True Celebrity

Firbank Fell's Challenge for 21st-Century Quakerism

My Father's Peace
Among Friends

A Warm Welcome to New Staff

Small Quaker organizations strongly reflect the individuals who do their work, hence finding good staff is of primary importance. Last year when former senior editor Kenneth Sutton told me that he would be moving to Boston, it hadn’t yet become clear how much our staff would evolve in the course of this year. Now, more than 300 job applications and dozens of interviews later, I’m pleased to introduce four new staff members!

As I shared in our February issue, following a nationwide search, former assistant editor Bob Dockhorn was promoted to senior editor. In January another extensive search was launched and I am delighted now to introduce our new assistant editor, Lisa Rand. Lisa first came to us as a regular editorial volunteer when she had relocated to Philadelphia; at the time she was employed at the University of Pennsylvania. While I searched for a new senior editor, she readily agreed to take on the responsibilities of acting assistant editor. A graduate of Simmons College and a student of the New School for Social Research, this summer she will complete a Master of Liberal Arts degree at the University of Pennsylvania with a concentration in History and Religious Studies. She is an attender at Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting. We have grown to greatly enjoy her quiet and observant disposition, and her gentle humor.

We are delighted to have her now as a permanent staff member!

Long-time staffer Pam Nelson left us at the end of June, just prior to the birth of her second son. We are glad for her family, but will miss her greatly. Since 1995 Pam maintained the database programs that manage our subscriber and donor records, taking us through two full conversions to new and more powerful software. Melissa Heyman will take over this very important work as well as helping me with correspondence, research, and special projects. Melissa grew up in New York Yearly Meeting, attending youth programs at Powell House and yearly meetings sessions at Silver Bay. A graduate of Wells College and John F. Kennedy University, she brings to us a wide range of administrative experience. She most recently worked as project manager for NewGround Resources Incorporated, working on branding and corporate design for national clients, and as project manager for Butterfield’s, an eBay Company.

In February, Development Coordinator and Marketing and Circulation Manager Alex Dory left us. His work has been taken up by two individuals. Gretta Stone, a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting, took over in June as part-time development coordinator, having served in a similar capacity for Friends General Conference for nine years. A graduate of Temple University and Bryn Mawr School of Social Work, Gretta also works part-time for the Newtown (Pa.) Township municipal government. An accomplished musician, she performs with the “Faith and Practice” band at various Quaker events. She is also a biking enthusiast, having crossed the country from West to East coast in 2000 in 82 days on her bicycle! And more recently, in July, we were joined by Lawrence Moore, whose career has been in both periodicals management and marketing, relationship building and implementation. Larry holds degrees from Knox College, Tulane University, and Villanova University. He has worked with TV Guide Magazine, where he served both as editor manager and as marketing services manager. He was director of marketing and communications for the Society of Cable Telecommunications Engineers, and business manager, publications product manager, and circulation manager for the American College of Physicians. We are delighted to have him join us as part-time circulation and marketing manager.

I’m excited about the many talents these new staff members bring to us and look forward to working closely with them. I hope you will join me in welcoming them!
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If you build it, they will come

What is Deaf Friends Fellowship (DFF)? We are deaf, attenders, and interested others seeking and providing resources to assist Quaker entities in exploring ways to reach out, welcome, and include deaf individuals into the Religious Society of Friends. For some of us, this concern has evolved into a call for ministry.

The seed for DFF was planted when my husband, Pat, expressed a desire to be provided full opportunity to experience meeting for worship. We were invited by our meeting, Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting, to help them become more sensitive to the experience of being deaf, and to share some of the ways sign language (ASL) adds to the richness of our worship experience.

As we attempted to locate established, knowledgeable resources within the Religious Society of Friends (and found none), we discovered two things. The need is present for Friends to develop the ability to fully welcome deaf members, attenders, and inquirers; and there are enough deaf individuals in need of us to do so. This is truly a case of, “If you build it, they will come.” This persistent concern, for us and for others, is what has led to the birth of DFF.

For Quaker meetings and organizations, we welcome inquiries on how to become more “deaf friendly.” On occasion, “deaf awareness” visits can be arranged. For individuals, we offer fellowship and spiritual nurture, and encourage the sharing of gifts that may contribute to the service of DFF. All individuals, deaf, hard of hearing, or hearing, are welcome.

Those interested in contacting DFF can e-mail <aslfriends@mymailstation.com>, or write to Deaf Friends Fellowship, c/o O’Doherty, 190 W. Main St., Strasburg, PA 17579.

Hamsa O’Doherty
Strasburg, Pa.

Please capitalize

I want to comment on your stated policy of insisting on writing “deaf” in lower case even when it refers to the (capital D) Deaf community. I am employed as an editor, so I have to make these sorts of decisions myself all the time.

In recent years I have taken several courses in American Sign Language and also spent a lot of time around (capital D) Deaf people. I feel strongly that we hearing people ought to listen (in the metaphorical sense) to how deaf people themselves ask us to refer to them. The writing of deaf with a capital D is just as important a principle as referring to homosexual people as gay or lesbian, or calling people of ethnic groups black, African American, Hispanic, Latino, Asian rather than “Oriental,” or whatever other way the group in question requests us to refer to them. I do hope you change your editorial policy soon and start referring to (capital D) Deaf people in the form that they themselves have requested.

Jeff Keith

Welcoming those with disabilities

Are there really only ten meetings in the United States that are handicapped accessible? If so, that is a sad reflection on Friends’ lack of inclusiveness, but that is the conclusion one draws from the listing of meetings in a recent FRIENDS JOURNAL. Some meetings that are handicapped accessible, or were built after the Americans with Disabilities Act and should be, are not listed as accessible. What does that say about the attention those meetings pay to welcoming those with disabilities?

Rene Rievich
Rochester, N.Y.

Our testimony to the world?

“We utterly deny all outward wars and strife, and fightings with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretence whatsoever: this is our testimony to the whole world. . . . The Spirit of Christ, by which we are guided, is not changeable, so as once to command us from a thing as evil, and again to move unto it.”

The above Peace Testament statement cited in Faith and Practice seems to be a declaration that Friends, as individuals, could not fight and wage war with other human beings, because such behavior would contradict the teachings and the Spirit of Christ. This declaration was not advice for the state, it was not a “political position” on how the state should conduct its foreign policy, and it did not tell other individuals in society what they should do.

The Peace Testament and the teachings of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount say to me that if I love God and honestly want to follow the teachings of Jesus, it just would not be right for me to fight and kill other human beings. I don’t control anyone else in the world. I do have some control over me. If put to the test, if my life or the lives of my loved ones really were at stake, I do not know for sure if I would act in the Spirit of Christ. Would that Spirit be with me then, at that moment of truth? Or would the survival instinct lead me to act as most human beings have acted when threatened since time began? Does the Peace Testament just speak to war, but not to self-defense in a robbery, threatened murder, or rape? With my current lack of certainty and ambiguity, is it honest for me to join with other Friends and declare the statement from Faith and Practice as my Peace Testimony to the world?

Faith and Practice (Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1972 edition), in the section concerning “The Individual and the State,” has a short statement concerning police activities:

“Friends are not opposed to all forms of coercion. Proper police activities, incidental to carrying out the rightful purposes of the state and directed solely against persons who refuse to abide by the law, seem necessary and helpful.”

This Friend is incredibly grateful for honest police who put their lives at risk each day helping to maintain peace and safety in the community that I live in. I would not want to engage in coercion work myself, yet I am grateful for police force when it seems just and necessary in specific circumstances. Similarly, I would not want to do war work—killing work—but I am incredibly grateful that soldiers in World War II prevented Hitler and the Nazis from taking over the world.

The gentle story of William Penn and George Fox comes to mind: William Penn, an admiral in the military, was wearing a sword, and asked George Fox if he should “Wear it as long as you can.”

John Spears
Hopewell, N.J.

The pacifist dilemma

In a recent letter to your publication (FJ May), Ian Cooper defends pacifism against charges that it is illogical. In my view, his defense falls because he does not deal fully with the central claim of pacifism: That its means (nonviolence) remain morally untainted and ethically sound. Thus, a pacifist avoids what I and other critics have called the pacifist’s dilemma.

One pacifist, in my experience, came very close to full acknowledgment of this dilemma and its implications. His name was Lauren King, a CO during WWII and the author of a brilliant defense of pacifism, which appeared in the American Friend for December 6, 1951, titled, “Better Buchenwald than Hiroshima.” He wrote:
Viewpoint

On taking people to court

I believe that it is contrary to the basic tenets of our Religious Society to take people to court over a civil disagreement. The founding of the Religious Society of Friends was long before our current litigious patterns developed. However, George Fox is quoted in Meeting House and Counting House as saying, “Away with those lawyers, twenty shilling Counselors, thirty shilling Sergeants, ten great Attorneys that will throw men into prison for a thing of naught.”

In several current Books of Discipline there is the advice to settle differences among Friends by mediation and, if failing, by arbitration. (See Faith and Practice of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1955, p. 90) Since Friends have a long-standing testimony regarding equality of the races and cooperation among people of various religious persuasions, it would seem logical to extend this advice about mediation and arbitration to the Presbyterians, the Hindus, and whomever.

Some look to the Bible for guidance. Matthew says, “If your brother sins against you, go and tell him his fault, between you and him alone. If he listens to you, you have gained your brother. But if he does not listen, take one or two others along with you, that every word may be confirmed by the evidence of two or three witnesses.” (Matt. 18:15-16, RSV) That is mediation that is a voluntary, nonbinding effort at conciliation. Arbitration is binding and enforceable in court.

In business today there is a significant trend away from adversarial relationships between customers and suppliers. Partnerships make for a much more profitable relationship as well as being a lot more fun.

All contracts entered into by Universal Woods have a compulsory arbitration clause that includes a prohibition against going to court. Its president, Paul Neumann, is a member of our meeting and a well-seasoned, birthright Friend. He negotiated a joint venture that includes the following clause: “Any disputes arising from the joint relationship that cannot be resolved between the two parties shall first be addressed with mediation. If these issues cannot be resolved with mediation, they will then be submitted to binding arbitration without the presence of attorneys. It is agreed that the two parties will meet on a quarterly basis to review performance and progress of this agreement.”

The last sentence is particularly germane. By communication we avoid disagreements in the first place.

We need lawyers to interpret the law for us. I frequently team-teach with a lawyer for whom I have great respect. He likes the arbitration clause and is trying to get his clients to use it. It is not always an easy sell. He recognizes the waste of protracted controversy for his clients. Unfortunately, too many lawyers are not so conscientious. After all, they bill by the hour. The longer the case, the more they make.

While litigation is not war, it has one thing in common with war both tend to obstruct the kind of egalitarian justice that takes away the occasion for war. Huge damage claims must be paid for by the system. A working person pays an extra five percent for a cutting tool to pay for damage claims from users being cut by tools. This was the cost of product liability insurance when I was CEO of Vermont American Corporation. We pay at least that much more to cover claims in health care. These costs bear a heavy burden on the working poor.

I am not clear why this historic testimony has come into disuse. When I talk about it among Friends, I find many are even surprised that there ever was such a testimony. Even when my disagreement is not with another Quaker, it is frequently possible to sit down and have a little Friends-style meeting where we express our differences and use silence to achieve understanding. When possible, it’s wonderful and fun. God is there.

Lee B. Thomas Jr.
Louisville, Ky.

“...and what of the pacifist? Let him not glory over his fellow Christian (nonpacifist). He too has his burden and agony, the reverse of the agony of the nonpacifist. For if there is no limit to the evil which the nonpacifist can commit if it means the success in his struggle after his end, there is no limit to the suffering which the pacifist must endure and permit his loved ones to endure without raising a hand to prevent it. ... For him now exists no safety from prison, torture, slave labor, death. For him loom persecution, fear, loss of all outward aids to that liberty by which he came even to his pacifist convictions. And what of his countrymen, friends, family? He must stand—with no hand raised to repel it—and see come upon them all that threatens him. How perilously close is this to heartlessness and treachery! How terrible ... the cost.”

The significant point here is that King fully faces the fact that his pacifist choice will bring suffering to others and may well cost his country the liberties that made it possible for him to choose pacifism itself. So far, so good; King is being perfectly logical. But then, logic fails him as he asserts that in spite of the suffering that his choice, by his own admission, will bring to others, he “has the comfort of feeling that he has kept his ethical moorings ... (and) may stand in the clear light on the heights of ethical assurance with the nonsense of evil committed to enemies. But how naked he stands and how cold the blast! And whose are those cries sounding in his ears.”

This is an astounding statement in that while King has fully admitted that his choice will bring suffering to others and great loss to his country, he finds himself in no way morally responsible. In fact, he finds comfort “in the clear light on the heights of ethical assurance.” This is where both the logic and the conscience of the pacifist fail him utterly, in my opinion. One cannot fathom how King and his fellow pacifists could confess in one breath that their choice will bring suffering not only to themselves, but to others, and then in the next breath claim comfort “on the heights of ethical assurance.”

I believe that this failure of logic and conscience can be explained, at least in part, as follows: The pacifist sees clearly the moral dilemma of the nonpacifist as he chooses the evil of war over the evil of Nazism, or in King’s terms, Hiroshima rather than Buchenwald. The nonpacifist’s dilemma lies in the fact that he must choose between two evils and justify one by the other, in his case, justifying the means by the end. The pacifist dilemma rests in the fact that he too must choose between Buchenwald and Hiroshima. The problem is that the pacifist thinks to escape his dilemma at this point, because he will not admit that he has chosen Buchenwald. He insists that he has chosen the heights of ethical assurance—that even though from those heights he can hear the suffering of others, he believes his choice has nothing to do with those cries. The pacifist believes that he has chosen a pure moral and ethical course of action rather than the evil of Hiroshima. But just as the nonpacifist’s choice of war insures that others, not just himself, will be hurt, so the pacifist’s choice...
On Sunday, June 13, 1652, about 1,000 people gathered on an isolated hillside in rural northern England to listen to a little-known but charismatic young man named George Fox preach. The sermon lasted three hours. It is always risky to look for a particular date on which a religious movement started, but many choose this as the time Quakerism was born.

Some 349 years later, my family was staying in Briggflatts Meetinghouse, located just a few miles from Firbank Fell. This meetinghouse is only a stone's throw up the lane from Borrats, a stately old home owned by a Separatist justice of the peace in 1652 and one of the first places Fox visited in the area. Each June, Friends in the region honor this important event in our collective history by holding a "Fox's Pulpit Meeting." Fox's Pulpit is the name given to the rock, now marked with a plaque, on which Fox stood during his sermon. Usually this meeting for worship is held in the sheep pasture where the original sermon was delivered, but because of the foot-and-mouth epidemic last summer, the meeting had to be moved indoors to Briggflatts Meeting. Friends were busily planning, with other religious groups in the area, a special commemoration for the 350th anniversary, which occurred this summer.

We went looking for Fox's Pulpit the day after we arrived. On our way back from Sedbergh (where Fox had preached just outside the parish church during a large hiring fair), we turned up the wrong narrow country lane. Later, back at the meetinghouse, I found a map on the wall and was able to figure out the correct route. While my wife Annie was putting our seven-year-old to bed, I asked our fourteen-year-old, Nate, to join me on a walk. The moon was full and the air was warm. When I told him I'd figured out where we had gone wrong earlier in the day, Nate exclaimed, "Let's go now!"

I pondered a few minutes, full of adult concerns. We had only intended to walk down to the end of the little lane where the meetinghouse is located. I was pretty sure I could find my way to Fox's Pulpit this time but had no idea really how long it would take. Would Annie worry if we were out a long time? I took the leap: how can you turn down a wide-eyed teenager full of enthusiasm to hike by moonlight to the birthplace of his faith community?

It was a long hike and I got pretty winded keeping up with my athletic son as we pressed up the long climb to the fell. But this time we didn't get lost. We gazed respectfully over the stone wall to the boulder with its marker and decided, reluctantly, to honor the health department's rules. The fragrance of the fell filled our lungs. Only a few farmhouse lights pierced the darkness, now that the moon had hidden in the clouds. Only the wind and an occasional bleat stood out in the silence. (The area may well be less populated today than it was 350 years ago.) We held our own brief two-person worship celebrating that great day at the edge of the lane before commencing our return hike to Briggflatts, taking great leaps on the lane's steep drop off the fell.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of George Fox's 1652 visit to Westmoreland for who we are and who we could be as Friends. There are three key things that we can say about that event. All speak powerfully to vital spiritual challenges facing our Quaker movement today.

Reaching Out

First and foremost, the decision to go to Westmoreland and preach at Firbank involved a choice by Fox and his tiny group of followers to reach out beyond its boundaries.

Deborah Haines, clerk of Friends Gen-
eral Conference's Advancement and Outreach Committee, has written of Firbank that it is good to remember that Quakerism was born in outreach. Surely this was one of the greatest outreach events of all time! In the space of a few months, the Quaker movement not only grew from a handful of believers to several thousand, but recruited a large share of the dynamic cadre of leaders at the center of its first generation.

