Borg offers a new understanding of scripture that respects both tradition and reality. Moving away from the narrow literalism that drives so many away from the profound richness of the Bible, this book blends the best of biblical scholarship with a concern for authentic faith and how it can be lived today.

Just the Way You Are
by Max Lucado, illustrated by Sergio Martinez
Five orphaned children find out that the king wants to adopt them. Four of the children get busy trying to make great gifts for the king—one child carves a sculpture out of wood, one practices on her mandolin and so on, except for one sister who feels she has nothing to offer except her good heart. But when the king comes to town, disguised, she is the one who greets him warmly and asks him about his journey and listens to him, while the other children are too busy making things to try to impress the king to notice him. This story is a wonderful allegory of God’s love and the importance of the gifts of presence and kindness.

Only Passing Through: The Story of Sojourner Truth
by Anne F. Rockwell, illustrated by Gregory Christie
"In this moving picture-book biography, Rockwell’s quiet, reeling words and Christie’s dramatic full-page, acrylic paintings express the sorrow, anger, and strength of the woman who made herself Sojourner Truth." — Kirkus

Phines and His Cousins
The final book in a series, Phines and His Cousins completes the journey of the author’s Quaker ancestors from England to Minnesota.
sota. In this segment, Phineas Janney and his relatives provide a firsthand account through letters and stories of the Separation of 1827, the Underground Railroad, the Civil War, ethnic religious groups in the Midwest, farming practices, and the difficulty of maintaining fidelity to Quaker ways on the frontier.

Fact and imagined dialogue shed light on the day-to-day life of the 19th century. Some will quibble with the author’s one-sided take on the Orthodox/Hicksite Separation (It was the Hicksites’ fault!). Others will wish for more detail in the story of Quakerism during the Civil War; the great story of southern Quaker herosim is largely skipped over.

Grose concludes her story with a Janney in the Indian Superintendency, but there is little feel for what that was like for him. By this time, however, much of the Janney family had become Presbyterian, unable to maintain an active Quakerism during their peregrinations through the Midwest. Not unlike the book!

—Max L. Carter

Max L. Carter is director of the Friends Center at Guilford College.

In Brief

Letting That Go, Keeping This—The Spiritual Pilgrimage of Fritz Eichenberg

Philip Hamden’s profile of Fritz Eichenberg allows us a glimpse into the life and faith of an exceptional artist, while the reproductions of the artist’s woodcuts included in this pamphlet make it a work of art in itself. Hamden views the artist’s work from perspectives of what he considers to be Eichenberg’s “spiritual directors”: animals; the Chinese sage Lao Tzu; the Russian novelists (especially Dostoyevsky); the Quakers; and the Catholic Workers (under the care of Dorothy Day).

Hamden cites, for example, Lao Tzu’s teachings in the Tao Te Ching on the relationship between fullness and emptiness—“Hollowed out, / clay makes a pot. / Where the pot’s not / is where it’s useful.” A comparison is drawn with the technique of wood engraving: “Now tell me, where is the art in Fritz Eichenberg’s work? Is it in what is there—or in what is not there? In what has been kept—or in what has been let go? In the inked paper—or in the not inked?” This pamphlet is another delightful demonstration of Pendle Hill’s commitment to changing the old Quaker reputation for misunderstanding and discarding the arts.

—Kirsten Backstrom

Kirsten Backstrom is a member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Oregon.
Speaking in Philadelphia on May 16, Jean Zaru, clerk of Ramallah Meeting on the West Bank, voiced her concerns and hopes in the face of the ongoing Israeli-Palestinian struggle. She told a group of 50 over a brown-bag lunch that the paradoxical fruit of the Oslo accords is that she has not been able to visit Gaza or even Jerusalem since 1993, which she was able to do before. "Internal closure" even blocks access between Palestinian villages. To get to the U.S., she traveled via many detours to the Jordanian border, then flew from Amman. She finds it necessary to counter demonization of the Palestinian people, especially in the U.S. media. Differences over issues like the Palestinian right of return have hindered cooperation between Palestinian and Israeli peace groups. The well-being of Israelis and Palestinians is interrelated, she insisted. She accepts variety among people as a good thing. What separates people, she said, is not differences, but sin. Her vision of peace is one state with equal rights for all. She could live anywhere that everyone has equal rights and equal dignity, no matter what it is called—Palestine, Israel, or the United States. Why, she asked, can't Jews and Palestinians be as free in a secular state with each other as both are now, along with many others, in the United States?
—Robert Dockhorn

