arched ceiling

view from bed
Not really to scale. It's about 8' x 8'.

Window is about 14' x 30' tall
Tray slot 6' x 12'
Space between door and window about 30'
Front wall is almost 2 feet thick, so window is recessed, w/sloped sill angle.
Electrical cords and cable hook-up

5B closed

Little AM/FM radio
12" B+W TV on floor

No, I know you envy my artistic abilities, but I wasn't always this talented. Years of dedication, though, have paid off. 😊

Special Issue: Prisons
Among Friends

Extending a Hand

When it comes to the subject of prison, I must admit my knowledge is peripheral. Years ago I became acquainted with Bob Horton and heard from him many stories about his prison visitation and how it had led him to the founding of Prisoner Visitation and Support. Later, in New York Yearly Meeting at Powell House, I became aware that many Friends were actively involved in the Alternatives to Violence Project, working closely with prisoners. When my children were young, I sought out stories that offered strong female role models and read them several about Elizabeth Fry and her early Quaker work with women prisoners. Then a friend chose significant prison time by defying a judge’s order not to continue praying on the grounds of the Rocky Flats nuclear weapons plant—and I began to learn from her something of the sisterhood on the inside and the institutionally-unintended spiritual benefits of solitary confinement for those with a strong inclination to prayer and reflection.

Last year when we announced our intention to publish a special issue on Friends and Prisons, I knew there would be strong interest in this topic among many Friends. We were unprepared, however, for the vigorous response we received for our request for manuscripts. Thanks to grant money received for this purpose, we are able to bring you this expanded issue—20 pages longer than our regular issues—which has permitted us to cover this topic in greater depth, and to be responsive to the outpouring of offerings we've received. In addition to our special funding, we also had the remarkable assistance of five outstanding interns who joined us this past summer.

Without the able support of these talented young women, undertaking an issue of this size would have been overwhelming for our editorial department. As I think back to the stories of my friend Bob Horton and read through the articles included in this issue, I'm struck by the difference just one individual can make for those whose lives are lived in confinement. Among the most striking are the comments of an unnamed inmate at Graterford who wrote of his prison visitation and how it had led him to the Alternatives to Violence Project, working closely with prisoners. When my children were young, I sought out stories that offered strong female role models and read them several about Elizabeth Fry and her early Quaker work with women prisoners. Then a friend chose significant prison time by defying a judge’s order not to continue praying on the grounds of the Rocky Flats nuclear weapons plant—and I began to learn from her something of the sisterhood on the inside and the institutionally-unintended spiritual benefits of solitary confinement for those with a strong inclination to prayer and reflection.

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Fox is not a “lapsed Catholic”

I received a copy of David K. Leonard’s “Christ and Jesus in Early Quakerism” (FJ, Sept. 2001) along with a packet I regularly get as a member of the Wider Quaker Fellowship. I am an ecumenical believer, and I am also an ordained priest of the Episcopal Church. I sometimes attend the Quaker meeting in Managua, which meets at the Friends Center here, and have served on its Advisory Board.

I was a bit surprised at the description of my friend Matthew Fox as a “lapsed Catholic” in David K. Leonard’s article. Matt has left the Roman Catholic Church and become a priest of the Episcopal Church, which would hardly qualify him for the title “lapsed Catholic” since the Episcopal Church considers itself an integral part of the Roman Catholic Church. I am also an ordained priest of the Episcopal Church. I sometimes attend the Episcopal Church, which would hardly qualify him for the title “lapsed Catholic” since the Episcopal Church considers itself an integral part of the Roman Catholic Church.

I am writing on behalf of Lifers’ Group Inc. We are a nonprofit organization that assists men in prison and also their children. We are looking for donations for our “backpack program,” for the children of prisoners. The program is a way to help both the children of prisoners and their parents. We supply the child with a backpack full of school supplies to use in school. The items we wish to have donated are: Cloth-type backpacks; pens; pencils; erasers; markers; paper; notebooks; pencil boxes; colored pencils; dictionaries; and other school supplies. These donations will assist very needy children and their mothers. It is often difficult for the mothers of these children to get their school clothing and supplies.

The Lifers’ Group Inc. is listed with the Massachusetts Secretary of State. Copies of tax information can be supplied. To donate to the backpack program, send donations to: Lifers’ Group Inc., c/o Susan Burkart, 6 Hemlock Terrace, Waltham, MA 02452 (for further shipping information call her at (781) 899-6230). Letters of inquiry should be addressed to Lifers’ Group Inc., 2 Clark Street, P.O. Box 43, Norfolk, MA 02056-0043.

Robert E. Wojcik
Norfolk, Mass.

A way to help prisoners’ children

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A puzzling omission

The July 2002 issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL was full of thought-provoking and inspiring material. You can’t refer to all of it in your letter “Among Friends.”

The omission of reference to Arthur Rifen’s “Compassion Personified” puzzles me. Maybe the first paragraph or the title, or the illustration were diversions. The central focus on how Jesus empowered people seems so central to action in this “Time to Mind the Light.”

Continue to encourage us through publication of such great articles. All those you mention are very helpful too.

Andrew R. Towl
Cambridge, Mass.

Steve Cary will be missed

At Earlham College in 1948, if memory serves correctly, representatives of 16 yearly meetings gathered to discuss the draft and its continuing meaning in the lives of Friends. As a newcomer to Friends, one noted the significant differences among the variety of Friends, but in regard to the military draft, they met in relative unity. Steve Cary exercised strong leadership in guiding the group to unified conclusions.

His leadership had previously been a significant factor in Civilian Public Service camps and post-World War II relief work. His later leadership at American Friends Service Committee and Haverford College may be better known to contemporary generations. He spoke only recently at the inauguration of Baltimore of the German exhibit honoring Quaker relief work.

His death this past August marks the ending of an era for WW II conscientious objectors, though many of us still survive, a number in Quaker or other retirement communities, many others having faded from sight of those who shared the challenges and the mutual support of the WW II days. Steve once used the word “zoo” in a description of CPS, probably a little carelessly. While understanding that use, I can never think of all my interesting CPS companions who struggled together in any but loving terms.

Steve Cary represented some of the best of the CPS days and his contributions to the Religious Society of Friends and society in general will be missed and long remembered.

Ros Sanderson
Baltimore, Md.

The best response

I just read Stephen G. Cary’s article on (“A Response to September Eleventh” FJ, March). It was mentioned in Bill Samuel’s newsletter. I think it is the best I have seen and it is unfortunate that it doesn’t get wider circulation. He has put the whole problem in such a wonderful perspective. I personally wholeheartedly affirm his clarity on the issue, including the inane position of our President. Thank you.

Earl J. Prigutz
Richmond, Ind.

Reply demanded

Amy Gomez’s “Rainbow Sign” (FJ, June) is a very important, pertinent piece—and her question: “What action will you provide to signify your willingness to covenant with God?” demands a reply.

Certainly Hector Black’s response in “What Can Love Do?” is one of the most glorious I ever heard.

But what about me? Just as I dithered about all this, a friend called and asked me to send a plea to Governor Rick Perry of Texas to reconsider the execution of yet another person on death row. Perhaps a rainbow for Robert Coulson, due to be killed by the state?

Maybe God’s yoke is that easy—that light—that fleeting—and full of hope.

I will take Amy Gomez’s piece to our vestry meeting of St. Luke’s Episcopal Church as we meet with Bishop Cronenberger to plan for new leadership in our parish.

Is that another sign?

Robert Nobleman
Durmount, N.J.
The muted colors of stone, the horizontal lines of the walls, and the straight walkways are calming as I pass through the middle of the prison complex. The housing units and yards are to my left; the chapel, school areas, and State Use, where prison clothing is made, are to my right. Because it's count time, the complex is empty. Seagulls soar overhead, and I can see low-flying planes landing and taking off from a nearby airport. I wonder if these are especially difficult sights for those not yet used to imprisonment and for those whose sentences stretch long in front of them.

Inside the buildings, the officers are behind plexiglass. They let civilian staff proceed through heavy doors by buzzing them open. Not buzzing is an easy way to badger a person who has become annoying, though sometimes the officers are just not alert. It must be a boring job, watching constantly for someone to arrive and to buzz them through.

As a teacher, I pass through five of these doors in the morning to get to my classroom. The definition of maximum security is seven locked doors between a man in his cell and freedom, and this is a maximum security prison.

I worked in the system for five years, left for five years, and then returned to the classroom in 2000. Below are excerpts based on my journal; the first ones from the earlier period, when there was less overcrowding and a more relaxed administration, and the later ones from the last two years.

Diamond is the barber. He's the one who has created the words and designs I see on the backs and sides of the heads of prisoners with new haircuts. The corners around...
the letters in FREEDOM are crisp. When the back of a man’s thick neck wrinkles, as happens with the necks of stocky men, FREEDOM wrinkles too.

One afternoon as I was leaving, I sensed a presence, turned, and there was Diamond, breaking a rule to be there at the classroom side of this building segment. With sheets of notebook paper in his hand, he asked me if I would listen, and then he read a very long poem. It rhymed and was about freedom and love and the world.

The day before he left, Diamond clasped my hand in this place where any physical contact is a mild defiance of the rules. He was an enormous man, and his hand swallowed mine. “Goodbye,” he said. “Good luck,” I said.

Mr. McCory, a smart and funny man, came to class but did little work. We developed a good-humored riff; my part was to urge application of his mind to academics and even a plan to aim eventually at college work, and his part was to dodge and challenge me with smart and funny replies. One day, just before class, he burst in, got on one knee in front of me, and clowned a proposal. “Get out of here, McCory,” I laughed. “Cut it out.”

Then he did it again a few minutes later. By the time I figured out that he was trying hard to get me to write a charge, he was in administrative segregation (“ad seg”) for making liquor in his cell. McCory’s sentence to “the hole” was more than a year because he kept compounding his offense with noncompliance with this and that. I brought books to ad seg for him; you could do that at that time. Some officers would even unlock the cell doors.

Men got written up for breaking rules. After a hearing, they might be sentenced to ad seg, a prison within a prison, in a building itself with a large central atrium surrounded by tiers of cells. Everything is metal and sounds echo. Each cell has a solid door. To the right of the door, at waist height, is a slot where food is delivered. By crouching down and bending his head sideways, a man can look out the slot, and call out from it. When I went to see McCory, I would see a row of the horizontal faces of locked-away men. They asked for things, mainly things to read, or for me to deliver a message to a friend who was in school. There was no discourtesy to me, though officers often warned me that there would be.

McCory told me that his mother had died. Not long before, there had been deaths of other family members. Over the course of a few meetings, I came to understand that he wanted his external environment to match his internal landscape of grief. He sought the prison within the prison.

Sometimes we had smart young men who would not humble themselves to become unnoticeable, to follow orders, and to put up with the countless irritations of prison without a comment. They saw themselves as warriors ready to fight. They always got locked into ad seg. They didn’t know yet that impersonal institutional procedures could not be fought the way you would fight a human enemy. They might come out of ad seg after months or, in some cases, years, sometimes very quiet. We also had several young students who blossomed in school, and forgot how to be careful and humble. They, too, landed in ad seg.

In some, mostly older men, I came to recognize a deep patience that I’ve never known in anyone outside of prison.

I was given a purse made from Pall Mall cigarette pack wrappers. They were carefully, sharply folded, then woven into an intricate design. Inside the purse the craftsman left several of the red and white Pall Mall strands intertwined to show the method.

The old, white-haired prisoner who gave me this gift was not my student. I only said hello to him, as I would to anyone else, and once in a while I listened to try to make out what he was saying and respond.

He was always bowing. His clothes were

Cigarette wrapper purse given to the author.

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Joseph was a middle-aged man who mopped the floors after classes were over. He had been a career burglar. He said that if he stood on the walls of the prison, he could see his house, where his wife and children were living.

One day after classes, a different man was doing the mopping. I didn’t see Joseph for weeks. Then he was back again. “What happened?” we asked. All the teachers liked Joseph.

He explained that the new officer assigned to the area had an attitude. Joseph knew how to become unnoticeable when any kind of tension was in the air. In the case of this new officer, he’d decided that short range invisibility was not sufficient; he needed to arrange to stay out of the area altogether until the tension abated.

Many of the men had learned how to become unnoticeable; it’s a matter of positioning, posture, and stillness. The tendency of some officers to categorize prisoners as barely being people aids them in achieving invisibility.

Mass Movement is when men can walk from housing units to job assignments, to school, to programs, or to chapel. All movement is theoretically under control of the officers, but officers and prisoners are people, therefore variable. A prisoner’s goal is more movement, more places to be. When there is less staff, or when staff is busy or lazy, then prisoners have more of an opportunity for movement. Skill in being “invisible” helps; a prisoner simply goes from one place to another not noticed by anyone: the library, the barber shop, classrooms with computers, the kitchen. This small freedom of movement may afford a little comfort, a little occupation, maybe some extra food, maybe a conversation with someone who is not an officer and not a prisoner.

By the year 2000, a new superintendent had come in. There had been a gang fight in the cafeteria during which several officers were injured. The incarcerated population also had risen. Everything was tighter

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We live in troubling times.

On December 8, 2001, Philadelphia police rushed upon a permitted protest march that was demonstrating to demand a new trial for Mumia Abu Jamal; police arrested eight, breaking one young man’s tailbone and another’s jaw. Those arrested, including a Buddhist pacifist and a girl who weighed about 100 pounds, were charged with assault of police officers and felony rioting; eyewitness reports differed drastically from the police accounts and the story given by local media.

On August 1 and 2, 2000, about 420 demonstrators in Philadelphia were arrested on various charges during the Republican National Convention. Many of the demonstrators were injured in police custody, and they were held on bail of up to $1 million. Almost all charges have since been dropped or court cases won for lack of incriminating evidence.

I was incarcerated for three weeks, along with 24 codefendants, in July and August of 2001 on baseless accusations of “criminal association,” in the wake of protests against Genoa’s G-8 summit of world leaders. That experience, witnessing terrible police brutality and living under 24-hour surveillance and control in prison, has only strengthened my lifelong resolve to end the dehumanizing and brutalizing practice of human confinement, which does nothing either to deter crime or to rehabilitate those who commit crimes. The criminalization of youth and political dissent show the truth of the statement, “America’s children are our most valuable natural resource”: anyone who has ever seen a strip mine or a clear-cut forest understands the fate of valuable natural resources.

According to President George W. Bush, in the wake of September 11, about 2,400 people have been taken into federal custody—hundreds of them without charges or on unrelated visa violations—and at least one has died in custody. They have been denied access to lawyers, their families, and outside medical treatment. The FBI and INS refuse to release their names, the number detained, where they are being held, or what they are charged with. Jose Padilla, a U.S. citizen, is now detained indefinitely without charge. Walter Pincus’s October 21, 2001, Washington Post article quoted an FBI agent, discussing the use of torture and drugs in September 11 interrogations: “It could get to that spot where we could go to pressure, where we don’t have a choice, and we are probably getting there.” If they are even granted a trial, these detainees may face closed military tribunals and the possibility of capital punishment, even for conspiracy and other non-homicide charges. The time-honored division between the executive and judicial branches of the United States government has melted away.

When justice seems so arbitrary, one may ask, “Is anyone safe?” But the tragedies of September 11 show us that security has always been an illusion. This realization calls into question the United States’ War on Crime, which has dogged this country for decades in our relentless hunt for that will-o’-the-wisp called security. The “butcher bill” of this war is staggering, as perusal of the U.S. Bureau of Justice Statistics shows. There are 6.5 million people in prisons and jails or on probation or parole in the United States. That’s one person in 40. Since 1980, this country’s incarceration rate has tripled and the population behind bars has quadrupled, giving the United States the world’s highest per capita incarceration rate. If this trend continues, one of every 20 people alive today in this country will serve prison or jail time in his or her lifetime.

The financial cost alone boggles the mind: annual U.S. spending on the criminal justice system has reached $180 billion. In 1997, $485 per U.S. resident was spent on prisons and jails. Incarcerating one person for one year is enough to put seven people through community college or drug rehab. Spending on law enforcement has quintupled since 1980, and the prisons and jails are still packed beyond their holding capacities.

Racism in this system is clear. One African American adult in ten is currently under correctional supervision. An estimated 28 percent of African American men will enter state or federal prison during their lifetimes, as compared to 16 percent of Latino men and 4.4 percent of white men. If current trends continue to the year 2020, 63 percent of all African American men between the ages of 18 and 34 will be behind bars.

Furthermore, the number of incarcerated women has increased seven times since 1980, while in every state, thousands of women are still turned away from shelters for lack of space. Of women in

Protests against Genoa’s G-8 summit of world leaders

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jails, 48 percent had been physically or sexually abused before their incarceration; 27 percent had been raped. Many of these women were imprisoned for defending themselves against abusive partners. In 1996, New York spent $180,000 for each of 1,395 prison spaces for women; the state could have spent that money on shelters that would have eliminated the occasion for these women’s incarceration.

A nationwide Bureau of Justice Statistics survey showed that in the year 2000, over a third of all people in jail had some physical or mental disability; a quarter said they had been treated at some time for a mental or emotional problem. Almost half had no high school diploma or GED. Of all people in jail, 36 percent were unemployed during the month before they were arrested, and 20 percent were looking for work. If our government spent as much on public health, education, and job creation as it did on prisons and jails, and provided adequate defense for indigent defendants, we would see both the crime rate and the incarcerated population drop away.

The constantly rising rates of incarceration would suggest an ever-more dangerous society, but in fact, over 50 percent of all prisoners are locked up for nonviolent offenses: drug offenses, property crime, and violations of the "public order."

While some argue that the decreasing rate of reported violent crime shows that incarcerating millions of people is a successful strategy, our prisons’ population boom is largely due to their failure to deter crime. Of the current prison population, 97 percent will eventually be released, but prisoners released on parole or probation meet with an utter lack of resources to help them adjust to the outside world, often leaving them to return to prison. Since 1990, the number of new offenders sent to state prisons rose only 7.5 percent, while the number of people who returned to prison for parole violations or for new offense while on parole jumped 54.4 percent, causing most of the growth in the U.S. prison population. Prisons have created a self-perpetuating "prison class."

It is no wonder that more than seven of every ten people in jail were on probation or parole at the time they were rearrested; the outside world seems to have no place for them. Released convicts are often legally barred from jobs, housing, and educational institutions; restrictions on prison visitation and telephone calls have caused them to lose contact with their families; and 13 states prohibit convicted felons from voting. In addition, most states have drastically cut funding for education, drug rehab, and job training in prisons, and have abolished early release for good behavior: all programs that could have helped prisoners readjust to the outside world.

Nationally, 82 percent of parolees who return to prison are addicted to drugs or alcohol; 40 percent are unemployed; 75 percent have not completed high school; and 19 percent are homeless. The means for released convicts to live normally in outside society are often simply not there.

Instead of helping convicted citizens "pay their debts to society," as was traditionally supposed, mandatory-minimum legislation and "three-strikes-you're-out" laws take away judges' sentencing discretion and cause nonviolent offenders to spend inordinate portions of their lives in prisons and jails. The social cost of incarcerating them far outweighs the social cost of the offenses of which they are accused.

In addition, the 1996 report of the National Criminal Justice Commission found that almost all of the 2,000 people then on death row had family histories of physical or psychological abuse. If the millions of dollars per case spent on executing them, which cuts into social service spending, had instead been spent on shelters, after-school programs, counseling, or domestic crisis intervention, there is a good chance that the victims they were accused of killing would have been alive today.

It doesn’t have to be this way. A 1999 Senate subcommittee survey of prison wardens found that 92 percent nation-

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DOING TIME INVISIBLY

by John Mandala

Our prisons are a reflection of our society.

—Feodor Mikhailovich Dostoyevsky

Each day living in prison makes a person realize one’s invisibility. As Ralph Ellison wrote in Invisible Man, invisibility makes you feel as though you do not exist and are safe. When something is needed by another prisoner or there is an opportunity for a guard to reprimand you for doing something wrong, then visibility becomes a handicap.

Every day as one walks through the halls of prison, there is a sense of tension. This sense is always a looming presence. Constantly throughout the daily prison experience, people are dealing with problems. These may be as simple as not having any money in the commissary, being afraid, being sick, feeling lonely, or not having any cigarettes. Then again, it may be something as serious as the death of a person close to your heart with no ability to be present at the funeral. Daily struggles involving family, friends, and lovers add to the hopeless state of being invisible to oneself. No longer being able to deal with the simple but important interactions between other human beings, invisibility has a detrimental effect on one’s psyche.

However, the shroud of invisibility can disappear and the aura of reality come speeding to consciousness very quickly. This can happen when another convict, civilian, or guard sees you do something wrong. The same officer that you may have said hello to 100 times (although he or she never responded) is now demanding an answer and your attention. A convict who has never spoken to you even though you have said good morning or hello many times, is now upset because you stepped on his toe or were on the

John Mandala is clerk of the Sing Sing Worship Group in Ossining, New York.
phone when he needed to use it. Now you are no longer invisible but recognized in this lonely existence. I say lonely because although there are hundreds of people around you each day, there is little contact or conversation. There may be a hitting of knuckles or some other jailhouse gesture to signify recognition and some type of connection, but that is the exception, not the rule.

To emerge from prison without the psyche being affected is impossible. Studies have shown that prisoners incarcerated for crimes and prisoners of war suffer psychological trauma. The goal each day is to stay alive. That is why learning the prison prisoners confide in one another. In addition, because prisoners are transferred with no prior notice, most never get close to another prisoner so they don’t have to go through the feelings of loss. A person may have known someone for years, exercised or shared meals together, then all of a sudden they are gone. This can be devastating, yet it is common. As a result prisoners have a tendency to stay by themselves. Some people’s spirits have been broken by circumstance, and the spark of the Divine that makes each of us human seems to be asleep. Many find themselves sustained in psychiatric units, mesmerized with prescription drugs. Likewise, the ability for most prisoners, especially those who are young, to share their deepest feelings is frustrated and leads to anger and hate. No wonder young people have an “I-don’t-care” attitude, making the repressed feelings within. We must learn that whatever troubles our spirit has a direct relationship to our physical being. We must begin to share what we feel in our hearts. We cannot put a Band-Aid on our feelings.

Prison life is about routine: each day is like the one before; each week is like the one before it, so that the months and years blend into each other. Anything that departs from this pattern is upsetting, for routine is the sign of a well-run prison. Routine is also comforting for the prisoner, which is why it can be a trap. Routine can be a pleasant habit which becomes hard to resist, for it makes the time go faster. Losing a sense of time is an easy way to lose one’s grasp on life and even one’s sanity. Time slows down in prison; the days seem endless if idleness and inactivity are allowed to be the master. Even when busy, time each day seems to go slowly. What might take a few hours to accomplish in the real world beyond the walls may take months or even years to accomplish on the inside. Minutes seem like hours, yet the years sometimes seem like minutes. Before you know it, you can’t figure out where the years have gone.