Fox's ministry did not begin in Westmoreland that summer. He had spent a year in jail in Derby for his heretical preaching. He already had important followers working with him, such as Elizabeth Hooten and Richard Farnsworth. But his group was tiny up to that point. The loosely-organized Separatist community of Westmoreland Seekers was largely incorporated en masse into the new Quaker Movement following the summer months Fox spent in the area. Several of the key leaders in the new movement, including John Audland and Francis Howgill, trace their conviction to the Firbank sermon. The conviction of Edward Burroughs in Kendal and Margaret Fell in Ulverston followed within a few weeks. It is unlikely that our Quaker movement would have been born without Fox's ready response to his vision on Pendle Hill earlier that year of a "great people to be gathered" in the North.

I confess to some lack of enthusiasm for the word "outreach" itself. Liberal Friends give at least lip service to the need for outreach, but are generally deeply opposed to evangelism. The idea of reaching out beyond our own community is important, of course, but the word outreach seems to connote an outwardly-motivated obligation to try to recruit new members into an organization. In contrast, the word evangelism denotes an inwardly-generated compulsion to share the good news of one's own experience with others. Although the faith of Fox and other early Friends was very different from that of modern evangelical Protestants, it is undeniable that first-generation Friends were evangelical to a degree that would appall most liberal Friends today. These early leaders of our movement felt a deep spiritual necessity to share their religious convictions with others who did not (as yet) share their faith. This was in part because they felt unabashedly convinced of the truth of their own beliefs. It was also presumably due to their strong concern for the spiritual state of those believing and practicing differently.

I would not claim to understand what makes Friends today (myself included) so reluctant to share our beliefs and experience with non-Friends. It may be in part that we are reluctant to stand out as being too peculiar. We seem willing enough, however, to be out of the mainstream on secular issues like not flying flags from our car antennas.

I suspect that the biggest block in me to sharing my spiritual life with others is my anxiety to avoid coming off as anything like a Jehovah's Witness. I am so afraid of being considered (by whom: myself? other Friends? God?) as pushy and self-righteous that too often I hold back from sharing my deepest beliefs and experiences at all with non-Friends. Many Friends also fear that by sharing, we will somehow take away others' freedom to believe what is right for them.

And yet there are certainly as many people out there longing for the Quaker message today as there were in Fox's time. The invitation to the Fell sermon was not limited to card-carrying Westmoreland Seekers. Fox and the Valiant Sixty were
led to communicate their message to those outside their circle of followers in homes, marketplaces, taverns, courtrooms, military barracks, palaces, and the worship services of other Christian groups. They did so to people of every class, including Native Americans and the Turkish Sultan, whom most people at the time considered highly unlikely to grasp their message. They were utterly unafraid of being ignored, rejected, ridiculed, or persecuted for trying to explain what they found to be Truth.

Deborah Haines has written that outreach is about welcoming the stranger among us—the one we least expect to respond to our Quaker message. The stranger is waiting outside our meetinghouse walls.

What will it take for us to care so deeply about the host of seekers longing for Truth that surround us in the world today—until the barriers fall away to reaching out with all the passion that filled Fox and his companions’ hearts 350 years ago?

**Spiritual Authority**

The second key characteristic of Firbank is that it involved a response to spiritual authority.

Why did so many Seekers and other Northern Separatists enter the Quaker movement during that summer in 1652? When a listener was chastising Fox for preaching outdoors in the Sedbergh churchyard, Francis Howgill silenced him by declaring that “This man [Fox] speaks with authority, and not as the scribes.” William Sewel concludes his account of the Firbank sermon with: “Thus preached G. Fox, and his ministry was at that time accompanied with such a convincing power, and so reached the hearts of the people, that many, and even all the teachers of that congregation, who were many, were convinced of that Truth which was declared to them.”

The Westmoreland Seekers rejected as false the spiritual authority of the Church of England and of the independent sects of the day. They were waiting for true spiritual authority. When they encountered it in the person and preaching of George Fox, they responded wholeheartedly. His message that he had encountered Christ in an immediate, experiential way, available to teach and lead them Himself, struck a deep resonant chord within them. They responded by joining the nascent Quaker movement.

As Friends we hold clear the access that each of us has to this Inward Christ, or Light, or Spirit. This radical egalitarianism can serve us ill, however, if it leads us to crush spiritual authority when it arises among us. Past generations of Friends recognized the need to acknowledge and nurture spiritual gifts in our midst, gifts that vary greatly from member to member. A universal ministry can all too easily deteriorate into a ministry of none.

The term “weighty Friend” was often pejoratively when I first heard it in the 1960s, implying a stodgy, older (probably birthright) Friend resistant to fresh ideas and change. The term originally had a very different meaning. It referred to the ability of a clerk in a business meeting to recognize and respond to spiritual authority (or “weight”) when it appeared there. Failure to recognize, respond to, and nurture spiritual authority leads to the impoverishment of our meetings for worship and business—and the likelihood that those with gifts of spiritual leadership will be discouraged and sidetracked from exercising those gifts that we need so desperately among us.

If our movement is to flourish and grow, the pendulum needs to swing back toward recognition and celebration of spiritual authority when it arises in our midst. We do not need to abandon our commitment to the universal ministry in order to do so. We do need to recover our ability as a faith community to discern God breaking in through the words and lives of others among us.

**Community**

The third key to Firbank is that it entailed the choice of religious community over an individual spiritual path.

Although Fox may have remained “first among equals” throughout his life among Friends, the rich diversity of women and men making up the Valiant Sixty guaranteed that Quakerism was a true movement and not simply a one-man show. Even if Fox’s robust body had not enabled him to live through the brutal beatings and imprisonment that cost the lives of many other early Quaker leaders, it seems likely that the movement would have lived on and flourished after the 1652 influx of leadership.

In incorporating the Westmoreland Seeker movement into his group of followers, Fox made a decisive choice to build a coherent movement rather than remain a lonely voice decrying the dismal state of religious groups existing at the time. The Seeker movement also made a clear decision in 1652 to move from informal association of like-minded people to a clearly defined community knit together by the effort to be corporately accountable to God.

Although we do not know a great deal about the Westmoreland Seekers, it seems that they shared with Quakers the rejection of outward rites and rigid creeds. If they had not been brought into a more coherent movement, it seems unlikely that they would be remembered or have survived any more than a host of other small Separatist sects at the time. In joining the Quaker movement, the Seekers became finders—they had found that Fox’s ministry rang true for them. They were choosing to be part of a community with leadership, with coherent theology, and with clear standards of conduct.

But their choice was not simply one of community, rather one of community under the direct leadership of the living Inward Christ. The unique discovery of this new movement was that they could discern God’s voice as a community—in their worship, and eventually in their gatherings—to make decisions together. Although the formal structure of “Gospel Order” with its several levels of meetings to discern God’s voice was still years away, it is apparent that Friends began practicing corporate discernment in more informal ways from the earliest days of their movement. And Friends basically became a movement rather than a collection of individual followers in 1652.

In contrast, there is a powerful bias towards spiritual individualism in our Quaker movement today. There are both internal and external reasons for this. Many Friends in the early 20th-century reacted strongly against what they saw as the excessive corporate discipline of meeting life, with its elders and recorded ministers too concerned with the theological purity of meeting members and with organs hidden in their attics. In addition, we live in a society that holds personal freedom in high regard. It is important to recognize the impact that this cultural bias has on our attitudes as Friends today towards corporate accountability.

As a result of both these influences, it is
unclear whether there is anything a Friend can do today to elicit the explicit concern of other members in one’s meeting. Many meetings also feel it is beyond their right to establish any clear boundaries that would exclude potential meeting recruits. Most Friends today prefer to remain “seekers” and reject the corporate spiritual life that evolved in the Quaker movement born at Firbank.

Will Friends today be open to God leading us back into community with each other in vital, fresh ways, so that we become once again a movement led by the inward voice of Christ? Will our 350th birthday be an opportunity for rediscovering the spiritual power of Fox and his companions—or just a chance to honor and remember them? Can I capture in my heart the boundless energy with which my son Nate led me in search of Fox’s pulpit and redirect it into carrying Truth to others who are waiting today to hear the Quaker message communicated with passion and authority? With God’s help, anything is possible!

Henry’s Meetinghouse Song

For Henry Cobb

Off to the right, one bench back,
Henry’s bright, green cylinder, close
by his knee, uttered muted sounds
with each breath he took ... swish ...
rhythmic swish ... one after another,
strung together, a melody of sorts.
I remembered Glen Miller’s band, drummer
dressed in tux, swishing on his drum
with a wire brush, keeping time.
With each swish Henry’s tank sent life
snaking through tubes to his lungs.
We all crave air, but his need went
far beyond what you and I need.
Who is the addict if there is one?
In his veins famished red cells bounced around,
pushed each other, fighting for oxygen
while he sat tethered to his tank.
That morning he wore a neat, short-sleeved shirt,
dark pants and his gentle look.
He was caught up in the room’s quietness.
In ... out ... In ... out ... his metered breaths
like a psalm. Song and man shone.
His burnished Light and song a gift he gave
for all who saw and heard.

Vocal Ministry

Often too long,
Seldom too short.

Paul Joyce Collins Williams

Paul Joyce Collins Williams, and his wife Virginia Williams Joyce, have their membership recorded at Harrisburg (Pa.) Meeting. They recently moved to Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

Michael H. Ivey

Michael H. Ivey is a member of Chapel Hill (N.C.) Meeting.
"It is not the different practice from one another that breaks the peace and unity, but the judging one another because of differing practices. He that keeps not a day may unite in the same Spirit, in the same life, in the same love, with him that keeps a day; and he who keeps a day may unite in heart and soul with the same Spirit and life in him who keeps not a day...."

—Isaac Penington (1659)

Conflict Resolution as a Sacred Practice

by Pamela Minden

As a nurse educator with 25 years of clinical experience in mental health, I had long considered myself proficient in helping others negotiate and settle differences. More recently I have come to recognize my approach to situations of discord as singularly secular, and one in which my ego all too often assumed responsibility for positive outcomes derived by those embroiled in dispute. Reading Jan de Hartog's trilogy, The Peaceable Kingdom, A Peculiar People, and The Lamb's War last summer led me to perceive the process of conflict resolution in a new light, thus illuminating its sacred nature.

Though fictional accounts of Quaker experience and history, de Hartog's books create a visceral sense of what it would be like to be in the Religious Society of Friends when doing so had very tangible and threatening consequences. His vivid accounts of how our forebears did, or did not, remain true to Quaker testimonies left me questioning whether there would be enough evidence to convict me of being a Friend, if so being were again to become a crime. In describing a method oft used by earlier Quakers to deal with contentious situations, de Hartog provides guidance for modern Friendly living.

De Hartog delineates four steps to conflict resolution. First, one must avoid using one's opponent as a means to an end; rather s/he must be regarded as an end in and of her/himself. I interpret this to mean that one seeks to identify in some regard with one's adversary. Once something of the self is apparent in the other, the way is clear for the second step: that of speaking truth to power. The third step involves somehow moving into silence with one's opponent. Finally, one bears down on one's opponent with all the love s/he can muster. Throughout his trilogy de Hartog attests to the power of this simple means of drawing the Divine into human turmoil. Shortly after reading his stories, I had an experience that speaks to the veracity of his assertion.

My proof that the above described conflict resolution method works occurred late last summer when I attended a weeklong seminar for parish nursing faculty. Parish nursing is a fairly new specialty that takes a holistic approach to health promotion and disease prevention. It is distinguished from other kinds of nursing by its emphasis on the relationship between spirituality and health, and because it is practiced within the context of the mission and ministry of a given faith community.

I was asked ahead of time by one of the seminar leaders to take responsibility for leading a morning devotion. I wasn't really clear what a devotion was, but because I liked the leader and wanted to be helpful, I agreed. Then, I spent a fair amount of time ruminating about what to do and say. In spite of the kindness and good intentions of the parish nurses I have known, the foreignness of their faith traditions and practices sometimes makes me uneasy in their company. Often I feel estranged by the language they use to express their spirituality. A multiplicity of factors, including the periodic insensitivity of others and my own propensity to be judgmental, conspire to alienate me from my peers in parish nursing circles.

I continued to fret about what words to speak, until it finally occurred to me, on the morning of my debut, to seek them in
silence. When it came time, I acknowledged to my audience that devotions were not a part of my faith repertoire, and that I did not know what I was going to say. A number of questions I had been asked earlier in the week, including whether Friends are Christians, indicated that many of those present were curious about my spiritual orientation. I offered my belief that what principally differentiates most religions is the relative emphasis each places on sacred texts, spiritual leaders, or continuing revelation in knowing God. For many Quakers, myself included, the latter way of knowing (i.e., personal experience) is primary. Hoping to provide further context for understanding, I explained that Friends sit in silence to facilitate discernment of Divine will. I told them I was going to sit in silence for a bit because I was unclear on how to proceed. For a short time we all sat quietly.

My heart did not beat with the vigor that precedes knowing when I must speak in a meeting for worship, but after a few moments I felt enough clarity to rise again. I remember quoting from an old nursery rhyme, “Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me,” and then saying, “I beg to differ.” I proceeded to tell those present what I had learned from Niyonu Spann at Friends General Conference’s centennial Gathering in Rochester, New York, in July 2000. She described words as having vibration, and said the vibration of some words can be very intense and enduring. To illustrate her point, Niyonu used the word nigger. I imagine she selected that particular word because there are very few people living in the culture of the United States who would not readily recognize it as having a tremendously negative, ugly vibration. As a young college student, Niyonu had attempted to assert her authority over the word by applying it in an exclusive way to her peer and herself. She no longer does this as she has come to regard the particular vibration of nigger as one that will not lose its sting, or be dissipated for years to come.

I continued, saying I suspect that for Niyonu the word nigger vibrates with the rage, hurt, helplessness, and hopelessness associated with being part of a people who, for nearly 400 years, have suffered unmerited oppression. I admitted having difficulty even saying the word. For me it resonates with the profound shame associated with being part of a people who for nearly 400 years have oppressed Niyonu’s people. I have no doubt that for both of us the word reverberates with an acute and painful recognition of the inhumanity humans all too often demonstrate.

From there I pondered the vibration of the title parish nurse, and how the words parish nurses use in their practice might resonate with those being cared for. I noted that words are indeed powerful, and how they can sometimes be hurtful even when arising from the best of intentions. I wondered how a sincere expression such as “Our Father who art in heaven” might be felt by those who do not experience the Divine as a patriarchal, anthropomorphized being somewhere “up there.”

That led to sharing my own, though decidedly Quaker, belief that the Divine resides in me, in all people. I briefly described the process of worship sharing sometimes used by Friends to explore issues that are contentious or of great import. I invited my colleagues to make known their understanding of the Divine, using that format to be mindful of their words and the others in the room. A multitude of nodding heads had me assuming agreement to do so, until one woman leapt to her feet and shook her fist mightily.

The woman, barely two arm-lengths away, was clearly furious with me. Caught quite by surprise, I grasped for understanding. She was African American, and I wondered if the word nigger had continued to throb for her, though I had ceased to feel its pulsation. With a still-raised fist, and in a tone both threatening and threatened, she snarled that she could no longer sit and listen to my blasphemy. She proclaimed adamantly, “The only way to know God is through the body of Jesus Christ. I cannot stay to hear more of this.”

I was astounded that my most recent words had precipitated her fury. I was shocked by their impact, and had not a clue what to do. The silence of the others in the room was palpable, and it was clear that they were immobilized by the dissonance I had engendered. I felt alone and scared. Somewhere from the depths of my being came a barely audible utterance, “Is there anything I can do that would allow you to stay?” The answer was vehement. “The way to God is through Jesus Christ.”

The undeniable passion of my opponent’s message struck a chord with me. Once again, words whose origins were beyond my awareness appeared, though this time I spied them with a conviction equal to hers. “You must speak your truth!” Bewilderment softened her face, and I repeated, “You must speak your truth!” Clearly I had her attention as I declared for a third time, “You must speak your truth!” She appeared fully receptive when I concluded with, “And, I must speak mine.”

Suddenly speechless, we both sat down. Silence engulfed us. I felt emotionally spent but could not shift my gaze from her. Rays of light began catching in the mist that had formed in her once ominous eyes. These spread across her face, creating a gentle radiance that caught my breath. Her beauty was overwhelming, and I wept.

With my tears came a renewed awareness of the others in the room. I was struck by how still, and yet clearly moved they were. I rose a few moments later and spontaneously shook the hand of the person closest to me. The handshake flowed from one person to another, closing our gathered meeting.

Though my fleeting foe and I did not become the fastest of friends, we interacted pleasantly through the rest of the week. We parted with a cordial hug, each altered by having honored our differences. Comments from many of the other participants revealed they were as awestruck as I by what we had experienced. Some wanted to credit me for handling a precarious situation with such skill and finesse, but I did not take the bait. The Divine had primed me with the words of de Hartog and Spann, and granted the peace that came when I delivered mine with love.
I am a member of the baby-boom generation, born after the GIs and G-gals came home from the Second World War and settled into civilian prosperity and peace. I grew up knowing that there was only one war, World War II. It was "The War" that we heard about at family gatherings, remembered on Memorial Day, saw depicted on television, and played at in the sandlot. It was a "war to end all wars"—but didn't.

Growing up in suburbia in the late 1950s and early 1960s, I had no personal understanding of war until the year I turned five. My father, Richard Mello, then an art teacher, was granted a sabbatical. With the funds and time given him, he decided to study how art was taught in schools overseas.