Rabbi Arik Ascherman, executive director of Rabbis for Human Rights (RHR), spoke to a group of 15 at Friends Center in Philadelphia this May about RHR and Jewish nonviolent resistance to the Occupation. RHR was founded in 1988 in response to abuses of human rights by Israeli military authorities in the suppression of the Intifada. RHR's membership includes some 90 Reform, Orthodox, Conservative, and Reconstructionist rabbis, plus some rabbinic students. RHR publicizes specific human-rights grievances and pressures for their redress and has been active with Bedouins and on the issue of home demolition. Social justice is just as much a part of Jewish heritage as the nationalist-particularist tradition, Rabbi Ascherman said. He sees economic justice as a human rights issue and is concerned that the gap between the rich and the poor in Israel has gone from one of the lowest in the world to one of the highest, if not the highest. The violence inside Israel in October 2000 was particularly unsettling to Israelis, he said, and he noted that in the violence by Israeli Arabs, who have experienced long-term discrimination in Israel, it was the young and unemployed who were lashing out. He sees four positions among Israeli progressives: those who are upset by violence and throw up their hands in resignation; those who hold both sides equally responsible; those who say it's all Israel's fault.
and finally, those who oppose all violence, believe violence is strategically counterproductive for Palestinians, but who recognize that the situation is not symmetrical and that Israel has the power. Getting unbiased information on the conflict is a challenge, Rabbi Ascherman said; he finds reports by “BTselem” (<WWW.btselem.org>) to be reliable and carefully researched. He believes actions speak louder than words and that land expropriation, tree uprooting, roadbuilding, and unfair water allocation—all happening under the “peace process”—have made the latter a sham for the Palestinians. Rabbi Ascherman would like RHR to go beyond humanitarian aid and protest to resistance, such as physically dismantling roadblocks. He said that when he is asked why he is doing this, he answers: So that he can later look his daughter in the eye and have an answer when she asks, “Where were you when...” —Kenneth Sutton

Fifteen Quakers from Europe and North America were among nearly 70 Brethren, Friends, and Mennonites who met at Bienenberg, a Mennonite seminary and conference center near Basel, Switzerland, from June 25 to 28 for a consultation of the Historic Peace Churches. The purpose was to provide guidance to the World Council of Churches as it begins its Decade to Overcome Violence. The proceedings of the consultation can be found at <www.peacetheology.org>, with links to papers that were presented there, ranging from biblical exegesis to accounts of witness. On June 29 the group traveled to Geneva and met with Conrad Reiser, who had opened the consultation, and other staff at the World Council headquarters. The group endeavored to write a statement on which it could unite, and one evening session of worship sharing seemed to help move the group in that direction. The process continues, and there is talk of another gathering in two years. —Gene Hillman

Young Friends in Charlotte (N.C.) Meeting successfully completed a fundraising project to finance needed surgery for six small children at Beijing Children’s Welfare Institute in China. The 20 Young Friends in Charlotte Meeting raised $4,509.94 by making and selling Christmas ornaments, wrapping paper, ingredients for bean soup, cookies, calendars, stationery, bird feeders, and potted plants. The money will pay for reconstructive surgery for cleft palates, a common birth defect in China, for three girls and three boys. Each year, children and teenagers in Charlotte Meeting select an organization that is in need of financial assistance and raise funds to send to it. The project this year was especially meaningful because one of the Young Friends in...
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Charlotte Meeting was adopted from the Beijing Children's Welfare Institute.—Charlotte Meeting newsletter