Very often while walking through the halls of prison, a person may revert back to one’s upbringing, not thinking about the present place of confinement. Many times I will say “Good day,” “Hello,” or “How are you?” to an inmate, civilian, or guard, just as a normal habit of being a social person. It is a stark awakening to be

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They treated me with a professional respect. After a time, they treated me with affection, and I looked forward to the exchange of pleasant words. I had to earn this and I am thankful I did.

When I entered the regular population of the institution, I had no fear, but was full of anxiety. But this time, I had reports and had observed sister inmates existing in a nurturing environment. I also saw my share of disruptions of the peace and how they were resolved.

I am on a unit with 99 other women, and cliques form here. Small groups hang together from previous bonds, relationships from the street, or from working in the institution. I personally have no clique. I am very different and have slid into the maternal role in the unit. I am referred to as "Mom"—mostly because of my grayish hair and age! In many ways, I don’t fit in and yet I get along with all whose paths I have crossed.

I have seen many random acts of kindness amongst my sisters. I have seen sisters give up their food trays to someone new or fresh who is hungrier than those of us who are able to buy commissary. I have done this many times myself. I learned mercy acts from the best! I have been on both the receiving end and the front line in answering a sister’s littlest need to her greatest. I have been able to work in the law and reading libraries, attend classes, and tutor in the GED program. I am very thankful to offer help when I can. I have spent many hours listening to tragedies, counseling, praying with my sisters, and suggesting spiritual direction behind these walls. We encourage one another and find hope in that. I have become a mom-in-the-storm to many of my sisters, and I depend upon them to be my mom-in-the-storm when the walk is too dark. We live in a valley of tears, and most days the only compassion we receive is from each other.

As we look around us, there are so many forms of spiritual decay, hopelessness, and violence. People are frustrated, irritated, and they attack each other. If we are to overcome this state of gloom we must allow our divine essence to shine forth.

Imagine a water fountain: When you press the button down, water comes out—water that sustains life. Now imagine yourself as a fountain. When someone presses your button, what comes out? Is it understanding, hope, compassion, affection, forgiveness, and tolerance—or is it anger, criticism, violence, hate, insensitivity, and despair? The difference between you and a fountain is that you can decide what comes out of your nozzle: life or death.

If you do what you always did, you will get what you always got. A new day offers the chance to try things differently. If you have ever fallen short in your life, think of how good it felt when words of encouragement came along—to know that someone still believed in you despite your error. Isn’t it time for us to change our approach and to care more, to be less selfish, to extend a hand rather than walk on by? We are all in this together; no one can be left out or tossed aside without producing negative results. We will love and laugh tomorrow only if we use each new day in a new way.

Darryl Ajani Butler, co-clerk of the Sing Sing Worship Group in Ossining, N.Y., is a writer for the Rainbow Gazette of Osborne Association under the nom de plume "Soul Man." He uses fables and short stories to inspire children and families of incarcerated people.
Several years ago I read a report in a science magazine that stated that even with our most advanced instruments and best telescopes, it is only possible for scientists to detect about 5 percent of the known universe. Another way of stating this is that 95 percent of what exists in the universe is not measurable by any means available to us today. I've often pondered that my experience and understanding of God is likewise limited by my physical and mental limitations—most of God's being is unfathomable by me, except for the tiny bit my senses and intellect allow.

Similarly, my experience with the prison system probably touches on only a very small portion of what is really there. For many years, outside of an attempt at civil disobedience that might have landed me in jail, and outside of the experience of being a foster parent of a child who visited his mother in a women's correctional facility four hours from home, my contact...
with "the system" involved letter-writing to oppose capital punishment, support for an Iowa prison-awareness walk, and financial support for a grassroots criminal justice ministry.

It was through a penpal program coordinated by this criminal justice ministry that I first had written contact with a federal prisoner in a State of lowa facility. He is in for life as a result of a conviction on a murder charge more than 40 years ago. A volunteer with the ministry matched us on the basis of interests and experiences from applications each of us had submitted. Though the penpal program only asked for a one-year commitment, our correspondence has continued for nearly seven years, spanning several prison transfers for him, a number of phone calls by me to check on his treatment and healthcare during difficult situations, his wish for me to market his handicrafts, his recent transfer to a correctional facility in Oregon, and my learning that there are a number of reasons that the state (which reads my mail, but not his) would not allow my mail to go through: because I neglected to put a return address on the envelope, because I glued a picture to the front of a homemade card, and because I allowed my 8-year-old daughter to address the envelope. It is highly unlikely, though not impossible, that Ben will be released—and very unlikely that he could make it on the outside should this happen. It is improbable that I will meet Ben, particularly after his move to the West Coast.

Since joining the penpal program, a number of my letters to the editor opposing capital punishment and federal mandatory-minimum legislation sentencing have resulted in correspondence with: a Native American in a federal prison in Illinois; a prisoner in Nevada facing extended time and seeking spiritual friendship; and a young man (and his mother, who was not incarcerated) about the sorrow and anguish of the mandatory minimum sentencing law that sent this non-violent, first-time drug salesman to prison for the next 30 years with no chance of parole.

My strongest connection and warmest correspondence, though, has been with Hal, an inmate at a medium/high security correctional facility in central lowa. Though I have benefited from the insight, experience, and friendships of each of my inmate-writers and have continued correspondence as long as I continued to receive it, Hal's correspondence has been most like a natural friendship. Following several years of sincere sharing of perspectives on politics, philosophy, life experience, spiritual matters, and mostly reporting my daily activities, I inquired about the possibility of visiting him, about a three-hour drive from my home. I am not Elizabeth Fry, visiting wretched prisoners in squalid conditions (and, in fact, have been questioned by one of my correspondents about why the Quakers have had a hand in creating our current penal system, which, though it does not have the shortcomings of the system of Elizabeth's Fry's time and place, still has its own problems). I did feel ready to "spend my change"—as the brochure for the penpal program describes it—to meet this person whom I was genuinely beginning to like.

The initial phone call with the appropriate prison official resulted in receipt of a poor copy of a visitor approval form. I filled it out and several weeks later received a rejection form because Hal already had three people on his visitors list, the maximum allowed. We resubmitted the form after Hal "bumped" someone else from his approved list. My spouse and I were counted as one visitor (gives new meaning to the phrase "and the two shall be as one"), while our 8- and 14-year-old daughters did not count against the visitor's list when they accompanied us.

Our first visit to the facility was one of many strong impressions and vivid memories: the pat-downs, the ionizing drug wand detector, the fact that non-copper change could be carried to the visiting area (but pennies could not), the heavy clank of various doors as they opened before us and locked behind, the multiple coils of razor wire that topped 15-foot fences (which I was told would drop if the fences were rattled), and the 100-foot outdoor walk from the visitor entrance across the gravel compound to the door of the prison proper.

When we reached the visiting area and told the guard whom we'd be visiting, we sat at a small, square table in a room with 50 or so similar tables, and waited for Hal to be escorted in for the visit. Our first visit allowed me to put a face with the personality I'd constructed from his letters—I thought he'd have more hair and be younger; he thought that I'd be older. My spouse and I visited with Hal for two hours or so while my daughters fed vending machines (that's why change is allowed in the visiting area) and themselves, and played card and board games that were stored along one wall. Hal clearly appreciates the opportunity to have contact with people; this is evident from the kinds of reading and writing assistance he provides for other inmates and the correspondence he keeps up with a number of people. For the duration of our visit, he answered our questions, including my youngest daughter's very direct and concerned, "Hal, what did you do to be here?"


Mostly, though, we just listened as he spoke with little prompting for most of our time together, something he clearly needed. For me, one very poignant image of that visit in the big room was the sight of a 60-ish white-haired man in a blue jump suit embracing his white-haired spouse before they sat down to visit at a nearby table. Many people of their appar-

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ROSARY:
A SPIRITUAL JOURNEY OUT OF PRISON
by Lynn Fitz-Hugh

In 1990, I married a man in prison. I had been a volunteer for many years for the Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP), which teaches nonviolent conflict resolution skills in the prison where he was held. I had been friends with this particular man for three years, but fully expected I would stay a volunteer forever. To my surprise, I realized that this man, Kevin, had the qualities I wanted in a mate. Our marriage was also an affirmation of my belief in transformation.

We anticipated that Kevin would be released the year we married. However, as part of a complex political matter regarding Washington state changing from non-determinate to determinate sentencing, the Parole Board gave him four more years. This was disappointing, but Washington allows conjugal visits for married couples, so we simply proceeded toward his release. I think some of our best times happened while Kevin was imprisoned, which is very instructive about love, freedom, and our own states of mind.

In 1993, Kevin began a year-long process of moving to four places with lessening levels of security: to a "farm," a pre-release facility, a work-release facility, and then parole. This is a story about that year and the spiritual journey of finding "freedom." It is the story of how I received my own personal "rosary," each bead a reminder of a word or concept that helps me center into prayer. I received four great lessons during Kevin’s journey out of prison, to which I return for re-centering during times of trial and tribulation.

Kevin’s first move was from the prison, his residence for a decade, to a prison farm a few blocks away. The move was approved except for receiving the final paperwork, which seemed like a simple process to us, but took the Department of Corrections (DOC) two months. Knowing Kevin’s final release date was one year from his first move, and with four such paperwork hurdles ahead, I was anxious for the process to get underway. I began calling various officials in the DOC, receiving the usual run-around answers.

In a state of distress, I went to see a therapist who facilitates a prison group therapy seminar on love and forgiveness. I unloaded all the anger, powerlessness, and other negative emotions I was feeling. He led me through a visualization process during which, to my surprise, I confronted the Grim Reaper, and connected my current painful feelings with the death of my mother when I was 11. In the visualization I confronted the Reaper with a cosmic, "Why?" His response was, "Because you chose this before you chose this life." I replied, "I did not choose a life of pain and suffering," in a tone of bored amusement, he said, "Then heal."

"Heal" became the first bead of my rosary. My visualization taught me that pain and suffering are a distraction from my purpose on earth. They are mostly a false consciousness. Truly painful events in life deserve grief, but I realized that to heal and go forward is the only sensible choice. Getting lost in the pain is a waste of life. This was a profound insight, giving me clarity about the spiritual purpose of my marriage to a prisoner. In many ways I was in my own emotional prison, and through this experience I might learn about freedom. Two days after my insight, Kevin was transferred to the farm, in time to celebrate Thanksgiving.

Kevin’s release plan specified a transfer to the pre-release facility after four months, but the paperwork snags repeated themselves. Fearing another delay, I made multiple phone calls. I spoke to each DOC person calmly, keeping in mind that each one was a child of God. I projected the expectation that each would respond humanely. I got nowhere except frustrated and upset. This time Kevin’s paperwork had literally been lost. Each person claimed the paperwork was on the other person’s desk. I stewed over their incompetence, and suppressed my desire to yell un-Quakerly things at people who had a great deal of power over my husband and me. I tried to think about "heal," but it did not seem applicable to the circumstance.

Just hours after hanging up in despair on a DOC bureaucrat, the True Administrator spoke to me through the vessel of a friend. She told me about her experience of seeking guardianship of her husband’s grandmother, speaking enthusiastically about the judge’s heart and ears being open to the truth of their testimony and about his decisions on their behalf. I felt happy for her, but even more frustrated about my lack of success in “speaking truth to power.” She interrupted my tirade about the DOC and said, "Lynn, you have to speak to that of God in them." I replied, "I believe in that of God in them, but I don’t think they listen to that of God in themselves." She insisted that I simply had to be faithful. The rest was in Spirit’s hands, and I could not presume the outcome.

In my frustration, I had made synonymous the connecting with that of God in others and what I considered a just and proper outcome. Consequently, I created for myself an image of an impotent God, and made a mockery of my own faith. I realized that I must speak to that of God in others for affirmation of my own faith, not for a desired outcome. This affirma-

Lynn Fitz-Hugh, a member of Eastside Meeting in Bellevue, Washington, is a psychotherapist in private practice and coordinator of the Quest Program, a Quaker voluntary service program of University Friends Meeting in Seattle. © 2002 Lynn Fitz-Hugh
tion is the real act of shining Light on Truth. And so the second bead of my rosary became "witness to your faith in that of God in others."

Kevin transferred a week later for a four-month stay at a pre-release facility. This was the final place before the "big move" to work-release, when Kevin would be able to go special places with me. Finding a job was a prerequisite for social time, but I still longed for this change and the opportunity to do normal things together. I dreamt about going out for dinner on our fourth wedding anniversary. Unfortunately, new paperwork delays made the fulfillment of this dream unlikely. Again I longed for this change and the opportunity to do normal things together.

Kevin transferred a week later for a four-month stay at a pre-release facility. This was the final place before the "big move" to work-release, when Kevin would be able to go special places with me. Finding a job was a prerequisite for social time, but I still longed for this change and the opportunity to do normal things together. I dreamt about going out for dinner on our fourth wedding anniversary. Unfortunately, new paperwork delays made the fulfillment of this dream unlikely. Again I found myself in a state of distress. I reviewed the two big lessons I had learned: heal and witness to your faith in that of God in others. Neither of these lessons seemed to speak to my longing or to quell it. The source of my unhappiness seemed to be my longing for a specific outcome, which brought to mind Eastern teachings that say it is our longings and attachments that are the root of our unhappiness. Eastern followers are taught to release this attachment.

Release attachment became the third bead in my rosary. As soon as I let go of my expectations, Kevin's papers came through! He transferred to work-release on our wedding anniversary. We did not go out for dinner that day, nor was I even allowed to see him, but having him in Seattle for the first time in our marriage was itself a gift.

Kevin found a job on his first day of searching. We went to movies and restaurants and for walks around the lake, with a midnight curfew looming over us that interfered with Kevin's ability to relax. We both looked forward to the day he would not have to "go back." By the original time frame, Kevin was to be out at the end of September, but with the delays that had occurred, he would be free shortly before Thanksgiving. We had told our friends who were unable to attend our marriage ceremony that when Kevin got out we would have a delayed wedding reception. We began to plan for that event, a gala weekend that would include a day for the reception, a day to celebrate Kevin’s freedom after so many years, and a day of Thanksgiving. We put a lot of time and thought into planning our celebration, and into creating and mailing the invitations.

Then the paperwork problems began yet again. I was fuming that we were denied the right to have a final date, to know an end. Thinking that Kevin might not be free on the day we planned to celebrate his freedom made me feel ill. The consequence of this last paperwork delay was possibly disastrous. Apparently, despite the fact that Kevin had done everything required during this stressful year of great change and transition, and despite remaining infraction-free, his parole was not an assured fact with the Parole Board! First the Board had to receive the paperwork documenting that Kevin had done all these things, and then it had to meet and make the final approval of his parole. While there was no reason to believe he would not be paroled, there was also no paper anywhere guaranteeing his release! We found out that the Parole Board only met once a month, so if the papers didn't arrive in time for the November meeting, I'd be lucky to have him home for Christmas!

I was disgusted that after all my spiritual insights I was again in such a state of anger and distress. I reviewed my learnings and insights, but I felt unable to release attachment because I wanted Kevin free for his freedom celebration! I did everything I could to be sure the papers arrived in time for the November Parole Board meeting, but they didn't. Kevin's case would be heard during the December meeting. I would indeed be lucky if he was home for Christmas.

My first reaction was despair. However, as I listened to other prisoners' wives talk about various difficulties they were having, I found myself wondering what I was so anxious about. I was incredibly lucky that Kevin was as free as he was and that we could do so much together already. After all, I could spend Thanksgiving and Christmas with him no matter what. I remembered something the therapist told me during my first learning step: "Be grateful for your life exactly as it is." I had tried to be grateful during this whole process but my spirit had always rebelled. Now I found I could finally surrender to it and appreciate my life exactly as it was. This became the fourth bead in my rosary. Obviously, none of these four lessons alone was enough to get me through this rough time. Each bead complemented the others and made the rosary complete. I needed all four of them to cope with the challenges of my life.

Our revised Thanksgiving weekend celebration was as fine as our original plan. We had a meeting for worship to celebrate Kevin's freedom and asked in worship-sharing format for friends to share what they have learned about freedom. We discovered there are many beads to many rosaries! Kevin was finally free on December 21.

If I were to end this article right here it would have a traditional happy ending. However, life has its own reality and its own flow. Kevin and I did not live happily ever after. We conceived a child and lost it 20 weeks into the pregnancy. There were job losses and other struggles. We eventually had a beautiful daughter, Sara, and experienced the joys and trials of all parents. In our struggles we lost each other, and experienced the painful process of divorce. As I went through these ups and downs, my rosary was there for me to hold. I could finger the beads and ponder my life and center, and it became clear to me that my rosary was a gift to prepare me for all that was yet ahead. It taught me to distinguish between my plans and my time versus those of the Creator. Just this year I realized that much of my distress over Kevin's additional four years was caused by my desire to have a child as soon as he was released. Because my plans were postponed, I earned a master's degree in Counseling instead, something that I would not have done otherwise. In the Creator's time I now have both a child and a profession, which is far wiser.
Stephen L. Angell was an early participant and continues to be active in the Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP), a program that offers workshops on nonviolence in prisons and elsewhere. This interview took place in Kennett Square, Pa., on June 18, 2002.

How did you first become involved with AVP?

AVP started in New York Yearly Meeting. My first encounter with it came when AVP held its first workshop in 1975 at Greenhaven Prison. Lawrence Apsey, who was the founder of AVP, asked my wife and me to serve as hosts to one of the leaders, Bernard Lafayette, a right-hand man to Martin Luther King Jr. We happily agreed to have him in our home. Although I had no direct contact with that first workshop, we plied him with questions afterwards in the evenings. That workshop was quite different from the workshops that we conduct today. We had no manuals then. We just had the model of the Children's Creative Response to Conflict (CCRC) program, which started in New York Yearly Meeting about three years prior to AVP. The first workshop was very much centered on individuals telling stories of how they ap-
approached potentially violent situations with nonviolence.

So that was my first contact with the program. A number of years later, New York Yearly Meeting became a little concerned because the program was growing in size as an activity of the Peace and Social Action Committee. It was part of the Quaker Project on Community Conflict (QPCC)—not a very catchy name. The yearly meeting felt concerned lest the tail start wagging the dog because they had very little staff. AVP didn’t exactly have staff, but it had a growing number of facilitators for the workshops and growing expenses. We were also trying to raise funds to support the program. It was decided to incorporate AVP as a separate organization, although it would still be under the sponsorship of the yearly meeting and would have a separate budget. The facilitators were at first going principally into Greenhaven and Auburn prisons, although prisoners throughout New York state were beginning to ask for workshops.

How long was it before you were actually leading workshops?

When they decided to incorporate and needed incorporators, Larry Apsey, a close friend of ours, asked me to be one, and I agreed; and then they needed a board of directors, so I agreed to serve on that. Larry Floyd was the first clerk of the board, and I succeeded him two or three years later when he died. So I was quickly drawn into the organization, and then my friends who were leading the workshops said, “Steve, you ought to know what we’re doing; you should take a workshop.” I didn’t think I needed that; I’m not a person who walks around getting in fights, carrying a gun or a knife or a tool for protection. But I couldn’t disagree with them. I said if I’m going to be supporting this program from the organizational side, maybe I should know what it’s like. So I agreed to take a workshop with Larry Apsey in Fishkill Prison in New York. That was late 1980 or early 1981. And I learned something about myself in the workshop that led me to believe I was in the right place doing the right thing; I realized that there was violence in me, too. The way I responded verbally and the disagreements with my teenage children could be more or less violent depending on how I did it. From that point on, I feel that each workshop I participate in has had something to offer to me and that I have grown as a result.

I wonder if that’s generally true of the leaders of AVP workshops—that they themselves benefit each time they lead?

I have come to realize that what has held volunteer AVP facilitators in the work is that they feel they are getting something out of it themselves. It is more than giving something to others, it is also getting something back. The demands for being a facilitator for an AVP workshop are considerable. Most of our workshops are weekend workshops, starting in the prisons on Friday, maybe Friday morning, and running through Sunday evening. That means giving up a lot of valuable personal time. And yet, individuals stay with it week after week and month after month.

At this time, you were a member of which meeting?

Bulls Head Meeting, in Purchase Quarterly Meeting of New York Yearly Meeting.

And Lawrence Apsey—what was his meeting?

Also Bulls Head. He and his wife, Virginia, had lived in New York City...
right into one or more of those cascading water streams and ruin the equipment or the records being carried. That did not happen.

I promised the group I would do whatever it took to see that each of them got a commendation in their personal records file for their response to our monsoon situation. They get so little chance to show the positive side of their nature that I figured they deserved this, at the very least.

They did get their "chronos"—the slips certifying completion of the program.

We found out later that the water had come from an extraordinarily strong downpour, associated with a small tornado in a nearby town. The ancient roof run-off system simply could not cope. Down there we had no idea what the weather was like outside.

—Bob Barns
Grass Valley Meeting in Nevada City, Calif.

ROLE REVERSALS

One AVP activity is to help a person understand the reasoning behind another person’s actions. A situation is described in which an inmate who is accidentally bumped by another when coming out of the visiting room, responds by swinging his fists. What good reasons can you name why they might do this? Another situation is about a guard who was very strict. The men came up with 15 or so good reasons. How many of us (people on the outside) stop to think about the reason behind another person’s actions that we don’t like? That is why I think the AVP program could benefit our whole society where people are often so fearful, uptight, easily upset, and angry.

—Gloria Kershner
Grass Valley Meeting in Nevada City, Calif.

WHO WAS LLOYD BAILEY?

In January 2001, a beloved member of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting, C. Lloyd Bailey, died at age 82. Lloyd had been a leader in AVP. I think it is fitting to write about this special man and his work by describing the memorial service held by inmates at Graterford prison in Pennsylvania a few weeks after his death.

"Welcome to Sunny Graterford": “Better Bruce,” an AVP participant, greeted us with these words at the beginning of the memorial. The wry humor and ironic hope just and were members of 15th Street Meeting. He had been the administrator of QPCC, a subcommittee of the Peace and Social Action Committee, which had various projects.

How did AVP get its name?
The name QPCC was a little awkward. Once, when the facilitating team was coming out of Greenhaven Prison in New York—a maximum security prison with the electric chair—the officer on the way out said, “How was your workshop in alternatives to violence?” We picked up on that. It is short and accurately describes what we are doing. It also gives an accurate impression about what the project’s about because it was really by happenstance that we started in prisons. I’ve always seen the project as something that is much broader than just working with prisoners.