We traveled as a family to Italy, settling in a small village just outside of Verona where my father's relatives had lived for untold generations. Here, my parents left us in the care of Rosetta and Luigi, our adult cousins, while they went off exploring on their own.

Living on this farm was like stepping back in time. Cousin Luigi still plowed his fields with oxen, and Rosetta did the laundry by hand at the communal village tubs near the river. I was learning Italian quickly, and before a month had passed, I was communicating in a strange patois of English mixed with the village’s Roman dialect, and I understood much more than I could express.

After dinner was over and the work of the day was complete, neighbors, friends, and family would gather around the kitchen table to talk. It was then that I heard about "The War." These stories were not about triumph and victory, nor were they nostalgic reminiscences of rationed food and rubber drives, as in the United States. These memories were full of fear, terror, anger, and sorrow. I heard how armies marched back and forth through the town taking whatever they wanted. My cousins talked of the rape of the land and its people, and in my childish way I began to understand that in war there is no such thing as a real victory—that those who survive have the horrific and difficult task of picking up the pieces, burying the dead, and building anew.

Our family returned to the States, and as I grew up I eventually heard more war stories—this time from my father's perspective. I learned that my father was desperate to join up after the devastation at Pearl Harbor, but at the draft office he was declared "legally blind" on account of a congenital cataract, rated "4F," told that the army didn't want him, and summarily sent away.

This wasn't the first time his eyesight had been a barrier. At the beginning of his school career, the teachers labeled him "slow" and "stupid." Luckily, an observant teacher thought to check his eyes, and my father, who is now an artist by profession—whose world is rooted in images—was given a pair of glasses. Suddenly the world came into focus! His "learning problem" disappeared.

In spite of his "bad eye," he kept trying to enlist until finally, as my father tells it, "the army didn't care who they took as long as you were a warm body." He requested immediate induction, was sent to basic training, and then shipped off to Italy as part of the army of occupation. The transport ship landed at the port of Livorno. From there, troops were sent to Pisa, home of the famous leaning tower, and as soon as they had leave, my father and his cronies made for town.

In 1946, the city was left decimated by repeated bombings and artillery fire. Its basilica and abbey were reduced to rubble,
and the great frescoes that had been part of their plaster walls had disintegrated into small pea-sized chips. Making their way through this destruction, they reached the tower of Pisa—at which point, my father reports with a wry grin, they raced to the top.

The next day, leaving the devastation of Pisa behind, the company was trucked into Florence—the city of my father’s revelation. The streets were empty. Motor traffic was nonexistent and the populace had fled, so my father had an uninterrupted, almost private, view of the city’s masterpieces, including the Cathedral, Uffizi Museum, Giotto’s Tower, and the Pitti Palace. He met the works of Michelangelo and Leonardo in person. He roamed the foothills and looked down on the eternal landscape of Dante. He had arrived in an artist’s paradise at a time when the world was experiencing hell. His vision soared and his mind’s eye expanded. He was transformed by a passion for creation and design.

After his tour of duty was over, he was shipped home, but he vowed to return some-

day. The magnificence and grandeur that was Florence stayed with him. The war that oppressed countless millions had, in this way, liberated my father. In addition, some far-thinking politicians had taken the phrase “men shall study war no more” seriously enough to send a generation of soldiers to college. The GI bill gave thousands of veterans an opportunity to study, and my father used his money to attend the Museum School at Tufts University. He eventually graduated, became an artist, married my mother, and fathered my sister and me.

My father’s artwork, with its strong images, was woven into my family’s everyday world. We took for granted the smell of oil paint that permeated the house, and the long hours of silence when my father would disappear into his studio—with only a transistor radio for company. When my friends would report that their parents fought over where to put the new swing set, I would counter with a description of my parents’ argument over where and how to hang a painting. When other families took camping trips, we went to museums. At least once a month we’d make the long trip into New York City to see a new Picasso exhibit or a Pollack opening. Through countless galleries of impressionists and modernists we’d follow my father, watching him watch the artwork. He never talked much at home, and in the museum he was even more restrained. We came to think of museums as sacred spaces.

Sometimes one of us would be brave enough to break the hallowed silence and ask: “Dad, what is that supposed to be?” His perennial answers were: “What do you think?” “What do you see?” and “How do you feel about that?” We were always encouraged to interpret for ourselves: to construct our own understanding, our own emotional and artistic vision. Of course, this was frustrating as a child. It wasn’t until I grew up that I really began to appreciate the lessons my father taught us during those Saturday afternoons wandering the galleries. To this day his voice stays inside my head, telling me, “Look! See! Feel! Know! Imagine! Be!” I know now why he was considered such an extraordinary teacher: he encouraged his students to know and value themselves as creative and viable human beings. He modeled what he preached, patiently painting—trying to get “it” perfect and right.

I hadn’t thought about any of this in a very long time when memories came flooding back on September 11. Once again I confronted war on a personal level as the towers in New York City came crashing down beside the Hudson River. My father’s stories of Florence, and my recollections of Rosetta’s and Luigi’s painful tales all flashed through my mind. As I sat in my office trying to get a grip on my own emotions and desperately trying to figure out what I would say to my afternoon class, I realized that I needed to talk to someone with history: a survivor, someone who was older, a peace-maker who could put these events into context. So I called my dad.

My father lives half of each year in Italy now—having achieved that dream formed long ago when he was a young soldier. He has retired to the Chianti hills in order to paint full time. Aside from his yearly trips back home to be with family, especially the grandchildren, he spends most of his time creating images of the Tuscan countryside. My father also makes olive oil and a little wine. Each morning he eats fresh Tuscan bread spread with honey from the local abbey, made by bees whose stock goes back to the 16th century. My father’s world gives me a larger perspective on things, as it is more timeless and time-honored than my own.

I called him on the phone after an unsuccessful attempt at getting through to my sister in Brooklyn; all of New York City seemed to have been cut off from the rest of the world. I needed to hear his voice, needed to tell him I loved him. I also needed his guidance, as he is the best teacher I have ever known. I wanted to know how it was possible, in times of crisis, not to lose yourself in the agony of the world around you. What was the secret to surviving hard times?

He didn’t really have an answer to my questions; his response was more like a cosmic shrug: “Just sit tight, stay safe, it will resolve itself, it’s how the world goes.” For some reason this practical, fatalistic view calmed me down.

As the television flashed images of the World Trade Towers imploding, I prayed that my family in New York City was safe, and I drifted off into memory, recalling a trip my dad and I had taken to Pisa together two years ago. We went back to the port where my father had landed as a young soldier and walked through the palazzo, now reconstructed to its former glory. Of course, we went to the museum too, walking silently in its sacred air. In one of the galleries was a large, elaborate fresco. Originally titled “Heaven and Hell,” it had been painstakingly restored—brought back to life out of the bombarded rubble. Photographs of the restoration process covered one entire wall. With tweezers, toothpicks, magnifying glasses, and tiny brushes, artists and craftsmen had picked up the pieces of war-crushed art bit by bit and glued them back onto the reconstructed walls. The work had
taken decades, and now, were it not for the photo essay, one would never have known that a bomb had destroyed the painting, or that the ancient walls that supported it had ever been harmed.

I stood in that gallery, watching my father looking at the mural that he once had climbed over when it was a pile of rubble. Its title was "The Inferno." Glaring devils and avenging angels danced around our heads; men and women screamed in agony and underwent tortures of the vilest kind. It was a medieval warning of what humans can perpetrate upon themselves. The artist had given succeeding generations a glimpse into a gruesome and yet thrilling medieval judgment day. I found it ironic that this image, one of ultimate Armageddon, was destroyed by the world's most destructive armies and then rescued by the world's most patient artists. But, after all, as my father had shown me, that is what artists do.

That is what art is for: to mirror our own experience back to us, encouraging us to expand our universe; and to challenge our perceptions so we are compelled to delve into our own beliefs and see them from a new perspective—to persevere; to Look! See! Feel! Know! Imagine! Be!

Surrounded by the images of this ancient hell, I also thought about our modern one: of hunger, homelessness, poverty, and oppression. Times had not changed much, at least in terms of human suffering, since the fresco had first been created. And I began to understand why my father chose to paint the things of this world that are eternal, like the ancient olive trees, grape vines, Etruscan hills, rock foundations, fortresses, and walls—all of which have outlasted numerous wars, famines, earthquakes, droughts, and floods.

He looks for things that last, are strong and intense, or things that eternally renew no matter who sits in power or whose face is minted on the currency. He embraces life fully and intensely, teaching and connecting to those around him, painting the faces and images that are dear to him, celebrating the life of the landscape, acknowledging the power of the earth.
and sky. Like the artisans who recon-
structed Pisa's frescoes he explores life
through his paintbrush and pen, in small
stages, intimately and painstakingly work-
ing on an infinite theme.
I am deeply grateful for my father and
his vision of the world, especially in this
year when global turmoil, war, and hatred
have come closer and closer to my home.
Now I see clearly that what we need
are more teachers like him. We need
their peace and vision and the courage
to remember what "real war" is, that
it cannot be ignored, and will cause
real destruction.
For we cannot, like children playing
games, simply erase the things we do not
like or ignore the people we don't want
to include. We cannot simply hang a flag
out our window and think that the crisis
will disappear. It doesn't work that way.
Peace works, instead, the way my father
creates a painting, piece by piece and bit
by bit, patient and intense. We need to
respect the peacemakers, like my father,
who teach us that survival is not about
destruction, but rather about vision—
about building and sustaining life and
honoring the things that are eternal. My
father's lesson, if we have the courage to
learn it, is that we look inside ourselves to
see, feel, think, imagine, and that we keep
strong to the realization that the pen, paint-
brush, and creative heart are always
mightier than the sword.

Lucy Dougall

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

Mt. Stickney

They did not come to climb the mountain,
hunt a deer or fall a tree. We saw them
where the snow still lingered, far up
the long rough logging road—
three older men in work clothes—
collars up, wool caps crusted with snow.
In a hollow near their truck, wind-sheltered
by snow banks, they crouched around a fire
cradling coffee mugs, feasting on sandwiches.
They motioned us to their circle.
One of them said, We're three old friends.
My father took me fishing up here as a kid.
I come each spring. I thought of my own father
and wished I had made for him so simple a memorial.
"I saw the secret police downtown today," Lilah says. "How do you know they were secret police?" I ask. "A voice from my ghetto blaster told me." "Wow. Radio Shack must be selling a new kind of boom box. What else did the voice tell you?" "And there's a temple in the sky with gazelles and magnolia trees. But you have to be on God's holy list to go there," she whispers.

I'm sitting on a couch next to Lilah, whom I just met at Fellowship Club, a county-run outpatient center for the social rehabilitation of mentally ill adults. Zach, my therapy dog, and I are on our second visit. Zach's a gangly sweetheart of a golden retriever who's a bit long in the back and leggy, but a creature awesomely at home wherever he finds himself—and with whomever.

About 30 people, all low-income and ranging in age from 20 to 80, are sitting on tattered couches or milling around the building's large front room. There's little interaction, though a shard of conversation can be heard from time to time. Most just sit staring at the air, looking more bored—or medicated—than demented. One man rests his head on an elbow, eyes closed. Generic rock music blasts from a stereo on a shelf next to a dime store goldfish bowl. A rickety upright piano sits mute against the wall.

Lilah is petting Zach, who sits on the floor between us. She stares at the tip of his nose and methodically works her way up to the top of his head, down to his shoulders, then back to the tip of his nose again. Zach sits placid as a Buddha, reveling in her strokes. Watching them, a line from Whitman flashes through my head, "What is less, or more, than a touch?" I wonder how much touch, if any, the people at Fellowship Club get.

Like many here, Lilah has the look of a street person—a few teeth short of the full complement, clothes more reminiscent of the Salvation Army than Versace. She's 40ish with long black hair and an aura of bewilderment and apprehension.

"Do you think dogs are in that temple in the sky, too?" I ask.

She looks at Zach. "Oh, definitely. Dogs are better than people with cold hearts. And there're ponies up there, too," she says, eyes shining.

"It sounds like a terrific place," I say.

There's a pause in our dialogue. I'm uneasy with small talk in any social situation, but work harder here at Fellowship Club to push past my discomfort. "How do you like this chilly weather?" "Whatever weather God gives us I like," Lilah answers.

"You'll live a long life with an attitude like that. Lots of people complain about the weather and the rain, and anything else they can dig up to complain about." "And I think of the rain as angels crying," "That's beautiful. You're not a poet, are you?"

"Am I doing this right, I'm thinking, or am I a dud? Will I be liked, accepted? People who are often viewed as society's rejects, and treated accordingly, don't trust easily. I lean my shin against Zach's back for encouragement. His stillness fortifies me.

"I can tell you're a good person and an honest person," Lilah says. I'm startled by the compliment, and its timing—just when I was beginning to lapse into self-doubt. I gather myself and say, smiling, "And I can tell you're an excellent judge of character."

We both break out in a huge laugh. It's a spontaneous moment of shared exhilaration and grace between two strangers that generates a healing camaraderie and diminishes the distance between us. She's so expressive that it's humbling. Her compliment is the kind of gesture that makes you feel buoyant and kindred. It reminds me how important it is to affirm one another, a powerful gift each of us can give each other but that few, including myself, bother to articulate.

When we don't, the other person never knows, and we both miss out.

Ironic that the reminder comes from someone deemed less decorous or genteel than the rest of us. How heedlessly we make assumptions about people, and how costly our arrogance. Maybe because Lilah is unbound by some of the social constraints that bind most of us, she's freer to give. And might we not benefit from a reassessment of some of those constraints?

The mentally ill are a population I'm familiar with. As a kid, my favorite of my seven aunts was manic-depressive and on and off spent time in the locked ward of a county mental health facility; and the young cousin to whom I felt closest was schizophrenic. I saw their hearts as well as their pathology.

"Do you tell stories?" Lilah asks.

How does she know that? "Well, I don't usually tell them out loud, but I do write them down sometimes."

"Oh, tell me a story," she pleads, wide-eyed as a child at bedtime.

Unable to resist her enthusiasm, I do my best despite a greater fluency with the written than the spoken word. Lilah listens intently...

...this woman, whose mental disarray has brought her to a place like this, is in some ways more clear-headed than some of the so-called sane people I see out in the world.

Lucy Aron is a member of Appleseed Meeting in Sebastopol, Calif. Her interests include animal and environmental advocacy, music, Buddhism, and prison reform. ©2002 Lucy Aron
"Are you from New York?" she asks when my story is finished. I'm taken aback. How could she know this? I lost my Brooklyn brogue 30 years ago, thank God. But her insights are a little spooky. I'm beginning to sense that this woman, whose mental disarray has brought her to a place like this, is in some ways more clear-headed than some of the so-called sane people I see out in the world. How much does she see?

As we continue chatting, I notice how extraordinarily focused on our conversation Lilah is, and what a pleasure it is talking with her—warm, affectionate, reciprocal. She doesn't have a hint of the gross self-involvement or shuck-and-jive that is pervasive in so many people I meet in day-to-day encounters. Her candor is refreshing, and I'm honored by her sincere interest in who I am—by the gift of her attention. I've become so engrossed in our chat myself that I nearly forget there are other guests at Fellowship Club with whom I ought to mingle. Reluctantly, Zach and I excuse ourselves.

Half an hour later, as we're leaving, we see Lilah again. She's leaning against a railing outside the front door of the building. "Where're you walking?" she asks, ambling over.

"My car's just up the street."

"Can I walk you to your car?"

"Sure."

Zach jumps into the back seat. Lilah pets his floppy ears. Then, as I unlock the driver's door and turn to say goodbye, she gives me a hug—a tender, non-clingy, just-right hug.

Cruising up Chapala Street I realize that I'd forgotten all about the anger I had felt over some minor annoyance that was still with me when I arrived at Fellowship Club an hour ago. Now all I feel is that the world is new and kind and jasmine-scented.

**Backseat Driver**

A friend tells the story of driving at night through a storm, alone, afraid. From the backseat came a touch on her shoulder and a voice that said, "You will soon be safely home." And she was. Lovely tale.

Years later night winds chill the earth to ten below. Glistening ribbons of melt lace the road. White snow edges black fields. Gripping the wheel, I whine into the dark, "Please God. God. Please. God?"

My pleas launch into infinity, as frozen as the streaks of wet that stretch beyond my light. From my backseat, no disembodied pats or words, no presence I can feel.

"Is anybody there?" I ask. "Right now I'm not particular."

A cozy god served up with flowered cups, crustless toast and jam. A daddy god, white beard afloat, suspended overhead, A sovereign god wrapped in whirlwind, Leviathan in hand.

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Tillich's Ground of Being? Ascendant Father? Higher Power? What's in a title? A god by any name will serve as well in the dark and the cold.

At last the meetinghouse. The lights are lit. The kettle's on. I slip into an empty chair.

We settle into silence. Then, wood creaks, heads lift, hands reach out. The circle's closed. "How is it with you, Friend?"

comes the inevitable Quaker query. About to answer "Lost. Alone," I look across the table, over chipped, mismatched mugs of herbal tea, into the faces of those who waited, who held my place at the table. What I see there is enough, for now, for me to know, I too have come safely home.