Asheville (N.C.) Meeting again sponsored, through its Peace and Earth Committee, a summer community service internship for young Friends. The internships, for young Friends ages 14 to 18 who have not yet entered college, were scheduled for three weeks, from July 9 through July 27. Participants committed to working either 10 or 20 hours per week in a local nonprofit organization. Those who worked 10 hours a week received a stipend of $180, while those who worked 20 hours a week received $360. Last year, two young Friends from Asheville Meeting worked as interns at the Western North Carolina AIDS Project, and a third young Friend from the meeting worked with Habitat for Humanity.—Asheville Meeting newsletter

Montana Gathering of Friends reports that the Jeannette Rankin Civil Liberties Award was presented earlier this year by the Montana chapter of American Civil Liberties Union to Eve Malo and Clare Sinclair. The two retired teachers were recognized for their journey last spring to engage rural Montanans in a dialogue about the death penalty. Following the example of Jeannette Rankin in her effort in 1917 to become the first woman to be elected to the United States House of Representatives, Eva and Clare pulled an old sheep wagon to 35 Montana communities, gathering signatures on a resolution for elimination of the death penalty in Montana. Eve Malo participated in the campaign on behalf of Amnesty International, and Clare Sinclair participated with support from Montana Gathering of Friends. (See FRIENDS JOURNAL, March 2001, pp. 28-9.)—Montana Gathering of Friends Newsletter

 Bulletin Board

Upcoming Events

• October 4—7—German Yearly Meeting
• October 20—Quaker College Fair, Arch Street Meetinghouse, Philadelphia. Information: Debi Peterson at <Fahe@quaker.org>.
• November 12—Friends Historical Association annual meeting: J. William Frost will speak on “Sex is Not a Shortcut to Spirituality: Liberal Quakers Confront the 20th-Century Sexual Revolution,” Philadelphia. For more information or to RSVP, see website at <www.haverford.edu/library/fha/fha.htm>; email <fha@haverford.edu>, or phone (610) 896-1161.

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Births/Adoptions
McWhirter—Blake Cooking McWhirter, on July 14, 2001, to Ramsay Munly McWhirter and Cameron Kennedy McWhirter. Cameron is a member of Birmingham (Mich.) Meeting and Ramsay an occasional attender.

Marriages/Unions
Ford-Pickering—Laura L. Pickering and Charles R. Ford, on March 31, 2001, in Harrisburg, Pa., under the care of Harrisburg Meeting. Laura is a member of Harrisburg Meeting and Charles of Grand Rapids (Mich.) Meeting.
Pilgrim-Pilgrim—Ev Pilgrim and Kit Pilgrim, on May 19, 2001, under the care of Wicomico River Meeting in Salisbury, Md., at the meetinghouse. Ev and Kit, previously members of York (Pa.) Meeting and attenders at Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting, are now both members of Wicomico River Meeting.

Deaths
Hayden—William F. (Bill) Hayden, 85, on December 17, 2000, in a retirement community in Dearborn, Mich. He was born on May 7, 1915, in Denver, Colo. His mother was from a Minneapolis family, the Daytons, who established the Dayton Hudson retail chain. He graduated from Harvard in 1937 and pursued a master's degree in Germany, where he married Antoinette (Ria) von Geldern-Egmond. When wartime pressures became too great, the couple returned to the U.S., raising their two daughters in Belmont, Mass. They were divorced in 1959. Bill met his second wife, psychologist Molly Tan Lo, while fundraising for AFSC. They were married in 1971. Bill worked as a stockbroker, public relations director, and a theater manager. A pacifist and antiwar activist, he vigorously protested the Vietnam War and resisted certain taxes on the basis that they funded the military. A resident of the Detroit area since 1971, Bill was a generous philanthropist. From 1959 until his retirement in 1982, he worked as a fundraiser for AFSC. Bill and Molly were divorced in 1986. After retirement Bill worked to reform the criminal justice system, to outlaw the death penalty, and to organize a program to drive children to visit their mothers in prison. Raised a Presbyterian, he became a Friend after working with AFSC. A former member of Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting, he joined Birmingham Meeting in Lake Orion, Mich. Bill was old-fashioned in style but progressive in substance. An "issues guy," he placed newspaper clippings under his stepchildren's breakfast plates. His resources, polish, and privilege belied his values; he preferred to live frugally to save for the causes he believed in, and he was known to turn the collars on his shirts and drive miles to save a few pennies on gasoline. When Parkinson's disease eroded his mobility, after a lifetime of helping others, he found it difficult to accept the help he needed. He finally succumbed.
“When I look back now at the past four years, I can see that all my experiences and my reactions to experiences were about balance: balance between experiential learning vs. “traditional” structured work; between wonderful journeys and rough arrivals; between the selfless commitment to the world and the entrapment of cynical ego trips; and this year in London balanced out the “exotic” spots I’ve traveled to and the wild adventures. Not only did this huge metropolis counter previous sites like the African “bush”, [but] my learning was more structured and had more to do with theory than it’s six in the morning and I’ve just been attacked by safari ants’ kind of writing that seems to characterize some of my previous writing.”