Who were some of the other individuals who were important in the early stages?
Lee Stern, Ellen Flanders, Janet Lugo, Mary Gray Legg, Ginny Floy, Steve Stalonas, and Steve Levinson come immediately to mind—got a lot of Steves involved here! There were many others.

Were key decisions made early that helped AVP grow so rapidly?
First of all, from the beginning we decided that this should be a volunteer project. In other words, we would not pay facilitators. Individuals would do it because they wanted to, and that was their compensation—what they got out of it.

There is no way that AVP could have spread around the planet the way it did if each new country that picked it up had to raise thousands of dollars to finance it.

Is there no paid employee?
Initially we had some staff in the yearly meeting office—Lee Stern was extremely helpful. For a while, in 1984-86, I was paid to go into the yearly meeting office in New York City and handle administrative details for AVP. And in the ’90s, we hired an executive director. But we’ve gone back to volunteer leadership. We found ourselves putting too much energy into raising the funds to pay for that position, which deflected us from just spreading the program.

As I said, going into the prisons was happenstance. I don’t think we thought we were setting up a program that would spread throughout the prisons in the United States. We had a Quaker worship group in Greenhaven Prison that had, as part of their program, in addition to a half-hour worship, a half-hour discussion time. During the latter, one thing we’d do is tell the men what other things Quakers were doing that might be of interest to them. We told them about what Quakers had done during the Vietnam War, how we’d traveled all around the United States training individuals in ways to enter demonstrations and keep them nonviolent. Philadelphia was one of

An advanced AVP workshop in Osijek, Croatia: a small group involved in an empathy exercise.
The participants to the trainer level of participation, this program couldn’t have the kind of outreach that we were aiming for. So whenever we went into a prison for the first time, we tried to complete all three levels of the workshop: basic, second-level, and training for facilitators to get individuals who are trained as apprentice facilitators. And from then on, when we went into the prison we would have a mixed team of inside facilitators and outsiders. Early on we set the policy that we would not support workshops that only had inmate facilitators, not because we didn’t trust their capacity to lead the workshop—in fact I think that some of our very best facilitators have been from the inside—but we soon realized there was pull from the administrative side in prisons to get involved and take this over as one of their programs. We never wanted AVP to be a program of the prison system. We wanted it to be a program coming in from the outside, from individuals who were there because they were concerned. We wanted it to be a program that belonged to the participants. When I go in and do a first workshop, I say to any group that I’m here as a volunteer because I want to give a gift to them that was given to me. And that really seems to have an impact. I can’t consider that I’m giving them a gift if I’m paid. We do, however, try to cover expenses for facilitators: travel, babysitting costs, etc. This is a problem of some controversy because guys come out of prison and need money. So we make some exceptions based on need.

So AVP, you say, started by happenstance in prison, but the workshops go far beyond that. How did that happen?

In order to do prison programs you have to do outside programs first. You have to train people on the outside because every workshop in prison needs an outside facilitator. So there’s always been a strong citizen component, or outside people component to AVP, because that was necessary in order to do the programs in the prison. We’ve always done sample workshops, for instance, at FGC gatherings, as a step forward to enabling people to then take the program into the prisons, where it started.

Worldwide application began in the late 1980s. My wife died in 1988, and in 1989, Friends from abroad were writing and saying, “Why don’t you come visit behind his eyes were not lost on me. Graterford prison was not what I expected it to be. Granted, we probably saw the very best side of the inside that night, a testimony to the power of Lloyd’s vision. Lloyd doggedly focused on the very best that lay within each person: the power of love, caring, and compassion. Never before had Lloyd’s message hit home so hard, so powerfully as it did then as I felt the stark contrast between what I had expected at Graterford and what I actually experienced there.

It was about 6 P.M. when we arrived at the Big House. And it is big: the walk from the building entrance to the chapel, where the memorial took place, was very long. I expected to feel afraid, to be the victim of lots of menacing stares and hardened faces. I expected everyone, myself included, to be working hard at avoiding eye contact and minding my own business. The walk down the corridor did feel like a kind of limbo. There was a lightness in the group. The men and the guards we passed seemed harmless enough, friendly in a way. Then we entered the chapel. Men on either side of the aisle reached out with warmth to shake our hands and thanked us for “sharing Lloyd” with them. Each man would introduce himself using his adjective name from AVP: “I’m Righteous Richie,” “Humble Harry,” “Dashing Dave,” and so on. My husband, Dennis, said what surprised him most was “the softness in their faces.” There was warmth, kindness, gentleness. Was it be-
cause my expectations were the opposite that these men seemed so extraordinary, so full of love? No; they really were more loving than any group I’d been a part of for a long time. How could this place be so different from what I had expected?

It makes me think of the irony of the label, “The City of Joy,” which is the name that people gave to Calcutta, India, after Mother Theresa had begun her ministry there. There in the midst of dire poverty, death, and illness, people who had no material wealth or possessions understood more than we generally do about the presence of love, of God, of what Lloyd called TP, Transforming Power. The contrast between Light and Darkness, between God’s presence and God’s absence, was clearer and more stark than any group I’d seen before.

I thought this love was so real and can so easily be overwhelmed.

One after another, the men rose to the podium to give their testimony of Lloyd’s impact on their lives. A stream of faces flowed before us, telling of the love they had received and the love they wanted to give back. One man said, “My whole life was darkness and despair. I heard about this funny, little old white guy who was coming to the prison and talking to the men. Then I heard more stories, and I began to see a tiny speck of light out there.” He continued, “Finally, I decided to sign up for a workshop. I was sort of tricked because the guys said there would be a big party at the end of the weekend, and they’d bring in big sandwiches and homemade pies. But my purpose in going there was to help the people of the country to recognize that there were other ways of dealing with problems than resorting to violence and war.

Is there a partner organization there?

Yes, the Evangelical Theological Seminary in Osijek, in Croatia. And the person there, Michelle Kurtz, is a Presbyterian missionary from the Midwestern United States. She’s been our primary contact, but now that I’ve been back there five times, planning a sixth, we have contacts that are strictly Croatian, Serbian, and so forth. It’s viewed very much as a community program as well as one that could be suitable in their prisons. We did a workshop in a refugee camp in Gascini, in Croatia.

I know AVP has been active in Africa. Is it spreading around the world?

Oh yes, it’s on six continents, all of them except Antarctica. In 1988, I attended the triennial sessions of Friends World Committee and there I offered a sample workshop on AVP. Val Ferguson asked if I’d be interested in representing Friends at the NGO Alliance on Crime Prevention and Criminal Justice at the United Nations in New York, an activity that the Quaker UN Office didn’t feel it could take under its wing. So I became the Quaker representative to this alliance, which holds a worldwide Crime Congress every five years. This body planned and conducted ancillary meetings of the congresses on subjects pertaining to criminal justice. I offered to do one on AVP. The first Crime Congress I attended was in Havana, Cuba, and we held an ancillary meeting there on AVP and there seemed to be considerable interest. One man there was from Colombia and wanted to know if I could come there to share AVP and so forth. I developed world contacts through that venue. The next Crime Congress was held in Cairo. By then I’d been attending meetings for seven or eight years. It seemed to me that if we were going to tackle the problems of crime worldwide, we had to look beyond prisons because that’s not the best way to tackle the problem.

After the fact, as opposed to being more proactive?

I wanted to see, on the worldwide level, a focus on alternatives. Now I see this happening in the Great Lakes project in Africa (Burundi, Uganda, Kenya, and Rwanda). In 1995 we introduced AVP into Africa, first in Kenya, then Uganda and South Africa. There have also been extensive trips to Central America, Europe, Australia, and New Zealand. British and Australian AVPers have taken it to India. I think AVP has appropriate application all over the planet.

What could we do that’s more constructive than just sending people to prisons? At the Cairo congress, this all became very clear to me—that we were focusing too narrowly. I got back to New York thinking we need to do work on restorative justice: ways of dealing with individuals committing crimes before they get into prison and perhaps eliminating the necessity to put them in prison. This is a process whereby all the parties with a stake in a particular offense come together to resolve collectively how to deal with the aftermath of the offense and its implications for the future. When I brought this up at the NGO Alliance meetings in New York, they decided to set up a working party on restorative justice. And since I
Chair. For the next five years, until the next congress in Vienna, we put in a good deal of work developing this whole topic for UN consideration. We generated a report, and the alliance accepted it and submitted it to the crime commission of the UN, which they accepted and put on the agenda of the UN general assembly. It was approved as a project for the section of the UN, which they accepted and put on the agenda of the UN general assembly. It was approved as a project for the section that works on these matters. So, the UN adopted restorative justice as something it would support and promote worldwide. At that point I decided I’d done my piece, so I resigned from the NGO Alliance, and Paul McCold from Lehigh Valley (Pa.) Meeting has taken on this work.

How does AVP keep track of all the activities? I noticed in the website description [www.avpusa.org] that AVP continues to increase at a rate of 30 percent a year, which is phenomenal, and I wonder how an organization doing that well keeps track of all its different parts—doesn’t it need to?

We have a national gathering once a year and an international gathering every second year. AVP groups from other countries volunteer to take responsibility for the international gathering. In the United States, we need a board in order to qualify for non-profit, tax-deductible status. So we have a designated president/clerk and a vice presidents/assistant clerk. They have virtually no duties until we hold the annual meeting, and then they clerk it. But we do have a committee that is representative of all the individual regional units throughout the country, and they, like other committees, mostly conduct their business by telephone conference and e-mail.

They are getting permission to be in prisons and communicating with them?

Yes, and with people around the state who were doing AVP and getting their reports. We had a report system that wasn’t working too well. That’s one place where the volunteer aspect failed.

The internet has helped tremendously with the communication between the various units. It grows rapidly because as people experience it and want to see it carry on, there’s no door or portal they have to go through; they can just say, “Send us stuff.” We have a volunteer in Vermont who handles distribution of all of the printed materials that we have. So the newsletter, the National Transformer, is a major communication vehicle for people in the United States. All of the countries where it’s taken root have developed their own distribution system for literature, but a lot of them turn to the United States for materials that we have. So the newsletter, handles distribution of all of the printed materials that we have. So the newsletter, the National Transformer, is a major communication vehicle for people in the United States. All of the countries where it’s taken root have developed their own distribution system for literature, but a lot of them turn to the United States for

Stephen Angell, while at an AVP workshop in Honduras, outside a Friends church in Tegucigalpa.

**WHY DO I DO IT?**

“How do you do it?” People sometimes ask me this question when they find out the commitment of time and energy it takes for an AVP prison workshop. I guess what they really mean is, “Why do you do it?” knowing that I have an active family life and a demanding job. There are times when I wonder about this myself: for example, when I’m climbing out of my warm bed on a cold, dark morning to face an hour’s drive to the prison; when I’m staring at another barely edible styrofoam tray of prison dinner; when I’m frustrated by yet another bureaucratic mix-up that interferes with the workshop; or when I’m feeling tired and cranky and the role-plays are flat, there are conflicts on the team, some participants are determined to convince me that nonviolence is impractical, and I’m muttering to myself, “Trust the process, trust the process.” Of course by the end of the workshop I remember exactly why (and how) I do it. I look around in the closing circle at the faces that three days ago were closed and wary and see the intelligence, sense of hope, community feeling, and inner spirit shining in those same faces. I see tears glistening in the eyes of “hardened criminals” and often feel them in my own eyes.

While some workshops are glorious and some are just OK, they all have their luminous moments, many of which are etched in my mind:

At my first prison workshop, I watched men who were likely to have violated bodies of other people work together in a trust lift to rock a fellow prisoner in the gentlest possible manner to the sounds of soft music.

A man who plays the role of an off-duty policeman in a role-play sheepishly confesses that he never realized what a hard job police officers have, and he doesn’t think he can look at them in the same way again.

A participant at a community workshop who had struggled with some personal issues the night before rushes in on Sunday morning crying, “I understand! I understand! My mother is just trying to do her best!”

Two participants acknowledge to the group that they were enemies before the workshop but found out they have much in common.

A young self-described “stick-up man” struggles to compose himself after playing the role of someone being robbed. “I never knew how scared those people were! It’s awful!”

Over and over again hearing, “I only came
here because I thought it would help me get paroled, but this has been really important to me.” Or, “I never thought I could have fun in prison.” Or, “I can’t believe it. This feels like family.”

The times that a light-and-lively or even a role-play takes such a comic turn that we all take many minutes to recover from our belly laughs.

Watching the English speakers wait patiently and respectfully for the concepts to get translated to a Spanish speaker, and then watching understanding dawn in that person’s face.

Watching people use the safe atmosphere to show off their talents in singing, dancing, rapping, acting, drawing, perception, or making people laugh.

Hearing desperately homesick men speak movingly of what matters to them in their lives: homes, parents, work, children, lovers, pets.

Watching the facilitators inside the prison month after month grow in confidence and leadership skills as well as in a deeper understanding of what nonviolence really means.

The other question people ask me is, “But does it make a difference?” Of course I realize that for some participants the workshop is “only” a brief respite from the brutal monotony of prison life. Others may learn some skills that they will use on occasion, perhaps resulting in a few less violent incidents in their lives. Others may begin to reevaluate some of their tightly held prejudices and be open to new possibilities. For some, however, I can see that the experience is the moisture that begins to soften the hard shell around the seed of their inner selves, and they gradually begin to blossom toward the Light. When we are present to see this process in another human being, we are truly privileged. Of course the real reason I do AVP workshops is for myself, but not only because I continually need to confront my own violence within. It is also because even a small dose of the nightly news begins to poison me with despair about the brutality and viciousness in our world. But each time I do a workshop I am reminded again of the innate worth of each person, and the possibility of transformation even in the belly of the beast. I can return to the rest of my life with faith and hope.

—Grace McGrath
Middlebury (VT) Meeting

As you look to the future of AVP, what are your greatest hopes and fears?

My greatest hope is that it can be accepted as broader than just prison work and be a significant factor in helping to bring about a more peaceful planet. I think it’s applicable to human nature at all age levels. The Help Increase the Peace Program (HIPP), under American Friends Service Committee, is a version of AVP for teenagers. If you get their manual and look at it, you’ll see it follows the AVP program very closely. I’d also hate to see it become commercialized. I can believe that there are situations where perhaps we should consider compensation of facilitators, but I think one of its great strengths has been that people do it because they believe in it and get something out of it themselves and they want to help others, not for any monetary compensation that they might get. In the prison setting, the prisoners have said that the fact that facilitators coming in are volunteers makes the program more believable and acceptable. Once you start paying people, it can still do good, but it would become like all the programs out there where people are getting paid to facilitate. I would hope that AVP could maintain its strong level of volunteerism.

Where does it come from—this powerful rush of emotion and adrenaline that society labels as violence? Nothing has ever been created that did not possess something of its creator. Is humankind the originator of violence or does it come from the creative force of the universe? Call that creative force and power anything you wish, some of it belongs to all of us. That power is able to change people or situations by either a caring attitude expressed through creative actions, or by massive destruction and cold-heartedness.

It feels like a million years ago when I was just a “fish”—prison slang for any new inmate, since most newly incarcerated people feel and act like a fish out of water and are too often easy prey for the “sharks” who are the predators of prison and I came face to face with violence. It came at me for no discernible reason or cause, at least that a fish like me could see.

I had experienced violence in my life before coming to prison—violence of my own making and thinking. But seldom, if ever, had I been hit in the mouth for refusing to give some guy some of my canteen food, or for refusing to perform any one of a hundred sexual acts, or just for being “fresh meat.” But prison changed all that and changed me, in some ways for the better but mostly for the worse.

The threat of violence in prison permeates every minute of your life. It is always there, lurking in the next bunk, or behind the corner of the chapel, or there in the shower with you. Even the accidental bumping of a bunk can get you hit upside the head with a steel chair in the hands of...
the man you are locked in with every single night. These experiences, and a million more, some as apparently harmless as hearing the sound of a bullet whizzing by your head that was fired to break up a fight in the yard, change even the most genteel person. They destroy the trust you have in others, and that others have in you. The trust that the person you are sharing the shower with will not find you easy sexual prey. The trust that the guy who is being friendly to you and showing you around the prison yard won’t try to steal your radio the minute your back is turned. Once trust is destroyed it is nearly impossible to rebuild or create it anew.

The repressive and confrontational atmosphere of prison creates and multiplies the stresses and tensions that promote violence. When a guard shakes down your cell and confiscates your TV because the cable connection has been repaired or looks altered somehow, your first thought is one of violence and vengeance. You feel that something that cost you nearly a year’s wages, by prison standards, has been stolen from you for no good reason at all. Staff can lie and be abusive, uncaring, or downright lazy—anything to protect easy kickbacks and authoritarian image.

There are painfully few ways in which being incarcerated helps the rehabilitation process of a prisoner. There are a very few mental health treatment programs that help one or two prisoners change for the better and rethink the violence they have relied on for so long to survive and resolve conflicts in life. Some powerful tranquilizing drugs produce personality changes in some violent prisoners, but in most cases they either end up as zombies or wired monsters, ready to snap at any moment. Some of the best help toward rehabilita-

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Alternatives to Violence Project

AP workshop, Tihar prison, New Delhi, India, fall 2000.

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DOING HARD TIME

by Kaki Sjogren

HIPP (Help Increase the Peace Project) is a conflict resolution program adapted for teens from the Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP) and developed by American Friends Service Committee. Doing HIPP with teenaged boys incarcerated in county jail who are certified as adults, and waiting for sentencing, is hard. This is not because it is difficult to get past the boys’ hard exteriors—HIPP does a great job of that. It is difficult because HIPP provides healthy glimpses of the boys’ soft interiors. One day during a break I came back to find these phrases written on the board: “I’m just a kid... I don’t deserve jail... I hate jail... I want my mommy.”

In the last two years I provided HIPP training at the invitation of the Philadelphia public school program located in the House of Corrections. The groups were classes of eight to twelve boys who are otherwise scheduled for academic courses. Special arrangements with the principal were made so that the boys got academic credit and Basic HIPP workshop certificates for their participation in 20 hours of training.

While I have had ten years of experience working with inmates in AVP and three years working with corrections officers, I find these teens to be the most challenging and in some ways the most rewarding. My major challenge is that of language. As a college-educated, white, middle-class woman, I speak a dialect that is distinctly different from theirs. They use vocabulary that Webster has yet to define, right on the cutting edge of hip-hop culture, marked by rap music and low-slung jeans. They use expressions like “don’t play me” (don’t tease or lie to me) and “you’re prehype” (one step away from acting out in anger). They care less for a linear than a circular style of communication, marked by layers of subjects and multiple simultaneous conversations. When I’m not confused, I relish the chance to participate in their highly complex culture.

And, indeed, HIPP allows me to participate! Community building exercises give me entry into their world. I’ve learned about juvenile jail experiences that range from getting rid of hot guns on the street to smoking weed on the block. I’ve learned that most come from broken homes and poor neighborhoods. Most have fallen behind, or out of school. Many are acutely aware of being black or Puerto Rican and harbor anger about the injustice of whites more often getting money for bail or getting lighter sentences. Some have fathered children, and most like to talk about sex. Some badger others at every opportunity to get attention and secure a higher status in the hierarchy.

James Garbarino, a psychologist and youth violence expert, tells a story of how his teenage son had no fear of going out in their high-crime neighborhood on the south side of Chicago. While Garbarino urged caution, his son thought himself immune, pointing out that the victims of violence were (according to a newspaper account of the last year) all nonwhite.

In his book, No Place to Be a Child: Growing Up in a War Zone, Garbarino names at least eight risk factors and argues that the presence of four or more of them almost guarantees criminal activity. The juvenile population in Philadelphia prisons typically includes boys whose lives are marked by several of Garbarino’s factors: they have been poor, abused or neglected, are of color, and are from violent neighborhoods.

Each HIPP group seems to need time for self-reflection. Once we have established what the boys have in common (and then what we, including me and the corrections staff, have in common), we can get more detailed. I like to use a body map (a simple outline of a person) to begin to raise self-awareness. Participants list life experiences outside of the figure and connect them to corresponding emotions inside the figure. In a variation I ask them to describe how they are today on the exterior of the map and to describe their potential on the inside of the map. We often remark upon the transferability of skills from the work of selling drugs to that of legal trades.

By and large, groups frequently break ground rules. This requires patience and persistence on my part. Often someone is disrespectful to another, and the group encourages an even more disrespectful re-tort, as this type of serious “prehype” bantering is accepted and encouraged in the culture. In several cases we’ve been able to transform the prehype into opportunities to successfully mediate conflict.

Attention spans are short. Deception and cheating seem to be expected and accepted. Self-esteem is badly lacking. Thus, even HIPP Lifts (cooperative games designed to energize and build community) can be difficult. Tinker Toy con-

Kaki Sjogren is a social activist living in a disadvantaged neighborhood and bringing AVP/HIPP to the needy there. She’s a member of Southampton (Pa.) Meeting.
struction (a team-building exercise) falls apart because members quickly lose interest in the small group project and build their own. Participants who are asked to close their eyes in games can be expected to cheat by peeking. Pattern balls (a cooperative game that requires team-building to be played successfully) falls apart because too many pay attention to and badger the one who is dropping balls. “It’s a What?” (a game requiring concentration) ends prematurely because the group gives up. In all cases I work extra hard to establish an atmosphere where it is safe to make mistakes, and where one can be both manly and have fun.

Officials made it possible to do a three-day, intensive, Advanced HIPP/AVP (I introduced the acronym “AVP” for the benefit of those who would be sentenced to another facility where we have AVP volunteers) workshop on the juvenile block between Christmas and New Year’s Day. Thirteen graduates of Basic HIPP volunteered and earned certificates (in addition to a marvelous corrections officer, who seems to serve as mentor and father figure). In “Speak Out,” an exercise designed for voicing concerns about discrimination and bias, we heard some very deep sharing about being black, male, and young. Role-plays produced great enthusiasm and some fine props and plots.

Transforming Power is a concept central to HIPP and AVP. It is the belief that there is a power available to those who welcome it. It is a power that changes negative to positive, transforming a potentially violent outcome to a nonviolent one. Most juvenile inmates are open to the idea of Transforming Power, welcoming alternatives. They subscribe to the TP guide that says, “Be willing to suffer for justice.”

