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FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today



Friends in the Arts

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



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Among Friends

Reconciling the Irreconcilable

I am deeply grateful to the staff of FRIENDS JOURNAL for doing another arts issue—the first since 1979—and for involving me as a consulting editor. Since Chuck Fager (p.9) has covered most of what I could say about the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts, I feel liberated to speak of how I experience being an artist and a Friend.

The person most responsible for my becoming a Friend was my Quaker aunt, Mary Loomis Wilson, a painter. After she became convinced in the 1950s, I saw her art become steadily lighter, more joyous, freer, more abstract, more Spirit-led. Yet she told me, a few years before her death at Foxdale in 1999, that she had kept her Quakerism and her art in separate boxes until she was past 80.

Only when I began attending Friends meetings in Philadelphia 20 years ago did I become aware of the historic Quaker antipathy to the arts. I have been laboring to understand it ever since. I find the scruples and insights of early Friends worth taking seriously. My sense is that their premises were valid, but that the bounds of historical circumstance and their 17th-century worldview led them to draw the wrong conclusions.

Modern liberal Quaker attitudes toward the arts are full of paradox. Friends integrate art with the fabric of their common life in forms that are spontaneous, Spirit-led, ephemeral, and cooperative. All are artists; aesthetic excellence doesn't matter any more than it matters to vocal ministry. The testimonies loom large; art serves the prophetic functions of truth-telling, healing, and celebration.

All this is healthy and good, as far as it goes. But it isn't much help to the individual Friend who feels called to be a serious artist, who has worked hard to master a craft. There appears to be a strong devaluing of artistic excellence among Friends; the idea that one would put one's energy into mastering a craft rather than into something socially useful (such as committee service) is seen as an un-Quakerly obsession with trivia.

Yet for many Quaker artists, the Spirit means the Muse. I wait on the Muse at the keyboard. The process of artistic creation is one of Holy Obedience, of ongoing dialogue with the Spirit. To be cut off from my art is to be cut off from that dialogue.

As Friends we are called to live in the tensions, to keep connected to both poles of a seemingly irreconcilable conflict; to resist the temptation to seek ease by opting out of one or the other. Living in the tensions is an internal manifestation of the Peace Testimony. It is the way of the Cross.

Reconciling the irreconcilable is what my art is about. I am continually trying to say at least two mutually exclusive things at once. The struggle to find ways in which the medium will allow me to do so is one way I—to use a venerable Quaker phrase—"keep in the daily cross." Being a Quaker and an artist is another.

Esther Greenleaf Mürer

Esther Greenleaf Mürer, guest editor for this issue, is a writer, composer, and literary translator. She is the editor of Types & Shadows, the quarterly journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts, and the FQA publication Beyond Uneasy Tolerance (see excerpts on p. 11-15). Her most recent FJ article on the arts was "Quakerism and the Arts: And Now, the Good News . . . A Dialogue with the Past," FJ October 1994.

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Cover art: "Quest," by Trudy Myrrh Reagan, is an exploration of the search for meaning throughout history by scientists, artists, and spiritual seekers. The eclipse in the center shows that no one person or group of people will ever know the whole pattern. It is a watercolor with incised white lines.

Scott Simon, war is the way?

When individuals go public in the media advocating a position relative to a high profile public issue and make a claim that they are a Quaker, such as Scott Simon did in his article "Reflections on the Events of September 11" (*FJ* Dec. 2001), that individual has the responsibility to explain the relationships of his or her position to fundamental Quaker beliefs and principles. If their position is supported by their Quaker faith and beliefs, well and good. If, however, Quaker testimonies are to be ignored, then why state one is a Quaker?

The strength of the Religious Society of Friends comes from those who put their beliefs into action, regardless of the potential personal hazard of so doing. Public statements by those who disclaim and qualify the validity of fundamental Quaker beliefs compromise the strength of the Religious Society of Friends. Scott Simon should have stated his opinion as a personal position and *FRIENDS JOURNAL* should not have published such an opinion. With 90 percent approving the "War on Terrorism," who will speak out for another way if not Quakers?

Toni and Ted Brinton
West Chester, Pa.

An open letter to Scott Simon

The many thought-provoking responses called forth by your article, "Reflections on the Events of September 11" (*FJ* Dec. 2001), is evidence of its value. You have done Quakers a service in calling upon us to examine afresh our Peace Testimony and its implications.

As the son of a dedicated Anglican country pastor, I became a pacifist in my late teens when I was convinced that if one took the teachings of Jesus seriously there is no other way. When the war erupted in 1939, I had graduated in Philosophy and completed some Theology studies. In December of 1942, I was completing the third year of medicine when it was required that all able-bodied male medical students join the military and complete their medical training in uniform. Having spent my vacations delivering ice, working in a smelter, and underground in a nickel mine to earn my tuition fees, having the fees and living costs paid by the government was some inducement to join up. I am thankful that my leadings were such that I took the alternative, left medicine and went to do pick and shovel work in an isolated camp for conscientious objectors on the north shore of Lake Superior.

In the camp I met Walter Alexander, a fellow university graduate, who was receiving literature of the Wider Quaker Fellowship. Through this we learned of the Quaker initiative to recruit a number of CO volunteers to do relief work in China. Walter and I volunteered and in due course, the government approved our release from alternate service to join the Friends Ambulance Unit in China. Along with eight other volunteers, we had brief, intensive training in Chinese language and culture, plus some Quaker indoctrination at Pendle Hill. On December 19, 1943, the first three of the group, Walter Alexander, Jack Dodds, and I, left from Philadelphia bound for China by a route veiled in military secrecy. We traveled by ship to Calcutta and flew "over the hump" in a transport plane to China.

Then began the most memorable and cherished experiences of my 85 years. I was allocated to medical teams on the Indo-China and Burma borders where I had as coworkers and mentors the finest of persons, some of whom became lifelong friends. Needless to say, I found among Friends my spiritual home.

On August 25, 1946, I disembarked in San Francisco where a letter awaited me from Dr. Vivien Duggan, one of my former classmates in medicine to whom I became engaged before leaving for China, which announced, "We get married on September 6, and you go back to medical school September 10." We did and I did. The rest of the less traveled road we have taken together has been joyful, exciting, and satisfying. The One who booked the journey has also looked after the baggage, and as I look back, all I can say is I have so much to be thankful for and I'd do it again.

Edwin V. Abbott
Oro Station, Ontario

The Quaker Peace Testimony is a testimony or witness

Many Friends in the U.S. must be taking stock of the events since Ninth Month, 2001, and the subsequent events in Afghanistan, and must be asking how Friends can witness to their truth in light of these events. I had a chance to reflect on this when I read Scott Simon's contribution posted on the Internet on the United Church News (www.ucc.org). [The actual text of this speech was published as the article, "Reflections on the Events of September 11" in *FJ* Dec. 2001.—eds.] I am sure these comments and responses to

them have no doubt been well-aired in the U.S., so I almost hesitate to reopen this issue.

I read Scott Simon's comments and was very disappointed. I was disappointed because here was a fellow Quaker witnessing against two of the most important truths in the Quaker faith: unity and Christian nonviolence. How important it is that we can share the unifying experience of hearing God's leadings together as a fellowship. Scott Simon's comments reveal something about how we have allowed "diversity" to get in the way of that experience. Doesn't the stand he has taken illustrate the end result of diversity: a watered-down witness and moral relativism?

Secondly, he refers to pacifism as "fatally flawed." As I understand it, Quakers have never believed in "pacifism." I tend to avoid the term "pacifism" and prefer the term "Christian nonviolence." There is an important difference. Pacifism is an "ism," an intellectual position taken on the basis of human thought and argument. Positions like this can be argued against and people dissuaded from them. It is then possible to agree with Scott Simon, when he said that Quakers and Mennonites joined up in World War II because they could offer no intellectual response to Hitler, if I read him properly.

Christian nonviolence arises from inward obedience to the Living Christ. Such acts of obedience do not rely on intellectual argument, but from a sense of deep, inward conviction. Although these convictions can and do often make sense intellectually, sometimes they don't. The Quaker Peace Testimony is a testimony or witness. By being obedient to it, we testify or witness that we are living in the Power of Christ, and the refusing to take up arms is a testimony that Christ is alive and can lead us into righteousness, if we are willing to obey. It is a sign of our personal, inward transformation and the fact that we are under God's leading. This is the basis of all Quaker testimonies; it is also part of what we understand as "Gospel Order."

The original 1660 declaration, which many Quakers of several traditions use, clearly states that it is "the spirit of Christ by which we are led." Early Friends took up this position because they believed that Christ was leading them into it, not because they thought it was a good idea. I've always lived in the hope that Friends hold to our testimonies for those reasons.

Allistair Lomax
Fritchley, Derbyshire, UK

Vigilance is necessary

For one of us, it was difficult to accept the Peace Testimony when first a member of the Religious Society of Friends. It was not until her son was in the Mekong Delta that she became aware of the futility of war. She came to the realization that the mothers, wives, and sisters of all those fighting on either side were praying the same prayers, "Lord, keep my husband/son/brother safe." Now once again we are at war and expect the God to whom we pray to keep our men and women safe.

After the tragedy of September 11, it was heartening to see our country come together in unity, to pray together, to make sacrifices to honor the victims of this tragedy. But now flags are flying everywhere, and crowds chant "USA, USA." Suddenly we are fearful. Although we love our country and its ideals, all the flag-waving and patriotic rhetoric remind us of Germany in the 1930s. There, too, the flags waved, while the swastikas waved and were proudly worn, and the people shouted "Heil Hitler." And where did this flag-waving and adulation lead? To an unimaginable horror!

There is an analogy to be made here: many in this country are waving flags, re-

sponding to the leadership of the president with unquestioning loyalty while civil liberties are being threatened: the overwhelming passage of the USA Patriot Act by the House and Senate represents wide-ranging limitations on civil liberties; innocent Afghan women, children, and men are being killed; not to mention the destruction and desolation that the defense of what we deem our liberty is producing. Our nation is agreeing to atrocities perpetrated upon the guilty as well as upon the innocent. Is wanton cruelty ever justified?

There can be no argument about the fact that our nation's security system failed miserably when it became possible for 19 terrorists trained by our flight schools to hijack four planes and cause immeasurable death and destruction. Our intelligence and security systems obviously need to be vastly improved, but let us not permit that to happen at the expense of our civil liberties and the targeting of innocent foreigners living in our midst. Surely we can detain (without torture!) for as long as seems necessary, with appropriate counsel, *proven* al-Qaida members, and we can monitor known terrorist networks without negating the values that define the democratic system in the U.S.

It is our contention that there needs to be organized opposition to the suggestion that an exceedingly expensive missile system be developed. The *New York Times* and the *Nation* have printed news stories and commentaries that persuasively state the futility of this particular method in this war and opposition to further bombings in which innocent civilians inevitably are drastically affected, even if they survive.

We are disheartened and frightened by what appears to be unprecedented approval of decisions made by the president and those he has placed "in charge" of this war. We urge members and attenders at Friends meetings to insure that their individual voices and—at least as important—the voices of their meetings are heard when as a nation we are engaged in unconscionable practices. We are reminded of the words of Wendell Phillips, abolitionist and orator, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Doris A. Ashley,
New Bedford (Mass.) Meeting
Margrit Meyer,
Detroit (Mich.) Meeting

Are only peaceful means acceptable in *all* cases?

Thank you for printing Scott Simon's "Reflections on the Events of September 11" (*FJ* Dec. 2001). I remember seeing a similar version online, where another Friend had responded in horror (it seemed to me), writing that *someone* needed to respond to this! It seemed to me that Scott Simon's ideas were being labeled as crazy and needed to be beaten down.

I believe in striving for peace.

However, it is not wise to ignore the fact that violent people cannot be deterred by nonviolent means except in a few cases. For us to believe that *only* peaceful means are acceptable moral responses *in all cases* flies in the face of observable facts. I would not stand peacefully by while my family was being harmed, even if it meant that I would need to use lethal force. So why should I expect my government to be any different? I can easily see that I and my government could react badly, but I believe that both are capable of reasonable responses. Not acting in some cases causes problems just like

reacting badly. Irresponsibility can be the result of not responding.

So thanks for printing what seems to me to be an "opposing" view. I am convinced that peace is our goal; but in this world our responses will not always be peaceful. The military is not always wrong. Peace activists are not always saints. It is a crazy, mixed-up world. We need thoughtful and careful responses, not bumper-sticker philosophy.

Daniel Coston
Fayetteville, Ark.

Our duty is to work to eliminate the conditions that lead to war

I disagree with Friend Simon ("Reflections on the Events of September 11," *FJ* Dec. 2001), marching with the majority favoring war in response to the horror wrought by the attacks on the World Trade Center's twin towers and the Pentagon. I, too, mourn over so many innocent people killed. But why would

anybody be surprised, when our government has militarily intervened in foreign countries 67 times since I became 21 in 1949? Afghanistan makes it 68. (Information available at <mtm@igc.apc.org>.)

Some of us believe these actions are taken to allow five percent of the Earth's population (the U.S.) to continue to use one-third of the world's resources: our "way of life" that our leaders have vowed to uphold. Now the richest and strongest military power ever known is attacking the poorest, war-torn nation. What do you suppose they think they have done wrong?

A lot of water has gone under the bridge since Scott Simon delivered his talk [the text of the December article] on September 25, 2001. Thousands have been killed from the U.S. bombing and reportedly, at least 100 people a day are dying in refugee camps, as of January 12, 2002. More innocent victims! Are we any safer?

Much information is beginning to surface. Questions about the Carlyle Group, its connections with government leaders, the bin Laden family, and oil. A newly

Continued on page 54

ART AS SOUL'S SANCTUARY

The Making of a Leading

by Jennifer Elam

The stuff of the world is there to be made into images that become for us tabernacles of spirituality and containers of mystery. If we don't allow soul its place in our lives, we are forced to encounter these mysteries in fetishes and symptoms, which in a sense are pathological art forms.

The point of art is not simply to express ourselves, but to create an external, concrete form in which the soul of our lives can be evoked and contained. Art is not about the expression of talent or the making of pretty things. It is about the preservation and containment of soul. It is about arresting life and making it available for contemplation. Art captures the eternal in the everyday, and it is the eternal that feeds the soul.

—Thomas Moore, *Care of the Soul*



Openings through Art

Last week John flew from California to Philadelphia to do art with me. He heard about doing simple art as prayer for healing. We painted and prayed. At the end of the day, he said he had done deep spiritual work through this process. I am grateful to God for the possibility of using me as a vessel to help others find their prayers for healing that come from a deep place below the words. Since January of 1999, I have felt led and am now living into the form that leading may take.

Second Grade Art

I never did art until over 40. I learned in second grade that there were those who had talent in art and those who did not,

Jennifer Elam, a member of Berea (Ky.) Meeting and a sojourning member of Media (Pa.) Meeting, is a licensed psychologist who has studied Quaker spirituality as well as the lives of Christian contemplatives and mystics. Her calling to listen to the stories of others resulted in a book, Dancing with God through the Storm: Mysticism and Mental Illness, which can be ordered from <jenelam@aol.com>.

and I was one of the latter. I tried to draw the flower just like the teacher told us to but I could not do it right. So I focused on the academic world. Now I paint flowers that do not look anything like the one I failed at drawing in second grade.

A Black Brick in My Chest

Before I came to Pendle Hill in 1996, I felt like I had a black brick in my chest. I could not breathe at times. I knew the feeling was about not living up to my potential, but I had no idea what was needed. After I enrolled in a class called "Explorations in Clay," I remember telling someone about that black brick and referring to it as a clay brick. Each time I made a pot that term, I felt as though a piece of clay had been pinched off from it. The sensation of the brick disappeared by the end of my seventh art class.

Judge on the Shelf

When I began the first clay class, I was crippled by fear. I knew I could not do

anything related to art and had no idea what I was doing there. At a deep level, I also knew I was right where I belonged. During one of the first classes, my teacher, Sally Palmer, told us to make our judges, then put the judge on the shelf. We could consult the judge if we needed to but if possible we were to let them sit on the shelf while we did our work.

Sally's Method

Sally never gave us anything but positive feedback about our work. She seemed to value any expression of what came from our soul's work. Our work was not compared to anyone else's nor to any other external standard of perfection. The task was to find what was inside of us and know that what is there is a unique and beautiful creation of God. If it seemed ugly, it was probably not finished; sometimes she encouraged us to work more on those pieces. Isn't that a wonderful metaphor for our lives? When we have ugliness in our lives, it may just mean that we are unfinished and have more work to do.



Watercolors by Jennifer Elam

Page 6, "Dancing with God through the Storm"

Left, "Singing Praises of Gratitude"

Below, "Deep Calm under a Stormy Sea"

Page 8, "The Universe Aches to Paint a New Canvas"

started paying attention to dragons and found beautiful Chinese ones that were not evil but creative creatures.

So I made dragons. Actually, I made a herd of fire-breathing dragons. My dragons came to symbolize courage to go forth powerfully in my leadings.

Energy of Spirit Flows Through

One of the most powerful exercises in that first "Explorations in Clay" class involved Sally asking us to write for seven minutes about God, Love, or any concept of a higher Power in our lives. A poem came from the writing. We were then to hold the clay and let occur whatever was to happen. My hands formed an image. I didn't know what it

was, but I knew that I was not finished at the end of the assignment. I had to keep going with another ball of clay as she talked.

When class was over, I looked at the figure and it was very clear to me that it was a pair of angel wings enfolding a head in despair. It was a very closed figure. The second figure was very open, as if Spirit energy were being invited in. This assignment was the greatest experience I had ever had of feeling spiritual energy flowing through me and creating. The creation was not planned or directed by me; I did not have the skill to plan and execute the form as it came.

This experience left me with a prayer that God would work through me in that way all of my life.

Paste Paper Queen

In the spring of 1997, I was first introduced to "paste papers." The medium (a

cooked paste with acrylic paint to color it) suited me. In clay class I had needed to make not just a couple of pots but a couple hundred pots. Likewise, I had to make hundreds of paste paper paintings, and I am still making them. Once the creation energy was freed, the paintings poured forth. I was named "Paste Paper Queen."

Stories of Mystical Experience with Paintings

During my second year at Pendle Hill, I collected the stories of other people's mystical experiences of God. As I collected the stories, the paste papers came forth even more. Words from the stories came to be associated with the art. The color and depth suited the subject matter; the inexpensive cost suited my budget.

Festival Week

At the end of each term at Pendle Hill, we had art shows in the studio. One at a time, the students showed their creations and had a chance to talk about their work. For me, this was a place where a part of me that had never seen the light of day could shine forth, safely. There was no criticism of each other's work, only appreciation. A creative flower blossomed inside of me in that safe environment.

Ugly to Acceptable to Beautiful

At the beginning of the first class at Pendle Hill, I had been unable to tolerate looking at my own creations. They just looked too ugly to me. After only one term of constant validation, having it explained that this creation energy is God's work, and that I am just the vessel, I came to view it as very insulting to God not to accept my work that I was given to do. In accepting myself as a vessel for God's work, I can now see the work as beautiful co-creations with my Creator.

Books, Poetry, and Color

I took a wonderful class in bookmaking with Paulus Behrenson. From the paste papers as raw materials coming from

This art work was also "play." Having permission to play in this way was so liberating! Play opened and lightened our hearts, allowing deeper exploration.

Play connects us to the divine child—our sense of awe and wonder. —Angeles Arrien

Dragons

On one occasion, Sally asked us to make a dragon. This assignment sent me back to second grade when a teacher had asked me to make something and I had no idea how. I didn't know how to create a dragon. I realized I had never paid any attention to dragons and had no idea what the concept even meant to me. Fire-breathing dragons seemed like an evil and threatening concept. I not only didn't know how to make one but I didn't want to think about dragons. I left class, went to my room, and sobbed with feelings of inadequacy.

During the second year, we had the same assignment. After the first year, I

the depths of us, we made beautiful journal books. In that class, other people's poetry came to be associated with the paintings. In making books, we took the soul's raw material and massaged it into products that were acceptable to send out to the world. An important metaphor for my life emerged.



Painting as Meditation

I took a class called "Painting as Meditation" from Sister Helen David Brancato, three times. Like Sally, Sister Helen never judged my work according to external standards. She said that as we work with the paint, the material of our unconscious comes forth. And it did; she helped us to find the images and bring them forward.

Body Prayer

O humans, learn to dance! Otherwise the angels in Heaven will not know what to do with you. —Sr. Augustine

I became aware of the relationship between movement, worship, and art in the "Creativity and Spirit" class at Pendle Hill. In the summer of 1997, I took a class on mysticism at the Friends General Conference Gathering with Marcelle Martin. This was my first introduction to movement as "body prayer." I learned a beautiful one with the words: "Thank you, praise you, and bless me to go out to the world in your service."

Movement of the body in worshipful

dance, movement of color on the paper, and movement of the Spirit in our stories; they go together.

Art Shows: Moving Out into the World

The Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts gave me a small grant to get six of my paintings framed. The stipulation was that I must show them. My first show was at the FGC Gathering in 1999. As I sat waiting for my presentation about the art to begin, I was in awe of God's work in my life. If someone had suggested even six months earlier that I would be doing an art show at the Gathering, I would have been quite sure that they were mistaken.

I also showed some of the pieces at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Then I was invited to do an interest group at Baltimore Yearly Meeting. I asked the participants to write about a painting that spoke to them, and several beautiful poems resulted. Others were relating to my paintings; I was awed, again!

I wonder: How can we teach our children the lessons I learned through art as taught by Sally Palmer? How can we teach our children and encourage other adults to express their deepest spirituality and provide them with safe places to do so?

Glitter in the Gray: Art with Women in Prison

Since those beginnings, I have had the opportunity of facilitating openings in others using art. My first program was during the spring of 1998. Janeal Ravndal and I taught art to women at the Delaware County Prison, with the help of many people at Pendle Hill to cut and sew (since we were not allowed to bring scissors or needles).

During this program, an inmate named Maria took paint and poured it onto the paper, lots of colors all at once. With her hands she moved the paint round and round and back and forth, obviously totally absorbed and delighted with the freedom she was feeling. Predictably, she soon had a paper covered with brown that got disparaging remarks from the others about what it looked like, and holes began to appear in the paper. They even whispered that Maria was "slightly retarded." Her product will probably not be seen in an art gallery but the incredibly beautiful image of Maria being delighted and feeling freedom while incarcerated is permanently on display in

the gallery of my mind.

Another woman, Katrina, never painted a picture before and looked in awe and obvious longing at the samples I provided. With minimal encouragement and direction to set aside her fears and judges and just do it, a gorgeous picture soon emerged. The look of awe and obvious pleasure at her creation is another beautiful image on display in my personal inner gallery.

Mary, Susan, Kate, Carmen, Kim, and at least a hundred more had children they missed. They made books, cards, picture frames, and other special creations to send to their children to connect in sweet poetry and other lovely ways.

Glitter was the highlight for them. Paper, glue, glitter, and they were so very happy. Looking around at the gray walls with no sunlight or earth available to them, the colors and reflections of the glitter pleased them. To touch it, look at it, pour it generously, spill it, sweep it—actually any contact with the color brought smiles from souls being fed.

The Listening Center

Since that initial class at the women's prison, I have been blessed to facilitate many others doing paste papers and simple art projects as prayer and healing. Most recently, I felt a leading to open a place where people can come to listen to God, self, and others through art, movement, and telling our stories. Springfield (Pa.) Meeting provided me the space, Media (Pa.) Meeting gave a minute of support, and Chester Quarter appointed an oversight committee. I offer classes and open the space to others who have passions and leadings that fit with mine. We have had classes in dance, art with families, art and healing, drum circle, and more. In recent months, as a prayer of transformation for our world, we have been making beautiful handmade papers from newspaper articles related to war. Can you join us in that prayer?

In his Journal, John Woolman described his prayers with Native Americans. Chief Papunchang said, "I love to feel where words come from." Art and movement take me to a place of connection with God in that place from where the words come; a place of sanctuary for the soul.

When are we gonna paint, drum, and dance? □

An Interview with Chuck Fager

by Robert Dockhorn

Chuck Fager is clerk of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts (FQA). He has recently been appointed director of Quaker House in Fayetteville, North Carolina. He was at a conference of GL rights counselors in California during this e-mail interview.

Why is it important for Quaker artists to know that the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts exists?

FQA can be useful because for most of its history, the Religious Society of Friends has been openly hostile to most forms of artistic expression. One of our board members, Esther Mürer, has documented this in FQA's booklet, *Beyond Uneasy Tolerance*, which includes 100 quotes on the subject from weighty Friends, arranged historically [see excerpts, pp. 11–15—eds.]. More than half of these quotes are very negative and make sobering reading.

While most Friends bodies have overcome their formal opposition to the arts as a legitimate form of religious expression, the atmosphere in very many places is still, as Esther's title aptly puts it, one of "uneasy tolerance." In very many Quaker settings, we still don't know where the place is for the arts in the life of our faith community.

FQA was born out of the insistence by our founder, Minnie Jane Ham, and a few others around Trenton (N.J.) Meeting, that a place needed to be made for artists and the arts in "Quaker space." That's still our overarching project as a group.

What has FQA been doing?

One of the most important of FQA's ongoing projects is our newsletter, *Types and Shadows*, which under Esther's editorship keeps getting better and better. Like any good newsletter, it puts people in touch, and serves as a forum for sharing ideas and discussing issues. But I think it also increasingly shows what a "Quaker esthetic," as I call it, looks and feels like. (If thee isn't sure what that means, I suggest thee look over a few recent issues.)