—Excerpt from senior student’s final self evaluation

Friends World Program

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co it by invocation of his living will. He is survived by two daughters, Ricki and Margaret Hayden; his stepchildren James, Margaret, and Anita Lo; and his nephews Jon, Jerry, and Robert Chase.

Hood—Jean M. Hood, 84, in Philadelphia, Pa., on February 23, 2001, after an eight-month battle with cancer. Jean was born on February 7, 1917, in Westtown, Pa., where her father taught mathematics at Westtown School, from which she graduated. She was a lifelong member of the Religious Society of Friends. She made friends easily and was active in the community. She taught for many years at the Green Tree School in Philadelphia and was the first special education teacher to go to Harrisburg as one of the ten finalists for Pennsylvania’s Teacher of the Year award. During World War II she worked at the Bird Company but was fitted for being a union supporter and subsequently hired as an organizer by United Auto Workers. When the union won an election and negotiated its first contract, Jean was reinstated at Bird and elected secretary-treasurer at the union office. In 1954, one year after Abbotsford Homes had been changed from a whites-only federal project to a low-income Philadelphia Housing Authority development, Jean and her family moved in. When the first African American family to do likewise was faced with mob violence, Jean and several other tenants organized an interracial community council. Active in the Civil Rights movement, she was in Washington, D.C., in 1963 to hear Dr. Martin Luther King’s “I Have a Dream” speech. She later participated in the Poor People’s Campaign. In 1989 she joined a 13-bus caravan from Philadelphia, Pa., to Philadelphia, Miss., for the 25th reunion memorial service for the three young voter registration activists who were murdered there. She promoted registration and voting, was active in Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom, and served on a variety of neighborhood boards and committees. She was a member of Green Street Meeting in Philadelphia and was active on its Peace and Social Concerns Committee. She is survived by her husband of 54 years, William Hood; a daughter, Joan Hood; three sons, James, Thomas, and Richard Hood; six grandchildren; and a brother, Lincoln C. Magill.

Hubbe—Gery Hubbe, 72, on April 2, 2001, of a heart attack, in Eugene, Ore. Gery was born on January 13, 1929, in Brooklyn, N.Y., to German-speaking parents, Paul and Hedwig Strack Hubbe. From his father, Gery received the gift of music, instruction in playing the guitar, and an appreciation for theosophical beliefs and a broad, inclusive, and mystical-based approach to religion that remained with Gery throughout his life. From his mother, he received a love of nature. As a boy he attended Sunday school at Old First Dutch Reformed Church, where he met his future wife, Ellen McBain, as they harmonized in the choir when they were both 16—it was “love at first hearing.” Gery enrolled in the School of Forestry at Oregon State College, covering his expenses with ROTC and part-time jobs. After graduation in 1951 he worked briefly for the U.S. Forest Service but was called in from the fire lines and sent to Korea, where he served for 13 months in an artillery company. He and Ellen married on August 29, 1953, in Passiac, N.J. Their first home was at Flat Creek Ranger Station in Oakridge, Ore., and Gery’s work on the Willamette National Forest for the next 33 years enabled him to continue his lifelong love affair...
with the forest. After moving to Eugene in 1956, the Hubbe family found their religious home in Eugene Meeting. For 45 years Gery served as a Junior Friends counselor and First-day school leader at Eugene Meeting, Willamette Quarterly Meeting, and North Pacific Yearly Meeting; helping, as clerk, with the deliberations, writing, and coming to unity on a same-sex marriage minute and other difficult matters. He participated in the local neighborhood association and contributed to the master plan for the Bike Paths in Eugene program. Gery had a fine musical talent and infectious enthusiasm. He is survived by his wife of 47 years, Ellen Hubbe; a son, John Hubbe; daughters Lise, Sara, and Cameron Hubbe; three grandchildren, Laura, Mari, and Jesse Hubbe; and brothers Rolf and Paul Hubbe.