With all groups I let them know that I recognize there is injustice in society and that it will continue to affect their lives. I am glad to be able to testify that AFSC and other progressives are working to change this sad fact. We practice “I messages” that help them to stand up for what they believe to be fair and right. I testify to the effectiveness and spiritually sound philosophy of civil disobedience and passive resistance as practiced by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Once, after a vigorous discussion of unfair use of force by corrections staff, our entire group demonstrated with a rhythmic rap, repeating “You’ve gotta be willing to suffer for justice,” rising in volume and intensity until staff came to quiet us.

Even so, a few stars of my groups have managed to make their way into the hole afterwards. I have no illusions about the effectiveness of this work. I know that lives are transformed on a divine schedule unavailable to me. I do, however, provide some practical aids for spiritual development. I believe we all have the power to make choices and generally lead to positive or negative outcomes. When we get into a conflict we have the choice to “walk it out, talk it out, or fight it out.” We are responsible for our choices. It is for all of us to grow spiritually so that we might make the best possible choices.

In light of the Columbine High School shootings, Garbarino tells the story of how his teenage daughter came home from her high school in a new neighborhood, a relatively affluent section of Ithaca, New York, saying, “I wonder when it (Columbine) is going to happen to us?” Garbarino has helped to define a newly identified category of at-risk youth, some who seem at first glance to have above-average capacity to make good choices in life. He calls this risk factor “fragility,” an emotional state stemming from a kind of fierce protection from parents that leaves a child vulnerable in the harsh world of his or her peers. This need not be coupled with poverty and race or any other factors to produce violent behavior.

Both the classic and newly identified groups of at-risk youth experience what Garbarino terms a kind of spiritual disconnection. They do not feel loved or valued, but instead, rejected and isolated. He cannot say what we should do to restore them. With HIPP we can make an attempt.

Often during a HIPP sharing about power or choices, I tell the story (and often translate it into Muslim terms) of the nun who claimed she was conversing with Jesus. A priest wanted to test her and requested that she ask Jesus what the priest’s worst sin was before entering the priesthood. The nun returned and reported she had talked to Jesus about this and that Jesus had simply said, “I’ve forgotten.” I often take a large monetary bill, hold it up and ask who wants it. I crumble it and do that again. Finally, I step on it with dirty shoes and ask again. All hands go up every time. “You are just as valuable and desirable as this money,” I say. “And don’t you forget that, whether you go home or upstate.” I remind some that “there is life after life.”

The enlightenment that comes with every session of HIPP shines bright for me in places where violence has taken a heavy toll. Still, it is hard to maintain and provide hope to youth who are greatly at risk of spending most of their lives in prison. It is not enough for them that we should just conduct HIPP, or even emphasize social justice in HIPP. We’ve got to demonstrate a willingness to transform ourselves in order to give our children a fair chance. We’ve got to take the tenets of Transforming Power very seriously, always questioning whether our own actions or lifestyle make us complicit in a violent society. And ultimately, in the immortal words of my favorite rappers, “We’ve gotta be willing to suffer for justice!”

Body map: An exercise where participants connect life experiences with their resulting emotions.
When my best friend/Friend asked me if I would write something about the death penalty, I wasn’t really sure what I could say about the subject that hasn’t already been said. That the death penalty is not an effective deterrent? That it’s cruel and unusual? That there are innocent men (and some women) on death row?

So, instead, I thought I’d show you what an actual execution warrant looks like. (Obviously, I received a stay of execution.) This is something that very few people “out there” ever get to see. But it’s something that I believe people should see. The death warrant and the accompanying letter seem almost surreal in their cold, detached cordiality. Actually, the entire execution process is that way.

Scott Blystone has been on death row since his arrest in 1983. He hopes to live to see the end of capital punishment. Scott practices the Native American religion.

October 2002 FRIENDS JOURNAL
In 1995, as my execution date drew nearer, I was visited at my "phase two" cell by a prison counselor. He was very polite, even friendly. (I've learned that prison officials are most polite when they are about to kill you.) He had come to get my clothing sizes (shirt, pants, shoes) so that they could dress me properly after they executed me. I was told that there would be no charge for these clothes. He also handed me a couple of forms to fill out and sign. These forms would allow my parents to take possession of my body and any personal property I may have after the execution was completed. The counselor told me that I would have to send the forms to my parents for them, too, to fill out, sign, and mail back here to the prison.

I never sent those forms. I couldn't. No parent should ever see such a form, let alone have to fill one out. My parents have suffered enough during these years that I have spent on death row. They die a little bit each time they visit me here, in this place. I die a little bit each time they leave.

Here, in this place, I exist somewhere between life and death. In this place there is no human touch. (Well, except when you're roughed up by a guard.) I haven't felt the touch of another human being for so long now (18 years) that I actually can't remember what it feels like. I think it would scare me.

But perhaps the worst thing about being on death row for so long is that sometimes it can make a man almost look forward to his own execution, just so that the dying part will finally come to an end. The worst part isn't the execution—it's everything that comes before it.

Whatever the question, capital punishment is not the answer.

168 minutes of silence for the 168 Oklahoma City bombing victims before the execution of Timothy McVeigh at the U.S. Penitentiary.

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**TERRE HAUTE JOURNAL**

by Doug Stern


Big, slow, kersplash drops. Falling on a group of about 50 or 60 of us gathered in a circle, praying. Kneeling, sitting, standing. Saying the rosary. Holding candles. Praying silently at sunrise for peace, for knowledge of God's will for us, for reconciliation, for an end to the death penalty, for Timothy McVeigh's soul. Spin the wheel.

Getting wet as the day dawned over us, first gray then billowing wet clouds lit by the low-angled sun. Trying to ignore the swarm of reporters, photographers, and others hovering and covering. Ploptch. Ploptch. Kersplash. Praying in a circle in a cordoned-off patch of earth a few hundred yards across a flat, grassy Indiana field from the federal penitentiary where a planned homicide was scheduled to be performed at 7:00 A.M. local time.

Surreal. That's the word that best describes what it was like in Terre Haute, Indiana, on June 11, 2001. It was 12 hours of doing what I'd rather not do. I mostly sat in the dark stillness, on one of the bales of hay lined up in two neat rows. Hay bales wrapped in thick plastic that the Bureau of Prisons (BOP) had provided for the death penalty protesters they expected. Occasionally a film or radio crew, reporter, or photographer would approach me or one of the other protesters. They'd ask the same questions: "Where's Mr. McVeigh?" or, "Are you disappointed in the small turnout?"

I slept awhile under the tent the BOP had pitched for us, wrapped like a hay bale in a poncho a friend brought with us. Toward daybreak, the trickle of reporters became a deluge. I heard later that there were 1,400 credentials passed out to the media.

I told the reporters that I wasn't disappointed in the turnout, as I had no expectations. That it wasn't a scoreboard. That I wasn't there to change anyone's mind. That I was there as an act of faith. That it has become increasingly important to me to demonstrate, not merely to assert, the things in which I believe. That I would have been there regardless of the facts.

I asked them whether they thought a high turnout was some measure of the quality of the abolition message. Reporters aren't used to answering questions. I told them that I had heard that Jesus preached for years to hundreds and thousands of people but ended up with a handful of disciples. Was that a measure of the quality of Jesus' message?

I thought. I thought about the horrible thing we were about to do in that building across the way. I thought about how I felt. About the sadness I felt for our society. About how little regard we sometimes have and sometimes show for one another.

I thought about my Friends. About how, little by little, I've learned to ask about my own behavior. I thought about the regard I so often fail to have or show toward others.

In the distance, the generators powered the lights and the cameras. Whurr. I could hear them but I couldn't see them. I asked a guard to describe the prison complex. "Where's Mr. McVeigh?"

"You can't see it from here."

But he was there. And so was I.
by Sally Milbury-Steen

It all started with a letter—an invitation from the Respect for Life Committee of St. Dismas Parish, within the Delaware Correctional Center at Smyrna, Delaware. They wanted me to come and talk about the death penalty as part of their Respect for Life Series in October 1996. As soon as I opened the letter, I was led to say yes—even though I had no idea of what to expect.

When I arrived at the guard house at the entrance of the prison that October evening, the friendly Catholic chaplain guided me through the security and registration procedures. After the guard found my name on the approved list and I turned in my car keys and driver’s license, I was given a pass, and a guard led us to the next guard post. Invisible eyes observed us and invisible hands pressed buttons and released locks on steel doors and gates. Each time they would shut behind us with a jarring, cold clang, I was viscerally aware of how much farther away I was from the freedom I had left in the parking lot. The last door led us outside to a central courtyard where the chapel stood like an island sanctuary. When we walked inside, its wooden pews welcomed us, offering a beautiful relief from the harshness of metal and razor wire.

When the prisoners started arriving, many of them flocked toward a stocky man with a wide smile who reached out to them with hugs and handshakes. He radiated warmth and hope, composure and love. This was my first impression of Abdullah T. Hameen, the only Muslim member of the Respect for Life Committee.

We started the evening off with a worship service, during which Hameen gave his reflections on the death penalty. He bared the burden in his soul. He had taken life, but God had been merciful and had led him through suffering, remorse, and penitence to a profound understanding of the preciousness of life. As an expression of his faith, he was doing all that he could to preserve life and end violence in the time he had left before his execution.

Then it was my unenviable turn to talk. In comparison to Hameen’s intimate understanding of the realities of capital punishment, my remarks seemed almost abstract. Yet, the men were wonderfully attentive, receptive to all of my facts and figures. Never had it felt so reassuring to be preaching to the choir.

During the question and answer period, one young man asked, “I would like to get close to Hameen, but I can’t let myself, because it will be too painful for me when they execute him. What should I do?”

I could only release myself to the Light to respond. “Suppose you were a parent and you had a child with a fatal disease. Would you love that child any less because you knew he was going to die?” This sparked a lively discussion. Some men explained that they always gave Hameen a hug whenever they saw him, as a way to show their support. Others talked about how much it hurts to lose someone you really care about. We asked Hameen for his thoughts. He said that he appreciated all of the support he could get, but that he also understood not wanting to lose someone. He just wanted people to do what felt right for them.

Each year, Hameen and I would renew our acquaintance at the Respect for Life programs on the death penalty. Sometimes we would correspond during the intervening months. He would send me copies of his newsletter, “Just Say No to Death Row,” or copies of legal briefs that he had prepared concerning the human rights of inmates, or ones he had prepared relating to his own case.

Delaware did not have a physical death row until the end of 2000 when the Delaware Correctional Center opened its new Secure Housing Unit (SHU). In this maximum security building, inmates are in solitary cells for 23 hours a day and are no longer eligible for any rehabilitation programs. Prior to this, men awaiting execution were in the general prison population and could participate in the programs offered by the prison or by outside groups that came into the prison. Hameen took advantage of every opportunity he could. He completed a vocational training course, computer courses, the different levels of the Alternatives to Violence Project, and a Bias Awareness Program. He went through Mental Health Personal Development training and did individual mental health counseling, in addition to facilitating, developing, and writing programs such as the Father to Child Program. He held leadership positions in the Islamic Committee and was active in the Lifers Association. From 1998 until the time he moved to SHU, he was a leader of a peer education program for youth at risk and young offenders through the Delaware Center for Justice. Young people requested him and were riveted by his charisma and his message of nonviolence.

By the spring of 2001, Hameen had exhausted all of his appeals at the federal level and an execution date of May 25 had been set. In early April 2001, Hameen’s wife, Shakeerah, whom I had gotten to know, called me to let me know that he would like me to speak at his hearing before the Pardons Board. I told her to tell him that I would be honored to speak.

Once again, I did not know what to expect. A week or two later, Hameen sent me a letter asking me “to articulate the
need for mercy, forgiveness, justice, and reconciliation. It is my wish that you open and lay the foundation of what a pardon entails, as opposed to retrying the case. I feel this is needed in order to present our case for a pardon to receptive souls as opposed to closed hearts.

What an awesome responsibility it was to try to find the right words—or even any words—that could help convince the members of the Pardons Board, who had never yet commuted a death sentence to life imprisonment, to grant mercy to Hameen. It would take a miracle.

When we arrived at the meeting of Delaware's Board of Pardons on Friday, May 18, 2001, it seemed like a miracle had already taken place. In an unprecedented move, the Board of Parole, which had met with Hameen a few days earlier, had recommended a commutation. The approach that Hameen and his lawyer had taken then, and would repeat today, was that Hameen had been rehabilitated and was more valuable to the State of Delaware alive, as a motivational speaker leading young people away from lives of crime, than dead.

As I was walked to the podium, Hameen gave me the look of friendship, encouragement, and prayer that I needed to speak truth to power:

Good morning, everyone. I wish to thank you, the members of the Pardons Board, for permitting me to speak with you this morning on behalf of Abdullah Hameen, whom I have known for five years.

I first met him in October 1996 when I was invited by the Respect for Life Committee of the St. Dismas Community at Delaware Correctional Center in Smyrna to talk about the death penalty. Mr. Hameen was one of the first members of the Committee to whom I was introduced. It was apparent to me in talking with him and in watching the way the men gravitated towards him, that there was something special about him. During the worship service that preceded my talk, Mr. Hameen gave a meditation that was so thoughtful, insightful, and wise, that it riveted our attention and resonated in our hearts. It was clear to me then, and has only been borne out by years of getting to know him better, that he had earned the respect and trust of those around him and that they loved him not just as a friend and counselor, but also as a source of strength and of hope in their lives. Through his calm spirit and warm heart, he has taught me much about the capacity of individuals to transform their lives through the power of faith. His change came through accepting responsibility for the murder of Mr. Troy Hodges and for the unfathomable sorrow and pain that it has inflicted upon the Hodges Family. His change came through soul searching, through embracing faith, through improving himself—not for favor—but in order to better serve others and to work for causes far larger than himself. It is clear to me that the Abdullah Hameen whom I know is a righteous man—a completely different person from the Cornelius Ferguson of the past.

Bryan Stevenson, an amazing Delawarean who founded and directs the Equal Justice Initiative in Montgomery, Alabama, lives by the axiom, "Each of us is more than the worst thing that we have ever done." To me, this speaks to the heart of restorative justice. It recognizes that human nature is not static, but on a continuum—that we can move from transgression to change. This point of view stands in stark contrast to retributive justice, which insists that "Each of us is no more than the worst thing we have ever done," and freezes us forever in our moment of iniquity. Restorative justice, by grounding itself in mercy, opens the door to transformation and reconciliation; it nurtures and values growth and change, not only in individuals, but also in society.

As members of the Pardons Board, you are entrusted by the State of Delaware with the awesome responsibility of dispensing mercy. You are the mercy seat, not the judicial bench of Delaware. You are not charged to retry an offender, but to act as the conscience of society. As this conscience, you are the gatekeepers of compassion. You have the power to grant mercy, and by so doing, to begin to break the cycle of violence and retaliation in our society by infusing it from the top down with compassion and reconciliation.

There are some who misunderstand the nature of mercy, denying and maligning it as "weak" or "soft." But I tell you that mercy is strong and bold. It is the most Godlike of human virtues. To dispense it is a unique act of courage. For you this morning, mercy is not a vague abstraction; it is the power over life or death. It is something that you alone have the authority to grant. You have the power to give mercy practical expression, you have the power to recommend clemency.

Granting mercy does not remove Mr. Hameen from accountability for his crime. It is not a magic eraser that undoes what was done or minimizes the great suffering of victims and their families. But mercy does recognize that Mr. Hameen today is vastly different from who he was at the time of the crime.

I believe that choosing to exercise your right to grant mercy will affect far more than the life of Mr. Hameen. It will help restore balance in our state and in our society. It will help break the cycle of violence and retribution rampant in our society and in our institutions by modeling a different way—the way of compassion and nonviolence—a way that values life and sees in its preciousness the power and potential for transformation, change, and growth—a way that sees the greatest power of the state not as the taking of life but the showing of mercy.

Many others spoke: the Director of the Delaware Center for Justice, an Episcopal clergy person, a retired nun, Hameen's wife, his mother, and his son, as well as

Continued on p. 53
While many Quakers are familiar with the pioneering work of Elizabeth Fry in Newgate Prison, London, relatively few are aware of the additional numbers of Quaker women who struggled to reform prison conditions throughout the 19th and 20th centuries. A recent study of women in the United States who were pioneer prison reformers, *Their Sisters' Keepers: Women's Prison Reform in America, 1830–1930*, by Estelle Freedman, listed 33 percent of all the women she studied as Quakers. In addition, I discovered three more Quaker women who should be included. This is a high percentage for our numerically small society, and it speaks of the dedication of Quakers to a testimony against cruel and unusual punishment.

There were, of course, Quaker men who pioneered in prison reform: in Philadelphia, Roberts Vaux; in New York, Thomas Eddy, John Griscom, and Isaac Hopper; and in Ohio, Elisha Bates. But their
stories have been told, individually and collectively, many times, while that of Quaker women prison reformers remains to be thoroughly explored.

The tradition of Quaker women's concern for prisoners goes back to the beginnings of the Quaker movement in England in the middle of the 17th century. Elizabeth Hooten, the first disciple of founder George Fox, was imprisoned in Lincoln Castle in 1655, and wrote a scathing letter to Oliver Cromwell:

Oh, thou that are set in Authority to do Justice and Judgment, and to let the oppressed go free, these things are required at thy hands, look upon the poor prisoners here that have not any allowance although there is a great sum of money that comes out of the country sufficient to help them that is in want, both their due allowance and from setting those to work, which would labor. And it is a place of great disorder and wickedness, so that for oppression and profanities I never came to such a place, because a malignant woman keeps the jail.

Despite such isolated protests as Hooten’s, Friends did not turn their attention seriously to humanitarian reform until the late 18th and early 19th century, when a reformation swept through Quakerism, renewing their spiritual roots and turning them to social concerns. Out of this reformation came the motivation for Elizabeth Fry, who first visited Newgate Prison in 1813 and was appalled by the conditions she found among the women prisoners. In 1816 she returned with a group of women determined to make a difference. They established themselves as the Ladies Association for the Improvement of Female Prisoners at Newgate and organized workshops, Bible classes, and a system of discipline based on rules that the inmates themselves agreed to. These changes produced a notable difference in prison conditions, and Fry became an advocate for prison reform through parliamentary action, addressing herself particularly to the conditions on prison ships.

Her pamphlet, Observations in Visiting, Superintendence, and Government of Female Prisoners, published in 1827, urged women to enter the field of prison reform.

A member of a wealthy and privileged family and married into another, Fry was no radical. She had no interest in the women’s rights movement that was burgeoning in the United States, and she pointedly avoided Lucretia Mott when the latter came to London for the 1840 World Anti-Slavery Convention, in part because she was a Ficksite, but also because Lucretia was insisting on the seating of women at that convention. Nevertheless, her belief that women prisoners should be under the control of matrons was eagerly adopted by the 19th-century women reformers, especially in the United States.

Inspired by Fry, a group of Quaker women in Philadelphia, under the leadership of Mary Waln Wistar (1765–1843), established themselves as the Society of Women Friends and began visiting women prisoners in the Arch Street prison in 1823, reading the Bible to them and supplying clothing. Their first ventures met with resistance. Roberts Vaux, a member of the Pennsylvania Prison Society and Mary Waln’s son-in-law, wrote a letter intended to discourage their efforts:

The unhappy females whom you visited yesterday form a circulating medium of poverty and vice, alternately to be found in the wards of the Alms House and within the walls of the Prison—They are known to almost every watchman in the City and their names are to be found on the docket of almost every magistrate. Their habits have become chronic and I fear in most instances past restoration. If many of them were "arrayed in purple and fine linen" by an unbounded charity, and set at liberty through the agency of a generous sympathy, such is the depravity of their minds, that in a few hours their garments would be surrendered as the price of some sensual appetite, the indulgence of which in a few more hours would insure their return to Prison—of consequence it follows, from a knowledge of these circumstances, that great caution be observed in administering assistance to habitual offenders, lest such be rendered more comfortable than those who submit by honest industry, and thus unintentionally, though in effect offer a bounty for crime, and present a reward for vice.

Vaux was in many ways a Quaker liberal. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, and secured a passport for Robert Purvis when he was denied one because of his color. But his belief in the sharp distinction between degraded and pure womanhood was typical throughout the 19th century, and women prison reformers, within and without the Society of Friends, had to combat it daily.

Fortunately, Mary Waln Wistar and her friends were undeterred by Vaux’s warning. Other male friends, including Mary’s husband, Thomas Wistar, encouraged them. The women continued their visiting and began to offer the women prisoners classes in reading and sewing. Later, they pressed the Prison Society for a home for juvenile female offenders. As a result, the House of Refuge was established in 1828. Their next successful campaign was for the women to be under the control of a matron. In 1835, when the Moyamensing Prison was opened in South Philadelphia, the women divided into two groups, one continuing to visit the women in Arch Street and the other making the long trip to Moyamensing. In 1853, under the leadership of a Quaker woman, Susan Lloyd (1801–1857), they established the Howard Institution for Discharged Women Pri-
Belief in the sharp distinction between degraded and pure womanhood was typical throughout the 19th century, and women prison reformers, within and without the Religious Society of Friends, had to combat it daily.

In early 1845, Abby Hopper Gibbons, raised in Philadelphia but living in New York, organized a Female Department of the Prison Association of New York, of which her father, Isaac T. Hopper, was then agent. As she and her colleagues visited women in prison under appalling conditions, they decided the most pressing need was to find housing and employment for the women prisoners as they were discharged. At first the reformers brought home as many released women as they could, and placed others with friends and relatives. But the need quickly overwhelmed these private facilities, and in June they rented a three-story house on Tenth Avenue and opened it as the Isaac T. Hopper Home for Discharged Female Convicts, the first halfway house in the world for mature women prisoners.

Besides running this home, the women working with Abby began a series of campaigns: for matrons in prisons and police stations, for women on the boards of all city and state agencies having to do with women, and eventually for a reformatory for women. As early as 1852, they found they had trouble with the male members of the Prison Association, who wished to control their work, and in 1855 they became independent as the Women's Prison Association, which continues to this day, still running the Isaac T. Hopper House and still advocating for women.

In 1846, the year after Abby Gibbons organized the Female Department of the Prison Association of New York, a third group of Quaker women prison visitors developed in Baltimore under the leadership of a 26-year-old woman named Elizabeth T. King (1820–1856). The Women Friends Association for Visiting the Penitentiary set about teaching women prisoners to read and write and organized a prison school and library. They later began a campaign for the separation of women prisoners, for the classification and separation of women prisoners, and for matrons.

In addition to these groups of determined Quaker women, there were many individuals involved in prison reform. An early example is Eliza Wood Farnham, who became matron of the Mt. Pleasant prison for women, a division of Sing Sing at Ossining, New York, in 1844, and introduced a series of reforms designed to make the prison experience more humane and to teach the women crafts and other skills. The New York Prison Association believed that prisoners ought not to be allowed to talk with one another, but rather to work in total silence. Eliza broke this rule and even introduced a piano. She was forced to resign in 1848 because of these perceived heresies.