What has it been like to be clerk of FQA?

It's been rewarding and exciting in most ways. Our membership has been growing. We keep learning about more Friends, old

and new, who have put their creativity and spirituality together. There are some very talented musicians, photographers, poets, and sculptors among us. And we've been able to assist some Quaker artists in exploring their gifts and getting them noticed.

We've also had the sense, more than once, of helping make Quaker history. For instance, in 1998, when we created the Lemonade Art Gallery at the Friends General Conference (FGC) Gathering in River Falls, Wisconsin, it was the first real art gallery in FGC's 98-year history. We could feel ourselves pushing the envelope. (By the way, there's a whole saga that goes with the creation of that gallery, which can be found, with photos, on our website at www.quaker.org/fqa.)

This summer, in cooperation with the Guilford College Quaker Leadership Scholars Program, we hope to sponsor a Quaker arts intern, to work with a number of Quaker artists and projects in various places. This would be, as far as we know, the first Quaker art internship ever—pushing the envelope again.

We also published a collection of recent Quaker writing called *The Best of Friends: Volume One*, which drew out some remarkably good work. (I could be biased in that judgment, though, since I edited it.) We hope to produce *The Best of Friends: Volume Two* before too long.

The overall sense I have of the arts among Friends is that there's a tremendous amount and variety of spiritually based creative expression among us today, and that it is slowly but surely emerging into the light of day. The Society will be the stronger for it, and being Clerk of FQA gives me a ringside seat at this unfolding process.

At the same time, I see a lot of quiet ferment among many about the work of articulating the relationship between the distinctives of Quaker spirituality and the arts. How do we reconcile and meld our peculiar history of uneasiness about formal artistic expression with the unde-

niably esthetic qualities of Quaker faith and practice?

Some Friends know how to do this. FQA member James Turrell is a strong example. [See Phyllis Hoge's article about the meetinghouse he designed, pp. 31–32—eds.] And here's another example of what I mean: in last summer's Lemonade Gallery, there were photographs by Mary Waddington of her old meetinghouse in New Jersey. In composition they were simplicity itself, unadorned windows and stairways and the like. And yet they practically radiated the kind of austere mysticism and beauty that we associate with Quaker saints like John Woolman. Those photographs quietly put Quakerism and photography together into a seamless, inspiring visual image. They took my breath away.

What are the particular difficulties that artists have being Quakers?

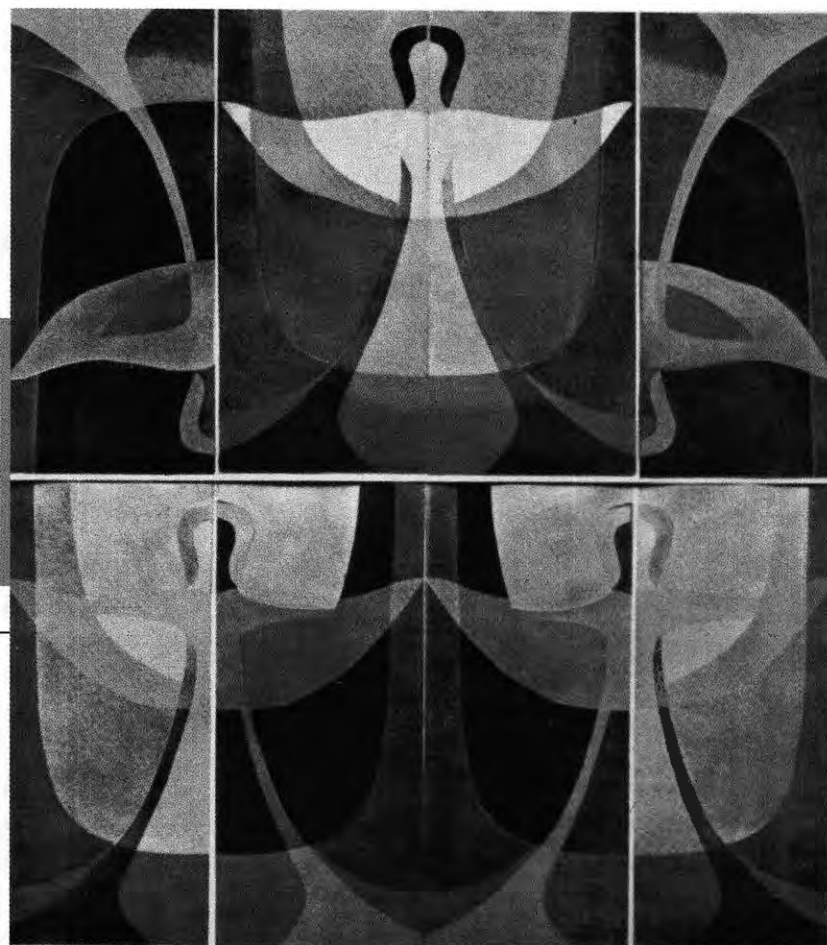
This is a question with both an old and a new answer. I think many Quaker artists still struggle with uncertainty and ambivalence about the place of their work in their spiritual lives and their Quaker communities.

For instance, I have read some of the journal of Edward Hicks, who painted the classic series of "Peaceable Kingdom" paintings. It's heartrending to follow his inner struggles with what was a compulsion to paint. His Quaker culture told him this compulsion was a worthless, creaturely activity, essentially a sin. Being a faithful Friend, he did his best to give it up. Except he couldn't, thank goodness.

We can look back at that and shake our heads. And yet, just a few years ago, I heard a very creative Friend, still alive and active, standing before a display of wonderful sculpture and insisting that he was not an artist, had nothing to do with such worldly piffle, and was only able to accept payment for his work after he had made arrangements for all the proceeds to go to

Continued on p. 33

Robert Dockhorn is senior editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL.



Prints and drawing by Janet Mustin

Left, a collagraph print, "Reassembled Angel"; above, a monoprint, "Leaving the Garden"

by Janet Mustin

Quakers'—and Everyone's— Need for the Arts

It is quite clear that Quakers need the fine arts. Efforts to make up for the slights that the arts have received from us Quakers are popping up all around, and for good reason. For too long Quakers viewed the arts as a frivolous pursuit, ignoring the need for artistic self-expression except in journals and "good works." But the climate was different then. In the 18th and 19th centuries religion was in the very air one breathed, and spirituality was expressed in lengthy sermons and discourses. Today's materialistic, rational, secular times offer

Janet Mustin, a member of Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting, is a painter and printmaker who has exhibited in the U.S. and abroad. She has taught sketching and printmaking and has volunteered as an art therapist.

a sparse diet of spirituality for the hungry. The hunger for religion and the spiritual life finds needed nourishment in the arts.

I discovered how important art was to health when I suffered a deep depression. Emotion needs outward expression to be adequately felt. When I felt like drawing the branches of a tree, it seemed to signal real improvement. The tree symbolized a reaching out and up, with tentative growth. Later, as an art therapist, it was thrilling to see that as patients explored the materials of art, their feelings and drawings could change in a positive way. One who drew only fences began to draw the strings of a harp; a picture of an ugly, menacing face would be re-done as a benign face. An-

gry colors and wild compositions would become harmonious.

Quakers, too, have had to contend with materialism. Poetry and music offer no obstacles there, but the visual arts are a hurdle. Monetary value aside, a wonderful teacher once told me that the real value of a work of art was simply in the spiritual response that one felt in looking at it. That seems a very Quakerly thought.

The hope and release the artist feels in creating it is also a great part of its spiritual value. □



Left, a pencil sketch of John Brumbaugh

FROM ANTIPATHY TO ACCEPTANCE, 1658 – 1995

Quakers on the Arts

All ye poets, jesters, rhymers, makers of verses and ballads, who bend your wits to please novelties, light minds, who delight in jests and toys, more than in the simple naked truth which you should be united to, you are for the undoing of many poor souls, it is your work to tickle up the ears of people with your jests and toys; this proceeds from a wrong heart where dwells the lust, and feeds the wrong heart and mind and wits, which brings them to the grave and dust, and there buries the minds and clogs the nature, which is a shame to all that be in the modesty and pure sincerity and truth and cleanness of mind. . . .

—George Fox, 1658

And therefore, all friends and people, pluck down your images; I say, pluck them out of your houses, walls, and signs, or other places, that none of you be found imitators of his Creator, whom you should serve and worship; and not observe the idle lazy mind, that would go invent and make things like a Creator and Maker. . . .

—George Fox, ca. 1670

It is not lawful for Christians to use games, sports, plays, comedies, or other recreations which are inconsistent with Christian silence, gravity, or sobriety. Laughter, sports, games, mockery, or jests, useless conversation, and similar matters are neither Christian liberty nor harmless mirth.

—Robert Barclay, 1676

How many plays did Jesus Christ and His Apostles recreate themselves at?

Excerpted from Beyond Uneasy Tolerance: The Saga of Quakers and the Arts in 100 Quotations, compiled and chronologically arranged by Esther Greenleaf Mürer (Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts, 2000).

What poets, romances, comedies, and the like did the Apostles and saints make, or use to pass away their time withal? I know, they did redeem their time, to avoid foolish talking, vain jesting, profane babblings, and fabulous stories.

—William Penn, 1682

Christ Jesus bids us consider the lilies how they grow, in more royalty than Solomon. But contrary to this, we must look at no colors, nor make anything that is changeable colors as the hills are, nor sell them, nor wear them; but we must be all in one dress and one color; this is a silly poor Gospel. It is more fit for us, to be covered with God's Eternal Spirit, and clothed with his Eternal Light, which leads us and guides us into righteousness.

—Margaret Fell, 1700

There came a man to Mount Holly who had previously published a printed advertisement that at a certain public-house he would show many wonderful operations, which were therein enumerated. At the appointed time he did, by sleight of hand, perform sundry things which appeared strange to the spectators. Understanding that the show was to be repeated the next night, and that the people were to meet about sunset, I felt an exercise on that account. So I went to the public-house in the evening, and told the man of the house that I had an inclination to spend a part of the evening there; with which he signified that he was content. Then, sitting down by the door, I spoke to the people in the fear of the Lord, as they came together, concerning this show, and labored to convince them that their thus assembling to see these sleight-of-hand tricks, and bestowing their money

to support men who, in that capacity, were of no use to the world, was contrary to the nature of the Christian religion. One of the company endeavored to show by arguments the reasonableness of their proceedings herein; but after considering some texts of Scripture and calmly debating the matter he gave up the point. After spending about an hour among them, and feeling my mind easy, I departed.

—John Woolman, 1763

Frequent and earnest have been the advices of former yearly meetings, that all under our name may avoid the attendance of vain sports, and places of amusement, which divert the mind from serious reflection, and incline it to wantonness and vanity. Understanding that diversions of this kind are spreading, and playhouses increasing in various places, we are concerned to renew a caution on this subject: being clearly convinced of the pernicious effects of these evil practices, the inventions of degenerate man.

—London Yearly Meeting, 1785

Soon after I appeared in the ministry, I dropped my pen in regard to verses. I do not say it was a sacrifice required; but the continuing of the practice might have proved a snare some way: it might have engaged my attention too much, or tended to make me popular, which I have ever guarded against, perhaps too much so in some points.

—Catherine Phillips, 1798

As our time passeth swiftly away, and our delight ought to be in the law of the Lord; it is advised that a watchful care be exercised over our youth, to prevent their going to stage-plays, horse-races, music, dancing, or any such vain sports and pastimes. . . .

—Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1806

Ungrateful man! to error prone;
Why thus thy Maker's goodness wrong?
And deem a luxury alone,
His great and noble gift of song.

Hast thou not known, or felt, or heard,
How oft the poet's heav'n-born art,
Feeling and thought afresh have stirr'd,
To touch, and purify the heart?

—Bernard Barton, 1832

My observation of human nature and the different things that affect it frequently leads me to regret that we as a Society so wholly give up delighting the ear by sound. Surely He who formed the ear and the heart would not have given these tastes and powers without some purpose for them.

—Elizabeth Fry,
1833

Banish poetry and allow no scope for the imagination and men would be, what it is indeed needless that they should be, much more essentially selfish than they are at present.

—Richard Batt,
1836

We believe [music] to be both in its acquisition and its practice, unfavorable to the health of the soul. . . . Serious is the waste of time of those who give themselves up to it. . . . It not unfrequently leads into unprofitable, and even pernicious associations, and in some instances to a general indulgence in the vain amusements of the world.

—London Yearly Meeting, 1846

Sorrowful it is, that even some in conspicuous and influential stations, have actually "sat" for their portraits; and this, not for the hasty moment of the daguerreotypist (questionable as even this prevalent indulgence is), but patiently awaiting the slow business of

the limner. Shallow indeed must be the religion of him who knows not that in himself, as a man, dwelleth no good thing. . . . We cannot suppose that our primitive Friends would for a moment have sanctioned so vain and weak an indulgence.

—The Friend (Philadelphia),
1848?

If the Christian world was in the real spirit of Christ, I do not believe there would be such a thing as a fine painter in Christendom. It appears clearly to me to be one of those trifling, insignificant arts, which has never been of any substantial advantage to mankind. But as the inseparable companion of voluptuousness and pride, it has presaged the downfall of empires and kingdoms; and in my view stands now enrolled among the premonitory symptoms of the rapid decline of the American Republic.

—Edward Hicks, 1851

But there is something of importance in the example of the primitive Christians and primitive Quakers, to mind their callings or business, and work with their own hands at such business as they are capable of, avoiding idleness and fanaticism. Had I my time to go over again I think I would take the advice given me by my old friend Abraham Chapman, a shrewd, sensible lawyer that lived with me about the time I was quitting painting: "Edward, thee has now the source of independence within thyself in thy peculiar talent for painting. Keep to it, within the bounds of innocence and usefulness, and thee can always be comfortable."

. . . And from my own observation and experience, I am rather disposed to believe that too many of those conscientious difficulties about our outward calling or business that we have learned as a trade . . . which are in themselves honest and innocent, have originated more in fanaticism than the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus.

—Edward Hicks, 1851

The attitude assumed by the Friends towards the fine arts, furnishes another evidence (as it appears to the writer) of their imperfect apprehension of the dignity of all the feelings and emotions, originally implanted by the Creator in the constitution of man. . . .

Whilst the primitive Quakers did not purpose absolutely to banish these pursuits from the homes of themselves and their successors, they so far restrained the development of the aesthetic element, that acting in conjunction with the general subjective character of the system, Quakerism became (what the French denominate) a spécialité, without the elastic, adaptive qualities, which fit Christianity for every tribe of men. . . . Here, we imagine, lies the secret why Quakerism has

made no progress amongst the aboriginal tribes it has befriended—amongst the Negroes whose liberties it has struggled for—or (with trivial exceptions) anywhere beyond the limits of the Anglo-Saxon family; and also why it has not proved a congenial home to that large class of persons whose characters are rather emotional, than intellectual or reflective.

—John Stephenson Rowntree, 1859

We would renewedly caution all our members against indulging in music, or having instruments of music in their houses, believing that the practice tends to promote a light and vain mind. . . . It becomes us to be living as strangers and pilgrims on Earth, seeking a better country, and to be diligently using [our time] for the great end for which it is lent to us . . . , and not in vain amusements or corrupting pleasures, but striving that "whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we may do all to the glory of God. . . ."

—Philadelphia Yearly Meeting
(Orthodox), 1873

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—Philadelphia
Yearly Meeting
(Orthodox),
1873

It needs to be recognized that our Society has not escaped the tendency to narrow down spiritual action to certain prescribed ways as a substitute for the reality of the spiritual life. For example, while Friends have been among the pioneers of modern science they have, until recent years, repressed all taste for the fine arts. These, at their greatest, always contain some revelation of the Spirit of God, which is in the fullest harmony with our spiritual faith. In the fields of music, art, and literature, as in others, Friends may witness to the glory of God and advance that glory by their service. The "fulness of the whole earth is His glory," and we mar the beauty of this message by every limitation we set upon it.

—William Charles Braithwaite, 1895

There are many voices today which call us to enjoyment, to self-expression, or to contemplate and share in the beauty of creative art. These things need to be subordinated to the service of the Highest, and sometimes in that service they must be given up. There are some too who, listening to the still small voice, which makes clear to them a duty that may not rest upon all, will forgo pleasures and activities in themselves good, for the sake of other claims. We would not narrow unduly for any of our members the opportunities for sharing in the joys and activities of life, but in the midst of all we must hold fast the thought of God's Kingdom, of which we are called to be part, and which we have to make real to others by our lives.

—London Yearly Meeting, 1925

We look back with mild pity on the generations of Haverford students who were deprived of the joy of music and art. The strong anti-aesthetic bias in the minds of the Quaker founders and the early managers was, I think, an unmitigated disaster.

—Rufus Jones, 1933

To identify religious practice with social reform may easily prove disastrous, for we may drive out the devils of inequality and unemployment and war, and yet suffer the fate of the tenant of the "empty, swept, and garnished house."

The arts of peace must be guarded meantime by each of us. For to all those in the full stream of social and religious work there may come the temptation to undervalue the cultural activities which they have given up. The tone in which the often-heard words, "Oh, we haven't time for that," are said sometimes betrays an underground censor, a suggestion that such interests, if not actually frivolous, are somehow inferior. The up-and-doing Christian has often been impatient of the apparent supineness of the artist, his need . . . to be receptive before he is active. Yet the zealous worker in a social campaign has peculiar need of the recreation and refreshment which cultural interests may bring. Fanaticism, as well as indifference, may defeat its own end.

—Caroline Graveson, 1937

Where [the London Yearly Meeting quotation, 1925, above] might well be amended is in the implied suggestion that some men may be called to abandon art in the interest of some other service to God and man, but never the reverse. It may be that some Friend will be called to abandon his painting in order to identify himself with the people of Africa. But it may be that another is doing right when he resigns from certain important committees in order to devote himself more completely to his art. . . . The "good" is often the enemy of the "best"; but we must not conclude that the "best" is necessarily to be identified with moral reform, while creative art is merely "the good."

—Horace Alexander, 1954

The same subtle tendency by which a testimony for simplicity narrows into a rigidity of outlook affected for many years the attitude of Quakerism toward the arts. . . . When I first began to practice as a writer, I still encountered a certain amount of prejudice in that some

Friends regarded the first duty of a Quaker writer to be the conveying of a "message," whereas obviously the first duty of a writer, Quaker or otherwise, is to maintain the artistic integrity which is part of the integrity of the human soul.

—Elfrida Vipont Foulds, 1955

Generally speaking, the arts are now accepted as good leisure-time pursuits and entertainments and suitable subjects for the school curriculum. But the willing leap to accept them as a genuine spiritual experience for the artist and a means of spiritual strengthening for the "onlooker" has not been taken by Quakers as a whole. And it probably will not be taken until we refuse to tolerate in our religion . . . the divorce between "man's spiritual integrity and his inspiration to creative art." An

acceptance of art as being of spiritual significance is but one aspect of the Quaker faith that all life is sacramental.

—David Griffiths, 1956

Do Friends have a concern to seek out and nurture the flame of creativity that burns in all men? Do we provide an atmosphere in our meetings for worship, and in our schools, which helps us to discover our creative abilities, and discipline them, and exercise them to the fullest power God has given us?

Do we set aside a time every day for the reading of poetry, for listening to music, for looking at painting? By our own work is a vision of the good

Truth advanced among us, and let to shine before all men so that they may be led to a clearer knowledge of their Father?

—Queries proposed by Barbara Hinchcliffe, 1959

There are many, including a goodly number within the Society of Friends, who find that the insights and experi-

We look back with mild pity on the generations of Haverford students who were deprived of the joy of music and art. The strong anti-aesthetic bias in the minds of the Quaker founders and the early managers was, I think, an unmitigated disaster.

—Rufus Jones, 1933

ences of the arts are perhaps the clearest manifestations of spirituality in everyday existence. Nevertheless Friends have not identified their attitudes toward the arts with much precision. And this doubtless reflects a fair amount of indecision as to the validity of the attitudes of earlier Friends in these matters, for the arts appear to have been definitely relegated to the pastimes called frivolities, and treated with uneasy tolerance if not the more usual outright condemnation.

—Ben Norris, 1965

The history of the protest of early Friends against excess and ostentatious superfluity is fascinating. It is easy to ridicule their apparent denial of the Arts; yet it must be admitted that, certainly visually, out of it there was born an austere, spare, refreshingly simple beauty. . . . What is hopeful is that in the Society there is no finality; we can laugh at ourselves and go on learning. As long as we are given to constant revision there is hope for us. Special pleading for the Arts is no longer needed. They are not viewed, as they once were, as a distraction from God. Rather they are seen as a manifestation of God.

—Robin Tanner, 1966

For an artist to grow productively in his work he needs a market and/or an audience for his output, a way of supporting himself. Most important of all, he needs to be confirmed in his talent by others. The Society of Friends has provided none of these in the past, for "plain" or doctrinal reasons, and is not providing them today for her creative artists. We who write, paint, sing, compose, act are obliged to take our wares elsewhere, receiving possibly marginal recognition from our meetings if we are lucky, while there is rarely a shortage of flak. A queasy "tolerance" has become the hallmark today.

—Candida Palmer, 1972

At first there was almost no Quaker art because of the Society's anti-esthetic bias; now there is hardly any Quaker art because there is so little identification of the Society as the community about whom or for whom one writes. Indeed, for very few contemporary Friends is there much appreciation of the communal aspect of faith, much

response to Fox's call to us to become the people of God. The absence of Quaker art has the paradoxical consequence that though today individual Friends may be sensitively appreciative of the esthetic dimension, our group life is still ascetic, indeed an-esthetic: unresponsive to the sensuous, to the emotions (the latter reflected in our fear of conflict and tension) and to the humorous.

—Christine Downing, 1972

Quite simply (but so mysteriously!) a work of art redeems the

commonplace. By lifting, if only for a fleeting moment, the "veil from the hidden beauty of the world" a work of art compels us to see. And how rarely do most of us really see! Even the surface loveliness of things:

The beauty and the wonder and the power
The shapes of things, their colors,
light and shade,
Changes, surprises. . . .

And rarer, but more precious still, the moment of recognition, when we see "into the life of things" and glimpse "a world in a grain of sand." And the word which the artist says to his object is the same word that the religious man says to Creation: *Thou*.

—Fred J. Nicholson, 1974

On the evidence we have, it seems to me that in some ways, in spite of their asceticism, our ancestors were closer to the artistic experience than we are: that is, to the beauty and mystery revealed by

the imagination. They built finer meetinghouses. . . .

—John Ormerod Greenwood, 1978

Can't we see that the essence of art is a source of life renewing itself in every act of creation? The same should hold true for a spiritual movement such as the Society of Friends, which needs constant renewal. Without the arts we lose our youth—without our youth we lose our Society.

—Fritz Eichenberg, 1979

Both writing poetry and being a Friend imply an act of trust in the nature of Reality. If there is a dimension of our individual beings which is psychical and spiritual, and which in some mysterious way is open-ended and linked to a reservoir of creative energy beyond ourselves, then perhaps the Quaker "Inward Light" and what some poets have termed "inspiration" are two manifestations of the same Source.

—Winifred Rawlins, 1979

What might be called "classical Quakerism" up to the 20th century represented a kind of Franciscan voluntary poverty in the arts, inspired by a vision of a divine community of love and simplicity. In the 20th century comes liberation from these older taboos and an embracing of a vast, expanded complexity and richness of human experience. . . . How do we preserve that simplicity and at the same time enjoy our new-found riches? How do we break out from what was perhaps a cultural prison without falling into the hands of the world, the flesh, and the devil, the hell on earth that seems to follow so many liberations—political, economic, sexual, cultural?

—Kenneth Boulding, 1983

Quakers should enter the world of the arts with humility and courage: courage because it is a risk of our certainties. A religion unwilling to take risks shuts out what is creative. Preoccupation with moral integrity is likely to assume that life can be tidied up: that is its goal. In fact, it is because life is essentially untidy that it can be creative.

—Kenneth Barnes, 1983

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I have never wanted to be a "Quaker artist." Heaven preserve me from that! There is no place now for "The Presence in the Midst." Nor is there any place for "poetry" that puts Quaker sentiment into versified form, however modern the metre or lack of it—no place except the dustbin. Our art must make sectarian boundaries irrelevant, must concern itself with experiences common to all people everywhere. All religious associations—if they are not keenly aware of the danger—become incestuous, and their members tend to feed each other with familiar and appropriate emotions. The only way to health in a religious community is by sending out roots into earth far beyond its own little patch.

—Kenneth Barnes, 1984

The Holy Spirit can indeed restore us to health (or stimulate us to work well) through the medium of music as well as prayer or antibiotics! And why, indeed, should I be surprised that this is so? Creativity is the gift that we were given on the eighth day of creation. In naming and re-making the world we are coworkers with God, and whether we are making a garden or a meal, a painting or a piece of furniture or a computer program, we are sharing in an ongoing act of creation through which the world is constantly remade.

—Jo Farrow, 1994

Be aware of the spirit of God at work in the ordinary activities and experience of your daily life. Spiritual learning continues throughout life, and often in unexpected ways. There is inspiration to be found all around us, in the natural world, in the sciences and arts, in our work and friendships, in our sorrows as well as in our joys.

Are you open to new light, from whatever source it may come? Do you approach new ideas with discernment?