Nancy L. Rosenberger

*Nancy L. Rosenberger is a member of Schuylkill Meeting in Phoenixville, Pa.*
Belated letter of thanks to Da Wang and daughter

What can we say for ourselves after so much time? What's the measure? Another day of roar becomes evening, and I can still see you—a nice man—a man given to peaceful loving routines. Or I can say, we were all peaceful in a time not known for its peace—for example, a month after the Red Army bulldozed a human landfill around Beijing, I bought greasy pecan cookies three evenings a week at the market, and you rode by on your bicycle in the darkness. You were the man with the big smile, singing to his tiny little girl—a girl so small, I even thought, in the darkness, if she might be a bag of oranges. But she was no bag of oranges, and you were no soldier, only a lullaby bike rider, and I was just a cookie man. For years now when the evening comes down, we've stayed like this: me, a bumbling big faced foreign man strolling mindlessly under a parasol of trees with Chinese cookie grease bleeding through a brown paper bag—and you pedaling through the darkness with your most precious cargo. I just wanted to say: “Hello, Mr. Wang.” I just wanted to wish you well, and thank you for singing songs that have kept the darkness friendly—all these years—little songs wrapped in a circle of dust, stretching from one side of night to the other.

J.C. Ellefson

J.C. Ellefson sent this poem from Lincoln, Vt.
Recently my niece Amanda and I had the following e-mail correspondence:

I have been reading and hearing a lot about God's grace. What is meant by grace? I thought maybe you could answer this question.

Love,
Amanda

Hi Amanda,

Basically, grace means gift from God. Examples are better than definitions, so maybe it'll help if I tell you a story about God's grace. It's a story connected with my mental illness.

For a number of years, I had been angry with a person who figured very largely in my hallucinations. One of my devices for taking control of the illness has been to ask the voices I hear—what I now know are aspects of myself—how "we" are feeling. My analogy is that I have a hairline crack in my psyche, and the normal lines of communication between the parts of myself have been broken. So talking to my voices and learning how "we" feel has rebuilt some of those connections that were broken. If my broken parts have a channel of communication that is legal, so to speak, it makes it easier for "us" to avoid hallucinating in order to talk about those feelings. You might say these are bedtime conferences with myself.

For years I had been listening to myself be angry about the role this person had played in my illness. Each night I listened, thinking, "This is a process. Letting go of anger requires me to fully experience my anger. I will listen to myself rant. One of these days I will be ready to let go." Each night I reminded myself of all the ways my own behavior had fed into the situation: I was part of the problem, and I should be fair with the other person. Night after night I listened, and my voices would begin, "I know this is tiresome, but he really was a malicious twerp." And I would agree, and then remind my voices yet again of our responsibility. Each night I asked God to help me reach a place where I could let go the anger.

About two years ago, I was so sick of listening to myself rant that I said to God, "I can't let go this anger by myself. I don't want to be angry anymore. I don't need the anger to protect myself. He's out of my life. I may hallucinate more without the anger, but I'll take that risk. I will simply handle it if I hallucinate. Please, just take away the anger."

A few nights later, I hallucinated a big one—all four major delusional themes at once, plus a few brand new ones thrown in for good measure. The next day or two I worked to regain my hold on reality. And I wondered why I wasn't angry at myself for hallucinating. I was just regrouping, without the usual self-recrimination. What was going on?

It was two days before I realized that was God's answer: God had taken away my anger at myself for being mentally ill. I had prayed for freedom from anger at the other, and was given, gratis, freedom from anger at me. If that doesn't convince people there is a God who answers prayers, I don't know what it would take. I asked for one thing, and got another thing it had not occurred to me to ask for, and it was the key to resolving the issue. Once I wasn't angry at me, I was able to look at the past in new ways and in a few weeks was enabled to let go the anger at the other. And I seldom hallucinate now. When I do, it's not a big deal. There has been such a sense of peace and joy and freedom. Such a gift; such a rare and wondrous and totally surprising gift.

That's a story about grace. Does that help define it a bit?

Love,
Mariellen
True Celebrity
by Phyllis Hoge

Phyllis Hoge is a member of Albuquerque (N.Mex.) Meeting. She taught poetry and literature for 20 years at University of Hawaii, where she was a member of Honolulu Meeting. She has published seven books of poetry under the name of Phyllis Hoge Thompson, the most recent of which is Letters from Jian Hui and Other Poems.

The best thing that happened to me at South Central Yearly Meeting (of which I am not a member) was encountering a happy man in a blue shirt and overalls with red galluses that Saturday afternoon in April. How old was he? Fifty: Sixty? An ordinary kind of guy, he had white hair, but he seemed more like 45, to tell the truth—younger than most grown-up people ever get to be, at any rate.

There I was, walking cheerfully away from the table to stack my dishes when this big man rushes up to me and says with a glad smile, "Hey, I hear you're a poet." I admitted it. "Yes, I am."

"Me too. My name is Jerry Green-Ellison. I hope we have a chance to talk to each other later on. Can I read some of your work? Did you bring any poems with you?"

I said yes to that too. "A couple of my books are on the arts display table. How about you? Did you bring any poems? I'd like to read yours."

"I can send you some if you have e-mail, but all I brought this time for the art show is photos. I take pictures. They're over there on the table, where my wife is putting out hers. Katherine's a photographer too. Come look."

In the face of such generous and immediate delight as Jerry was evincing, I walked (cheerfully) with him over to the table where his black-and-whites were lined up. Very attractive work, I thought, not fancifully pretty—pretty doesn't cut it with me—but imaginatively realistic, or, in other words, seriously beautiful. I was very much taken with them. I told him so, and that I especially liked a casually evocative photo of a stone well and a bucket, misted hills in the distance on a rainy morning. "Because it's alive," I told him. "And it gives back a sense of what's human." I wanted to buy it, but the photographs didn't appear to be for sale. Jerry, meanwhile, walked over to the other table and bought both of my books.

Like his eyes, bright under heavy eyebrows, Jerry's face was alive too, as if there were some essential joy underlying every moment. His apparent happiness even made me feel I had a share in causing it, as if I were truly known, and knew him well. Later on when we had our conversation, he and I another poet enjoyed, for two hours, the kind of talk poets talk. But Jerry was different from others I've talked with—as far from the show-offy, cool types as he was from the self-pitying or self-congratulating performing aces. He was unabashedly enthusiastic about the moments that yielded poems and about the delight to be found in the act of writing—no false modesty, no embarrassment about the intensity of what he felt about poetry, and warmly appreciative of the work of our contemporaries. I've met poets I've cared for before and a fair number of heavy-duty Quakers with impressive gifts. What struck me about Jerry was that he was totally without pretension, absolutely there, present to the moment as exactly who he was—nothing less, nothing more. An ordinary guy.

We exchanged e-mail addresses, all three of us, and, soon after, his poems began to appear on my screen every week, and I started sending some of mine to him. That was April and early May.

Then an unexpected hiatus occurred. I wondered why. He seemed a man who was 100 percent reliable about following through on what he'd agreed to take on. Had he and Katherine gone on vacation and neglected to tell his friends? Had something happened to him, to his life? Something indeed had happened. After I'd missed hearing from him for a while, I received a letter from Katherine explaining the trouble. She wrote that Jerry had come home from work one Friday in early June with the disturbing news that he'd been suffering from dizzy spells and nausea for about a month. He had difficulty seeing. Over the next three weeks Katherine kept all of their friends informed, myself included, concerning a slow and terrible recognition that Jerry's illness was cancer—cancer far advanced in his lungs, his heart, and his brain. He declined all treatment.

I was stunned by Katherine's initial letter, and during the days following I held in the light my new friend and his wife. I had from the first felt happy to have found in the world once more a humorous, serious, genial, honest human being alight with generosity of spirit. And riddled with cancer. Already I began to mourn his loss, though he was clearly still with us. And is. I thought of Jerry and Katherine...
every day, and I wept a little every day, mildly sur-

prised to find myself deeply affected by someone I’d

known for so short a time—a little more than two

hours and a few e-mails.

The rest of the story is where the happiness came

in, not a miraculous cure but the next best thing—an

outpouring of love, as might have been expected, but

also, and surprisingly, jubilation. After the first weeks

were past, friends of Jerry and Katherine invited

people who knew them to come to what they called a

“Celebration of Jerry’s Life,” a party to be held in

Tyler, Texas, on a Saturday afternoon in July.

What a great idea! Not to save all the myriad loving

remembrances and appreciations for a funeral when

the living spirit would no longer be there to receive

them, but to make known to him the meaning of his

life to everyone who knew him. And I had been

invited. I wanted to be there.

I had to seriously modify travel plans. I was ten

minutes late, having been on the road for 250 miles

before turning east for 125 miles away from the

direction I was supposed to be headed. In the bor-

rowed Unitarian church, the hallway leading to the

large meeting place in back was lined with Jerry’s

photos. When I opened the door to join the party I

saw a room jammed with well-wishers. The only seats

left were, as usual, up front. But I’m not shy. I walked

forward and sat down in the front row, close to Jerry,

who smiled his greeting.

A friend was reading some of Jerry’s poems from a

sheet distributed to each person present. Once in a

while the friend’s voice cracked with tears. Then he’d

stop until he could take up the reading again. Beside

him sat Katherine, listening, and beside her, Jerry,

relaxed and at ease in an armchair, looking pale (truth

to tell), and worn out, yet at peace, and near him

another friend, Joyce, who seemed to be running the

show. The walls carried more of the luminous photo-

graphs I’d first seen at SCYM. I couldn’t look

though—I was listening too hard.

The poems being done, Joyce got out of her chair

to start the next phase. And that’s when Jerry inter-

rupted. “I’d like all these friends of ours to know each

other,” he said, “Let’s do introductions.” So that’s

what we did next, each one speaking a little or a lot

about how they came to know Katherine and him.

After that, from among those assembled, one friend

asked another rose to speak or sing or read something

they’d made, and I was one of those who did, since I

had written a poem about Jerry soon after I’d met

him. The president of the Texas Poetry Society spoke

warmly of his friendship. Jerry’s father-in-law said he

thought he’d known his son-in-law well for years, but

coming to this gathering he felt he’d scarcely known

him at all, so various and rich were the appreciations

spoken. Katherine’s mother read a short piece about

how she and her husband had always wished for the

right husband for their cherished daughter, and how

glad they were that the two had found each other. A

cousin reported that Katherine had first spotted Jerry

Phyllis Hoge

Friends Journal August 2002

Two Hundred Buddhas: Jerry’s Story

Crossed backstraps of red galluses
Slipped into the catches on his clean denim overalls
Over a lighter blue cotton shirt.

“See, I’m an uneducated redneck Texan
And I enlisted right out of high school,
Trained and took off for Nam.

“God-fearing Bible thumper
As well as a serious patriotic American
Teenage hero hell-bent on war.
But fighting felt wrong to me. Couldn’t deal with it.
Got to watching the Buddhists. Those monks—
They looked so brown and peaceful

“In their long robes. Kinda happy.
And me in my uniform. I wanted—something.
Didn’t know what. Whatever it was they had.
So I asked this monk, how come, and how long would it take
To learn how to be a Buddhist. That guy—
He laughed. Told me ‘One night.’

“I didn’t believe him. He smiled,
Said, ‘Come with me.’ He took me to this storeroom—
A temple maybe? with two hundred Buddhas
All exactly alike. Sure was surprised.
He gave me some candles, said he’d come back, and left
While I spent the night inside

“Locked up with two hundred Buddhas—
I couldn’t figure it. But I lit one of the candles
And yelled it up to each of them, seeing
Their curved eyelids. How they held their fingers.
The way they smiled. And by morning I knew them,
All two hundred, each one different.

“So the monk came back. He laughed.
He’d known I’d get it. I started laughing with him.
And here I am—happy as a monk,
A Vietnam veteran redneck Texas farmer Buddhist.”

Phyllis Hoge
at a party in their house, and had made a beeline from the chili straight for him and never looked back. Some­one from the poetry group spoke of Jerry's slight stam­mer, which never imped ed the poetry he offered but rather, in a way, contributed to its meaning. A woman who learned photography from him gave him a hand­made testimonial booklet telling what he had taught her to look for and how he taught her to see. The person sitti n g n earest to me presented a collage she' d made that featured, top left, two furry eyebrows, elflike, just the shape of Jerry's, she explained, and everybody laughed because they looked so right. Much to my amazement and pleasure she also had included the poem I'd written about him, as well as picture cutouts depicting the kinds of things Jerry would do. Members of a spirituality group mentioned Jerry's tenderness, insight, and originality. A young woman sang a song to him. We kept up the celebration for two hours or more, before we adjourned to the refreshment part of the party, and began to do what Jerry had asked of us: become known to one another.

Before I left, I went over to him once more where he was sitting among friends. I asked him how I could get hold of a copy of that photograph I'd responded to so deeply, and he got up out of his chair, walked over to it, and handed it to me. I was overcome. I had never expected such a gift, such a vital and expressive remem­brance. I thanked him, and I said how sorry I was I had not known him much longer than a couple of hours, that we still had so much to say to one another, so much to give and receive.

"It's OK," he said. "I've known you a long time. I think I've known you from the beginning." That was when the tears started to fill my eyes. All there was left to say was "Goodbye."
Steve and Marlene Pedigo

by Kara Newell

He’s a city boy from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the second of five children who learned early to work and be self-sufficient. She grew up on a farm, eldest of seven, from a long line of Iowa Quakers.

Steve and Marlene Morrison Pedigo met at William Penn College in Oskaloosa, Iowa, became friends, eventually fell in love, and married. They are devout Christian Quakers and committed ministers. They have graduate degrees—Steve, a master of divinity with an emphasis on Urban Studies; Marlene, a master of divinity with an emphasis on Urban Ministry, and a doctorate of ministry with an emphasis on Church Administration. She is the author of New Church in the City, and looks forward to working on her next book during the Lilly-funded sabbatical she and Steve are currently enjoying.

She’s calm, strong, soft-spoken, patient, and nurturing. He’s full of energy, restless, direct, and a gifted preacher. Their shared love enfolds their three adopted biracial children. They hold deep moral, social, and spiritual values, and both are ongoing learners in the university of real life—the Cabrini-Green neighborhood of Chicago.

After graduating from college (where Steve joined Quakers), each was led to urban ministry, in which they have been engaged for more than 25 years. They were in a Kentucky seminary when they heard the call to urban ministry, specifically in Chicago. There they worked for several years under the ministry umbrella of a large church that focused in the Cabrini-Green neighborhood. From the very beginning, they were clear that their vision was for a Quaker ministry with people in the city of Chicago.

Steve says, “When we first began the ministry, I did what I loved—got out on the street, met people and hung out with them, just had fun, and built relationships. We went into Cabrini-Green feeling like God had called us there and had prepared the way—what we had to do first was just go in and see what was going on, what was there, and where God was calling us to fill some gaps. By the time we had our first club meeting, the relationships were well-established and we had over 100 kids.”

“For the next three or four years, we went into the high school during lunch period, visiting kids and telling jokes. Later, I coached a basketball team at the high school, getting to know the kids in their world. I met a compassionate probation officer, and eventually we got young men sentenced to us through juvenile court and were able to integrate them into the programs. We did tutoring, camping, college trips; we had community basketball teams, cheerleading—very, very happening! The kids from those three or four years are now successful. They are working in ‘people-helping’ positions throughout the country. They are an informal network so that when something happens, like a marriage or funeral, they all come back together again.

“That ministry evolved into a meeting, the Fellowship of Friends, which was established in 1986 as a monthly meeting in Western Yearly Meeting. The ministry has transitioned over the years from a street to a youth ministry, and now into a meeting and community organizing.”

Marlene describes one of her passions. “Three-fourths of Cabrini’s residents are children under 21. My gifts of ministry and my elementary education degree have led to the Young Friends After-School Program, for which we’re now working toward accreditation and expansion. It’s almost like a Friends School, but it’s an after-school program where young people come and are nurtured academically, socially, emotionally, and spiritually in a safe, peaceful place.”

“Concurrently, we are bringing the mothers together as a support group and introducing them to the meeting. We work to help them understand the motivation behind what we do. We are becoming a community of support in the midst of life crises, especially with their kids.”

In 1979-80, the Pedigos approached Friends United Meeting (FUM) for funding and spiritual support, which was granted and sustained through 2000, when the meeting became independent. The Pedigos speak warmly of the support they have received over the years.

“FUM gave us a lot of freedom. Urban ministry is really hard—there were no models to follow, no guidelines, no directions, no steps. Our cohort in urban ministry had to spend significant time fundraising, often minimizing the time for ministry. But we were freed to do the ministry, with the grassroots support that we still have. It has been a blessing.”

Quaker principles and practices undergird their ministry. Steve notes “the down-to-earthness, the simplicity of being just who you are. I’m not so much interested in being nice as being real.” For Marlene, it’s “speaking truth, being a person of integrity, being upfront about what I think is right, listening to the Spirit and then being honest enough to speak that truth.”

Furthermore, she adds, “The Quaker process of open, honest decision-making is really important. And there’s being a woman—I
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August 2002 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Reflection

Wind and Sun

by Pamela Haines

I was listening in on a heated e-mail interchange about the American Friends Service Committee’s Afghan blanket project. Someone was objecting vehemently, saying that it was just a response to media hype, would waste tons of oil transporting things around the globe, and the real issue, anyway, was in Iraq. A mild response that no other programs would be cut back and that people were looking for opportunities to give was met with more passionate denunciation of waste and distorted priorities.