Klineberg — Selma G. Klineberg, 91, on December 23, 2000, at home in Chevy Chase, Md., after a yearlong battle with cancer. She was born in New York City in 1909 to Morris and Rose F. Ginzer. Her father, a banker and businessman, was awarded the Order of St. Olaf by the king of Norway in recognition of his aid to the Norwegian Resistance movement during World War II. Selma graduated summa cum laude from Vassar College in 1929 as a member of Phi Beta Kappa with a major in Romance Languages. She received a Doctorat de l'Université in 1931 from the Sorbonne, following study at the universities of Paris, Berlin, and Florence. An accomplished linguist, she put her gift for languages to constant use as she accompanied her husband, social psychologist Otto Klineberg, on their frequent journeys abroad. They resided for many years in Beijing, Sao Paulo, and Paris. During the nearly 60 years of their marriage, Selma served as editor and collaborator on her husband’s books and articles. Their 1933 honeymoon consisted of an anthropological expedition to the Huichol Indians of Mexico, whose last-known Norwegian visitors had never returned. The couple moved to Paris in 1962 when Otto took early retirement from Columbia University, where he had taught for 35 years, in order to teach at Université of Paris. Returning to the United States in 1982, they spent ten years in New York City before moving to Chevy Chase, Md. A member of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting, Selma served on the New York Metropolitan Board of AFSC and was active in League of Women Voters and Quaker United Nations Office. During her long residence in France she served as simultaneous translator at international meetings and congresses from Dublin to Tashkent. She is survived by her daughter, Rosemary K. Coffey; her two sons, Dr. John M. and Dr. Stephen L. Klineberg; eight grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Porter — M. Kristen Humphrey Porter, 60, on February 24, 2001, in Louisville, Ky. Born on October 6, 1940, in Jeffersonville, Ind., she was the only child of Anderson E. Humphrey and Helen M. Harrell. A curious girl with an active mind, Kristen was fond of reading and questioning well before she began school. She graduated from University of Louisville in 1963 with a degree in Psychology, after which she worked in Indiana and Kentucky with the mentally ill and alcoholics. For the rest of her life she championed the cause of just and accessible treatment for those who suffered from these afflictions. Kristen married Craig Porter in Logansport, Ind., and although the marriage was brief, it brought her a bond of friendship with her in-laws that lasted for the rest of her life. In Rich-