—Britain Yearly Meeting, 1995

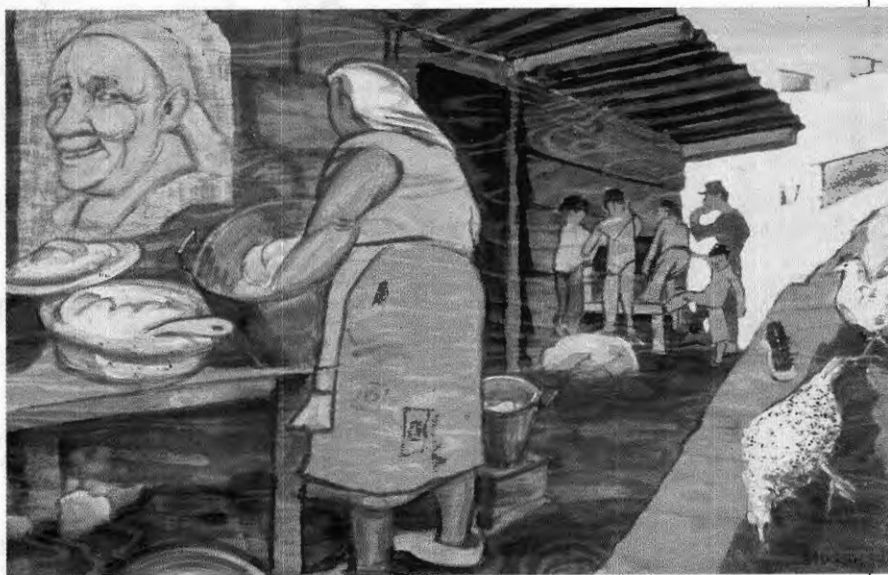
FRIENDS JOURNAL May 2002



"Number Governs Form"

45" diameter, acrylic paint with engraved lines on Plexiglas, lit from behind.

This work is the first in the "Essential Mystery" series, which treats puzzles that science tackles but never completely answers, like "life" and "thinking." It shows the numerical order in crystals and plants, hinting at an underlying mathematical order in the cosmos.



"Nurse in Clinic for Underweight Children"

In 1988, Myrrh visited the Colomoncagua Refugee camp in Honduras, just across the border from El Salvador. The camp of 10,000 was remarkable in its workshops, its self-governance, and its fervant Christian base community faith. Food was short, so the best was given to the underweight and sick children.

"Por Siempre Esperanza" (Hope Springs Eternal)

Myrrh made this woodcut for a T-shirt being sold to benefit El Salvador earthquake relief.



Trudy Myrrh Reagan

I am currently creating a series of railway photographs. Trains have been a passion of mine since boyhood, a passion that periodically surfaces and prompts me to some action, such as building model railroads or, as now, pointing my camera at trains. I am not interested in creating photographic illustrations of trains (that is, making the definitive picture of a boxcar or crossing gate). Rather, I am interested in capturing those abstractions that are revealed when light—natural or artificial—plays across the artifacts of railways.

As a photographer I want to predict—if not control—the outcomes of all areas of my images. One way I increase the accuracy of my predictions is by learning how light acts upon photographic materi-

als—silver halides plus chemistry in the case of traditional photography, or light-sensitive elements plus inks in the case of digital photography. Another way I increase the accuracy of my predictions is by learning how the light on a scene will translate into the mood and character of the photograph of that scene.

In fact, one of the pleasures of photography for me is its mandate that I pay attention to light. Looking, in order to predict how a scene might appear as a photograph, shifts my perspective from seeing simply the subject matter of the scene to also observing the light that illuminates it. I hope that this pleasure in paying attention to light is something that finds its way



Photographs
by Ron Nuse



into my photographs, and therefore, becomes something I share.

While my using the light of physics as a photographer and my seeking the Divine Light as a Friend are certainly related, I am wary about making a too easy or superficial connection between the two. There are certainly parallels in these activities. Both require sustained discipline. Both involve uncertainty at times. Both benefit from the support of a community. Both can be rewarding in ways that were never anticipated. There are, however, moments when my process of creating photographs and my process of seeking the Light seem to merge and become one and the same.

—Ron Nuse

Ron Nuse, a graphic designer and photographer, is a member of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting.

Care Committee

Companions

*we four sit for our monthly helping of grace
having crossed an invisible threshold months ago*

by Liz Oppenheimer

We are a grandfather

*with eyes and surprises
that glimmer beneath our collective history and knowledge*

And we are a clerk

*whose simplicity sustains hope
so that it may find its way
through the cracks of fear
and enter into our surrendered imagination
like a dove*

We are a healer

*quiet
circling
gathering splendid stones dropped by Unseen Hands
remembrances of the trail we've traveled
and passed onto us in Blessed Quietness*

And we are, this day, the storyteller

*months ago unsure of how to begin
yet finding the Way while on the way
each tear a sonnet
each breath a prayer*

Witness, sentinel, messenger of the Spirit

*we are companions on the journey
sitting for our monthly story
and this like the other times
one more helping of grace*

Liz Oppenheimer, a member of Twin Cities (Minn.) Meeting, leads workshops at Friends General Conference's annual Gatherings and organizes local events "to help demystify what FGC is and does." She wrote this poem on the occasion of laying down a care committee.

REFLECTIONS ON

The Life and Art of Asa Watkins

Asa Watkins died in June 2001 at age 84. After reflecting for some time on the news of his passing, I doubted whether someone so enthusiastic and alive *could* have died. I also caught myself wondering whether I had dreamed him up. But when I saw the vast love for Asa expressed by the numerous mourners at his memorial service at Summit Meeting in Chatham, New Jersey, I got confirmation that the qualities I found in him were there for others, too. That his goodness was real; that it was a fact. Person after person shared sorrow at his passing, and great joy at having known him, not incidentally combined with a good deal of the warmest laughter. That told me, "Praise for Asa is quite appropriate."

I met Asa Watkins in about 1981, when he was in his mid-60s. Though at first I knew him only as the Quaker friend of a Quaker family I knew, I began to think that he was more than just a "nice guy." As I knew him longer, his generally enthusiastic outlook, the breadth and sincerity of his social concerns, and his passion for and curiosity about various forms of contemporary art emerged as having more than casual importance. I saw that this was someone with a great deal of social energy and with an intense love for all people.

In the mid-1980s, Asa began to extend toward me periodic invitations to visit him at his home, in Morristown, New Jersey. I was slow to accept them, which I have regretted ever since. But I did finally go in June 1988. After I'd spent the day with him, Asa pulled out an old portfolio of drawings, almost as an afterthought, and put it before me.



As a fellow artist, I was curious and excited. From this portfolio, labeled "Williamsburg—Surreal," he pulled out the striking exercises he had composed in his youth, while working as an attendant at Eastern State Mental Hospital in Williamsburg, Virginia. The drawings struck me at once for their intuition, character, and compassion. In the most surrealistic of them he had attempted to create images of the mental patients' worldview.

Manuel Macarrulla, a painter, worked for 11 years with mentally ill homeless in Manhattan, doing art therapy and other activities. A native of the Dominican Republic, he lives in Park Slope, Brooklyn, with his wife and two young children.

©2002 Manuel Macarrulla

From another portfolio, labeled "Williamsburg—Life," Asa pulled out straightforward studies of the patients. They were more spontaneous, less cerebral pictures. Often executed with the broad side of a crayon, they evidenced a vigorous and efficient economy. He had come to prefer these to the former, which he may have considered the product of his own youthful hubris (some "big idea" of his own) though many of us persist in finding them engaging.

Asa's impressive, though brief, account of his experiences at the hospital further intrigued me. He described to me the shocking state of degradation in which he and the other COs working there had found the patients. The COs had then "smuggled" notes to a nearby church, from which they were passed on to the office of the state Governor. That succeeded in starting an investigation that had far-reaching implications; not only were the conditions at that hospital

greatly improved as a result, but many other mental hospitals around the nation were also investigated when COs working in them filed similar reports. I left him that night wondering how we could put those drawings, and the story they told, before a wider audience.

My first thought was to put together a manuscript about this chapter in Asa's life. To this end, Asa generously shared the letters he'd written to his family and friends from the CPS workcamp, and later from the hospital. I discussed with him his employment at the hospital, his interest and background in art, and the roots of his pacifism. These edified me. I am not a Quaker, and Asa was the first dedicated pacifist with whom I had sustained philo-

Charcoal drawings by Asa Watkins

sophical discussions. But even experienced pacifists would be interested in how the war years tested Asa's nonviolent convictions. And, it seems to me, the story should also prove interesting to a wider audience, considering people's morbid fascination with, and legitimate fears about, those dark old mental institutions of yesteryear. This is also the story of how Asa, the young mental hospital attendant, became the Asa we knew.

The story of how the old "snake pits" became the current mental health system is a moment of history that must not be forgotten. Once, when I asked a co-director of a mental health program in New York City to read an earlier draft of this manuscript, she told me she had not known about the pacifist influence on the mental health field. I was glad that this work could illuminate a point like that for someone who knows the contemporary mental health field well.

Asa's letters and the selected notes, or "testimony," presented to the State of Virginia by Asa and his coworkers are little works of art in themselves. They not only offer detailed accounts of his experiences at the hospital, but they contain poetic passages about simple pleasures and his enduring sense of joy.

Subsequent to his work at the hospital, and to an attempt to deliver cows to Poland by ship as part of a United Nations war relief effort, Asa moved to New York City in the fall of 1946. He taught art at Rutgers University in the early 1950s, and then, from 1956 to his retirement in 1983, he offered art therapy in the Newark School system with emotionally disturbed and



physically handicapped youngsters. In order to improve the situation for these youngsters, Asa participated in a Newark teachers' strike that led to his temporary imprisonment. His friends the Havilands held a "jail party" at which Asa celebrated his upcoming time in jail, an event that must have been mentioned five times during Asa's memorial service in mirthful recognition of his cheeriness about it.

Asa began exhibiting his art in group shows in Newark, and eventually he settled in Morristown, New Jersey. During the Vietnam War, he counseled conscientious objectors. After his retirement, he became active in the retiree chapter of the Newark Teachers' Union. He also participated in the Drew Art Association, exhibiting his

art at the Morris County Atrium Gallery. After 1988, he also exhibited his mobiles at the Quietude Garden Gallery in East Brunswick, New Jersey. During the Gulf War he offered draft counseling. He was also an active supporter of McCutchen Friends Home.

In 1951 Asa met and thereafter married Luella Hauck. They had two sons. William, who is involved in performance art and film, provided the major impetus and encouragement for his father to "do something" with his old World War II drawings. Richard, who is a Product Development Engineer, constructed his own plane from a kit at the family property on Lake George and once gave me a thrilling ride on it. I remember the landing on the water as the most magical part of that little adventure. Luella continues to practice pediatric dentistry at her office in Morristown.

In 1988, Asa played a big part in a little play. He played God in *The Council of Love*, by Oskar Panizza, at The Home for Contemporary Theater and Art in New York City. The plot concerns a senile Supreme Being's punishment of humanity for its indulgence in sexual pleasure through the introduction of syphilis, a theme that has continued to be topical given the attitudes prevalent in certain circles of our society attributing the AIDS epidemic to God's punishment for sexual self indulgence.

I'll never forget Asa's first appearance on the stage as "God": he tottered out wearing a hospital gown, aided by a walker, and hacking and coughing copiously. I feared his throat would not survive the

harshness to which he submitted it. He managed to be consistently lively and amusing, holding his own alongside professional actors.

In art, Asa concentrated on mobiles and stabiles (similar to mobiles, but stationary and free standing, with bases) from 1988 on. He fussed over them a good deal, making pass after pass at them to test the basic requirements of balance, and to solve the more elemental problem of his forms' resistance to the wind. They range in height from three to twelve feet, and

can be about four feet across. Many are spray-painted in bright red, blue, and yellow. Asa did not title or date them. He made them of stainless steel, aluminum, and rusty, found metal from scrap heaps and highways; sometimes he incorporated logs and driftwood into them.

In these works, the juxtaposition of the materials of very different character is exciting. The unadorned, weathered quality of the woods and rusted metals affirms a state of harmony with nature. The tactility they evoke sometimes brings to mind Chi-

nese garden sculpture (the rocks eroded by water to many crags and openings, sometimes resembling the holes in Swiss cheese).

A mobile of Asa's that I like is one I think of as magically insubstantial. In it, Asa used window screen material formed into uncomplicated, cloud-like forms. The material's soft surface texture and the low density of its mass combine to create a softness of edge that is highly evocative of a discreet sensuality.

Pete Haviland recently commented, "It's amazing how much Asa cared about

Selected Letters by Asa Watkins

*From Buck Creek Civilian Public Service (CPS) Camp 19
Marion, North Carolina
August 6, 1942*

There are times when things seem rather futile, and I get a bit down, but I don't have any sense of being generally blue. Being in a place like this is good, in a way, because it makes you continually pray for strength to live as joyously as you can! You can't afford to let down for one moment! I have learned more about people in the last ten weeks than in all my quarter century of existence!

October 1, 1942

... Well, your son has in one day built the reputation of a pastry cook simply because he used his mother's [recipe,] which he has remembered for a long time! Yes sir, he rolled out 13 pies yesterday, tops and bottoms, and you should have seen the results. Gorgeous, crisp, brown, tender crust that just melted in your mouth! I was really very proud. They [had] been having trouble with the pastry for some time, so I said, "Now, my mother[...]" So they said, "Well, let's try it." So, "1/2 as much lard as flour and 1/2 as much water as lard," went into operation, and the outcome was perfection! Tony, the head cook, said he had never seen such pies at Buck Creek! They were deli-

cious apple pies! I am having fun being a cook. It is awfully tiring but it's worth it.

*From Eastern State Hospital
Williamsburg, Virginia
October 7, 1942*

My! How thankful I should be! These poor folk! Why is it that they are so sick instead of me?!

I cut hair today and intercepted a fight. I am on one of the most violent wards. It is one continual surprise! I was scared once today when a fellow got mad and picked up some scissors [I was using] to cut hair. ... I got them away from him, and then he took up a chair and began wielding it in marvelous fashion, but I managed to get it away and finally all was well. My! To what levels the human body can fall. The things I have seen today!

October 8, 1942

Have gotten to know lots of my patients now. Yesterday I felt as though I'd never make out *who* they all were, but I am learning fast. I wouldn't be on a less violent ward! It is wonderful just where I am.

October 10, 1942

Well, the first casualty among the CO Army at Williamsburg occurred today when a patient manipulated his fist so as to contact the cheek bone of an attendant, one Asa Watkins, thus causing the cheek bone to separate into two portions!!! I have got a broken cheek

bone, probably a compound fracture. X-rays have been taken and there is nothing to do but let it knit itself. I will always have a dent in my face, but that is better than a scar. I am taking sulfathiazol to keep infection out of my sinus. The pain is bad, but not *too* bad. I am OK and will go back on the same ward unless the authorities prevent me. The accident was entirely unavoidable. This *is* a life!

October 12, 1942

Just to give you an idea of what we ... have to contend with I'll describe an afternoon on my ward. ...

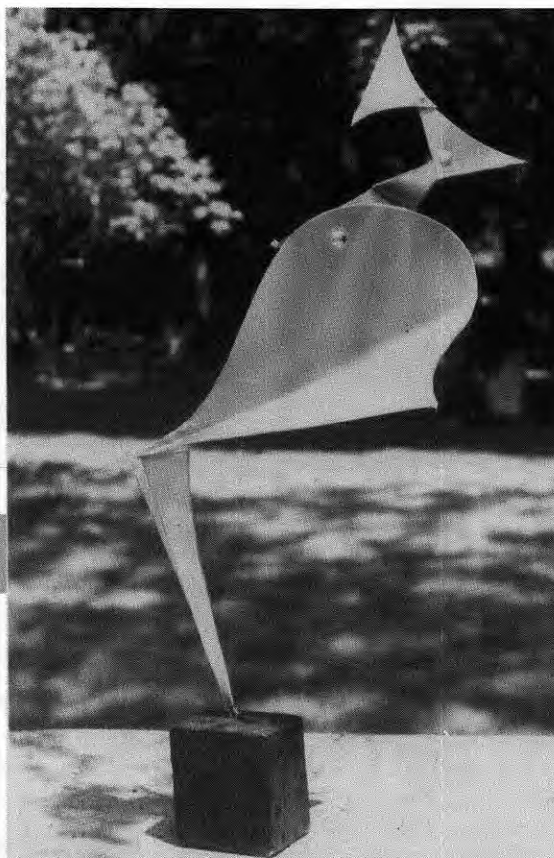
I look into the "blind room" where a patient ... is kept. His food has been set in the cell, beside him, and he has tried to eat it, but, not being able to feed himself, has spilled most of it on his own person. He is lying on a mattress on the floor with a little blanket over him. He is too far gone to have a bed so long as he is on our ward. He is lying in two or three days' excretions, and his syphilitic sores are oozing. I decide to feed him. I finally get the food down by coaxing and feeding him myself. I ... [hold] him in a sitting position by jacking the mattress up on my knee. The urine has soaked through the mattress, and is soaking into my trousers. He is fed, though, and is given water, which he wants continually. Then we decide that he should be given a bath. Another attendant and I manage to support him so that he can totter to the shower room. We get him there and find that the drains are stopped up so that the room is in two inches of water! The other patients, who are helping us, bail the water up and throw it out of the window! All the solid filth sticks to the screen. We get into a broken tub that

*Right and on page 21:
drawing and sculpture
by Asa Watkins*



making his pieces, yet how little he thought of his efforts. He was sure he could do things better, but he never found enough time." He probably gave himself too many projects in the little garage where he made them. He probably also had too much time and energy and love for the rest of us to make time enough to achieve some of the goals he envisioned.

Asa told me recently that he



had grown more radical in his old age, that he would no longer volunteer for CPS, that because he now saw the draft as "a violent and coercive act in its own right," he would rather go to jail.

My hope is that through the sharing of Asa's art with others, the viewer may receive a little of the great spirit we, who knew him, experienced regularly. □

has only three legs. We pull it under one of the showers to fill it, and one of the patient assistants starts to wash [the man]. The patient pulls him around like a rubber doll! We remonstrate, and try to show the assistant how to treat him, but it makes no impression. The sores are all over his body, and on his back, at the end of his spine, there is one as large as a silver dollar! Huge ones at his hipbone, too. His body is just breaking down all over, but particularly in the spots that have close contact with the mattress. We get him washed, and put mercurochrome on the sores. Then we have a time getting the slip gown on him. We get him back to his cell by carrying him and lay him down on a mattress that is just as filthy as the one we left except that it is dry. I then cut his fingernails, which are like claws! One of the patient[s] . . . shaves him and he is locked up for an indefinite period! I find the next day that orders have been given to feed him by hand, but no one seemed to think that it was important. I feed him by hand . . . and finally in the afternoon, he is taken down to ward four to die. I call up the machine shop to get the shower room unstopped, but the phone won't work. I go over to the plumber's house after hours and see him myself. He comes the next day, but only fools with the drain. He doesn't fix it at all. We find that one of the patients has driven a wooden stake far into the pipe!!! The attendants have no toilet because the patients are using it. The patients have no toilet because theirs is out of commission entirely. It is supposed to be in order some time in the future.

It is sort of like a perpetual bad dream. The smells, the sounds of the insane voices, the bad equipment, the long, dark corridors! I tell you, it is all very much like a medieval fairy tale of the nether regions.

. . . If we just had about 25 more attendants we could begin to do something, but as it is we have to use a great deal of patient help, and you can't teach insane people [easily] how to treat other insane people. . . .

It occurs to me that you may be wondering whether the fellow who hit me has ever hit any of the other attendants. He has. He hit [one] and made [him] see stars, but didn't manage to break anything! He just goes completely wild at times. My! But this is a place to test your convictions on nonviolence! I feel more than ever that violence is wrong. You have to restrain a patient but never strike him or yell at him.

May 20, 1943

These May nights are utterly, intolerably beautiful! I have never before known what the night is. It takes some time to discover the night. Finally it comes to you and you realize how tender, how humble, how powerful, how quiet, and how rich the night is. I wouldn't [take] anything for these nights I'm having on night duty! And these *spring* nights, these glorious

May nights when every window and door in the building is a spillway for volumes of honeysuckle and moonlight! The air is full of all sorts of nameless delights. It is like old wine, sparkling champagne, strange liquors and all kinds of bitters. It is invigorating, soothing, and intoxicating all at the same time.

The moon is full tonight and there are frothy white clouds pouring over it. At times it gets slightly dimmed by the clouds, which at the same time absorb some of its light, becoming luminescent and glowing with faint hints of color. The sky is symphonic, and the ground with all its growths is looking up, poised, still, listening. . . . There is a wild and mysterious enchantment without, wild yet utterly still.

May 27, 1943

I have just celebrated the anniversary of my first year in CPS. Just one year ago tonight I was on the train headed for the highlands of North Carolina and wondering how in God's Earth and under God's heaven I could *ever* get through a month of it. A year was . . . an impossibility, completely and utterly unthinkable! That was a year ago. I had your letter in hand, with the Roman quotation (Romans 8:28) ["And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose."] and I read it and read it on the Pullman. . . . As sure as the Earth has traveled its orbit around the Sun, this truth has proved itself. It is true and without my trying to believe it I have had to believe it because it has happened. A year has gone by, a year to show me that no year, ever, in the future can be an impossible year. . . . □

Music and the Spirit of Creativity

by Jim Dragoni

My musical saga began at the age of ten. I had heard and was moved by music all my life, that which I heard outside and inside my head. While taking piano lessons I found that when it came time to practice, what I heard inside of my own mind demanded an outlet more than learning "Mary Had A Little Lamb." The teacher quickly tired of my rebellious approach and, after making a sad phone call to my parents, dismissed me for the sin of having no talent. I thought of that piano teacher as I performed one of my original compositions at New York's Lincoln Center in the summer of 1993. I can't remember her name, but I do remember the angry red marks all over my piano book from the day she exploded in anger and frustration at my unwillingness to play other than what I heard internally.

Original music has always been the focal point of my experience, and I have thought long and hard on where it comes from, since the early '60s when I first began experimenting with it. It's an eternal mystery.

Fortunately, a few years after the piano debacle, I found a teacher who was willing to show me the rudiments of playing the guitar, and my parents were willing to give me a second chance. That was in 1962, and I have played ever since. For lack of a better description, I am considered a jazz guitarist. Why jazz? After having studied and played classical guitar, rock, folk music, north Indian classical music, and jazz forms such as swing, bebop, fusion, Latin, and free jazz, there is only one form that allows the inclusion of all those elements and that is "Jazz"—I suppose we had better give it a capital "J" if it has to encompass all of that.

I strongly dislike having to apply names to these things because they all come from a vast universe of musical

experience. Everything influences everything else, and there is conceptual drift in most areas. So why the boundaries? Why the definitions? They are all just words, but words are all we have, as the song goes, to say "I love you" and to describe things like music. Debussy, the French impressionist composer, had his influence on jazz. The blues form is the backbone of most jazz, rock, and country music. It's a wonderful reflection of our cultural heritage, a sharing of ideas from different races, ethnic backgrounds, and time periods. Classical music in its early forms has had a strong influence on rock music. I can't begin to tell you how many folk and pop songs I have heard that are based on the harmonic movement in Johann Pachelbel's Canon in D.

In my early years of playing music, an original composition seemed to come out of the blue, purely by accident. After months of playing the music of others, rehearsing it, performing it, and later analyzing it, I would pick up my instrument and suddenly something new would be born. It was a pure joy when it occurred. The only problem was it didn't occur enough for my liking. It was as if the goose had laid a golden egg and I would then ask, "Now where are the other eleven?" I needed more, but they wouldn't appear on demand.

Sometime around 1971 I went to a talk by a regionally known yogi, whose name I don't remember. He talked about the spiritual and physical discipline of yoga, and at the end he briefly led us through a meditation. During the talk he reiterated that meditation is a state that cannot be adequately described with words. He used the analogy that there is no way to experience the taste of a peach without actually tasting it. And the same is true of meditation. There is no way to describe it. I was profoundly moved by his gentle guidance through the meditation process and by the process itself. I went home and picked up my instrument, and about three new compositional ideas made themselves apparent that night. More than in the last three months combined! I knew then what I had to do.

I must admit, I didn't come to yoga or meditation for spiritual reasons. I wanted to be healthy, smarter, clearer, and more creative in productive ways. However, as I began to practice meditation on a regular basis, the spiritual benefits came to me uninvited. I realized for example that to be clear and productive, one has to be honest and free of anger, hatred, resentment, and intolerance. One has to be forgiving, free of grudges, and in love with life and the world.

A natural sense of wonder seemed to be freed in me during that period. I noticed things in a way I never had before. The beauty of my surroundings, the trees, the sky, the way sunlight changed the colors of buildings and walls in my room. All these things were stimuli that found an expression through my music. My creative skills seemed to increase geometrically. Now the creative ideas were flowing so fast that I could scarcely get them down. This continued for months after my introduction to and practice of yoga and meditation. And then suddenly and without warning, it all stopped. I felt blocked and frustrated again.

What went wrong? I thought with certainty that I had tapped into a bottomless well of new and free musical and poetic ideas. Where did that vanish to? I was still meditating, practicing physical forms of yoga, and working with my instrument, but I could barely do anything more than repeat myself. My career path seemed uncertain, I had been sure that creative and musical pursuits were how I would make my living, but now I became confused.