This interchange left me troubled. While the point about needing to address our own oil consumption as a significant root of global problems was cogent, and charity is rightly suspect if its main goal is to make the givers feel good, I was not won over. Something was not right. Late at night as I lay in bed, puzzling over how I might best join the conversation, I realized what had been missing. It was love.

I was reminded, as I have been so often in recent years, of the story of the sun and the wind. The wind was boasting of its power. Seeing a man in a cloak, the wind said it could get the cloak off before the sun could. The wind blew and blew, strong and fierce, but the more it blew, the tighter the man held on. When the sun’s turn came, it just shone, warm and steady, until the cloak was too hot and the man unfastened it and laid it aside.

This man who understood about oil and our policies in Iraq blew strong and fierce. What he blew contained much truth. But I imagine others responded as I did, clutching our point of view more tightly, protecting our impulse toward generosity, tensing against attack, waiting for the storm to pass.

What might the sun do differently with the same truth? The sun would love us. It would affirm our caring and our longing for connection with the poor of the world. It would support our impulses to make that loving visible, regardless of the form they took.

I would appreciate the Service Committee unreservedly for its long history of giving form to our sense of connection and desire to have things right in the world. It would invite us all to notice how much we care, how deeply we want the world to be right. It would suggest that we are bigger than we know, that there is more love in us waiting to show.

As we warmed to this possibility the sun would support us to look more closely at our place in the world and how we might show our love more powerfully. It would open the possibility of not just giving of our surplus but changing our lifestyle in big ways. We would breathe deeply and have to agree, profoundly relieved that someone had seen not just our surface desires but our deep longing, and had called us to our truth.

Now, this would not happen in one well-crafted e-mail message. The single blast of hard-edged righteous truth is so seductive in its seeming power and purity. It would be so quick—if only it worked. But truth without love is an incomplete truth at best. We had been chided for responding in ways that were selfish and ineffective, yet I had to wonder if the chider’s angry truth was much different or did any more good. At worst it was a bludgeon that could actually make things worse, neutralizing people’s good intentions by making them doubt their motivations or divert all their energy into protecting their assaulted sense of goodness. We would do better to seize on people’s good intentions and nurture them to their fullest flower, helping them to have a safe place to stand—from which they could embrace even the hardest truth.

I would choose truth. But I would choose to spread it with love, like the sun.
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Life in the Meeting

2001 State of the Meeting Reports

by Robert Marks

In the shadow of September 11 and the ensuing war against terrorism, Friends in their monthly meetings have experienced a renewal of faith, as evidenced by the reaffirmation of and witness to the Inner Light and the Peace Testimony, in the 2001 state of Society reports by many monthly meetings.

“How does Truth prosper among you...?” begins the report of Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting, noting that the query was one of the first asked by Friends in the beginning of our Religious Society. “We are learning anew what it means to live out the Quaker Peace Testimony as we respond to the September 11 attacks and to the continuing war in Afghanistan,” the report continues. “We are reminded that our social activism springs from the heart of the worshipping community and that this same activism can lead us to greater spiritual understanding...We continue to search for a deeper unity in God’s Spirit—a corporate sense of mission and witness while, at the same time, recognizing and celebrating the diversity of spiritual gifts each individual brings to the whole.” Cambridge Friends continue, “Several of our meetings for worship, particularly in the months following the September attacks, were deep and consoling.... In short, Truth does prosper among us. While not always clear on exactly what we should do at any given moment, we recognize that God is at work among us, sending us out as agents of transforming love to minister to a hurting world.”

Similar testimonies appear in the reports of other meetings. Among them, New Brunswick (N.J.) Meeting states, “When we look back over the year, it is hard to see past the terrible landmark of September 11. Not just the time after that day, but also the time before it seems changed by the shock of impact. Some things grew in importance, while others diminished. Our meeting’s steward-

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Robert Marks, a member of High Point (N.C.) Meeting and a retired newspaper editor and journalist, is a volunteer news editor for FRIENDS JOURNAL.
ship of the opportunity for Quaker worship—the job of creating a safe, simple, focused place for seeking God and fellowship—holds primary importance.

"We have experienced a continuing testing of our Peace Testimony," New Brunswick Friends admit. "We are trying to understand the essence of religious faith in a world that is often more divided by faith than united by it. We are trying to understand the place and role of our own faith among faiths that endorse some of our testimonies and condemn others. ... We recognize anew how important it is that we hold our light steady—be it large or small—and keep it bright enough for others to find."

Hartford (Conn.) Meeting affirms, "Silent corporate worship continues to be the core of our meeting life. ... We have been blessed with a deep sense of fellowship and presence together, in times of celebration and worship and in times of struggle, as we continue to prayerfully address our concerns around our individual and corporate leadings, our youth, our sense of spiritual community, our callings in the world, particularly following the events of September 11, and our search for spiritual growth. ... Our concerns for social justice led some in our meeting to vigil in protest of the current war on terrorism, and against the economic sanctions on Iraq as a result of the Gulf War. Others have begun active discussion groups around nonviolence, terrorism, and civil rights. ... In summary, our meeting is simultaneously blessed and challenged. We value the deep silence of worship, and we draw strength from it and from each other as we walk through our daily lives."

In its report, Montclair (N.J.) Meeting attests, "As Friends, we draw comfort from God and from one another as we seek to apply the tenets of our Quaker faith in our homes, our places of work, and throughout our daily lives. ... The violent events of September 11, 2001, have had a profound effect upon all of our lives. We have been challenged, especially in our spiritual setting, to comprehend that which many of us still find incomprehensible."

... We believe both members and attenders have found solace in our meetings for worship, and strength in our spiritual community. We also know that as part of the worshiping community ... we each can seek and experience God centrally in our lives. This rock core belief has enabled us, individually and in community, to draw even more deeply from our well of faith."

For 15th Street (N.Y.) Meeting, the events of September 11 were immediately and directly personal. No one in the meeting's community was killed or injured, but many affiliated with the meeting witnessed the planes hitting the World Trade Center and the subsequent collapse of the two towers. Individual members and attenders responded, one of whom is a chaplain at St. Vincent Hospital, where many of the victims of the attacks were brought. A husband-and-wife team of psychotherapists counseled families looking for loved ones; a singer-songwriter wrote songs in honor of the firemen who died in the collapse of the towers; another composed a hymn dedicated to the dead and their survivors. "At least one attender and another Friend did the devasting work of digging at the site," 15th Street Meeting recalls. "Our spiritual strength, both as individuals and as a meeting, was dramatically tested by the tragic events of that day. ... Throughout this period we maintained a Quaker presence and a witness for peace, both corporately and as individuals, to the best of our ability."

At Westerly (R.I.) Meeting, when Friends gathered to consider the state of the meeting, "foremost in the hearts of many were the events of September 11 ... Friends feel that the meeting has been challenged by the questions asked in the wake of those tragedies. In particular, Friends Peace Testimony was reexamined and made the instrument of individual and corporate soul-searching. ... We were mindful of our calling as Quakers to actively practice our faith, challenged to place faith in our practice, and above all, to listen closely to each other and for the Spirit moving in our midst."
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Reports and Epistles

Alternatives to the War on Terrorists

The Western (R.I.) Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends continues to honor the Quaker Peace Testimony, now almost 350 years old. It calls on us to root out the causes of war and to find “that of God” in all people. The term “root causes” reminds us that roots can be deep and tenacious, that their removal demands great care and energy.

The attacks of September 11, 2001, have left us all feeling vulnerable and sorrowful. We share that grief and the desire to prevent further losses. We seek to stop the cycle of violence, do no further harm, and acknowledge that of God in people of all beliefs and cultures. Apart from our spiritual faith that this is the way to live, we believe that it is the path to peace and security.

Our way is not easy. The roots of war are deep, many, and complex. Sometimes we find ourselves attempting to eradicate what we ourselves have planted in error. To stop the cycle of violence, we must look for the suffering and give relief, listen to the anger and seek understanding, resist the call to enemy-making, and instead, sow seeds of lasting peace-making. Sowing a seed is easier than uprooting a tree. Now we are faced with the job of doing both—with respectfulness and wisdom.

As we look for way to open, we hold each other and our leaders in the Light.

We call upon our nation’s leaders and allies to find alternatives to military force. Destruction of lands and peoples in an attempt to stop extremism increases support for movements. By personalizing the conflicts, we empower the leaders of extremist movements. By bombing, we feed the hatred and miss an important chance to prove to people of faith around the globe that this is not a religious war.

We call for international and intercultural accord in line with the values for which we stand: human rights, religious freedom, and justice through the rule of law. In this age of worldwide communications, global economy, international oil deals and arms distributions, and shared environmental and health concerns, we, as a nation, must honor and abide by international laws. Not to do so invites cynicism and lawlessness. We call for national-scale public discussion of foreign policy. Citizens of 80 countries died in the September 11 attacks, and the consequences are global. Though our nation is the prime global power, that status itself creates inevitable dependencies and discontent.

We call for open debate now on globally important treaties regarding the environment, arms control, and biological weapons—treaties that the U.S. has refused to sign and that are vital to the whole world.
The September tragedy has its own root causes and is itself becoming the root cause of an even greater loss of life. We hope the circle of people witnessing for peace will continue to grow. There are many ways to witness for peace. Individually and corporately, Westerly Friends are responding with an increased commitment to help with local and international relief efforts, to communicate with government decision-makers, to limit our own use of the world's resources, to offer public testimony, and to continue the ongoing and prayerful search for nonviolent solutions that will lead to a safer and more just world.

—Lisa L. Gould, clerk Westerly (R.I.) Meeting

Same-Gender Unions

Reading (Pa.) Meeting has adopted the following minute: “Reading Monthly Meeting will conduct same-gender commitment ceremonies provided that the Clearness Committee appointed, in accordance with the usual procedures, recommends that the meeting so proceed.”

In examining the issue of our meeting’s support for same-gender relationships during the preceding year, we were helped immeasurably by other meetings’ minutes and discussions published in FRIENDS JOURNAL, and with gratitude, we share our deliberations in the hope that they will be helpful to other meetings addressing the issue.

All Reading Meeting members and attenders who were interested in examining the topic of same-gender relationships were invited to attend our weekly discussion group, based on the Pastoral Care Newsletter (and the references cited in it) on “Seeking Clearness on Same-Gender Marriage.” The clearness process also involved Junior Monthly Meeting, whose members’ parents were notified prior to the young people’s worship sharing on the topic.

In coming to unity, we recognized that the commitment (as stated in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting’s Faith and Practice, 1997) “to love one another in faithful partnership” comes from a spiritual leading, which can be felt by a couple in same-gender as well as in opposite-gender relationships; and mindful of our testimony on equality and our desire to nurture the spiritual lives of those in our meeting, we in Reading Meeting committed ourselves to extending our loving consideration to all couples who apply to be married under the care of the meeting. In all cases, the Clearness Committee “does its best to confirm that the intended partners follow a true leading,” and the Oversight Committee provides guidance with the planning of the ceremony.

In the case of same-gender union, the duties of the Oversight Committee are different in one area. In opposite-gender unions, the Committee is responsible for assuring that the legal conditions for marriage have been satisfied. At this time, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania does not recognize same-gender marriages, and thus the meeting cannot make the marriage legal. We can, however, support a process leading to a spiritual marriage. Moreover, the Oversight Committee can help to counsel the couple in “securing appropriate legal arrangements to protect the relationship,” as stated in a 1991 minute from Adelphi (Md.) Monthly Meeting.

While a same-gender union does not conform to civil law, we expect the united couple to undertake the responsibilities and obligations of a true spiritual marriage. Moreover, we as a meeting commit to the support which we extend to all married couples.

—Lee Pickett, clerk, Outreach Committee
Nan Morrissey, clerk, Oversight Committee
Chris Field, clerk, Worship and Ministry
Reading (Pa.) Meeting

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The Pure Principle: Quakers and Other Faith Traditions


In The Pure Principle, author Jim Pym uses private study and personal interaction to show many of the ways Quakers have influenced, and been inspired by, people of various faiths. The book is largely about the work of interfaith groups (mostly in England) and the idea that many Quakers feel more like they’re part of an evolving universal faith than a formal Christian sect.

There is a bit of a universalist bent throughout the book. This is expressed in ideas suggesting that all faiths are opening themselves to each other in a growing common awareness of the “Oneness from which all religions spring.” Pym cites the development and growth worldwide of an ongoing “interfaith movement” in which Quakers have had much influence. This influence is due, in no small part, to the inward and informal nature of Friends faith and practice. By being “open to fresh Light from wherever it may come” (Advices and Queries #7), Quakers have been able to present not something new, but something recovered from the original teachings of Jesus, which is in harmony with other faiths.

Being of a similar universalist bent, I like the way Pym uses harmonic comparisons between the thinking of Quakers such as John Woolman with many elements of Eastern faiths such as Buddhism, Taoism, and the Sufis. The title itself is an elegant and descriptive caricature of God—The Pure Principle. This is, as Woolman says in his journal, “...deep and inward, confined to no forms of religion not excluded from any, where the heart stands in perfect sincerity....’’

The Quaker lack of symbolism and ritual and the practice of waiting in the silence present a simple and elegant foundation for those of us who find religion to be more in harmony with the Spirit of Love than with discussions of theology. Pym cites many examples of individuals and groups, mostly Friends, who spend much of their lives nurturing the Oneness of all religions and all people.

Those Quakers sharing an understanding of the unity of us all, no matter what “faith,” and who hold a perspective of following an inward Teacher who enlightens without rules and forms, will like Pym’s book. I recommend it to Friends of various persuasions, even those who are traditionally Christian, as a good example of genuine and heartfelt interfaith thought and practice.

—Mike McKillip

Mike McKillip is a member of Friends Memorial Church in Muncie, Indiana. He is a singer/songwriter.


Though many of us feel deeply about New York City (especially since September 2001), it’s doubtful that we think of it as one of the world’s great spiritual centers. And yet, as Edward F. Bergman’s guidebook illustrates, it is exactly that. New York abounds with “sacred spaces and peaceful places.” Bergman’s book is chockfull of spiritual sites from Harlem and the Heights to the Upper West Side and Downtown, in all the Boroughs, and every place in between. Not only that, but Bergman also shares stories about “...the spirituality that created them.”

To that end, his book begins with “The Story of Spiritual Life in New York City”—including a brief history of Friends in New York. He includes a chapter on what to look for in houses of worship—from synagogues and mosques to Sikh temples and Christian churches. He also gives some tips on etiquette for visiting various houses of worship.

Then the spiritual traveler is off—to a slave burial ground near City Hall, the only Chinese Scholar’s Garden in the United States, a former synagogue in Chinatown that is now a Buddhist temple, and various Friends meetings (including the Friends meetinghouse in Flushing, Queens—“the city’s oldest structure in continuous use for religious purposes”). Bergman has helpfully added symbols noting...
other interesting places nearby the sacred spaces and outdoor green spaces. There is an abundance of photographs, maps, and websites complementing the text.

The Spiritual Traveler: New York City is just one of the volumes in this series. There are guides for England, Scotland, and Wales; ones for Boston and New England, and Chicago and the Great Lakes are in the works.

My only criticism is minor. In Bergman’s description of Friends worship he writes, “there is no minister or provision for a sermon.” While this is certainly true (in the formal sense he means) for many meetings, it is not true in all cases and needs to be corrected—especially when it comes to the guidebook for the Great Lakes area, where the majority of meetings are pastoral and have provisions for sermons. Still, it is a wonderful book, and I highly commend it to spiritual travelers whether they are going by plane, train, or armchair.

—Brent Bill

Brent Bill attends First Friends Meeting in Indianapolis and is associate director of the Indianapolis Center for Congregations. He is FRIENDS JOURNAL’s assistant book review editor.

Population Is People: A Friends Perspective


Between 1950 and 2000, the human population more than doubled, from 2.5 billion to 6 billion. In Population Is People: A Friends Perspective, 23 members or attenders of the Religious Society of Friends speak from their professional, academic, or life experience as they reflect on a wide range of social and ecological problems that are affected by rapid population growth.

The book opens with the basics of demography—fertility, migration, mortality—and moves on to abortion and birth control; morality and ethics; environmental degradation and health; endangered species and urban sprawl; spirituality and ecology; human poverty and exploitation; Third World development and First World living standards; cultural factors; and the Quaker discernment process.

The voices of this diverse cross-section of Friends are as varied as their perspectives—at turns introspective, assertive, strident—but all generally focused on the human side of rapid population growth and the serious social and ecological consequences of current trends. The emphasis of these articles is on compassion, understanding, and responsible sharing of world resources at a time when
When since 1829 has offered Bibles, New Testaments, institutions, individuals, and others worldwide.

In his chapter titled "The Challenge of Population," Roy C. Treadway sums up the dilemma—and the formidable task—faced by humanity. "Some day the number of people in the world will stop growing," he says. "What remains uncertain is when, how, and at what level of living for everyone this growth will stop.... The way that the population of the world ceases to increase will influence the kind of world that we and our descendants will occupy. We have choices now about how we live in order to influence the world of the future."

But those choices are narrowed relentlessly every day that goes by without serious action to address the many troubling issues raised in this excellent book.

—Greg Pahl

Greg Pahl is a writer and member of South Starbucksboro (Va.) Meeting.