Following the Civil War, Quaker women interested in prison reform turned their attention to the development of reformatories for women. In Indiana an evangelical Quaker woman, Rhoda Coffin (1826–1909), began visiting prisons, jails, and workhouses in 1865 with her husband, Charles, and helped to lobby for and establish the first reformatory for women, which opened its doors in 1873. As first director, Rhoda Coffin chose Sarah Smith, a Quaker woman who had been a Civil War nurse and teacher for the newly freed slaves and had headed up a home for homeless girls in Indianapolis. Sarah served as head of the new facility until 1882.

Closely allied with Rhoda Coffin and Sarah Smith was Elizabeth Comstock, a well-known traveling Quaker minister who visited most of the prisons in the United States and interviewed as many prisoners as possible, winning herself the title of the Elizabeth Fry of the United States. While Elizabeth’s primary purposes were evangelical, she often followed her prison visits with appeals to officials to release prisoners who she believed were innocent, and to state legislatures to improve prison conditions and to establish reformatories.

When the second reformatory for women opened in Sherborn, Massachusetts, in 1877, Eliza Mosher (1846–1928), a Quaker woman doctor, was invited to serve as physician to the 350 inmates. She organized the prison dispensary and hospital as well as serving as surgeon, obstetrician, and even dentist to the women. In 1880 she was asked to become superintendent of the new facility and remained in the position for three years, making many reforms in medical care. A severe injury to her knee caused her to retire from the reformatory after the three years were up, but she maintained a lifelong interest in conditions for women.

In Rhode Island, Elizabeth Buffum Chace (1806–1899) began her career in reform as an abolitionist and, after the Civil War, campaigned for prison matrons and for women to be appointed to the state prison boards. In 1870 she was named by the governor of Rhode Island to a Board of Lady Visitors. She shortly discovered that this board lacked influence and resigned in protest, but accepted reappointment when more power was given to the visitors. Carrying on the tradition into the early 20th century,
As she and her colleagues visited women in prison under appalling conditions, they decided the most pressing need was to find housing and employment for the women prisoners as they were discharged.

Martha Falconer (1862-1941) became a probation officer for the Cook County, Illinois Juvenile Court in 1899, where she worked with Jane Addams and Florence Kelley, the latter a Friend, the former, closely affiliated. After working for several years in Chicago for the Children's Home and Aid Society as a probation social worker, she moved to Philadelphia to take over the old House of Refuge established in 1828 by Mary Waln Wistar and her friends. She moved it to a new location near Lima, Pennsylvania, and developed it into Sleighton Farms, a model school for what were then called delinquent girls. It continued to function until 2000.

During the past 50 years, more and more Quaker women have volunteered as prison visitors, have established nursery schools for the children of prisoners, and have worked in the Alternatives to Violence Project, teaching nonviolent conflict resolution skills to prisoners. If one woman could be singled out for special mention it would be Fay Honey Knopp, former head of the New York office of AFSC and of the NARMIC (National Action/Resources on the Military-Industrial Complex) program in the AFSC national office, who worked with Robert Horton on organizing prison visiting throughout the Religious Society of Friends, and who became in time an expert at working with men who abused children. No one reading about the lives of these women can doubt that they were motivated not only by sympathy for their sisters behind bars, but by the deep need to put beliefs into action, which is the truest flower of Quaker belief.

When we started as volunteers with Prisoner Visitation and Support (PVS), we did not have a clear idea about what prison visitation would be like. We approached it from a somewhat philosophical thought about expanding our cultural boundaries and caring for those who are incarcerated, as advocated by Quaker testimony. We understood that PVS was not a religious organization, and that visits were to provide an outlet for communication without any particular religious focus. Nonetheless, our Quaker values of reaching out to those beyond the boundaries set by our society created the impetus for our visitation.

We soon came to realize, though, that our thinking of visiting as an "expansion of cultural boundaries" was quite shortsighted and perhaps even arrogant. Almost all of the people we visit are no different from people we meet anywhere. They care about each other, about us, and are quite insightful about life. Our visiting, though not overtly religious, turned into a spiritual confrontation for us as visitors. The prisoners confront us, probably unknowingly, to the extent to which our faith is related to the promises of the larger culture. We have faith in the cultural promises that tell us how to live our lives, how to be accepted, and how to get the ego enhancement for which we all strive. The prisoners, who share the same faith in these cultural principles, have been stripped of the means to fulfill them.

If our understanding of how to live life and about what is important in life is true for us, it has to be true for a prisoner with a life sentence as well. If our understanding of the Divine and our understanding of what is essential for leading a happy and meaningful life would not apply to a prisoner with a life sentence, then of what value is it?

The prison system as we know it today is punitive, without any pretense of rehabilitation or even compassion. As a result, prisoners find themselves in a situation where people are clearly divided into those who impose their will on others and those who are imposed upon, even in the smallest details of life. However, in many ways it is not different from what all of us face in a society that is similarly structured. As Mary Rose O'Reilley writes in The Barn at the End of the World, "It's one of the cruelest things on Earth, to take the beautiful inward struggle each one of us negotiates in our own time and make it subject to power, coercion, and fear. We suffer from that horribly, most of us, in our jobs, in corporate life, and too often, in our families and church. And in our own minds because these cruel power structures have become internalized."

These comments remind us that we are all "doing time," except that the powers we nonprisoners are struggling with are not as all-encompassing. We have options that the prisoners don't have so that we are able to continue to place our hope in the promises of the social forces we face. It

Comments on Prison Visitation

by Cassandra Fralix and Gerald Rudolph

Cassandra Fralix is an attendee and Gerald Rudolph is a member of Columbia (S.C.) Meeting. They have been visiting at the Federal Correctional Institution in Edgefield, SC, since June 1999.
**PRISONER VISITATION AND SUPPORT: A UNIQUE MINISTRY**

Prisoner Visitation and Support (PVS) is the only nationwide, interfaith visitation program with access to all federal and military prisons and prisoners in the United States authorized by the Federal Bureau of Prisons and the Department of Defense. Sponsored by 35 national religious bodies and socially concerned agencies including Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Muslim, and secular organizations, PVS seeks to meet the needs of prisoners through an alternative ministry that is separate from official prison structures.

PVS was founded in 1968 by Bob Horton, a retired Methodist minister, and Fay Honey Knopp, a Quaker activist, to visit imprisoned conscientious objectors. Prior to that, Bob Horton had been visiting prisoners since 1941 and Fay Honey Knopp since 1965.

In its first five years of service, PVS volunteers visited over 2,000 conscientious objectors. PVS was encouraged by these war resisters to visit other prisoners, and now PVS visits any federal or military prisoner wanting a visit.

Today, PVS has 270 volunteers who visit in more than 96 federal and military prisons across the country. They make monthly visits to see prisoners who rarely, if ever, receive outside visits. PVS visitors also focus on seeing prisoners with an acute need for human contact: those serving long sentences, those frequently transferred from prison to prison, and those in solitary confinement and on death row, including prisoners in ADX Florence, Colorado, and USP Marion, Illinois, the two most secure prisons in the United States. No other group has this access.

PVS is very selective in choosing local volunteer visitors; each is appointed only after a personal interview with one of the two PVS visitor recruiters. Visitor training is provided by ongoing contact with the PVS national office, a PVS training manual, a PVS video, and an annual workshop. PVS visitors must:

- Be able to visit regularly, at least once a month.
- Be good listeners, who reach out to prisoners in a spirit of mutual respect, trust, and acceptance.
- Be aware not to impose their religious or philosophical beliefs on prisoners.

For more information, write: Prisoner Visitation and Support, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102; e-mail: <PVS@afsc.org>; phone: (215) 241-7117; fax: (215) 241-7227.

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**Letters from prisoners at FCI Edgefield, S.C.**

When I first heard about PVS from another prisoner, I was skeptical. ... Once I entered the visiting room, however, I was greeted by warm-hearted individuals who quickly made me comfortable and at ease.

The visitors were such good listeners and were easy to talk to. They were great not only to me, but to the many other prisoners who came out that day. It was as if we had known each other all our lives.

... The group of visitors who come to visit at FCI Edgefield has definitely made a difference in my life. Before they came to visit me, I had lost all faith in trusting others or even letting others get close enough to know exactly who I am. Once I opened up to my PVS visitors, however, I started to see a change in myself that I thought I would never see.

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Alonzo Strange

Before I had the experience of an actual PVS visit, my viewpoint of the organization was lopsided. I’d heard that visitors were religious fanatics bent on converting you to their way of life! My experience proved this to be an unfounded myth.

... PVS visits are an escape for many prisoners who are not blessed to receive visits. To be able to walk our into the visiting room, to see genuine smiles, babies running around into their fathers’ arms, and tears of cultivated love is to experience an aspect of life that is being held hostage for the majority of us.

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Yedin Escobar

I want to thank PVS for coming into my life. Being in the federal system means that you’re not in a stable place and it’s hard to see your loved ones. No matter where you’re at, PVS is right there. PVS is one of the reasons I still have a sane mind.

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Reginald Gross

I have been visiting with PVS for over four months now and the visitors are really appreciated throughout the prison system. This service helps individuals like myself who are a distance from home and...
have not received visits from family or friends in quite some time. It’s a blessing to have established a program that helps prisoners...keep in contact with the outside world. It’s a blessing to have the opportunity to go into the visiting room and see the beautiful families who come to support their loved ones, to talk with people who have an attentive ear and who have taken their precious time and spent it with you... Thank you for your support, time, and for briefly taking me away from this world of confusion.

—Darryl Solomon Hope

When I was a very long distance from home, PVS visitors came every month and gave me support when my own family couldn’t. I just can’t express how much PVS means to me, with the visitors who take their own time to come and see us.

—Albert Lee Jones

After having been sentenced to life in prison and having been taken away from my family in Puerto Rico, I have found a new “family” in PVS visitors. [They] have made me feel that I’m still alive and that the roads have no end. For all their support and efforts to be here sharing with us every month, I say thanks.

—Miguel Vega-Corre

I’ve been with PVS for over 18 years and their support, by coming to visit me, has given me mass doses of relief from this mad hell of frustration (prison). I’ve been in prison for 24 years straight, most of my family has died off, and the people who come to visit me, through PVS, are the only people I see from the outside world. I cannot describe to you, in words, the pain I feel every day by being isolated from the outside world. No one cares about us in here, or how horribly we are being treated, but PVS visitors do bring a small smile to my face—they show concern for my meager existence.

—Linwood Johnson-Bey

The two-and-a-half page, single-spaced essay represented a stunning breakthrough for the 22-year-old fifth grade dropout. Tyrone’s (not his real name) previous sub-

missions during the nine weeks I’d been his tutor at the Prince George’s County (Maryland) Correctional Center had seldom been longer than half a page.

It was as though he had realized for the first time that, through his own written words, he could burst the barrier of materialize reserve and project his thoughts into the mind of another person.

Charged with armed robbery, Tyrone met with me one-on-one to improve his reading and writing while also attending basic education classes.

Advocates of the “tough on crime” policy might dismiss my efforts with Tyrone and other prisoners as “pampering,” “frills,” or “a waste of taxpayers’ money.” In the 1990s, this mindset resulted in drastic cutbacks for the education of inmates. In 1994, Congress passed legislation making felons ineligible for Pell grants, which provide federal assistance for postsecondary education.

A recent report, however, provides convincing evidence that inmate education significantly reduces recidivism, thereby actually saving money. In Maryland, the cost of incarceration per prisoner is almost $20,000 per year.

The “Three-State Recidivism Study” is based on data obtained by tracking the behavior of 3,200 inmates for three years after their release in late 1997 and early
The recentl...
A RAY OF HOPE
THROUGH READING

by Alison M. Lewis

"Dear Sir," reads the letter I open, written in pencil on lined notebook paper; then, redundantly, "To Who it concern Sir." My white, feminist, middle-class values cause me to bristle at this insistence that the reader is male, and the English teacher in me is already mentally correcting the spelling and grammar. But I read on: "I hope you can help me I am teaching myself to write and do math and spell and I need books on these subject if you can help me my Grades are about 5 to 6 Grad any thing you can find me that can help in these subject ..." The letter continues in one run-on sentence until its close, but my heart goes out to this prisoner in Texas, who is, against all odds, working to educate himself. It's a Tuesday night "book packing cafe" for Books Through Bars, a volunteer organization based in Philadelphia that sends donated books free of charge to prisoners around the country. I'm on a mission to find the right books for the right readers.

Luckily, we have some elementary-level writing and math books in stock, so I am able to fill the first part of my Texas prisoner's request with no problem. The second part comes later in the letter: ". . . and if you have a study Bible are a dictionary you can send me . . . " We usually have several Bibles on hand, but study Bibles are few and far between. Since dictionaries are so frequently requested, Books Through Bars has made the decision to spend some of our meager funds to make sure that good-quality paperback dictionaries, Spanish/English dictionaries, and law dictionaries are generally available to help fill the orders. With two well-used textbooks donated by a local private school, a ten-year-old book of exegesis on the Book of Acts, and a brand-new paperback dictionary in hand, I begin assembling the package. Then I remember that I should have checked the "Restrictions List," a compilation of all the arcane rules for sending books to various penal institutions. When I do this, I find out that his institution will allow him to receive both hardback books and used books, so I can go ahead and send the ones I've collected. I fill out the form letter, indicating the date and number of books I'm sending, and write a short note on the bottom: "Good luck with your studies! I hope these books help—I admire your desire to learn."

This Texas prisoner is just one of the many incarcerated men and women across the nation who are striving to learn and better themselves, but who have few if any resources to help them. Lack of education is often a contributing factor to being behind bars in the first place. According to statistics from the Sentencing Project, almost 65 percent of prisoners in the U.S. lack a high school diploma. Ironically, instead of providing educational programs that would allow released prisoners to have a better chance in the outside world, many prisons are cutting back or eliminating them. Tonya McClary, Director of the NAACP Criminal Justice Project, laments this trend, saying that here in the U.S., "we've abandoned the notion of rehabilitation in prison, cutting back on counseling, drug treatment, and education programs."

In spite of this lack of support from the institutions supposedly rehabilitating them, I've seen many prisoners who have taken the opportunity of their incarceration to educate and improve themselves by any means available. A group of prisoners in a state prison facility in Michigan formed a study group to help improve...
Lack of education is often a contributing factor to being behind bars in the first place. Almost 65 percent of prisoners in the U.S. lack a high school diploma.

reading, writing, and other basic skills. It was extremely gratifying to hear one report back, "Just last week three of us were able to gain our GEDs because of the reading programs created from your assistance." I’ve also had the opportunity to send advanced college textbooks to a prisoner serving a long-term sentence in Florida. This man, like many in his position, had decided to make the best of his situation and was pursuing his interests in math and biology. His request took months to fill, as it required navigating a lengthy bureaucratic process of securing approval forms for the titles I wanted to send.

As part of my work with Books Through Bars, I am in contact with prison libraries that are under- or non-funded. "Our library program has a budget, but the vast majority of funds go to buy federally mandated law materials for inmate availability," writes a librarian from Kentucky. Meanwhile, a librarian in Florida reports that the new budget in her state leaves her "without any state funding for general library materials." I can only imagine how depressing it must be for an inmate to enter a library filled only with ancient, yellowed, tattered books with torn covers and pages missing. I send a box of books to each institution, trying to fill requests for general categories of books such as self-help, reading and writing, popular fiction, classics, African American studies, and books in Spanish.

As the prison industry continues to grow at a mind-boggling pace, the need for quality reading materials grows as well. The Sentencing Project reports that the U.S. has the second-highest incarceration rate, after Russia, among 59 nations in Asia, Europe, and North America. More than half of these inmates are serving terms for nonviolent offenses, such as drug charges. Although there are myriad complicated reasons why any one person ends up in prison, many of these nonviolent crimes could be characterized as economic crimes, and are often tied to poverty, racism, lack of education, and limited opportunities for legitimate work. The prison population has also radically increased due to tough new sentencing procedures such as mandatory-minimum legislation and "three-strikes-you’re-out" laws. These laws came into place because politicians who wanted to be seen as "tough on crime" have played into the public’s fear of crime, which in turn has been heightened by the media’s sensationalized coverage of high-profile violent crime. Both mandatory minimums and "three strikes" laws take away the judge’s ability to render a true judgment, show mercy, or mete out a punishment consistent with the crime. While intended to punish repeat offenders, such as major drug kingpins, in reality these laws victimize people whose major "crimes" may be poor judgment or drug addiction. In California, where these laws are the harshest, people are given mandatory sentences of 25 years to life for crimes such as shoplifting (if it is their third criminal offense), and the judge has no leeway to either reduce the sentence or order drug rehabilitation in lieu of incarceration.

Books Through Bars began in 1989 as a project of New Society Publishers in Philadelphia, when editor Todd Peterson responded to book requests from indigent prisoners. In addition to sending books into prison, Books Through Bars strives to educate people on the outside about prison issues and conditions on the inside. For those of us in more privileged positions, it’s easy to forget that people in prison exist, or to simply write them off as "bad" people who deserve their punishments. Books Through Bars has sponsored public speakers and workshops on prison issues, participated in conferences, and most importantly, tried to get the voices of the prisoners themselves heard. One of the most effective methods Books Through Bars has developed for letting the prisoners speak has been the Contexts art program. Prisoners’ artwork and written statements appearing in Contexts art shows at bookstores, universities, community centers, and even a law school have given the public a chance to see and hear what prisoners have to say. Insider’s Art, a book of artwork and writings from the Contexts project, has gained an even wider audience for these incarcerated men and women.

Books Through Bars currently receives over 700 letters per month from prisoners—more than we can possibly fill. Similar books-to-prisoners programs in other parts of the country are also working to fill large numbers of requests. Our work sometimes feels like a drop of water in a bucket compared to the vast, overwhelming ocean of need. Why do I keep going? I continue to do this work because, as a Friend, I believe that everyone is worthy of having hope in life. The example of Elizabeth Fry and her work at Newgate Prison shows me that changes can be made and hope can be found, even in the most difficult circumstances. "I was in prison and you came to me," whether by visiting, writing a letter, or sending a package of books, is a powerful way of serving God and bringing light to a dark, forgotten corner of our world. I continue because of people like Frank C., another inmate from Texas, who wrote: "I hope that it helps you to know that by my receiving these books I may gain knowledge that will better prepare me to meet the challenges that lie ahead upon my release. . . . Thank you for helping make my time a little more meaningful."

The author, selecting books for shipment.

October 2002 FRIENDS JOURNAL
THE CLEMENCY PROJECT

by Jane Cadwallader Keller

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? (Micah 6:8)

As the millennium changed, about eight million people were incarcerated worldwide, a quarter of them in the United States. The population of U.S. prisons and jails now exceeds two million individuals. Seven million people, that is, one in every 32 adults in the U.S., were on probation, in jail or prison, or on parole at year end 2001. The incarceration rate has more than tripled since 1980. The cost of this is staggering. Prison operations in the U.S. cost about $40 billion each year. In the last five years, more money has been spent by the states on prisons than on university construction.

This punitive attitude is particularly notable in Pennsylvania, where $1 billion a year is being spent by the Department of Corrections. The inmate population in this state now stands at more than 37,000 (up from 5,500 in 1969). The number of prisoners serving life sentences is more than 10 percent of that total. The original home of Quakers in the U.S. has a sorry record for mercy and justice. Since January 1995, when former Governor Tom Ridge took office, Pennsylvania has not commuted the sentence of a single prisoner serving a minimum, maximum, or life sentence, nor even the terminally ill. In contrast, the sentences of over 270 lifers were commuted for return to society during the administrations of the three previous governors, between 1971 and 1994. The tenuous light of hope for those serving life in prison has summarily been extinguished. In Pennsylvania, as in South Dakota and Louisiana, a life sentence literally means spending the rest of one's life in prison. "In the absence of clemency," states Dr. Daniel Menitti, a psychologist who served 20 years on the Board of Pardons, "a life sentence becomes a death sentence."

To really understand this need for clemency, one must consider the individuals, the real people, involved. One of the most common categories of lifers whose sentences should be examined are the elderly prisoners who often committed their crimes in their youth. Prison administrations are now required to construct and staff geriatric units to care for these inmates, a burden both heavy and unnecessary. Equally important, some lifers, sentenced during their youth, grow up and mature during their incarceration and are well qualified to lead law-abiding, constructive lives in the community.

In response to this crisis, Friends in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting have established the Clemency Project. The Model Committee of this project, a group of experts in the criminal justice field, is developing a model for inmate application to the Board of Pardons. The model aims to implement practices derived from the Mennonite concept of restorative justice. Implementation of this model requires answering three questions following a criminal episode: How can the harm experienced by the victim, the offender, and the community be addressed? How can public safety best be assured? In the event that the sententce is commuted, how will the community benefit? The goal is to provide an opportunity for healing for the victim, the offender, and the community, thus to replace retributive justice with restorative practices.

In response to these difficult-to-achieve objectives, the model requires the establishment of a Clemency Support Team responsible for processing the case through seven different phases. Emphasized are the needs of the victim to experience healing, accountability and atonement by the offender for the harm caused by the crime, and the offender's pre-release preparation for re-entry into the community. The team consists of a victim specialist, an offender specialist, and a team monitor, responsible for the management of the case and coordination with public officials.

If the model is properly implemented and results in a commuted sentence, the candidate, the victim's family, and the commonwealth all benefit. If the sentence is not commuted, the Board will have to justify the losses suffered by the victim, the community, and the offender as a result of its action. The appropriate case will provide an opportunity to illuminate the benefits of clemency and restorative practices in criminal proceedings.

The Clemency Project represents the need for a well-researched, Spirit-led, carefully thought-out process for healing the trauma of a criminal act. It is designed to help the victim, the offender, and the community accept and prepare for the possibility of clemency; to present the person's status and case to the Pardons Board and others; to help the offender, the victim, and the community heal from the trauma; and to ensure the well-being and safety of the public. It will provide hope to lifers who have grown in the Spirit and in their ability to contribute. It will offer the possibility of mercy. And if the project is able to meet its goals, it could establish a precedent for clemency proceedings nationwide.

Those who are moving forward with the Clemency Project need the support of faith communities as well as the public at large. If we are to change the attitudes of punishment and revenge, acknowledge the value of the individual (both victim and offender), and restore mercy and justice, we need to gather support for this project, for the restoration of clemency, and for the application of restorative practices.