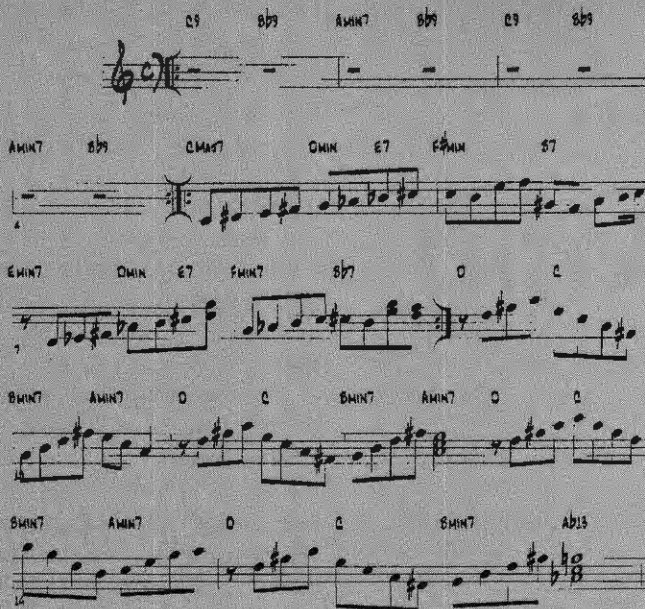
Looking back on that first experience of a huge creative surge and then the subsiding of that surge, I now realize it was perfectly natural. It was nothing more than yin-yang, day-night, one breathes in, one breathes out. Those first meditation sessions opened the floodgates for me. I was able to release my version of the things I had been practicing, studying, and listening to up to that point. When they were all outside of me, down on paper or on tape, I was empty. There was nothing left to say.

Jim Dragoni, a member of Green Street Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa., is a guitarist, composer, and multimedia producer. He has written film music, electronic music, guitar music, and poetry. His work can be found at <www.emusictime.com>.

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MOTH TO THE FLAME

1986 ANDREW DEARON (2001)



Without knowing how the cycle was unfolding, I moved to new musical studies. I found Indian music through the luck of having a scholarship to the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Lalmani Misra, dean of the Hindu University in Varanasi, India, was my instructor. For several years, I studied and took in new scales, concepts, and compositions. Simultaneously I was studying jazz and learning new chords, theory, and scale patterns. Before long, the original ideas were flowing again, and then I understood how the creative cycle works. You breathe in, then you breathe out. First you learn, then you teach. Your teaching could be actual teaching in a classroom, which I have done. Or your teaching takes an art form, writing, or painting. First you receive by studying, then you give by producing something or teaching. Breathing in, breathing out.

The Best Ideas

At many colleges and universities around the world, musical composition is taught. Formulaic writing is used to illustrate how to compose using counterpoint, three part writing, as well as imitating various forms such as fugue, classical form (the theme is revealed, developed, and then revisited), etc. It's important to have the discipline to be able to reproduce a form, to capture an idea and force it into a mold. This process is a way to become adept at a craft.

I have experienced myself and have read about composers who say that the best ideas come from somewhere other than the intellectual part of the mind. "The song writes itself," I have heard it said. The song just appears as if it already existed, and I am simply the one who transcribes it or plays it spontaneously.

I once went out on a summer Philadelphia night and walked nearly to

the bottom of School House Lane, one of the prettiest streets in the city. There seemed to be a sweet presence in the air that night. I remember stopping at one point to look up at the stars, and I heard the most beautiful melody, better than anything I could ever have thought up consciously. I hurried home before I could forget it, and wrote it down. I called it "Celeste." Where did it come from? Can we really know? Was it a composite of all that I had heard before? Or was it some higher-level thought or language manifest in music that made itself apparent? It seemed magical, nothing that I could have forced out by following a formula.

Sometime in the early 1980s I wandered into Green Street Meeting in the historic Germantown section of Philadelphia. I had attended one or two other meetings before, but the warmth of this one was particularly appealing to me. I returned once or twice and felt that something special was happening there, so attending became more of a habit as the years went on. I had a chance to meditate, to quiet my mind, and at the same time be surrounded by people who were doing very much the same thing. When people occasionally would rise and speak, it seemed that the silence and simplicity of the room and the loving support that folks felt had inspired them to stand up and speak their minds. Messages were

spiritual, and sometimes personal, but it struck me that they emanated from the stillness and peace that comes from a meditative state. I wondered if this was any different from my creative process that involved speaking in a musical language inspired by a certain stillness of mind. I read about George Fox and realized that what I was doing with my creative musical expressions was very similar to what Quakers do in meeting.

Is there a difference between communicating with musical notes and rising in meeting and communicating

a thought that comes from the spirit within? I think probably not. Unless one is playing music that was written in a calculated way to satisfy the demands of the marketplace.

We all share a connection as humans in that we are wired as spiritual beings. If we practice self-discipline, keep our minds and bodies pure, adhere to higher principles, and quiet our minds in contemplative thought, I believe we can all come to the same truth.

And I believe that the best music, art, poetry, and inclusive political thought with the goal of universal harmony, all come from the common spiritual principles that we share. The beauty of an idea expressed in meeting, such as a vision of world peace, is just as elegant, shimmering, and dramatic as a complex and inspired piece of music. It all comes from the spirit within, the God within us.

I am thankful for the gift that allows me to create music spontaneously, and that I don't get those creative blocks anymore. I don't feel that what I create is any more or less important than the inspired expressions that come from any human being, or, for that matter, a singing bird. It's all part of our living, humming universe with its higher intelligence manifest in our best thoughts, words, music, and art as well as the trees, sky, water, and animals with which we share this planet. □

A CELEBRATION of Life and Death

by Robert C. Murphy

*Robert C. Murphy, a retired psychiatrist living in Sheridan, Wyoming, is a member of Wyoming Friends Meeting.
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Nothing heals grief but grieving, a truth that is illustrated in Cathy Weber's *Grief Series*, 20 paintings that she began a little before her partner, Jack Crichfield, the father of their infant son, died in 1996.

Through them Cathy has bared her heart, leaving nothing of her suffering, and its dawning resolution, out. By "heart" I mean the depth of our being. It is what Quakers know as the "seed of God" in all of us, and its roots are deeply unconscious. The healing of grief requires us to be open to our unconscious—to the depth of our spirits with their inextricably linked poles of despair, and of joy as new life. As despair is accepted and lived in (and we don't always have much choice about it) it matures—ripens—into new life and joy. Cathy's grief, in her words, "had a life of its own. It was my constant companion. The pain was physical and spiritual and extremely intense."

But it taught her to pray. "From the time Jack was diagnosed, I succumbed to an impulse to indulge in constant, desperate, blatant, not-very-cosmic intercessory prayer. I had hoped most of my life to develop a habit of constant prayer. Without much forethought I was establishing that habit . . . mostly as a result of what felt like desperate need. On the first anniversary of Jack's death . . . I was *struck* by the realization that this firmly established habit was a priceless gift of Jack's illness and death."

I did not myself know Jack, but have learned from others that he was a big man of wonderful grace and energy. They met in 1981 at a job in which Cathy was doing the carpentry and Jack the electrical work. Cathy says, "He had a love for his work that made installing a light switch an act of devotion." Within a few



When Blood and Water Brought Hope, May 1996



Blood, Tears, Lilies, June 1997

months they became a couple, and then had 15 years of a marvelous outdoor/indoor life. Their son, Rio, was born just 17 months before his father died. I have found a special joy in watching Cathy and Rio together; they quietly adore each other.

Diagnosis of a rare malignancy in Jack's arm was followed by two years of desperate study and traveling in search of a cure that was not found. Cathy was ill-prepared for his death and froze into near immobility. But she turned "to the comfort of my studio" with no "conscious intention to document my grief." There, she sat "quietly, waiting for a clearly articulated image to present itself [and] only then do I proceed to put it in the picture." Productive silences like that are not new to Quakers who, distrusting words as their only spiritual tool, practice what Matthew Fox wrote: "Language can be redeemed only in a return to experience." When we seek what is most important to us, we fall silent until our words can carry what we actually express, and that process is holy, for it is our truth. "It is not a big leap," Cathy says, "for me to view my work as a spiritual practice. It is

certainly the exercise of a divine gift."

What emerges from Cathy's quiet waiting is her all-consuming loss. But these pictures arrive in consciousness straight from unconscious insights—for that is where creativity, honesty, and spirit arise.

To consciousness alone they are strange, and bewilderingly symbolic. We see blood and water issuing from stigmata in the griever's palms and making elaborate patterns beneath her floating, nude body, and, in another, hearts and eyes bleeding, and watering beautiful pansies down to what appears to be their maker's deepest and least accessible reaches of consciousness. We see hearts and eyes, with blood and tears, overflowing two buckets suspended from the yoke on the griever's shoulder harness, watering and bleeding onto her reduplicated (but now corpse-like) body far below.

Not conscious pictures, they belong to the "stream of consciousness" that Gertrude Stein spent her entire literary career trying to perfect, and Stein's words, in the form of illuminated calligraphy, are penned into many of these pieces. They can best be

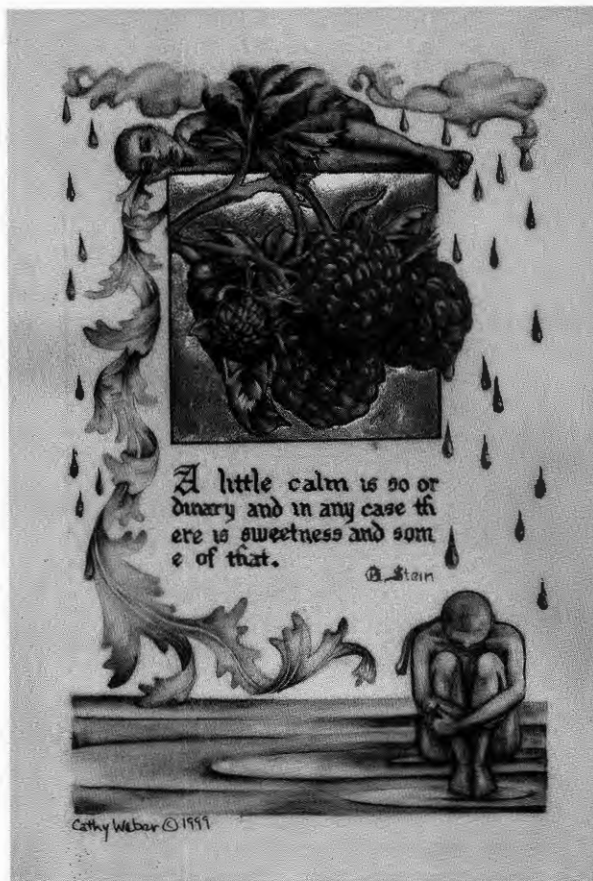
Cathy Weber is a visual artist in Dillon, Montana. She first went to meeting in Mexico City in the late 1970s (Heberto Sein's memorial was her first meeting), and now attends the Dillon Worship Group under the care of Heartland Meeting in southwestern Montana. More of her work can be seen at <www.cathyweber.net>. The Art Museum of Missoula has published a catalog of the Grief Series artwork, which is available through the artist. Cathy and pansy bradshaw are sharing in the upbringing of Rio, Jack and Cathy's son.

Seven of a series of 20 works from the Grief Series are shown below. Most are watercolor and gold leaf on skin parchment. "When Blood and Water Brought Hope" is mixed media including embroidery and leaded glass; "Reassembled Heart" is torn and re sewn with linen thread.

All images © 2002 Cathy Weber



Grief's Weight, March 1999



Occasional Calm, April 1999

appreciated if we open ourselves to our own unconscious and to that of the artist. Approaching them reverentially, as the unknown, I was first struck by their passion. Nothing is denied; all pain, all suffering, is accepted and rendered visible.

There is no end to the richness of detail in these pictures; except for recurring themes of blood and tears, they are all different, and each a gift to the artist from the promptings of her own depths. We know that the unconscious, which has no eyes or words except for those borrowed from consciousness, is the divine source of wisdom and longing. Linking it to consciousness is the artist's task, and she herself undergoes that process as she works. Cathy hardly knows she is exploring her grief until her paintings show her that she is echoing in visual form the abandonment to the unconscious in verbal form of her mentor, Gertrude Stein. Quakers understand that process as divine inspiration.

These pieces are endlessly imaginative. If one did nothing but admire their sheer imagination, the reward in viewing them would still be great. But their imaginativeness is not just mental acrobatics; it has purpose and meaning. Maybe a comparison will help to clarify this. Some of the surrealists—I am thinking particularly of Salvador Dali—are also wonderfully imaginative. But my experience of Dali is that he was a man showing off. That's legitimate, and certainly enjoyable. But enough is enough. In a recent review I made of Dali's work, I was surprised—and a little disappointed—to find my interest beginning to flag after the first half-dozen paintings. I can't imagine that happening in response to Cathy's work; I have gone back again and again to these pictures and discovered in them, each time, a new and passionate celebration of life and of death.

Nothing heals grief like grieving, and the ultimate impact of these 20 pieces is sheer astonishment, and joy. □



Reassembled Heart, November 1999

Jack's Last Day

by pansy bradshaw

The morning before Jack died I drew the death card and knew without question its symbolic as well as literal meaning. On the way to the trailer where Jack lies dying I meet the doctor.

"It's a beautiful day," I say.

"It's a good day to die," she says.

Inside the trailer is the normal chaos of Cathy and Jack's home, added to by the presence of their 17-month-old child Rio. Rio is my job—keeping him busy and out of the way without

A former member of Miami (Fla.) Meeting, pansy bradshaw is an author, nanny, queer activist, hospice chaplain, and preacher and director of ecumenical religious education at St. James Episcopal Church in Dillon, Montana.



Heavy Heart, December 1999

denying him access to mom and dad, especially during these final moments of an over-two-year ordeal. I begin by making coffee. I bathe and dress Rio. The doctor is tending Jack. He is coughing frightful, laborious coughs, and through it all Cathy is enduring her own private hell.

Rio begins each day with me by crying, and who can blame him, these are crying times. The doctor spends some time with Cathy. It's suggested that I phone family and friends to let them know how things are going. On some level I wish I were somewhere else, anywhere but here.

I first met Jack about ten years previously, after a phone call from Cathy.

"Hi, we just got married."

"We who?" I ask.

"Jack and me," she says.

"Is he a cowboy?" I ask.

"No," she said.

"Is he gay?" I ask.

"I don't know; you can ask him when we arrive. We're coming to visit so you can meet him."

"Can I wear a dress?" I ask.

"I don't know; can you?" she replies.

I was wearing a black wool midcalf skirt when Cathy and Jack arrived. I curtsied and asked how he liked the dress. "You look very lovely," he said, smiling broadly. I liked him instantly. I think to myself that Cathy has chosen well.



Heart Enshrined, March 2000

I walk Rio downtown. Two less people in the house is two less people in the house. Downtown, Rio becomes the vortex of the coffee shop universe. He is, in spite of everything, a very bright and happy child loved by many, and I am glad for his company. While he entertains I speak with others about things on the home front. Everyone is grim.

Back at the trailer, Jack has chosen for comfort the floor next to the bed he and Cathy share. He is reclining; his eyes are closed. Sometimes he frowns; sometimes he smiles. His nieces Jennifer and Jessica sit near the east window, singing. They have between them a beautiful harmony. Cathy calls them her songsters. Sometimes others in the room sing or hum along, but we can't match the twins for pure grace and simplicity of style.

Sara has arrived and is being very Alice [B. Toklas] to Cathy, who is being very Gertrude [Stein]. Doctor Weed sits by the south window. She is watching how we do this. She's quiet and very observant of all that is happening. We are all just being with Jack. I massage his feet.

Only three months earlier in Mexico (where Jack, Cathy, and Rio went to make use of alternative therapies not available in the States), Jack gives me a ten-dollar bill. "I want you to go to the bakery and buy whatever you like most," he says.

"What for?" I ask.

"I want you to describe what it's like to eat it," he says. I laugh.

Later I sit in a chair across from him, slowly eating forbidden foods, describing in ways only a poet can just how much I am enjoying a custard pie. "Man oh man," he says, "keep on talking; this is wonderful!" He really is enjoying the experience. Cathy is doing needlework. She deftly sews the form of a woman floating in her own tears. Cathy has already begun to grieve; still she jokes with us that the game Jack and I are playing seems very Roman and penitential. But it makes him glad, so I do it.

Once when Rio was crying the eternal cry of a grieving child, Jack came to my room to hold the baby. He looks just like Mary holding baby Jesus.

It's late and we are all exhausted. The death watch continues. I put Rio to bed singing Gregorian chants, and I wonder if it's genuinely restful for him—or does he fall asleep from boredom. Jack sleeps on the floor. Cathy and Sara are on the bed. Jack's niece is by the bedroom door like a guard. Everything is quiet. I fall asleep in Jack's ultra-large lazy boy recliner.

Sometime in the night I awaken, restless; I need to walk outside and stretch. While I admire the glorious night sky, a shooting star graces my view. It's brilliant. "Goodbye, Jack," I whisper.

The porch door opens quietly. I turn to face Jack's niece. "He's gone," she says.

I go inside to see what remains. □

Reflections on My Creative Journey

by Caroline Balderston Parry

Contemplating "Friends in the Arts" has drawn me into thinking about Quakers and creativity, and how this vital force has been manifest in my life. Although I have been a Friend since birth, and have worked in the arts for many years, I often debate the nature of my artistic roots and life and ask where Spirit is leading my creative self.

My mother's father was a watercolor artist and a doctor. My grandmother, who was also my poetry-reading kindergarten teacher, reveled in language and books. They both came from Ohio Conservative Quaker families.

Books, stories, poetry, music, dance, drama, and visual arts were all important in my early schooling at The Alexander School in Media, Pennsylvania, from 1949 to 1956. It was a small, private school with some connection to Quakers—and where Grandma Kirk taught. I have many vivid memories of our activities there, from minuets to maypoles, from floor loom weaving to storefront Halloween window painting.

My siblings and I had more arts opportunities than my parents seemed to have had. I remember my mother talking about how dance music had come on the horizon during her years at Westtown School (she graduated in 1933) enough for girls to be allowed to dance together in the Girls' Parlor, reflecting the big cultural shift among Quakers that Friends history documents. My mother went on to become a trained teacher and a parent, and in both roles she used many arts.

My father was a truck driver/salesman whose artistic spirit was expressed in part-time florist work. Our daily encounters with the arts were all rather home-grown, country activities or influences, often woven into woodworking, quilt-making, bread-baking, or community folk dancing. We didn't go to many museums or theaters, concerts or festivals, and I suspect I had no concept of an artistic career

as a viable route to earning a living.

By my high school years at Westtown, 1958-62, I, like my mother and grandmother, reveled in language, loving my English teachers. I even had a crush on Master Chuck Kruger, a young teacher who gave me the gift of really comprehending *King Lear* (still my favorite Shakespeare play) and was my advisor for a special 11th-grade poetry project. However, I neither thought of myself as a writer or an artist, nor considered how those roles meshed with being a Quaker. I don't think I ever thought my creativity might be an aspect of my spirituality. Still, I longed to see my poems published, and I recall feeling spiritually inspired as I read the speech I had carefully composed for graduation. I quoted Archibald MacLeish, "Oh when you're young and the words to your tongue, like the birds to Saint Francis, with darting, with dances—Wait you say, wait! There's still time, it's not late!" Reading those lines many years later, I think I was conscious then of at least a potential life as a writer.

In my college years I studied history and literature, hung out with various drama groups, sang church and folk music, and continued to write poetry. Subsequently, I set out to travel to India, working in Kerala as a volunteer teacher and writer-of-sorts from 1967 to 1969. I absorbed a marvelous variety of folk arts and even tried my hand at providing—more than "teaching"—visual arts classes. The young school children there had very formal lessons prior to my arrival, but I believed they should express themselves more freely. My passion for this work included begging friends in the States to send us art paper, and making homemade crayons from recycled candle wax and pot soot, turmeric, and the colored powders used for forehead decoration.

I married an Englishman midway through that South Indian sojourn, and we returned to the West to live, first in England, and by 1973, in Canada. I became absorbed in my early career development as a primary teacher, studied drama informally, and enjoyed lots of traditional folk music with my husband and an ardent folk community. After we emigrated,

I began the works of art who are my two children—Evalyn was born in 1973. I typed away at various freelance writing projects but had stopped writing poetry.

Throughout all these travels, I attended meeting for worship. By 1978, when I transferred my membership to Toronto Meeting, I was welcomed with a copy of Frederick J. Nicholson's *Quakers and the Arts*, published by Friends Home Service Committee in London. The cover of this slim volume shows a beautiful sculpture of a circle of "worshiping Quakers"; I confess I never got any further inside than to admire that image. My meeting understood that I was struggling with issues of creativity and generativity, both in terms of work and family life (my son and second child Richard had been born six months earlier). However, there was precious little time for any reading beyond breastfeeding manuals and children's books.

Had I taken the time to read Nicholson's useful survey, I might have become more conscious of the undergirdings of my creativity. Regardless, weekly meeting for worship did punctuate my work and play. By the late 1980s, I had shaped a part-time performance career for myself and had been heavily involved in a folk arts organization in Toronto for over a decade. Not only was I dancing and singing, I had also begun crafting poems again, plus had written a large reference book for children, teachers, and families called *Let's Celebrate Canada's Special Days*.

Now, 15 years later, I have created two more books and held various writing, performing, and teaching jobs. I continue to dance, sing—and write poetry! In the artist-in-education world where I earn much of my bread and butter, I have taken on the label "celebrator" as the best shortcut to artistic self-description.

I am more certain now about how my Quaker being interfaces with my artist/celebrator identity, and leading retreats on the theme of "celebrating our spiritual journeys" in the past few months has helped me think about my roots and the various "routes" I have mentioned.

One pivotal contribution to my self-awareness as an artist since 1994 has been

Caroline Balderston Parry grew up in Goshen (Pa.) Meeting and is currently a member of Ottawa (Ont.) Meeting. Her website is <www.openconcept.ca/caroline/>.

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*Quakers
have come
to see that
art may
facilitate
our direct
access to
God.*

Julia Cameron's book, *The Artist's Way: A Spiritual Path to Higher Creativity*. A Toronto Friend first showed me this handsome, enticingly laid out book. Right away I was struck by the introduction, in which the author writes, "Creativity is, to my eye, a spiritual experience. It does not matter which way you think of it, creativity leading to spirituality, or spirituality leading to creativity. In fact, I do not make a distinction between the two." I liked the 12-week format and was taken by the delicious sidebar quotes—for example (just one of dozens—this one from Norma Jean Harris): "Art does not reproduce the visible; rather, it makes it visible." Overall, I was enormously excited—it's true, I thought, as I read Cameron's words, "Creativity is God's gift to us. Using our creativity is our gift back to God!"

Cameron's single page of basic principles confirmed and enlarged my understanding of living as an artist. Immediately, I bought my own copy and read and reread it, underlining passages, filling the margins with comments. To me, the principles she expounds parallel Quaker concepts of that of God in each of us, yet push me to use and develop that Spirit in a sense I had not previously grasped. Gradually I am learning, in her words, "to think of receiving God's good as being an act of worship." With her encouragement, I am more fully able to consider myself an artist.

In the intervening years, I have met many people, including numbers of Friends, who have also found Cameron's book to be very powerful. I learned that more than a million copies—in 12 languages—have been sold, and that study groups based on the book have sprung up around the world. I know of several writing circles that formed around *The Artist's Way*, one at Cambridge Meeting. A visual artist from Toronto Meeting had his "artist's prayer," composed as suggested in *The Artist's Way*, read at his funeral. Surely these examples are only the tip of a Cameron iceberg—in just a decade, this book "for anyone interested in practicing

the art of creative living" has had enormous impact on how we think about ourselves and our spiritual lives.

For any not familiar with Cameron's work, let me set out some of her fundamentals. Her conviction is that "creativity is our true nature" and that "art is born in expansion," helping us sense

abundance. She describes two main tools, the first of which she calls "morning pages." This requires daily writing for about a half hour, first thing, about anything on our minds or hiding in our hearts. "The morning pages are a spiritual practice, a spiritual chiropractic . . . they realign our values. . . . symbolize a willingness to speak to and hear God. The morning pages point the way to reality: this is how you're feeling, what do you make of that? And what we make of that is often art."

Her second tool is to treat oneself to a regular "artist's date": a "solitary play-date for oneself, for our senses and our dreams"; "a block of time, perhaps two hours weekly, especially set aside and committed to nurturing your creative consciousness, your inner artist." "More than anything else, experiment with solitude," she advises.

This reference to solitude points to one of many connections between Julia Cameron's thinking and Quaker thought. She repeatedly mentions her inner sense of direction or guidance; she just doesn't call it her "Inner Light." She says morning pages help us listen, and she insists we need to listen quietly—for what she calls her "marching orders."

Eight years after beginning that practice, my daily writing continues to help me hear Spirit. I might not write much on Sundays when I have a chance to center in worship with Friends, but on many solitary mornings my writing centers me in ways my prayers may not. I rejoice in the myriad ways in which *The Artist's Way* helps me reclaim my creative self and recognize "the abundant life." Sometimes I wonder what fuller artistic lives my parents might have experienced, had Julia Cameron shared her view of spirituality with them! □



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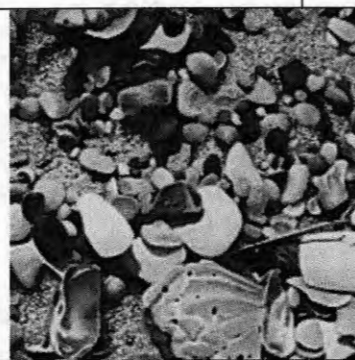


are from the northwest part of Arkansas, which is where we currently live. Except for ten years in Delaware, I've lived the rest of my 56 years in Arkansas.