The Bible Association of Friends in America since 1829 has offered Bibles, New Testaments, and Portions free or at cost to Friends institutions, individuals, and others worldwide.

The Existential Theology of Nikos Kazantzakis

By Howard F. Dossor, Pendle Hill Pamphlet #359, 2001. 24 pages. $4/paperback. The name Nikos Kazantzakis may not be familiar to many Friends, except perhaps in the context of the film based on his book The Last Temptation of Christ. I was fortunate enough to come upon Kazantzakis's works as a teenager and was thrilled by the enthusiasm and depth of conviction conveyed through his art.

I read every book by him that I could find at that time, but I have not reread these books in recent years and so was particularly curious about whether I would still be moved by what Howard Dossor describes as his "existential theology." I think that this unique and exciting theology contains much that will appeal to the minds and hearts of modern Friends. For Kazantzakis, God was the life force itself: "We may think of God as the creative struggle which transsubstantiates the chrysalis into the butterfly." Or, in the words of the poet Dylan Thomas, "The force that through the green fuse drives the flower." (These words were misquoted in the pamphlet, and I wanted to repeat them accurately here, since they are powerful and extremely apt.) Life itself is a passionate, beautiful, and often terrible struggle to make the most of what we are—and God is the sheer spirit of that struggle, manifested in all of existence but especially through the lives of human beings. This expression of a raw, wild kind of theology is a good counterbalance for a Quaker approach to God that can sometimes, perhaps, be a bit too reserved.

—Michel Clement

Michel Clement, in her final year at Earlham School of Religion, is a member of Mendocino (Calif.) Meeting. She currently serves as the pastoral intern at West Richmond (Ind.) Meeting.

The Bible Association of Friends in America since 1829 has offered Bibles, New Testaments, and Portions free or at cost to Friends institutions, individuals, and others worldwide.
Friends World Committee for Consultation Section of the Americas announces the appointment of Margaret Fraser as executive secretary of the Section effective September 1, 2002. She will succeed Cilde Grover, who has served as the Section’s executive secretary since March 1998.

Earlham College has joined with Goshen College, founded by Mennonites, and Manchester College, founded by the Church of the Brethren, to share a $13.88 million grant from the Lilly Endowment to further develop their peace, justice, and conflict studies programs. The “Plowshares” grant runs from July 2002 to June 2006. A portion of the money will be used to establish a Peace House in Indianapolis, where students from the three Indiana colleges will live, take courses on peace, and work to promote peace in the Indianapolis community. The grant will also be used to support faculty, promote conferences on peace, bring national and international peace experts to speak to students, and develop new courses on peace.

Friends Peace Teams has begun working with college officials, church officials, and the police in State College, Pa., after a riot increased racial tensions on campus. Peace Teams in the area now are working hard to maintain peace and to improve race relations. Contact Quaker Peace Teams, P.O. Box 10372, San Antonio, TX 78210; website <www.quaker.org/fpt>.

Christian Peacemaker Teams, a joint project of Friends United Meeting, Mennonite, and Brethren congregations, sent a delegation to Pakistan and Afghanistan to see what help the teams could provide. The group found that many children were in desperate need of school supplies. The school books that are available in Afghanistan are outdated and full of propaganda. Some of these books, published in the '80s, were sponsored by USAID.

— Quaker Life

In October 1682, William Penn made a treaty with the Delaware Indians, under an elm tree in what was known as the Shackamaxon section of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. If one thinks of that tree in human terms, the elm tree that stands in the front circle of William Penn Charter School is the great-great-great-grandchild of Penn's elm. For this reason, Penn Charter students, faculty, and staff have gathered there every 11th of the month since September 2001. On March 11, a special memorial peace vigil was held midday around this direct descendant of the Penn Treaty Elm. Members of the Penn Charter community have, within a Quaker framework, actively engaged in discussions and reflection to seek an understanding of the events.

Friends Journal announces the publication of

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On May 20, faith communities in more than 20 states held vigils to "Light the Way out of Poverty." The vigils are part of a national, interfaith movement to make poverty reduction the focus of welfare reauthorization. Congress has until September 30 to reauthorize the Temporary Assistance to Needy Families (TANF) block grant to the states, which it created under the 1996 welfare reform. Among the proposals under debate are provisions that would lift thousands of low-income families out of poverty by providing access to training and education. For resources or more information contact Roberta Spivek, <spivek@afsc.org>; AFSC, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102; (215) 241-7037.

An expedition dispatched to chronicle the environmental health of the Himalayas has gathered startling evidence of the impact of climate change. The team, backed by the United Nations Environment Programme (UNEP), has learned that the glacier from which Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay set out to conquer Everest nearly 50 years ago has retreated up the mountain by around five kilometers. It was in conversation with Tashi Janghu Sherpa, president of the Nepal Mountain Association, that the team first learned of rising concern among local people over the impacts of global warming. For further details visit <www.unep.org>.—UN News Update

The United Nations Children’s Fund (UNICEF) reports that millions of babies go unregistered at birth, and as such they have no official identity, recognized name, or nationality. The UNICEF report "Birth Registration: Right from the Start" estimates that 50 million babies, or 41 percent of births worldwide, were not registered in 2000. In 19 countries, at least 60 percent of all children under five were not registered at birth. "Unregistered children lack the most basic protection against abuse and exploitation and become a more attractive commodity to a child trafficker, illegal adoption rings, and others who seek to take advantage of their non-status," said UNICEF executive director Carol Bellamy. The right to be registered immediately after birth and to acquire a name and a nationality was recently reemphasized by the UN General Assembly special session on children. Visit <http://www.unicef-icdc.org/publications>.

Race is a factor in the affordable housing crisis. While two-thirds of all U.S. households are homeowners, 53 percent of blacks, 55 percent of Latinos, and 50 percent of all other racial minority households are renters. Racial minorities are overrepresented among the lowest-income renters, and underrepresented among the highest-income homeowners. Access to safe, quality housing is not only limited by income, but by persistent and rampant racial discrimination in the housing market, even after 40 years of federal fair housing laws. —Poverty & Race

Coffee bean prices are at their lowest level in more than 50 years, and millions of coffee farmers are suffering severe economic crisis. This winter, thousands of Nicaraguan coffee farmers and their families were trapped in the provincial capital of Matagalpa, suffering from malnutrition and seeking disaster relief from the government. In addition, more than 200,000 peasants in Chiapas, Mexico, have abandoned their coffee plots to look for work elsewhere. In Peru, many farmers are abandoning coffee production for coca plants, used to make cocaine. Bumper crops in Brazil and Vietnam’s escalating coffee production are driving down prices worldwide. Producers are receiving as little as 20 cents a pound, far less than their costs. Meanwhile, some retailers, including Starbucks, sell coffee for $14 a pound. —Java Five

The Pakistani government has announced it is scrapping electoral rules that discriminate against religious minorities, including Christians. The Separate Election System had forced religious minorities in this Muslim country to vote only for candidates of their own faith. —Christian Century

The use of capital punishment may be slipping, according to new figures released by the U.S. Justice Department. The 214 death sentences issued in 2000, the most recent figures available, represent a 29 percent drop from 1998. In addition, the number of inmates executed in 2001 dropped by about a third compared to 1999. More than half of the death sentences in 2001 came from five states: Texas, California, North Carolina, Florida, and Pennsylvania. —Christian Century

There is a growing gap between the efforts of business and industry to reduce their impact on the environment and the worsening state of the planet, a new report by the United Nations Environment Programme (UNEP) reveals. This gap, says UNEP, is due to the fact that, in most industry sectors, only a small number of companies are actively striving for sustainability—that is, actively integrating social and environmental factors into business decisions. The new findings appear in "10 Years after Rio: The UNEP Assessment," which draws on 22 global sustainability reports written by different industry sectors, prepared for the World Summit on Sustainable Development, scheduled to take place in Johannesburg, South Africa, from August 26 to September 4, 2002. The reports are available at: <www.unep.org/outreach/wssd/sectors/reports.htm>.
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Bulletin Board

Upcoming Events
• Oct. 4-11—Keep Space for Peace Week: International Days of Protest to Stop the Militarization of Space, with local events throughout the U.S. For information contact Global Network Against Weapons & Nuclear Power in Space, P.O. Box 90083, Gainesville, FL, 32607; (352) 337-9274; e-mail <globalnet@mindspring.com>; website <www.spac4peace.org>.

• Oct. 11-12—The Legacy of George Fox: 350 Years of Quakerism, conference at Swarthmore College. Contact J. William Frost, Friends Historical Library, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore, PA 19081-1399; (610) 328-8496.

• Oct. 11-14—Fourth annual Young Quakes conference for high-school aged Friends, at Friendly Crossways Hostel near Boston, Mass. The conference, sponsored by Friends General Conference, will explore how love of self and love of God affect the rest of life. Registration is limited to 48. Contact Michael Gibson, FGC, 1216 Arch St. 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107; e-mail <michaelg@fgcquaker.org>; (215) 561-1700.

Opportunities/Resources
• Special Knitting Forces is dedicated to knitting clothes for civilians suffering during wartime. The group sends their knitted goods to the nonprofit group Children of War, which distributes the garments to refugees across the world. For information, visit <specialknittingforces.org> or write Special Knitting Forces, Ethical Society of Northern Westchester, 108 Pines Bridge Road, Ossining, NY 10562.

• Nonviolent Peaceforce seeks nominations for delegates to the International Convenering Event scheduled for November 2002 in New Delhi, India. The delegates will help establish the new organization to guide and develop Nonviolent Peaceforce, currently a project of Peaceworkers, as a new NGO. Contact Nonviolent Peaceforce, 801 Front Ave., St. Paul, MN 55103; <www.nonviolentpeaceforce.org>.

• For information on the death penalty in the U.S., visit the Death Penalty Information Center at <http://www.deathpenaltyinfo.org>.

• Movement for the Abolition of War is a newly-formed organization in Great Britain, aiming to challenge popular thinking about the acceptability of war and raise awareness of constructive alternatives. Their address is Venetia Road, London, U.K., N4 1EJ; website <www.abolishwar.freeuk.com>.

• The Quaker Hill Bookstore is now online at <www.quakerhillbooks.org>.
Milestones

Marriages/Unions

Proulx-Way—Martha Way and Ronald Proulx, in a civil ceremony in San Diego, Calif., on June 1, 2002. Martha, a daughter of Robert and Katherine Way, is a member of Kennett Square (Pa.) Meeting.

Schulze-Bosworth—Kris Bosworth, a sojourning member of Pima Meeting in Tucson, Ariz., and Monte Schulze, member of Tanque Verde Lutheran Church and an attender at Pima Meeting, on May 25, 2002, in the manner of Friends.

Deaths

Eliot—Johan (Jo) Wijnbladh Eliot, 80, on December 7, 2001, in Ann Arbor, Mich. He was born on July 10, 1921, in Evanston, Ill., and graduated from North Shore Country Day School and Swarthmore College, where he met his wife, Frances. The couple moved to Boston, where he received his M.D. from Harvard Medical School in 1946; then to Minnesota, where he completed residency in pediatrics at the Mayo Clinic. From Minnesota, the growing family moved to Arkansas, where he served on the Arkansas State Board of Health and taught at University of Arkansas School of Medicine. Forced to choose between his state position and, as clerk of Little Rock Meeting, speaking out against school segregation, he resigned in 1957. The next year Jo and Frances moved their family to Ann Arbor, Mich. In 1962, Jo received his master's from the School of Public Health at University of Michigan. He then joined the faculty, working with the Center for Population Planning, serving Planned Parenthood and county health departments, and training nurse practitioners working throughout southern Michigan. During sabbatical years (1969–70) he worked for AFSC in Africa and South America, teaching indigenous midwives and other health workers. During the early 70s, Jo worked with the newly forming Ann Arbor Free People's Clinic (later the Ann Arbor Community Health Center) and the Bryan Clinic in Ann Arbor. While living in Michigan for over 40 years, Jo and Fran never lost their love for Arkansas, and they traveled every summer to camp on their land in the Ozarks, near the Buffalo River. Jo is survived by his wife, Fran Eliot; his daughters, Dorothy Hiestand, Hope Eliot-Rice, and Holly Eliot; his sons, Peter Eliot and Christopher Eliot; ten grandchildren; one great-grandchild; and his sisters, Rosemary (Mal) Brodie and Ruth Ulvog.

Gordon—Marjorie D. Gordon, 95, on February 26, 2002, in Concord, N.H. Marjorie was born on August 6, 1906, in Newton, Mass., to John and Mary Dick. She graduated from Arlington High School and then received a B.A. from Boston University and a masters in social work from Simmons College. After raising four children, she spent 22 years as a social worker for the state of Massachusetts Division of the Blind. During her lifetime she lived in Arlington and Amherst, Mass., and Harrisville and Concord, N.H. A member of the Society of Friends since 1940, she remained active in Concord Meeting until her death. She loved classical music, square dancing, travel, and reading. She was predeceased by her former hus-

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37
ann's life. She became active in Friends for several co-op stores in Michigan and New a prison in Ashland, Ky., before being paroled to a and Kathy's two sons, Jesse Cleary-Budge and

Cleary-Budge. Lloyd Ann was active in Friends in their long process of discernment that led to the adoption of a minute to marry lesbian and gay couples. Lloyd Ann developed a loving relationship with Kathy Cleary, and during the last eight years of her life lived with Kathy and Kathy's two young sons. Lloyd Ann was active in Lexington Meeting as long as her health allowed. She was recording clerk, served on several committees, and worked on the newsletter. One Friend said, "When Lloyd Ann spoke, it tore our hearts open." Able to see humor in human behavior, she helped friends laugh at their foibles and struggles in a light, healing way. At the time of her death, she was surrounded by family and friends who cradled her in C hicago, Ill., of lung cancer. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., on October 10, 1916, he became interested in Friends through attendance at two workcamps in his teens and while a student at Earlham College. During and after his college years he was involved with the consumer co-op movement and managed several co-op stores in Michigan and New York. A pacifist, he refused to register for military conscription in WWII and, in his words, "enjoyed the hospitality of the government" for four months in a prison in Ashland, Ky., before being paroled to a Civilian Public Service (CPS) camp near Balti- more and later to Pendle Hill. After his release he returned to co-op work in Cleveland and was active with the Industrial Workers of the World.

board, Miller Laufman; a brother, John Dick; and three children, Janet Laufman, Alan Laufman, and Philip Laufman. She is survived by a daughter, Ann Mason; a son, Dudley Laufman; nine grandchildren; nine great-grandchildren; five foster grandchildren; two foster great-grandchildren; and several other relatives and friends.

Grey—Lloyd Ann Segar Grey, 60, on November 29, 2001, in Lexington, Ky. Lloyd Ann was born on September 28, 1941, in Danville, Ky., graduated from Bate High School in Danville, and attended Kentucky State University. She married Charles Grey and gave birth to two children, Andre and Ann. She was the first African American reporter at the Jessamine Journal and one of the first African American reporters in Kentucky. Later she drove a school bus and worked at Withers Memorial Library as bookmobile librarian and reference librarian. For many years the only African American member of the Lexington Friends community, Lloyd Ann always said that she felt she was a Quaker at her first experience of Quaker worship, in 1987. When she became involved with the Fellowship of Friends of African Descent, she said she felt less isolated and powerless. "I have no answers for Friends who ask how they may attract more African Americans to Quakerism," she wrote. "Each of you has to look within to find that answer. Martin Luther King Jr. said, 'Like life, racial understanding is not something we find, but something we must create. And so, the ability of Negroes and whites to work together, to understand each other, will not be found ready made, it must be created by the fact of contact.' Lloyd Ann came to understand herself as a lesbian in the later years of her life. She became active in Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns, helping Lexington Friends in their long process of discernment that led to the adoption of a minute to marry lesbian and gay couples. Lloyd Ann developed a loving relationship with Kathy Cleary, and during the last eight years of her life lived with Kathy and Kathy's two young sons. Lloyd Ann was active in Lexington Meeting as long as her health allowed. She was recording clerk, served on several committees, and worked on the newsletter. One Friend said, "When Lloyd Ann spoke, it tore our hearts open." Able to see humor in human behavior, she helped friends laugh at their foibles and struggles in a light, healing way. At the time of her death, she was surrounded by family and friends who cradled her in

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band, Miller Laufman; a brother, John Dick; and three children, Janet Laufman, Alan Laufman, and Philip Laufman. She is survived by a daughter, Ann Mason; a son, Dudley Laufman; nine grandchildren; nine great-grandchildren; five foster grandchildren; two foster great-grandchildren; and several other relatives and friends.

Grey—Lloyd Ann Segar Grey, 60, on November 29, 2001, in Lexington, Ky. Lloyd Ann was born on September 28, 1941, in Danville, Ky., graduated from Bate High School in Danville, and attended Kentucky State University. She married Charles Grey and gave birth to two children, Andre and Ann. She was the first African American reporter at the Jessamine Journal and one of the first African American reporters in Kentucky. Later she drove a school bus and worked at Withers Memorial Library as bookmobile librarian and reference librarian. For many years the only African American member of the Lexington Friends community, Lloyd Ann always said that she felt she was a Quaker at her first experience of Quaker worship, in 1987. When she became involved with the Fellowship of Friends of African Descent, she said she felt less isolated and powerless. "I have no answers for Friends who ask how they may attract more African Americans to Quakerism," she wrote. "Each of you has to look within to find that answer. Martin Luther King Jr. said, 'Like life, racial understanding is not something we find, but something we must create. And so, the ability of Negroes and whites to work together, to understand each other, will not be found ready made, it must be created by the fact of contact.' Lloyd Ann came to understand herself as a lesbian in the later years of her life. She became active in Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns, helping Lexington Friends in their long process of discernment that led to the adoption of a minute to marry lesbian and gay couples. Lloyd Ann developed a loving relationship with Kathy Cleary, and during the last eight years of her life lived with Kathy and Kathy's two sons, Jesse Cleary-Budge and Graham Cleary-Budge.