Jane Cadwallader Keller is a member of Pennsdale (Pa.) Meeting and clerk of the Clemency Project Working Group of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. She works as an administrator and teacher at Lycoming College in Williamsport, Pa. For further information about the Clemency Project, contact Arthur W. Clark, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, (215) 241-7232, or Jane Keller, Box 167, Lycoming College, Williamsport, PA 17701, (570) 321-4392.
RESTORATIVE JUSTICE AND QUAKERS

by Katherine van Wormer

Having been at the forefront of prison reform since the earliest days of this nation, Quakers have a long-standing interest in criminal justice and social justice. In 1971, American Friends Service Committee published Struggle for Justice, which urged a reconceptualization of the uses of imprisonment. Recently, AFSC published In a Time of Broken Bones by Kay Whitlock, a call to dialogue on hate and violence. This book makes the case for healing justice instead of vengeance. It highlights a new form of justice, restorative justice, that has its roots in Native American and Native Canadian traditions for settling disputes. Restorative justice was revitalized in the 1970s by Canadian Mennonites. In contrast to Anglo-American criminal justice, restorative justice aims to meet the needs of victims, offenders, and the community, and to promote healing for all three. It is known as restorative justice because it aims to restore the balance when a crime has been committed; it seeks to remedy the harm done to the victim and the community, and to make offenders accountable to both.

I first learned about restorative justice from social workers and First Nations Peoples at a social work conference in Canada. There I learned about sentencing circles, victim-offender mediation, and family group conferencing to help kids stay out of trouble. One example presented to me was of a youth who had burglarized the home of his neighbors and was held accountable by the neighbors.

Seated in a circle and surrounded by family members, the boy was brought face to face with the personal suffering generated by the crime. The impact of such a community encounter, I was told, can be powerful, eliciting sincere apologies and understanding all around, and reconciling neighbors, who may lose their fear of each other. In contrast to court adjudication, the conferencing encourages truth-telling and creative ways of making amends.

The fundamental values of the restorative justice model have much in common with the basic teachings of Quakerism: a belief in the worth of every human being; a reliance on consensus for decision making; a recognition of the power of forgiveness; an aversion to seeking revenge; and a desire for reconciliation among people with differences. In the circle process that is commonly used, it is assumed that everyone present has something to contribute to the resolution of the problem. A lot like a clearness committee, isn’t it?

Dissatisfaction with the Present System

Howard Zehr, a Mennonite theologian who has written extensively on the need to change lenses, spells out many of the flaws in the present system. The strong reliance on imprisonment as the standard sanction, the failure to attend to the needs of the victim, and the demand for vengeance are among the problems of contemporary justice. To these I would add the impersonal nature of plea bargaining, the reward to the accused person in concealing the truth, and the heavy expense of hiring a good attorney. The typical trial is a battleground between hostile parties, and following the trial much hostility and hatred remains.

Recent Advances

The corrections literature, including research from the U.S. Department of Corrections and the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, provides evidence that a revolution of sorts is brewing, that key researchers and thinkers are looking toward initiatives such as victim-offender conferencing as a helpful alternative to standard practices. Today there are 650 victim-offender conferencing programs in the United States and many more operating internationally. Vermont and Minnesota are two states that have institutionalized the restorative process, especially for work with juveniles.

A great deal of federal grant money is going into research evaluation to determine the effectiveness of victim-offender programming. So far, the results have been very promising.

The late Ruth Morris, a former activist member of the Canadian Quaker Committee on Jails and Justice, provides testimonial after testimonial of the moving nature of victim-offender encounters. Her book, Stories of Transformative Justice, shows the power of forgiveness even in the most trying of circumstances.

Katherine van Wormer, a member of Kent (Ohio) Meeting, teaches social work at the University of Northern Iowa. She is the author of Counseling Female Offenders and Victims: A Strengths-Restorative Approach.

www.restorativejustice.org has a wealth of information and resources.

Continued on page 56

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Execution

Dreams of a tall mountain and woods
dock the gray prison in green and blue
like banners celebrating a release.
But no-one moves; no cheers, popped corks;
even lies cease to fly cell-to-cell;
If a prisoner is to be executed,
a silent world thinks of itself
just at the instant the switch is pulled
or the needle inserted.
Not more.
Shivering fear cloaks its soul
in mint, verdigris, and gasoline,
then strikes a match: nothing follows
the flash.

Light shines again in a vacant room,
like hard white stone;
the prisoner left his name
neatly printed in our address book.

Abbott Small

Abbott Small lives in Hartford, Conn.
and harsher. Movement was much more controlled and restricted; invisibility no longer worked.

P. is from Trinidad. He had his own boat and was a diver and an underwater welder. Once in a while after class, he draws the tropical ocean on the blackboard, with a small island, a smaller boat, and a tiny diver under the sea. P. is remarkable in that, despite the light brown, ill-cut regulation clothing, an ever-present sign of the status of inmate, he avoids both the obvious and subtle distortions of relationship that generally happen between prisoners and staff members. He never asks for small favors, like a pen or extra paper. He’s neither subservient nor swaggering. In his prison job, assisting in the Education Department, he’s especially good at counseling students whose cynicism, fear, or hopelessness get in the way of learning.

H. is 45 years old, a very dark-skinned bullet of a man who has been in prison for a while. He increased his family’s income (he has a wife and six kids) by selling drugs. When he began in my class, he wouldn’t look at me, and I noticed his speech was a little indistinct. He had a third-grade reading level and handled questions about text by picking out some exact words that addressed it. Over a year and a half, he learned to read proficiently and write, and fell in love with words. His wife has liver cancer. His parole date, the date he can leave, has passed and still he’s incarcerated and his wife is dying. Writing messages, seeing the ombudsman, writing to his family—nothing works. Weeks pass. When he stops getting visits and letters from his family, he kind of knows. To get information he phoned an acquaintance, saying, “Hey, I’m coming over to see you.” The man replied, thinking M. had been released, “I’m sorry about your wife.” That’s how he came to know of her death.

M. showed me photographs of his grandchildren before he finally left. He recommended a palm reader, too, who was his cousin and, he said, the niece of the gypsy king.

The delay in M.’s release was because a clerk had mistyped the street number of his address, and that mistyped number designated a vacant lot which parole would not approve as an address. It’s not infrequent that clerical errors have major impacts on prisoners’ lives.

Prison staff, teachers as well as officers, are encouraged to presume that men are lying. We are cautioned to avoid being manipulated. All of us have enormous power over men whose freedom has been taken away and whose identities are systematically discredited. Only once in over six years did I hear that one must be wary of the misuse of this power.

V. is a boy in his early 20s, with dark eyes and a gentle manner, facing 15 years in prison. We did a lesson on constellations.
It is something a man can teach his son or daughter. Knowing the distances to stars, you know that your eyes are taking you far, far away from the confines of the walls. V. spends time poring over that page in the large atlas in our room.

R. was locked up at 17 and is now 23, and he'll be 39, he tells me, when he is released. He was a disruptive kid, always in "lock-up," he tells me, but he comes to class every day, sometimes twice, and works. He's bright, in my opinion, but utterly uneducated. The other day he was loud and a little raucous, and wouldn't stop, so I sat between him and another student with some paperwork that had to be done.

"I'm going to get myself locked up," he told me.

"Don't," I said.

"Why not?" "It's not good for you," I replied.

"How do you know that?" he said. "You've never been locked up. You go home every day."

I didn't know, really, and admitted it. Then he told me that being locked up in solitary (which is 23 out of every 24 hours and no TV) was hard, but that you could get somewhere with it. "You find yourself by yourself," he said.

Here are some of R.'s written words:

I have an important dream about helping kids so that they don't mess their life up like I did at the age of 17 years old. My dream is to go home and keep the little kids off the street all the time.... The street will catch you up in the game—thinking it's all good to walk around with a gun or walk around selling drugs and robbing people. Just to get a name. I thought it was cool to rob people, hurt people. ... Now I have 25 years with 85 percent [mandatory service before release] for not having the understanding to what I was doing. And now I hope and pray that the younger youth don't get caught up.

I have not been the victim of my students' crimes. Some men, like R., openly speak or write of them. Others don't. Of those who claim innocence or describe being railroaded, some speak truthfully, and some, I'm sure, do not. With any given person, I never know for sure what happened.

I could go on and on, multiplying the number of these small portraits. Every day in our classroom, against the backdrop of the prison, the men's humanity shines out.
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WAR ON WHOM Continued from p. 9
wide felt that greater use should be made of alternative sentencing. If we must have district attorneys at all, we can elect district attorneys that seek these alternative sentences, such as community service, counseling, drug rehabilitation, educational programs, and job training and placement.

We can work for the abolition of the archaic and brutalizing death penalty, and join the global community of nations that have condemned this blatant violation of the basic human right to life. An immediate moratorium would allow our society to reflect on the death penalty’s glaring racial and economic bias, its absolute failure as a deterrent (death-penalty states’ homicide rates are double those of abolitionist states), its absurd cost, and its 68 percent conviction error rate. Not to mention its vengeful nature that flies in the face of the ethics of almost all world religious bodies.

We can work for community self-rule, rather than heavily armed police forces that often come from outside the neighborhoods they police. The intervention of community leaders, gang members negotiating truces, neighborhood Alternatives to Violence Projects, self-defense classes, and neighborhood patrols to accompany people who fear crime at night—these are all effective ways to make streets safer, building cooperation rather than coercion and control.

We can demand a moratorium on the building of new prisons until our society can come up with alternatives to incarceration and abolish prisons altogether. We can also resist the growing privatization of “prisons for profit,” which economize by sacrificing health care, living conditions, employee training, and security.

In terms of measures that improve conditions for prisoners and ex-convicts, there are several: Books Through Bars, the Alternatives to Violence Project, and the NAACP’s fight to give back to felons the right to vote after they have served their time, are a few.

We need to rethink our failed and costly War on Drugs, to emphasize drug treatment, education, needle exchange, and rehabilitation. Countries that have depenalized the use of drugs by addicts, such as the Netherlands and Australia, have seen a dramatic decrease in drug-related crime. We can take the money
these measures save us on incarceration and executions and use it to increase poor communities' access to quality legal defense, as well as to housing, education, health care, drug counseling and rehab, domestic abuse intervention, and jobs.

Making peace in our communities, rather than incarcerating a generation: it's a simple message, but it requires hundreds of creative approaches, all working together. Whatever our solutions, prevention of crime costs pennies compared to the billions we are spending on punishment. While white-collar criminals, abusive police officers, and world leaders who

Most states have drastically cut funding for education, drug rehab, and job training in prisons and have abolished early release for good behavior: all programs that could have helped prisoners readjust to the outside world.

commit war crimes walk the streets with impunity; while streets are increasingly surveilled even though statistically one is most at risk of violent crime in one's own home; while the very state that decries violence against the public order spends trillions of dollars on a military budget to destroy the public good; the myth of American justice becomes transparently absurd.

When human beings are reduced to numbers that can be commodified, dismissed, and disposed of, Friends have a special calling to recognize the Light within each soul and to live by Jesus' reminder: "I was in prison, and you came unto me."

Attempting to hunt down and destroy all of the nation's "criminals" is like using a sledgehammer to nail Jell-O to the wall. As conscientious objectors to war, Quakers are not exempt from our obligation to abstain from the drug war, the crime war, and the terrorist war. We must be soldiers of peace: community leaders, activists, volunteers, teachers, people of faith, advocates, families, friends, and more. We must change this culture of death and destruction to a culture of freedom, reconciliation, and life.
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with Marcia Prager

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DOING TIME INVISIBLY

Continued from p. 10

completely ignored. So many times I want to say to myself, “Don’t waste your breath speaking to anybody but those you know.” It is a major accomplishment to keep oneself from being hardened and callous in everyday prison life.

Invisibility has left a person like myself realizing that in prison we must constantly work on looking within ourselves for that sense of self and the importance that we possess. For many, the psychological effect of invisibility takes its toll, and someone preparing for release must be counseled in this area, otherwise the overwhelming sense of being invisible when released can cause a false sense of friendship and understanding with people. For many, having had no responsibility behind the wall, it is difficult to suddenly be faced with decision-making tasks. Asking others who seem friendly for help can be a trap. When first released, most prisoners are starved for social interaction. Prison makes most people have a feeling of insecurity, and the walk back to a sense of self is a long, slow walk towards visibility. We must come to understand and embrace our sense of Spiritual being-ness, not just our human experiences. This is an attitude we must embrace if we are to understand what is really important.

Amazingly, there are some who have taken the time for deep introspection while incarcerated and have found a deeper meaning to life. Society may learn from prisoners if they are willing to get past the stereotypical view that prisoners are nobodies. This is no easy challenge. It takes courage and the belief that we are all very special and of equal value, no matter what our culture, gender, or ethnicity.
DEAR HAL  Continued from p.12

tent age and appearance enjoy each other’s company in the comfort of their own living rooms—what choices had been made that brought this couple to this point? We left the facility absorbed in our own thoughts.

That first visit was over two years ago. We continue to write to each other, mostly two to three times a month. For Hal, I think that it is, among other things, a reminder that there are people “out there” who know he is there, and who care. For me, it is an opportunity to consider the unremarkable nature of my life as I relate it to him in letters, and also to reflect on the remarkable fullness, richness, beauty, freedom, and choices I mostly take for granted.

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who know he is there, and who care. For me, it is an opportunity to consider the unremarkable nature of my life as I relate it to him in letters, and also to reflect on the remarkable fullness, richness, beauty, freedom, and choices I mostly take for granted. I have visited Hal several times since, though the distance involved in travel and the increasingly limited visiting hours make visits infrequent and difficult to arrange.

In the past two years, the state of Iowa has been experiencing financial shortfalls serious enough that even the prison system is affected. But even in 2001, Iowa had continued to build prisons and expanded its prison population by over 10 percent—many of the prisoners being sentenced to long terms under the “three-strikes-you’re-out” guidelines. Hal sug-
DEAR HAL

Continued from p. 47

Gested in one letter that when the Iowa quarter is minted, prisons should be featured on one side and gambling on the other, representing Iowa’s two biggest growth industries. The substance-abuse treatment programs and educational programs that were previously inadequate are currently being downsized or eliminated; cells built for two people now house three; visiting hours are being trimmed back; meal portions are being reduced; garden and outdoor yard work is being dropped; legal services are mostly unavailable; the phone system discourages inmates from making outside calls; and work hours (and the pay of $.38/hour) have been significantly reduced or eliminated for many inmates who had jobs.

C.S. Lewis said that “Praying doesn’t change God—it changes me.” Likewise, I have not changed the system, but it has changed me. My contacts with Hal have inspired me to collect used books on an ongoing basis and ship them to the prison library, permissible in the state of Iowa if the donation comes from a religious institution such as Decorah Friends Meeting. A year ago, when inmates were still allowed to work in the gardens, I shipped flower and vegetable seeds to the prison system to make up for early budget cuts. A state official who received the shipment commented in a letter that she “guessed that they need beauty as much as we do.” If someday I live within a practical commuting distance of a prison, I may be able to participate in Alternatives to Violence Project trainings, do some regular visiting, or spend time working toward real change in the system, something that could make a difference in a bigger way. In the overall scheme of things, what I am doing is pretty insignificant. But following a Gandhian way of thinking, I do it anyway.

Hal concluded one of his letters about a year ago, “Prayers welcome. Thanks for listening, for all your recent special cards, and for letting others know that there are people outside who care for me and others in prison.” That kind of comment, coming from someone inside the prison system, is part of the 5 percent that I am able to understand.

TRANSFORMATION OF VIOLENCE

Continued from p. 23

It requires that we be ourselves rather than an uncontrolled person under the influence of emotions, environment, alcohol, or drugs. It necessitates weighing the cost of our actions and being concerned for their consequences.

Today you read and hear about people who say that they would not feel it necessary to carry a weapon if it were not for the fact that the environment is full of armed people looking for a chance to kill or rob a defenseless person. “You have to fight fire with fire,” you may hear them say. How mistaken they are! Everybody knows that you don’t fight fire with fire; you fight fire with water! The water of nonviolence that quenches the fire of violence, defuses bombs, cools hot tempers, reduces tensions, and takes away all fear and hostility with an attitude of caring and good will.

There are causes for which one is willing to suffer and even die. This was the case with Gandhi’s struggle for the independence of India, with King’s demonstrations for civil rights in the South, and most recently with Mandela’s fight for freedom in South Africa. But it is hardly considered right or appropriate to offer up your life trying to protect the contents of your pocketbook.

Every person needs to search deeply for the right tactics and follow the most inspired and intelligent leadership available. Before Gandhi started what perhaps was the most important and effective demonstration of his life—his famous march to the sea, which touched off the national protest against the salt laws of India—he spent two months in seclusion, searching inwardly for the most transforming tactic to fight this kind of repression. He found it! All people need to take the time for this kind of deep searching.

Participants in Dr. King’s march on the capitol of Alabama were not regarded as weaklings or cowards because they suffered the attacks of mobs and police dogs without fighting back. They did not allow themselves to be discouraged or pushed back from their goal of marching to the city of Montgomery. Their courage and determination drew potters from all over the country, and finally forced the authorities to summon the National Guard to protect them. This became the turning point of the civil rights movement in the South.
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TRANSFORMATION OF VIOLENCE

Continued from p. 48

The society we live in is responsible for the existence of crime and criminals because, to a point, criminal activity is a product of social disorganization. Our society is one of the most violent in the world. This tragic level of violence among our people is in part a response to the violence embedded in our institutions and in our values. Some people, more than others, are entraped by this violence and find that it fills their lives with trouble. But there is no one among us that does not share the capacity for violence, and there is no one who is not hurt by it, one way or another.

You would be surprised how far a caring attitude and concern for the welfare of others can go toward preventing violence—both violence within one's own life and the violence everyone comes face to face with every day.

I do not believe that people should live this way, nor do I believe that they must accept a society that is partially responsible for crime. Even if it is, I don't think that this lessens the individual's responsibility for one's own actions. But I do know that the transforming power that Gandhi and Dr. King used so effectively still has as much power for us in today's world. This power is well able to transform hostility and destructiveness into cooperation and community, while still doing true justice among us. I believe it is possible to tune in to this power, and that if we do, it will enable us and our opponents to realize our birthright of peace and dignity. I believe that there are certain individual and group dynamics that make it possible to effectively direct this power, and that these dynamics can be learned and used by all people everywhere to build more constructive lives and healthier societies.

In my own life I have discovered that one of the ways to use and direct this power is through the Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP). At first AVP's focus was on prisons and helping to reduce the level of violence in the prison environment, both to help prisoners survive prison and, at the same time, to deal with violence when they are confronted with it directly, in prison or back in society. The AVP guidelines that I have learned are:

- Seek to resolve conflicts by reaching common ground.
- Reach for that something in others that seeks to do good for the self and for others.
- Listen. Everybody has made a journey. Try to understand where it is the other person is coming from before you make up your mind.
- Base your position on truth. Since people tend to seek truth, no position based on falsehood can long prevail.
- Be ready to revise your position if you discover it is not fair to all.
- When you are clear about your position, expect to experience great inward power to act on it. A response that relies on this power will be courageous and without hostility.
- Do not expect that this response will automatically ward off danger. If you cannot avoid risk, risk being creative rather than violent.
- Surprise and humor can help transform violence into nonviolence.
- Learn to trust your inner sense of when to act and when to withdraw.
- Work towards new ways of overcoming injustice. Be willing to suffer suspicion, hostility, rejection, and even persecution if necessary.
- Be patient and persistent in the continuing search for injustice.
- Help build a community based on honesty, respect, and caring.
- Build your own self-respect.
- Respect and care about others.
- Expect the best.
- Ask yourself for a nonviolent way. There may already be one inside you.
- Pause and give yourself time before acting or reacting. It may make you open to nonviolent transformation.
- Trust your inner sense of what's needed.
- Don't rely on weapons, drugs, or alcohol.
- They weaken you.
- When you have done wrong, admit it, make amends, and then let it go.
- Don't threaten or put down.
- Make friends who will support you. Support the best in them.
- Risk changing yourself.

Transforming power feels like, "Aha!!!" because with it you can sense a spirit of
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Michael Pertschuk, MD: Eating Disorders
William Uffner, MD: Geriatric Psychiatry

Congratulations to all our docs!

Continued from p. 50

caring. There is a real letting go of something (feelings, patterns, grudges, etc.). You will feel a sharing of something. You will feel right about it. You will lose your fear if you had any to lose in the first place.

Conflict in social action comes in many forms: brute force, implacable institutions, internal divisions among one's friends, just to name a few. If there's an opening in the situation, a way through toward resolution, we're going to have to be very quiet so as not to be at the reactive mercy of each opposing thought. We have to listen very carefully for this uniqueness of each individual, including ourselves and all the various levels of our being. We also must listen for the way that fear and polarization from outside reflect what is within us all, and for ways in which we can do what we do with each other, but without putting the other person, friend or foe, out of our hearts.

It takes the split-second timing of the quiet mind, like Gandhi's or King's, working in harmony with an open heart, to know just when and how to say, "Hey!" to a potentially dangerous opponent. So we work to be clear enough to seize the time. If you're a union leader in a tough collective bargaining session, for example, you'll want to catch that moment when it is best to yield a little, or when to shake your head saying, "No deal!" If you're working in a nonviolent peace movement, timing will be crucial in deciding when to call for national legislative opinion, when to confront the central government, when to march to the next Montgomery, and when to walk to the sea once more. With the future of the human race at stake, we need to strengthen that precious awareness that allows us to take in all the elements of our world's situation.
persons whose lives had been changed for
the better by Hameen. A stranger added
his voice to those who had urged clemency because of all of the good that
Hameen had done in prison and would
continue to do in the future if he were
allowed to live. He identified himself as
the nephew of the man that an enraged
17-year-old Cornelius Ferguson had killed
in a barroom brawl in Chester, Pa.

Earlier in the hearing, Hameen had
spoken about his life as Cornelius Ferguson
and his crimes. He had described with

What an awesome responsibility it was to try to find the
right words—or even any
words—that could help convince
the members of the Pardons
Board, who had never yet com-
mited a death sentence to life
imprisonment, to grant mercy
to Hameen. It would take a
miracle.

sorrow and remorse the uncontrollable
rage that consumed him as a teenager in
that bar, as a teenager in an adult prison,
as a young man on alcohol and drugs. At
27, Ferguson, still angry, was involved in
the drug trade. He went to meet Troy
Hodges in the parking lot of a mall in
Delaware to collect some drug money. It
was an encounter of two bright young
men of African heritage entangled in a
drug deal that went sour. Troy was a
freshman in college whose future seemed
full of promise. Cornelius had known a
hard and violent life. He became frus-
trated and furious when Troy did not pay
him. When Troy reached for his pager,
Cornelius thought that he was reaching
for a gun, and fatally shot him. A few days
after the murder, he turned himself in.