"Jewels in Chaos" is a tiny piece of the Delaware coast near Rehoboth Beach. We still have friends to visit there, and we try to go back to southern Delaware each

*Acrylic paintings
by Daniel Coston*

*Left: "Sycamore
Clipper"; right,
"Jewels in Chaos"
(detail); below,
"Mt. Zion"*



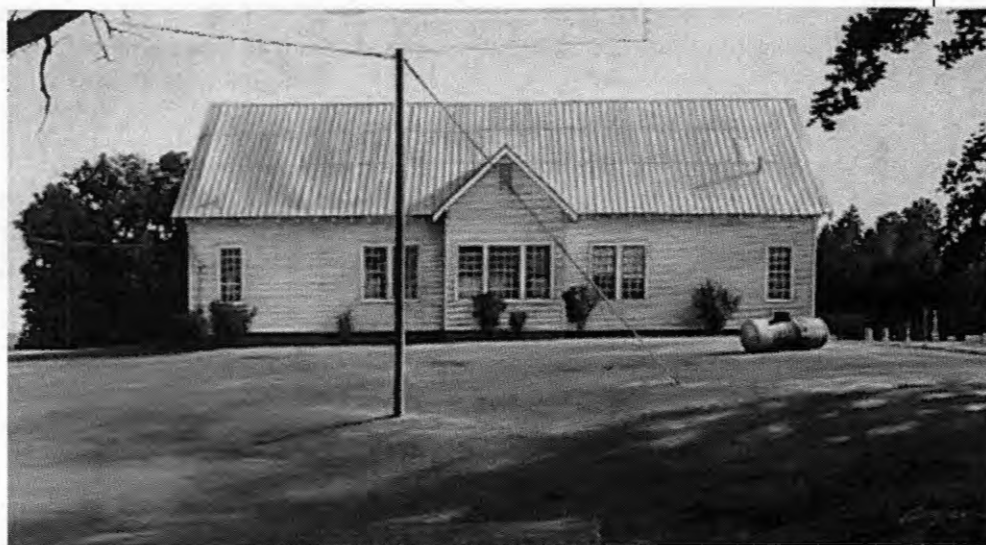
My family and I are members of Fayetteville (Ark.) Meeting, and I am a member of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts. My preferred medium is acrylic paint, but I work in pen and ink as well. This is our second or third year of being Friends (attenders, then members).

Being a Quaker in Arkansas is somewhat different than it is in Philly; Quakers here are few and far between, and Quaker artists even fewer. Most of my art is Arkansas-inspired. The piece called "Mt. Zion" is of a Presbyterian Church in southern Arkansas, near my hometown of Monticello. The church is on the National Register of Historic Places but, of course, is not as old as things are back East. The other pieces

year. Eventually I hope to get a gallery to handle what I call my "beach work." I currently am homeschooling my son and will be able to produce more work when he becomes more independent.

This past year on our trip to Delaware we were able to stop by Third Haven Meeting in Easton, Maryland. It was a treat for us to see a meetinghouse from the 17th century. We have some Indian Mounds around here that aren't that old!

—Daniel Coston



Light Made Tangible

by Phyllis Hoge Thompson

Friends often seem to me not only puritanically suspicious of beauty, unless it occurs in nature—trees, landscapes, sunrises—but actually disapproving of it, as if encountering an arrangement of flowers, for example, were a distraction, not a gift. Especially we Quakers eschew art of any kind in our meetinghouses, though we tend to welcome whatever light comes through clear windows, light integral to the architecture, particularly if it allows us to see leaves, blossoms, sky. Our recognition of natural beauty seen because of daylight mollifies us, since we can understand light as metaphor for what is inward. And many of us in meditation close our eyes to it anyhow, without a qualm.

And how if a meetinghouse is made of light? The new meetinghouse in Houston, Texas, is such a structure. Initially some members of Live Oak Meeting reported themselves “uncomfortable” about worshipping inside of a work of art. The building was designed by James Turrell, an architect, a genius, and a Quaker, whose chief building material has been called light itself, prompting in some Friends the natural and ironic query, “Well, if that’s true, why did this meetinghouse cost so much?” Given what can be thought of as our sometimes gray-minded attitude toward beauty, what does it mean to go to meeting where there is so much attention to light?

It’s true that before a good number of us became Quakers we were accustomed to worship in beautiful structures without a single pang of guilt about their beauty. We could readily grasp these Christian churches and cathedrals as metaphors for our faith, since they reflected in their design the cross on which Jesus died—nave and transept, clerestory, chancel and apse,

windows of stained glass, towers and spires erected toward what we imagined to be heaven. We loved their beauty, and when we became Quakers, our love of music, poetry, architecture did not change. But, though still Christian, we no longer worshiped where such forms of beauty were accessible to us every First Day. Their place was taken by the other forms we had chosen—simplicity, silence, and inward light, the unmediated experience of God.

As for me, I grasped that I had to get my habitual beauty fix elsewhere, in a sense go outside of worship, though I have always felt the experience of art to be an experience of worship. I attended concerts, I read poetry, I visited the Baptistry in Florence, St. Paul’s in London, and Kawaiaha’o in Honolulu. And the Live Oak Meetinghouse in Houston.

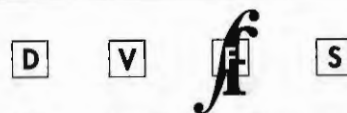
The building is open to the public on Fridays for an hour around sunset. A little while ago I went to see what it was like to worship as a Friend not in the usual adapted house but inside of a work of art. My friend and I, arriving early, caught sight of two Friends. I asked one of them, “Is watching the sunset here like a meeting for worship?”

“Well, no,” he answered, and then, “Well, yes. Kind of.” He didn’t offer anything further. As we had 30 minutes to wait we spent the interim strolling around outside the simple, balanced rectangle of the building. Two years earlier I had seen the empty wooded lot where it now stood. As every human structure changes the place where it is located, the meetinghouse also had modified its surroundings. They are now less “natural,” of course, and more human. But I could not say they are more beautiful. Or less so.

As opening time drew closer, more and more people arrived to crowd around the closed entry to the meetinghouse proper. And it was a crowd, not a line, though there was a semblance of a line approaching a box set out for donations—and there seemed a goodly number of people offering those. The noise level increased the nearer we got to opening time—5:45 the

Phyllis Hoge is a member of Albuquerque (N. Mex.) Meeting and a former member of Honolulu Meeting, where she taught for 20 years at University of Hawaii. Her most recent book is Letters from Jian Hui and Other Poems.
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Courtesy of James Turrell

"Skyspace" by James Turrell, Live Oak Meetinghouse, Houston, Texas

day we went; it changes as the time of sunset changes, and the meeting handily provides Houston's sunset schedule.

The doors were opened. We entered. Several rows of comfortable, facing wooden benches flank all four sides of the building. We chose to sit directly opposite the entry. Very soon every seat on every bench was filled, and the later arrivals found places to stand around the windowed walls or near the doors. For the whole hour or more, people kept arriving, taking the spaces vacated by those who chose not to stay for—I want to say—the entire meeting for worship.

That's what it was. At first everyone was looking up into the "skyspace"—the 12-foot-square opening in the roof, a frame for the sky and the air, the light outside that becomes transformed into the light within. Then the silence came down. That was what I found so extraordinary about the gathering. The chatter had, within three minutes, entirely ceased. And it remained silent until the last.

As for the light: recessed lights where the ceiling meets the walls make a frame for the skyspace and a base for arched curves at either end. Thus there is not only the light of the skyspace to watch as it darkens in a clear, gentle, and infinitely subtle change of atmosphere, but also an image as of a setting or a rising sun, such as I have seen in Hawaii quietly emerging from or falling below the clean line of ocean horizon. The clear panes of the long

doors on both sides of the building also let in the daylight.

And the skyspace—the Light enters the waiting spirit, almost tangible as it falls on uplifted eyes. Many of us assembled there kept looking up. Even a very young baby, crying in his father's arms as he came into the room, turned to the Light and stopped crying. Yet others closed their eyes in meditation, as I did for a while, and when I opened them again, there was the Light still shining, as metaphorical as any more canonically sanctified cruciform structure I had ever experienced.

The Light is quite unlike various newspaper photographs I have seen of it. It's not pinkish, as reported in the *New York Times*, nor purple, as in the *Houston Chronicle*. The gray of a black-and-white photo comes closer to the reality, but the experience is one of changing light, unlikely to be captured on film. Now it darkened slowly to deepest blue, and at length the very darkness felt like a cover, a seal drawn over us, between us and the night. I had at last found myself in a building that was the living image of my own faith.

The Live Oak Meetinghouse is a place of extraordinary beauty—a work of art, yes, but no distraction from worship, a bringer of calm, rather, a celebration of the Light within and the Light outside of us, shaped by us, which surrounds us and is at the same time and everywhere one with us. □

Chuck Fager, *continued from p. 9*

a hospice in his home area. These statements were both sad and funny, because the guy was in fact a tremendous artist, but one also laboring to be a Quaker at the same time, and acknowledging that this wasn't necessarily an easy integration to bring off.

I don't say this to criticize anyone or any group; this ambiguity is part of our Quaker heritage, and we just have to work it through. The best artists among us will take this tension and make things of beauty and depth and social concern out of it. Indeed, they already are. I'm grateful for the chance, through FQA, to see this process close up.

What new perspective about the arts is your new role at Quaker House giving you?

This is a good question. I'm under the weight of it, but don't yet have an answer. Quaker House in Fayetteville, N.C., is right next to Fort Bragg, one of the largest U.S. military bases, and home to the Special Forces, which are the key troops fighting our current war. At Quaker House I'm trying to take the measure of U.S. militarism in the 21st century, and work at figuring out some useful Quaker responses.

In this task, which I've only just begun, Quaker artists should have a place, and I hope to be able to facilitate some visits, retreats, and workshops there along these lines. It's a very intriguing and formidable challenge: what would a Quaker artist make of all the military stuff around here? I expect to find out.

For my part, as a writer I hope to get material for some more Quaker mystery novels, to add to the two I've already written. The material is here: plenty of crime, drugs, the culture of killing, domestic violence, and so forth. But it's not all awful; there are surprising, positive aspects too.

Of course, Fayetteville is just an exaggerated and concentrated example of our militarized culture. I understand this better all the time. But it also reminds me every day that the Quaker Peace Testimony is a priority for us now, and for who knows how long to come. In that work, Quaker artists will have their roles to play. FQA is well aware of this, and whether at Quaker House in Fayetteville, or our local meetings, or in our studios, we hope to keep doing our bit to cultivate these gifts and celebrate them as they bear fruit. □



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Witness

A Promise to Aiyat

by Tom Jackson

I spent a good part of the summer of 2000 living in Iraq. After a first visit in early June, I joined a delegation that lived with families struggling to survive on the UN Oil for Food Program rations, in a part of Basra called Al Jumhuriya (pronounced JOO-moh-REE-yuh).

After seeing conditions in Iraq that first time in June, I decided that I had to leave my job as a technical writer and do anti-sanctions work full-time. My way of bringing back what I saw in Iraq to the people in the United States was to film what I saw. I was determined that this would turn into my first documentary, and I have been amazed at the way in which doors have opened, allowing its completion. "Greetings From Missile Street" has screened at several festivals, conferences, colleges, universities, and Quaker meetings. Recently it aired on Free Speech TV. It is my witness now, and as my friends in Iraq requested, I share their realities wherever and whenever I can.

Our standards of Quaker simplicity do not prepare one for the destitute conditions in Iraq. I visited many homes that had nothing but a mat on the floor. Many families sold or bartered off belongings over the past 11 years, in an effort to buy clothes for their children or put a little more food on the table. While the Iraqi economy has been crushed, the price of something as essential as a pair of shoes for a child has remained at a rate equal to a month's salary for most of those who are fortunate enough to have a job.

Aiyat (pronounced EYE-yaht) is one person from Al Jumhuriya who I will always remember. She was eight when I was there, and she is adorable. Like most Iraqi children, she is very thin, and tiny for her age. I would have guessed that she was four or five. It was common for me to think that preteen kids in Iraq were a few years younger than their actual age. In pre-sanctions Iraq, obesity was the top childhood medical issue. Not anymore. Since the bombing of infrastructure during the Gulf War (or the "Bush War" as Iraqis call it), and the sanctions that followed, death from dehydration and other complications that arise out

Tom Jackson, a member of Dover (N.H.) Meeting, is the chair of New Hampshire Peace Action, cofounder of War Resisters League of S.E. New Hampshire, and works with Peace Response NH.

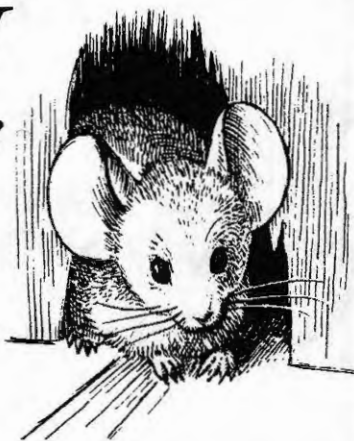
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of gastroenteritis is the number one childhood health issue. It is the leading killer of children in Iraq. UNICEF has stated that 5,000 children under the age of five die every month as a direct result of the sanctions. The war, by whatever name one chooses for it, never ended for the Iraqi people.

At this writing in mid-February, the United States is holding back over \$5 billion in contracts for humanitarian aid to Iraq through its vote on the UN Security Council. Yet our politicians keep telling us that if any people are dying in Iraq, it is all Saddam Hussein's fault.

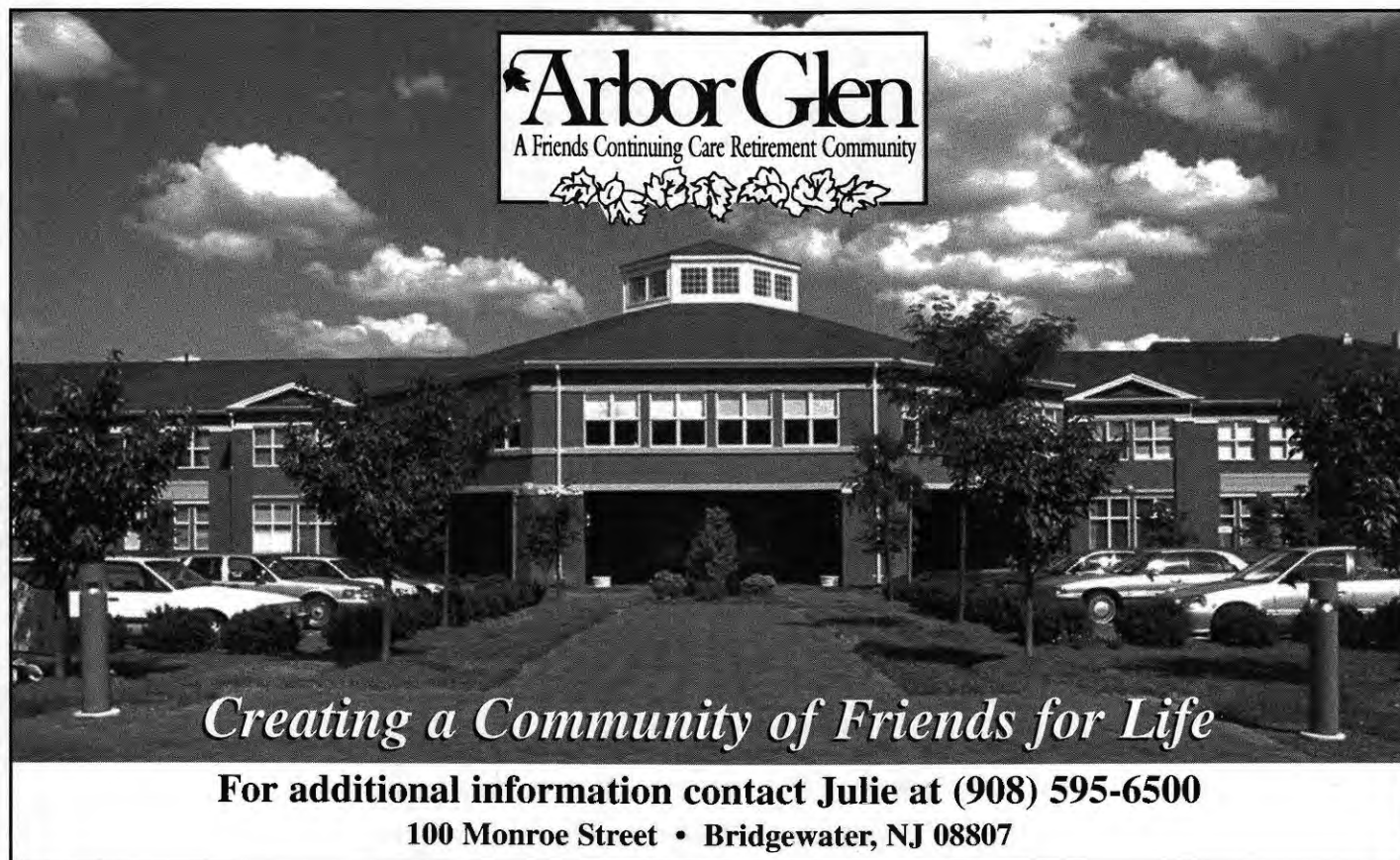
Eleven years ago, the elder Bush said, "Our quarrel is not with the Iraqi people." Six years ago, Madeleine Albright said that the price of over a half million Iraqi children dying under sanctions is "worth it." This year the younger Bush named Iraq as part of the "axis of evil." I see no end in sight for the suffering of the Iraqi people.

One morning while in Basra, I got up very early, hoping to shoot some footage in the streets without a group of little children trying to get in front of the camera. Kids everywhere like to be on camera; Iraqi kids are no different. When a camera appears, they will swarm in front of you, hoping that they will be your

subject. The Arabic word for picture is *surra* (pronounced SOO-rah). At times I had as many as 50 Iraqi children at once, vying for position in front of me and shouting, "To-mas, To-mas! Surra, surra!!" I stepped out of my host's home at about 6:30 A.M. The sun was already beating down, but the temperature at that hour was still tolerable. I panned up and down the road—not a soul in sight. And then Aiyat came skipping out of her home. "To-mas, To-mas! Surra!" I thought that her greeting would surely bring more children out, but as I tried to continue with my camera work, I noted that she remained the only child in the street. She stuck very close to my side, and from time to time repeated her request to be on camera. I tried to ignore her, but she was very persistent. Finally, she stepped out in front of me, and with her hands up to her face, she again said, "To-mas, surra!" I noticed that she was holding something in her left hand. At the same time, I stood there trying to think of a way to communicate that I had gotten her on camera many times, and that I really just wanted to get some shots of the street conditions. Then she held out her hand and opened it, and again, in a much more pleading tone she said,

"To-mas . . . surra." In her hand was a small cross pendant. She held it out to me, obviously wanting me to take it. I smiled and indicated that I couldn't take it from her, but she took a step closer to me and then put the cross into my hand. I looked at it, knowing that she would not take it back, even if I tried. I thought, "What a beautiful gift," and at the same time I felt the irony of being given something by someone who has literally nothing. I filmed Aiyat for a few minutes, and then she ran off, smiling. I wear the cross on a chain every day.

A delegation that visited Al Jumhuriya in June of 2001 came back with a picture of Aiyat. I keep it on my desk. She is sitting in the living room of her home. Her family is slightly better off than others in Basra, so she actually has a chair to sit on. She is holding a phone to her ear—it doesn't work, but she likes to pretend. Her beautiful smile radiates the joy that is almost shocking to find in conditions that are so dismal. She is beaming at the camera, as much out of pure sweetness as for her love of having her picture taken. On the back of the picture, her brother wrote for her in English, "Promise me that you will never give up." I promise, Aiyat. □



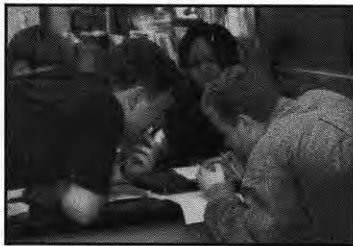
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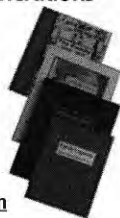
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Reports

Convergence: Poems for Peace

This is a report on a countrywide Canadian project to deliver poems enclosed in art on the theme of peace to all MPs and Senators throughout 2001. Revenues from the project, which is published by the League of Canadian Poets and supported by the donations of participants, go to the peace education work of such groups as Peacefund Canada. For previous reports or more information, see: www.poets.ca, Poems for Peace link.

The September 11th emergency made it clear: making peace is an urgent, practical necessity. By unplanned coincidence, Convergence was scheduled to present a reading of peace poems as part of the International Writers' Festival on Saturday, September 15, at the National Arts Centre's Fourth Stage. Earlier, I had invited all participants from the area to read, including poets, artists, contributors, and sponsors; 25 people had accepted. Given the horrific events of the week, I wasn't sure what would happen. Here's what did.

We read to a full audience of about 80 people. All the readers came, many of them creators and others supporters, like Sean and Neil Wilson, organizers of the Festival. Some read only one poem; others read several. I started by asking that we conduct the reading with reverence, without applause or introductions. Then we read the poems right through. Each person came to the microphone, gave their name and a minimal description ("poet," "supporter," etc.), then read the title of the poem, the author, and the poem itself. Then the next person came up. In all, it took about 90 minutes.

It's hard to explain the effect. The room is painted black, with small tables and a low stage in the round. There was a music stand, the IWF banner, nothing much else. The silence that surrounded the poetry was virtually complete; no shuffling, coughing, whispering. All of us shared in a deepening experience that became memory, care, grief, hope—that became, for me and maybe for others, worship. I'd chosen simply to place the poems in alphabetic order, by author. By whatever grace, this produced a powerful script. It opened quietly but strongly with a short lyric by Rafi Aaron and a complex monologue by Margaret Atwood; moved through surprising and evocative conjunctions, like Linda Rogers' poem about "The pianist [who] wears green lace" followed by Allan Serafino's "Piano Lesson: Sarajevo," or Chris Levenson's "Activists," which ends with the words "we must still stand up, however few, to be counted," followed directly by Kern Luther's poem "Counting." The reading finished with the

image of a dying child from Hiroshima folding paper cranes, by Patricia Young, and then the gentle, hopeful "What I love here (in a peaceful land)" by Liz Zetlin—a poem that made it possible to leave the room afterwards. Sometimes it was very tough; there were often tears among readers and audience. Sometimes it was humorous, sometimes thoughtful, angry, nostalgic, or political. The language was sometimes allusive, sometimes painfully direct. A song by Laura Langstaff near the middle (by alphabetic accident!) gave a moment of relief, a turn that allowed us to go on.

The readers who took part in this event were: **Poets**—Myriam Afriat, Marianne Bluger, Ronnie R. Brown, T. Anders Carson, Laura L. Langstaff (songwriter), Christopher Levenson, Joy Hewitt Mann, Seymour Mayne, Susan McMaster, Colin Morton, E. Russell Smith. **Artists**—Jane Burnstein, Pat Durr, Sylvia Edlund, Margaret McClure (poem-wrap artist), Betty Page, Alan Todd. **Supporters**—Mary Lee Bragg, Jim Creskey (Thomas Merton House), Andrea Fajrajls, Ev Gipton, Norma McCord (Project Ploughshares), David Milnes, Sean Wilson (Organizer, IWF), Neil Wilson (Organizer, IWF).

Of course, all these poems had been written and chosen before September 11; and of course they were terribly, absolutely relevant. We left somberly, but brought together in community. The committee and I had worked hard to make sure there was a copy of every poem available, and many people bought one to support the project, and to remember.

CBC reporter Sandra Abma had slipped in quietly at the beginning of the evening, arranging to tape some of the poems with the help of the excellent sound man. Her reports on "Waging Peace through Poetry," with segments from the reading by Ronnie Brown of her poem "For Keeps," and by Margaret McClure of Katerina Fretwell's "Children's Art from El Salvador," were heard several times over the next days on local radio and across Canada on "Arts Report."

—Susan McMaster,
Ottawa (Ont.) Meeting, in
The Canadian Friend, December 2001

Sharing the Peace Testimony with Our Community

Evanston (Ill.) Meeting's Peace and Social Concerns Committee, searching for a tangible project as witness to its vital Peace Testimony, has decided on the following community service plan. It may be of interest to other Friends meetings.

We are donating to the Evanston Public Library several powerful contemporary films and books documenting the successful use of

nonviolent direct action by large and small communities around the globe as they struggled with inflammatory global problems.

Once the films and books are delivered to the library and become available for public circulation, we shall write a letter to churches, schools, and social agencies in Evanston, describing the materials in some detail; while little publicized previously, they are intensely interesting subjects for group meetings and discussion. We plan to introduce the films at a three-hour Sunday afternoon public meeting to be held in the library's community room. The books will be on display at that time.

Other Quaker Meetings might prefer to donate copies of these materials to local college or university libraries, or to schools that members have attended.

First is a documentary film, *A Force More Powerful*, written and produced by Steve York, released in 1999 and shown on PBS. The film's six parts feature: India, "Defying the Crown"; South Africa, "Freedom in our Lifetime"; Nashville, Tenn., "We Were Warriors"; Denmark, "Living with the Enemy"; Poland, "We've Caught God by the Arm"; and Chile, "Defeat of a Dictator." This film is available from Films for the Humanities, (800) 257-5126.