One Friend said, "When Lloyd Ann spoke, it tore our hearts open." Able to see humor in human behavior, she helped friends laugh at their foibles and struggles in a light, healing way. At the time of her death, she was surrounded by family and friends who cradled her in

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After another assignment in CPS to avoid prison, Ken worked at the Philadelphia State (Psychiatric) Hospital in Byberry. He met his future wife, Renée Wagshal, a refugee from the Nazi occupation of Austria, at a folk dance in Detroit. They married under the care of Detroit Meeting on July 13, 1957. A social worker in Detroit and Chicago, Ken earned master's degrees in Sociology and Social Work, and described himself as an applied researcher. He edited two journals, *Case Analysis* (1978–81) and *Sociological Practice* (1983–87). During annual meetings of the American Sociological Association, he frequently arranged a time for Quaker sociologists from all around the country to meet and talk with one another. A long-time member of 57th Street Meeting in Chicago, he worked in the Civil Rights Movement in Detroit and Chicago, served as clerk of Detroit Meeting during the 1950s, and was active in FGC and Illinois Yearly Meeting. Practicing a universalist, nontheistic spirituality, he gave decades of faithful service to his meeting and was a gentle and effective mediator in situations of conflict. He was clerk of the Advancement Committee for FGC (1980–86) and played an important role in establishing the field secretary position in Illinois Yearly Meeting and in building the Quaker Volunteer Service and Witness Network. He was one of the founders of Quakers United in Publications. Interested in spelling reform, Ken edited (1992–95) the journal of the Simplified Spelling Society (founded in 1908) and became a publisher (Progressive Publisher) of booklets written in simplified spelling. (For example, economy spelling 1A uses 'n' for 'and' and 'th' for 'the'.) In the last decade he drew on his workcamp experience as a youth to help create workcamps and training programs for volunteers. Ken was predeceased by his wife, Renee Ives, in 1984. He is survived by a sister, Barbara Ives Beyor; two nieces and a nephew; and a close relative of his wife, Erica (Rikki) Horne.

Kusler—Almund John Kusler, 91, on October 17, 2001, in Albany, N.Y. Al was born in Eureka, S.D., on July 19, 1911, to Russian-German parents. His mother died when he was five, and he left home at 15 to make his way in Chicago. He worked as a salesman, vaudevillean, and radio repairman and served in the Navy during WWII. After the war he and his wife Belva and their twins, Jon and Jill, moved to Frederic, Wis., where he started an electronics business, selling and repairing radios and televisions, building electronic organs, and repairing pipe organs. During this period Al and Belva joined Friends. After retirement in 1970 the couple spent the next 25 years in volunteer service and advancement work, traveling widely among Friends in Wisconsin and Minnesota, enriching and encouraging many meetings. Al also taught computers in the Frederic schools, helped Belva propagate bogonias, and read widely in science, philosophy, astronomy, and history. After Belva's death in 1984, he moved to Berne, N.Y., with his son, and joined Schenectady Meeting. When he had a message for the meeting he would say, "Pardon me for intruding on your thoughts..." That tender opening conveyed his gentleness, as well as his respect for each person's spiritual journey, a journey that was enhanced by the faith he shared in a loving and personal God. He is survived by his son and daughter-in-law, Jon and Patricia Kusler, and grandchil- dren, Gilbert and Anna.
Mitchell—Hobart Mitchell, 93, on March 3, 2002, in Groton, Conn. Hobart was born on November 6, 1908, in New York, N.Y., the son of William Hobart Mitchell and Grace Bugbee Mitchell. He was married twice, to Claramay Grecley in 1938, and to Jean North in 1946. A baritone who planned his own solo presentations and created three recordings of a son, Dale Ruckle, for Columbia Records, he presented the popular conviction programs, “Poetry in Song” and “Sermons in Song.” He taught English in several colleges, retiring as chair of the English department of Mitchell College in 1972. He was also a freelance writer, frequently contributing articles and poems to journals, and wrote a series promoting work camps for his local newspaper. In 1983, Friends United Press published We Would Not Kill, a memoir of his experiences as a conscientious objector during WWII. Hobart founded New London (Conn.) Meeting in 1964. In retirement he was active in New England Yearly Meeting finance committee, and represented NEYM at Friends World Committee for Consultation. He attended annual meetings of FWCC and was active at triennial meetings.

Ruckle—Jack M. Ruckle, 97, on February 23, 2002, in Bloomsburg, Pa. Jack was born in Millville, Pa., on September 29, 1904. In early childhood he moved to the family farm in nearby Mount Pleasant Township, where he attended a one-room school. He graduated from Millville High School in 1924, and from Penn State University in 1928, earning a degree in Electrochemistry. For several months after graduation he worked in textile mills in Pennsylvania and in Rhode Island. During the Great Depression he worked for an electrical utility company, but for most of his adult life he worked for Girton Manufacturing of Millville, selling dairy equipment and troubleshooting for his customers. In 1935 he married Dorothy Bennett, the beginning of an inspiring 69-year-plus romance. Jack was active in civic and religious associations, and served on the Millville School Board for over 20 years. As a member of the executive committee of Boy Scouts of America, he received scouting’s prestigious Silver Beaver Award. He was also a member of the National AARP and of the Millville Grange for over 67 years. A member of Millville Meeting for 73 years, he was introduced to Quakerism while a student in State College, and served as clerk then of its meeting there. Jack served as clerk and treasurer of Millville Meeting, clerk of Upper Susquehanna Quarterly Meeting, and as an overseer in his monthly meeting for more than half a century. In those capacities he conducted most weddings and memorial services in the Millville Meeting community. For many years he and Dorothy maintained the meetinghouse and grounds. His spirit continues to inform the work and hopes of the meeting. Jack is survived by his wife, Dorothy Bennett Ruckle; a son, Dale Ruckle; a daughter, Janet Lee; eight grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

Williams—Justin Williams, 96, on March 15, 2002, at his home in Venice, Fla. Justin was born in Greenbrier, Ark., on March 2, 1906. He graduated from University of Central Arkansas and went on to earn master’s and doctoral degrees at University of Iowa. He married Ellawitt Brewer on August 13, 1927, in Texarkana, Ark., and the couple moved to Wisconsin, where he was History professor and department chair at University of Wisconsin-River Falls from 1928 to 1942. During WWII he served in the Army, graduating from its School of Military Government at University of Virginia and its Civil Affairs School at Yale University. From Japan’s World War II surrender in 1945 until the end of the occupation in 1952, he was chief of General MacArthur’s Parliamentary and Political Division in Tokyo, and in that capacity he was responsible for liaison between MacArthur’s headquarters and the Japanese legislature. He was twice awarded the U.S. Army’s Meritorious Award for Outstanding Performance of Duty, and the Japanese government gave him its Order of the Sacred Treasure. His 1979 book about the occupation, Japan’s Political Revolution under MacArthur, made a major contribution to the history of that period. He returned to Washington, D.C., in 1953 to direct the International Cooperation Administration’s (ICA) economic aid program for Korea. His first direct contact with the Religious Society of Friends grew out of his attendance at Washington International Seminars at Davis House. Justin began serving on the Davis House Committee, and both he and Ellawitt joined Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.) in 1964. He served for a time on the meeting’s Peace Committee and as meeting treasurer. In the 1960s he headed ICA’s Technical Cooperation Division in Paris, was an assistant to the president of University of Maryland, and was an international affairs specialist in the Army’s Institute of Land Combat. In retirement he wrote articles and book reviews for professional journals and was frequently interviewed by Japanese and British television networks about the U.S. occupation of Japan. He lived in Washington, D.C.’s Foxtail Village for 26 years before moving to Florida in 1979. About his Quaker faith, he wrote, “I feel that the Quaker Way is a kind of magnetic attraction, a means of separating the lasting values from the sometimes more appealing and temporary ones. It is a subconscious reminder that the burden of proof rests with me, that I must demonstrate to myself through my own beliefs and actions that I can and will rise above the lesser trials of life.” Justin was predeceased by his wife, Ellawitt Brewer Williams. He is survived by his sons, Justin Williams Jr. and Nicholas B. Williams; and five grandchildren.
insures that others will be harmed. King, as few pacifists do, fully admits this, but then he takes no moral responsibility for the consequences of his choice. I think the reason for this is that the pacifist is so focused on his own suffering and his willingness to bear it that he forgets that the "others" have not made his choice and are not willing to suffer as he is. It comes down to these simple equations: The non-pacifist justifies the means of war by the ends of victory over some real or perceived evil, whereas the pacifist justifies the consequences of his choice—Buchenwald—by claiming that his means—nonviolence—are truly Christian and do not lead to Buchenwald, and therefore no moral blame is attached to his choice. One may argue that Buchenwald is less evil than Hiroshima, but one cannot argue that nonviolence will not lead to Buchenwald. Thus, those "heights of ethical assurance" begin to look more and more like that ancient rooftop, where the Pharisee prayed and thanked God that he was not as other men.

What pacifists and nonpacifists alike need to do is come down from that rooftop and end the debate about who is without sin and work together to ensure that never again will humankind be forced to choose between Buchenwald and Hiroshima.

Philip R. Johnson
Richmond, Ind.

Review is disappointing

Your May issue was generally quite good, but with one glaring exception: the very disappointing review of Thomas Kennedy's wonderful new book, *British Quakerism 1860-1920*.

The review adequately summarizes Kennedy's portrait of sweeping change in British Quakerism, but then turns it into a pretext for the thesis that since then, in England (and the U.S.) liberal Quakerism has been populated by "converts who had no interest in Quaker history or Christianity," for whom "tolerance became the highest value," and that in these fuzzy bodies "all shades of opinion and behavior were accepted," etc.

These notions have rightly been called "Handbasket Theology," and there are two problems with them.

First, not to put too fine a point on it, they are bunk: a rank distortion of the rich fabric of modern Quakerism, unsupported by the record.

But second, and more important, pressing Kennedy's marvelously vivid and richly-textured book into the service of such a cramped and dubious agenda does him
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Announcing Baltimore Yearly Meeting’s First Annual All-Camp Alumni Gathering

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August 30 - September 2, 2002

All counselors, staff and past campers who went to Catoctin, Shiloh, Opequon, Teen Adventure, or Keewadin are welcome.

Tell your camp friends about this event!

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To register or for more information please call Josh Riley or Jane Megginson at the BYM office at 301-774-7663.
Please register before August 15, 2002 so we can plan to feed you.

and his fine book a terrible disservice. His account, far from supporting the stale gloom-and-doom Handbasket notions, tells a positive story and ends on a highly affirmative note. Let us hear him:

“So guided by the renewed authority of the Light of Christ Within, armed with a rejuvenated Peace Testimony more powerful than the commands of the State and moved by a quickened sense of social and economic justice for all women as well as all men, the British Society of Friends faced the world of the 20th century resolved to create the Kingdom of God on Earth. That they have so far failed to do so comes as no surprise; nor should anyone be amazed that they have never ceased to try.”

Having read Kennedy’s book, I can testify that it was not only enjoyable and enlightening but also that the Quakerism portrayed in its pages is inspiring, not depressing.

Thomas Kennedy deserves better than to have his masterpiece reduced to a few belittling bromides. So do your readers.

Chuck Fager
Fayetteville, N.C.

Credit needed

Ellen Michaud’s gracious review of the video “Rufus Jones: A Luminous Life” (EJ June 2002) had one significant omission. She failed to mention and properly credit the vital and inspired role played by Executive Producer Frederic G. Corned.

A much-loved member of Wellesley (Mass.) Meeting, Fred dreamed of bringing the message of Rufus Jones’ life to a “new generation of Quakers” and non-Quakers alike. It was Fred’s time, energy, and enthusiasm that launched the project, carried it through to completion, and started to explore effective ways to disseminate the film. This work is now being carried on by his widow Martha and his daughter Katy Corned Stromland under the care of Wellesley Monthly Meeting.

Patricia Shotwell
Weston, Mass.

Memorial to my dog Fred

For those who remember him (see “Fred,” EJ July 2000), Fred’s no longer here. He told me one day, “Dad, my good days are gone.” He could have, maybe, lasted a couple more days, but they would have been my days, not his. Nancy and I did what we had to do. Freddie put his head in my lap, and went without a shudder or a gasp. That was some time ago, but I miss him every day.
I had a dream—I do not believe in dreams, but this one was true. I dreamed I talked to St. Francis of Assisi—my favorite saint. I asked, ‘Frank (we've always been on a first-name basis), where in heaven are you?’ He said, ‘I'm not there.’ I said, ‘Don't tell me...’ He interrupted, ‘No, no, I was in heaven, but opted out. There were no creatures there besides a bunch of old folks who always thought they were right—boring! I said to the Boss, ‘Why did you send me to hell?’ She said, ‘You're in heaven.’ I asked, ‘Where have all the creatures gone?’ She said, ‘We used to have them until 325 A.D. at Nicea, then the theologians messed things up.’ I said ‘Send me to the other place, please.’ She said, ‘No, there are no creatures there either. I'll develop an alternative.’ So, I asked, ‘Then, where are you?’ He said, ‘I don't know, the Boss didn't say. But Freddie is here. He's much better now, chases birdies down the beach—his favorite crow is here too. There's a place here for J.C. (Fred's dog; he brought her home seven years ago); but you'd better tell Henrietta (our cat) to clean up her act.’ She’s only a year old, so she has time,” I said. “Save a place for me.” He told me I was already on the list, not to worry.

And so I continue to take J.C. to Point No Point every morning on her walk; she still misses Fred and looks for him on the beach. His other friends think of him as well. On Point No Point road along the way, Jonathan Livingston Seagull waits for us. I give him a dog biscuit a day—sometimes two—to take to Fred. Crow no longer sits on the telephone pole while waiting for Fred to bark at him when I get the paper—of course, Frank told me he was there. Coons still come around to look for him, but they're not that bright—clever, but not bright—else why would they try to turn over my garbage can? If they solve my bungee cord, I might have to rethink that. Bear knows he's gone, but tells me “That's the way life is,” and doesn't really care.

While we are so busy bombing and killing those of our own species in Afghanistan, we might take a breather to learn from creatures “lessor than us,” whose only requirement is love and respect, and whose gift to us is love and undying loyalty. Goodbye Fred. I'll see you soon—Frank said so.

Ed Dodson
Hansville, Wash.
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Beacon Hill, Friends House: Quaker-sponsored residence of 19 interested in community living, spiritual growth, peace, and social concerns. All faiths welcome. Openings are June, September. For information, application: SHFH, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108-3624. (617) 237-8818. Overnight and short-term accommodations also available.

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**Opportunities**

Friends Center with unprogrammed Christian orientation, Baltimore, Ohio, offers quiet, welcoming space for personal retreats with optional spiritual consultation. Also weekend retreats. September 13-15: Introduction to Spiritual Education Program with Betsy Meyer; October 12-14: Exploring the Legacy of Conservative Friends with Bill How; November 9-10: A Time as a Gift of God with David Klein; February 21-23, 2003: Resistance and Obedience to God—a weekend with David Ferris led by Marty Grundy; March 30, 2003: Shape Note Singing with Thorn and Ellen Metzger; April 25, 2003: Friends Meeting for Business with Susan Smith. For information write Bill Taber, 81357 Sandy Ridge Road, Barnville, OH 43734, or phone (740) 425-1246.

Pendle Hill Weekends: Fall 2002
September 13–15: Chanting: Voicing the Spirit, with Beverly Shepard
September 27–29: Drawing Toward God Through Symbol, with Mickey McGreal
October 4–6: Inquirers’ Weekends: Basic Quakerism, with Frank Massey, Griffin
October 11–13: Quakers Working Against Racism, with Jennifer and John Shepherd, Florence McClasland and Helen Garrey Topps
October 25–27: Rainer Maria Rilke: The Sonnets to Orpheus, with Eugene Friedman
November 8–10: Servant Leadership: A Spiritual Path in the Workplace, with Ruby Howard Brayne and Newcomb Greenwood
November 15–17: Clerking: Serving the Community with Joy and Confidence, with Arthur Lameres
November 22–24: Our Place in Life’s Web: A Science and Religion Retreat, with Mac Givens and Elizabeth Drexler
December 6–8: Being Faithful to Ourselves, with Nancy Forrell.

For more information, contact: Pendle Hill, 336 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6006, (609) 742-3150, extension 142, <www.pendlehill.org>.

Friends Journal is seeking a volunteer news editor to review Quaker publications for items for our news column and to work on occasional additional news stories. This work may be done remotely by mail and e-mail. We offer satisfying work and warm collegiality. A job description is available. Please send resume, with information call (215) 873-1730. We also have overnight accommodations.