No one from the Hodges family was
present at the Pardons Board hearing,
which weakened the impact of the argu-
ments made by the lawyers from the
MERCY DENIED  Continued from p. 53

Attorney General’s Office. One of their Victims’ Services staff members explained that she had tried unsuccessfully to reach the family, and had left eleven messages on their answering machine. Basically, the lawyers for the state maintained that Hameen had not been rehabilitated because several years earlier, he had written articles in his newsletter that criticized the death penalty as racist and complained that some prison guards were inhumane. It was clear from some of the questions posed by two of the five members of the Pardons Board that they did not consider the state’s case against commutation convincing. After four-and-a-half hours of testimony, the members of the Pardons Board went out to deliberate. Around 4 P.M. they returned to say that they were too tired to go on, but would continue deliberating over the weekend.

After reading the article about the meeting of the Pardons Board in the Saturday edition of the News Journal, Tara Hodges, the sister of Troy Hodges, contacted the paper to say that she and her mother had never been informed about the meeting. Had they known in advance, they certainly would have attended and spoken in favor of Hameen’s execution. A reporter told her how to get in touch with the lieutenant governor, chair of the Pardons Board. Arrangements were quickly made for a second public session of the Board on Wednesday, May 23. At that meeting, only three people were permitted to speak: the victim’s sister, the victim’s mother, and the director of rehabilitation at the Delaware Correctional Center. Outrage, pain, unhealed hurt, and a desire for retribution fueled his sister’s angry words. His mother’s words laid bare the depth of her grief and the terrible toll that her son’s murder had taken on her health. The director of rehabilitation stated unequivocally that in his 30 years of service in the prison, he had never seen any inmate become rehabilitated. After his speech, the members of the Board of Pardons recessed to deliberate.

Within two hours the members returned, grim-faced, and announced that they had decided to uphold the death sentence. The execution would go forward in 36 hours as planned. Hameen’s wife wept; the victim’s sister smiled; only Hameen was composed and calm.

I flew to Omaha the next day for a previously scheduled reunion with elderly relatives, so I was away on Friday, May 25, when the execution occurred. A heavy sorrow filled my heart as I held Hameen in the Light, keeping track of the time, knowing that he would be put to death right after midnight. The newspaper reported his final words as, “Tara, I hope this brings you comfort and eases your pain some. Mom and Shakeera, I love you. I’ll see you on the other side. That’s all.” He was pronounced dead at 12:07 A.M.

When I got back to my office in Wilmington and looked through the mail, there was a thank-you note from Hameen. He wrote, “Dear Sally, I thank you deeply for your continuous support and upliftment over the years. May God’s Shining Light continue to light your path and work!”

I thought about him, spending the last few hours of his life thinking of others, writing them notes to express his love, care, and friendship, and encouraging them to live in faithfulness and courage after his death. I wondered if I would be able to be as selfless during my final hours.

With his note in my hand, I was awestruck by his ability to show mercy at a time when the state had denied it to him. Nothing I could have said would have convinced the Pardons Board that mercy and justice are compatible. I saw clearly that the letter I had received from the Respect for Life Committee in 1996 was a divine intervention. I was filled with thanksgiving for the leading of “yes” that had brought Hameen into my life. I saw the wonder and beauty of the way that God in him was still reaching out to that God in me, awakening and deepening my awareness, teaching me to trust in the “yes” of the Light, even when my mind has no idea what to expect.
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RESTORATIVE JUSTICE AND QUAKERS  Continued from p. 40

Forgiveness and healing are just two of the topics discussed on a regular basis on a remarkable listserver, the Friends Committee on Restorative Justice, which can be joined at <fcr@yahoogroups.com>. The most comprehensive website on the subject can be found at <www.restorativejustice.org>. Here there is a wealth of material on the historical and spiritual nature of restorative justice, on school interventions, and peacemaking circles. There is even a proposal submitted by the Friends Committee on Restorative Justice on restorative responses to the events of September 11. Here, too, one will find, from a global perspective, an amazing example of truth-telling and catharsis for crime that took place in South Africa before the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. In intensely emotional sessions, former officials of the apartheid regime were brought face to face with their victims, many of whom had been tortured. We can learn from this example how healing is centered in the communication process itself rather than on retribution for the pain that was inflicted. Archbishop Desmond Tutu wrote about this process in No Future without Forgiveness.

Restorative justice trainings for volunteers are taking place all across the United States. Volunteers are in demand to work with offenders, in prison and on the outside, to help them come to terms with their crimes and the harm they have done. Family members of murder victims sometimes participate in victim impact panels; sometimes, after extensive counseling and preparation, they meet with the individual who killed their loved one.

All kinds of remarkable restorative programs are underway, some operating under the court system, others outside the criminal justice system entirely. Restorative justice, with its principles of forgiveness, reconciliation, and redemption, can be likened to a spiritual process. Unlike some other forms of criminal justice, the beliefs that underlie restorative justice are fully compatible with Quaker values.
Books

The Soul Knows No Bars: Inmates Reflect on Life, Death, and Hope


Drew Leder, a teacher at Loyola College in Maryland, classifies himself as a "Jewish Quaker with Hindu beliefs in karma... reincarnation [and] Buddhist meditation." In The Soul Knows No Bars, Leder relates the class discussions of a philosophy course he taught at Maryland Penitentiary. Like volunteers involved with the Quaker-based Alternatives to Violence Project, Leder was not left unmoved. Unlike one-on-one encounters, however, Leder's classroom allowed for opportunity to engage 15 inmates in conversations on the soul within maximum-security prison walls—conversations that spiraled into discussions of ever-pertinent topics like the distribution of power in society, class structures, drugs, and crime.

The discussions herein cause the reader to reconsider the relationship between the innocent victim and the criminal victimizer. We see the reasons behind the crime are not always those of greed and indifference to consequences. Many of the incarcerated were raised in desperate and depressed environments. Even as children, they experienced feelings of worthlessness, with expectations of failure placed upon them by society. The reader is obliged to scrutinize the pain inflicted upon the victimizers, previous to their crimes, by the police, the class system, the educational system, and other power structures. As one prisoner describes: "I think... the initial involvement in crime has more to do with economics than the will to [wield] power. You're poor... You don't see anyone concerned about your plight... You're just trying to get some money."

Never has a nonfiction piece so convinced me of the power of early intervention as this one. The plaintive, intelligent conversations on race, class, and violence should echo strongly in the forefront of politicians' considerations. The quandaries presented by Leder haunt the reader long after completion of the book, forcing the reader to reexamine preconceptions about "all-good" citizens and "all-evil" criminals.

—Molly Wilson

Molly Wilson, a senior English and Music double major at Muhlenberg College, was an intern at FRIENDS JOURNAL during summer 2002.

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During annual sessions in Bruceville, Tex., in April, South Central Yearly Meeting approved minutes reaffirming Friends’ historic opposition to the death penalty, finding it contrary to Quaker faith and practice. SCYM encouraged its monthly meetings “to persist in their work toward abolition of the death penalty. South Central Yearly Meeting recognizes the witness of monthly meetings against executions and affirms its support of all legislation that would end the execution of death row inmates who were convicted for crimes committed before the age of 18 or who suffer from diminished mental capacity.” For more information on the death penalty, contact Texas Conference of Churches, 1033 La Posada, Austin, Tex.; <www.txconfchurches.org>; e-mail: elizyeats@txconfchurches.org.
—Eliz Yeats

Baltimore (Md.) Meeting, Stony Run, approved a minute of concern about the war on drugs. Proposed by the Peace and Social Order Committee, the minute expresses “our grave concerns as both Friends and citizens with the United States’ war on drugs. This war is ill-founded, uses questionable and harsh means to achieve its goals, and does not place its focus on the reconciliation and healing that is needed to address the root causes of drug use. ... As Friends, we urge a more peaceful path towards a drug-free world.” Instead of a “quasi-military solution” to the drug problem, the minute proposes a reallocation of resources into “researching the causes of addiction and the best methods of treatment and rehabilitation, ... education that goes beyond platitudes and threats to deal with the root causes of addiction,” and “teaching health-care workers and educators to recognize the signs and symptoms of drug and alcohol abuse.”
—Newsletter of Baltimore Meeting, Stony Run

The United Nations reports that women are increasingly playing a role in preventing wars and fostering peace, but that more remains to be done to fully incorporate a gender perspective into conflict resolution and reconstruction. Jean-Marie Guehenno, Under-Secretary-General for Peacekeeping Operations, reported on progress achieved by various UN missions in addressing gender-based violence, responding to human trafficking, incorporating gender perspectives in disarmament plans, facilitating the participation of women in civil administration, and combating HIV/AIDS. Guehenno reiterated Secretary-General Kofi Annan’s “zero-tolerance” policy on peacekeepers’ acts of sexual exploitation, harassment, and the trafficking of women and girls. Angela King, the UN Special Advisor on Gender Issues and the Advancement of Women, reported on a recent study that illustrated how women have functioned as active...
peacemakers, and cautioned that "traditional thinking about war and peace ignores women or regards them only as victims." Noeleen Heyzer, Executive Director of the UN Development Fund for Women (UNIFEM), noted that "the whole peace process suffers when women are absent." — UN News Update

Earlham College has hired David Leeper to direct the college’s portion of the Plowshares Peace Project, created this spring with a $13.88 million grant from Lilly Endowment to Earlham, Goshen, and Manchester colleges. Leeper will implement that portion of the Lilly grant that expands and strengthens peace studies on the Earlham campus and continues to integrate peace studies into all aspects of college life. An attorney for more than 25 years, Leeper ran a private mediation practice, has served as a church pastor in the United Methodist Church, and from 1995 to 1997 worked in Mozambique as a consultant to church and NGO professionals in peacemaking and conflict resolution through the Mennonite Central Committee. — Richard Holden, director of public information, Earlham College

Wilmington Yearly Meeting is cosponsoring a Lithuanian Quaker missionary to live in Wilmington and take courses at Wilmington College for about a year beginning July 2002. Violeta Tribandiene, co-founder of a Quaker worship group in the Lithuanian capital of Kaunas, hopes to study Quaker practices and history in Ohio and then expand Quaker witness in her homeland. — The Wilmington (Ohio) Friend

At its annual meeting in April, the trustees of the Clarence and Lilly Pickett Endowment for Quaker Leadership awarded grants to nine Friends. They were selected from 27 Friends nominated by monthly meetings, Friends organizations, and individual Friends in recognition of their leadership abilities and volunteer projects. Recipients are Elizabeth Baltero, Greensboro, N.C.; Cory Godby, Mission, Tex.; Katherine Graves, Georgetown, Ky.; Rachel McQuail, Ontario, Canada; Thatcher Mines, Chapel Hill, N.C.; Andrew Peterson, Denver, Colo.; Julia Ryberg, Swartbacken, Sweden; Laura Smoot, Haverford, Pa.; and Kyle Stevens, New Castle, Ind. Grants average $2,000 and are administered by respective monthly meetings. Trustees are now receiving nominations for 2002–03. If you know or have observed a member or active participant of a Quaker meeting who would benefit from encouragement and recognition by the Pickett fund, contact Allen Bowman, The Clarence and Lilly Pickett Endowment for Quaker Leadership, William Penn University, 201 Trueblood Ave., Oskaloosa, IA 52577. — Pickett Endowment
Friends World Committee for Consultation

GENERAL SECRETARY

FWCC is seeking a Friend to serve as General Secretary in the World Office in London, from an agreed date in 2004.

The FWCC World Office in London works to promote communication and cooperation among Friends around the world, in partnership with the four Section Offices and the Quaker United Nations Offices in Geneva and New York. The General Secretary has the senior management responsibility for the work of the office. Considerable travel is involved.

It is possible that a vacancy for Associate Secretary will arise, and enquirers will be sent details of both positions.

Full job descriptions and application forms can be obtained from:

FWCC, 4 Byng Place, London WC1E 7LE, UK
Phone: +44 20 7388 0497, fax: +44 20 7383 4644, e-mail: world@fwcc.quaker.org

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October 25 – 27, 2002

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For further information, call 215-968-2225, or visit us at newtownfriends.org

Accredited by the Pennsylvania Association of Private Academic Schools

Upcoming Events

• November 2—AFSC Annual Public Gathering at Friends Center, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA. Contact Tony Heriza (215) 241-7057, e-mail <THeriza@afsc.org>.

• November 7—Friends Committee on National Legislation annual meeting in Washington, D.C. Call (202) 547-6000 for details.

• November 11—Friends Historical Association Annual Meeting, Arch Street Meetinghouse, Philadelphia, PA. Contact FHA at (610) 896-1161; e-mail: <fha@haverford.edu>.

• November 22–23—Quaker Theological Discussion Group, in conjunction with the joint annual meetings of the American Academy of Religion and the Society of Biblical Literature, in Toronto, Ont. All are welcome to attend. Contact Paul Anderson <panderson@georgefox.edu>.

Opportunities/Resources

• FWCC’s 2002 Friends Directory of Meetings, Churches, and Worship Groups in the Section of the Americas and Resource Guide is now for sale. The first new edition since 1996, this 306-page reference contains listings for Friends’ places of worship in the United States, Canada, Jamaica, and Latin America, as well as appendices including Friends Schools and other Friends organizations. Contact FWCC Section of the Americas, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, phone (215) 241-7250.

• Friends General Conference has launched <www.quakerfinder.org>, an easy-to-use website to help seekers locate FGC-affiliated Quaker meetings.

• Grassroots Actions is a database of creative strategies and tactics that address problems involving human rights, the environment, and other social justice concerns. This compendium is intended to remedy the lack of information about possible solutions as a balance to the flood of discouraging news. Visit <www.dbsst.org>, e-mail <orodell@aol.com>, or write to Database Project, Mountain Forum for Peace, P.O. Box 1233, Nederland, C.O. 80466.

• The Youth Committee of FWCC, Section of the Americas, would like to know of activities for youth (especially teenagers) in your yearly meeting. Please send a list of such activities to the section office at 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. If you are aware of youth programs that would welcome Friends from another yearly meeting, also send that information.

Display Ad Deadlines

December issue: Reserve space by October 7.
Ads must be received by October 10.

January issue: Reserve space by November 4.
Ads must be received by November 7.

Ad rate is $32 per column inch.

Call (215) 563-8629 now with your reservation or questions.

October 2002 FRIENDS JOURNAL
**Milestones**

**Births/Adoptions**


Mohr—Silas Alexander Mohr, on January 4, 2002, to Chris and Robin Mohr, members of San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting. The couple also has an older child, Henry Mohr.

**Deaths**

Harris—Lois Faber Harris, 97, on October 11, 2001, in Acton, Mass. Lois was born March 18, 1904, in Utica, N.Y. After graduating from Cornell University with a degree in social science, she did graduate work at Seton University, Columbia University, and University of Chile in Santiago. She was general secretary of the YWCA in St. Petersburg, Fla., and served in this capacity in Argentina from 1935 to 1939. On her return, she continued with the YWCA until 1942 when she married Paul Harris. Under the auspices of the Group Development Sector, Lois and Paul organized and led group discussions at colleges, churches, and other civic localities, on topics that ranged from immediate local concerns to global issues and religious values. Paul Harris died in 1963. Lois Harris joined Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting in 1970. She had an interest in music, poetry, and issues to do with aging and women's rights. She was active in yearly meeting concerns, served on the Committee on Retirement and Friends Community and Development Corporation. She was an early member of the Glyn Pawners and contributed to the book *Ourselves Growing Older.* In 1981, she moved to Concord, Mass., and joined nearby Acton Meeting. Lois is survived by her stepdaughter Mary Lee Hendrie and stepson Clinton Harris.

Leibman—Kenneth Charles Leibman, 78, on September 2, 2001, at home in Gainesville, Fla. He was born on August 7, 1923, in New York, N.Y. He joined Gainesville (Fla.) Meeting in 1959. In the mid-1970s he founded Half-Yearly Meeting in Gainesville, and for many years was active in that gathering. Kenneth served as a skilled clerk to Gainesville Meeting and yearly meeting, and he served as clerk or participated in several committees in both groups. He called Friends to meals with his tin whistle and taught them to knead dough with loving hands and hearts. He was a member of Pro Musica Amana, which provided music for Gainesville Meeting's Christmas parties, and was sometimes the auctioneer for the annual fundraiser for Guatemalan Scholarships. He left to his meeting many warm memories and precious words, among them, "From melancholy let thy hearts be free—Let memories of me be filled with fun! And of my whereabouts, why, never fear; I looked for heaven nowhere else but here." He was preceded by his former wife Clara Downey Leibman Klinginsmith in 1998. He is survived by his partner, June Malinowski; a son, Gregory Karl Leibman; a daughter, Melissa Hope Leibman Klein; and five grandchildren.

Taylor—Jane Hodkinson Taylor, 82, on December 2, 2000, in Doylestown, Pa. She was born in Danbury, Conn., to Alfred E. and Elizabeth T.
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... where newcomers quickly feel at home and long-time residents find new delights every day

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Friends Journal Announces Special Issues for 2003

Most issues of FRIENDS JOURNAL contain feature articles on a variety of subjects, but about twice a year, the articles have a special focus. For 2003 we invite manuscripts for the following special issues:

Orienting New Friends, late spring 2003. We seek contributions on how key information and support is offered to new members, as well as writings and graphics that will be of special interest to new Friends.

Submissions are requested by January 31, 2003.

Diversity among Friends, fall 2003. This topic is to be understood as broadly as you wish.

Submissions are requested by May 31, 2003.

Inquiries from prospective authors and artists are welcome. Contact Robert Dockhorn, senior editor (by e-mail: <senioreditor@friendsjournal.org>; for other contact information, see page 2).
Classified Ad Deadlines:
December issue: October 14
January issue: November 11
Submit your ad to:
Advertising Manager, Friends Journal
1216 Arch Street, 2A
Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835
(215) 563-8529

Accommodations

Santa Fe—Simply charming adobe guest apartment at our historic meetinghouse. Fireplace, bath, kitchenette, very convenient to downtown and galleries, as well as our tranquil garden. One-night one-month stays, affordable. Call (505) 983-7241.

An oasis of peace, and social concerns. For information contact telephone: (44) (207) 367-9848, fax: (44) (207) 393-3762, or write to: 1 Byne Place, London WC 1E 7HJ.


Coming to London? Friendly B&B just a block from the British Museum. A short walk to many sights, close to London University. A central location for all tourist activities. Ideal for persons traveling alone. Direct subway and bus links with Heathrow Airport. The Pann Club, 21 Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JJ. Telephone: (44) (207) 836-4718. Fax: (44) (207) 836-5516.

Chicago—Affordable guest accommodations in historic Friends meetinghouse near short-or-long-term, contact: Assistant Director, Quaker House, 5615 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637. (773) 286-5066.

Coming to DC? Stay with Friends on Capitol Hill. William Penn House, a Quaker Seminary and Hospitality Center in beautiful, historic townhouse, is located five minutes from Capitol Hill and is central location for all tourist activities. Ideal for persons traveling alone. Direct subway and bus links with Washington's major airports and Greyhound Station, Whittier, PA 19086-6099, (800) 742-3150, info@woolmanhill.org.

Books and Publications
Friends Bulletin, magazine of Western Independent Quakers, free samples, subscription $15. A Western Quaker Reader. Writings by and about independent Western Quakers; $23 (including postage): 1514 Quaker House, 3026 Andalusia Court, Whittier, CA 90601. <www.quaker.org/bf>. <friendsbul @aol.com>

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

Quaker Life (succeeding American Friend and Quaker Action)—informing and equipping Friends around the world. Free sample available upon request. Join our Family of Friends for one year (10 issues) at $24. For more information contact: Quaker Life, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, VA 23774, or call (804) 765-7673; e-mail: <QuakerLife@lum.org>, or check out our website: <www.lum.org>.

You're in good company with Friends United Press readers, including Biddy Bragg, Howard Thurman, Daisy Newman, John Punshon, Tom Mullen, Doug Gwyn, Louise Wilson, Wil Corcoran, T. Candy Jones, D. Etton Jackson, and many others. You can also call, of course, George Fox, John Woolman, and William Penn. Inspiration, humor, fiction, and history that will challenge and support living, learning, training, belief and beyond. Write 101-A Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, VA 23774 for a free catalog or call (800) 537-8399. <www.lum.org>.

For Sale
"Quaker Mass," choral music based on Advises and Queries. Includes violins or flute solo part. $5; $5 each in bulk. P.O. Box 553, Northampton, MA 01061.

Peace Fierce yar n & batt in $5 colors; kits, buttons, needlepacks. Singles and double occupancy. Long-term and short-term rentals available. Call 1-888-252-4451. Mailed to you. 10% discount. Sample "Shadows;" or flute solo part. $5 each in bulk. P.O. Box 553,Northampton, MA 01061.

Opportunities
Friends Center with unprogrammed Christian orientation, Barnesville, Ohio, offers quiet, welcoming space for personal retreats with optional spiritual consultation. For travel information, contact: October 25-27, Rainier Marie Rikke; the Sonnets to Orpheus, with Eugenia Friedman; October 27-November 1, Food that Nourishes Body and Spirit: Cooking at Pendle Hill, with Carol Scaram. November 3-8: AFC5 at BSFC; Following Leading of the Spiritual in Racial Justice Work, with Paul Lacey, James Livingston, and others. November 8-10: Servant Leadership: A Spiritual Path in the Workplace, with Ruby Howard Bayre and Newcomb Greensfelder.

Selected Pendle Hill Programs
October 11-13: Quakers Working Against Racism, with Jeff Hitchcock, Carol Holmes, Jerry Leaphart, Florence McAllister, and Helen Geray Toppins. October 25-27, Rainer Marie Rikke; the Sonnets to Orpheus, with Eugenia Friedman; Food that Nourishes Body and Spirit: Cooking at Pendle Hill, with Carol Scaram.

Single Booklovers, a national group, has been getting unattached booklovers together since 1970. Please write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19329, or call (610) 358-5049.

Positions Vacant
Iowa Yearly Meeting (FUM) is seeking a General Superintendent. The position will be open January 1, 2003. Send inquiries to: The Search Committee, Iowa Yearly Meeting Office, 411 College Avenue, Box 587, Indianola, IA 50125.