Second is the companion book, *A Force More Powerful: A Century of Nonviolent Conflict*, by Peter Ackerman and Jack Duvall. This book includes the six narratives in the PBS film in expanded form. It also documents six additional international examples of successful citizen use of nonviolent direct action. The book concludes with chapters on "The Mythology of Violence," "The New World of Peace," and "Victory without Violence."

Third is a large book of eloquent black-and-white photographs and narratives, *Speak Truth to Power: Human Rights Defenders Who Are Changing the World*, by Kerry Kennedy Cuomo with photographs by Edie Adams, edited by Nan Richardson (Crown Publishers, 2000). This is a profoundly inspiring volume, focusing on the astonishing power of individuals to lead their brothers and sisters out of desperation into hope.

As Quakers we believe peace is an active way of life, a challenge to live in God's creative presence under the most trying circumstances. When battles rage, we seek to witness directly by offering another voice, a creative alternative way. We find sustaining nourishment in the example of peacemakers in other places, other times.

We feel impelled to share some of these peacemakers' stories with others.

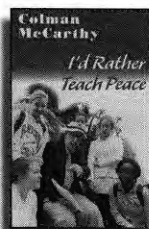
—Dorothy B. Trippel,
attender at Evanston (Ill.) Meeting



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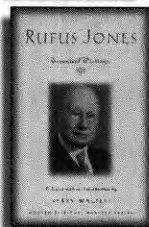


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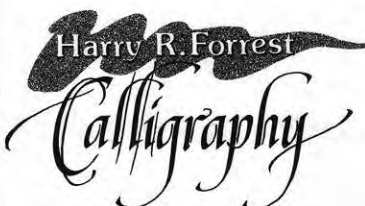
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Books

British Quakerism 1860– 1920: The Transformation of a Religious Community

By Thomas C. Kennedy. Oxford University Press, 2001. 477 pages. \$90/hardcover.

This important book describes how British Friends shifted, in 60 years, from a fairly rigidly defined orthodox Protestant, evangelical theology to the modern, liberal Society with a focus on peace and social action that they largely remain today.

This shift did not happen in a vacuum, or behind a Quaker "hedge." The main currents of British thought had a large impact on Friends. For the first 60 years of the 19th century evangelical Protestantism held the dominant position in the yearly meeting. In 1860 London Yearly Meeting's institutional structure was firmly controlled by evangelical Friends such as Joseph Bevan Braithwaite. They had absorbed doctrines of salvation based on a belief in Christ's redeeming sacrifice on the cross, and they were guided by a literal interpretation of Scripture. Friends who silently held to older Quaker understandings often sat in meetings where there was no vocal ministry to disturb the peace or to explicate Friends faith and practice.

In the last 40 years of the century new ideas, loosely grouped under the title of modernism, captured the interest of younger Friends. These included Darwinism, higher Biblical criticism, and eventually what in the U.S. is known as the Social Gospel. British involvement in war, first against the Boers in South Africa and then in the First World War, provided critical impetus for reexamining the Peace Testimony. Thanks to Friends such as Rufus Jones, by the end of the 19th-century London Yearly Meeting had discovered that it had a great deal in common with the heretofore despised and ignored Hicksite yearly meetings in North America.

The first hint of change came in 1859 with an essay contest on the "Causes of the Decline in the Society of Friends." In the winning essay young John Stephenson Rowntree called for Friends to break out of their narrow, rigid mold, and embrace a deeper comprehension of the wider world in order to become once again a dynamic spiritual force. But wholesale change did not become visible until the Manchester Conference nearly half a century later.

At the Manchester Conference in 1895, for the first time modern religious and secular ideas were openly embraced within London Yearly Meeting. The Conference also saw the emergence of a leading group of younger Friends who wanted to open the windows of the meetinghouse to new, scientific thinking.



*Front cover illustration:
All Friends Conference, 1920
(Devonshire House). Courtesy of
the Library of the Religious
Society of Friends in Britain.
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They inaugurated what author Thomas Kennedy sees as a Quaker Renaissance. The Summer School Movement, Woodbrooke, and the Young Friends Movement were manifestations of this renewal.

The younger Friends who came to the fore, such as John Wilhelm Rowntree, William Charles Braithwaite, Seebohm Rowntree, Rendel Harris, Edward Grubb, and Neave Brayshaw, sought to anchor the new Quakerism in a knowledge of early Friends and an eager acceptance of modern thought. The multivolume Rowntree Series of Quaker History was one result. The renaissance included a renewed passion for improving the social order that resonates with U.S. Progressivism in this period. A Socialist Quaker Society developed. Although young women were involved, London Yearly Meeting did little for women's suffrage. The renaissance was, by and large, a movement run by younger men.

When London Yearly Meeting failed to offer unified opposition to the Boer War, many younger Friends sought to revive the Peace Testimony as a cornerstone of Quaker faith. At the first national conference for young Friends, held in August 1911 at Swanwick, eager participants heard a ringing challenge to be prepared to live out the Quaker message in a way that might be personally costly. The inner work many of them did helped British Friends face World War I, their greatest challenge since the end of persecution centuries earlier.

The author offers a detailed look at the struggles within London Yearly Meeting around Friends' responses to war and the causes of war. For a while the loudest voices within the yearly meeting came from the small group of radical Friends who supported uncompromising resistance to militarism, overlapping with other radical Friends who sought through socialism to dismantle the capitalist-imperialist system. But Friends were not united. There was a spectrum of individual

responses to the war from enlisting, being drafted, serving in ambulance units or other noncombatant roles, refusing to cooperate and being jailed. Nevertheless, largely because of the example of the radical young men enduring quire unpleasant prison conditions, London Yearly Meeting officially upheld the ideal of the Peace Testimony.

The experience of discord within the yearly meeting, the realization that good Friends held strong and differing opinions about peace and war, led to tolerance becoming an increasingly important post-war goal. The war drew converts who had no interest in Quaker history or in Christianity, but were passionate about peace and social justice. Since nobody could force anyone else to change their beliefs, Friends began to value internal amity over unity in either faith or practice. Tolerance became the highest value, and in time virtually all the pieces of faith and practice became matters of personal opinion.

The book concludes with the first all-Friends conference, held in 1920 with 936 delegates. Friends from North America and Great Britain achieved considerable unity around the Peace Testimony. The conference affirmed for British Quakerism that the Peace Testimony was the fundamental basis of Quaker Christian truth. It affirmed the triumph of liberal theology. From then on social and political activism would be the hallmark of British Friends. Although the yearly meeting gave official pronouncement to the Peace Testimony as its highest value, in practice all shades of opinion and behavior were accepted, from going to jail for refusing to cooperate with conscription to voluntary enlistment.

This book is important because of the insights it offers into the process by which British Friends changed, and by extension, of the similar trajectory they and FGC Friends have taken through the 20th century. The experience in North America was complicated by separations into increasingly diverse branches during this period. North American Friends were not starting at a uniform place in 1860. The politics of the U.S. and Canada differed somewhat from the issues and arguments in Britain. But the same forces of modernism were at work within the Hicksite and the Gurneyite branches in North America; the same impetus to revive the Religious Society of Friends around the Peace Testimony was at work in Philadelphia and other yearly meetings.

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At the time, caught up in the enthusiasm of renewal, Friends thought they were reviving the Religious Society. They imbibed the certainty—and hubris—of the Progressive Era that if we just passed the right laws and instituted the right foreign policy, the kingdom of heaven would prevail.

But the 20th century did not work out that way. Having lived, now, with the results of their efforts, perhaps we can see what is missing in their concept of Quakerism. Jesus declared that the kingdom of heaven is among you. It is already come, and it is coming. Friends are called to live as if they are already members of God's family.

How does one become a brother or sister of Christ? One is born again, one is transformed, and one "puts on the mind of Christ." There are many images and metaphors to describe the truth William Penn spoke when he described early Friends as "changed men [sic] themselves before they went about to change others." The quotation goes on: "Their hearts were rent as well as their garments; and they knew the power and work of God upon them."

Some of the World War I COs found this truth in prison. A few "concluded that pacifism could never be based on a political ideology or social theory but was rather an act of personal faith resting, in the end, upon one's willingness to take up the Cross of Christ as a sacrificial victim and witness to a better way." This minority voice calls clearly to us in the wake of September 11, 2001.

—Marty Grundy

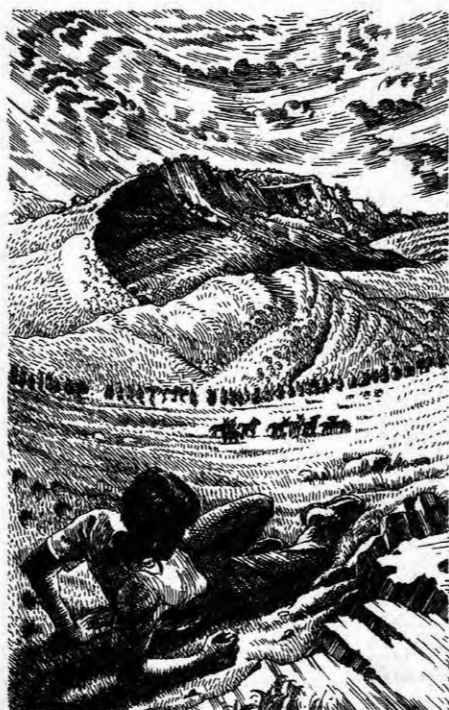
Marty Grundy is a member of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting.

Twillinger's Voyage

By Daniel Turner. Ebor Press, 2000. 404 pages. \$19/paperback.

In Daniel Turner's imaginative novel, the "Zini" society is an ancient group that seems to function in ways that Friends will recognize: they make decisions by consensus, they hold what seem to be meetings for worship, they have a system analogous to the elders in a meeting, and they eschew violence. And when Jerry Twillinger, a 24th-century Gulliver from Earth finds himself on the "counterplanet Z4," in the asteroid belt outside of Mars, he endeavors to understand them—and why they consider humans in general and Jerry in particular to be barbarians.

It's a long, slow process, requiring that he learn to speak Zini, read the language (by starting in nursery school), study their culture and their science (by completing elementary and high schools), and become a productive



"Was this real or was I dreaming?"

member of Z4 society. As Jerry recounts his experiences, he learns (and we learn) the philosophy, the structure, and the economy of the Zini. We also learn that, in common with Friends, there is a concern for the community as a whole, for its social and physical well being, and a sincere tolerance and respect for others.

Daniel Turner has written a captivating account of Jerry's journey of discovery and education, which can be read on several levels, each nicely interwoven. But underlying the entire story is the philosophy and the behavior of the Zini and the appropriate response to war, terrorism, and the abuse of human (and not-human) rights. There are no easy answers here, but simply raising these issues and thinking about them seriously in an imaginative and intriguing tale is of considerable value.

Perhaps you will agree with the Zini solutions. Or perhaps you will, as I did, wish the Zini could have found solutions that relied much less on force or the threat of force. In any event, you will be enriched by your encounter with them and with pondering their society's solutions to some of the same problems with which we grapple.

What will our society evolve to after millions of years of existence, many of which have been spent traveling the universe? What will the Religious Society of Friends look like in our evolved society? Will Friends still need to be a strong voice for pacifism, reconciliation, and unity or will we have convinced enough others so that Quaker principles will be deeply integrated into all of our institutions? And



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what will our world be like if Quaker principles prevail? Will there still be terrorism? If so, how will we deal with it?

—Robert S. Tannenbaum

Robert S. Tannenbaum, an attender of Lexington (Ky.) Meeting, is also associate director of undergraduate studies at the University of Kentucky.

Faith and Practice: A Guide to Quaker Discipline in the Experience of Pacific Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends

Pacific Yearly Meeting, 2001. 270 pages, plus an inserted revised index. \$10/paperback.

First published in 1952, this is a fifth revision of the Pacific Yearly Meeting (PYM) *Faith and Practice*. Over the years it has grown in number of pages, type size, and in its reflection of the experience of yearly meeting members. It gives the sense that this is a yearly meeting that has matured in its life in the Spirit and is becoming more clear about its own identity.

The volume is organized into six broad categories: 1) Pacific Yearly Meeting in Context; 2) Quaker Faith and Spiritual Practice; 3) Testimony and Experience of Friends; 4) Organization of the Society; 5) Procedures; and 6) Activities and Organization of the Yearly Meeting. The layout is hard to follow, but the eight-page glossary, a balanced bibliography of suggested readings, and a helpful collection of appendices (including sample queries for membership, letters of transfer, and marriage certificates) help make up for that lack. The index at the back of the book contains errors, so a revised index is inserted.

Notable changes from the 1985 edition are a statement that there is no longer a category of junior membership for children and that birthright membership is not recognized. Also, guidance on legal marriage and a 1996 minute with regard to equality of marriage rights address same-gender issues. Gone are special sections on equality of the sexes and equality as a racial concern. And a new section titled "Laboring with Concerns" includes the work in progress of the yearly meeting around a concern for living in harmony with nature.

Also noteworthy is the section on procedures—lapsed membership, dual membership, minute taking, and support of the dying. These and other topics are plainly spelled out. The chapter on advices and queries offers guidance for both personal and corporate use of these

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tools. A substantial section of quotes reflects the experience of Friends from the earliest days of our history as a Society to the present. Well placed in this section are statements made by PYM throughout its history.

There is inconsistency throughout the book when referring to the times that Friends gather for business—monthly meeting, meeting for worship for business, meeting for business, or simply business meeting. PYM is not alone in mixing these terms, but it can be confusing when moving between sections. The book employs an unfortunate approach to statements on creeds, sacraments, and Christianity that other yearly meetings have used, describing Friends by what they are not or do not do. In contrast, earlier editions focused more on what Friends do believe.

PYM includes monthly meetings and worship groups in California, Hawaii, Nevada, Guatemala, and Mexico and has an estimated membership of 1,500. It is not affiliated with Friends General Conference, Friends United Meeting, or Evangelical Friends International, but does recognize the value of interaction with other Friends and sends representatives to these and other Friends organizations. In the past decade, its outreach has extended to Russia and Latin America.

With such a geographically unique and independent organization as PYM, who outside of the yearly meeting should read this book? Other yearly meetings considering revision of their own books of discipline will want to review this edition. There are many solid practices outlined that meetings struggling for clarity could adopt. Likewise, students of Quaker history, Friends in the Wider Quaker Fellowship, and Friends outside of PYM who are not new to Friends will all find gems of inspiration and practical suggestions to consider.

—Peggy Spohr

Peggy Spohr attends Clear Creek Meeting in Richmond, Indiana. She is also treasurer of Whitewater Quarterly Meeting of Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting.

Music

Come, Spirit: Hymns for the Mountain Dulcimer

By Mathilda Navias. 2001. \$15.

Glory on the Mountain

By Cathy Harris and Stan Banker. Harris & Banker, 2001. \$10.

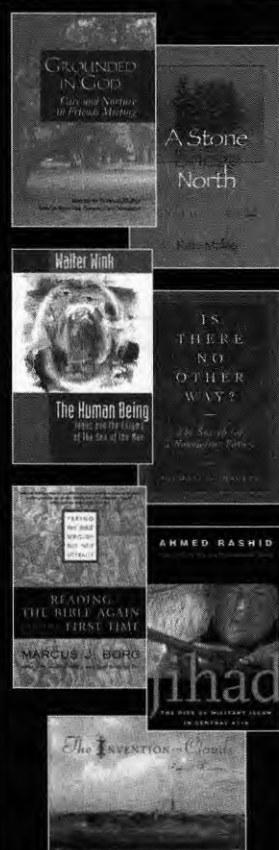
Pulling the Strings

By Mike McKillip. Orchard Music, 2000. \$14.99.

Country, pop, gospel, and dulcimer are four forms of music most of us would not associate

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Jesus and the Enigma of the Son of Man

by Walter Wink

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The Search for a Nonviolent Future

by Michael N. Nagler

Berkeley Hills, 2001, 336 pp., paperback \$15.00

Reading the Bible Again for the First Time:

Taking the Bible Seriously but Not Literally

by Marcus J. Borg

HarperSanFrancisco, 2002, 321 pp., paperback \$14.95

Jihad: the Rise of Militant Islam in Central Asia

by Ahmed Rashid

Yale, 2002, 272 pp., paperback \$24.00

The Invention of Clouds: How an Amateur Meteorologist Forged the Language of the Skies

by Richard Hamblyn

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 2001, 256 pp., hardcover \$27.00

In the Presence of Fear: Three

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by Wendell Berry

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Spinning Tales, Weaving Hope:

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Katie Green, Rona Leventhal and

John Porcino; foreword by Holly Near

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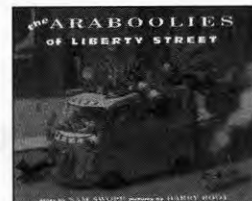
Liberty Street

by Sam Swope, illustrated by

Barry Root

Sunburst, 2001, 32 pp.,

paperback \$5.95



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—Mairead Corrigan Maquire, 1976 Nobel Peace Prize laureate

Friends, we are now in the 12th year of our war against Iraq. It's a new kind of war, waged mainly by economic sanctions that were imposed August 6, 1990. UNICEF and many other reliable sources report that those sanctions are killing thousands of children every month.

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—Mary Arnett, Philadelphia, Pa.; Kay Camp, Haverford, Pa.; Frances Crowe, Northampton, Mass.; Ingeborg Jack, Swarthmore, Pa.; Ruth Matson, Upper Darby, Pa.; Marjorie Schier, Levittown, Pa.

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with Friends. Yet four Friends from the Midwest are turning that notion on its head.

Come, Spirit: Hymns for the Mountain Dulcimer is a soothing, enjoyable CD of tunes from *Worship in Song: A Friends Hymnal*. The playlist includes "Let All Things Now Living," "Vine and Fig Tree," "Simple Gifts," and 27 more. Navias's playing is graceful and moving. It would make a wonderful addition to any Friend's music collection and could also be well used for Quaker gatherings and retreats. It is a good introduction to some of the lesser-known hymns in *Worship and Song*. It also includes words to the hymns on the CD insert. *Come, Spirit* can be ordered directly from Mathilda Navias, 147 Hall Street, Tiffin, OH 44883. For more information, contact her at <mathilda1@lycos.com>.

Glory on the Mountain doesn't feature a dulcimer, but, full of country gospel music, it easily could. Instead it features the warm vocals and guitars of Cathy Harris and Stan Banker, who are the pastoral team at First Friends Meeting in Indianapolis, Indiana. Filled with music that is, as Harris and Banker say, "90 percent spirit and 10 percent theology," it is an enjoyable CD of a truly American art form—country gospel. Songs include "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown," "When God Dips His Pen of Love in My Heart," "Everybody Wants to Go to Heaven," and more. This is the best Quaker country gospel collection since the 1980 release of "Gosney Gospel" by Robert Gosney of North Carolina Yearly Meeting (Conservative). *Glory on the Mountain* is available through First Friends Meeting (3030 Kessler Blvd East, Indianapolis, IN 46224).

Pulling the Strings is the debut album of Quaker singer/songwriter Mike McKillip. A pop-rock album featuring all original songs by this popular Hoosier performer, backed by accomplished studio musicians, this CD is the highest in quality of the three, with crisp musicianship, catchy tunes, and thoughtful lyrics. McKillip's songs cover a wide range of styles (ballads to rock), themes ("Angel of Music," "Riding the Greenway"), and show a definite McCartney-esque influence. His lyrics demonstrate a Friendly spirituality—care of the Earth, love, compassion and caring. *Pulling the Strings* is available online (Amazon, Barnes & Noble) and at record stores.

—Brent Bill

Brent Bill, assistant book review editor, is a music junkie and a really bad guitar player.

News

Friends Committee on National Legislation has been following the bill to reinstate the military draft that was introduced in the House in December 2001. This bill (HR 3598, The Universal Military Training and Service Act of 2001), currently has only two sponsors. FCNL does not currently see sufficient political support to move this bill out of committee. There is no companion bill in the Senate. FCNL is not advising any grassroots action on this issue at this time. A bill to repeal the Military Selective Service Act (HR 1597) was introduced in the House last April. This bill currently has 17 sponsors and also is not expected to receive action during the coming session of Congress. FCNL maintains its longstanding opposition to military conscription and compulsory national service. For additional information on HR 3598 and HR 1597, see FCNL's website <http://www.fcnl.org/issues/military-draft/sup/selective-service_bills2502.htm>.

How much of your 2001 federal taxes went to the military? For Fiscal Year 2001, which began October 1, 2000, and ended September 30, 2001, the federal government spent \$557.2 billion on current and past military activities. FCNL has calculated this to be 41.1 percent of all federal funds outlays. Since individual income taxes make up the lion's share of the federal funds revenues, 41 percent is a close approximation of the amount of anyone's income taxes that support the military. See FCNL's website, <http://www.fcnl.org/issues/mil/sup/military_federal-taxes.htm>.

U.S. Rep. Dennis Kucinich (D-Ohio) has re-submitted his bill (HR 2459) calling for the creation of a U.S. cabinet-level "Department of Peace." The department, according to the bill, would be funded with \$3.4 billion, the equivalent of about 1 percent of the current U.S. military budget. For more information, visit <www.house.gov/kucinich/action/peace.html>. —*The Friend in the Orient Committee (Salem, Oreg.)*

Quakers across Canada have been holding silent vigils at Parliament, leading talks at colleges, gathering aid for Afghanistan, and lobbying the government regarding "antiterrorism" legislation in the aftermath of September 11. —*Canadian Friends Service Committee*

Friends Committee on Washington State Public Policy has hired Alan Mountjoy-Venning, clerk of Olympia Meeting in Tumwater, Wash., as its first part-time Quaker lobbyist. He will represent concerns of Friends to the state legislature and keep meetings informed of activities and developments during the legislative session. Friends in Washington State likely will support reducing prison populations, will oppose the death pen-



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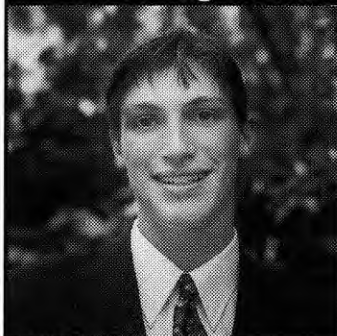
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alty, and will support reforming the state's tax system and preserving civil liberties and legal rights in face of threats to public security. — *University Friends Meeting (Seattle, Wash.)*

Plymouth Meeting (Pa.), in a letter to the chair of the State Senate Education Committee, expressed concern about legislation that requires teachers and students in all public, private, and parochial schools in Pennsylvania to recite the pledge of allegiance to the flag each school day. At the time of the letter from the meeting, the legislation already had been approved by the House in the General Assembly. In its letter, Plymouth Meeting affirmed, "Our Religious Society holds a fundamental belief in an individual's ability to know God directly. Our knowing of God is done without clergy, oaths, or other symbols that may interfere or become hollow and empty. Our allegiance is to God, not to symbols. . . . We cannot support the proposed legislation. We ask that you consider our position in your own discernment on this matter." — *Plymouth Meeting Newsletter*

"A Vision for the American Friends Service Committee," outlining goals for AFSC to accomplish in the next five years, was approved by the AFSC Board of Directors last November, and by the AFSC Executive Committee in January, after a process of listening, conversations, and worship together. The goals are, in summary: rethinking borders; exploring healing justice; creating economic opportunity and dismantling structural inequality; empowering youth leadership; building commitment to nonviolent resolution of conflict; and providing humanitarian assistance and education.

A Quaker International Affairs Representative (QIAR) retreat, conducted by American Friends Service Committee, was held at Guilford College, Greensboro, N.C., January 27 to February 3. The retreat focused on responses to the war on terrorism and ongoing concerns about ethnic and religious conflicts, poverty, human rights, globalization, and the environment. Participants in the weeklong program included representatives of Friends World Committee for Consultation, the Quaker United Nations Offices in New York and Geneva, staff members and representatives from AFSC, and QIARs from around the world. Underlying almost all of the reports and discussions at the retreat was concern about the impact of the war on terrorism on arms control in general, on peace initiatives specifically in the Middle East, and on relationships with Muslims worldwide. Participants expressed a sense of unity and purpose about the Quaker presence through AFSC programs. "We need to interpret the condi-

tions and local problems in order to make long-term commitments, and go ahead on faith," one representative said. —*Robert Marks*

The Peace and Concerns Standing Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting hosted a conference on February 2, attended by 150 people, on "Quaker Action: How to Be Effective as We Advance Our Testimonies." In the keynote address, Joe Volk, executive secretary of Friends Committee on National Legislation, urged Friends to go into the public arena—nor with the idea of convincing others to stop the war, but to "show our way." Attorneys and other experienced professionals offered eight workshops, divided in morning and afternoon sessions, on the use of law for social change, how to get results in legislation, and how to organize in a community. According to Elizabeth Marsh, of the organizing committee, "It was great to see so many new faces. The only negative I heard was that Friends were disappointed that they missed other concurrent workshops they'd wanted to hear." The conference concluded with a walking tour of historic sites of Quaker activism around old Philadelphia. —*Nara Alves*

More than 100 people attended the national organizing conference of Every Church A Peace Church (ECAPC) in Washington, D.C., on March 1 and 2. They heard C.T. Vivian of Atlanta, Georgia, and Rev. Justus Reeves of Washington, D.C., challenge every church in the U.S. to pick up the torch of nonviolent struggle raised 40 years ago by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. ECAPC was conceived when a small group of people were informally discussing the church's role in peacemaking. They asked themselves two questions: First, is the church a peace church? Second, if the church is not a peace church, what is it? The conference theme urged Christians during this Lent to follow Jesus on his "Journey toward Jerusalem," into danger, but also hope. ECAPC is an interdenominational movement of people who proclaim confidently that the church could turn the world toward peace if every church lived and taught as Jesus lived and taught. ECAPC communicates with grassroots people nationally and worldwide. Additional ECAPC conferences will be organized across the country by local advocates. For information contact John Stoner, Every Church A Peace Church, P.O. Box 500, Akron, PA 17501, (717) 859-1958, <<http://www.ecapc.org>>.