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Schme-—Floyd Schme, 105, on April 20, 2001, at a retirement home in Seattle. He was born in 1895, one of five children on a family farm in Prairie Center, Kans. Though his family was poor, it was resourceful. His grandmother invented a process for cooking rolled oats, which were sold in a cylindrical container as Putney Oats and later renamed Quaker Oats. Floyd was a member of University Friends Meeting of Seattle. The only child in his family to attain more than an eighth-grade education, Floyd went to the College of Forestry in Syracuse, N.Y., but was drawn to the Pacific Northwest by his parents’ recollections of a 1909 trip to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. He moved to Seattle and continued his forestry studies in 1917 at University of Washington. When World War I broke out, in order to follow his belief as a conscientious objector and to save lives, Floyd joined a Red Cross unit bound for Europe. While stationed in France he risked his life as an ambulance driver and stretcher-bearer for the
wounded on the battlefields in France. While the German armies still occupied Eastern Europe, he was chosen by the Hoover Commission to deliver a trainload of food and clothing to refugees in Poland. After the war, he returned to Kansas and married his high school sweetheart, Ruth, an accomplished pianist and music student at University of Washington. In September 1919, the couple moved to Seattle to continue their studies, but by December they were out of money. The Rainier National Park Company hired them as "winter keepers" (caretakers) of buildings at Paradise, Wash. A telephone line and semiweekly hikes to Longmire was the couple's only contact with civilization until they heard a steam shovel working to clear snow from the road, which was finally opened on July 4, 1920. (His account of their experiences, A Year in Paradise, was published in 1959 and remains in print.) In the spring of 1922, Floyd completed his undergraduate forestry education at the university. That June he became a full-time park ranger at Mount Rainier, and then, in 1924, the park's first full time naturalist. His book Our Greatest Mountain was published and served as an unofficial park handbook. It is one of ten books he wrote (including the 1983 publication Why Is Man, which posed questions to world leaders). In 1928 he resigned from the Park Service and became an instructor in the Forestry Department at University of Washington, specializing in forest ecology. When World War II broke out, he was Northwest regional secretary for AFSC. Working with British Quakers, he helped several thousand Jews escape from Germany. In 1942, he felt so strongly that the West Coast internment of Japanese Americans was wrong that he resigned from University of Washington to live among the interned sent from Seattle to barbed-wire camps in Idaho and helped them by going after their homes and businesses they had been forced to abandon and by endorsing a court challenge of the federal internment order by University of Washington student Gordon K. Hirabayashi, a Japanese-American. (The conviction of Hirabayashi, who married one of Floyd's daughters, was overturned in 1986 by a federal judge in Seattle, and the case played a role in the internment lawsuits of the 1990s to pay reparations to interned.) From 1948 to 1953, Floyd made several trips to Japan, helping to build homes for Japanese citizens who had survived the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He supported construction of homes, orphanages, hospitals, and irrigation systems in Korea, the Middle East, and Africa. He was nominated three times for the Nobel Peace Prize by U.S. Representative Jim McDermott (D), who in his nomination letter acknowledged that Floyd was not as well known as other nominees, such as former President Jimmy Carter, but the man who had spent his lifetime doing small things for peace possessed "a personal moral authority every bit as compelling as that of the most renowned leaders of our time." In May 1983, Floyd was awarded the Japanese Order of the Sacred Treasure, Japan's highest civilian award, by Emperor Hirohito, and in 1988 he was honored with the Hiroshima Peace Prize. He used his prize money to finance the Seattle Peace Park, a half-acre featuring a Peace Pole, plantings, and a lovely statue of Sadako Sasaki, a Japanese girl who became an international symbol for the peace movement when she died of radiation sickness after the destruction of Hiroshima.

The park opened in 1996, on the 45th anniversary of the bombing. Floyd did much of the work himself, fundraising, applying for permits, clearing the weeds, and planting trees. His love of trees remained with him throughout his life, as did the simple belief that he had learned as a child: "One should always have something important to do."

Vlaskamp—Joe Vlaskamp, 71, on January 19, 2001, in Brooklyn, N.Y. Joe was born on March 31, 1929, in Muncie, Ind., to Arden and Martha Vlaskamp. He graduated from Earlham College in 1950, received his bachelor of divinity from Hartford Theological Seminary in 1955, then a master of arts in Religious Education from Hartford Seminary Foundation in 1957. He ministered with First Friends, Indianapolis; with Wilmington Friends, Wilmington, Ohio; and as interim pastor at Valley Friends, LaValle, Wisconsin. He also served other denominations and directed an AFSC workcamp in Pennsylvania. He served as secretary of religious education for Friends General Conference and as general secretary of New York Yearly Meeting. Joe was a representative to the World Council of Churches in Zimbabwe and to the regional association of the World Council. A member of Brooklyn Meeting, he had been an active member of Rancocas, Westfield, and Montclair Meetings in New Jersey. He is survived by his wife, D. Caroline (Lyn) Vlaskamp; five children, Jeffrey, Ronald, Douglas, and Karen Vlaskamp and Kristine Sharp; a sister, Wilma Cox; five grandchildren, a nephew, Jim Cox; and a niece, Peg Bidlingmeyer.
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