Director of Religious Education
Philadelphia Yearly Meeting seeks a Religious Education Director. This person will be responsible for the vitality of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting by supporting religious education, school fellowship, youth, and adult educational programs. Responsibilities include developing and promoting monthly meetings and teachers with conferences, workshops, team teaching, curriculums, and resources. Salary will be competitive with adults who work with children. We are interested in candidates who will be a part of the staff management team and carry significant administrative and supervisory responsibilities. An active Quaker is strongly preferred. For more information, contact: Pendle Hill, 338 Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-0999, (800) 742-3150, extension 142, <www.pendlehill.org>.

Costa Rica Study Tours: Visit the Quaker Community in Monteverde. For information and brochure contact: P.O. Box 58565, Philadelphia, PA 19145. For more information, contact: Pendle Hill, 338 Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-0999. (800) 742-3150, extension 142, <www.pendlehill.org>.

Position Vacant
Woolman Hill New England Quarterly Center Workshops
October 25-27: Called to Witness in Education with Paul Stull; November 19-21: Our Job is to Keep the Race Running: Our Time? with Brian Drayton & Bill How; December 30-January 1: New Year's Silent Retreat with Allison Roman. For more information, please call (978) 393-1127 or e-mail info@woolmanhill.org.

Support Quaker House, Fayetteville: Pk Brgg, N.C.

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 and two references, or call for further information, to Susan Conson-Finerty, Publisher and Executive Editor, Friends Journal, 721 Arch St, 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835; (215) 603-6020; info@friendsjournal.org.

Adult Cultural Term in France (ACTIF)—Four to ten weeks in Montpellier (South of France). See website for details. <www.actif.org>.

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

Quaker Writers and Artists!
Quakers used to shun the arts—but no more! Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts; get our exciting, informative newsletter, "Types & Shadows"; keep up with other artistic Friends around the country; and help create a new chapter in Quaker history. Membership: $24/yr. POA, P.O. Box 58565, Philadelphia, PA 19102. e-mail: dqa@quaker.org. Website: <www.quaker.org/qa>.

To consider mountain view retirement property, near a Friends center, visit <azareanetworks.com> or write Roy Joe and Pam Stuckey, 1126 Horseshoe Road, Sedalia, CO 80135. 303-548-6623.

Concerned Singles

Single Booklovers, a national group, has been getting unattached booklovers together since 1970. Please write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19329, or call (610) 358-5049.

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Classified rates $65 per word. Minimum charge is $15. Logo is additional $15. Add 10% if boxed, 10% discount for three consecutive insertions, 25% for six. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by Friends Journal.

Assistant Sought
Quaker prisoner, Washington State. M.A. work completed, seeks financial help for Ph.D. program. Send donations and/or biographical requests to Faith Adams, 412 1/2 N.W. 42nd Street, Seattle, WA 98107.
Real Estate

Small Family/Quaker teacher looking for cottage or carriage house to rent on Main Line. (215) 843-2061.

Rentals & Retreats

Cuenavaca, Mexico: Families, friends, study groups available. This Quaker Mexican house offers fine meals, accommodations, and wines. For more information contact Joe Manaresi at 215-287-3838 or jmanaresi@earthlink.net.

Sidewell Friends School, a coed, pre-K–12 Quaker day school located in Washington, DC. Located in 50+ acres of wooded mountains, hiking trails from back door. Weekends or Nirmal or Diana Kaul at (740) 425-2344, or write to Walton gatherings, retreats, and reunions. Three full baths. Beds for 15. Fully equipped. Deck with panoramic view of ocean, dunes, and golf course from four-bedroom, two-bathroom, 28714. (828) 675-4262. Fax: (828) 675-4261. E-mail: wcruz@wdv.org.

Friends House, a Quaker-sponsored retirement community in Santa Rosa, California, offers one- and two-bedroom garden apartments or more spacious three-bedroom, two-bath homes for independent living. Immediate occupancy may be available. An assisted-living home, a skilled nursing facility, and adult daycare services are also available on campus. Friends House is situated one hour north of San Francisco with convenient access to the Pacific coast, redwood forests, cultural events, medical services, and shopping. Friends House, 894 Benicia Drive, Santa Rosa, CA 95409. (707) 538-0152. <www.friendshouse.org>.

Retirement Living

Walton Retirement Home, a nonprofit ministry of Ohio Yearly Meeting since 1944, offers an ideal place for retirement. Both Assisted Living and Independent Living facilities are available. For more information, contact Pam Neumiller at 513-381-3891 or email pnaumiller@waltonretirementhome.org.

Senior High School Boarding School for grades 7, 8, 9. Small academic classes, challenging outdoor experiences, community service, consensus decision making, daily work projects in a small, caring, community environment. Arthur Morgan School, 12800 South Branch Road, Bumberry, CA 92214. (626) 675-4262.


Come visit Olney Friends School on your cross-country travel through the green hills of eastern Maryland. A residential high school and farm, next to Stillwater Meetinghouse, Olney is college preparation built around thoughtful living, inward listening, love, community, and useful work. 6183 Sandy Ridge Road, Barnesville, MD 20836. (704) 425-3655.

Stratford Friends School provides a strong academic program in a warm, supportive, nurturing setting. Charged ages 5 to 13 who learn differently. Small classes and an enriched curriculum answer the needs of the whole child. An enriched program is available. The school also offers an extended day program, tutoring, and summer school. Information: Stratford Friends School, 11803 Shadow Road, Havertown, PA 19083. (610) 446-3144.

United Friends School: coed; preschool–8; emphasizing integrated, developmentally appropriate curriculum, including whole language, literature, social studies, math, and science. Close to University of Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Zoo. 1331 Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, PA 19110. (215) 592-5000.

Lansdowne Friends School—first grade through 8. A small Friends school for boys and girls three years of age through sixth grade. Located in the green hills of eastern Pennsylvania. A residential school and day school. Summer camp. 110 N. Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050. (610) 563-2848.

Services Offered

YogaLife Institute Classes/Retreats in King of Prussia, Phoenixville, Media, Newtown Square, Skippack, Jenkintown, Pa. See www.asiastyleteacher.com. Director, Robert Butler, MD, PhD (Earlham), PhD in Yoga. (610) 256-6800.

Custom Marriage Certificates, and other traditional or decorative documents, digital and printed, display, watercolor designs available. Over ten years experience. Pam Bennett, P.O. Box 136, Uwharrie, PA 19840. (610) 458-4265. <pbt@storereddifunding.com>.

Schools

The Quaker School dormitory at Horsham, a value-centered educational community for students with learning differences. Small, remedial classes, qualified staff, serving Philadelphia, Bucks, and Montgomery Counties. 318 Meeting House Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2675.

Rancocas Friends School: Pre-K, half and full day, after school care, quality academic and developmentally appropriate curriculum, with Quaker values. Affordable tuition, financial aid. 201 Meeting House Road, Rancocas (Village), NJ 08073. (609) 287-1265. Fax: (609) 795-7554.

Frankford Friends School: Pre-K, after 10:00 A.M. to grade 8; serving city center, Northeast, and most areas of Philadelphia. We provide children with an affordable yet challenging educational program in a small, nurturing environment. Frankford Friends School, 1500 Orthodox Street, Philadelphia, PA 19124. (215) 533-5838.

Visit <www.QuakerWedding.com> on the Web. Over 30 color photos of illustrated and calligraphed wedding certificates realistically hand-colored in colored inks. Ketubahs,gay celebrations of commitment, and non-traditional examples. Browse information, ideas, and easy, online form for fast estimates. E-mail <snowo@att.net> or <womansworld@att.net>.

October 2002 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Meetings

A partial listing of Friends meetings in the United States and abroad.

5-Handicapped Accessible

MEETING NOTICE RATES: $15 per line per year. $20 minimum. Payable a year in advance. No discount. Charges: $10 each.

Notice: A small number of meetings have been removed from this listing owing to difficulty in reaching them for updated information and billing purposes. If your meeting has been removed and wishes to continue to be listed, please contact us at 1216 Arch Street, Ste. 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107. Please accept our apologies for any inconvenience.

AUSTRALIA

All Australian meetings for worship are listed on the Australian Quaker Home Page (www.quaker.gov.au). Meetinghouses in Sydney, Melbourne, and Perth offer overnight accommodation. Further details from Yearly Meeting Secretary (secretary@quaker.net.au), or phone: +61 (0) 3 98278664.

BOSTON

GABRONTE-phone/text (267) 3471474, gudrun@info.bio.

CANADA

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA (902) 461-0702 or 467-3960.

OTTAWA-Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 914 Avenue E. (613) 232-9525.

TORONTO, ONTARIO-Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 60 Lower Water Ave. (north of coor, Bloor and Bedford).

WOLFEBRO, NOVA SCOTIA (902) 975-3743.

COSTA RICA

MONTEVIDEO-Phone 645-5207 or 645-5006.

SAN JOSE-Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m. Sunday. Phone: 224-6376 or 233-6188.

EGYPT

CAIRO-First, third, and fifth Sundays at 7 p.m. Allan Snowden, 337-1201, or Ray Langton, 357-6960 (days).

EL SALVADOR

SAN SALVADOR-Unprogrammed meeting. Call Carmen Brox 284-4588.

FRANCE

PARIS-Unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m. Sunday at Centre Quaker International 114 Rue de Vaugirard, 75006 Paris. Entrance at 114 bis. Phone: 01-45-45-74-23. The Center has no sleeping accommodation.

GERMANY

GOETTINGEN-Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. second and fourth Sundays. Göttinger Str, 51, 37085 Göttingen (Caspar). Phone: 0551-790639.

HAMBURG-Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. second and fourth Sundays. Moorwehrweg 9a, 22031 Hamburg.

GHANA

ACCRA-Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. Sundays. Hill House near Animal Research Institute, Achimota Golf Area. Phone: (302) 231-9309.

NEW DELHI-Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Sundays at National YWCA Office, 10 Parliament St., Tel.: 91-11-6687411.

MEXICO

CIUDAD VICTORIA, TAMANALPAS-iglesia de los Amigos, Sunday 10 a.m.; Thursday 8 p.m. Matamoros 737 29-709.

MÉXICO CITY-Unprogrammed meeting Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los Amigos. Ignacio Mariscal 132, 06010. Phone: 570-0832.

NICARAGUA


UNITED STATES

Alabama

AUBURN-Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays 9 a.m. Room 203, 126 N. Gay St. Phone: (334) 867-0658 or 867-0655.

BIRMINGHAM-Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Sundays. 4413 5th Ave. S., Birmingham, AL 35222. (205) 799-1534.

FAYETTEVILLE-Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Sundays at Friends Meetinghouse, 9201 Fairhope Ave. White, P.O. Box 319, Fairhope, AL 36533. (345) 928-5686.

HUNTSVILLE-Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Sundays in Huntsville, AL. (205) 837-6227 or write P.O. Box 8530, Huntsville, AL 35810.

AKRON

ANCHORAGE-Call for time and directions. (907) 586-0705.

FAIRBANKS-Unprogrammed, First day, 10 a.m. Hidden Hill Friends Center, 2688 Gold Hill Rd. Phone: 479-3796.

JUNEAU-Unprogrammed, 10 a.m. Sunday. 730 St. Anns St., Douglas, Alaska 99924. Phone: (907) 469-4009.

ARIZONA

FLAGSTAFF-Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. 402 S. Beavers Rd. 86001.

MEYER-Cochise Friends Meeting at Friends Southwest Center, 7/2 miles south of Elhra, Worship at 11 a.m./ 482-643-6742 or 520-643-6290.

PHOENIX-Worship and First-day school 10:00 A.M. Glendale, Phoenix, 85020. Phone: 998-1702.

TUCSON-Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10 a.m., 318 East 15th Street, 60291. Phone: 986-3476.

TUCSON-Pima Friends Meeting (unprogrammed), First-day school and worship 8:15 a.m. and 11:00 a.m. and Wednesday at 11 a.m. 3611 N. 8th St., 85710-7723. Information: (520) 332-2239.

ARKANSAS

CADDY-ARK., Okla., Tex.: Unprogrammed. Call (El Dorado, Ark.) (870) 862-4177, (Mena, Ark.) (970) 914-818.

FAYETTEVILLE-Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. Worship 11 a.m. at 1345 West Main, Phone: (501) 674-0223.

CALIFORNIA

ALCA-11 a.m. 1920 Zehnder. (707) 677-1481.

FRESNO-Unprogrammed meeting, Sunday 11 a.m. 2218 Vine St. At Walnut. (510) 347-0724.

FRESNO-Unprogrammed meeting, Sunday 11 a.m. 2215 Vine St. At Walnut. (510) 347-0724.

GRASS VALLEY-Meeting for worship 11 a.m. at Berkeley Alternative High School, Martin Luther King Jr. Way and Derby Street, Berkeley. (510) 485-1015. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. unprogrammed worship, children’s classes. Hilltop and 4th Ave. (503) 895-2135.

CLAREMONT-Worship 11 a.m. 30 a.m. Sundays. 727 Washington Ave., Claremont.

DAVIS-Meeting for worship 9:45 a.m. 345 1/2 St. Visitors call (530) 759-0042.

FRESNO-Unprogrammed meeting, Sunday 11 a.m. 2218 Vine St. At Walnut. (510) 347-0724.

GRASS VALLEY-Meeting for worship 11 a.m. at Berkeley Alternative High School, Martin Luther King Jr. Way and Derby Street, Berkeley. (510) 485-1015. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. unprogrammed worship, children’s classes. Hilltop and 4th Ave. (503) 895-2135.

CLAREMONT-Worship 11 a.m. 30 a.m. Sundays. 727 Washington Ave., Claremont.

DENVIS-Meeting for worship 9:45 a.m. 345 1/2 St. Visitors call (530) 759-0042.

FRESNO-Unprogrammed meeting, Sunday 11 a.m. 2218 Vine St. At Walnut. (510) 347-0724.

GRASS VALLEY-Meeting for worship 11 a.m. at Berkeley Alternative High School, Martin Luther King Jr. Way and Derby Street, Berkeley. (510) 485-1015. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. unprogrammed worship, children’s classes. Hilltop and 4th Ave. (503) 895-2135.

CLAREMONT-Worship 11 a.m. 30 a.m. Sundays. 727 Washington Ave., Claremont.

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**Georgia**

ANNEEWAKEE CREEK-Worship Group—30 miles West of Atlanta. Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Discussion following, 5525 Dorset Sholes Lane, Douglasville, GA 30135. Call for directions Janet or Free (770) 940-8079.

ATHENS-Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. Sunday, summit 11 a.m., at the church.

ATLANTA-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. at the church.


WINTER PARK-Meeting 10 a.m. Alumni House, Rollins College. Phone: (407) 694-8998.

**Florida**

CLEARKRIST-Clear Creek, Fla. 9:30 a.m. Drive-in Bible study: midweek worship, (813) 878-3820 or 421-6111.

TALLAHASSEE—Sunday, discussion 11 a.m., Southeast United Church of Friends, 451-8579, or Fern Mayo, clerk. (904) 951-1974.

TALLAHASSEE—301 S. Magnolia Dr., 2201; hymn singing 10:30 a.m., weekly Bible study; midweek worship, (850) 878-3820 or 421-6111.


WINTER PARK-Meeting 10 a.m. Alumni House, Rollins College. Phone: (407) 694-8998.
SOUTHAMPTON- (Bucks Co.)-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. at 1414 S. Main St. Phone: (610) 347-6098.

SPRINGFIELD-Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 409 Summer St., Springfield, PA 19066. Phone: (610) 325-6279.

SWARTHMORE-Meeting and First-day school 10 a.m., 12 Whitter Place, off Route 320.

TOWANDA-Meeting for worship-unprogrammed. Sundays at 10:30 a.m. at Barclay Friends School, off Rt. 6, North Towanda. Phone: (570) 298-9620.

UPPER SADLERWalden Meeting, 11 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m. Sept. through June, 10 a.m. & July & August, F.W. Atlantic Ave. & Meeting House Rd., near Ambler. Phone: (215) 655-0788.

VALLEYSIDE- Worshipped on First day, 11:30 a.m. Old Eagle School Rd., Wayne (north of Swedesford Rd.). Worship and First-day school at 10 a.m., 11:15 a.m. Close to Valley Forge, King of Prussia, Audubon and West Chester.

WELLSVILLE-Warrington Monthly Meeting, worship 11 a.m. Rt. 74 east. Call (717) 432-4203.

WEST CHESTER-First-day school 10:30 a.m., worship, Rt. 30, 425 N. High St. Caruthersville Rd., (610) 696-0421.

WEST GROVE-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. 153 E. Harmony Road, P.O. Box 7, 19397.

WESTOWN-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Westownrep. School campus, Westown, PA 19395.

WILKES-BARRE-North Branch Monthly Meeting, Westfield Elementary School, 1565 Blair Ave., Forty Fork. Sunday school 10 a.m., worship, 11:15 a.m. For summer and vacations, phone: (570) 824-5120.


WRIGHTSTOWN-Meeting for worship Sunday 10 a.m. Contact Rev. John H. Phillips, 10 First Av. for First day school 10 a.m. for children, adult time variable. (215) 968-9900.

YARDLEY-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. First-day school following worship. Winter months: New Main St.

YORK-Unprogrammed meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 135 W. Philadelphia St. (717) 848-6781.

Rhode Island

PROVIDENCE-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. each First Day at 13 North Main St., North Providence, R.I. (401) 331-4218.

SAYLESVILLE-Worship 10 a.m. each First Day. Lincoln-Good Rd. (Rte. 125) at River Rd.

WESTERLY-Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 30 ash Elm St. (401) 434-7078.

WOOSONNET-Smithfield Friends Meeting, 109 Smithfield Rd., (Rte. 146-A). Worship each First Day at 10 a.m. (401) 722-5726.

South Carolina

CHARLESTON-Meeting for worship Sundays 10-11 a.m. For latest location, call: (843) 723-5820. e-mail: coaconf@charleston.fec.doc.dns.org. website: http://www.charlestonmetierten.dns.org. - 6 COLUMBIA-Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. at Harmony School, 3757 Covenant Rd., (803) 252-2221. Visitors welcome.

GREENVILLE-Unprogrammed, meets each First Day at the First Christian Church in homes, at 4 p.m. EST, i.e., 3 p.m. CST when it is in effect. For directions call Lewis Shallcross at (864) 695-7205.

HORRY-Worship Sundays, 10 a.m. (unprogrammed). Grace Gifford, inland, (843) 355-6254.

South Dakota

RAPID CITY-(605) 721-4433.

Tennessee

CHATTANOOGA- Meeting for worship and children's First-day school 10 a.m. 335 Crestway Drive, 37411. (423) 629-2580.

CROSSVILLE-Community Meeting, 11 a.m. discussion 11 a.m., Rt. 8, Box 25. Gladys Droud, clerk: (301) 277-5547. Meetinghouse: (615) 494-0033.

JOHNSON CITY-Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 3757 Covenant Rd., (803) 252-2221. Visitors welcome.

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In the Quaker tradition of peacemaking and reconciliation, we invite you into a rigorous, eight-month conversation that probes the truth of racial justice. Please join us on selected Monday nights from October through April (see Autumn schedule below), and mark your calendar now for our culminating weekend conference in May.

Monday Night events begin at 7:30 and end by 9 p.m. Admission is free.
(Donations are accepted.)

Locations:
Pendle Hill
338 Plush Mill Road,
Wallingford, PA

Arch Street Meetinghouse
4th and Arch Streets,
Philadelphia, PA

Free parking on site.

For information:
800-742-3150
or 610-566-4507,
ext. 120 or 137
www.pendlehill.org

October 7 2002
Arch Street Meeting House

RACISM & JUSTICE IN A VIOLENT TRADITION
George E. “Tink” Tinker
Professor of Native American religions,
Iliff School of Theology

What is the link between racism and the European-American history of violence? How does the history of racialized violence in America affect efforts to create racial justice today?

October 21 2002
Pendle Hill

RACIAL JUSTICE: HOW DO FRIENDS GET THERE FROM HERE?
Emma Lapsansky
Professor of history and curator of Quaker and Special Collections,
Haverford College

What can Quakers learn from their history of involvement in issues of race relations, and how can we build on these lessons as we seek a true racial justice today?

November 4 2002
Arch Street Meeting House

Rev. James Lawson
Pastor emeritus, Holman United Methodist Church,
Los Angeles
Former national chair, Fellowship of Reconciliation

THE SPIRITUAL DIMENSIONS OF RACE IN AMERICA
All of us, whatever our position of privilege or disadvantage, suffer the spiritual wounds of racism. What do we see when we look at racial justice from a spiritual perspective? How can we heal these wounds?

November 18 2002
Pendle Hill

MY JOURNEY AS AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN QUAKER
Deborah A. Saunders
Director of recruitment, Pendle Hill
Founder and President, FIHANKRA Project, Inc.

What are the joys and frustrations, the hopes and challenges, of being a person of color in a predominantly white religious society? What have I learned, and what can I offer, as we seek to move toward greater racial justice within both the Religious Society of Friends and our larger society?

December 2 2002
Arch Street Meeting House

Race in America Beyond Black & White
Frank H. Wu
Professor of law,
Howard University

People too often speak of “American” as if it means “white,” and “minority” as if it means “black.” But we must look beyond the black-white dichotomy if we are to achieve a lasting racial justice.

Forum Weekend Conference
May 2-4, 2003
Arch Street Meetinghouse

THE COSTS OF RACIAL JUSTICE
Join philosopher Cornel West, reparations attorney Jerry Leaphart, theologian Ada Maria Isasi-Díaz and others as we probe the economic realities of racial injustice and clarify what is at stake in the choices we face.


RELATED COURSES AT PENDLE HILL
(Please call for registration and lodging information)

October 11-13 2002
QUAKERS WORKING AGAINST RACISM
With Jeff Hitchcock, Carol Holmes, Jerry Leaphart, Florence McCallister and Helen Garay Toppins

November 3-8 2002
AFSC at BQ: FOLLOWING LEADINGS OF THE SPIRIT IN RACIAL JUSTICE WORK
Led by Paul Lacey, Rev. James Lawson, and others

February 21-23 2003
QUAKERS & AFRICAN AMERICANS: LESSONS TO TRANSFORM OUR FUTURE
With Vanessa Julye and Donna McDaniel

March 16-21 2003
BETWEEN DIVERSITY 101
With Niyonu Spann
We've been told that Iraq, Iran, North Korea, and Somalia are our enemies.

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

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- The AFSC-sponsored Campaign of Conscience for the People of Iraq works to end UN sanctions that lead to thousands of deaths each month from malnutrition and preventable disease.

- AFSC worked with the Iranian Red Crescent to provide relief for Afghan refugees. Now we are rebuilding schools in Afghanistan.

- In Somalia’s Lower Shabelle Region, AFSC’s Rural Development Training Program works to improve farming in nine villages through improved irrigation and tool banks.

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