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**Books and Publications**


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**WOLLUMAH HOUSE**

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October 11–12: Spiritual Formation with Bill How; October 25–27: Called to Witness: Quaker Educators in Non-Quaker Institutions with Paul Lacy; November 19–21: How Do We Integrate Our Time? with Brian Dayton & Bill How; December 30–January 1: New Year’s Silent Retreat with Allison Randall. Contact: Woolman Hill, 107 Keets Road, Deerfield, MA 01342; (413) 774-3431; <info@wollumah.org>.

AFSC/DAVIS HOUSE in Washington, D.C., seeks names of couples interested in temporary house management for international guests. Periods of one month or longer. Call Keith or Lolly (202) 232-3196.

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To consider mountain view retirement property, near a Quaker center, visit <arizonafriends.com> or write Roy Joe and Ruth Stockley, 1182 HSV0ram Road, Sabrina, CA 95659.

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To consider mountain view retirement property, near a Quaker center, visit <arizonafriends.com> or write Roy Joe and Ruth Stockley, 1182 HSV0ram Road, Sabrina, CA 95659.

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**Director, Scattered Friends School**

Scattered Friends School, a ecocultural, college-preparatory boarding high school, is seeking a director beginning July 1, 2003. Located in rural Iowa, the school enrolls approximately 60 students in a close, caring community. The campus includes an 80-acre organic farm and orchard, as well as a large restored prairie. The University of Iowa, only 20 minutes away, provides diverse cultural opportunities. More about the school at <www.scattered.org>. For more information contact: Richard Johnson, Search Committee, 1210 Grant Court, Iowa City, IA 52240.

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Cape May, N.J., Beach House—weekly rentals; weekend rentals in off-season. Sleeps 12+. Great for family reunion! Block from beach. Close to mall; Ocean views from wraparound porch. Call: (719) 399-5601.


Retirement Living

Fodore 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. 250 Eberly St., Easton, PA 18042. (215) 465-6469. For more information, call Lesma Gill at (800) 293-4651 <www.fodorevilage.org>.

Kendal communities and services for older people


Continuous care retirement communities: Kendal at Longwood, Kendal at mạnh Bennett Square, PA. Kendal at Hanover • Hanover, N.H. Kendal at Oberlin • Oberlin, Ohio. Kendal at Brunswick • Brunswick, Ohio. Kendal at Highland Heights • Cincinnati, Ohio. Kendal at Lexington • Lexington, Virginia. Kendal communities and services in need of employment: Kendal on Hudson • Sleepy Hollow, N.Y. Kendal at Granville • Granville, Ohio. Independent living with residential services: Corsinom and Entremarin • Kendal at Savannah, GA. Kendal Communities and services reflect sound management and adherent to Quaker values. For information, call or write: Kendal Communities, Kendal Corporation, Kendal at Newcastle, PA 15801. (412) 988-5551. E-mail: <info@kcorp.kendal.org>.

Friends Home, Inc., founded by North Carolina Friends Meeting. The Society of Friends has been providing retirement options since 1968. Both Friends Homes at Guilderland and Friends Homes Waynesville are Quaker related, continuing care retirement communities offering independent living, assisted living, and skilled nursing care. Located in Guilderland, N.Y. North Carolina homes are close to Guilderland 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 518-766-6032, or write Friends Home, P.O. Box 70, W. Friends Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27410. Friends Homes, Inc. owns and operates communities dedicated to the letter and spirit of Equal Housing Opportunity. Friends Home, Inc., a nonprofit ministry of the Ohio Yearly Meeting since 1944, offers an ideal place for retirement. Both assisted living and independent living available. A small, family-like setting, with qualified staff, serving Philadelphia, Buckeye, and Montgomery Counties. 318 Meeting House Road, Goshen, OH 45122. (513) 772-0348 or call (740) 791-4470. Friends Home, Inc., a nonprofit ministry of the Ohio Yearly Meeting since 1944, offers an ideal place for retirement. Both assisted living and independent living available. A small, family-like setting, with qualified staff, serving Philadelphia, Buckeye, and Montgomery Counties. 318 Meeting House Road, Goshen, OH 45122. (513) 772-0348 or call (740) 791-4470. Friends Home, Inc., a nonprofit ministry of the Ohio Yearly Meeting since 1944, offers an ideal place for retirement. Both assisted living and independent living available. A small, family-like setting, with qualified staff, serving Philadelphia, Buckeye, and Montgomery Counties. 318 Meeting House Road, Goshen, OH 45122. (513) 772-0348 or call (740) 791-4470. Friends Home, Inc., a nonprofit ministry of the Ohio Yearly Meeting since 1944, offers an ideal place for retirement. Both assisted living and independent living available. A small, family-like setting, with qualified staff, serving Philadelphia, Buckeye, and Montgomery Counties. 318 Meeting House Road, Goshen, OH 45122. (513) 772-0348 or call (740) 791-4470.
Visit www.QuakerWedding.com on the Web

Over 30 color photos of illustrated and calligraphed wedding certificates realistically hand-drawn in colored inks. Ketubahs, gay celebrations of commitment, and non-Quaker examples. Browse information, ideas, and easy, online form for fast estimates. E-mail <snowowl@att.net> Jennifer Snow Wolff, a birthright Friend, for non-obligation sample vows. We don't spam. Allow one month for printing and shipping.

Friends 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) 666-6172 or e-mail <jms@aol.com>. (Securities offered by Washington Services, Inc., Member SIPC.)

We are a fellowship, Friends mostly, seeking to enrich and expand our spiritual experience. We seek to obey the Quaker examples. Browse information, ideas, and easy, non-profit organizations. Fundraising. Capital campaigns. Check <www.flsdesign.com>, or phone toll-free (510) 524-1915 to order Ahimsa Graphics, 24 Cavanaugh Ct., Saunderstown, RI 02874. (310) 435-2745.

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GREENSBORO-New Garden Friends Meeting. Meeting for worship: unprogrammed 9 a.m.; semi-programmed 11 a.m. First-day school 9:30 a.m. (unless otherwise specified). For information, call (704) 768-6122.

GREENVILLE-Unprogrammed worship, 9 a.m. First-day school 9:30 a.m. For information, call (252) 357-2854.

RALEIGH-Unprogrammed worship and worship groups meet on Sunday at 10:15 a.m., from 003:00 a.m. to 005:00 a.m. Contact: (919) 621-4414.

WOODLAND-First-day school in Woodland. Meeting for worship: unprogrammed worship, 9 a.m.; semi-programmed worship, 11 a.m. For information, call (919) 543-3050.

WILMINGTON-Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m. Discussion groups meet at 5:30 p.m. For information, call (910) 252-3202.

WOODLAND-Cedar Grove Meeting, First Day discussion 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m. Call (252) 587-2571 or (252) 587-3311.

North Dakota

FARGO-Unprogrammed meeting, 10:30 a.m. Sundays. Call for current location. (701) 257-0702.

Ohio

AKRON-Unprogrammed worship, 10:30 a.m. Discussion, 9:30 a.m. 210 Myrtle Place, Akron, OH 44305, 374-0521.

ATLHENS-10 a.m., 22 Bingle, Chauncey (740) 797-4036.

BOWLING GREEN-Broadhead Friends Meeting FGC. Unprogrammed worship groups meet at: BLUFFTON-Sally Weaver Somner., clerk, (419) 358-5411.

FINDLAY-Joe Davis, (419) 423-7669.

SIDNEY-(937) 497-7362, 492-4336.

TOLEDO-Richie Buckman, (419) 867-7709.

CINCINNATI-Eastern Hills Friends Meeting, 1671 Nagle Park, Cincinnati, OH 45241, 602-9551.

CINCINNATI-Community Meeting (United FGC and FUM) 3900 Winding Way, 45229. Worship from silence and First-day school 10 a.m. Quarterly house phone: (513) 861-4043; Frank Hunt, clerk.

CLEVELAND-Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 10146 Magnolia Dr. (216) 791-2220.

COLUMBUS-Unprogrammed meeting, 10:30 a.m. 1594 Indiana Ave. (614) 219-2331 or (614) 847-8422.

DAYTON-Friends meeting FGC. Unprogrammed worship and worship school 9:30 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. 1516 Salem Ave., Rm. 206. Phone: (937) 493-9616.

DELTA Wells-10 a.m. For information, call (706) 933-1338.

GRANVILLE-Unprogrammed meeting at 10 a.m. For information, call (740) 587-1070.

KENT-For First-day school 10:30 a.m. UCUM lounge, 1435 East Main Street, David Stilwell. Phone: (330) 670-0053.

MANSFIELD-Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. and First-day school 11 a.m. Sunday School 10 a.m.联系电话: (419) 589-5372.

MARIETTA-Indian-Hills Friends Church, 1307 N. Main Street, Marietta, 45750. First-day school at 10:30 a.m. Meeting for worship at 11:00 a.m. Contact: (740) 373-5248.

ÖBERLIN-First-day school 10 a.m. At the corner of W. Winter and N. Franklin Streets. Meets from September to May, for summer and 2nd Sundays, call (440) 768-7126.

GRANVILLE-Unprogrammed meeting at 10 a.m. For information, call (740) 587-1070.

KENT-For First-day school 10:30 a.m. UCUM lounge, 1435 East Main Street, David Stilwell. Phone: (330) 670-0053.

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WEST KNOXVILLE—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 1517 Meeting House Lane, (685) 694-0036.

Texas

ALPINE—Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30-11:30 a.m. in the home of George and Martha Flinn. Call: (915) 637-2030 for information.

ARIALFO-Call: (806) 372-7885 or (605) 538-6241.

AUSTIN—Meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m., Hancock Recreational Center, 811 E. 26th St. Austin, Tex. Supervised activities and First-day school for young Friends. Call: (512) 452-8414.

CORPUS CHRISTI-Corn Bowl Meeting, meets 1-2 Sundays per month at 2 p.m. Contact Beverly of (888) 4184 for information.

Day school unprogrammed worship meeting Sundays 10 a.m. 5206 West St. (214) 621-6543. <www.scym.org/dallas>.

E JASO-Meeting at 10 a.m. Sunday, 2621 Idalia, El Paso, TX 79930. Please use the back door. (915) 536-2023. Leave a message.

DALLAS—Unprogrammed worship meeting 11:30 a.m. each First Day. Sundays. 2804 Eagle School Rd. Wayne (North of East Hwy). (717) 579-4036.

HILL COUNTRY—Unprogrammed meeting 11:15 a.m., discussion 10:30 a.m. Unitarian Fellowship Bldg, 213 Lima Vista, Kerrville, Texas. Catherine Mcollom (830) 257-6873.

HOUSTON—Live Oak Meeting, Unprogrammed worship 8:30 a.m. and Sunday 7 p.m. Wednesday, First-day school. 710 High St. (713) 862-6865.

LUBBOCK—Unprogrammed worship, Sunday 10:45. Lutheran Student Center, 2915 19th St. Please use back door. (806) 739-3007 or 739-4900.

RIO GRANDE VALLEY-Unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m. Sundays. 15111 County Road 89. Mission, Tex. Call: (956) 585-2916.

SAN ANTONIO—Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Discussion at 11 a.m. and 7052 N. Vandiver. Mail P.O. Box 6127, San Antonio, TX 78205. (210) 945-8466.

TAYLOR—Unprogrammed. Call: (903) 725-6283.

Utah

LOGAN—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. The Whittier Center, 300 North and 400 East. Telephone: (801) 305-7633.

SALT LAKE CITY—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. Ladies Library Club, 850 E. South Temple. Telephone: (801) 395-1506 or 582-0719.

Virginia

BARTON-Divler Friends Meeting 9:30 a.m. Sundays. Barton Library basement. 525-6961 or 525-6960.

HENRICKSON, TX—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. 660 Spring St. (703) 758-5025.


Lynchburg—Worship 10:30 a.m. Lynchburg College Spiritual Life Center, Info: Owens, (434) 666-5311, or Krank, (434) 487-4331.

MCGUIN—Langley Hill Friends Meeting, 6410 Georgetown Pike, McLean. Meeting for worship 10 a.m., First-day school 10:30 a.m. Call: (703) 442-8924.

Norfolk—Worship and First-day school at 10 a.m. Phone: 757-743-7272 for information.

Richmond—Worship 9:30 a.m. and 11:00 a.m. 4500 Kensington Ave. (804) 356-6115.

Richmond-Judithan Meeting. Worship 11 a.m. Child care. 3016 Lourie Dr. (804) 278-1376.

ROANOKE—Worship 10:30 a.m. Usually at Hollins Mediation Chapel. Info: Waring, (540) 543-6769, or Feter, (540) 985-1034.

Virginia Beach—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. (based on silence). 1527 Laskin Rd., Virginia Beach, VA 23451. (757) 461-5711.

Williamsburg—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sundays, childcare and First-day school, 104 W. King St. (757) 223-4160.

Washington

BELLEVUE-Eastside Friends, 4160 158th Ave. SE. Westlund Meetinghouse. (425) 878-2151 or (425) 641-3500.

BELLEW—Bellingham Senior Center, 315 Halleck St. Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Call: (360) 735-6176.

PECOS—Worship 9:30 a.m., Second and Fourth Sundays, 31408 Highway 180. 343-8544.

TACOMA—Friends Meeting, 2615 19th St. Please use back door. 9 a.m. Phone: 943-3818 or 387-3858.

PORT TOWNSEND—10 a.m. Sunday. (360) 395-7981.

PULLMAN—See Moscow, Idaho.

SEATTLE—Salmon Bay Meeting at Phinney Center, 8232 Phinney N; worship at 10 a.m. (206) 527-0200.

SCOTTVILLE—University Friends Meeting, 4019 1st Ave. N.E. Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. and 11 a.m. 564-4748. Accommodations: 632-9839.

SANDY—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. 11 a.m. 5th and 6th Sts. Sandy, OR. (503) 673-0240.

WALLA WALLA—11 a.m. Sundays. 522-0399.

Wisconsin

BELoit—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Sundays, 811 Clair Ct. Phone: (608) 365-5800.

EAU CLAIRE—Worship at 10:30 a.m. at 3131 Stein Blvd. preceded by singing. Call: (715) 603-1188 or 874-5846.

GREEN BAY AREA—Fox Valley Friends Meeting, Sundays 11 a.m.—September—May meetings at St. Joseph's Church in Oneida. June—August meetings in members' homes. Call: (920) 865-8837 for directions.


MADISON—Meetinghouse, 1704 Roberts Ct. (609) 256-2246. Unprogrammed worship Sunday 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. Child care. 200 W. Highland St. 10 a.m. and 11 a.m. 5:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. Children’s classes at 11 a.m. Sundays.

MENOMONEE FALLS—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. 11 a.m. 750 S. 122nd St. (414) 253-1640. Phone: 262-543-5077.

MILWAUKEE—Meeting for worship 10:15 a.m. 3024 N. Gordon Pk. Phone: (414) 352-9848 or 231-2111.

OSHKOSH—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. on Sunday. (920) 233-5804.
Will you consider an investment in Pendle Hill - and in the future of the Religious Society of Friends?

Your gift will help Pendle Hill continue to be a unique resource for Friends.

Pendle Hill is today, as it has been for over 70 years, a unique resource for Friends. We are now completing a four-year $7 million Campaign for a New Century of Service. In the remaining months of the campaign, we are approaching all Pendle Hill's friends with an invitation to join with those who have already made an investment in the future of Pendle Hill. We hope that many others might be in a position to consider a financial commitment, which can be honored over a period of up to five years if necessary.

Pendle Hill's service in these troubled times is more important than ever. Our fees and charges cover less than half the costs of operating our programs. We need your help. Your gift will help Pendle Hill continue to be a unique resource for Friends.

PRIORITIES OF THE CAMPAIGN

Priorities during this campaign have been Religion and Social Issues programs, Young Adult Leadership Development, Scholarships for resident students and short term participants, and increased Annual Giving.

Generous gifts from Pendle Hill donors are at work already, helping to fund several of these priorities. Of special note are the following:

- **Social Action and Social Witness Internship Program**
  This new program brings together young adults and seasoned activists to live, worship, and study at Pendle Hill while they engage in peace and social justice work outside Pendle Hill.

- **Young Adult Friends Leadership Development**
  Our summer service-learning and spiritual enrichment program helps young adults 18-24 years of age develop leadership skills. Young people come from all over the country to live and learn together and to explore more deeply the spiritual basis for their Quaker work in the world.

- **Religion and Social Issues Forum Program**
  This program plans the Monday Night Forum and conferences that address some of the most intractable issues of our day. This year's Monday Night series, "Discernment in the Aftermath of September 11," culminated in a weekend peace convocation built around the theme, "New Responses to New Forms of War." Next year's focus will be on racial justice.

- **Scholarship Funds for Resident Students and for Participants in Weekends and Weeklong Courses**
  A scholarship fund matches grants made by a Friends Meeting or other religious community to help people attend our conferences and workshops. New scholarship funds for resident students give assistance to students working in peace and social justice, to Quaker artists, to international students, and to African-Americans.

Your gift will help Pendle Hill continue to be a unique resource for Friends.

**Invest in the Future**

We thank all the individuals and Meetings whose gifts have brought us more than 90% of the way toward our campaign goal. To learn how you can make an investment, not only in Pendle Hill, but also in the future of the Religious Society of Friends, please contact:

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