Cherese Wolfe, a staffer for Intervarsity Christian Fellowship at Guilford College, recently asked students what they would ask God. Of 112 responses, the most popular question was "What is my purpose?" Two singular responses were "Why the platypus?" and "Boxers or briefs?" —*Guilford College Campus Ministry*

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Hinshaw Tours: 12500 Summit, Kansas City, MO 64145 • robhinshaw@msn.com

Bulletin Board

Upcoming Events

• May 3-5—Building Peace in the 21st Century: New Responses to New Forms of War, at Arch Street Meetinghouse, Philadelphia, Pa. Sponsored by the Pendle Hill Religion and Social Issues Forum. For details call Pendle Hill at (610) 566-4507 or (800) 742-3150 ext. 142, or e-mail <registrar@pendlehill.org>.

• June 6-8—Great Plains Yearly Meeting, Central City, Nebr.

• June 11-16—Intermountain Yearly Meeting, near Abiquiu, N.Mex.

• June 13-16—Lake Erie Yearly Meeting, Bluffton, Ohio

• June 15-19—"The Power of Nonviolence: Exploring Alternatives," an International Fellowship of Reconciliation conference in New York City. Speakers include Mairead McGuire of the Northern Ireland Peace Movement and Rev. James Lawson, coworker with Martin Luther King Jr. Register online at <https://www.forusa.org/events/NatConf_Application.html> or call Susheilla Mehta, conference coordinator, at (845) 358-4601.

• June 20-23—Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting, Swannanoa, N.C.

• June 21-22—Evangelical Friends Church-Southwest, Yorba Linda, Calif.

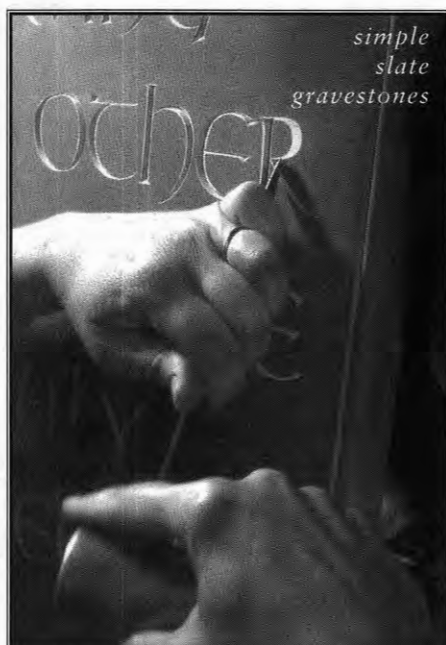
• June 28-30—Wider Fellowship of Conservative Friends, Barnesville, Ohio

• June 29-July 6—Friends General Conference, Normal, Ill.

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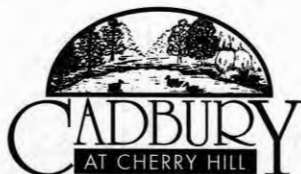
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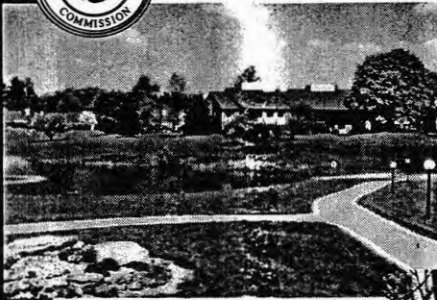


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Milestones

Deaths

Barbour—*Ruth B. Barbour*, 90, at home peacefully, of congestive heart failure, on November 17, 2001. She was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on October 10, 1911, to Louis and Naomi Nickelson Barlow. Ruth earned bachelor's and master's degrees in Art from University of Pennsylvania in 1936. She taught in Upper Merion School District until her marriage to Russell Barbour in 1940, and later in Easton and Boyertown area schools. After retirement Ruth taught preschool children and adults in the aquatic program at Upper Bucks YMCA in Quakertown, earning two outstanding volunteer service awards. She was active in the churches where her husband was minister (First Baptist Church in Morristown, N.J., and Grace United Church of Christ in Easton, Pa.) and at Fellowship House Farm in Fagleysville, Pa. She was co-author with her husband of the book *Religious Ideas in Arts and Crafts*. After retirement Ruth became an active member of Unami Meeting in Green Lane, Pa.; she also worked with Unity Coalition of Boyertown, Perkiomen Interfaith Council for Peace, and Fellowship of Reconciliation. Throughout her life Ruth worked for peace and equality for all people, using her talents as an artist to create posters and artwork to bring attention to various causes. She is dearly missed by her daughters and their families: Jean Peterson; Nancy and Gene Miller; Sally Barbour and Bill Vint; Robin Barbour and Steven March; five grandchildren: Jennifer Magruder, Kenneth Peterson, Amy Miller, and Cass and Keanan Barbour-March; six great grandchildren; and many loving friends.

Esmond—*Martha Newlin Esmond*, 88, on January 5, 2002, at the home of her daughter in Lincolnville, Maine, after a long illness. Martha was born in Plainfield, Ind., on July 17, 1913, the youngest of five daughters born to Eli J. and Mary Etta Pickett Newlin. Born a Friend, she attended Friends Primary School until fifth grade, then Olney Friends Boarding School in Barnesville, Ohio, from which she graduated in 1931. When she was eight years old her mother died, and when her father died ten years later, she went to live with a married sister in Ohio. A few years later, while visiting her oldest sister in New York City, Martha attended New York Yearly Meeting and met William F. Esmond. The couple married on August 7, 1937, in Saugerties, N.Y., living first in Quaker Springs and later in Malta, where they worked at the local hospital and, later, as assistant managers on Nashawena, a private island off the coast of Massachusetts. Before retiring to their farm in Malta, the family enjoyed camping and traveling. Martha was an active member of Saratoga Meeting in Quaker Springs, N.Y. She was predeceased by a daughter, Charity Esmond. She is survived by her husband, Bill Esmond; three children, William F. (Fred) Esmond, Donald R. Esmond, and Alice Devine; six grandchildren; one great-grandson; and a sister, Edith N. Chase.

Hole—*Francis Doan Hole*, 88, on January 15, 2002, at the Oakwood Village West Retirement Community in Madison, Wis. Francis was born on August 25, 1913, in Muncie, Ind., to Allen David and Mary (Doan) Hole. He had one older brother, Allen David Hole Jr. Francis grew up in Richmond, Ind., in a house on the edge of the

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Earlham College campus. Francis, the student librarian for the Morton High School Symphony Orchestra, played piano and violin. Francis graduated from Earlham College in 1933 with majors in Geology and Biology, and earned an M.A. in French Literature at Haverford College in 1934. From 1935 to 38 he taught at Westtown School in Pennsylvania, at the same time furthering his violin studies. In June 1941 he married Agnes Calvert, a former Earlham classmate, and in 1944 he completed a Ph.D. in Geology and Soil Science at University of Wisconsin. As a conscientious objector during World War II, he served two years in Civilian Public Service at U.S. Department of Agriculture facilities at Coshocton, Ohio; Big Flats, N.Y.; and Gatlinburg, Tenn. In 1946 he joined the University of Wisconsin faculty as an assistant professor. He was perhaps best known for using the violin in his lectures, and for the numerous songs he composed extolling the importance of soil as the critical foundation for life. In 1974 he received the Chancellor's Award for Distinguished Teaching. A prolific writer, Francis produced poetry, journals, family history, and works on Quakerism and soil science. Francis also created *Soil Survey Horizons* in 1960, a periodical that has been continued by the Soil Science Society of America, and designed the Soils of Wisconsin Map. His proudest accomplishment was the enactment of legislation in 1983 designating Antigo Silt Loam as the Wisconsin state soil, a culmination of his long campaign for a state soil symbol. Following his retirement from the university in 1983, he continued his active involvement as a professor emeritus. He traveled widely, most recently to England on an Earlham College-sponsored tour of sites related to Quaker history. He was moved by the conditions at Lancaster Prison, where many prominent Quakers were incarcerated. Throughout his life, Francis was involved in organizations promoting world peace, nonviolence, civil rights, social justice, and preservation of the environment. A lifelong Friend, he was actively involved in Madison Meeting, Friends General Conference, and Pendle Hill Study Center. Toward the end of his life Francis suffered the slow but inexorable effects of multi-infarct dementia. Throughout his ordeal, he maintained his cheerful demeanor. "Just roll with the punches," he said. "It's all a gift, anyway." He is survived by his wife, Agnes Hole; a daughter, Sarah Hole; and a son, Benjamin Hole.

Kerman—*Ralph Owen Kerman*, 78, on December 13, 2001, in Baltimore, Md. Ralph was born in Fort Wayne, Ind., on December 19, 1922. He grew up in Fort Wayne and in Evanston, Ill., graduating with honors from Evanston High School in 1940. In 1944, he married Cynthia Earl, a fellow classmate at Kalamazoo College. Ralph graduated from Kalamazoo College in 1947 and received his Ph.D. in Physics from University of Illinois in 1953. He taught physics at Kalamazoo College from 1951 to 1962, taking a leave to teach physics at American University of Beirut in Lebanon from 1957 to 1959. While there, he participated in the International Geophysical Year and in 1958 assisted AFSC in distributing relief during the war in Lebanon. He continually sought both spiritual and intellectual development and found that science led him to religion. He was a Friend from 1955 until his death. A charter member of

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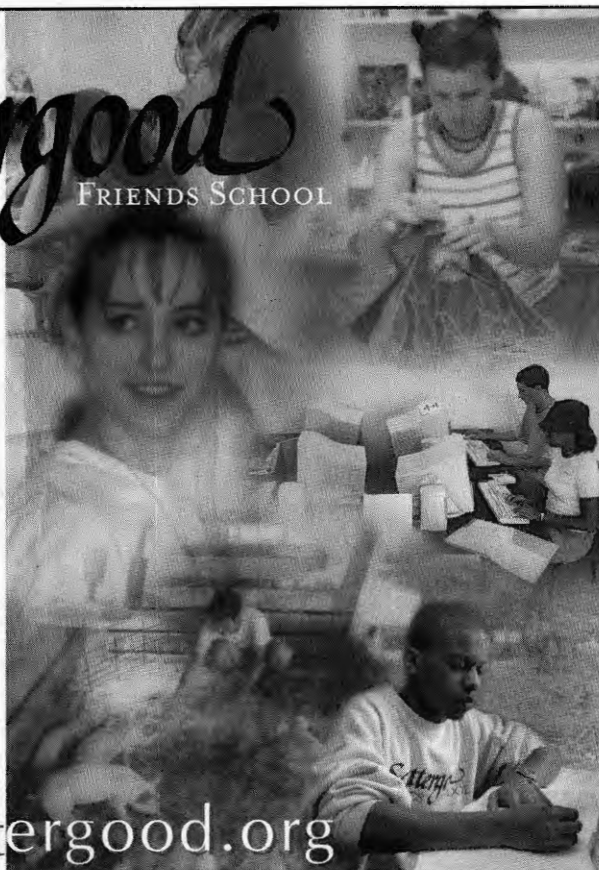
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Kalamazoo (Mich.) Meeting, he transferred his membership to Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting, and then to Stony Run Meeting in Baltimore, Md. Ralph cared deeply about creating peace in the world. Because he found that most of his students majoring in physics went into the defense industry, he left teaching and, in 1962, began working for AFSC, serving as program secretary of the Michigan area office until 1971. From 1971 to 1978, he was regional executive secretary of the Middle Atlantic regional office in Baltimore. Ralph taught mathematics and physics in the Baltimore public schools from 1978 to 1987. Upon retiring, he received awards for excellence in teaching from Baltimore City College. Ralph created a community garden in his yard in the Lauraville area of Baltimore. Nationally, he worked with Friends Committee on Unity with Nature to promote spiritually based ecological concerns. During retirement, he began commuting to Washington, D.C., to volunteer with FCNL. Several times in the last few years, he traveled to the South and spent two or three weeks working with other volunteers to rebuild burned African American churches. In 1999, Ralph and Cynthia moved to Glen Meadows retirement community. There Ralph served a year as vice president, and he started a new community garden with other residents. Ralph is survived by his wife, Cynthia E. Kerman; children Caroline K. Wildflower and partner Clint Weimeister, Edwin Owen Kerman and wife Kate, Jody Richmond and husband Ben, and Nancy K. Parker and husband Doug; grandchildren Rachel Wildflower-Williams, Sarah Wildflower; Ada, Hannah, and Jesse Kerman; Jessica, Peter, and Christopher Richmond; great-grandchild Anya; and six nieces and nephews.

Potts—Edward (Eddie) Rhoads Potts, 90, on January 5, 2002, at Pennswood Village in Newtown, Pa. Eddie was born in Germantown, Pa., on May 21, 1911, to Thomas and Ethel Rhoads Potts. With his sisters Helen Yoder and Sarah Benson and brothers Asa and Tom Potts, he grew up in Germantown Meeting, attending Germantown Friends School and Westtown School. In 1937 he married Jane Elisabeth McCord from Valley Meeting. As a widower he married Grace (Mimsey) Olmsted Peterson on March 23, 1967. A member of Southampton Meeting, he was an early member of Bryn Gweled Homesteads, an intentional community in Southampton, Pa., where he lived from 1948 to 1992, when he moved to Pennswood. With a special interest in Quaker public service, during World War II he served in Civilian Public Service camps at Powellville, Md., and Gatlinburg, Tenn. His love of the outdoors derived in part from his childhood summers at Riverbrink, the family house at Pocono Lake Preserve. In addition to a lifelong commitment to the family business, Horace T. Potts Company, he restored and still drove his father's first car, a 1925 Lincoln seven-passenger touring car, and was a member of the Lincoln Owners' Club and Classic Car Club of America. He is survived by his wife, Grace (Mimsey) Olmsted Peterson Potts; his daughters, Elisabeth Brown and Lydia Quill; a son, Edward Potts Jr.; stepdaughters Susan Maxfield and Anne Ogan; nine grandchildren; and three great-grandsons.

Rushmore—Leon Rushmore, 91, on December 5, 2001, in Stony Brook, N.Y., of heart failure. Leon

was born on June 2, 1910, in Roslyn, N.Y., the son of Leon and Mary Rushmore. At an early age, he became interested in the field of healthcare and was a well-recognized figure at numerous Long Island medical associations and facilities. He was a graduate of Friends Academy in Locust Valley, N.Y., and of Swarthmore College. On February 6, 1932, in Green Street Meetinghouse in Germantown, Pa., he married fellow tennis enthusiast Caroline Jackson of Philadelphia. The young couple moved to the family farm in Roslyn Heights where, in addition to their professional careers, they operated vegetable stands during the 1930s and '40s. Leon worked for the Long Island Lighting Company, where he retired as vice president of employee relations in 1975. Active in fundraising for several charitable organizations, he was also a board member of Planned Parenthood and a founding board member of Friends of Long Island Heritage. A lifelong member of Westbury (N.Y.) Meeting, he served on the board of trustees of Westbury Friends School. He served on the New York State Board of Medical Ethics and was trustee emeritus for Winthrop University Hospital in Mineola, N.Y., with which he had been associated for more than 50 years. In addition to his beloved wife, he is survived by his two daughters, Mary Lee Rushmore and Carly Hellen; his son, Stephen Rushmore; five grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Taylor—Harold (Hal) Evans Taylor, 62, on December 27, 2001, in Cinnaminson, N.J. Born in Philadelphia's Germantown section, his family moved to a farm in Cinnaminson when he was nine. Hal earned a bachelor's degree in Physics from Haverford College, where he was an all-American soccer player. He received a master's degree in Meteorology from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and a doctorate in Physics from University of Iowa. Starting in the mid-1960s, Hal worked as a researcher at institutions that included the National Academy of Sciences and Princeton University. In 1971 he became a professor at Stockton College in New Jersey. He chaired the college's chapter of Amnesty International, developed the Stockton College Observatory, and helped the school convert its heating, ventilating, and air conditioning system from gas to geothermal energy. In 1991, when his father died, he began to commute between Stockton and the 41-acre Taylors' Pick-Your-Own Organic Vegetable Farm in Burlington County. He was active in social action groups, including Westfield Meeting's Peace and Social Concerns Committee. He joined efforts to preserve open space, including the 1976 conversion of part of his family's property into a wildlife preserve. A lifelong Friend, Hal served as clerk of Representative Meeting (now called Interim Meeting) of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and served on the governing board of the National Council of the Churches of Christ. He is survived by his wife, Suzanne Rie Day Taylor; sons Peter Taylor, Jeremy Taylor, and Bernard Day; daughters Laura Kinnel, Amy Brooks, and Doren Tenerowicz; nine grandchildren; his mother, Sylvia Taylor; two brothers; and three sisters.

Van Wagner—Alson Van Wagner, 86, on December 15, 2001, at John Woolman House at Medford Leas, N.J. Alson was born on October 11, 1915, in Pleasant Valley, N.Y., and spent his high school years at Oakwood School in Poughkeepsie. While

showing his prize calf at the New York State Farm Fair, he contracted poliomyelitis. The remainder of his high school years was spent at home while he was still a student of Oakwood. He graduated from Earlham College in 1937 and undertook graduate work in Biochemistry for a year at University of Indiana. He soon returned home to Vancrest Farm, where he began working in livestock genetics relating to the improvement of poultry and egg production. In 1952 Alson met Irene Hoskins, and they were married within a year. Their work centered on the farm, which Alson had taken over from his father. Alson was active in Bulls Head (N.Y.) Meeting and in New York Yearly Meeting, serving on committees at both the monthly and yearly meeting level. He served on the Oakwood School Board and was keenly interested in the history of New York Quakers and its preservation. He is one of the editors of the book, *Quaker Crosscurrents: 300 Years of Friends in the New York Yearly Meeting*. After moving to Woolman Commons in 1993, both Alson and Irene were active sojourning members in Mount Holly (N.J.) Meeting; they became members in November, 2001. Alson was a member of the board of trustees of the John Woolman Memorial Association, and its most recent Treasurer. At the time of his death, Alson was survived by his wife, Irene Van Wagner; his two sons, John and George Van Wagner; a daughter, Marcia Van Wagner; two grandsons, Graham and James Van Korff; and two nephews and one niece. Irene Van Wagner died three weeks after her husband's death.

Van Wagner—Irene H. Van Wagner, 87, on January 4, 2002, at home in Medford, N.J. Irene was born in 1914 in Richland, Iowa, to Quaker parents, Alvin and Maggie Mills Hoskins. Her father, whose ancestors came to America with William Penn, was a Quaker pastor, a calling that led the family to move frequently within Iowa. After her graduation from William Penn College, Irene worked with various Quaker and Episcopalian missions in Oklahoma and South Dakota, and obtained a master's degree from Hartford Theological Seminary, where she studied linguistic techniques to be used by missionaries learning and teaching other languages. Upon completing her degree, she joined a program in Oklahoma training missionaries and then founded a linguistic techniques program to teach written Navajo to adults on a Navajo reservation in Arizona. On a visit to her brother Lewis Hoskins in Clinton Corners, N.Y., she met her husband Alson. They settled on the Van Wagner family farm. Irene worked for many years as a reading specialist in the Millbrook Central School district. She raised three children, became an expert in the repair of antique clocks, and was a poet. Obtaining certification in camera repair, Irene and Alson opened a clock and camera repair shop that they ran for many years after her retirement from teaching. In 1995, she self-published a book of her poetry, *We Are the Dance*. Irene was predeceased by her husband, three weeks prior to her own death. She is survived by two sons, John and George Van Wagner; a daughter, Marcia Van Wagner; and two grandsons, Graham and James Van Korff.



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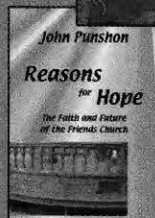
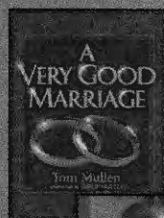
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Forum Continued from page 5

published book, *The Forbidden Truth*, by French authors Jean-Charles Brisard and Guillaume Dasqule, also raises questions regarding improper actions by present government officials. This book is now available in English.

As Quakers, I believe it is our duty to work to eliminate the conditions that lead us to war. We need to encourage our leaders to think a new way, so that this present war does not expand to other countries. The killing will not make us safer.

Eddie Richardson
La Madera, N.Mex.

Pacifism is logical


I read with interest the continuing responses to Friend Scott Simon's article (*FJ* Dec. 2001). One response, "Peace Testimony isn't logical" (*FJ* Mar. Forum) caught my attention. While I agree that the Peace Testimony is grounded upon spirituality and not logic, I disagree with the implication that pacifism is illogical. The following discussion represents my basic logical counterarguments for pacifism, which I think Friends might find interesting:

1. Pacifism is useless because a pacifist cannot defend him/herself.

A pacifist can defend him/herself. What a pacifist cannot do is become the aggressor. These are the main theories when dealing with violence: passivity, pacifism, aggression. When faced with violence (or the threat of violence), a "passivist" will nonviolently do nothing and potentially allow the violence to occur. A pacifist will attempt to prevent the violence, perhaps even going so far as to subdue the violent person while taking pains to preserve the well-being of all involved. An "aggressor" might harm or kill the violent person in order to subdue him/her. In my opinion, only pacifism stands a chance of being wholly beneficial. A "passivist" does indirect harm by allowing violence. The "aggressor" allows him/herself to become the aggressor by harming or killing someone who may have been only *potentially* violent. The pacifist attempts to follow the middle path, preventing violence or subduing the potential assailant and keeping everyone involved healthy. In this way, a person who is violent can be prevented from doing harm, and helped or placed in detention for everyone's benefit.

2. What does pacifism truly mean? Surely pacifism must be passive.

Pacifism means searching for peaceful resolutions to violent actions. There are no rules saying that pacifists must be passive. Refusal to resist violence, although passive, is





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not pacifist. In fact, nonresistance of violence often ends up merely aiding violence. But, if I stand between an aggressor and his intended victim, am I being violent? If I refuse to let him beat someone to death by placing myself in the way to ward off blows, am I being violent? Of course not. These are inherently nonviolent actions on my part. To assume that an active response to aggression is violent is to misunderstand the meaning of the word violence. Violence is generally defined as the "unlawful use of physical force; physical force intended to injure." None of the actions mentioned in the examples above is by definition violent. They would be using lawful force not intended to injure.

3. *What if 20 armed aggressors want to massacre 3,000 innocent victims?*

A pacifist must work to disarm them. The point is not whether the pacifist is successful, but that he/she tries to stop violence. In the end, pacifism will prevail because it represents the most persuasive global argument. If a pacifist tries to stop a murder, he/she may not be successful, but the effort is a strong psychological weapon, which works positively on the victim, on those who hear of it, and even on the aggressor. A good example of pacifism at work is shown by the movie *Schindler's List*. Schindler saved the lives of over 1,300 persecuted people in the heart of the Third Reich. Oskar Schindler found a way that preserved life rather than taking it—he succeeded. The Allied nations chose to take life in an attempt to preserve it, and they only succeeded in making the death toll higher.

4. *Everyone knows that Hitler could never have been stopped by a pacifist response.*

It was readily apparent as early as 1923 that the Nazis were a brutal, extremist group. During the 1920s the industrialized world should have refused to aid the nascent National Socialist Party. During the 1930s, restrictions should have been imposed by industry on all trade with Hitler's Germany, while ensuring that humanitarian needs were not ignored. Resumption of trade should have been predicated on human rights improvements. These measures represent an active pacifist response. Instead, corporations continued to trade with Nazi Germany up to the beginning of hostilities and sometimes well beyond. If these corporations had refused to aid the Nazis, World War II may never have happened, and Hitler and the Nazis may have remained the small time beer hall bullies that they had been in the early 1920s. Nazi Germany could have been turned from aggression by pacifist political and financial pressures. The great tragedy of

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WWII was that greed overcame morality throughout the capitalist world. Hitler was not unstoppable—he needed the acquiescence of the industrialized nations, and he got it.

5. Not all people will behave decently. Everything cannot be solved with nonviolence.

Nevertheless, some things can be solved nonviolently. One thing is certain: violence is no solution. The world teaches us that every day.

Ian Cooper
Somerville, Mass.

Thanks for exploring gender issues

Thanks for publishing the articles on gender issues by Petra Doan ("Gender, Integrity, and Spirituality—A Personal Journey") and Rose Ketterer ("A Quaker Feminist's Perspective on Transsexual Concerns") in the January issue. These are not easy subjects to think about or discuss, but deserve our thoughtful consideration. Thanks for your willingness to offer such a forum.

Ellie Caldwell
Wellington, Fla.

Quaker sweat lodges changed my life

I just received my February issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL and was absolutely thrilled to see the article by George Price ("The Quaker Sweat Lodge"). I was in the first bunch of Young Friends to enjoy George's special ministry at the Friends General Conference Gathering in 1988, and that experience changed my life. From that summer on, as soon as I got my advance program for the Gathering, the first workshop I would look for would be George's, and I would immediately sign up. I also was blessed with living reasonably close to the Snipes farm in Pennsylvania, so I was able to go to the sweats that George would host there. Talk about a life-changing experience!

Those times I spent with George brought me closer to my interest in Native American spirituality and ultimately led to my recent move to Albuquerque, N.Mex., where I look forward to becoming involved with some of the Nations here and learning more about them. Thank you so much for sharing this wonderful way of worship with everyone.

Carrie Engeman Sandler
Albuquerque, N.Mex.

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Accommodations

Beacon Hill Friends House: Quaker-sponsored residence of 19 interested in community living, spiritual growth, peace, and social concerns. All faiths welcome. Openings in June, September. For information, application: BHFH, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108-3624. (617) 227-9118. Overnight and short-term accommodations also available.

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An oasis of calm in the heart of London? Yes, at the Quaker International Centre, where short-, medium-, and longer-term accommodation is available as well as conference facilities. Excellent homemade food. For further information contact telephone: +44 (207) 387-5648, fax: +44 (207) 383-3722, or write to: 1 Byng Place, London WC1E 7JH.

Pittsburgh—Well located, affordable, third-floor (walkup) guest rooms with shared bath. Single or double occupancy. Kitchen available. Contact: House Manager, Friends Meetinghouse, 4836 Ellsworth Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15213. Telephone: (412) 683-2669.

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

Chicago—Affordable guest accommodations in historic Friends meetinghouse. Short- or long-term. Contact: Assistant Director, Quaker House, 5615 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637. (773) 288-3066.

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

Quaker House, Managua, Nicaragua. Simple hospitality, shared kitchen. Reservations: +505 (2) 66-3216 (Spanish) or +505 (2) 66-0984 (English). For general information, call Pro-Nica: (727) 821-2428 or e-mail: <QuakerHouse@ProNica.org>.

Looking for a creative living alternative in New York City? Penington Friends House may be the place for you! We are looking for people of all ages who want to make a serious commitment to a community lifestyle based on Quaker principles. For information call (212) 673-1730. We also have overnight accommodations.

Assistance Sought

Desperately Seeking: Hannah Peirce Cox's diaries! Mary Dugan <maryd@kennett.net> or Kennett Underground Railroad Center, P. O. Box 202, Kennett Square, PA 19348.

Books and Publications

Educators: Powerful how-to book on service learning, "Share the Sunshine," by W. Kashatus. Send \$12.50 to P.O. Box 553, Northampton, MA 01061.

"Thumbs Up!" hitchhiking adventures around Europe 1952-55, by Teddy Milne. Send \$19.45 to P.O. Box 553 Northampton, MA 01061.

Quaker Books: Rare and out-of-print journals, history, religion, inspirational. Contact us for specific books or topics. Vintage Books, 181 Hayden Rowe Street, Hopkinton, MA 01748. (508) 435-3499. E-mail us at <vintage@gis.net>.

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Opportunities

Adult Cultural Term in France (ACTIF)—Four to ten weeks in Montpellier (South of France). See website for details: <http://www.sspfrance.com>.

Selected Pendle Hill Programs
May 10-12: **The Status of Islamic Women in the Arab World: The Role of Religion**, with Zoharah Simmons
May 12-17: **Living in the Light of Eternity**, with David and Rebecca Yount
May 17-19: **Your Money or Your Life**, with Kathleen Barndt, David Quinn, and Anne Felker
May 19-24: **"The Power of the Lord"—A Week with George Fox's Journal**, with John Punshon
May 24-27: **Experiencing Goodness in Ourselves**, with John Calvi
July 7-14: **High School Youth Camp**
July 19-21: **Inquirers' Weekend: Basic Quakerism**, with Chel Avery and Kenneth Sutton
For more information, contact: Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099. (800) 742-3150, extension 142. <www.pendlehill.org>.

July Arts and Spirituality Program at Pendle Hill
July 14-18: **Kado: The Way of Flowers**, with Marcia Shibata
July 14-19: **Handweaving: A Joyous Meditation**, with Mary Barnes and Robyn Josephs
July 21-25: **Painting For Joy**, with Helen David Brancato
July 21-25: **Seeing Our Way Clear: Photography as a Healing Art**, with Jan Phillips
July 26-30: **Creating Extraordinary Books and Prints**, with Judy Derickson
July 26-30: **Notes from a Diary: Living Your Creative Journey**, with Richard Watson
July 26-30: **The Ministry of Writing for Publication**, with Tom Mullen
July 7-12 and July 21-26: **Spiritual Life Enrichment Retreats**, with Nancy Bieber
For more information, contact: Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099. (800) 742-3150, extension 142. <www.pendlehill.org>.

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

Service Community-Crozet, Virginia. Innisfree Village is a life-sharing community of adults with mental disabilities, nestled in the foothills of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains. We seek volunteers from around the world to share their lives and join in our community for a minimum stay of one year. Community members live together in family-style homes, working during the day in the weavery, woodshop, bakery, and gardens. Each volunteer has his/her own room, two days off a week, food and lodging, medical insurance, \$215/month and 15 paid vacation days at \$40/day. A year of service... a lifetime of memories. <www.avenue.org/innisfree>. Contact Nancy Chappell at <innisfreevillage@prodigy.net> or (434) 823-5400.

Support Quaker House, Fayetteville/ Ft. Bragg, NC.
A front-line Friends Peace witness since 1969. GI Counseling. Draft/CO information. Peace Research. Education & Action. 223 Hillside Avenue, Fayetteville, NC 28301. (910) 323-3912. <www.quakerhouse.org>.

Quaker Writers and Artists!

Quakers used to shun the arts—but no more! Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts; get our exciting, informative newsletter, "Types & Shadows"; keep up with other artistic Friends around the country; and help create a new chapter in Quaker history. Membership: \$22/yr. FQA, P.O. Box 58565, Philadelphia, PA 19102. E-mail: <fqa@quaker.org>. Web: <www.quaker.org/fqa>.

The Carpenter's Boat Shop in Pemaquid, Maine, is offering free, one-year apprenticeships in wooden boatbuilding. The Boat Shop is an ecumenical community/school based on the Benedictine tradition. It teaches the skills of carpentry, boatbuilding, and boat use while living in simple community. For further information please write or call Rev. Robert Ives, 440 Old County Road, Pemaquid, ME 04558. Phone: (207) 677-3768. E-mail: <boatshop@midcoast.com>.

Costa Rica Study Tours: Visit the Quaker Community in Monteverde. For information and a brochure contact Sarah Stuckey 011-506-645-5436. Write: Apdo. 46-5655, Monteverde, Costa Rica, email: <jstuckey@racsa.co.cr>, or <www.crstudytours.com>, or call in the USA (937) 584-2900.

Travel to Tuscany and Provence

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

Friends may well enjoy, learn, and deepen from a week-long experience in facilitated personal awareness groups. Nonsectarian; our 36th year. **The La Jolla Program**, (760) 789-4794; e-mail: <lajollaprogram@yahoo.com>.

To consider mountain view retirement property, near a Friends center, visit <arizonafriends.com> or write Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 1182 Hornbeam Road, Sabina, OH 45169.

Personals

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

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

Positions Sought

After years as a network cameraman and international TV journalist, documentary producer and digital editor, with the awards and recognition of a successful career, this Quaker (and his family) would like an educational environment in which to share knowledge and understanding. Open to possibilities where Quaker community is cherished. Phone: (305) 667-6779. E-mail: <closeupfla@aol.com>.

Positions Vacant

American Friends Service Committee Mid-Atlantic Region

The American Friends Service Committee, a social change and humanitarian service nonprofit organization, seeks Regional Director to start in the fall and to be based in Baltimore, Md. The Director is responsible for overall leadership and operation of the region, including: mgmt. and staff supervision, volunteer support and guidance, fundraising and oversight of a budget of \$1 million. The region has offices and programs in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, parts of New York and New Jersey not covered by the New York Metropolitan Office, and Pennsylvania. Requires strong commitment to nonviolence, experience in community organizing or program education, program development, implementation and oversight, and 4 yrs. of mgmt., budget preparation and staff supervision, and conflict resolution. Women, People of Color, people with disabilities, and lesbian, gay and bisexual people are encouraged to apply. Please send résumé and cover letter by May 15, 2002, to: Regional Director Search Committee-AFSC, c/o Riley Robinson, 4806 York Road, Baltimore, MD 94103, fax (410) 323-7200, e-mail: <Rwise@afsc.org>. See: <www.afsc.org>. AA/EEO employer.



Business Manager for Connecticut Friends School, a growing, Quaker, coed, K-8 school in Wilton, Conn. Full-time, 12-month position reports to Head of School. Business Manager is responsible for: financial reporting, budgeting, payroll, financial aid, accounts receivable, HR, administering benefit plans, office technology, and facilities. Must have BA/BS and experience in accounting and financial management (school or non-profit) supervision, planning, and PC-based accounting systems. For information: <http://www.ctfriendschool.org>. CFS is an equal opportunity employer and seeks qualified applicants regardless of race, age, gender, religion, sexual orientation, or national origin. Minority candidates and members of the Religious Society of Friends are encouraged to apply. Please e-mail letter and résumé before 5/22/02, to Jim Holdsworth: <holdsworth@taylor-rodders.com>.

Olney Friends School invites applications for the position of **Head of School** for the 2003-2004 year. Find out about the school at <www.olneyfriends.org>. Potential applicants may contact Doug Huff, clerk of the search committee, at <mhuff@1st.net>, or P.O. Box 459, Barnesville, OH 43713.

The Trauma Healing and Reconciliation Service, Burundi The African Great Lakes Initiative (AGLI) of Friends Peace Teams is recruiting two international peace team members for a 27-month commitment (Sept. 14, 2002, until Dec. 14, 2004) to join the Peace Team developing the Trauma Healing and Reconciliation Service in Burundi. This program is a joint effort of AGLI and Burundi Yearly Meeting of Friends and began its services on April 1, 2001. AGLI is seeking (1) a person with skills and knowledge in trauma healing, mediation, counseling, and/or Alternatives to Violence Project and (2) grant writing and administration and other administrative skills. Applicants should have overseas experience with a preference for sub-Saharan Africa, a willingness to learn Kirundi (the language of Burundi), cleanness to live in a country with ongoing security issues due to a civil war, and abide with the strict standards of Burundi Yearly Meeting. Fundraising for the program and a commitment to stay involved with AGLI upon return to the home country are expected. Applicants are required to meet with a cleanness committee and submit a report by its Clerk and develop a long-term support committee for the time in Africa and after returning to the home country. Preference will be given to members, attenders, and those knowledgeable about the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) and its methods. Travel expenses, a modest stipend, and health benefits are provided. Applications are due by **May 26, 2002**, with selection made on June 11 for a departure about September 14, 2002. Additional information and an application form can be obtained from <davidzarembka@juno.com> or writing to African Great Lakes Initiative, 7785 Alicia Ct., Maplewood, MO 63143.

Friends Memorial Church in Muncie, Indiana, seeks a full-time, lead pastor to complete our ministry team. For a position description, or to submit a résumé, write the Search Committee, Friends Memorial Church, 418 W. Adams Street, Muncie, IN 47305 or e-mail: <friends@ecinet.org>. Church website is <www.friendsmemorial.org>.

Arthur Morgan School. A small junior high boarding school seeks houseparents and teachers for 2002-2003 school year. Positions also include a mix of other responsibilities: teaching, leading work projects and outdoor trips, maintenance, gardening, and cooking. Intimate community of staff and students; staff-run by consensus. Simple living; beautiful mountain setting. Contact or send résumé with cover letter to: Hiring Committee, AMS, 1901 Hannah Branch Road, Burnsville, NC 28714. (828) 675-4262.

Cooks, Nurses, and Counselors needed for Summer. Camp Dark Waters, a Quaker led camp celebrating its 75th summer is now hiring. We're looking for RN's, experienced cooks, and counselors at least 18 years old to make this summer a great one! Please call Travis at (609) 654-8846 or send resume to P. O. Box 263, Medford, NJ 08055.

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



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

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

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Rentals & Retreats

A Friendly Maui Vacation on a Quaker organic farm, close to local beaches, local stone and cedar cottage with large octagon room and picture window with view of the Pacific. Private entrance, full kitchen, organic garden, and hot tub. Bed and breakfast—\$90 per day. Write or call Henrietta and Wm. Vitarelli, 375 Kawelo Road, Haiku, HI 96708. Telephone: (808-572-9205) Fax: 572-6048.

Cabin rentals on isolated Vermont farm. Propane utilities, lake, surrounded by protected land. Contact Caroline Bailey at (802) 258-4544, <bailempg@sover.net>, or <info@forestecho.net>.

Cuernavaca, Mexico: Families, friends, study groups enjoy this beautiful Mexican house. Mexican family staff provide excellent food and care. Six twin bedrooms, with bath and own entrance. Large living and dining room, long terrace with dining area and mountain and volcano views. Large garden and heated pool. Close to historic center and transportation. Call Edith Nicholson (110) 52-777-3180383 Central Daylight time 8 a.m.-10 a.m.

Rustic Writer's Retreat - Smoky Mountains. Total solitude in 50+ acres of wooded hills, magnificent, panoramic view of Smokies Range, close to Pigeon Forge. \$1,000/month. (865) 429-1807.

Chincoteague Island, Va. Off-Season (before 6/15 or after 9/3): Two adjacent, fully equipped vacation homes; sleep 8 or 10. Walk to town, bike to Assateague Island National Seashore, birdwatch anywhere. Polite pets permitted. Weekly rates \$420, \$490 respectively; weekend costs half. (703) 448-8678 or <markvanraden@yahoo.com>.

Seeking quiet? Healing? Deeper prayer? Study time? Individual retreat facilities. \$30/day room, board and guidance if desired. Beautiful mountain views, hiking trails. Faith based and interfaith. **East Mountain Retreat Center, Lois Rose—Director** (UCC minister and Ignatian spiritual director). 8 Lake Buel Road, Great Barrington, MA 01230-1450. P/F: (413) 528-6617. Website: <www.eastretreat.org>.

Cape May Beach lovers, feel the sand in your toes. Centrally located, beautiful, new 4-bedroom Cape, sleeps 8, central air, 2 1/2 baths. Large kitchen with all conveniences. \$1,450 per week July and August. Great weekend and off-season rates. Edie at <orchork@ot.com> or (484) 232-6222.

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

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

Retirement Living

Walton Retirement Home, a nonprofit ministry of Ohio Yearly Meeting since 1944, offers an ideal place for retirement. Both Assisted Living and Independent Living facilities are available. For further information, please call Nirmal or Diana Kaul at 740-425-2344, or write to Walton Retirement Home, 1254 East Main Street, Barnesville, OH 43713.

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

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Kendal Corporation Internships

For information, call or write: Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, P.O. Box 100, Kennett Square, PA 19348.

(610) 388-5581. E-mail: <info@kcorp.kendal.org>.



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

Schools

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

Friends Meeting School. Serving more than 100 students on 50+ acres in southern Frederick County between I-270 and I-70. Coed, pre-K to grade 8. Strong academics, Quaker values, small classes, warm caring environment, peace skills, Spanish, and extended day program. 3232 Green Valley Road, Ijamsville, MD 21754, (301) 798-0288 <friendsmeetingschool.org>.

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

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

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

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

Sandy Spring Friends School. Five- or seven-day boarding option for grades 9-12. Day school pre-K through 12. College preparatory, upper school AP courses. Strong arts and academics, visual and performing arts, and team athletic programs. Coed. Approximately 480 students. 140-acre campus less than an hour from Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, Md. International programs. Incorporating traditional Quaker values. 16923 Norwood Road, Sandy Spring, MD 20860. (301) 774-7455, ext. 158. <www.ssfs.org>.

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

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

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

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YogaLife Institute Classes/Retreats in King of Prussia, Phoenixville, Media, Newtown Square, Skippack, Jenkintown, Pa. See <www.asktheyogateacher.com>. Director, Robert Butera, MDiv. (Earlham), PhD in Yoga. (610) 265-5800.

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Connections

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Professional organizing with a Quaker perspective! From company planning to household management, CONNECTIONS can organize anything—and our services are always customized. Whether your organizing need is event coordination, filing and record retention assistance, staff training, long range strategy development—or simply a pet project!—CONNECTIONS will work with you to design and implement just the right result for your individual condition. Contact CONNECTIONS and Terry O'H. Stark at <stark1@comcast.net> or (717) 233-4939.

Celo Valley Books: Personal attention to all phases of book production (25 to 5,000 copies). Typing, editing, layout, final delivery. Free brochure. 346 Seven Mile Ridge Road, Burnsville, NC 28714.

Visit <www.QuakerWedding.com> on the Internet! Over 30 full-color images of beautiful, hand-drawn, realistic colored ink illustrations and calligraphed vows. Website has ceremony ideas and an easy, online form for estimates. Ketubahs, gay celebrations of commitment, and non-Quaker examples. E-mail birthright Quaker, Jennifer Snow Wolff at <snwolff@att.net> for sample vows. Browse online: <http://www.QuakerWedding.com> or <http://home.att.net/~snwolff>.



- Marriage Certificates
- Calligraphy
- Graphic Design
- Note Cards
- Illustration

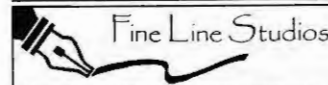
Ahimsa Graphics, 24 Cavanaugh Ct., Saundertown, RI 02874. (401) 294-7769 or (888) 475-6219.

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

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

We are a fellowship, Friends mostly, seeking to enrich and expand our spiritual experience. We seek to obey the promptings of the Spirit, however named. We meet, publish, correspond. Inquiries welcome! Write **Quaker Universalist Fellowship**, 121 Watson Mill Road, Landenberg, PA 19350-9344.

Marriage Certificates. Fine calligraphy in traditional plain styles or decorated with beautiful, custom-designed borders. Also **Family Trees** for holiday gifts, births, anniversaries, family reunions. Call or write Carol Simon Sexton, Clear Creek Design, 820 West Main Street, Richmond, IN 47374. (765) 962-1794.



Marriage certificates, announcements, invitations, etc. Do justice to your event with our calligraphy and award-winning graphic design. (800) 763-0053.

HENRY FREEMAN ASSOCIATES

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Consulting services for educational institutions and nonprofit organizations. Fundraising. Capital campaigns. Planned giving. Recent clients include liberal arts colleges, seminaries, independent schools, social service agencies, Pendle Hill, FGC, and many other Friends organizations.

Summer Camps

Night Eagle Wilderness Adventures, in Vermont's Green Mountains, is a unique primitive camp designed to build a boy's self-confidence and foster a better understanding of native peoples and their relationship with the earth. Activities tend to spring from the natural environment and teach boys to rely on their own ingenuity. Through community living and group decision making, campers learn to live and play together in a spirit of cooperation rather than competition. For 40 boys, ages 10-14. Two, four and eight week sessions available. We invite you to look at our website: <www.nighteaglewilderness.com> or contact us for a full brochure: 802-773-7866

Pendle Hill's High School Youth Camp, for ages 15-18, July 7-14, 2002. Join 20 young people from all over the country in service projects, Quaker community life, exploration of social justice issues, sessions in our art studio, field trips, and fun. Call (610) 566-4507 / (800) 742-3150, extension 129; or write <youthprogram@pendlehill.org>.

Make friends, make music at Friends Music Camp. Musical growth, Quaker experience, caring community. July 7-August 4. Ages 10-18. Video, brochure: FMC, PO Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (937) 767-1311 (or 1818). <musicfmc@yahoo.com>.

Summer Rentals

Summer farm with private N.H. lake frontage, very secluded, for people who prefer privacy to cheek-by-jowl vacationing. With log cabin and guest house easily sleeps 10 or 12. Own dock, boat, sanded swimming area within 1/4-mile walk or 5-minute drive. \$700/week. (914) 478-0722.

Adirondacks—Housekeeping cabins on quiet, unspoiled lake—fireplaces—fully equipped—June thru September—(609) 654-3659 or write Dreby, Cranberry Lake, NY 12927.

Prince Edward Island (Canada): Seaside Cottage. Three bedrooms, two baths, large deck. Three acres. July and August: \$700 per week. June and September: \$500 per week. Call (902) 838-5013 or (610) 520-9596. <www.vrbo.com/vrbo/10301.htm>.

Mid-Summer Rental—Adirondack contemporary camp on Blue Mt. Lake. Close to museum, art center, and mountain trails. Accommodations for six. Nonsmoking. Call (609) 298-0880.

We're being told that Iraq, Iran, North Korea, and Somalia are our enemies.



The American Friends Service Committee still believes that no one is our enemy.



North Korea



Somalia

- AFSC is on the ground in **North Korea** combating hunger by working with collective farms to improve their yield.
- The AFSC-sponsored Campaign of Conscience for the People of **Iraq** works to end UN sanctions that lead to thousands of deaths each month from malnutrition and preventable disease.
- AFSC is working with the **Iranian** Red Crescent to provide relief to refugees in western Afghanistan.
- In **Somalia's** Lower Shabelle Region, AFSC's Rural Development Training Program works to improve farming in nine villages through improved irrigation and tool banks.



Iraq



Afghanistan

A charitable gift annuity with AFSC underwrites our ongoing work for peace and reconciliation.

You will receive a trustworthy source of lifetime income backed by the assets of the American Friends Service Committee. For your gift of cash or appreciated securities, consider these benefits:

- **Higher returns than CD rates**
- **Avoid stock market volatility**
- **Fixed incomes for the lives of one or two beneficiaries**
- **A current income tax deduction**
- **Capital gain tax savings**
- **Partial tax-free income**

For information about how an AFSC gift annuity might benefit you, contact us any of three ways:

- Call the Office of Planned Giving, toll-free, at 1-888-588-2372, ext. 3.
- Inquire by e-mail, addressed to GiftPlanning@afsc.org.
- Write to AFSC, Office of Planned Giving, 1501 Cherry St., Phila., PA 19102-1479 • www.afsc.org.

Gift Annuity Rates (Single Life)

Age	Rate
60	6.4
65	6.7
70	7.2
72	7.4
74	7.7
76	8.0
78	8.4
80	8.9
82	9.4
84	10.1
86	10.8
88	11.4
90+	12.0

Income beneficiaries must be age 60 for immediate annuity payments. Income beneficiaries under age 60 can fund deferred payment annuities.

PENDLE HILL

A Campaign for a New Century



A QUAKER CENTER FOR
STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION

*Creativity is
God's gift to us.
Using our creativity
is our gift back to God.*

Julia Cameron, *The Artist's Way*



With her vision and dedication, Minnie Jane, a Quaker artist from Trenton, New Jersey was the founder and organizer of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts in 1993. The purpose of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts is to nurture and showcase the literary, visual, musical and performing arts within the Religious Society of Friends, for purposes of Quaker expression, ministry, witness, and outreach.

PENDLE HILL ANNOUNCES NEW ARTS SCHOLARSHIP

Minnie Jane Quaker Artist in Residence Scholarship

In recognition of the work of The Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts, a generous gift to Pendle Hill's Campaign for a New Century will establish an endowment to fund the Minnie Jane Quaker Artist in Residence Scholarship at Pendle Hill.

The scholarship will cover tuition, room and board for Quakers in the Arts to reside and study at Pendle Hill in the Resident Program. Scholarship recipients will be expected to pursue a creative project in the fine arts, crafts, performing arts, creative writing, music composition, or other artistic pursuit that is compatible with Pendle Hill's physical facilities and impact on the resident community. The artist will also be expected to participate in the worship, work program, and community life of Pendle Hill.

Applicants must have an endorsement from a Quaker monthly meeting and will be expected to present a set of learning goals or projects to be accomplished during the residency at Pendle Hill.

To receive a copy of the Pendle Hill 2002-2003 catalog, scholarship information, and application forms, please contact:

Bobbi Kelly, Admissions Associate
(800) 742-3150, Ext. 137
admissions@pendlehill.org

Pendle Hill's Commitment to Spirituality and the Arts

With the creation of the beautifully expanded Firbank Arts and Crafts Studio, Pendle Hill provides another venue in which sojourners, resident students, and staff can get in touch with the Light Within, their Inward Teacher. In an atmosphere of mutual affirmation and appreciation, participants, who don't necessarily consider themselves artists or artisans, can be creative, playful, and imaginative.

The creation in 1997 of the endowed Janet Mustin Spirituality and the Arts Teaching Fellowship to fund an ongoing program devoted to nurturing spirituality and the arts will assure that the arts and crafts will be a vital and permanent part of the Pendle Hill mission.

2002 Arts & Spirituality Summer Program

The establishment of the Arts and Spirituality Summer Program has been an exciting development at Pendle Hill in recent years. In the summer of 2002, Pendle Hill will offer a wide variety of workshops including Kado: The Way of Flowers, Handweaving: A Joyous Meditation, Painting for Joy, Photography as a Healing Art, Living Your Creative Journey, Creating Extraordinary Books and Prints, Writing for Publication, Transformation in Stone, The Sacred Ordinary, Living an Unbalanced Life, Drumming into Unity, Furniture Restoration, and Fossil Mud and Dreams.

For a complete catalog of 2002 summer offerings, contact Pendle Hill at (800) 742-3150 or (610) 566-4507.

For information on how you can honor a special person by making an investment in Pendle Hill, please contact:

Barbara Parsons
Director of Development
Pendle Hill
338 Plush Mill Road
Wallingford, PA 19086
1-800-742-3150, ext. 132 or
E-mail: contributions@pendlehill.org